CIHM Microfiche Series (Monographs) ICMH
Collection de microfiches (monographies)



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadian de microreproductions historiques

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which	L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet
may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any	exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de
of the images in the reproduction, or which may	bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image
significantly change the usual method of filming, are	reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification
checked below.	dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués
	ci-dessous.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *	
Coloured covers/	Coloured pages/
Couverture de couleur	Pages de couleur
Covers damaged/	Pages damaged/
	Peges endommagées
Couverture endommagée	Lages encommagees
Covers restored and/or laminated/	Pages restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée	Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
Cover title missing/	Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Le titre de couverture manque	Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
Coloured maps/	Pages detached/
Cartes géographiques en couleur	Pages détachées
Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/	Showthrough/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)	Transparence
Coloured plates and/or illustrations/	Quality of print varies/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur	Qualité inégale de l'impression
	140 may 1
Company of the control of the contro	Continuous projection/
Bound with other material/	Continuous pagination/
Relié avec d'autres documents	Pagination continue
Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion	Includes index(es)/
along interior margin/	Comprend un (des) index
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la	
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure	Title on header taken from:/
	Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
Blank leaves added during restoration may appear	
within the text. Whenever possible, these have	Title page of issue/
been omitted from filming/	
	Page de titre de la livraison
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées	
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,	Caption of issue/
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont	Titre de départ de la livraison
pas été filmées.	× v
	Masthead/
	Générique (périodiques) de la livraison
Additional comments:/	
	-6.
Commentaires supplémentaires:	
This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/	
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.	
10X 14X 18X	22 x 26 x 30 x
	22X 26X 30X
The state of the s	

istoriques

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

The United Church of Canada Archives Victoria University Archives

The Images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol — (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right end top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:

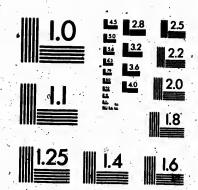
1		N	2	3	•
	1		f		

•		
)		

reduced thanks L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de: The United Church of Carinda Archives Victoria University Archives 4774 best quality Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le and legibility plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et with the de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage. ers are filmed Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en ending on papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant trated imprespar le premier plat et en terminant soit par la priate. All dernière page qui comporte une empreinte inning on the d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second ed impresplat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires ith a printed originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte. Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la ing "CON-ig "END"), dernière image dé chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole - signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ♥ signifie "FIN". imed at Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être large to be filmés à des taux de réduction différents. filmed Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être ner, left to reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir mes es de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, strate the et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode. 3

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)







1653 East Main Street Rochester, New York 14609 (716) 482 - 0300 - Phone

(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

JOSHUA WIARSDEY,

Michony to Hora Sisting !

New Brunswick and the Somers Islands.

And Sold by C

SKETCHES

OF

THE BARLY LIFE

OF

A Sailor,

NOW A PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL,

IN SEVERAL LETTERS, ADDRESSED TO HIS CHILDREN.

...

JOSHUA MARSDEN,

Author of the Amusements of a Mission, &c. &c.

- Co

THIRD, EDITION.

Give thy mind sea room; keep it wide of earth, That rock of souls immortal; cut thy cord, Weigh anchor, spread thy sails; call every wind; kye thy great pole star, make the land of life.

Young,

HULL:

Printed by William Ross, Bowlalley-Lane;

And Sold by G. Turner, in the Market-Place; Ramsden, Beverley: Kaye, Castle-Street, Liverpool; Simpkin & Marshall, Statlouers-Court, Ludgate-Street; Baines, and Batton & Son, Paternoser-Row; and Blacohard, City-Road, London.

1810

MELLU

72405 FEB 25 1948

DEDICATION

A FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN.

A FATHER! that name is a centre; To you, my dear girls, 'tis a home; A haven you always may enter, When life is all tempest and foam.

Your names on my heart are engraven;
Time cannot the image remove;
While black are the plumes of the raven,
And plaintive the voice of the dove.

For you my warm prayers have ascended,
They're all on the heavenly file,
That each by God's Spirit attended,
May walk in the light of his smile.

Expand like a rose-bud unfading,
And beauty and fragrance impart;
A beauty, that needs no parading,
A fragrance, that gladdens the heart.

Be lowly and modest and simple, For these make the fairest more fair; Not half so bewitching Jane's dimple, Nor Fanny's blue eyes and brown hair. The heart's finest pulses to move; But manners as mild as the morning, And soft as the down of the dove.

All mental accomplishments covet,
But never desire to be fine:
Let the belle and the butterfly love it;
"Tis vanity's emblem and sign.

Move on in the circle of duty,
With dignity, wisdom and grace;
These give the young female a beauty
Surpassing the prettiest face.

True meckness is woman's chief merit;
To rise any higher ne'er aim;
Who shows the bold Amazon spirit—
Forgive me—but blazons her shane.

Youth, elegance, gaiety, beanty, May kindle the flame of desire: Tis sympathy, meckness, and duty Alone, that can cherish the fire.

But these are the Spirit's own planting;
They bloom in the garden of grace;
Where'er they are wither'd or wanting,
No charms has the loveliest face.

A daughter, wife, sister or mother, Delightful relations we call; But covet and compass another,— The Christian sheds lustre on all.

A Christian! O sweet appellation! Tis miniature Heaven on earth; The heir of a present salvation; The child of a mystical birth. Then cherish, my dearest, God's blessing, In spite of the rake and the beau; Think piety worth your possessing, "Tis Heaven's bright jewel below!

Have faith in the Lamb that was smitten;
Without it all virtue is dross;
In the volume of truth it is written,
"We're sav'd by the blood of the cross!"

Redemption!—delight in the story!
"Twas writ by the pencil of love:
Fair charter of limitless glory;
The song of the spirits above.

A refuge! a rock of reliance!
On this you may joyfully build;
Bid justice and vengeance defiance,
And boast in the blood that was spill'd.

Should folly and fashion assail you, Or vanity's bubble allure, And no other refuge avail you, The *Cross* is a specific cure.

No matter how private your station,

'Tis love that enlarges the mind;
That answers the end of creation,
Which moves in the circle assign'd.

What is there in classical pages
So bright and so charming as this?
True love is a lustre of ages,
The day star of heavenly bliss!

'Bove vanity, riches and pleasure,
This sin-curing Anulet prize;
The poorest, possessing this treasure,
Is rich in eternity's joys.

The voyage of life is before ye, You sail with the Zion-bound fleet; May love waft you onward to glory, And crown you at Jesus's feet!

Your father this chart has constructed,
As one of his heart's warmest pledges;
That you, by his counsel instructed,
May guard against sin's dismal ledges.

Accept, my dear daughters, the token, It comes from a parent, a sire;
A name that, or written or spoken,
Should filial affection inspire.

Adien! I to Jesus commend yon;
Be pious, be wise, be discreet;
May the God of your father befriend you,
Till wegall shall in paradise meet.

wi a H

n

n

at

11

or th an

or a c se

Fr

of

M

of Th

THE READER

As the present is the third edition of this little work, though the first that has appeared in England, it may be necessary that the Anthor should assign some reason for appearing before the public,-in fact, that he should glance at the history of his Sketches of Early Life. In the year 1812 he went from the Somers Islands to New York in order to embark for England, but when he arrived there that country was upon the eve of a war with Great Britain, and, as a preliminary measure, had laid an embargo upon all her shipping. This laid him under the necessity of continning in that city, till finally the declaration of war, which was made six weeks after his arrival, detained him a prisoner under the care of the marshal of the district. Having now a little leisure, he published a small volume of Poems, "Amusements of a Mission, or Leisure Hours." To these, as he was not known, he prefixed a page or two of notices respecting his early life. a copy to John Bristead, Esq. counsellor, and author of He sent several popular works, viz. Resources of the British Empire, of the Russian Empire, and of the United States." From this gentleman he immediately received the following letter:

New York, August 20, 1812.

My dear Sir,

I heartily thank you for your very acceptable present of your Poems, and the too brief Sketches of your Life. The little biographical notice of yourself interested me

exceedingly; it breathes throughout the spirit of a dccp and fervent biety, a sound and manly understanding, a tender and generous heart. It has but one fault,-it is too short. I wished much to have seen more of your Christian . experience, to have seen how the Lord Jesus Christ enabled you, by the influence of his Holy Spirit, to struggle with, incessantly and successfully, the evil heart of unbeliefthe lusts of the flesh, which war against the soul; how you have been strengthened into a fit temper and disposition of soul to receive with gratitude whatever your heavenly Father gives you; to desire nothing which he withholds; to yield up, with all obedience to his will, whatever he takes away; and to dedicate all that he gives, talents. knowledge, time, opportunity, body, soul and spirit, your universal nature, to the glory of God, your reconciled Father; of Jesus Christ, your Redeemer and your God; of the Holy Ghost, your Comforter, Sanctifier and God,three persons in one Jehovah, your covenant God. a cordial to my heart to brood over the accounts of the spiritual experience, the soul-subduing exercises, of the saints of God. But I must not indulge on this theme, or I shall have neither time nor room to tell you how much I admire the sound sense, the genuine piety, the real feeling and the command of language which are displayed in your poetry. That your present work may have all the circulation which its intrinsic merit richly deserves, and that you and yours may prosper, and be blessed with all temporal and all spiritual blessings, is the sincere desire and hearty prayer of

Your brother in Christ.

JOHN BRISTEAD.

1

h

a

air

ne

in

to

to

th

co

aw

sh

lea

wi

tie

the

be

a p

88

you

but

rev

boo

600

A 8

This letter, from a gentleman of such high character for literary excellence, induced the Author to turn back his attention more minutely to his early life; and, upon a careful review, he thought it abounded with incident to render it at least useful to his friends, his children, and others. Whether well or ill written, the execution has been useful

rit of a deep to himself, and his reasons for making it public may be ding, a tenfound in the third page. He hopes they will justify him t,-it is too in the judgment of the candid, the liberal and the pious. ur Christian . In giving this third* edition to the world, he cannot deny rist enabled himself the pleasure of subjoining the testimony of a reruggle with, spectable gentleman, a member of the congress of the f unbelief-United States, in a letter written to the Author since his arrival in England. soul: how ind disposi-Canandaigua, 14th May, 1815. ur heavenly. Rev. Sir, withholds;

hatever he

s, talents.

pirit, your

reconciled

ir God; of

id God,-

od. It is

nts of the

es, of the

theme, or

how much

the real

displayed

we all the

rves, and

with all

ere desire

RISTEAD.

acter for

back his

n a care-

o render

others. n useful

I am persuaded by the kindness with which you mention me, in your letter from New York to my neighbour and friend Mr. Beals, written in August last, that you will not look upon this address as impertinent; and I feel impelled, by the obligations of a grateful affection, to write The farewell address was handed me, agreeably to your request, and the deep interest you there display in the present and future happiness of your friends in this country, of whom you are pleased to consider me as one, awakened much of my mother in my heart. Your friendship, my dear sir, I most cordially reciprocate. leave to say, that I have never, upon so short acquaintance with any man, felt myself so powerfully attached; and the ties of this attachment I trust will never be broken, for they were framed in the midst of very serious impressions impressions of a character which I hope will hereafter be approved in Heaven. Since you left us, I have made a public profession of christianity, and become a member of Mr. Torrey's society. To this profession, which I regard as the most important act of my life, I think your prayers, your sermons, your conversation and writings have contri-Sir, I thank you, and may God in Heaven be your reward. At the age of nineteen I had read many infidel books, and thought it a mark of spirit and genius to be a gainsayer of revelation; but I desired happiness, and soon found that infidelity had none in possession, and

^{*} The first and second were published in New York.

something very different from happiness in prospect.-I read Paley's Evidences, Lord Lyttleton's Conversion of St. Paul, Berkeley's Minute Philosopher, and was convinced that facts, experience and argument were all on the side of religion. My heart was impressed, and I left off some evil habits and sometimes prayed to God with tears. It is now about six months since I have made it a part of every day's duty to read the Bible and pray with my family. Renouncing all self-dependence, humbly confessing my sins and imploring grace from above, I go on my course with joy and hope I bless God for the change which I think I have experienced in my heart, and resolve, with a reliance upon Him whose strength is made perfect in our weakness, that " as for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

n

rı

ar

CO

W

m

m

SC

an

lif

no

th

Th a.b

has

sin

ind bee

of I

kne

gra

stre

the

blo

by

hat froi

diffi his nan

For your book of Poems I thank you. My wife and myself have read them with great pleasure. They deserve the highest praise for their pious tendency, and have many happy images and expressions. They display great sensibility and zeal in the best of causes. But your Memoirs will do the most good. They appear to have been profitable to several religious people in this place, and are read with avidity by most of those who heard you preach. Your name is often mentioned in Canandaigua in a manner very gratifying to your friends, and, if Providence should ever send you among us again, you would certainly be welcomed

with great joy by us all, especially,

Sir, by your sincere friend and obedient servant,

MYRON HOLLEY. "Every one knows," says an eminent writer, " with what interest it is natural to retrace the course of our own lives. The past states and periods of a man's being are retained in a connexion with the present, by that principle of self-love, which is unwilling to relinquish its hold on what has once been his. Though he cannot but be sensible of how little consequence his life can have been in the creation, compared with many other trains of events,

* Forster's Essays.

n prospect.-Conversion of was convinced on the side of left off some tears. It is part of every th my family. ssing my sins course with vhich I think ith a reliance ur weakness. he Lord." fy wife and hey deserve have many great sensiar Memoirs peen profitnd are read each. Your anner very hould ever welcomed

ant, lockey.

"with se of our in's being by that quish its nnot but ave been f events,

yet he has felt it more important to himself than all other trains together. The elapsed periods of life acquire importance too from the prospect of its continuance. The smallest things become respectable when regarded as the commencement of what has advanced, or is advancing, into magnificence. The little rill, near the source of one of the great American rivers, is an interesting object to the traveller, who is apprised, as he steps across it, or walks a few miles along its bank, that this is the stream which runs so far, and which gradually swells into so immense a flood. So, while I anticipate the endless progress of life, and wonder through what unknown scenes it is to take its course, its past years lose that character of vanity which would seem to belong to a train of fleeting, perishing moments, and I see them assuming the dignity of a commencing eternity. In them I have begun to be that conscious existence which I am to be through infinite duration; and I feel a strange emotion of curiosity about this little life in which I am setting out on such a progress. I cannot be content without an accurate sketch of the windings thus far of a stream which is to bear me on for ever." The Author indulges the hope, that these letters may be a blessing to others as well as to his own children. has told a plain simple tale of himself; he hopes in the sincerity of his heart, that all may know how much he is indebted to divine Providence. His early experience has been somewhat singular, but still enough within the range of probability, to gain credit even where the Author is not known. The loving kindness of the Lord (O that he had gratitude equal to his obligations!) has been a constant stream following him through all his past wanderings in the wilderness of life, and often making the desert to blossom as the rose. God has been gracious to him both by sea and land; he hath saved him from the deep; he hath lifted up his head in affliction; he hath redeemed him from evil; delivered him in danger, and directed him in difficulties. So that, in forty-three years' experience of his goodness, he has acquired a right to speak well of his name, and a reason for everlasting gratitude, love and

praise. For, although the present letters extend only to the twenty-second year of his pilgrimage, he cannot refrain in these remarks from glancing at the whole period. Thus, in every place, he has met with more friends than either his hopes anticipated, or his worth merited; more mercies than he had moments in which to enjoy or means to improve. He has no cause to be querulous either with God or man: from the latter he has found much kindness and hospitality, and from the former blessings, that must for, ever bankrupt and render his poor thanks insolvent. With regard to religion, where ten thousand noble testimonies are given, his poor veto is unnecessary; he may, however, be allowed to say, that it has done much for him; it has taken him from the dust, to set him among the princes of God's people. To the providence of God he is an infinite debtor, and to its particular care he would desire to bear a grateful testimony. He has been in many dangers, both by land and ocean; he has ridden hundreds of miles upon the ice; travelled some thousands upon the land, and sailed more than twenty thousand upon the ocean. He has been lost in snow storms, knocked overboard at sea, benighted in the woods, thrown from horses, overturned in wheel carriages; he has been benumbed and torpid with cold, sun-struck with burning heat, surrounded with contagious disorders; in perils on the rivers and lakes of North America, when in the spring they were but thinly covered with ice; in perils on the sea, in gales of wind, squalls, thunder storms, and from sunken rocks; in perils on the land, riding over broken bridges, crossing deep rivers in log canoes; but the providence of God has been a shield to the exposed, a shelter to the houseless; a strength to the needy in his distress; "a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." Praying for the blessing of God upon these Sketches, he casts them at the reader's feet, and upon the providence of that God,-

lit

his

pu

yo

611

Sk

des

is

flec

mo

wil

WO

der

chil

bot

ber

ple

be l

and

labo

hap

Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain, Whose approbation prosper even mine.

Hull, May the 26th, 1821.

e cannot refrain period. Thus, ids than either ; more mercies ans to improve. God or man: nd hospitality, ever bankrupt ith regard to ies are given, er, be allowed has taken him ices of God's ifinite debtor. ear a grateful both by land ipon the ice; l sailed more has been lost benighted in ed in wheel d with cold, h contagious es of North inly covered ind, squalls, perils on the rivers in log a shield to ngth to the n, a shadow ones is as

blessing of he reader's

extend only to

SKETCHES OF EARLY LIFE,

IN SEVERAL

LETTERS

Addressed by the Author to his Children,

"Tecum vivere amen, tecum obeam libens."—Horace Carmen 9, With you I should love to live; with you I would cheerfully die.

LETTER FIRST.

My dear Children,

As you were born in America, you know but little of the early life of your affectionate father. his life has been, is of very little consequence to the public; and it would be very little to you if he were not your parent. This circumstance alone, will, he is persuaded, render it interesting to you. The subject of these Sketches cannot, however, flatter your vanity by tracing his descent from rich, honourable or illustrious ancestors. He is well aware that had this been the case, no lustre reflected from the tombs of the dead can impart one ray of moral excellence to adora the characters of the living. You will estimate your father by what you see in his conduct worthy of admiration, and not by any imputative worth derived from his progenitors. In whatever light his dear children may view this narrative, he believes it will be both instructive and interesting. The writer well remembers, when he was but a little boy, nothing gave him more pleasure than the recital of incidents in his father's life ; he has sat with eager delight listening to many a relation and anecdote, which in long winter nights (when the labours of the day were over) his father used to tell. Perhaps his venerable parent, on these occasions, made himself

a parent, and viewed in that light, his children saw no shade of vanity in his narratives. "The lips of a parent feed his children, and his tongue is as choice silver." His own life had been chequered with many vicissitudes; he had been in foreign parts; he had seen much of the world, and he loved

"Around his evening fire a group to draw,
"And tell of all he felt and all he saw."

Your own father's pilgrimage has been greatly diversified; but, in this brief outline, he can only slightly glance at some of its most striking features, and

(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of his path thro' many years.

"It has been a matter of dispute among the learned, whether any one ought to write his own history; there are instances, both ancient and modern, that may be adduced as precedents for the practice; and the reason assigned for it is, that no man can be so much the master of the subject as the person himself."* Some wise and excellent men of our own day have done this; some in the form of letters, others in the more interesting light of journals, and a few in the shape of religious experiences. Some of these have been slightly suffused with egotism; the writer, perhaps with the best intentions, has made himself too prominent; and has given too bold a relief to actions that reflected too bright an honour upon him-"The ancients, however, had a peculiar method of diverting the reader's attention from themselves, when they had occasion to record their own actions, and of thus rendering what they said less invidious; which was by speaking of themselves in the third person." Your father, in the following Sketches, has availed himself of this method; not from singularity and affectation, but to ren-

* Pantalogia,—Article Biography.

der rear rai Go cor this sio

his who wis the it is sim that

hist.
In whe his j
You hence on t
His
Prov

fathe

a vil

inher

sold, hims thers His f

Indee

latter

tale; but he was children saw no e lips of a parent pice silver." His vicissitudes; he uch of the world,

draw. 4W."

atly diversified ; lightly glance at

g the learned, tory; there are ay be adduced ason assigned the master of ome wise and this; some in esting light of s experiences. rith egotism; ns, has made bold a relief ur upon himuliar method selves, when and of thus hich was by Your father, self of this

but to reu-

der what he has written less inflated and egotistical. His reasons for writing these Sketches are as follow: first, to raise a monument to the rich, free and unmerited grace of God in Christ Jesus; secondly, to encourage parents to continue in prayer for undutiful and ungodly children; thirdly, to animate Christian exertion for the conversion of seafaring men; fourthly, to gratify and instruct his own children, and to guard them against the rocks on which he split. If he had another motive, it was his wish that if ever this little narrative should fall into the hands of any sailor, or mariner, of any description, it may lead him to reflect upon his ways; and, in the simplicity and sincerity of his heart, to seek an interest in that redeeming love, which has interwoven itself with the history of the writer of these Sketches.

In biography, my dear children, it is common to say where a man was born; who were his parents; what were his pursuits, and how many years he has lived in the world. Your father was born on the 21st of December, 1777; hence, your knowledge of subtraction will teach you that, on the last shortest day, he was forty-three years of age. His parents lived in Warrington, where it pleased divine Providence he should first see the light of Heaven. father, who was then in humble life, was born at Standish, a village about sixteen miles from the same place; he had inherited a little family patrimony or estate, which he had sold, but as he was not an economist, and had entangled himself in an unprofitable law-suit with his younger brothers, the property had vanished away, so that your father

"Ne'er brighten'd ploughshares in paternal soil,"

His father, who was a dyer, had been educated for better prospect; but the smiling vision had disappeared, and the latter part of his life was a dark and cloudy voyage,

"And bound in shallows and in miseries."

Indeed it could not be otherwise; your grandmother said that after the estate was sold, the lawyers paid, and a sum

lo

01

fr

th

th

of

ch

Pr

Bi

you

bla

ing

his

to

ing

of ·

he:

grii left

the

to t

you

bath

shot

dayı

and

in a

vivio

the

worl

to e

mino

or a alarn

divided between your father's uncles, the rest of the money was kept in a stocking, and neither put out to interest nor employed in trade; hence, like Æsop's burthen, it gradually diminished till the last guinea was expended. father had a brother and a sister, both older than himself; the former was killed by a fall from his horse: he was returning from the funeral of one he loved. As you have seen your aunt since you came to England, any further mention of her is unnecessary. Your parent from his childhood, was the subject of serious thought; his infant mind often reflected upon God; and Judgment, and Heaven and Hell, as early as he could reflect at all; and considering that his childhood was passed under circumstances little favourable to early devotedness to God, these gracious buddings were doubtless owing to the good Spirit of God visiting, alluring, and stirring within his tender mind, the "Light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world:" not, indeed, the light of nature, but the light of life, sent to guide man's feet into the way of peace; and to counteract the innate principle of depravity with which Adam's original apostacy infected the human race.

Perhaps your father's early good impressions were not a little fostered and promoted by the occasional admonitions Your grandmother was not then truly pious; yet she studied to impress upon her children, as far as she knew it, the fear of the Lord : her parents, who were members of the church of Scotland, had grafted upon her mind a strict regard to (at least) the exterior forms of religion. But, my dear children, a form of religion without the love of God, and the vital power of truth in the heart, is nothing better than a cabinet without treasure, a casket without jewels, or a lamp without oil. All true religion, from the first tenderness of feeling to the last finish of a gracious state, is a plant of the Holy Spirit's fostering, and rearing, and bringing to perfection; and without this plant of paradise in the heart, however well the garden may be inclosed and fenced with the thorns and briars of bigotted opinions, it will produce neither

love, nor joy, nor peace, nor gentleness, nor meckness, nor faith: and, however orthodox our notions may be, without these, the temple has no holy place; the altar has no fragrant incense, the alabaster box has no spikenard; and all that any people possess, under such circumstances, is human drilling, human invention, commandments of men: there is nothing in the whole economy, that can be called

the " plant of God's right hand planting."

est of the money

at to interest nor

erthen, it gradu-

er than himself;

i. As you have

nd, any further

t from his child-

his infant mind

and Heaven and

and considering

mstances little

these gracious

Spirit of God

ider mind, the

meth into the

out the light of of peace; and

ty with which

l admonitions t then truly

her children,

her parents,

, had grafted

the exterior form of reli-

wer of truth

vithout trea-

out oil. All

eling to the

loly Spirit's

ction : and

wever well

the thorns

ice neither

race. ns were not a

horse : he was

Your

xpended.

Your paternal grandfather was a member of the church of England; so in this country all are called, who go to church on the Sabbath and use the book of Common Prayer. After the service he would often read in the Bible; we had a large family one, which, when a child, your father loved because it had cuts and was printed in black letter, which afforded a pleasing task to his boyish ingenuity. When your grandfather read in the gospels, his son was often struck with those passages which relate to the destruction of Jerusalem; such texts as the following created in his tender mind most painful apprehensions of the day of judgment, in reference to which solemnity he always understood them. / Two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken and the other left: two men shall be in the field, the one shall be taken the other left; and woe unto them that are with child and to them that give suck in those days. But pray ye that your flight may not be in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day; and except those days should be shortened there should no flesh be saved, but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." When but a child he shuddered and started from the prospect of being called to judgment in an unprepared state; all the terrors of the last day were vividly impressed upon his mind in dreams and visions of the night, and he has awoke with horror in beholding the world on fire, or in hearing the judge condemn the wicked to everlasting woe. Nor was it in the night alone that his mind was alive to impressions of terror, a clap of thunder, or a flash of lightening, excited in him the most serious alarm, and he was often afraid of going to bed lest the day

and

mo

the

tre

and

sio

hov

str

cau

tial

to ble

wh

enj

be infa

of i

att

siti imr

gra

infa

dea

yar in npo

frac

of judgment should take place before morning. Papers hawked about the street, detailing some awful event, alarmed him exceedingly. He used to read with marvellous solicitude to understand its portentious predictions, a book called Nixon's Prophecies; these he understood as predicting the end of the world, which some said could not be far off, as the Wandering Jew had nearly completed his fatal itinerancy.

Yours affectionately.

LETTER SECOND.

My dear Children,

Your grandmother was a great believer in omens, prodigies and dreams; being born in Scotland, she had heard the histories of many witches and fairies, and would injudiciously before her children talk of haunted towers; desolate glens, where the ghosts of murdered persons walked through the gloom of midnight, or visited the terrified murderer covered with blood. Perhaps, forty years ago, these things were much more the subjects of conversation than they are at present; the purer light of the gospel, the wider diffusion of science and knowledge, have dispelled many of the wild illusions that were pictured upon the dark clouds of other days. But society, my children, will be little benefitted by the change, if the age of superstition be succeeded by the age of incredulity; as the simplicity of too much belief is a thousand-fold preferable to the pride of infidelity, and to the scepticism of rejecting every thing not relished by dogmatical reason, or not proved by mathematical demonstration. Men of strong minds in all ages have believed, that God, for wise and important ends, has permitted the re-appearance of departed persons; so that if we allow, with a great writer, * that " all argument is against this doctrine," we must with the same writer say, "that all tradition is for it." If it strengthens our belief in an eternal world

Dr. Johnson

ning. Papers
svent, alarmed
rellous solicia book called
predicting the
he far off, as
s fatal itinefectionately.

er in omens, nd, she had fairies, and of haunted of murdered it, or visited erhaps, forty subjects of r light of the rledge, have ctured upon ny children, re of superity; as the d-fold prethe sceptidogmatical onstration. , that God. re-appearw, with a doctrine,"

tradition is.

rnal world

and a divine Providence, it is so far favourable to Christian morals; but if it be countenanced by the word of God, the wisdom is folly, and the reason absurd, that would treat it as a childish superstition, and turn it into ridicule

and contempt.

Stories of apparitions and spirits, made a fearful impression upon your father's young mind, and kept him continually alive to a thousand apprehensions. Divine mercy, however, overruled those terrors, and made them the strong auxiliaries to preventing grace; to these joint causes your parent attributes that he was kept from many early vices, and taught from an infant, at least partially, to fear God. Had his parents been truly devoted to religion, these early dawnings might have opened to a blessed day of youthful piety; but alas this favour (for which you have reason to be truly thankful) he did not The blessing of an early pious education can never enjoy. be too highly prized, or too diligently improved; the infant mind is often either a garden of thorns, or a garden of flowers; as this youthful culture has been neglected or attended to, to all mothers he would affectionately say

Begin then early. Bend the flexile knee, Ere stiff resistance bids the sinews scorn The gesture of obeisance. Stretch the hands Heavenward, while yet, submissive to your voice, They rise not in defiance. Teach the tougue The chant of angels; teach the infant thought, With its first dawn, the knowledge of its God.

Your father, through a reatless, playful and active disposition, was several times, when a little boy, exposed to imminent peril; and he desires to record it with lively gratitude, that a tender Providence watched over his infant years, and often rescued him from the vicinity of death. Once he had climbed up a high wall inclosing a tan yard, when a large mastiff ran furiously towards him, and in a fright he was precipitated from the top headlong upon a stone pavement; by this fall his head was greatly fractured, and before it finally healed, several pieces of the

kn

yo

flo

wi

ste

its

DA

of

ant

of

pro

ten

the

the

CAL

tha

sho

and

dis it j

bas

per the pov har

his

froi

pro

bone had to be taken out. Another time, he fell through the ice of a deep pit, but was stopped by the arm pits from sinking under the ice. These things may appear trivial matters to others, but to you they are all important, as your very existance in time depended upon his preservation when a boy; and, however insignificant a deliverance of this kind may seem in itself, yet, when taken in connection with a chain of after consequences, it will rise to much greater importance than it seemed at first to deserve. All is the work of a kind Providence; there is no such thing as chance in the world; the bleased God governs the minutest events in life, for even the parrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice."

"Happy the man, who sees a God employ'd

4 In all the good and ill that chequer life!
4 Resolving all events, into the will

"And arbitration wise of the supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things and intend

"The least of our concerns; (since from the least

"The greatest of originate;) could chance "Find place in his dominion, or dispose "One lavidate particle to the other his plan."

"One lawners particle to thwart his plan;
"Then God might be surpris'd, and unforessen
"Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
"The smooth and equal course of his affairs."

Notwithstanding these escapes, your father was then a very bad boy, and at a very early period manifested strong proofs of a nature deprayed and corrupt; the first fruits demonstrated that the "water was naught and the ground barren." Corrupt tree bringeth forth corrupt fruit; do men gather the floors, or figs of thistles?" When the morning but the brightness of the spot of Rightness of the afterday plants of gruitful. Moralists may tell you of native innecence; of uncorrupted manners; of the spotless purity of childhood, and the innate goodness of youth. Alas! these lovely pictures, these fancy formed fictions, have no types in human life; yourselves

the fell through the arm pits.

Is may appear all important,
on his preserant a deliverwhen taken in is, it will rise d at first to nce; there is bleased God

was then a sted strong first fruits and the th corrupt thistles?" g, nothing mess" can alists may manners; goodness es fancy

ourselves

know, notwithstanding the greatest care has been taken of your childhood, that sinful proposities, like weeds among flowers, will often spring up and choak the growth of that which is beautiful and promising. Human nature, like steel, may be polished by education, but it has within itself the tendency to rust, and can only be kept bright by pains and care : to the poison of those books which tell you of the goodness of the human heart, you have a constant antidote in the word of God, and the humbling conviction of the workings of your own heart. Your father's corrupt propensities were increased by maternal indulgence, the rod was sometimes applied, but your grandmother's warm temper had, like most warm tempers, too great a re-action; the bitterness of correction was succeeded by too much of the honey of indulgence, for even the rod blossomed with caresses, which made it more the precursor of gratification than the ensign of sedate and temperate authority. Parents should never frown and flatter; scold and then kiss; correct and then caress; this injudicious mode makes achild despise discipline, and but serves to strengthen those propensities it is intended to subdue. The curb should never be taken of the mouth, nor the reins of discipline slackened, till becomes tame, and tractable, and obedient: blending of correction and cordial, corrective region, laid the foundation, or more properly (for the base was already laid) erected the superstructure in his heart of pride, anger, impatience and self-will.

He had another bad fault, he did not love his book: perhaps it will generally be found true, that boys who are the most indulged are the greatest dunces; self-will is as powerful a barrier in the way of knowledge, as it is of happiness. His first preceptress was an old school mistress called Ellen Daniel; he is sure she had much trouble with his wayward temper; many a terrible penance did he bear from her unrelenting rod, and many an unconquered sob of proud grief did he heave under her ordeal of birchen discipline. As far as he can recollect, she was just such an one as Sheastone describes in his interesting poem called

the School Mistress; the following verses contain a good resemblance of your father's first teacher:

ar

or

W

at

va

VO

hi

da

m

gu

841 the

He

tiv

led

ope

for

im

des

*the reli

> Way spr

his

fath

dee

jud

dive pier

Was

full

hear prof

scie: to 1 beal

" In every village, mark'd with little spire, " Embow'rd in trees, and hardly known to fame,

" There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,

"A matron old, whom we school mistress name;

"Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame: "They, grieven sore, in pitious durance pent,

"Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame,

" For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

" Right well she knew each temper to desory, " To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise; a Some with vile copper prize exalts on high,

"And some entice with pittance small of praise; "And other some with belieful sprig she frays."

With this old woman he learned his letters, and when about six years old he was sent to the school of a master. Here he was associated with many rude and wicked boys; he gained little besides rudeness; so true is that impressive adage, "evil communications corrupt good manners." Boyish playfulness rendered him exceedingly inattentive to all improvement, and he was so thoughtless, that he had no conception of what use these things would be in future life; hence, though kept at different schools from six to thirteen years of age, his knowledge was very superficial and limited; reading, writing and arithmetic, with a little smattering of drawing, which he picked up himself, formed the whole stock of his scholastic erudition. For this slender provision of knowledge, to presecute the great objects of future life, himself was chiefly to blame, although he cannot but regret, that it never was in the power of his parents to send him to schoolmasters of sufficient ability. The free school in the town of his nativity, although largely endowed, was solely appropriated to the use of the children of the rich; the poor had neither part nor lot in the matter. Oh! with what regret he looks back upon those precious seasons of childhood and adolescence for ever lost,—this spring

contain a good

fame,

orely shent.

7,
raise;
praise;
sys."

letters, and e school of a ly rude and ss; so true ons corrupt him exceedhe was so it use these gh kept at of age, his ing, writing ring, which f his sehomowledge, imself was t, that it d him to ool in the was solely rich; the Oh! With. seasons

s spring

of human life, in which the best seeds of knowledge and piety might have taken root in the tender soil of his opening years. The loss your parent sustained should warn you to improve the morning of your days; few have attained to eminent excellence whose youth was not cultivated. They who lay up a large stock of wisdom begin young; the susceptibilities of instruction are then in the highest state; time, precious time, is taken in its young dawn. While the heart is tender, the seal of instruction makes a vivid impression. Wisdom entereth a willing guest into the opening understanding; knowledge is pleasant to the soul; the follies of time find no apartment in the mind that is so preoccupied with nobler inmates. How charming to see a youthful understanding highly cultivated, and adorned with the beauties of various knowledge! We love the spring for its vernal beauty; the opening morn for its new born charms; the virgin rose for its sweet and soft fragrance; but youthful wisdom imparts a sweeter pleasure than words can express or pen describe.

But the neglect of the cultivating his mind was not the only neglect: your father still lived a stranger to vital religion; he had no mentor to teach his young mind the way to heaven; the seeds of corrupt nature were every day springing up in some angry or passionate temper towards his brother and sister, or in some undutiful conduct to his father or mother. His mind was, nevertheless, often deeply impressed with the fear of death; the thoughts of judgment and eternity would intrude upon his boyish diversion, and, like thorns among roses, would unawares pierce and wound his soul. Sometimes he thought he was like no other boy; for, while his companions seemed full of mirth and gladness, he was often pensive, and his heart was torn with inward anguish; he durst not use profane language as other boys; if he told a lye, his conscience was up in arms; and when he had done any thing to grieve his mother, his heart bled till the breach was healed. To scenes of distress his feelings were tremblingly

He loved the historical parts of the Holy Scriptures and especially the history of Joseph, over which he would weep till tears choaked his utterance. With the Pilgrim's Progress he was much interested, and also with a little book of Mr. Benjamin Keech, called the War with the Devil: and if some one had taken him by the hand at this time, before his heart was hardened by the "deceitfulness of sin," the buds, that were so soon blighted by the frost of neglect, might have yielded fruits of increase; but for want of this early religious care on the part of his parents, most of his good impressions vanished away r like the morning cloud and the early dew." Alas! many parents think little how much depend upon them in watching over the budding of early good; in helping the first unfolding of serious thought; in teaching the young ideas how to shoot heavenward; and in pouring the fresh instruction over the mind, in such proportion to its opening powers, as to fertilize and not to deluge.

Yours affectionately.

LETTER THIRD.

My dear Children,

Your father's mind was at an early period much affected with the afflictions of his relatives, particularly his mother's; all his life seemed bound up in her welfare, hence, he has lain in bed many a sleepless hour, weeping and sorrowing, when any troubles in the family, or personal trials, weighed down either her body or mind. In one instance she was taken alarmingly ill in the dead of night, and was not expected to live till the doctor could be sent for. Her fear of death was terrible, and the agitation of her mind is not to be described. During this hour of alarm and danger, his feelings were raised to the highest pitch of solicitude and anguish; and, in deep whole family, and besought God, with "cries and tears."

hat he would spare his beloved mother: the Lord withrew his afflicting hand from her body, but in a short time isited her soul with as lively convictions as perhaps ever were endured.

A great change now took place in the family. grandmother, who had been alarmed by the tormenting spasms which threatened her life, was further awakened to a lively sense of her lost condition by reading that excellent book, "Alliene's Alarm to the Unconverted." All her feelings were roused to the highest pitch of distress. she was in that state so exactly described by David, in the thirty-eighth Psalm, "thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore. There is no soundness in my flesh because of thine anger. Neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin. For mine iniquities are gone over my head; as an heavy burden they are too heavy for My wounds stink and are corrupt because of my foolishness. I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly : I go mourning all the day long; I am feeble and sore broken; I have reared by reason of the disquietness of my heart." These agitations were not the spectres of a deranged intellect, or a disordered imagination; she was never more fully in the exercise of these at any period. Her intellects, her reason, her judgment, were all clear, but her conscience was wounded by "the sword of the Lord." Such a state of things resembles what your father has sometimes seen in his wanderings; a tempest at sea, with the sky blue, clear, and the sun shining in his brightness. Her distress was at times so great, as to interrupt the peace and comfort of the family; but the Lord, in " the dark and cloudy day" of her sorrow, was "walking upon the waves," and preparing her by the storm within, to enter the quiet haven of his pardoning love; for

Wisdom smiles when humbled mortals weep.
When sorrow wounds the breast, as plows the glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel her softening shower;
Her seed celestial, then glad wisdom sows;
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.

God, my dear children, makes use of different means to enlighten the mind, and to bring us to a true and experimental knowledge of himself. No person, in these respects. can be a standard for another; in his works of grace, as well as of nature, there is an infinite variety; he deals with men according to the innate peculiarities of their minds. It is not the weight of the burden, the clearness of the conviction, or the depth of the sorrow, that some might deem necessary, but that which works in the soul a true earnestness for salvation, and brings the penitent sinner to the feet of Jesus Christ, is all that is required by the wisdom of God. None should lay too much stress, either upon the measure of penitential sorrow, or the particular means God may think fit to use in bringing a soul to himself. One of the most common is the preaching of his blessed gospel: in all ages this has (when faithfully preached) been "the power of God to salvation." quick and powerful, sharper than any two edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Not a few have been brought into the way of life by a different order of means. Some have been drawn to God by the silent influences of the Holy Spirit gently moving upon their minds, and creating a strong conviction of their want of happiness and salvation. Many have been alarmed to reflection and consideration by the terrific appearances which sometimes take place in the natural world: a comet, a thunder storm, a deluge, an earthquake, or a conflagration, may solemnize the mind and excite to a serious examination of the state of the soul. When the natural feelings are fine and tender, and the heart is susceptible of the gentlest friendship, the death of a beloved relative, the baseness of a husband, the undutifulness of a child, and not seldom the cruelty or ingratitude of a friend, have been sanctified by the Lord, as his instruments, to win the alienated affections to himself alone. And as dark clouds contain the richest showers, sometimes his judgments have been a blessing : a scarcity, a desolating

mala prot or t the and effec read a d the Dod Arn Life Reli bon dire map auth and

can
thei
lect
eart
to n
thou
ness
even
spe
wit
wid
nen

sple

" tl

8

Cou son the

she

malady, a heavy affliction, a reverse in circumstances, nay probably, a dream or vision, the conversation of a friend, or the solemnity of a funeral, have made impressions upon the heart more deep than all the reasonings of philosophy, and more vivid than the theories of moralists could ever effect. While thousands have been brought to God by reading living divinity, such " live coals from the altar" of a devout heart as Baxter's Saint's Rest and Call to the Unconverted; Alliene's Alarm to the Unconverted; Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul; Arndt's True Christianity; Law's Serious Call to a Holy Life, and Wesley's Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion. These works are worth a thousand tomes of drybone speculative theology; they are the stars that have directed myriads to the "Babe of Bethlehem:" sacred maps, pointing out the road to the paradise above. The authors learned their lessons at the "oracles of God," and "came down from the mountain" with their faces all splendour, and their hearts all flame, to teach mankind " the way of salvation."

Surely, if good men, safely landed in the haven of glory, can survey the benefits arising from their pious labours, their pure felicity must be greatly heightened by the recollection, that they are at the same time, serving God upon earth, and glorifying him in Heaven. Such writers impart to mankind a more lasting benefit than the labours of a thousand mere preachers can possibly confer: the usefulness of the latter ceases with their death, and sometimes even before; the former, "though dead, yet continue to speak," and ages after their mortal remains have mixed with the common dust, their usefulness, like a stream, widens, deepens, and increases as it rolls along the continent of time, which it fertilizes and beautifies in its course. Could a Baxter, a Bunyan, a Fox, an Arndt, or an Alliene, some of whom wrote amidst the gloom of a prison, could they have foreseen the immense good that would result from their devout meditations, the prospect would have shed a halo of glory over their afflicted minds; it would

C 9

•

he death of he undutiingratitude his instruself alone.

ent means to and experi-

ese respects, of grace, as

y'; he deals

clearness of

some might

soul a true itent sinner

ired by the

ress, either

e particular

oul to him-

hing of his n faithfully

." " It is

ged sword,

and spirit;

mer of the

v have been

r of means.

ifluences of

minds, and

ppiness and

n and con-

sometimes ader storm.

lemnize the

state of the

er, and the

sometimes desolating have warmed their hearts with emotions of the most benevolent delight. O ye venerable men! ye fathers in our Israel! we think of you with gratitude and veneration. We bless God for the inspiration that flowed from your pens. Your memories are like the odour of precious ointment. Your "works praise you in the gate;" and your names are encircled with a flood of brighter glory than ever yet beamed from yonder midnight moon!

Your father solicits pardon for the above digression; he will now return to the subject of your grandmother's conversion to God. For awhile the exercises of her mind were of the most afflicting nature; she was not drawn like Lydia, nor melted like Mary: a deep gloom fell upon her spirits, which scarcely admitted the faintest ray of divine hope.

Who can a wounded spirit sustain? When Jesus, fainting on the tree, Confess'd th' insufferable pain; Complain'd " thou hast forsaken me!"

de

8t

th

CO

m

di

jo

et

Her passions, which were strong, like a thighty rapid carried her swiftly towards the vortex of despair. The apprehension that she had sinned beyond the reach of mercy, filled her soul with the liveliest horrors. David has expressed her feelings in the gloominess of his dwn desponding heart : " Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps. Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me. I have found trouble and sorrow; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." Jonah also has touched her case in the deep sorrow of his own: "The waters compassed me about, even to the soul: the depths closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head." Pensive and deeply smitten, Job felt the same woes, and expressed them in equally mournful words: "My sighing cometh before I eat, and my roarings are poured out like water. Thou renewest thy witnesses

the most benefathers in our and veneration. wed from your precious ointte;" and your ter glory than

digression; he grandmother's grandmother's of her mind not drawn like fell upon her ray of divine

highty rapid espair. The the reach of ors. David of his own lowest pit, rd upon me, The sorof hell gat ow; all thy ah also has vn : "The the depths d about my the same ul words: arings are witnesses

against me, and increasest thine indignation upon me: changes and war are against me." Your father well remembers many of her words; they were like sharp spears piercing his very heart. To have calmed the agitations of her distracted mind, he would have suffered the loss of every earthly good. She spent whole nights in walking up and down the house, wringing her hands; often stamping with her feet, and venting her emotions in language gloomy as the blackness of despair. She had no "messenger of mercy, no interpreter among a thousand, to tell her that the Lord would be gracious, and would save her from going down to the pit, because he had found a ransom." Many an hour has your father (then only eleven years old) lain weeping, waking, trembling and agitated beyond measure; not, indeed, on account of his own sins, but through sympathy with the gloomy despairing state of his mother's mind.

These exercises, or strong religious emotions, are often called by the world enthusiasm, folly, madness. In the work you are now reading (Wesley's Life by Southey) the writer has treated most branches of experimental piety as delusion and insanity. Did you believe him, he would steal from the Christian's crown its brightest jewels. "Peace and joy in believing" are the cant of hypocrisy; the witness of the Spirit is a dotage of enthusiasm; the conversion of the soul to God is mere human drilling; the " fruits of the Spirit" are ideal and visionary; and communion with God is the extatic ardour of a heated imagination. In some such light may the cold moralizer treat the distress of your grandmother; for the judgment of the world will neither admit deep sorrow for sin, nor exalted joy for pardon. All beyond the sober dictates of rational ethical unvital morality, is discarded as the high wrought feelings of visionaries and enthusiasts.

Rach pure seraphic bliss that warms the saint—Bliss which no human eloquence can paint;
The peace that forms an Eden in the soul,
When floods arise and sorrows' billows roll;

The secred commerce of a soul with God,
And joys that bud and bloasom from his rod;
The heaven-born comfort of the mystic dove,
The ardent flame of pure extatic love;
The tears that tell our fullies blotted out,
The sweet affiance that divorces doubt,
Are deem'd a sprightly fancy, or at best
The sofs emotions of an amorous breast.
In spostolio days, they will allow,
The saints had joys, but can't believe them now:
These purer streams above their level rise,
This standard's too exalted for their size:
They spure the Christian's happiness divine,
Because above their sense, beyond their line,

re

80

O

C

fa

tl

tl

It will be so; the Apostle Paul has said, that " the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; they are foolishness to him: neither can he know them, they are spiritually discerned;" but " wisdom is justified in her children." The regions of true piety were never explored by many who pretend to give the altitude of the mountains, the depth of the vallies, and the course of the rivers; they have seen a distant outline of the coast through the mists of prejudice; and they have filled up the plan from the false accounts given by others. It is very natural for a man to think there is nothing in experimental piety who never felt any thing in it himself. His self-love may persuade him that he knows as much as others, while the pride of his reason forbids him to buy it at the stipulated price. The piety of the heart is a rich gem in the cabinet of truth, which can only be opened by the simplicity of an humble mind, and the fervency of believing prayer. Never, my children, imagine, that the pearl of great price is any where to be found but in the ocean of mercy, and none but the broken hearted will ever venture into this Godhead's deepest sea. Truth is a narrow rugged defile which can only be entered by the wicket gate of repentance; this repentance may be more or less deep, but it must serve to embitter sin, abase self, and endear the Saviour. Without this, human nature, however adorned with morality, is but

a putrid caregie in a silver coffin; "a death's head under a mask of seauty." Scoffers may ridicule these things, but you will think of the Goths, who hated all learning because themselves were ignorant. There are Goths in religion, who would gladly, but barbarously, deface "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." The blessed God must "create all things new;" the bog may be covered with flowers, and the volcano with vinyards, but without becrow for sin, and salvation by grace, through faith, man is in the "gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity."

Yours affectionately.

LETTER FOURTH.

My dear Children,

Your grandmother continued in a state of great mental distress for more than twelve months, extracting the poison of unbelief from those texts, which, in their true meaning, contain only the balm of comfort. She had a singular facility of wresting the scriptures against herself; and those passages which only forbid the impenitent to hope, she levelled against her own peace. Because God had said " my Spirit shall not always strive with man," she judged that God had " cast her away from his presence, and taken his Holy Spirit from her." As, in the matter of regaining the forfeited birth-right, Esau " found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears," she erroneously concluded, that neither tears nor prayers could avail any thing in her case. An imagination covered with gloom, saw every thing through a dark medium. She had committed St. John's "sin unto death," and therefore it was useless to pray for her. It was "impossible to renew. her again to repentance," from what St. Paul had said to the apostate Hebrews. There was no pardon for her, because Jesus Christ had said, in reference only to the

"the natuof God; they
them, they
stified in her
ver explored
mountains,
rivers; they
gh the mists
in from the
atural for a
l piety who

le the pride dated price. et of truth, an humble Never, my

ne but the Godhead's which can ance; this st serve to

Without ity, is but

Scribes and Pharisees, the "sin against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven, either in this world or the world In her case, the "Lord's mercy was clean gone;" he had departed from her, and nothing remained but " a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation to devour the adversary." state she thought resembled hers; hence, after looking at the Bible sometimes for a few minutes together, she would dash it on the floor, and then in an agony of mind, it is not possible to describe, exclaim, I am lost! I am lost! I am lost! for ever lost, lost, lost!

cr

de

re

tre

mi

Sh

th

bi

un

in

th

hi

88

tie

or

8.1

da

83

m Cı

me

an

th

Ah! my children, how much was your dear grandmother mistaken in her views of the divine goodness. The mercy of the blessed God is vast as the eternity of his own nature; it is the rainbow that encircles his bright perfections. It is like his own being, an infinite circle: the ages of eternity are not more durable, " for his mercy endureth for ever." His nature, his promises, his covenant of grace, are everlasting antidotes to despair. "God is love," and in that glass who ever saw the shadow of the dark fiend? The word despair only occurs four times in the Bible, and even there it stands in no opposition to the claims of mercy. Where the Sun of Righteousness shines, this baleful cloud is in no part of the horizon. Nill desperandum, says a Roman poet, we ought never to despair: mercy is the brightest jewel in Jehovah's crown, "tis mightest in the mightiest;" it becomes his sceptro; yea it is his darling attribute, his distinguished name, and is as great as his majesty, as omnipotent as his power, and as boundless as his immensity. We might as well count the particles of light in the sun, the drops of water in the ocean, or the fluid lustres of the morning dew, as enumerate the acts of his mercy. He is great in goodness, and good in greatness; hence the vilest sinner need not doubt,

Tho' plung'd in ills and harrow'd up with care, The humble penitent should not despair: Tho' every smiling prospect round him close, A door will open; God will interpose;

te Holy Ghost
I or the world
d's mercy was
and nothing
ment and fiery
rancis Spira's
looking at the
er, she would
of mind, it is
I am lost!

grandmother

The mercy own nature: fections. s of eternity h for ever. e, are everand in that end? The e, and even of mercy. deful cloud um, says a rcy is the test in the his darling. eat as his undless as uticles of in, or the he acts of reatness :

And when the spirits sink, o'erwhelm'd with grief; By unforeseen expedients, bring relief.

David, the polluted murderer, found mercy. Manassch, the cruel and profligate, was pardoned. Peter, the ungrateful denier of his master, was again taken into favour. The relenting Magdalen, the expiring thief, and the hardened trembling jailor, were forgiven. He pardons crimes committed against his infinitely gracious Son, his infinitely patient Spirit, and his infinitely holy law. The clearest light, the warmest love, and the tenderest mercy, have been abused; but shall we say to such,

Therefore hetake thes
To nothing but despair? A thousand kness,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storms perpetual, could not move the Lord
To look that way thou wert.

Should we not rather say, "hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy that he may be feared, and withhim there is plenteous redemption that he may be sought unto." Would he require his creatures to forgive a repenting brother 490 times, and will not he forgive seventy thousand times seven? His rich, free, boundless grace, is high as Heaven, deep as hell, wide as the universe, and free as the circumambient air. We might as well attempt to tie up the winds, restrain the waves, set bounds to space, or limits to eternity, as confine the mercy of God. Though a sinner had lived to be as old as Mathuselah, and every day of his life had been devoted to folly, who shall dare to say, that the line of his transgressions exceeds the limits of Almighty mercy? The whole Bible is a history of mercy—the Gospel is a fountain of mercy—the bleeding Cross is a pledge of mercy—his Throne is a throne of mercy-his People are vessels of mercy-his Son was an angel of mercy. Trust, my children, always trust, in the mercy of your God, through the infinite merits and mediation of your adorable Redeemer. Do not dishonour

it by despair, abuse it by ingratitude, or slight it by neglect. When your father's dust lies silent on the bosom of its common mother, remember he has commended you to the unfailing and infinite mercy of his heavenly Father. May it be your portion in life, your glory in death, and the burden of your song through immortality and eternal ages. Amen, amen.

Your grandmother's despairing speeches deeply wounded your father's heart; what he then felt it is impossible to describer Alas! he had no knowledge of his own state. He dreaded lest the feelings of his parent should end in some awful calamity, that would bury in its ruins all his comfort and hope. None in the family understood your grandmother's malady; hence, none could give her any direction in the time of distress. How valuable is the advice of a godly minister, or Christian friend! but these helps were not at hand. Your grandfather went to church and read his Bible at home, but resting in the outward law, without understanding its deep design, he had no skill "to minister to a mind diseased;" he had never tasted the "wormwood and the gall himself; and your grandmother, being brought up a Presbyterian, had a prejudice to the Methodists and Dissenters; thus, she stood alone and had no one to " bear her burden;" and, as the minister of the chapel she had been in the way of attending, was a Socinian, to her, at least, he was "a physician of no value." But ere she sunk overwhelmed in the mighty billows of despair, the hand of God was stretched forth for her deliverance. He had broken down, and he could bind np; he had wounded that he might heal. "He looked and there was none to save, he wondered and there was none to deliver; therefore his own arm wrought salvation;" his own Spirit was the comforter.

Himself prepares his people's hearts,
Breaks and binds up, and wounds and heals;
A mystic death, and life imparts:
Empties the full, the emptied fills;

the cas uni she less fell she

auc

imi

8pc

dar wor infl " t wor At nor rem

cha " t

ble

was cell tion

a W

80

slight it by ilent on the s commended his heavenly our glory in immortality

oly wounded impossible of his own should end uins all his rstood your ve her any ble is the but these to church e outward ad no skill ver tasted ur grandprejudice ood alone he ministtending, ian of no mighty forth for uld bind e looked iere was

ation;

He fills whom first he bath prepar'd,
With him the perfect grace is given;
Himself is here their great reward,
Their future and their present heaven.

Your grandmother's deliverance was brought about in the following manner :- After being shut up in the iron castle of despair for many months, she had one day been unusually softened into something like divine contrition; she wept and sorrowed (for the angel of mercy was doubtless "troubling the water") till, as she sat weeping, she fell into something like a doze: during this abstraction she heard (as she supposed, and ever after avered) an audible voice, saying, " Be not of a doubtful mind." immediately rose from her chair, believing some one had spoken to her, but there was no person in the room. The darkness had, however, passed away, and she seemed in a world of new light; a new born sensation shed its mild influence over her heart; the storm had subsided, and " the morning star" of pardoning love, beamed over as wounded a spirit as ever felt the arrows of the Almighty. At first she did not recollect ever having seen the passage, nor could any of the family, of whom she enquired, remember such a text : its effects were, however, pleasingly visible; and when a little while after she found it in the course of her reading, it tended not a little to confirm the blessing she had received at the Lord's hand.

But how, my children, shall we account for this sudden change? a change so evident, that one might say of it, "the storm became a calm;" the darkness visible was

made " light in the Lord."

" She 'woke'; the dungeon flam'd with light"

so pleasant, that the barrenness of winter was succeeded by the beauty of spring; so unexpected, that it was like the king's messenger bringing a pardon to the cell of the condemned malefactor, upon the eve of execution. Oh! how refreshing was the return of spring after a winter of such storms and barrenness! Your grandmother

was in reality a new creature; the peace of God, that reigned in her heart, beamed from her eyes; and the transition was both as self-evident and as self-delighting

tha

vati

dre

mor

is n

of t

a "

ima, hea

in t

of t

conf

voic

the

the

carri

scier we v

ruin

hold

does

all o

a fal

cate

by tl

draw rated

the c

In yo

her c triffe ent,

In throu

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air, Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps, And dangeon horrors, by kind fate discharg'd, Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure Sarrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise; His heart exults; his spirits cast their load; As if new born, he triumphs in the change; So joy'd her soul.

Such a change, my children, the philosophy of the learned and the wisdom of the worldly, would resolve into mere animal spirits, or the influence of the imagination acting upon the physical and mental economy. Some would say, it was a mere illusion of sleep; and others would very charitably pronounce it all delusion. Let us hear what an apostle will say on this. subject : "But as it is written, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God." "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Thus, whatever learning or science the natural man may possess, if he have not the illumination of that Spirit which

"Shines inward and the mind erediates through all its pow'rs,"
he cannot be a competent judge of the work of the Spirit
upon the human heart: at best he sees only "men as trees
walking;" he learns nothing in the whole circle of science

f the learned e into mere ation acting would say, would very ear what an is written. intered into repared for em unto us 78, yea, the e things of even so the it of God. ld, but the the things atural man r they are , because

d, that reigned

the transition

ow'rs,"
he Spirit
as trees
science

learning

e not the

that gives him even a clue to the economy of inward sal-This change could not be an illusion of sleep; dreams seldom effect any change, either in the mental or moral economy, beyond the moment of their duration : it is not in sleep or mere dreams to purge from the bottom of the soul a deep mental distress, and impart to the mind a "peace that passes all understanding." Could mere imagination diffuse through the heart such a devotional heaven; such love to God, such faith in Christ, such joy in the Holy Ghost? Nay, my children, it was that birth of the Spirit, which opens the kingdom of Heaven in the contrite heart. It was the voice of him, that speaketh in "dreams, and visions of the night," the "still small voice," that only whispers love; the voice that "calmeth the raging of the sea; that stilleth the noise thereof when the waves roar," and that, by its own peculiar energy, carrieth peace into the inmost recesses of the troubled conscience, and makes all calm in the agitated heart. we wonder, seeing the blessed Jesus has all power over his creatures, that he should begin man's recovery where his ruin commenced, the human heart; " and in this strong hold of sathn" display the triumphs of his grace? Christ does not only take the outwork, he makes a conquest of the citadel; the life of God must be in the soul of man, or all our religion is but the tinsel and the paint, that give a false beauty to corrupt nature.

In speaking of this change, your grandmother passed through, your father does not become the unqualified advocate of every impression that may be injudiciously called by this name. Some may be mistaken, and suppose the drawings of the father are sufficient vouchers of a regenerated state, but where fruits justify the genuineness of the change, and spring up in moral beauty and abundance, we may safely infer the tree of life is planted in the heart. In your venerable relative, these fruits were most apparent; her conscience was so tender, that what appear to some trifles light as air, and are thought expedient or inexpedient, according to the complexion of circumstances, were

with her matters of serious scruple, and, when doubtful, she always took the safest course. The fervency of her daily prayers plainly indicated that the fire of true devotion was kindled in her soul. Her zeal for truth was a proof of the tenderness of her love for God: she reproved every one, rich or poor, who sinned or trifled before her. Her love for the scriptures, which she got up at an early hour every morning to read, showed in what light she held the records of eternal life. The spiritual welfare of her family was interwoven with all her cares; and never did a mother manifest greater ardency of desire for the salvation of her children. Late and early, the burden of their souls lay with weight upon her mind, and with many strong cries and tears did she recommend them to the mercy of God. Often has your father, before the morning dawned, heard the outpourings of her fervent spirit interceding for her children, and recommending them to God; but example went hand in hand with prayer, and she was not only the priestess of her children, but the examplar; in her they saw religion in an embodied form;

She taught them from her look
To learn devotion; from her precepts truth;
And from her life religion.

If in any thing she erred, it was in the warmth of her zeal, which did not make sufficient allowance for the tardiness of filial compliance: divine grace may, by its almighty energy, change the heart of a parent, but a parent cannot turn a child. It is an easy thing for the Almighty "to soften, melt, and pierce and break the adamantine heart;" but such power belongs only to God. Parents must patiently "sow their seed in the morning, and in the evening withhold not their hand;" but as the issue comes from the Lord, we may say with the Apostle James, "Be patient, therefore, (parents) unto the coming of the Lord. Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain." "Our times are in God's hands,"

par and a re amj of # cep Wer on to t chų live Jeh inte St. wer Me &c. a p No

he

past und he l seri of (favo of g

of a

of (

My

call

hen doubtful. rvency of her of true devotruth was a she reproved d before her. p at an early ight she held lfare of her l never did a the salvation f their souls nany strong he mercy of ing dawned, erceding for but examas not only ar; in her

nth of her the tardis almighty ent cannot ighty "to e heart;" ents must the evenmes from as, "Be the Lord. fruit of

ceive the

hands,"

he that "believeth shall not make haste:" it is not for parents to command success upon their own endeavours, and yet they should do all in their power to secure such a result. The universal history of pious mothers affords ample encouragement to persevere in effort. The children of prayers, of tears, of warnings, of example, and of precept, are seldom lost. Joseph, Moses, Samuel, Timothy, were probably the legatees of many an affectionate prayer on the part of their parents; and their early consecration to the service of God, the high rank they sustained in the church, and the distinguished plety and usefulness of their lives, might in the order, and through the blessing of Jehovah, grow out of parental solicitude and treasured up intercessions. That learned and holy father in the church, St. Augustine, and that brave soldier, Colonel Gardiner, were both reclaimed by the prayers of pious mothers. Mention might also be made of Generals Dykern, Burns, &c. but the time would fail to show in how many instances a parent's intercessions have prevailed with the Almighty. No sooner was your grandmother comforted with the "joy of salvation," than she sought communion with the church of God. Providence directed her to unite with the flock of a faithful, diligent and enlightened minister of the church of England. The Rev. James Glazebrook, her pastor, was minister of St. James' Chapel, Warrington; under his ministry she sat with pleasure and profit. As he had a select weekly meeting at his own house (for the serious and awakened part of his hearers, for the purpose of Christian communion, instruction and prayer), she was favoured with the advantage of this superadded means of grace. Yours affectionately.

LETTER FIFTH.

My dear Children,

It was not long before the piety of your relative was called to a test, which at once both proved its truth and called into experimental operation all its soul helping

energies; but she possessed her soul in patience: the rock was indeed smitten, the waters flowed, but the foundations were not moved. The storm which shook the branches, but served to make the root faster in the earth; "the trial of her faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried in the fire, appeared unto praise, and honour, and glory." The surface of her soul was indeed agitated by the tempest, but the centre was calm and peaceful.

Heroes in battle, pilots in a storm, And virtue in affliction we admire.

Your father's brother, who resided in another place, the family's hope and the beloved of his mother, was cut off in an untimely and most mysterious manner: he had been at the funeral of a respectable young female, whom he had tenderly loved, and to whom he was engaged,

But death had swifter wings than love.

She was interred at the village of Prestwick, near Manchester. In company with several of her relations, he left the village after night-fall; it was dark, and the company missed him on the road, but thought he lingered behind to indulge in solitary grief. The next day his horse returned to town, but no rider. His friends became alarmed, and went in search of him: he was found lying upon his face in a meadow, but the vital spark was for ever fled. As no nurks of violence were found upon any part of his body, it is more than probable that the anguish of his spirit cut the tender cords of life, and probably a broken heart hurried him into eternity. An impervious vail rests upon his death, both as to its suddenness and singularity; perhaps the cause will never be known till the records of eternity shall cast full light on the darkness of time. Eternal Father, how wisc, how deep, how intricate are all thy ways! dust and ashes should bow with reverence before thy Yes, my children, we should stand in awe and sin not; the Governor of the universe should be adored, both for the mysteries of his providence, the grandeur of

his affli the can tou hur

in this floor sur the Pie

ter

If v

del

Los the des wa he cc: the rock foundations the branches, ; "the trial of gold that beared unto of her soul centre was

place, the cut off in ad been at om he had

near Manns, he left
company
behind to
returned
med, and
a his face
l. As no
his body,
pririt cut

his body, pirit cut eart hurupon his perhaps eternity Eternal y ways!

we and

adored,

deur of

his power, and the outgoings of his boundless love. This afflictive visitation was a crucible, into which the Lord put the golden graces of your paternal grandmother, and she came forth as gold purified: her grief was deep, silent and touching, but she justified the ways of Providence; and, humbled in the dust, acknowledged the chastening rod.

Whate'er thy lot,—whoe'er thou be— Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod, And in thy chastening sorrows see The head of God.

A bruised reed he will not break;
Affictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his providence adore:
"Tis done! arise! he bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

There is, my children, a living, soul-supporting principle in true grace; "it is born for adversity." Founded upon this rock, the winds may blow, the rains descend, and the floods rise, but the fabric falls not: the rock bears the surging waves, the pure gold the keen fires, the laurel the wintry cold, and the deep rooted oak the fierce blast. Piety, with her anchor cast within the yail, rides out the terrible tempest; the bush burns, but is not consumed. If within the sacred Ark, the saint is safe, though a second deluge were to overwhelm the globe. The "joy of the Lord" is the Christian's strength; hence, he encamps in the wilderness and is not afraid; he finds manna in the desert, honey in the lion's carcase, a Jesus walking on the waves, and an angel in the burning fiery furnace. Thus he can sweetly sing,

The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness,
My way pursue.

The first news of your uncle's untimely death sent your grandmother to her knees, and long she continued wrestling with God. Ah! the agony of heart she then felt; grace and nature strove for the mastery a long, long time. Her son, who was deeply afflicted both for his brother's death and his mother's grief, thought she was/praying for the departed spirit, and wrestling with God for the salvation of one passed into eternity; soon, however, he perceived that her fervent pleadings were for divine assistance to support her under the mighty trial; and, low as she was bowed down to the earth under the calamity, she found his arm was sufficient for her support. Tears she shed none; the flood of her grief was too deep to bubble up in weeping; "strength, however, was equal to the day." She hoped to see the salvation of the Lord, and she fainted not; the "secret chambers" of the promises were open, and she took refuge in them: as a daughter of God's people she was deeply hurt, but the balm of Gilead was applied by the good Physician of suffering saints. The fountains of comfort sprang up in the wilderness of sorrow, and upon the dark night of her grief arose the morning star of peace; and, though the "clouds often returned after the rain," yet the "Sun of Righteousness" shone upon her heart with healing in his wings: hence, though the conflict between her strong affection and submission to the divine will was often renewed, yet, like the conflict between Israel and Amalek, the holy seed finally prevailed.

Woes come in clusters.

The wound of a beloved son s untimely death had not fully healed, when your grandfather died; he was a quiet, moral, inoffensive man, who read his Bible, went to church, laboured hard fox a living, and did no one any harm, but wished to get through life as quietly as possible. His death was hopeful; several pious friends visited and prayed with him during his illness; he said little, but seemed resigned to the divine will. His views of divine things had never been clear, yet he bore his affliction with patience.

In value off at sh

a j los the yes or of life

th

be

to

that of his of the der

asi

he,

the

h sent your nued wrestthen felt; long time. brother's praying for e salvation perceived sistance to as she was she found she shed bble up in the day," he fainted vere open, d's people as applied fountains and upon of peace; the rain," eart with between

not fully t, moral, church, arm, but le. His l prayed seemed things

atience.

vine will

en Israel

In the early part of his life he had been of a roving, extravagant and unsettled disposition, but for several years before his death he had become sedate, regular and inoffensive; he seemed to die in peace. O! that we may at last meet him in "Immanuel's land;" and then we shall know that

> A friend when dead is but remer'd from sight, Hid in the lustre of eternal light.

Your father was now an orphan, left to the care of a poor widowed mother, in narrow circumstances; he had lost his earthly, but did not seek to his heavenly Father: the world was all before him, but he had no interest in it; yet he was light-hearted and felt no care; he had not then begun to look with eager and suspicious fears into futurity, or to call up from the 'vasty deep' of Providence spectres' of want, affliction or trouble. When he looks back upon life, he is astonished at the miraculous stream of goodness and mercy which has followed him in all his wandering through this wilderness world; he had neither reason to believe, nor right to expect, that ever he should be called to fill a station so truly honourable in the sight of God as that of a minister of Christ. The rich grace and goodness of God took him from the dust to sit among the princes of his people. Nothing in his early life afforded any promise of such a designation; grapes were as likely to grow on thorns, and figs on thistles. He cannot, without the deepest wonder, survey the wondrous dealings of Providence. All he is, mercy has made him; his present life seems not connected by even a remote link with his early associations and prospects.

While many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark infathom'd cares of ocean bear:
While many a rose is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desart air;

he, who was only a thorn in the wilderness, has been planted in the courts of the Lord's house, and grafted into the living vine, to partake of the fat and nourishment of the root.

O! to grace bow great a debtor.

When he glances backward over the intermediate scenes of life, and connects the link of his boyhood with the link of his manhood, he is led with gratitude to say, "this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in his eyes." No friend to take him by the hand; no father to guide his youth; no property to procure him the friendship of the world; no learning to fit him for the honourable walks of life; cast upon the wide world, the Lord took him up, his unseen hand led him on; and through the hidden dangers, toils and deaths, of many coloured life, it gently cleared his way. O my children! this is mercy too great to be expressed, too estimable to be undervalued, and too evident to be denied. Heaven knows the feelings of your father's heart in reviewing past events,

For how shall words with equal warmth, The gratitude declare, That glows within his ravish'd heart, But Gud oan read it there!

If every future moment of his life were devotion, every breath prayer, every sound praise, every act faith, and every feeling and affection love and humility, still the return would be small, the tribute would be imperfect; you will help him to raise a monument of eternal gratitude to the glory of God with this inscription on the one side,

"I WILL BE A FATHER TO THE PATHERLESS;" and upon the other side,

"LET THY WIDOWS TRUST IN GOD."

"I WILL BE A HUSBAND TO THE WIDOW."

In reading the sequel of your father's narrative, you will painfully perceive how unworthy he was of that mercy which was "the guide of his youth," the guardian of his life, and the author of all his blessings. To you, at least, he hopes his narrative will be a blessing, as in writing it he has been pleasingly surprised at the gleams of vivid re-

coll fron in l a lo thin they For thin he c agai a po lect life him refu may chil

the chil forv span his died affe

inst

Boy clos sent the min sion

collection of past events, all traces of which had vanished from his memory prior to his beginning to write; for, us in his youthful days he never gave to these airy nothings a local habitation and a name, they had passed away as things that had never been, or like the tales of other times, they were forgotten and buried in the cave of oblivion. For your sakes, however, he has called the shapes of former things into existence, and although, in looking back, he doubted whether dry bones so long intered could live again, he now finds that the valley of vision has not only a political and moral meaning, but even a mental or intellectual one; as a vast army of past ideas has started into life since he began to write these pages. May God enable him, in looking at the wreck of early life, not to glean the refuse and the rubbish, but that upon which God himself may pronounce his valde probo, and from which you, his children, and others, if so the Lord please, may gather instruction and pleasure.

> But all is in his hand whose praise I seek; Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain, Whose approbation prosper even mine.

At school, your father neglected improvement; at home, the former tenderness of his mother had made him a spoiled child; among his companions he was playful, giddy and forward. The afflictions of the family (as his mother was spared on whom he doated) made little impression upon his mind beyond the grief of the moment. When his father died he had not sense enough to feel his loss, nor filial affection sufficient to be deeply afflicted by it:

A few natural tears he shed, but wip'd them soon.

Boys have little forethought, and the wounds of grief soon close as the ripling wave after the parting keel: the present moment is all that engrosses them; lasting feeling is the legacy of riper years. They have little nobleness of mind or gratitude; the selfish principle is the master passion of the soul, and often, like Pharoah's lean kine,

eared his to be exo evident
father's

1, every

th, and

still the

erfect :

ratitude

side.

ate scenes

h the link

" this is

es." No

guide his

ip of the

walks of

n up, his

dangers,

on will mercy

mercy of his least, ting it vid reswallows up every other. The virgin innocence of loys is a fiction of the poets; it may make furniture for the golden age, and is a proof of the shrewd remark, how much better they excel in fiction than truth; so the elegant, but mistaken, author of the Seasons speaks of himself:

 M_{y}

a p

you

On

Cot

and

You

the

the

the

du

and

ten

this but

tha

the

wit

mo

hel

SCO

nec

ren

plu

Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life, When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd, And sung of nature with successing joy; Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain, Trod the pure virgis enow, myself as pure.

To them the yoke of parental obedience is a hard yoke; they see no reason for submitting to any thing, contrary to their own head-strong will and giddy desires; they often despise their seniors, and spurn the advice that would lead them on to happiness. This, he speaks it with regret, was the case with your father; often has he made the tender heart of an affectionate mother bleed; his undatifulness and disobedience wrung from her feeling soul many reluctant but pointed reproofs, which he never thinks of without a soreness of feeling it is not possible to describe. Dear shade! if thou art hovering, over thy once rebellious child, bear witness how sincere is the regret that he ever planted one thorn in thy widowed heart; and oh!

Attends her offspring with benignant care; And in a guardian angel's sacred form, Conducts him through the many path of life.

God had spoken in the troubles of the family, but he was deaf to the voice; the rod was brandished over his head, but he did not regard it, hence, though bereaved of an earthly parent, and left improtected on a theatre of sin and misery, he sought not to give himself up either to the counsel of his mother or the service of his Maker.

Yours affectionately.

of boys is the golden uch better but mis-

My dear Children,

LETTER SIXTH.

From an infant, your father had been accustomed to say his prayers at least every night, the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed; the last of which, though not strictly a prayer, is hardly so preposterous as the oraison your youngest sister's nurse used to teach her little folks. One night as your father and mother visited her little cottage, she was in the act of putting her children to bed, and most devoutly teaching them the following prayer:

Four corners to my bed : '
Four angels guard my head :
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John :
God bless the bed that I lay on.

Your father's prayers were a degree higher than these in the scale of propriety. O that he had never discontinued them! for, though only more childish scraps of devotion, they were not without moral effect upon his conduct; he durst not tell a lie, he was afraid to use a prefane word. and of sinning in general: his conscience was a little tender, and he had the rude outlines of the fear of God; this, if early cultivated, might have issued in infant picty, but it had been neglected, and, through the influence and example of bad boys, he was become more hardened, so that by little and little he left off to pray altogether, and then gently began to slide down the declivity of vice, without any thing to stop him but the admonitions of his mother, and the checks of a still unquiet conscience, for he was still much haunted with the dread of going to A passage in the Proverbs often stung him like a scorpion, " he that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Frequently that text made him very uneasy, "the eye that mocketh his father, and despiseth to obey the voice of his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Fears of coming to an untimely death greatly distressed him; he

rd yoke; ntrary to ley often

ney often ould lead gret, was as tender tifulness by reluctions. Dear abellious

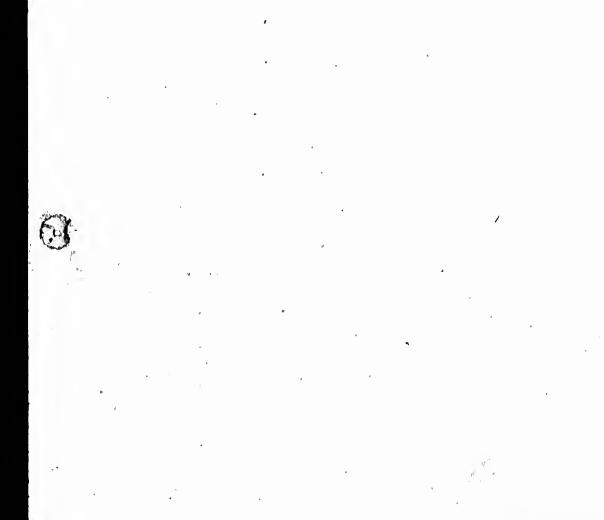
that he

und oh!

he was s head, of an of siu

to the

ely.



made vows against sin, and yet sinned against his vows; for, instead of going to church on the Sabbath day, he now rambled in the fields, robbing the poor birds of their nests. Sometimes bathing, and frequently with no other aim but the company of other wicked boys, who enticed him away and often scoffed at the yoke of being obliged to go to church, which they knew was his case. This led him frequently to tell lies to cover his sin. It was the custom of his mother to ask him, have you been at church ?-Yes, mother. Where did you sit !- In the organ gallery. Where was the text? This he often learned by the following deceitful stratagem: he knew many persons who attended the same place of worship, hence, when coming home from his rambles, he would, as if by accident, call, and pretending that he had forgotten the text, fished it out, and then ran home, and by a ready lie prevented a severe reproof or an after correction.

Before the gracious change took place in his pious mother, he had learned to play at cards, which, though common in the world, is nevertheless a very silly amusement, either a mere apology for idleness, or an expedient to commit moral suicide on our precious time. Of this fashionable folly you are likely to remain ignorant, for here it is "good for the soul to be without knowledge." As he was ardent in whatever engaged his mind, this frivolous practice led him into many snares, particularly staying out at night; he would, with other boys and girls, spend the evening in some neighbour's house, whose folly would wink at their juvenile levities, or whose example would countenance their semi-criminal pastime. At one time these amulets of vice had so infatuated the giddy mind of your father, that he thought of nothing else, and to many an unworthy expedient has he resorted to procure money to waste in this sinful practice.

To a young mind, the love of cards and other games of a similar kind "is a worm in the bud;" many of the crimes which are so many avenues to infamy in life and ignominy in death lead from this point. Cards produce a habit of

mine and for plea plea their sola yea, develop to a the men is to allo

gam

tion ·T and with tion mas hou kno hoa and òfte and des · and alar of g the cou he nov

dev

his vows: ay, he now heir nests. aim but the away and to church, frequently om of his s, mother. Vhere was ng deceitnded the from his retending then ran of or an

is pious, though amusexpedient Of this ant, for vledge." and, this cicularly ad girls, see folly example At one giddy se, and

mes of crimes ominy ibit of

rocure

gaming; they tend to idleness of body and frivolity of mind; they spoil the temper, alienate from useful studies and laudable occupations; they make the heart a hot-bed for chicane, artifice and deceit, and yet thousands are pleased and fascinated with this amusement. For the pleasures of the card table, they give up the company of their friends, the cultivation of their minds, the rational solace of religion, and the proper duties of their station: yea, they sacrifice to the card table with an ardency of devotion, that, in the pursuit of religion, would be branded by the world as the maddest enthusiasm. If the great rule of a Christian's actions should be the word, and the end the glory of God, what arguments can support an amusement, where neither rational improvement nor moral profit is to be expected? You will pardon this digression, and allow an affectionate father to intreat you on no consideration whatever to learn this futile practice.

There is an intimate connection in the whole family of folly. and an intimacy with one introduces you to an acquaintance with all. Cards and company led your father to the adoption of another youthful vanity: an old profligate dancing master had the art to allure many boys and girls to his house; the writer was drawn into the snare without the knowledge of his pions mother. Under the tuition of this hoary veteran in profligacy, his mind became daily more and more poisoned, and his conscience so sleepy, that he often told the most glaring falsehoods respecting where and how he had spent the night. Oh! what a fearful descent is there in the path of vice! at first the mind starts and trembles at the brink of temptation; the conscience is alarmed, the soul shudders and revolts from the commission By little and little it slides into smaller; of great sins. the moral sense is blunted, fear subsides, the sinner takes courage; a tempter, sly and insidious, urges him forward; he conquers his repugnance; by repeating his offence; he now loses the power of resisting, temptation finds him a willing prey, and at length he is "led captive by the devil at his will," and feels less remorse in the habit than

ing.

state

Trul

pron

piou

will

whe

and

nnq

him

time

and

with

a h

case

agai

hum

prin

reve

The

him

and

rep

and

ficti

only

giou reas any

wat

he did at first in the solitary act. A learned prelate speaks admirably on this subject. "Vice is first pleasing; then delightful; then frequent; then habitual; then confirmed; then the man is impenitent; then he is obstinate; then he resolves never to repent; and then he is damned." So also in Mr. Pope's Moral Essays:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, That to be hated needs but to be seen; But if we grow familiar with her face, We pity first, next hug, and then embrace.

Your deluded father, though only fourteen years of age, was now becoming familiar with the first stages of a career, that bid fair to end in a course of hacknied vice: the picture only wanted a few shades to make it dark indeed; still, however, the curb of preventing grace checked him, and he was often strangely prevented from going certain lengths in sin by an overruling Providence, no doubt in answer to a pious parent's fervent prayers. These intercessions his mother never intermitted. Often has he heard her pleading, with strong cries and tears, for her undutiful child; and the thought would not unfrequently rush into his mind, that such prayers would greatly aggravate both his sin and his punishment. Thus he often wished his mother not to pray for him, and yet he dreaded being abandoned by the Spirit of God, and becoming a reprobate. At this time he was occasionally sitting under a searching gospel ministry; to him, however, it was as "water spilled upon the ground;" the seed was sown by the high way side; and, although he several weeks attended private catechetical examination, to prepare him for confirmation at the visitation of the Bishop of Chester, yet he cannot recollect that any serious or lasting impression was made upon Perhaps he had so grieved the Holy Spirit, that, for a season, he left him without the ability to profit by any. He has often heard his pious mother sing the follow-

Jeremiah Taylor's Sermon, p 260.

elate speaks sing; then confirmed; nate; then damned."*

ars of age, f a career, vice: the k indeed; cked him, ng certain doubt in ese inters he heard undutiful rush into aggravate en wished ded being epròbate. searching " water the high d private nation at ot recolide upon

rit, that.

rofit by

follow-

ing hymn, which perhaps contains as true a picture of his state at this time as could be drawn:

The rocks can rend, the mountains shake,
The sea can roar, the earth can quake;
Of fee log all things shew some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line.
And nothing melt this heart of mine.

Truly it must have been a hard heart prompt insulting replies to the mild remonstrances of a pious and affectionate parent; but often would his proud will resent, and his angry feelings dictate, such language when he received a just rebuke. For, although her just and severe admonitions found advocates in his guilty and unquiet conscience, yet the infatuation of sin hardened him against her most reasonable and pious advice. Sometimes he esteemed it a misfortune to have a pious parent, and regretted that he was not left like other boys wholly without restraint. Never did the pure unmixed enmity of a human heart more explicitly discover itself than in his case: he looks back with horror at the bitterness he felt against all that was of God. If, on the Socinian plan, human nature is good, his was a decided exception to the principle, and a standing evidence of the truth of a divine revelation, "that the carnal mind is enquity against God." The pious strictness of his parent was a curb that chafed him exceedingly, so that between the strong convictions and gnawing remorse of his own conscience, and the solemn reproofs of a mother, he was the victim of internal anguish and war, that made the heathen fable of Prometheus no fiction. His feelings were a "troubled sea," but they only cast up " mire and dirt;" for he wished to think religious people were all hypocrites, that he might have greater reason for neglecting piety; and eagerly did he listen to any reports unfavourable to professing Christians; yea, he watched the conduct of an affectionate parent with the

most inquisitorial vigilance, that he might find something in her life to rebut her admonitions.

tra

no

ral

th

pa

Al

the

piq

by

(01

ow

lec

COL

fire

atr

an

sai

ba

tha

235

an

At

by.

wh

he

bu

gro

lev

a

mo

Fe

vai

nig

He

the

Ma

go

Almighty Father, why didst thou bear with such a rehel? Thy mercy, as well as thy justice, had sufficient reason to His enmity, his rebellion, hir obstigacy, left him no right to expect, and thee no reason to bestow, the smallest favour, as his guilt was only less than thy grace. His rebellion was the act of a finite worm, but mercy was like thyself infinite; his heart was full of enmity, thine of love, that would pardon because it could : he was ripe for thy wrath, but mercy was appointed the executioner, and, amidst the greatness of his sin, could see reason for compassion. The prayers of a mother, but much more the intercessions of thy Son, prevailed; the dark spots of his sins were lost in the brightness of thy eternal love. Adored be thy name for that patience, which has no parallel in human affairs ; and for that compassion, which refused to crush a wretch because he was a worm. He was the rebellious child, thou wast the forgiving parent: the heavens gathered blackness, but the bow of mercy was seen in the clouds, and what fell on Sodom in brimstone descended upon him in blessing. Though ripe for destruction, thy judgments were in fellowship with thy love; he sinned against thee in thy servant, and thou didst save him through thy Son; justice demanded his blood, but grace pleaded the blood of the Lamb; and, when he was going down to the pit, thou didst find out a ransom, and didst pluck him as a brand from the eternal burning to make him a trophy of thy grace. Engrave upon his heart for ever the memorial of thy goodness to him, and through the ages of eternity may be ascribe all his salvation to thy love, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, his Saviour and Redeemer. Amen, and amen.

Evil communications corrupt good manners;" thus the company of some, who did not regard their parents, greatly hardened your father in disobedience. Alas! their parents were not worthy of regard; they did not respect themselves, and how should children respect those in whom they see no

something ch a rebel! it reason to stigacy, left estow, the thy grace. mercy was y, thine of vas ripe for ioner, and, n for commore the pots of his Adored parallel in refused to was the rent: the mercy was brimstone r destruclove; he lidst save lood, but en he was isom, and urning to his heart l through

thus the s, greatly r parents mselves, ey see no

on to thy

Is Christ,

traits of moral excellence, no judicious parental authority, no self-command and affectionate dignity? Parents generally stamp their own character upon their offspring; thousands of children owe their infamy and ruin to their parents, and thousands of others are corrupted by them. Always, my children, be select in your company; choose the discreet, the prudent, the wise, and, if possible, the pious and the refined. Our manners are generally formed by the models exhibited in our companions; the near and constant contemplation of excellence, leaves much of its own loveliness upon the mind by reflection; so the cameleon receives much of his hue from the verdant earth or the contiguous object. Excellence and merit, in our associates fire the soul with generous emulation; while the poisonous atmosphere of vice taints whatever is healthy in morals or amiable in conduct, as the fabled poison tree of Java is said to corrupt the atmosphere, and spread desolation, barrenness and death. Your father has deeply to lament that he early came in contact with the moral pest of sinful associations: being, though but a boy, tall, comely, open and unsuspecting, he easily fell into the snares of tempters: At an early period of life, his natural vanity was fostered by the attention of others, hence he fancied himself a man when only a child in years and an infant in experience; hence, as the men in the shop, where he was learning his business made him a companion, he strove by a forced growth to imitate them to whatever lengths they run in levity, facetiousness and folly. Thus he became a kind of a champion and leader to others, and was known by most of the wicked, rude and forward boys of the town. Few plans of mischief or roguery were contrived by these varlets but he had a hand in them. He often rambled all night in the streets with other wicked boys and young men. He also went to horse races, wakes, dances, fairs, attended the play-house, nay, so far had he forsaken the fear of his Maker and the counsel of his mother, that he several times got intoxicated with liquor. He was an adept in singing profane songs, cracking jokes, and making risible and

ladicrous remarks on any thing that came under his notice. Of singing songs he was immoderately fond, and so tenacious was his memory, that he has sometimes catched both the air and words of any new ballad by hearing it once repeated; but, as he shall not become the disciple of the infamous Rosseau,* many of his sins must lie under the veil of oblivion.

Yours affectionately.

LETTER SEVENTH.

My dear Children,

Your father hopes that his being so minute will not on the one hand be disgusting, nor on the other tedious; he does not intend these pages as the lure to catch applause, but as a beacon to guard you and others; and as an humbling memorial to himself of a portion of his life lost to God, to society, to himself, and to useful purpose: he wishes to show the different shades of character underwhich a youthful mind may pass who is governed by no fixed principle of truth and grace. The vane does not more readily shift with every wind that blows, than such an one to every impulse of temptation. A young, flexible and. pliant mind is wax to every criminal impression. His levity whips the stream of instruction into froth, and makes him a mere punchinello to that evil spirit who moves the springs, while the corruptions of his heart, like the rank weeds in an uncultivated garden, choak every good seed. Headstrong and unruly, he wishes to have his own way, yet he is sure to go wrong. The prolific elements of his nature generate a thousand half formed vices, and, did not Providence often interpose, every viper egg of temptation would produce a cockatrice. His companions are the stream and he is the bubble that floats along with the current. His vision is strong to behold all the prismatic colours of vanity; he is wicked for fear of being singular, and has the impious vanity of wishing to be thought more

* See his Confessions.

cens beau the o DOW dash abov the o recfs yout peri with 'alon ther was buo He 8Wi pan fron and foot san rem ban ≥ Lit1 that and tha

wick

Good his the

tho

Yo

notice.
to tenaded both
it once
of the
the veil
nately.

I not on ous; he pplause. an humlost to se: he r under d by no oes not such an ible and. n. His d makes ves the he rank od seed. vn way, s of his did not optation : are the the currismatic ingular. ht more

wicked than he really is. Every object that captivates his censes has seven-fold charms, though it is the robe of beauty covering the rottenness of vice. Already within the current of the vortex of destruction, nothing but the power of God can prevent him from being drawn down and dashed to pieces. Your father struck upon the rocks above mentioned, and saved nothing from the wreck but the experience of his loss and the knowledge where the recfs lie: he wishes, therefore, to construct a chart to save vouthful mariners from the same dangers. During this period, he had several remarkable warnings and delivernces, but they made no impression upon his heart. Going with some other boys to Newton races, as they walked along the banks of the canal the fineness of the day allured them into the water. Your father, who could not swim, was drawn beyond his depth by some boys who were buoying themselves up as though they touched the ground. He sunk to the bottom; a red dark appearance seemed to swim before his eyes; in this perilous state one of his companions laid hold of his hair, and Providence redeemed him from a watery death. At another time he sprang into a river, and a broken bottle nearly severed one of his toes from the foot; he bled profusely, but stopped the gaping wound with sand and mud, and walked or rather limped home. Still he remained insensible both of the rod that corrected, and the hand that saved. His disobedience increased with his years. Little, adorable and compassionate Redeemer, did he think, that he was rejecting thee in spurning the counsel of a kind and affectionate mother! O! my children, how vast is that patience which waits the return of a prodigal son, as though it were not insulted, abused and trifled with! God is indeed " long suffering and slow to anger:" . While his mercy flies like "the swift winged arrows of light" to the sinner's relief, the sword of wrath is long suspended, till the rebel's final obstinacy wears away the thread of divine patience, and invites the stroke that cuts him down. Your father feels the keenest regret in looking back upon a conduct so hateful to God, and so afflicting to the mind

the

bee

seel

8 83

of t

Th

eve

sin

ex

me

not

Si

th

the

sei

lib

of

wl

th

of a dear parent. O! thou compassionate "Father, when art in Heaven," let thy mercy accept his repentance, and save him from the rod of a retaliating Providence.

And now forgive his sin, confess'd, deplor'd, Against thine image in thy saint, O Lord!

Your dear grandmother would reason, plead, remonstrate and warn, but her undutiful son had neither ears to hear, eves to see, nor tenderness of spirit to profit by her admonitions. His moral feelings were so drugged with the opiate of sin, that he was alike insensible both to the voice of God and the tears of his pious parent. She would often weep, but his stony heart did not relent: the stream of her grief ran in many a bitter tear, and, had not the ground on which it fell been rock, the harvest of repentance might have succeeded. Sometimes in secret he was deeply grieved at his base conduct; the horrors of remorse, like a black cloud, fell upon his spirits, and the fear of "going down to the pit" preyed upon his heart, and alarmed him exceedingly. He often thought of those words which had somehow got a place in his memory:

He feared going to hell, and yet, by a kind of arithmetical despair; he would calculate upon being lost. He was in some sent to list, and thought he must inevitably perish, and the must inspect to list, and thought he must inevitably perish, and the must inspect to list, and thought as well go on in sin, for as he must finally the must be dillow, it was no matter whether for few or many the Milton's satan, he was ready to say,

So farewell hope, and with it farewell fear; Farewell remorse, all good to me is lost.

Nevertheless, every new step in wickedness was a kind of violence offered to his conscience, which ever and anon rang such a larum in the ears of his soul as made him, if possible, more miserable than he had made himself vile. Surely ther, where pentance, ence.

monstrate
s to hear,
ner admothe opiate
e voice of
uld often
stream of
the ground
the

ad some-

chmetical e was in y perish, he must r for few to say,

kind of nd anon if possi-Surely these workings of your father's unhappy mind must have been influenced by that saturic lion, "who goth about seeking whom he may devour;" and who, either as an angel of light" or a demon of darkness, a dragon or a syren, tries every art, and lays hold upon every feeling of the soul, to allure it into crime or plunge it into despair. Thus he assumes a thousand forms to cheat our soul's inte everlasting ruin.

Now he appears almost divine, Like innocence and love, But the old serpent larks within When he assumes the dove.

He feeds our hopes with airy dreams.
Or kills with slavish feer;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

Now he persuades how easy 'tis'
To waik the road to Heaven;
Anon he swells our sine, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiven."

Oh! my children what a drudgery is the practice of sin; it is a base and low gratification, purchased at the expense of the peace, harmony and purity of the soul. The means are formidable (rebellion against God), the end is nothing, a bubble, a straw, an animal ebullition. Such a means to accomplish such an end

Resembles ocean into tempest wrought, To wast a feather, or to drown a fly.

Sinners sell their immortal "birth-right for a mess of pottage!" their crown of glory for the crumbs of worldly lust that fall from the table of sense. Like the Hebrews in the desert they lust after gratification, though the fiery serpent has begun to fasten upon them. They boast of liberty, though they are tied and bound down by the chain of their sins. Alas! they "sow the wind and reap the whirlwind." The signer spends the noblest treasure of the soul for that which is not bread; he feedeth upon

ashes; he lyeth down in sorrow, and he is in jeopardy every hour. Who liath woe? Who liath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause? Alas! the sinner who feedeth swine, yet cannot fill his belly with the husks; who secreth his own conscience that he may more securely sleep in the arms of the devil; who "treasureth up wrath," though his hoard will be his hell. "Destruction and misery are in his path:" his "steps lead down to death, and his ways take hold on hell." Truly might the wise man say, "the way of transgressors is hard." It is to be questioned whether a guilty conscience, with all its appendages of fears, remorse, glooms, stings, qualnis, reproofs, re-actions, forebodings, anticipated judgments and minature hells, be not harder to bear, and bitterer in the bearing, than all the congregated evils of a pious life. crosses, the trials, the thorns in the flesh, the conflicts, the contradictions, the persecutions, the reproaches, the fightings, the fears, the difficulties, the afflictions, of a good man, are the thorns in the wilderness through which he is travelling to glory; the gales that want him to Heaven; the labours that make rest sweet; the crucible that purifies his faith: the winter that kills the vermin in the soil of corrupt nature, that would otherwise destroy the hopes of the husbandman. But the miseries of the wicked are an earnest of the perdition which terminates the path of vice. "The pleasures of sin are at best but for a season." Meanwhile there is a sting in the honey, a thorn in the rose, a poison in the bowl, a sword suspended over the feast, a snake in the grass, a volcano beneath the flowery path, and an horrible tempest lurking in the deceitful calm. The paradise of fools is in the suburbs of hell; the flowery paths of vice take hold of destruction, and "the wages of sin is death." On the contrary, the pleasures of piety pay no tax to after-thought; remorse, never elbows those who walk in the narrow way; the sweetness of self-denial has no counterbalance in stings of conscience; guilt never knocks at the door of pious pleasure; no black thunderstorm of condemnation ever rolls over the calm and sun-illuminated

vale home and the l past, victin rema ever

as yo

But t earth heav you, and y coun comp pleas tion the l selfnight guilt " He has a and

ciste bless of pa and t ratio

everl

vale of inward peace. Purity and truth give a silent, home-felt, rational delight, pure as the silver moon beam, and calm as the heavens of which it is an emanation; but the horror of remorse lives when the criminal pleasure is past, and even in this world takes ample vengeance on the victim of guilty passions and ungodly deeds. The following remark is the sentiment of one of our best poets; you will ever find it to be an echo of the true feelings of your heart, as your father has found it in unison with his:

To be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than men because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the flend,'
Th' avenging flend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings: the bless'd know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the beight of all their Heaven is goodness.

But a much greater authority than the noblest poet upon earth has said; "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest: take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest to your souls." The Christian may count the cost of every enjoyment, and look forward with composure and peace to the result of all his actions. His pleasures do not blossom upon the stock of sinful gratification; they are found in the friendship of his Redeemer, the love of his God, and the rugged but peaceful paths of self-denial. He goes upon no fool's errand to the midnight revel, the alluring Delilah, the enticing theatre, the guilt illuminated ball-room, or the fashionable promenade. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High," has an internal shrine, where the Spirit of truth, and peace and love resides—a well, of water within springing up to everlasting life; hence, he "drinks waters out of his own cistern, and running waters out of his own well," and is blessed with quiet of conscience, peace of mind, harmony of passion, soluce of reflection, the calmness of contentment and the meekness of resignation. The pleasures of piety are rational; reason approves them, reason is in them. They are

eopardy
Who
Alas!
Alas!
the may
trea-

"steps Truly s hard." with all

qualms, ents and r in the c. The cts, the ce fightod man, c is tra-

is tran; the purifies e soil of opes of are an

eason."
in the
cer the
flowery
il calm.
flowery

Howery
ages of
ty pay
se who
has no
knocks
orm of

iinated

not fetched from the temple of impure delight, culled from the plant of sense, or dug with diamonds from the flaming mine. They are neither twined with the seductive laurels of the poet, nor reaped in iron harvests upon the field of battle, where the price is valour, and the purchase blood. No, my children, happiness does not dwell with these things, how much soever the false glare of worldly opinion has shed a halo of glory around them; and how much soever men fly from themselves to these refuges of lies. That happiness, of which you and all others are capable, is serene and calm; it does not suffuse the cheek with the blush of shame. It does not waste the vital oil of health, and cause the lamp of life to burn dim with premature disease and decline. Here there is nothing to blast the reputation, or shipwreck the estate. In the inventory of pious happiness, there are pleasures of hope, pleasures of reading, pleasures of meditation, pleasures of prayer, when the pious, the devout heart, is raised to converse with God, and Heaven lets down a stream of its own beautifying glory upon the soul that comes into the presence chamber of its Maker: and to crown the Christian's enjoyment, there is the fine old fashioned pleasure of doing good; which, like the famous Rhine, has only one source, yet has many channels through which to communicate its waters. How satisfactory, my dear children, are the things of God; in the world's enjoyments "disappointment often laughs at the career of fond hope;" and, in the fruition of its object, "the heart distrusting asks, can this be joy?" But a pious man is satisfied from himself; the fountain within yields constant supplies; the mine is rich. He who has these treasures of his own, these riches of sweet and estimable consolation,

> May leave a palace or a throne, May quit the world and dwell alone, Within his spacious mind.

While the men of the world are letting down leaky buckets into empty wells, and drawing up only disappointment, he

" dra calls The h sophe rainbo meteo alway exper " He bliss of fait lustre a tra face (withe and I but th end o eterni the fo stream lastin bright happi world gold, fade t subjec fly aw cousta than a Time, it is p light,

rose,

and d

pardo break ulled from e flaming ve laurels e field of ase blood. se things, inion has ch soever es. That puble, is with the of health. ature disthe repuof pious of readwhen the vith God. autifying presence hristian's of doing e source, icate its he things ent often ruition of e joy?" fountain ich. He of sweet

backets nent, he "draws water with joy from the wells of salvation." calls his wish, it comes; he calls another, that arrives." The blessings that make him happy are not like the philosonher's stone undiscovered. They do not resemble the rainbow upon the hill, the bubble upon the ocean, or the meteor in the sky. A poet has said, " man never is but always to be blest," but this is not true; in Christian experience he has a sober certainty of waking bliss. " Heaven owns her child on this side an hereafter." bliss of eternity often begins below in the peace and joy of faith; and to give to a Christian's happiness the highest lustre, it is lasting, it is permanent. Ruchel's beauty was a transitory flower which quickly faded from the human face divine; Jonah's gourd sprang up in a night, and withered in a morning; Solomon's glory was soon beclouded; and Haman's exaltation was but a step to the gallows: but the Christian's peace is like Melchizedek, it has no end of years. The spring of his bliss shall flourish through eternity; the sun of his comfort shall never go down; the fountain of his peace shall never be dry, nor shall the stream ever cease; it shall be full above measure, and " lasting beyond bounds. The "light shines brighter and brighter to the perfect day." Thus, my children, the happiness of piety is the only permanent thing in the world. Moths may fret the garment, rust may corrode gold, envy may blast the fairest fame, and sickness may fade the loveliest face upon earth, but inward peace is not subject to time and chance and the elements. If riches fly away, and show their fickleness by their flight, this is coustant. If our friends forsake us, this sticketh closer than a brother; if our life decays, this is a life in death. Time, which corrodes all things, but renders this more levely; it is pure as the mountain show, constant as the morning light, full as the ocean's wave, sweeter than the virgin rose, free as the circumambient air, firm as the hoary rock, and durable as the throne of Immanuel. My children will pardon this innocent digression. Your father reluctantly breaks the thread of his narrative; but he wishes to make

you sensible of the truth, purity and sweetness of virtuous pleasures, that you may not be drawn aside by the rainbow bubbles of worldly vanities, or the gaudy colours which often cover the fascinating paths of vice. You will remember the history of Moscs, who nobly rejected the momentary pleasures of sin, "having an eye to the recompense of the reward,"

Count all the joy that prosperous vice obtains, 'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains.

As happiness is the end and aim of our being, seek yours in God, your heavenly Father, in communion by prayer, meditation and reading, with the Saviour of sinners, and in the consolations of that Spirit, who sheds renovated purity through all the soul, and makes his temple in "the surright heart and pure." You will then enter into all the richness of the following sentiment of the poet, to which may the God of your father direct you for his name sake:

Where's thy true treasure? Gold says, "not in me,"
And "not in me," the di'mond. Gold is poor;
India's insolvent; seek it in thyself,
Seek in thy naked self, and find it there:
In being so descended, form'd, endow'd;
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!
Erect, immertal, rational, divine!

Pours affectionately.

LETTER EIGHTH.

My dear Children,

Your father is now approaching a period of his history the recollection of which fills him with the liveliest regret O! that it might stand as a beacon, amidst the shoals of youthful folly and suffering on which he run, to warn every undutiful child and disobedient boy of the error of their ways. From the time his mother became truly serious, her desire for the salvation of her children grew more and more urgent, and her solicitations more importunate. Her

prave forth the s pray the w and l child undu but h I hav and place be do Thes moth heart well bitte more affec desp com rega feeli The brea citu ther war mos who frou

in s

has

felt

who

affe

nan

of virtuous he rainbow burs which remember nomentary ownerse of

eek yours by prayer, mers, and renovated e in "the to all the to which ne sake:

onately.

s history st regret shoals of rn every of their serious, ore and ther prayers for their salvation were fervent, and often breathed forth with strong cries and tears. None knows but God, the searcher of hearts, how earnestly truly pious parents pray for disobedient children. At a throne of grace only the wounded spirit of a tender mother gathers consolation and hope. "God," says she, "can turn the heart of my child; he is in the hands of God; I cannot give him up, undutiful, disobedient and rebellious as he is. Who knows but he may become a child of God, and repay me for all I have suffered on his account. Should that be the case, and the prodigal ever return, my tears of sorrow will give place to tears of gratitude, and my twice-born child will be doubly dear to the heart of his affectionate mother." These, probably, had been the reasonings of your grandmother in continuing to pray for an ungrateful and hard She continued, however, to reprove him as hearted child. well as intercede for him, but what was duty in her was bitterness to her son, who, weary of reproof, and becoming more wicked as his mother became more pious, forsook her affectionate care; and, with a cruelty both unnatural-and desperate, left home and went with some other of his wild companions and entered on board a ship of war. How regardless, my dear children, are wicked boys of the tender feelings and bleeding hearts of their affectionate parents. They rashly plunge a thousand daggers in a tender mother's breast; that mother, whose whole life and maternal solicitude have been devoted to their comfort; who has fed them with the milk of her breast; fostered them with the warmth of her body; who has watched them with the most lively solicitude, nursed them with the tenderest care; whose feeling heart has bled over their infant pains, and from whose moist eye a thousand mother's tears have fallen This tender parent, who in sympathy with their sorrows. has known no joy separate from their welfare, and who has: felt no pains so keen as those suffered by her children, whose life is bound up in the life of her offspring, this affectionate, afflicted and broken-hearted mother, is put to nameless tortures, by the disobedience and the hard heartedness of an undutiful child; who, having treated her with want of filial respect, abused her kindness, repulsed her tenderness, and harrassed her mind, finally flies from her house, her sight, her protection, to be punished for undutiful conduct and base ingratitude by the coldness of strangers, the rudeness of churls, and the ferocity of ruffians.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As parents' tears forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
"As love remember'd not,

He had often threatened his pious mother that, he would go to sea, and had several times left home with the full intention of going to the coast of Guinea, in the slave trade. Had that been the case, it is more than probable your father might have left his bones to whiten on the sickly shores, of Africa, or his grave might have been the stomach of some voracious shark. The restraints of a pious mother hadbecome too galling; and withal, his restless mind and roving disposition burned with impatience to see and visit foreign regions. Some of his companions had gone to sea; and those who, returning, boasted of what they had seen and known, were looked upon by him with greater deference than others. Hitherto, however, something had always interposed to prevent the execution of his cruel purpose; yet, in the baseness of his disobedience, he still held it up as a rod in terrorem whenever his mother offended him in a reproof, or mortified him by a denial. Alas! he was, though only sixteen years of age, become deeply wicked, but his means of indulgence did not fully correspond

war is (mid of whi

wit

pun Wh will

Tre

and

So that sinfli or the flesh horse He, mot

falle iron "T was

reta

a pa

d her with pulsed her from her nished for oldness of erocity of with his enslaved desires and depraved capacities—he wanted a wider range, a larger field. Ah! how patient is God, not to cut down such young trangressors in the midst of their career. The subject of these lines had cast of godly fear, and had plunged into a variety of evils over which silence must cast a vail.

He never then his God address'd, In grateful praise, or humble prayer, And if God's word was not a jest, Dread thought, it never was his care.

At length however, the hour arrived when he was punished for his wickedness, and beaten with his own rod, Whoever considers the regulations on board ships of war, will readily admit that such a school was well calculated to erneify the vanity and curb the rashness of a head-strong This was as suitable a discipline as the re-acting providence of God could have brought upon a rebellious and undutiful son; it seemed also to grow out of his sin.

The Lord is just, and of our pleasant vices Makes instruments to scourge as

So that, in the midst of his difficulties, he might read the hand writing upon the wall as a fate he had both deserved and brought upon himself. Not a kick nor a cuff was inflicted upon him by the tyranny of a boatswain's mate, or the haughty insolence of a ten years' old midshipman; but operated as a caustic to burn the humours and proud flesh of a spoiled child. It was, in fact, "a whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back." He, who had been the beloved idol of a tender pious mother; who had never known a single hardship, or felt, a pain but what excited her kindest sympathy, had now fallen into the hands of strangers, whose rule was a rod of iron, and whose tender mercies were neglect or frowns. "The mad bull had got into the net," the wild ass's colt was curbed by the strong hand of naval tyranny; and the sorrows he had inflicted upon a pious parent were now retaliated measure for measure upon himself. Here he saw

P. .

ve trade, ur father shores, of of some her had ind and visit to sea; tad seen greater ing had is cruel he still ffended

as! lie

deeply

espond

he would

the full

profaneness in all its diabolical features, and severity in all its forbidding forms. Tyranny did not ask leave of the law when or how often it should strike its victim; so that from the petty midshipman to the high, mighty and choleric captain, (whose ensigns of despotical power were the grating, the gangway, and the cat-o'-ninetails, with the articles of war to salvo the cruel measures,) all were cruel. Start him, give him a rope's-ending, tie him to the gangway, and pipe all hands upon deck, were the order of the day. Hence, though but a boy, he had to mix with men rude as the rock and boisterous as the Doctor Johnson was in some degree just in his remark, respecting the degrading thraldom of a ship of war, and his preference of a prison as the least disagreeable of the two. There are several points in which the two subjects will admit a close parallel. A prison introduces within its walls a mixed multitude, some unfortunate, some imprudent, and others desperately wicked; but all, in general, destitute of true religion, and sinking deeper into the abyss of vice by being grouped together. A prison is a state of close confinement, and sometimes hard labour; the most severe discipline is used to keep the prisoners in awe; the jailors are in some instances tyrants, and the penalties cruel Men will, on every occasion, run from a prison, nay they sometimes even rise upon their keepers. A prison separates you from the rest of mankind, and hinders you from conversing with any but the unhappy inmates of your confinement. In all these points the subject may be applied to a ship of war; but perhaps the writer is too severe. During the last twenty-six years many happy changes have taken place in the navy, the captains are now moral, the men less profane; the officers have become humane, the midshipmen are not so insolent, and the discipline is more mild. Doubtless there are some good ships, and excellent commanders. That fine institution the Bible Society, has " cast its bread upon the waters." A noble admiral, has by his example made piety less odious to naval commanders. The British and Foreign Bethel Seaman's

Union seame rate a war. as sti

Yo guns in th with then Prov inter in th his g had] punic friga 011 Hali share of h

sinn

save inde in the about reas it w severity

k leave

rike its

he high,

spotical

o'-nine-

asures,)

ing, tie

k, were

he had

s as the

in his

ship of

grecable

the two

roduces

te, some

all, in

per into

rison is

labour;

ouers in

and the

in from

keepers.

nd hin-

inmates

ect may

r is too happy

are now

become

the disd ships,

e Bible

A noble

o naval

aman's

Union, and the general interest excited for the welfare of seamen by all classes of pious people, will gradually operate a moral change both in merchant vessels and ships of war. But alas! the odds are so much on the other side, as still to give the subject in general a very gloomy, and to a pious mind afflicting aspect.

Your father was some time on board the Nassau, of 64 guns; but previously to the voyage, in which she was lost in the North Sca. with part of her crew, he was drafted with some others on board of the beautiful frigate Amethyst, then fitting out in Portsmouth harbour. Thus a kind Providence interposed for him, perhaps in answer to the intercessions of a praying mother; for, had he continued in that ship, as he wished to do, the sea might have been his grave, and a more dismal gulf his eternal portion. Or, had he gone in the same ships with two of his early companions (one of whom was drafted on board the Jason frigate, which foundered at sea, and the other afterwards on board La Tribunc, which sunk in the entrance of Halifax harbour, when all her ill-fated crew, but seven, shared a watery grave,) his life would have paid the forfeit of his disobedience. Loving Saviour, how shall a poor sinner praise thee!

Where shall his wondering soul begin?
How shall he all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire:
How shall he equal honour's raise?
Or sing his great Deliverer's praise?

Oh the depth! his early companions were lost, he was saved. How mysterious are the ways of God! Here; indeed, his "footsteps are in the great deep, and his path in the mighty waters;" "clouds and darkness are round about him, and his ways are past finding out." No human reason can be assigned why he did not share a similar fate; it was not chance, but Providence that ordered it otherwise.

God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform; He highly his footsteps in the squyspectrides upon the stores. Deep assertationable mines. Of several transfer in the footstep of the several several footstep of the several several several And worst six key.

the

old i one iniqu

boy, who

They

as th

on t

whit

respi

Hen

drun

exte

torre

to s

fathe

tear

But do not mistake me my children and takes would be far from insinuating that he was a solution among the wicked; though many of its ways are incomprehensible to finite minds. He is Ged, and in that word we have a centre of " whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things e a ventuable, that oever things are last, whatsoever things are pure what oever things are lovely. 'Alis people alone are his facurities, and the love him because they are born again, and made his children by faith in Jesus Christ. With Provide a wits awful mysteries, we are not to triffe; nor are we to make influences from it more favourable to. self-love than to y just views of the rectitude, wisdom, truth and eternal aquity of the great God. He is well aware that incidents of this kind have been made, by good men, professed apologies for too partial views of the Divine character, and prope of a doctrine that is not supported by the naked simplicity of divine truth ; but perish every entiment that would militate against that blessed book, which is the only true revelation of the mind of God. The deliverance of your parent, both on this and other occasions. while others perished, is one of those enigmas that must he placed upon the file of an inexplicable Providence. By and by the whole colume will be explained, and Providence it its mysteries, and revelation in its profound doctrines, will sweetly harmonize. Meanwhile, you will subscribe to the truth of some lines written by your father upon the premeture and melanchely death of a pand amiable woman, with her three levely children, w rished in the Bay of Fundy :

> Eternal Providence! No nortal eyes Can pierce the glooms ich round thy temple rise:

Along the whitehold thou art seen to ride,
The claim over the obean's mighty tide,
In atom we limely dark, that half conceals
The dessing brightness of thy chariot wheels;
The piercelets shade defies an angel's kon,
(For berein angels symbolize with men;)
And only tight prophetic can illume
That awful segion of impervious gloom.

Your father said that he was drafted on board the Appliyst frigate; this vessel had been recently taken from the French, and was then preparing to cruise against her old masters. In the crew, consisting of about 300 souls, one might contemplate a complete assemblage of youthful iniquity in all its varieties. From the captain to the cabin boy, I do not recollect that there was one person on board who either truly feared God, his maker, or at all cared either for his own soul or the souls of those around him. They were fine young men fit for any service, but alas! wicked, daring and thoughtless. There was not so much as the shadow of a chaplain, nor yet any religious service on the Lord's day. The Sabbath was only marked by whiter trowsers than usual, and while in harbour a partial respite from some of the drudgery of the ship's duty. Hence, where is the worder that profaneness, uncleanness, drunkenness and gambling were carried to an uncommon extent; and not even the mention of religion to check the torrent of iniquity? It is not a random or hasty expression? to say, that such a man of war is a noating bell of father was not a whit behind many of his that the care, prayers, the intreaties of a press mother had not all their gracious authority. As he was a tall lad, he was taken notice of by some of the officers; as allowed occasionally to go on shore; in short he in to like a seafaring life for though he semetimes got e of a rattan from the boatswain, or a cuff from a dshipman in the boat, which he durst not resent, plence of his self-will had settled in the an acquies-

would writes of the hasible to chave a things or things ble alone they are

Christ.

o triffe;
rable to
wisdom,
is well
by good
e Divine
orted by
h every
d book,

l. The casions, at must ce. By vidence ctrines, cribe to pon the amiable lighther.

of them vanished away. Removed from all means of grace, from all religious instruction, and from every thing save the silent workings of conscience that could recal piety to his mind, he graw fond of the sea, and used to entertain his companions during the midnight watch, by telling long stories, spun out of his imagination, not having even the semblance of truth, but like Milton's Pandemonium, consisting of all prodigious things, which he tagged together for the amusement of a group of young mariners, who sat round him listening with eager attention.

Yours affectionately.

LETTER NINTH.

My dear Children,

Our station was to cruise off the coast of France, peep into their harbours, and annoy their trade as much as pos-In this career the Amethyst continued till December, 1794, when she put into Torbay for wood and water. She sailed on the 28th of the same month, in company with the Leander, 50 gun ship, and another frigate, to resume her station along the French coast, and then to proceed on a cruise off the western islands. The following evening she was overtaken with a severe gale of wind, which continued through the whole of as dark and dismal a night as ever was experienced. During the first watch, a part of the crew was allowed to be below in their hammocks. Your father lay down and fell into a sleep, from which he was soon roused by a terrific dream that the ship had struck upon a rock; he felt the dismal crash, the thundering and grinding of the vessel, and awoke with the terror of the impression. At midnight he took his station upon deck; the darkness was horrible, and the gale furious; the ship, with her courses close reefed, rolled on with tremendous majesty before the dark billows crested with foam. At three o clock in the morning, the presentiment in his dream

WAS. which the t thro at so the a wa ship crash was ble, all v office hurr iusci with along us; wear with terri the r wild

> Ah! been had l wage all er conn its ur into Now

> > centi

a Sal

had most s of grace, hing save l piety to ertain his ling long even the um, contogether, who sat

onately.

ce, peep

as pos-Decemd water. any with ume her eed on a ning she ontinued as ever of the Your he was d struck ing and of the i deck : he ship, nendous. m. At

s dreain

was realized; the ship was then going before the wind, which still continued furious, with a thick and rainy sky; the waves roared, but the gallant Amethyst dashed rapidly through the boiling foam. A glimmering light was seen at some distance, which was supposed to be a light from the commodore, but alas! it must have been the light of a watch-tower or light-house, * for in a few minutes, as the ship descended a sea, she struck with a most dreadful crash upon a reef of rocks. Ah! what a moment of terror was this; the grinding and crashing of the ship was horrible, the surrounding breakers were tremendous. Instantly all was confusion, dismay and despair. All hands and officers crowded upon deck; some half dressed, and others hurrying to and fro, perhaps in the darkness and confusion, insensible what they did. He was particularly struck with the dismal outcry of the profine boatsyrain, running along the gangway exclaiming, " Lord, have mercy upon us; Lord have mercy upon us; Lord, have mercy upon us! we are all lost !" The darkness and white roaring breakers, with which we were surrounded, formed a sublime and terrific contrast; and with our gallant ship grinding upon the rocks, presented a scene of sublime and terrible distress, wild enough for the muse of a Falconer, or the pencil of a Salvator Rosa.

Not/a soul But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd Some tricks of desperation.

Ah! what a change was this 'a few days preceding had been days of mirth, riot and revel; the ship's crew had been paid a little time before some bounty, and others wages; the banner of wickedness had been little up, and all enlisted themselves in the cause of since the highest with the connivance of the officers the broadest vice has showed its unblushing front, and connected the ill-fated Amethyst into ______. But alas! the picture is dark enough already. Now death stared us in the face, and coward guilt stood centinel upon every countenance; nothing they children,

Probably the Casket Lights.

but blood-washed innorance can commune with death. Vice may bluster for a partient in the absence of danger, but a peep into the eternal world makes the heart palpitate, and the hand tremble, Every fresh crash made the crew of the poor Amethyst tradile to their centre; and some imprisoned groan bespoke the hearts of many but ill at ease. The swagger, the caper and the strut were for the moment forgotten; and those who never prayed but for the maledictions of Heaven, would now have gladly put themselves under its protection. How natural is it in the time of danger to seek refuge and asylum in the bosom of an almighty mercy! for who is there, in the fury of a storm, the devastation of ar earthquake, or the desolating ravages of a conflagration, that can help instbut God Almighty? Adversity, like a tempest at sea, drives us by a kind of hard necessity into the haven of his mercy. He has graciously said, " call upon me in the time of trouble and I will deliver thee." God will be acknowledged by his creatures, either in the way of grateful love or perilous fear; for even mariners, who are often the profunest and most thoughtless of men, will in danger call upon God, and thus acknowledge his power over the elements, his omnipresence and his providence. It seen that the grandeur of his perfections illumines the dark clouds of despair with a ray of hope; his name becomes a " strong tower," and his providence a "hiding place from the winds and a refuge from the storm."

The officers assembled upon the quarter-deck, in countenances might be seen the most marked solic inde. The master advised letting go an anchor, and the cables were accordingly inged along fore and aft; but, when we had reason to fear that, in consequence of her dreadful crashes, our gallint Amethyst would go to pieces, a most tremendous surge lifted us over the ledge, and we once more rolled upon the yielding waves. This, however, seemed only a momentary respite, a small consolation, as we were in a sinking ship, upon a stormy sea; and, what added to our moreors, we were surrounded with darkness

and be the sl board, course of the to sea hardi has h about pump minat preve the w leak . if pos guns, and t and t from the despa hamn on t decer inspi fresh them the 1

in process troul

his 4

depic

th death. f danger, palpitate, ie crew of some imll at case. moment the maleremselven time of m of an a storm. g ravages .lmighty? kind of has graable and d by his perilous anest and oon God, ents, his that the clouds of " strong the winds olicitude.

when we dreadful, a most we once however, ation, as nd, what darkness

and breakers; and the writer verily believes, so hadly had the ship's course been managed, that not an officer on board, knew her exact situation, or ever dreamed that the course we were steering would bring us among the breakers of the Hannoway rocks. When we had fairly got her head to sea, the carpenter sounded the well, and his report was bardly less dismal than the death warrant of a criminal who has been hourly expecting a reprieve. We had, I believe, about ten feet water in the hold. The chain and hand pumps were should with an all tity that indicated a determination we should not go to the bottom if labour could prevent it. But, owing to the ge holes through which the water poured in upon us, every affort to gain upon the leak was unavailing. Sails were let wan under the bows, if possible to cover the fractured parts of the bottom. The guns, anchors and some of the hoats were thrown overboard, and this greatly lightened us, but still the look prevailed, and the ship appeared to be sinking very fast, as the water from the hold was now nearly level with the coombings of Some of the men, in a kind of sullen the hatchway, despairs left the pumps and lashed themselves up in their ammocks, unwilling to make any exertion. Several put on their best clothes, either hoping to escape or die as decender as possible. At this time the officers, perhaps to inspirit the men, gave out that the leaks did not gain ; fresh vigour roused every one to exertion; some employed themselves in bailing the water from the hatchways; but the moments appeared as hours, and dismal anxiety was depicted upon every countenance.

Your father gave up all for lost; and, while not employed in pumping, leaned his head upon the carriage of a gun. The horrors of his situation fell upon his spirits like a black cloud; his heart was a prey to the liveliest anguish and remorse. He could not pray; the heavens appeared like brass, the earth as iron, and his hopes sunk like lead in the troubled waters of his soul; the ghosts of his past sins stalked before him in ghastly forms, and a recollection of his disobedience and folly stung him to the quick. All

hope of mercy, in case the ship went down, gave up He could not realize that he had a pious mother then interceding for him, (it was about her usual time of prayer, six o'clock in the morning). Ah! he would have given worlds, had he possessed them, to have had one glimmer of mercy, one more opportunity of repentance, one more interview with that afflicted parent, whose admonitions he had rejected with scorn. Little did she then think that her cruel, disobedient and undutiful son was within a step of everlasting death; trembling with horror upon the verge both of the watery and the fiery gulph; and looking forward, with feverish anxiety, to the fatal moment when a lurch of the half sunk ship would plunge him eternally beyond hope! The prospect drank up all his spirits; the thirst of death burned his body; he was petrified to stone, and had scarcely any feeling but of the deepest misery. In this state of mind he continued till the appearance of light. O welcome light! never did a torpid Greenlander salute thee with more gratitude; never did a Mexican hail thee with greater pleasure, or a Persian bless thee with more rapture of heart, than did the poor forlorn crew of the sinking Amethyst on that long wished for morning. Reader, if ever thou hast been in a sinking ship, surrounded with darkness, and on a stormy sea,

> One wide water all around thee, All above thee one black sky,

then thou mayest realize the feelings of the desponding

crew of our shattered ship.

The morning at length dawned, but no land was seen, while the dropsical frigate rolled heavily through the mighty billows, her hull nearly buried in the salt waves. All now sunk into gloomier sadness and sullen despair; pale, silent, anxious cares sat upon the faces of the officers, who appeared to give up all for lost. It was not supposed that the ship could swim more than an hour or two longer. Every hour brought her deeper into the water, and every wave seemed the one commissioned to ingulf us in the deep, when, to

our inc of Ald places might a fork French Alder an es of a T the in upon never going the g fast. wheth fast a island as po when impet

This go c

i, gave up and a pious it her usual ! he would ave had one ntance, one se admonithen think was within orror upon culph; and tal moment e him eterhis spirits ; petrified to he deepest the appearpid Greena Mexican bless thee or forlorn wished for a sinking y sca,

esponding

was seen,
he mighty
All now
ale, silent,
appeared
t the ship
very hour
e seemed
when, to

our inexpressible satisfaction, the man aloft saw the Island of Alderney, and the French coast of Normandy; rocky places, indeed, but there was a glimmering prospect we might strike upon some of the reefs, and have at least a forlorn hope of saving our lives. On account of the French war, it was judged most prudent to make for Alderney, which, though surrounded with dangerous ledges, an escape from the sea would not be a rush into the jaws of a prison. The Amethyst's head was turned towards the island with the desperate intention of running her upon the hearest reef, let the risk of going to pieces be never so great. It was hardly so terrible as the idea of all going down together in the sinking ship. Happy for us, the gale was in our favour, and we neared the land very fast. Hope and fear, by turns, agitated every breast, whether, when she struck, she would go to pieces, or stick fast among the roaring breakers. Our pilot, knowing the island, carried the sinking Amethyst as clear of the rocks as possible till we were within half a mile of the shore, when the ridge of a mighty billow plunged us with terrible impetuosity upon a hidden reef.

The axes were prepar'd, For now th' andacious seas insult the yard; Along the ship they throw a horrid shade, And o'er her burst in terrible cascade. Uplifted on the surge to Heaven she flies, Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies; Then headlong plunging, thunders on the ground; Earth grouns! air trembles! and the deeps resound ! Her giant bulk the dread concession feels, And, quivering with the wound, in torment reels. Again she plunges! Hark! a second shock Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock ! Down o'er the vale of death, with dismal cries, The awe struck sailors shuddering roll their eyes In wild despair : while yet another stroke, With deep convulsion rends the solid oak.

This was the critical moment of our gallant ship. We let go our last anchor, and her bow instantly came round to the sea. The three masts were immediately cut away; we vered away, the cable, and another mighty billow carried us still further upon the dismal ledge. She was now awfully raked by the tremendous breakers that, thundering over her bows, covered us with the spray and foam of the ocean. Your father was upon the main deck, when a tremendous wave, rushing down upon us over the forecastle, had nearly swallowed him up; he, however, made a desperate spring, and got hold of some booms and spars that were lashed fast, and thus, by the mercy of God, he was saved from a prebable death.

: Repeated signals of distress were made to the inhabitants, who were now collecting upon the beach, but the surf was so dangerous and the gale so high that no boat durst venture to our relief: * the only one we had left (the jolly-boat) was vered away astern in hopes she might reach the shore, but a terrible breaker struck her, and she was dashed to shivers in an instant. Thus our forlorn hope was nearly destroyed, for our situation, which was truly deplorable, admitted of only this relief, that Providence could preserve us, and that the hull of our once gallant frigate, being new, might possibly weather the mighty breakers that dashed against it till the storm subsided, and the tide, which was high flood, would on its ebb leave her faster upon the reef. Judge, my children, of our situation;, half a mile from the shore; surrounded and almost overwhelmed with furious waves; the wreck of our three masts hanging over the side! Had the ship gone to pieces in this crisis, perhaps not one-twentieth part of the crew would have been saved; but mercy, rich boundless mercy, pitied our misery, and reprieved us from the horrors of a premature grave. In recollection of this instance of the divine mercy, may your father's life be a memorial of never dying gratitude to the care of Providence.

was l

cover

from

stout

relief

frigat

tuosi

sunk

wave

hand

rescu

rema

morr

fallir

the s

the s

fast

in fa

held

hung

exer

that

Mode

best

CODI

God of my life, whose gracious power.
Through darious deaths my soul bath led,
Or turn'd aside the latal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

The life-boat, which has since been so useful, was not then invented.

was now chundering am of the hen a treforecastle, e a despespars that

d, he was ie inhabih, but the t no bont d left (the the might , and she ur forlorn which was hat Proviour once ather the he storm uld on its children, irrounded he wreck l the ship twentieth ercy, 'rich '

invented.

d us from

n of this

ilife be a

ovidence,

In all my ways thy hand I own.
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

Oft bath the sea confess'd thy power,
And given me back at thy command:
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the boltow of thine band.

Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head:
Sudden I found thee near to save;
The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.

As a great part of the vessel was under water, the crew was hudled together upon the quarter deck and poop, often covered with spray, but not without hope of finally escaping from the wreck. At this juncture a large boat, with eight stout seamen, ventured to leave the pier and come to our relief; but alas! before they had rowed half way to the frigate, a furious breaker, rushing forward with fatal impetuosity, and rolled over both boat and men, some of whom sunk to rise no more, the rest were carried by the same wave far upon the beach, and the people on shore joining hands, and wading among the breakers up to their chin, rescued them from the refluent tide. In this situation we remained shivering upon the wreck from nine in the morning till three o'clock in the afternoon, when the sea falling and the tide having ebbed, a few boats came from the shore to our assistance; and coming under the lee of the stern, we gave them a hawser and other ropes to make fast round the rocks on shore; for, as night was shutting in fast upon us, we had little prospect, providing the wreck held together, of surviving till the next morning, wet, hungry, cold and exhausted with pumping and other exercises the preceding night, and through the whole of that long tedious day of chilling fears and but glimmering Mores. Some ventured upon the ropes, but, as this was at best both a difficult and dangerous task, the greatest part continued on woard till the surf had so far subsided that more boats from the shore ventured under the lee of the stern, where the breakers had less power, and we dropped one by one into them, till by the blessing of a divine and merciful Providence, we all got safe on shore. Thus, my dear children, your father may gratefully hear the voice of Providence in the lines the poet has put into the month of Prospero to Miranda:

Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd The very virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such provision in mine art So safely order'd, that there is no soul—No, not so much perdition as an hair, Betid to any creature in the vessel.

Or he may alter another passage in the same writer, which will equally apply to his merciful preservation:

Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us.

Yours affectionately.

these

wret

friga that

with

reve

it, a

grac

may

Pro

imp for

the

hea

Hol

hun

upo

mu

and

mu

oth ign cov

poe

of ·

wa

wi

its

be in

ap

On

W ac

LETTER TENTH.

My dear Children,

After such a wonderful escape, you will reasonably suppose that your father's mind, young as he was, would be so penetrated and fired with gratitude for the mercy of field; as to forget every other subject in the ardour of his thanks. Alas! nothing of this kind took place, so true are the words of the prophet, "that in the land of uprightness the ticked will not learn righteousness; or behold the majesty of God." True gratitude, the incense of the heart, is an inspiration of Heaven; it is the sister of humility and the daughter of divine love. These, the subject of

lee of the ve dropped divine and Thus, my he voice of e mouth of

ter, which

tionately.

reasonably
vas, would
e inercy of
lour of his
s, so true
f uprightchold the
the heart,
humility
subject of

these lines was not acquainted with. Instead of prayer, thanksgiving and gratitude, the night that succeeded the wreck of the Amethyst, was spent in dancing, riot and drunkenness. Thus did the poor wicked crew of that lost frigate abuse the goodness of God, trifle with the patience that spared their lives, and return the gifts of mercy either with the gall of bitter ingrativade, or the levity of sinful revelling. Never did mere falamity, or deliverance from it, affect the obdurate heart? Man, till touched by divine grace, is adamant to all human impressions. "Misfortunes may overwhelm, poverty may frown, sickness may blast, Providence may lour, and calamities multiply, but the impregnable fortrest of corrupt fallen nature is too strong for such artillery. If God be in the fire, the tempest, the carthquake, the desolution, they may speak to the heart, but nothing less than the mighty energies of the Holy Spirit can make any lasting impression upon the human citadel. . If the wilderness blossoms, God must rain upon it; if the dungeon flames with light, his presence must illume it; if the rock yields a stream of penitence, and the den of thickes becomes a house of prayer, Jehovah must strike in the one case and purge his sanctuary in the other. He alone can unloose the seven scals with which ignorance, pride, unbelief, enmity, self-will, lust and covetousness bind the sinner's heart. In a few days the poor Amethyst went to pieces, and thus there was an end of one of the finest frigates in his Majesty's navy.

The crew remained upon the island, which at this time was in a deplorable condition for want of supplies, and with the addition of three hundred young men to its family its small stock of provisions was likely to vanish like snow before the sun. Even the little garrison of invalids were in a suffering state, but in a few days the frigate Diamond appeared in the offing, and part of the crew were shipped on board of her; the younger and more inexperienced were left to look out for themselves. Your father got acquainted with the master of a smuggling vessel, who, with the generosity of a worthly seaman, offered gratuitously

to carry him to Lyme, in Dorsetshire. On this link of your parent's life seemed to depend all the future complexion and openings through which the Almighty has led him. This appears to have been the master key that was to open his passage through a variety of providential dispensations; the clue that has led him along the mazes of a labyrinth so intricate, that human prudence and wisdom would never have found their way. At the distance of twenty-six years from the events alluded to, he looks back with astonishment, and can only exclaim, "O the depth!"

What am I, O thou glorious God!
And what my futher's house to thee;
That thou such mercy hast bestow'd.
On me, the vilest reptile me?
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at thy boundless love.

Had you, my dear children, seen your father at this time, a poor shipwrecked sailor boy, wandering upon the beach of the Island of Alderney, forlorn and alone, pensive and friendless; all his clothes, a jacket and trowsers; all his property, a few French crowns; all his prospects-but alas! he had no prospects! the world was all before him, but what part he should act on the stage of life appeared not. An orphan, he seemed like "a sparrow upon the house top," unprotected and far from home, a rebel against Almighty love; but he had a praying mother, and on this circumstance alone, he believes, through the mercy of God, depended all the sunshine, all the happiness, all the blessings of his future life. O! my children, never lightly esteem the providence of having praying parents; who have spent many an hour in commending you to God. It is your father's comfort that he can say with the amiable and gentle Cowper,

> My boast is not that I deduce my birth From loins enthron'd and rulers of the each; But higher far my proud pretensions rise, The son of parents pass'd into the skirs.

He gener rema draft migh chain pike mort altog no e ship nece offic left HPOI by r com have to. wan ash of o Was

The harder des

Pro

the

inn

ink of your complexion s led him, as to open ensations; a labyrinth ould never -six years astonish-

this time, the beach naive and it all his ects—but fore him, appeared upon the la against d on this of God, all the n, never parents, to God.

amiable

He mentioned above, that the master of a smuggler generously offered him a passage to England; for, had he remained upon the island, he would doubtless have been drafted on board some other ship, and thus his destiny might have been fixed, and stern necessity might have chained him to the sea, till perhaps a grape shot, a boarding pike or a fall from the yard arm might have finished his mortal career. Some may blame him for this step as wrong altogether; it was doubtless an errata, and probably it is no extenuation of his fault to say, that he did not leave the ship nor the service but under circumstances that a partial necessity seemed to justify. The captain and most of the officers had sailed for England; he and many others were left to shift for themselves. Giddy boys do not reason upon nice distinctions of wrong and right; he was shound by no oaths; none had ever been exacted from him; the compact in his view seemed dissolved. He would never have thought of leaving his ship, for he had been tempted to do this at Portsmouth, when a fleet of West Indiamen wanted hands, and a boatswain's mate, with whom he was ashore upon liberty, swallowed the bait and went on board of one of them. But now his ship had left him, and he was at liberty, in his then view, to follow the leadings of Providence, which seemed to chalk out his path, and clead the blind by a way he had not known." Here he will innocently alter the lines of a great poet :

There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which inker at the flood leads on to blessing : Omitted, all the voyage of their lives .

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

This was your father's tide, and he believes the unseen hand of Providence overruled every step, "from seeming evil still educing good," and made his errors and his wanderings lead to the means that finally brought about his salvation. In the night, the master, mentioned above, came and conducted him on board his vessel, where, for fear of discovery, he was obliged to be stowed away in

a little hole wher the forecastle. Here he continued nearly a week, Tying upon a damp sail, fed by the mate and another hand, the several times a day introduced into his dark here to and and meat, till the vessel left the harbour, and the harbour are cleased from his confinement and gladly brought of deck. As the cutter was a smuggler, she no sooner came in sight of land than she was chased by a revenue later, whom she eluded, and, after having moored about 300 kegs of brandy in the bottom of the sea, she arrived safely in Lyme.

Your father would now have returned home, but he had only three French crowns in the world, and nearly 250 miles to travel, which, had he undertaken, the slender youth of eighteen, in his sailor's dress, for he had no other, would soon have been in the gripe of some merciless pressgang. Hence, he continued in the neighbourhood of Lyme, till an opportunity presented of shipping himself on board of a vessel that traded to Wales. This was, be believes, another link in the chain of providential appointments, that led to a final change both in his views and life. At this time, however, his fuolish heart neglected to pay the mite of gratitude; indeed he had lost all sense of religion, both in duty and sentiment, not having for nearly twelve months been in any place of worship. Most of the restraints of moral obligation had ceased to operate; and yet, by the invisible agency of an overruling power, he was preserved from many of those vices into which others have plunged. Had he been in the company of affectionate and zealous Christians the instructions of his early days might have revived, but he saw no religion, not even the mintest form, among his acquaintance. The impressions of his childhood were bence well nigh crased, and he lived literally without God in the world. O! ye proud hearted moralists ! is this the being naturally inclined to good? The goodness of the heart of man is a Utopean dream. It may make pretty tinsel for the pages of a novel,

Where corresponding misses fill the ream With sentimental frippery and dream.

in a scrip heatl and fin s th nnea says

> You and pois of th turn trut suff Acc in t true unl rece rem altt pio wo me

> > wh of. Ho infi Тb

am

Alas! alas! that any should boast of the dignity, the moral continued excellence, of human nature. The whole history of man, ie mate and in all ages, is a tissue of depravity. The testimony of ced into his scripture in this particular, confirmed by the witness of he harbour, heathen where; moralists, poets, philosophers, naturalists and gladly and orators, all speak the same consentaneous language. iggler, she ine, the purity and innate excellency of human nature chased by Is the puff of pride, the child of ignorance, the unreal, ter having unearthly nonentity of a brain-sick Socinian. The Bible says, "all flesh has corrupted its ways.

Inordinate desires,
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Their prostrate creature man.

Your father has cause to be thankful that during this dark and dismal vacation of divine influence, his mind was never poisoned by deism, or warped aside by the infided writings of the day. He never sat in the seat of the scorner, or turned into jest the word or works of God. He held the truth in unrighteousness, but preventing grace never suffered him to call it "a cunningly devised fable,"-According to the best of his bad notions, he still believed in the holy scriptures; he had no doubt but religion was true, but, with regard to himself, it was truth unfelt, unloved, unobeyed. At this distance of time he but faintly recollects all the workings of his heart; but he can well remember, that he never wished the truth to be false, although it condemned his conduct. When writing to his pious mother, a respect for her feelings and sentiments would induce him to sprinkle his letters with acknowledgments of error, professions of repentance, and promises of amendment. Perhaps in this he resembled many others, who have religion at the end of their pens and beginning of their letters, but who, alas! have it no where else. However even this is infinitely preferable to bold-faced infidelity, and supercilious contempt of the word of God. The man who glories in being an infidel, takes the seal of

ter having
of the sea,
but he had
nearly 250
he slender
l no other,
less pressl of Lyme,
f on board
believes,
nents, that

the mite ion, both e months traints of it, by the preserved plunged. ¿zealous ght have

At this

without lists! is codness by make

hildhood

reprobation out of the hand of God and stamps it with

desperate maliguity upon his own soul.

In the above vessel, your father continued coasting during the spring and summer of the year 1795, and now he thought that he would fully give himself up to a seafaring life. Oh! thou gracious Redeemer, he had no thought of thee, or of what kind of life would best promote thy glory! The sea is thine, with all its tempests and treasures, and the laud is thine, but he choose neither with an intent to please thee; thou wast not in all his thoughts. Wild, head-strong passions, restless desires, and the vain alluring hope of changing his pleasures with his place, prompted his conduct. On the mighty ocean he did not acknowledge thy hand; on shore he sought only the gratification of animal appetite. With other young sailors he would range about the whole night, and visit taverns and haunts of vice, where the snares of death were laid to catch the precious soul. O my children, what a miracle that such a victim of sin should become a preacher of salvation! Sovereign grace, what canst thou/not perform ? how great are thy friumphs! how many are thy trophies! In every part of thy temple are seen the captive banners of sin! Here the crest of pride is laid at thy feet; the purple ensigns of ambition, the red streamers of war, and the gay florid pendants of vanity and fashion are all found adorning the walls. Thou hast taught the proudest knee to how, the loftiest looks thou hast humbled. Hearts, cold as the polar ice, and flinty as a reck, thou hast thawed, warmed and melted, and hast converted the stye of sin into a temple of faith and love. All the beautiful creations and transmutations of the prophet Isalah are realized in thy dominions ; "the wilderness and the solitary place are made glad; the descrt blossoms as the rose; in the wilderness waters break out and streams in the desert; the parched ground becomes a pool; and the thirsty land springs of water; the wilderness becomes a fruitful field, and the fruitful field is counted for a forest; instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up

the myrtle tree, the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together, to beautify the place of God's sanctuary," in the heart regenerated by thy influence. Mighty is thy power, great is thy goodness, lovely is thy beauty and lasting be thy praise! Help me, my children, to sing,

O to grace how great a debtor!

Duity I'm constrain'd to be;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

Yours affectionately.

LETTER ELEVENTH.

My dear Children,

In the course of these letters you have doubtless observed, that your father has not closely followed the thread of his narrative. Had he only told his own simple tale, some might have liked these Shetches better; he has, however, a higher object in view than the mere gratification of curiosity. If "the proper study of mankind is man," you will allow him to mix his own reflections with the different sections of his narrative as they pass in order under his observation. In telling his own story he has a right to make his own comments, especially when the object he has in view is your instruction; hence, he has sometimes let fall the unfinished tale,

And rov'd for fruit;
Rov'd far, and gather'd much: some harsh, 'tis true, Pick'd from the thorns and briars of reproof, But wholesome, well digested; grateful some To palates that can taste immortal truth; Insipid else, and sure to be despis'd,

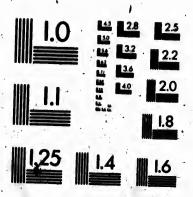
It is your father's desire, that his Sketches may be useful also to that class of men among whom he spent some of the early years of his life, and for whom to the present moment (as having known the heart of a sailor) he feels





MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)







1653 East Main Street Rochester, New York 14609

Rochester, New York 14609 US. (716), 482 - 0300 - Phone (716), 288 - 5989 - Fax a cordial respect, a sincere sympathy. A mariner's life is a life of sames and dangers; he is literally in "jeopardy every hour," yet he has no sheet anchor of hope fastened to the cable of prayer. He often transfers his trast from the omnipotence of a gracious Providence to superstitious omens: Few have such opportunities of beholding the wonders of the Lord in the great deep, and yet none are more indifferent to the operations of his power. The dangers of the seas can hardly be equalled, yet how hardened, and daring and fearless are mariners.

The northern blast, the shatter'd mast;
The syrt, the whirlpool and the rock;
The breaking spout, the stars gope out,
The boiling straight, the monster's shock,

are among their difficulties. They are in perils from storms, in perils from shoals, in perils from fire, in perils from famine, in perils from starting planks, in perils from thunder and lightning. And what, amid all these, is their consolation? why

That a sweet little cherub, that sits up aloft, Keeps watch for the life of poor Jack!

Were they truly pious men, how dear to the confiding mind is the idea that God rules in the whirlwind and directs the storm; that he is the governor of nature as well as the redeemer of men; that all the elements act in perfect obedience to his will. "He maketh the clouds his chariot, and rideth upon the wings of the wind;" the forked lightning darts its zigzag flames under his direction; the dreadful thunder rolls harmless over the object he preserves. The white foaming squall, the terribly sublime hurricane, the rocking earthquake, are the operations of his omnipotence. But as is his majesty so is his mercy; he is great in goodness, and good in greatness. He fills all, he embraces all, he rules all, he supports all, he pervades all: the formidable convulsions of nature are but the ministers of his will:

He makes the sleeping billows roll, The rolling billows sleep. Happin the my r not l that dark day:

P

WAS senn at p sive the God lie 8 brin the fatl thu rece sin but foo gro thi all ·ioc ex wh the lie of of CH

> Pe or

οſ

of

riner's life is
n '' jeopardy
hope fastened
als trust from
superstitions
cholding the
yet none are
The danow hardened,

perils from ire, in perils perils from ese, is their

e confiding and directs well as the erfect obehis chariot, orked lightthe dreadpreserves.
hurricane,
is omnipois great in e embraces
s all: the inisters of

Happy is the man, who in times of danger can hide himself in the following promises: "I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress, in him will I trust; thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon day: because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge,

even the most High thy habitation."

Perhaps David never was at sea, but the prophet Jonah was; and it may be inferred from both their accounts, that senmen were more noted for fearing God in those days than David, who has in the 107th Psalm impresat present. sively described a storm, speaks of the mariners crying to the Lord in their trouble; and that, in answer to prayer. God maketh " the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof he still; then they are glad because they are quiet, so he bringeth them into the desired haven." But this is seldom the case among sailors now; alas! but seldom! Your father has been at sea in the most terrible gales, squalls, thunder storms and dangerous lee-shores, but he does not recollect any praying. There was no praying on board the sinking Amethyst. They are glad when deliverance comes, but how is this manifested? First, by singing songs; vain, foolish and often profane themes : second, by drinking grog; for some sailors seem to think that this is a virtue: third, by dancing and capering, merriment and roguery; all striving who shall be the most frantic, foolish and jocular. Thus they, who, of all others are the most exposed to danger, evince little or no sense of the peril to which they are exposed, or the moral obligation laid upon Them to fear God. A laugh, a catch or a joke are the order of the day; while God, Heaven, the soul and religion are often treated with banter, levity and ridicule. rannot be that the sea hardens men more than the land. Perhaps the neglect of the Sabbath and the want of religious ordinances may account for it; or, is it owing to the officers of most ships being profane and ungodly? Even in many of his Majesty's ships is there a shadow of religion? Were

the captains, licutenants and the other officers God-fearing men, there is no doubt but sailors, who are for the most part open, generous hearted men, would be highly susceptible of religious influence and instruction. often conversed both with soldiers and sailors, who greatly lamented the dearth of piety both in the army and the navy, alledging that they could not reform on account of their officers, who where unfriendly to religion; and their swearing, drinking and God-hating messmates and comrades, who opposed them. At length, however, through the blessing of Providence, a state of things more favourable to religion is taking place among seamen; and he hopes the time is not far distant, when every ship will become a church, every crew a congregation in the Spirit, every captain a pastor, every scaman a missionary, and every, Sabbath spent at Sea a day of marine rest, devotion Then shall the billows as they roll, and breezes as they blow, wast the praises of God from island to island, and from shore to shore.

So shall the red cross banner wave subline. In golden India and each southern clime in Orr every peaceful sea and ocean wide, Where gullant ships and stately navies ride; Along each spicy isle, or paim crown'd shore, Where commerce spreads her sait or plies her our, Sulvation's joyful tidings shall prevail, And seamen's praises sound in every gale; On many a moving church, in lands remote, The peaceful Bethel flag aloft shall float.

After your father had made a few trips to Wales in his new employ, an event took place which God overraled to break the charm which had begun to bind him to the sea for ever. The vessel in which he sailed had been at Tenby, in Wales, and was returning to Bridport, in Dorsetshire. One night, a little after dark, having passed the land's end, as she was steering up Channel, she was hailed and brought too by a fright; which, after detaining her for some time in a minute examination, suffered her to proceed, but the

floor niuc had seve You time as t men ridic of a but cras saile The shir " [poo as t inte lash tow ove dis hav felt the des sen and dig cou bis

the

ligh

and

dis

and

God-fearing for the most highly susn. He has who greatly d the navy, int of their and their d contrades. hrough the favourable I he hopes ill become pirit, every and every votion a and of from iskind

les in his erraled to o the sea at Tenby, orsetshire, nd's end, il brought ome time but the

flood tide rolling in from the south west had set her in shore much more than the mate, who had the watch upon deck, Hence, after the vessel had run about had calculated. seven hours, she struck upon a rock with prodigious force. Your father, who was in the mate's watch, thought for some time previous that he saw breakers upon the lee-bow, but, as the night was dark, he could not be certain; he mentioned it, however, to the mate, who treated it with ridicule, as he computed we were nine or ten miles outside of all breakers; he, nevertheless, prepared to wear ship, but before this could be effected, she struck with a violent crash upon a reef, and continued to touch and run, as the sailors phrase it, *-till finally she stuck fast upon the ledge. The captains who was part owner, ran upon deck in his shirt, and behaved like a frantic person, crying aloud, "I am ruined, I am ruined! my vessel's on shore! my poor vessel is ashore!" abusing and uphraiding the mate as the cause of the calamity. Your father, who was more intent about saving his life than about the vessel," cut the lashings of the boat; and, having made fast the painter or tow rope, with the help of another hand launched her overboard. The vessel on the roll of each sea thumped dismally, and had there been much wind must inevitably have gone to pieces, as she was deeply laden. Your parent felt much less on this than on the former occasion. Perhaps the oft exposure to peril tends to harden the heart, and destroys that sensibility of the soul? that is alive to the sense of danger. Some by a misnomer call this courage and fortitude, but pride is not more distant from true dignity than this fool-hardy, stoical indifference is to true courage. We got the sails, oars, a compass and some biscuits into the boat; but, upon the earnest entreaties of the captain, we all agreed not to leave the vessel till daylight, which was then approaching. Meantime the mate and writer of this letter took the boat and rowed some distance from the vessel, if possible to find out her situation, and we found her completely embayed among rocks, some * Upon some rocks near the Bolt Tail, some distance from the land.

app

mor

COR

to (

inte

tha

The

of i

sta

tin

sit

sai

σf

thi

to

BC

of which rose above the water; but, as the wind had fallen and then blew off shore, neither the breakers nor swell were formidable. As she struck during the ebb tide, there was some hope of her floating by morning, in the hope of which he carried out a kedge anchor beyond the range of the brenkers to warp her out. As the tide rose she thumped for some time and just as light returned she began We loosed the jib and got her head round to the sea, and then cut the cable, but to our blank amazement the helm was gone; the rocks had cut it off level with the water edge. We stood out to sea, but the situation of the poor cutter and her crew was very little better than when upon the rocks, for Me found that she made water fast; the wind, which had set in off shore, was attended with haze and fog, so that in wittle time the land shut in or disappeared, while the vessel in a half sinking state was driving out to sai, and we were soon nine or ten miles from the land.

In this situation we continued till the afternoon, making several uscless substitutes for an helm, none of which would answer. Finding the leak gained upon us, while one part of the crew spelled the pump the others were employed in throwing the cargo overboard. Owing to the haze, we had seen no vessel during the whole day, and the approach of night in such a state was in prospect most deplorable. The cutter was in a sinking condition, and left as little to hope but that, as soon as the night came on, she would inevitably go down. The evening was drawing near, and we were worn down by exertion in pumping, while despondency and fear proyed upon our minds; it is true, we had a boat, and hoped to save our lives should the vessel ultimately sink. We continued at intervals. firing, as a signal of distress, to let any vessel that might pass in the fog know our situation. Sometimes we were upon the point of leaving her to her fate, and taking to the boat as a forlorn hope of saving our lives; but the poor captain, whose existence seemed bound up in his property, entreated us not to leave him. To him the loss of property

appeared nearly as deplorable as the loss of life itself, moreover hoped that some vessel would heave in sight and come to our assistance; and just at dusk a fisherman, bound to Cawsand Bay, heard our guns and made for us. When he had come alongside, he told us he would take the vessel into harbour for five guineas, but when we informed him that our rudder was gone, the man seemed panic struck. The captain, however, told him that if he would go in quest of some vessel, and give them information of our sinking state, he would give him the stipulated sum. In a short time he met a revenue cutter, which he apprised of our situation, and the captain, with the humanity of a British sailor, came to our assistance. At first he sent a number of his fresh men on board to spell the pumps, as we were spent with exertion and fatigue; he then sent a hawser or thick rope and made fast to us, by which means he first towed us into Cawsand Bay, and then finally into Catwater, near Plymouth; and now might your father say of the sea,

> Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home Of daugers, at eternal war with man! Deaths capital, where most he domineers, With all his chosen terrors frowning raund, (Though lately feasted high at Albion's cost) Wide opening, and loud roaring still for more!

> > Yours affectionately.

LETTER TWELFTH.

My dear Children,

As this was the second time your undutiful father was saved from a watery grave, saved as it were by the skin of his teeth, you will be ready to ask whether this deliverance did not send him to his knees in heart-felt thanksgiving; whether tears of gratitude did not flow from his eyes, with such another proof before him of God's tender care. Alas! he recollects no such feelings; for this mercy he paid his great Deliverer no tribute of thanks; to Heaven he felt no

than when water fast : tended with d shut in or g state was r ten miles on, making e of which us, while thers were wing to the ay, and tho spect most dition, and night came ening was exertion in our minds : ves should t intervals that might we were

ting to the

the poor

property.

f property

d had fallen

rs nor swell

tide, there

the hope of

the range

ide rose she

ed she began

round to the

amazement

vel with the

ation of the

emotions of affectionate and humble gratitude. not acknowledged at all in the deliverance; he was glad to have the prospect of longer life, but no pious feeling said that life shall be devoted to God. Such a second interposition left him no excuse for not recording, in some devout manner, the hand of Providence. Ah! my children, no language can express how little devotion there is among mere sailors. His life is a life of woe, and yet he learns few lessons in the school of adversity. It is true he is bold and cheerful, but then he is thoughtless and profane; he is generous, but dissolute; playful, but superstitious and rash. His song, his bumper and his sweetheart (perhaps a street-pacing harlot) form his trio of pleasure. He rarely thinks, seldom reads, and never prays. in jeopardy every hour, and yet ne laughs at the idea of danger, and deems it in insult to be told he fears it. justifies his profanciess by necessity, and his neglect of religion by a marine joke. Speak to him about the call of God, he tells you he hears enough of the boatswain's call; tell him of the danger of being drowned, and he langhingly observes, that many an honest messmate has gone to Davy's Locker: he had rather splice the main brace than hear any of your lubber-like cant. Old Neptune appears to be their titulary deity; hence, if you talk of Heaven, he hopes he shall get a good berth aloft: is hell mentioned? he jokes about being put under the hatchway. O how much do drunkenness, swearing and uncleanness harden the heart against God, and make a jolly tar so called a semi-heathen and a semi-athiest! He labours like a horse, and yet spends his money like the merest prodigal. He is sometimes the victim of tyrants at sea, and the dupe of knaves, harlots and Jews on shore. He is hold in danger, yet bashful and often timid when not upon his own element, Tell him of an object of distress, and his generous heart bleeds at the tale of woe: his money, while it lasts, flies upon the wings of prodigality, and then his necessities hurry him off to sea again. Your father was told by Lieut. Miller, in the Somers' Islands, that having to fetch some

ecan one . The upor thre gny sper a WI turn Thu men a fa tren help mer long Wh pul few bre

> hal stri con tium int rai rec son up

the

she ap tro

th

e. God was he was glad pions feeling ch a second ing, in some ny children, ere is among t he learns is true he is ad profane ; aperstitions heart (perasure. He His life is the idea of nrs it. neglect of the call of vain's call; langhingly to Davy's n hear any to be their hopes he he jokes much do the heart i-heathen and yet is somef knaves, nger, yet element. ons heart ists, flies ecessities

y Lient.

ch some

seamen on board, who had been drinking and carousing, one of them was particularly sullen and unwilling to budge, The officer laid hold on him and forced him into the boat; upon which he took several guineas from his pocket and threw them into the sea, and then sat down as blythe and gay as a lark. When on board ship, where they cannot spend it, they set no value upon property; they will hazard a watch, a gold broach or a pair of silver buckles, on the turn of a card or the cast of a dice, as freely is a button. Thus many of these useful? generous, but often immoral men, trifle on till a fall from the yard, a gust of wind, a fatal bullet, a vellow fever, a dismal shipwreck or a tremendous wave harries them into eternity. Who can help dropping the tear of pity over so many unfortunate men! Surely the benevolence of the British nation has too long slumbered over the metancholy fate of her brave tars. Who has cared for their soula? Alas! while the religious public has been alive to the impulse of Christian sympathy, few have, till lately, thought any thing about casting their bread upon the waters. May the cause of sailors engage the energies of Christian zeal, till the billows of the ocean shall become vocal with the praises of the Redeemer!

Your parent was fast verging to all the manners, the habits and peculiarities of a sailor; and, though but a stripling of eighteen, had acquired most of the sea lingo so common on board a ship. Could you have seen him at this time running up the shrouds with his bare feet; turning into his berth with his jacket and trowsers drenched with rain or spray, or pitching at the jib-boom end, a prophetic record would hardly have induced you to believe, that at some future period his tar-stained hands would be lifted up in prayer and preaching; that he dialect of Neptune should be exchanged for the language of the prophets and apostles; and that he who, with he plue jacket and canvass trowsers, leaned over the yard, sould one day lean over pulpit to invite sinners to a pardoning God. Such a transformation would have appeared more unlikely than that Amos should leave his herds to be a prophet; Paul

he v

thou

W 614

grac

relig

amie

unre

deal

the

WAR

harl

life

lade

it er

" 14

the

Alm

han

The

" th

no l

pari

that

foru

affe

-0

alre

ext

wa:

wa

his persecutions to be an apostle; My Newton his slave ship to be the rector of a parish; the Rev. Mr. Lee his plane and adze to be a professor of Arabic; Dr. Carey his ispatone and last to be one of the greatest linguists and missionaries in the world, and Dean Milner his loom to he a dignitary in the Church of England. But what cannot God bring about ? Is there a thing too hard for his power to accomplish; too intricate for his wisdom to unravel, or too bad, lost or hopeless for his goodness to ameliorate, save and bless? Of such materials as your father then was, God has composed a body of ministers, both among the Methodists and Dissenters, such as the world never saw. A good judge * and as learned a person as any in this nation, who neither flatters nor feers mon, has said, in reference to the Wesleynn Methodist prewhers alone, "I scruple not to assert that they are (for pure doctrine, good sound sense, various knowledge and impressive natural eloquence) at least equal to any body of ministers I know in the nation. And I am satisfied, that nothing but the glorious strictness of their doctrine and discipline prevents them from being the most popular preachers in the land." O that the great Head of the church may pour upon them the spirit of wisdom, power and love, and make them simple, lowly and zealous! then shall they not be afraid to speak with their enemies in the gate of Zion.

His moral state more than his mental poverty, yea more than his scafaring life, made his connection with such a useful and respectable body of men truly improbable. In all his deliverances he did not acknowledge God, his Well might the prophet say, "the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming;" but man is more brutish. The richest mercies are unnoticed, and the most obvious judgments pass unimproved. Thus it was with your father; he did not say O God, thou hast preserved me, and I will love thee! Alas!

Dr. Adam Clarke.

on his slave Mr. Lee leis r. Carey his inguints and foom to be that cannot r his power unravel, or ameliorate, r then was, among the never saw, my in this line said, in era nlone, v doctrine, ive natural era I know ng but the e prevents the land." pon them take them be afraid

he was a wretch ungrateful and nuclean a vile relief, though reprieved from death; equally insensible to the sweetness of divine love, the purity of gospel precepts, the gracions drawings of the Holy Spirit, and the beauties of religion. Amidst changes, his heart remained unchanged; amidst dangers, unmoved; umidst calamities and mercies, unreformed. The voice of God spoke, but he was as the deaf adder; the hand of the Lord curbed, but he was like the wild ass's colt; the goodness of God watered, but he was still a barren fig tree. He did not pray, though he had ten thousand reasons; he did not praise, though his life abounded with mercies; he did not repent, though laden with sin; nor fear divine wrath, though exposed for it every moment. Well might the royal Psalmist exclaim, "Lord what is man!" what is become of the moral beauty, the dignity, the rectitude, the excellence of his nature? Alas! he is a moral ruin : sin and misery have laid their hands upon him, and have despoiled him of all his innocence. The freshness of Heaven's bloom is all withered and fled; "the fine gold is become dim;" the sovere Timage is no longer seen; the once levely plant is stripped of its " paradisical verdure, and beauty is changed into ashes. that was created in the image of the blessed God, is transformed by sin into a monster of ingratitude—a slave of vile affections-a victim of self-created misery-a dupe of folly -a tool of satan, and an enemy to his God.

O thou most awful being, and most vain!
Thy will how frail! liow glorious is thy power!
Though dread eternity has sown her seeds
Of files and wee in thy despotic breast;
Though Houven and hell depend upon thy choice,
A butterfly comes 'cross, and both are fled!

Though the difficulties and dangers, to which he had already been exposed, began to make a senfaring life extremely jrksome, yet your father was so situated, that he did not well know how to leave the vessel. Perhaps it was providential that he did not leave her; on hoard he was daily in danger of being pressed, and had he forsaken

her the event would have been inevitable. Thus he believes his safety, like Paul's companions, consisted in stopping in the ship. When she was repaired, he made another trip This was hardly less dangerous than the former, for, meeting a gale of wind off the land's end, attended with a heavy short sea, she sprang her bowsprit, split the mainsail, and with some difficulty, after getting a pilot, made the harbour of St. Iven. After we left thin, we got entangled with the Carmarthen ands; and, as the vessel did not stay well, and in some trim would hardly wear, we narrowly escaped, in a very dark night, running upon some dangerous shoals. Now he believes, for the first time since he had been at sea, he kneeled down to pray; it was his watch to look out a-head; the night was dark, the spray dashed over him, and, believing he could neither be seen nor heard for the noise of the wind and sea, he lifted up his heart to God, and begged to be brought safe to land, and making a promise at the same time, in his poor stammering way, that if God would hear his prayer, and grant his request; then he would begin to serve him.

But, my dear children, although your father offered up a feeble petition, and subjoined to it a resolve to serve God, he had no clear knowledge of that in which the service of God consists; abstaining from outward sin, and going to church, were, in his poor views, the essential parts of religion. These, connected with living a decent, orderly, moral life, he considered the utmost length to which any one could And herein he was perhaps not much darker possibly go. than many others. Have not some grave divines placed these as the pillars of Herculus? beyond which it were unsufe for any spiritual navigator to sail. Who then can wonder that awaw sailor boy should be mistaken in his reckoning and out of his course, when even some reverend pilots have missed their way, and been out of the true meridian of the kingdom by some thousand leagues. In short, my children, he did not know that we are by nature fallen, sinful, deprayed and helpless creatures, without either the wisdom to direct, the will to move, or the power

Chri give true the : kno errine natu BARC infin had to F tion acce of w vita then regu pun Spir we !

to h

fath heg his from dan his have ous he believes in stopping e another trip in the former; attended with plit the maina pilot, made this, we got an the vennel hardly wear, running upon the first time pray; it was ark, the apray oither be seen , he lifted up safe to land, is poor stainer, and grant

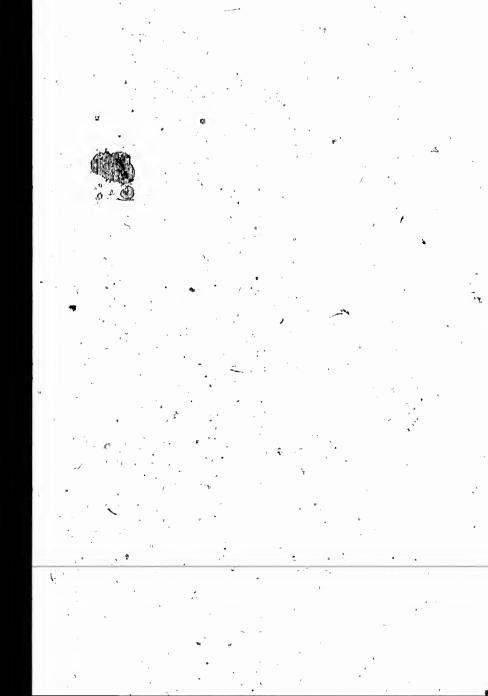
her offered up to serve God. he service of and going to ts of religion. y, moral life, my one could much darker ivines placed vhich it were Vho then can taken in his ome reverend t of the true leagues. are by nature res, without or the power

to help ourselves. He was not aware, that union with Christ by faith, and the new creature, are necessary to give a true spring to devotion, and an impulse and life to That we are saved by grace, through faith in the atonement and merita of Christ, was a doctrine as little known to him as the transmigration of souls. He was equally dark in all that relates to the renewal of man's nature by the Holy Ghost, in his various operations and sanctifying influences. Of the blood of Jenus, and its infinite efficacy, he was as ignorant as an Indian. Nor had he a single just idea in what way a sinner is brought. to repent, believe, and come to God for pardon and salvation. In a word, purity, zeal, patience, comfort, meckness, access to the Father and heavenly-mindedness, were things of which he had no conception. And is it not thus that vital, internal, experimental religion, is overlooked by thousands who profess the name of Jesus, who live decent, regular lives; are honest, sober, temperate, diligent and punctual; but who are devoid of the graces of the Holy Spirit and the power of evangelical godliness? To such we might say, in the touching language of poetry,

Ah! where that humble, self-abasing mind,
With that confiding spirit, shall we find,
That feels the useful pain repeatance brings,
Dejection's surrows and contrition's stings;
And then the bope that Heaven these griefs approve,
And leatly joy that springs from pard hing love?

The vessel arrived at Tenby the next day, and, as your father had made up his mind to quit the sea for ever, he began to think in what manner he should best accomplish his designs. He was afraid of the captain; he was far from home; was unacquainted with the country, and in danger of being pressed; all these things passed through his mind, but still his resolution was fixed, and he might was said with Prospero,

Brought to this shere; I find my senith doth depend upon A most auspicious star; whose influence



If now I court not, but omit, my fortune Will ever after droop.

This auspicious star was the providence that was directing your father and opening less way; for, although he was as ignorant of such opening as Cyrus (of whom you have lately been reading) was of the designation of the Almighty, he is now, thank God, sensible, that

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough hew them how we will.

As soon as the vessel was got inside the pier, and the captain and mate were both gone ashore, he silently packed up some of his things, and waited impatiently for the approach of night. Most of the hands had gone to their berths, and he was left to carry the boat on shore when the captain should come and hail the vessel. This was the moment; all was silent save the ripling of the tide; the night was calm. He put on a long coat, he had bought under the impression he might need it for such an occasion, and stole silently into the boat and sculled ashore. making her fast he took his little bundle, and, with nimble haste, got out of the town as quick as possible. He took the first road that presented itself, making the greatest possible despatch to get as far from the town as he could before morning; he finally, however, lost his way, but, seeing a light at some distance, he made towards it, and found it to proceed from the cottage of a poor family, who allowed him to stay till morning. As soon as the light dawned he hasted forward, having got direction to Narbarth. a town in which, the old man told him, he would get further direction in the way to Chester, for he had the whole length of South and North Wales to travel, with only a few shillings in his pocket. How light and happy did he feel on being once more on shore! if he had but little money, he had health and spirits; hence, neither the length of the way, nor the loftiness of the Welsh mountains, depressed his mind; he felt like a bird loosed from a cage, and he cheerfully pursued his journey homeward.

Yours affectionately.

My

mari serv prog thus

Life glos store edd hou dre the are and shi to

the pu was who was the

she

sai

of

LETTER THIRTEENTIL

My dear Children,

As your father is about to leave the sea, at least as a mariner, he will by your leave devote a page or two to the service of his old friends and companions. The Christian's progress to glory has been often compared to a very ethus an amiable poet has said of the departed righteous, and the blessed haven of eternal glory,

There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with their Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they, greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death.
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in Heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last.

Life is the ocean across which we have to sail to the port of glory and the continent of eternity. This ocean abounds with storms and calms, with rocks and shoals, with currents and eddies. Sometimes the storms of adversity blow; ease, honour and prosperity, are the dangerous and much to be Here are currents of corrupt nature; dreaded calms. there eddies of evil example whirl round, and attract within their fatal circle thousands of deluded souls. The rocks are the errors against which many split; and the shoals and the quick-sands are the insidious, unseen and ever shifting temptations of the devil and his angels. In sailing to a distant port, especially over a stormy sea, every mariner should be cautious in what ship he embarks. Some have sailed in their own bottoms, in a ship called the Legality, of the port of Spiritual Pride, but alas! she was so rotten, that before half of the voyage was performed they had to put several patches upon her bottom, and finally the leak was so increased, that she foundered off Cape Fly-away, which she mistook for the holy land. The good ship Salvation by Grace, of Redemption Haven, is the only one that has always been famous for making good voyages;

age, and he ectionately.

vas directing

gh he was as

m you have

he Almighty.

ier, and the

ently packed

ntly for the

one to their

shore when

This was the

he tide: the

had bought

an occasion.

with nimble

e. He took

the greatest

as he could

is way, but,

ards it, and

family, who.

s the light

to Narbarth.

ould get fur-

d the whole

h only a few

did he feel

ittle money,

ength of the

s, depressed

After

hore.

twe

bv

hel

cle

vou

and

be

for

wir

nat

Pri

stu

ligi

and as the port is Paradise, a harbour on the continent of Eternity, we should take care that we enter on board the right ship. The cargo we may put on board as a venture, are repentance, faith, love, and evangelical piety; and every separate bale must have marked upon the docket, "works wrought in Christ." As soon as all hands are on board, the boatswain, Mr. Active, pipes to get under weigh and man the capstan bars of prayer; others set the sails of pure affection to catch the breezes of divine love, blowing right astern from Cape Espirito Sancto, or the Holy Spirit. With hard tugging, the anchor of false hope is lifted from the deep muddy bottom of carnal security. Luff! luff! my boy, a point or two more, and we are clear of Cape Wrath. Now let all the ship's company sing,

When passing thro' the wat'ry deep, I ask in faith his promis'd aid; The waves an awful distance keep, And shrink from my devoted head; Pearless their violence I dire; They cannot harm, for God is there!

To avoid making shipwreck, a brother sailor would give the worthy crew of the good ship Grace the following advice. Keep a good look out a-head; many have been dashed upon rocks by inattention. Often mark by the chart of truth, the distance and bearing of the rocks of presumption, the ledges of error, and the shores of sin: give good berth to the vortex of despair. Keep the quadrant of faith in good order, and get a daily sight of the sun; this is indispensably necessary, as sailing long without this, some have run ashore, and others have got out of their right course. When the gusts of temptation blow, or flaws from the high land of Pride, alias, Cape blow ine down, * have

^{*} The above names of places, though all are intended to have a figurative allusion, are nevertheless real places in different parts of the world.

Cape blow me down, a high promontary in the basin of Minas, in British North America.

continent of a board the sa venture, piety; and the docket, ands are on under weigh let the sails love, blow-or the Holy lope is lifted rity. Luff! are clear of sing,

would give e following have been ark by the he rocks of ores of sin; the quadrant of the sun; ithout this, their right flaws from own,* have

ided to have ent parts of

of Minas, in

two steady hands at the helm, Vigilance and Prayer; stand by the tacks and sheets of humility and fear, mind your helm, bear away, let go your top-gallant halyard; clew up, clew up, my boys; there she rights, all safe, hard down your helm, the gust is over. Take in top-gallant masts, and see that the ballast is well stowed. Humility should be captain of the hold, and self-abasement captain of the forc and main-top. Except in the open sea, with a fair wind and clear sky, keep the deep lead line of self-examination going. Should she get near the breakers of Spiritual Pride, stand by to let go the anchor; take in all your studding sails, and keep her head to the sea. Keep a good light, a lamp of truth, in the binnacle of reason; and, should

Cape False, near the Cape of Good Hope Capes Discord and Desolation, coust of Greenland Providence Island, one of the Bahamas Point Danger, coast of New Holland Cape Tribulation, ditto Cape Cross. West coast of America Cape Disappointment, America Restoration Point, ditto Cape Fear, United States Dead Man's Island, Gulf of St. Laurence Cope Despair, ditto Cape Gracias a Dias, South America Conversion Point, West coast of America Cape Deception, Pacific Ocean Devil's Hill Bay, coast of Africa Cape Comfort, Davis's Streights Cape Fly-away, land only in appearance Hope Sound, Davis's Streights Espirito Sancto, South America Gold Coast, Africa Calm Latitudes, near the trade winds Monto Christo, Sardinia Trade winds, near and within the tropics Cape of Good Hope, South Africa Binnacle, where the compass is kept Cape Wrath, coast of Scotland Rum Island, ditto

the compass of conscience how much variation, ascertain its maccuracy by a good azimuth of the sun. down the offensive bilge water of corrupt nature, keep the hand pumps of constant prayer going; and, that no moral malady may prevail on board, let the decks, and between decks, be daily washed by the buckets of faith dipt in the fountain of atoning love. Keep a good calculation of the lee-way, on the log book of daily experience, and make a minute of the cause, whether owing to a lee current, bad steering or head winds. Hard down with the helm, put about ship, to fetch up her lec-way. In order to keep a good reckoning, calculate your progress by the logarithmetic tables, found in the gospels and epistles; they are all calculated to a fraction, so that you exactly ascertain your distance and departure from the shores of Sin, the city of Destruction, and the Cape of False Hope. Strive to keep clear of Point Danger and Rum Island, and guard against the squally latitude of Cape Discord and Cape Fear. may touch at Providence Island for supplies; and should you not be able to weather Cape Tribulation, put into Hope Sound. Steer as clear as possibly you can of Cape Deception, for, though the sea in the neighbourhood is calm and smooth, some dangerous ledges lurk beneath the waves. If, in passing Cape Disappointment, you meet with foul weather, luff up to Restoration Point, and come to anchor under the lee of Cape Cross. Should you come in contact with any strange sail in your passage, always keep your read cross jack at the main, that all may know you belong to Cape Emmanuel, and are bound for the continent of Glory. To guard you against some of the rocks and shoals upon which other mariners have split, have daily recourse to the chart of truth, constructed by Captain Inspiration and his lieutenants under his direction; there you will find them accurately laid down. Some have a light-house built upon them, some a beacon, and others a buoy. David was drawn by the Syrens upon the dangerous shoals, Adultery Reef and Murder Ledge, and would have suffered shipwreck if a flood-tide of divine mercy had not set in and lifted him over

them. dange from or he Dem the l Cape tropi carri beca thes get i by l mise Cap will

> Ho mai too

and

moo

1, ascertain To keep e, keep the at no moral nd between dipt in the ation of the , and make current, bad e helm; put er to keep a garithmetic hey are all certain your , the city of rive to keep ard against Fear. You and should , put into can of Cape rood is calm the waves. t with foul e to anchor in contact keep your you belong ent of Glory. shoals upon ourse to the tion and his I find them built upon was drawn ery Reef and owreck if a

ed him over

them. Peter carried too much sail, and struck upon the dangerous reef of False Confidence, but a gale setting in from Cape Gracias a Dias, blew him round Conversion Point, or he would have been lost upon the rocks of Cape Despair. Demas, in making a trip or two to the Gold Coast, got to the leeward of Cape Comfort, and struck upon the reefs of Cape Desolation. The Laodiceans, in sailing too near the tropics, got becalmed in the calm latitudes, and were carried by the currents into Devil's Hill Bay, and what became of them afterward no one ever heard. To avoid these dangers, keep as much as possible near Monto Christo, get into the trade winds of simple faith, working your course by love; these winds blow in a direct course for the promised land; and, as soon as you shall have doubled the Cape of Good Hope and passed Dead Mun's Island, you will enter Port Paradise, where the seas are for ever calin, and the skies for ever bright; and now you are safely moored in Eden Harbour, may you sweetly sing,

Now I the haven gaining
Of Zion's sacred hill,
Shall ever cense compluining
Of my corrupted will:
No more by tempest driven,
My soul shall gladly boast,
And hall the King of Heaven
On the celestial coast.

How different, my children, is the issue of the celestial mariner's voyage from that of the men of the world! they too embark on the ocean of life, but alas! they are

Toss'd with hopes and fears,
In calmest skies; obnoxious all to storm!
And stormy the most genial blast of life.
All bound for happiness, but few provide
The chart of knowledge, pointing where it lies:
Or virtue's helm, to shape the course design'd.
Some steer aright, but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof
Full against wind and tide, some win their way;
And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'iis won! 'iis lost!
They strike, and while they triumph, they expire.

Your father passed through Pembrokeshire, Cardiganshire, Merionethshire and Denbyshire. The romantic scenery of Wales, made a deep impression upon his youth-Its ruined castles, high mountains and picturesque prospects, almost made him forget his frequent hunger, fatigue and solitary situation. As he walked the whole way with a few shillings, you may judge that he both fured and travelled hard. His manner was to stop once in the day, and get a little bread and cheese and a dobbin, or about a gill of Welsh ale. He walked between twenty and thirty miles each day, though sometimes, as he lost his way, he had to retrace his steps back again; for not understanding the Welsh language, he could not always get directed. He often thinks of this journey, of nearly 200 miles, performed in about eight days, with but little food or nourishment, as a proof both of the invisible help of Providence and the vigour of a youthful constitution. Surely God was with him, though he did not know it. Though a poor forlorn sailor boy, the Welsh treated him with kindness and hospitality; doubtless it was the Lord that put it in their hearts, and to his name shall be rendered the tribute of praise. Hallclujah, amen.

When your father arrived in the city of Chester, he narrowly escaped the fangs of a press-gang. At this time pressing seamen into the king's service was very common; for, even in inland towns, parties of marines, or sea soldiers, were often stationed for the purpose of intercepting sailors. What a mockery is the name of liberty, where such a gross violation of human rights prevails! People may talk of our well framed constitution, our Magna Charta, our Habeas Corpus Act, &c. which are the political glory of all Englishmen (and well may they be proud of them), but surely these noble immunities cannot be reconciled to a press-gang. Were evils of this kind to prevail to any extent, freedom would be a mockery, liberty a dream; and, the pillars of our lovely constitution undermined by this palpable infraction of the rights of man, would in the end fall, and bury the whole nation beneatly the ruins of liberty, justice and equal laws.

is ha that make years since suad the 1 Can safet mate comf patie hour

> The whe ener the over

case

H tion grat As he had an utter aversion to going again to sea, there is hardly an evil he would not rather have endured than that of being pressed. He had seen enough of the sea to make him tired of it; and, after much reflection and many years experience; after sailing on different occasions, since that time, nearly twenty thousand miles, he is persuaded that unless a man is called to this mode of life in the way of necessity; unless he have the fear of God, and can happily believe that the path of duty is the way of safety; unless he have a pious captain and serious shipmates, a sea-faring life is of all others perhaps the least comfortable. It requires the exercise of constant fortitude, patience and self-denial; their lives are in jeopardy every hour, unless indeed, which he fears is but seldom the case, that

Whatever winds arise or billows roll, They've interest in the Master of the storm.

Then, indeed, may the pious sailor rejoice in God; and, whether wearing away the vigour of his life underneath the enervating line, or watching night and day to keep clear of the ices of the polar seas, the blessing of God shall watch over him;

Having finally left the sea, you will allow your affectionate father to offer a simple and unstudied effusion of grateful praise to God, his kind and adored preserver:

Take this mite of gratitude,
Take it, Lord, of land and ocean!
Take it from a worm endued
With a spark of true devotion.

On the earth and waters wild, Mercy his divine sheet anchor; Whether nature frown'd or smil'd, Providence was still his banker.

When the yawning billows roar'd,
And the sky and ocean blended,
Trembled every heart on board
As the white-wing'd squail descended.

Chester, he At this time y common : nes, or sea of intercepterty, where s! People our Magna the politiy be proud cannot be is kind to ery, liberty tion underts of man, on beneath.

re, Cardigan-

The romantic

on his youth-

s and pictu-

his frequent

e walked the

idge that he

was to stop

cheese and a

ked between

etimes, as he

k again; for

d not always

y, of nearly

th but little

he invisible

constitution.

ot know it.

treated him

vas the Lord

be rendered

In his fist God held the blast,
And the waters in the bollow;
Hence, tho' tempests sprung the mast,
Frowning billows could not swallow.

Dang'rous reefs beneath the lee, Dang'rous reefs, the ship had broken ; Manis preservid, no eye could see Till deliverance was the token!

When upon the shatter'd wreck, God a mother's prayers respected; And, though breakers swept the deck, Still the rebel was protected.

Rocking on the lofty yard,
Or upon the main-top reeling,
When the ship was pitching hard
And to star or larboard beeling;

Love, almighty love, was nigh, And averted every danger? Though the giddy sailor boy Was to love and God a stranger.

Oft the forked flames play'd o'er us.
Blaz'd along the ship and past her;
Death in terror stood before us,
But the thunder own'd a master.

Take this mite of gratitude,

Take it, God of earth and ocean !

Take it, though the verse be rude,

"Tis a thankful heart's emotion.

Yours affectionately.

son's

joy v

from

inter

clute

indu

who

knov

try |

the

On

road

satio

old

her

Mar

this

soci

the

Thi

con

reli

a pi

the

arri fori

had the tow

tlie

wit

fro

for

of l

ete

LETTER FOURTEENTH.

My dear Children,

Your father's interview with his truly plous and affectionate mother, was, you may be sure, interesting and affecting. She gave her unworthy son her blessing, and kneeded before the God of all mercy to thank him for her

son's many deliverances and safe return. But even this joy was mixed with trembling. There were marines in the town, who, understanding that a young man had returned from sea, he was privately informed by a friend that they intended the first good opportunity to get him into their clutches and press him. The lure of half a guinea would induce such mercenary wretches as them to entrap their own father. He had a rich uncle, sixteen miles distant, who had been kind to him after his father's death, but, not knowing how he might now be disposed, your parent did not try his generosity, but was directed by Providence to go to the house of a former friend, who lived near Manchester. On his way to the house of his friend, he overtook on the road an elderly female, with whom entering into conversation, she recollected in the young sailor the son of an old acquaintance; whence she invited him to accompany her to her house, at the village of Ratcliffe Bridge, near Manchester. Your father found, by the conversation of this good woman, that she was a member of the Methodist society; for, without any ceremony, she asked him to go the same evening and hear a preacher of that persuasion. This invitation he did not decline, although he felt a deep consciousness that he was not a proper associate for religious persons. As he mentioned above, he had made a promise that if the Lord would deliver him from the sea then he would serve him; but alas! he had, after his arrival at home, mixed with some of his giddy, foolish former companions, and all the traces of his sea resolution had vanished from his mind. God, however, in answer to the prayers of a pious parent, had thoughts of mercy towards him, and, if the word be not improperly applied, the set time to favour him was come.

He attended his aged female friend to the preaching, without wishing or supposing that any good would result from it, but God's thoughts were not as man's thoughts; for that evening's sermon was made the first link in a chain of happy consequences, which, he trusts, will extend through eternal ages. He had often, previously to his going to sea,

ctionately.

and affecesting and essing, and im for her been to hear the Methodists, as well as the dissenters, but, alas!

goe

kin

this

ton

adv

ess

OW

the

tur

wh

nat

far

fol

and

de

Ga

hii

be

go

be

8u

TI

it

w

th

m

fa

All pastors are alike To wandering sheep, resolv'd to follow none.

On that evening, however, the word made a deep and lasting impression, which neither time nor place has ever been able to obliterate. The text was Proverbe xxviii. 13, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." preacher dwelt much upon living in the practice of concealed iniquity; he showed the folly of palliating and excusing it, denying it, dissembling it, diminishing it, or throwing the blame of it upon others. He pointed out in what an artful manner some people cheat their own conscience, and carry "a lie in their right hand," some respecting unlawful gains, and others in relation to Sabbath breaking. Some parts of the discourse came particularly home, especially the arts young people use and the falsehoods they often tell to deceive each other; assuming the appearance of friendship, affection and esteem, to varnish over the wicked purpose of deceiving and seducing an unsuspecting and probably confiding young female. He dwelt largely upon the different appearances people assume to cover their vices, and especially that of affecting the virtues opposite to their true character.

Thus secret scorn and stek'ning envy smile;
Their thoughts are daggers, but their words are oil,
See pride beneath a lowly aspect sneak;
The light look solemnand the brutal meek.
Base lusts the winning form of love affect,
And malice wears the semblance of respect.

Light flashed upon his mind as the preacher reasoned upon the subject; and, although no alarming conviction was wrought in his conscience, he felt an impression as though the good woman, who had invited him, had, some how or other, informed the preacher, a thing impossible in itself, as she was altogether ignorant of most if not all the cirhe dissenters,

deep and lasthas ever been s xxviii. 13, r; but whose

nercy." The ctice of conalliating and shing it, or pointed out in eir own con-

hand," some stion to Sabe came parpeople use

each other; and esteem, ceiving and ding young

appearances ially that of acter.

oil.

soned upon iction was as though me how or e in itself.

all the cir-

cumstances of his life. Perhaps when a faithful preacher goes deep into the windings of the heart, a sentiment of this kind often prevails: "Come see a man which told me all things that ever I did." And this is one of those heart touches, which gives a warm off-hand speaker a decided advantage over the unimpassioned reader of a mere written essay. He speaks con amore from the abundance of his own heart, and rarely fails to give some one present back the image of his own breast.

The light that burst, or rather entered by a small aperture into your father's mind, did not at once illuminate the whole temple, although it served to discover the "abominations that maketh desolate." The moral eye was only so far opened that he "saw men as trees walking." The following lines will illustrate the dawn of light, of reviving and discovering light upon his mind, much better than any description he can give at present:

Like a small star, the sky-directed beam
Through the deep gloom emits a twinkling gleam,
And sheds a twilight lustre on the thought,
But the felt darkness comprehends it not.
Till io! the morning breaks, the shadows fade,
The soul's illumin'd and the state display'd;
And as more rays the lingering shades dispel.
Each sin seems black as night and base as helt.

Good, however, was the dawn of spiritual day; he saw himself exposed to the displeasure of Almighty God, and began to break off his sins, at least his outward sins, in good earnest, and betook himself to secret prayer. Still he was but half awakened, and his early buds had nearly suffered a blight by getting entangled with young company. This had always been his besetment, nor did he overcome it without many a struggle. He now began a practice, which he has more or less continued ever since, of reading the word of God upon his knees with much prayer. This method soon brought him to an intimate acquaintance with the spiritual wickedness of his own heart; he saw in that faithful mirror, that he was "far gone from original righte-

hay

But

to e

dig

Wet

.9

...

n p

adj

Dar

QUE

In

WO

In

WO

in

We

fen

spi

rar

oth

str

w

to

pr

ta we to the

th

fi:

tì

ousness;" he began to see that the cause of all his misery and sin was the corrupt inward fountain. The light that at first only shone upon his actions, now shone inward, into a dark place indeed; the discovery was truly discouraging, but the Lord "allured him, brought him into the wilderness, and spoke comfortably to him." Sin also began to appear exceeding sinful; its prevalence in his heart shocked him exceedingly, and sometimes drove him to the very brink of despair; but in the dark and dismal night of his grief the hope of mercy would theer him: it was like a pearl in a troubled sea, or a cordial to a fainting soul.

About this time, he was introduced by a young man into a company of pious females in these appeared to feel such an affectionate solicitude for, and interest in his welfare, as he had never before known. They spoke to him about his soul, encouraged him to continue seeking the Lord; joined in prayer, sung hymns, and, both by their plety and zeal, their affability and cheerfulness, won upon his mind in a manner he cannot express. All was perfectly novel, for he hardly knew that there was a praying woman in the brld besides his own mother. He was much benefitted by the interview, and felt a flood of fresh desires impeliate him onward by their sweet constraint. Perhaps notion in the world has a greater tendence to recommend an off piety than the conduct of an amiable and serious fe In this island we owe more to female piety than we shall ever repay by any tribute offered to their praise. Bertha, the wife of Ethelbert, was the first princess who introduced the distriction religion into England; and Brunehaute, queers and Burgundy, so interested herself on this Gregory says, "Next to God, England to the for its conversion." Some with I have and others at their head, have made in their business to collect all the venom of some ancient writers, and this has been with malignant art sprinkled upon the female character. Such men, accustomed to contemplate women only through the Rider's History of England, vol. 1, page 184.

ll his misery light that at nward, into iscouraging, the wilder-less thocked to the very all hight of it was like ing soul.

If was like ing man into o feel such

welfare, as
n about his
n about his
ord; joined
y and zeal,
is mind in
novel, for
ian in the
benefitted
s impelling
n notion

ntroduced

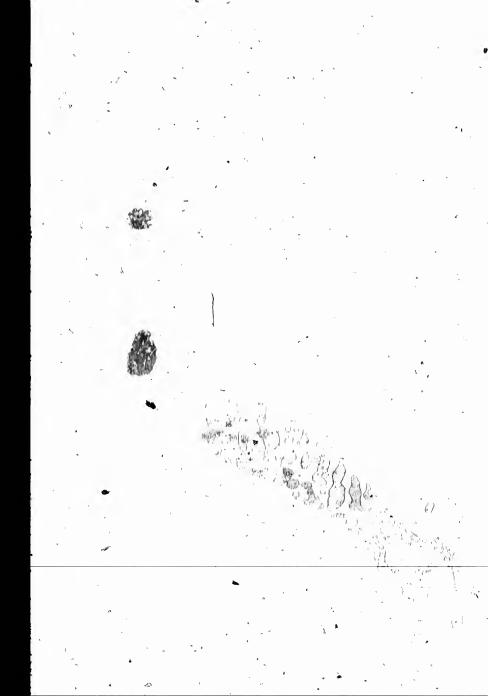
unchaute.

to God, ersion."* eir head, e venom nalignant ich men, ough the have asserted, that "every woman is at heart a rake." But history, the faithful mirror of human character, presents to our view an infinite number of most worthy, pious and dignified females, as eminent for talent and learning as they were exemplary for religion and purity of manners.

. The talents of women," says an eminent writer, " began only in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to be held in a proper degree of consideration. As women, they were admired and courted, but they scarcely could be said to participate in the society of men; in fact, the manners of our forefathers, before that reign, were too rough for them. In Wales, wives were sold to their husbands; in Scotland, women could not appear as evidence in a court of justice. In the time of Henry VIII. an act was passed prohibiting women and apprentices from reading the New Testament in the English language. Among the polished Greeks they were held in little estimation. Homer degrades all his females; he makes the Grecian princesses weave the web, spin and do all the drudgery of modern washerwomen, and rarely allows them any share of social intercourse with the other sex. Yet the very foundation, on which he has constructed his to matchless poems, are women.

whose aim was "to hold as it were the mirror up to nature, to show the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure," that, notwithstanding their extreme delicacy of taste and rapid progress in the fine arts, their manners were low and coarse, and that they were entire strangers to any other gratification arising from the society of women than the indulgence of seusual appetite. Even the grave Herodotus mentions, in the highest terms of approbation, the custom of Babylon, in selling by auction, on a certain fixed day, all the young women who had any pretensions to beauty, in order to raise a sum of money for portioning the rest of the females, to whom nature had been less liberal in bestowing her gifts, and who were knocked

. Barrow's Travels.



down to those who were satisfied to take them with the least money.

The degradation of women would seem to be as impolitic as it is extraordinary, since under their guidance the earliest, and sometimes the most indelible (I believe I may safely add, the best and most amiable), impressions are stamped on the youthful mind. In infancy their protection is indispensably necessary, and in sickness or in old age they unquestionably afford the best and kindest relief, or as a French author has neatly observed, Sans les femmes, les deux extremites de la vie seraient sans seconrs, et le milieu sans plaisirs. "Without women the two extremes of life would be helpless, and the middle of it joyless."

fat

his

the

the

cliı

oft

fra

Bu

mo

of

hoı

fire

wo a d

is f

Ma

bу

we

hir

the

lab

800

chi

ear

M

"To a woman," says Mr. Ledyard, "I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. If I were hungry or thirsty, wet or sick, they did not hesitate like men, to perform a generous action. In so free and kild a manner did they contribute to my relief, that if I were dry I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

Place the white man on Afric's coast,
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight;
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white.

There, while the sterner sex-disdains
To soothe the woes they cannot feel;
Woman will strive to heal his pains,
And weep for those she cannot heal.

Her's is warm pity's sacred glow,
From all her stores she bears a part;
And bids the spring of hope reflow,
That languish'd in the fainting heart.

Thus in extremes of cold and head,
Where wand'ring man may trace his kind a
Wherever grief and want retreat,
In woman they compassion find,

en with the

e as impolitic the earliest, I may safely are stamped tion is indisld age they affermes, les cours, et le wo extremes oyless."

er addressed hip, without were hungry ike men, to dr a manner dry I drank he coarsest Man may the sterner virtues know, Determin'd justice, truth severe; But female hearts with pity glow, And woman holds affliction dear.

To woman's gentle hand we owe What comforts and delights us here; They its gay hopes on youth bestow, And care they soothe, and age they cheer.

To these testimonies, so honourable to your sex, your father could add many from his own observation. his lot was cast in the cold solitary woods of North America, their kindness has often made "the wilderness blossom as the rose." When Providence placed him in a more genial clime, the poor black females of the Somers Islands, have oft beguiled the fervours of a burning sun and a languid frame with cooling beverage and refreshing sub-acid fruit. But the time would fail to state how often they have given more than a cup of cold water to one who was not worthy of the name of a prophet. To add the greatest possible honour to the female character, they were employed in the first propagation of the gospel. Paul says, "help those women that laboured with me in the gospel." Phoebe was a deaconess. Priscilla was an helper of her husband, and is first mentioned in the courteous greeting of the apostle. Mary, Dorcas, Lydia—and the beloved Kuria, mentioned by St. John; to whom some would add the devoted Theckla, were all distinguished females. The ever blessed Jesus himself, received many pledges from devout women; but the time would fail to mention many whose piety, if not. labours, has been an ornament to religion, an honour to society, and a blessing to the world. That you, my dear children, may follow such illustrious examples, is the Yours affectionately. earnest prayer of

LETTER FIFTEENTH.

My dear Children,

After the interview with the pions females, mentioned above, your father lost no opportunity of hearing the word

apj thi

hai

hu:

He

he

χį

ħę

be

an

of

it

3

de

it

C

of

S

ar

G

o

ir

tı

of God, which began more and more to influence, illuminate and impress his mind. His memory was so tenacious, that he generally recollected most of the subjects he heard from the pulpit; as it was his custom to hear as for eternity, seldom taking his eye off the preacher, and adopting a practice of his revered mother to go from his knees to the house of God, and return from it in the same manner. He now found the benefit of having had so much pains bestowed upon his spiritual welfare; his mother's advice, the hymns he had heard her sing, the scriptures she was in the habit of citing, the whole history of her conversion to God, through its different stages, were vividly recalled to his mind; and he seemed by this gracious resurrection of former things, to have graduated higher on the scale of divine knowledge than his time and opportunities would admit of. This should be an encouragement to parents to prosecute the work of filial instruction, even though no present fruit should crown their labours; the seed may spring up, the rod may bud, the venture may return; the rock by frequent drops will wear; the water that appeared spilled upon the ground will refresh it; the petition shall be taken from the file, and the parent, who has gone "forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him." Think not, parents, because the process of moral vegetation is slow, that no harvest will succeed! God will sooner or later grant your requests:

Then mothers join
To prudent precept, and example good,
O! join the potent energy of prayer!
Kneel in your closets, kneel and crave of Heaven,
That he would melt your son, your daughter's heart,
And make their bliss an answer to your plea.

Scarcely were your father's views directed to divine things, when it pleased the Lord to afflict him with a corrective rod. God had taken him into his school, and discipline was necessary as a part of his education. He was attacked with a complaint in his throat, which sometimes threatened immediate suffocation; and yet, though he

e, illuminate nacious, that e heard from for eternity, nd adopting knees to the ianner. He ns bestowed , the hymns in the habit ion to God, called to his on of former le of diving ld admit of. o prosecute resent fruit ring up, the by frequent ed upon the en from the ng, bearing ng bringing because the arvest will

n, eart,

equests :

to divine with a corchool, and
He was sometimes though he

applied to medical skill, it was a long time before he had this "thorn in the flesh" extracted; and then the same hand that afflicted applied the remedy: to use a mere human expression, it came of itself and went away of itself. He had from his childhood been blest with a good state of healt thence this affliction was like a hand from the cloud which could not see, or a writing upon the wall which he could not read. It made the impressions of divine things be had received more deep; it alarmed him to a more lively and anxious concern for his eternal salvation; it sent him often weeping and broken-hearted to a throne of grace; it made him deeply anxions to know the right way; like a powerful caustic it consumed and burned up sensual desires; and, drawing a vail over the vanities of the world, it showed the awfulness of dying without an interest in Christ: in a word, it was like a Pharoah driving him out of Egypt to take refuge in the mercy and love of God his Saviour. O! how his soul, during this affliction, breathed and struggled for vital hope and divine peace !

The same friend, mentioned above, invited him to a class meeting, which he attended with trembling anxiety, for he had not yet joined himself to the body of Christians whom God had made the means of turning his fect into the way of peace. This meeting was made a singular blessing to his soul; it was just what he wanted, both in point of From the moment he instruction and encouragement. entered the room, his heart was melted into a child-like weeping frame; he felt God was there of a truth. Tears trickled down his cheeks like rivulets; he looked with singular veneration upon the leader; but, when asked the state of his mind, was much confused and abashed. From that time he joined the society, and to the present moment he feels grateful to God and man for such a truly salutary and profitable means of spiritual improvement; for he is persuaded that these select meetings, though not minutely described in sacred story, are nevertheless, among the most useful and vitally refreshing means of spiritual improvement ever instituted by the wisdom of man.

Where unity is found, the sweet anointing grace Extends to all around, and consecrates the place; To every waiting soul it comes, And fills it with divine perfumes.

In Jesus when we join, and follow after peace, The fellowship divine he promises to bless; His chiefest graces to bestow, Where two or three are met below.

In England, British North America, the United States and among the blacks and coloured people of the Somers Islands, your father has heard thousands testify the benefit they had received from class meetings, and he justly considers them both as the promoters and palladium of Weslevan Methodism. They tend greatly to instruct, comfort, quicken and encourage in the way to Heaven those who attend them. They introduce Christians to a more near and profitable acquaintance with each other, and furnish a continual new spur to holiness and diligence. They place all the varieties of Christian experience in the young beginner's view. They also bring forward and ripen gifts for extemporaneous prayer. They preserve Christians under temptation from keeping the devil's counsel by hiding their peculiar exercises within their own breasts. They likewise furnish a good school to improve the talents of pious and promising young men, who may be called to the ministry, as they unfold one of the most valuable of all volumes to his attention, I mean the book of Christian experience. This will make him more usefully wise than a thousand tomes of idle speculation. Here he will be let into all the exercises of gracious souls; their views, trials, temptations, heart sinkings, doubts, struggles, heaviness, manifestations, victories, coldnesses, wanderings, besetments, deliverances, helps, hopes, answers to prayer, interpositions, relief, complaints, in a word all the spiritual machinery of Christian life. There he will discover the beautiful unfoldings of divine grace in the soul, during the periods of its infancy, youth, maturity and confirmed fatherhood, in the divine life. In graduating for the ministry,

your seco teac he divi

had the flut my his dip thin

is n

of t

of glo dra des hea cor a r

blo

a t

an the inc he in

ger gra che your father took his first degree in class meetings; his second as a leader of prayer meetings, and his third as a teacher and a conductor of a Sunday school. In the first, he was taught Christian experience, the soul of sound divinity; in the second, he learned to pray in public, and had his heart warmed with love to the souls of men; in the third, the wings of his unfledged eloquence began to flutter a little in short exhortations to children. These, my children, were the colleges where your father learned his theology, and here he graduated and received his diploma as a preacher of the gospel. He mentions these things for the encouragement of other young men similarly circumstanced, and also to show, that mere human learning is not the sine qua non, or absolute, indispensable condition, of the Christian ministry.*

ited States

the Somers

the benefit

he justly

alladium of

instruct,

aven those

to a more

ther, and

diligence.

nce in the

and ripen

Christians

by hiding

ts. They

talents of

led to the

able of all

Christian

wise than ill be let vs, trials,

eaviness.

, beset-

er, inter-

spiritual

over the

uring the

d father-

ministry.

In addition to class meetings, he attended all the means of grace; these often afforded him sweet glimpses of the glory to be revealed, and increased in him the divine drawings of the Holy Spirit. One of his besetments was despondency, which often brought him into dryness and heaviness, when he was ready to give up all for lost, and conclude that either his day of grace was past, or he was a reprobate for whom no provision of mercy had been made. These temptations would occur after he had given way to some sin; and they were placed by the enemy as stumbling blocks or hinderances in the way by which he came to a throne of grace. His experience at this time was a literal

The writer of these lines would not be understood as pleading for an ignorant or illiterate ministry; he merely suggests above, what gave the first impulses to his own mind, and what his ministry was in its incipient state, as the first budding of future usefulness. For, although he believes the knowledge of God, of man, and of religion, as revealed in the scriptures, constitute the elements of a Christian ministry, he is nevertheless sensible, that an accomplished preacher should possess general knowledge. He should cultivate and he acquainted with grammar, logic, rhetoric, history, chronology, geography, astronomy, chemistry, &c. &c.

transcript of St. Paul's legal penitent, described in the seventh chapter of the Romans. His daily complaint was,

I'm like a helples captive sold
Under the power of sin:
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

My God, I cry with every breath,
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

He found by sad experience that what he wished, and longed, and desired to do, he could not, by reason of the strong corruption of his nature, prohibited by the law, but stimulated, agitated and wrought up to an ungovernable fury by the strong temptations of the devil. The law of God appeared beautiful; the liberty of Christians appeared beautiful; the loveliness of religion, as exhibited to his intellectual view, was desirable; he longed for pardon, power, peace, victory and salvation, and sometimes appeared to be within grasp of them, at the very mouth of the quiet haven, when, alas! some gust of carript nature blew him out to sea, when, like the Lord's deciples, he seemed to labour in vain, for the sea wrought and was tempestuous. Often was the following verse the language of his sorrowful and deeply dejected heart:

Most wretched of all the lost race,
My burthen unable to hear,
I yield to my utter disgrace,
I plunge in the gulf of despair:
Oh! who from this intimate hell,
This body of sin, shall set free?
My fulness of evil expel,
And save such a since as me!

All this time he strove, with all his power, to overcome sin; he entered into several covenants with God, which he wrote down with great strictness and formality; in these he always promised greater watchfulness, self-denial, and devotedness to his service. To crucify the flesh, he

used his by yet, viole him all the with visite hims return hear state fallin Hou

more account from for call thou

unav

has e

Period righ meriod the

befo

had

cribed in the mplaint was,

wished, and
eason of the
by the law,
n ungovernl. The law
Christians
as exhibited
ged for parsometimes
ry mouth of
rupt nature
ciples, he
ha and was

he languagé

o overcome God, which mality; in self-denial, e flesh, he used very little food, and that of the plainest kind; eating his bread without butter, and drinking no sugar in his ten; yet, in spite of all, he was sometimes borne away by the violence and impetuosity of temptation, which plunged him into great distress of soul, and brought upon him all the anguish of a broken spirit. After being overtaken with sin he would redouble his prayers, and, when not visited for several days with the temptation, he congratulated himself on having obtained the victory. A temporary peace returned, and a reviving hope occasionally gladdened his heart. Sometimes the fear of dying in an unpardoned state greatly agitated his mind, and often prevented his falling asleep for fear of awaking in the eternal world. Hour after hour has he lain weeping and waking, till, unawares, "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," has dropped her quietus upon the sorrows of his heart.

His greatest desire was to be more humble, more contrite, more dead to the world. He was much distressed on account of the hardness of his heart, wandering thoughts and occasional gusts of levity, a sin to which he had been much addicted from his infancy. Alas! he wanted to be sanctified before he had any knowledge of the forgiveness of sin. Owing to this capital mistake, which he is confident prevents thousands from coming to the Lord Jesus Christ in the simplicity of humble reliance, he wandered from the point, seldom praying directly for faith, but chiefly for contrition, sometimes for love, and not unfrequently for all the graces of the Holy Spirit. He had some latent thoughts that his mind must be prepared in this manner before he could obtain a sense of divine reconciliation; he had not as yet learned all the divinity in those two lines:

All the fitness he requireth, Is to feel our need of him.

Perhaps this was owing to a refined principle of selfrighteousness, secretly wishing to do something in order to merit salvation at the hands of God. This is a branch of the pride of the carnal mind, which would rather buy salva-

tion at an impossible price than receive it as the free gift of God, through the infinite merits of the bleeding Reconciler. This Hebrew, this Popish doctrine of human merit, the Apostle Paul has minutely described and ably refuted in his epistle to the Romans. Alas! by how many plausible means does the grand adversary strive to lessen the glory of the bleeding cross! tarnish the lustre of a free, full and present salvation, and divert the soul from the simplicity of the gospel, and the true path of life and peace! Oh! my children, how much of the Pharisee is there in every human heart; in some the pride of reason, in others the pride of virtue, is an insuperable barrier to the great doctrine, "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." God, however, before he can justify us freely, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, must wither our gourd, blast the flower of proud hope, take away the prop of self-dependance, strip us of the gaudy covering of christless righteousness, stop the boasting of pharasaical self-sufficiency, and bring the guilty, abased, ashamed, blushing, self-despairing sinner, to the foot of the cross, till he can say,

I owed thousands, and much more:
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And liv'd accordingly; my creditor
Believes so too, and lets me go-

Your father, though long kept in bondage by the power of unbelief, knew that he could be saved no other way than by Christ alone, as a poor miserable sinner, guilty, helpless and undone; he was not, however, clear in the subject of a present salvation,—this day, this hour, this now, this moment. Sometimes he would kneel down to pray, under the impression he should now get the blessing, but, after waiting upon his knees a few minutes, something would suggest, "not now," you are not enough engaged, defer it till to-morrow, and then you may possibly obtain it. On other occasions he has gone out into the fields and woods,

think there anon some has I God refre his k not I

My o

usua was and neve mercian cond capt the s Jesu hear

> G but

the free gift eding Reconnuman merit, ably refuted many plauto lessen the re of a free, oul from the e and peace! e is there in on, in others to the great ith, and that f works, lest pefore he can t is in Christ wer of proud e, strip us of ess, stop the

ng the guilty,

inner, to the

by the power ther way than guilty, helpin the subject this now, this o pray, under ig, but, after acthing would aged, defer it otain it. On Is and woods, thinking that he should not be interrupted, and might there wrestle with God till he obtained the blessing; but anon, a rustling among the bushes or trees made him think some person was near, and that he was overheard. Often has he set apart particular nights for reading the word of God and prayer, hoping before morning to have his soul refreshed with a sense of pardon, but growing drowsy upon his knees he would desist, thinking that his prayers could not be acceptable to God.

Yours affectionately.

LETTER SIXTEENTH.

My dear Children,

There is no true religion without "repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." These are usually preceded by such exercises of mind as your father was now called to pass through. In short, without a deep and full conviction of our lost and sinful state, we shall never apply in good earnest to the God of Heaven for mercy. It is the sick alone who feels his want of a physician; none but the lost will embrace a Saviour. The condemned criminal longs for pardon, and the miserable captive sighs for a jubilee; but whenever did the careless, the secure, the lukewarm, or the quiet moralist apply to Jesus? "Save, Lord, or I perish," comes only from the heart smitten by the finger of God.

Heaven's balm alone by broken hearts is felt;
Metal is never moulded till it melt:
The wax is soften'd ere the seal impress;
True joy's precursor ever was distress:
Men sow the fruitful seed, in soften'd ground,
And ere the balsam flows, the tree they wound:
The gospel cannot charm, the Spirit draw,
Till man has felt the lashes of the law.

God was leading your father by a way he had not known, but it was a right way. He was teaching him by the briars

and thorns of the wilderness, that he might be able to comfort others by the comfort wherewith he was comforted of Sometimes an unaccountable darkness and heaviness would fall upon his spirits, and for a time he seemed to be shut up with Giant Despair in Doubting Castle. He dared not look up to God for mercy,-all his prospects appeared like a waste howling wilderness, over which a dark sky hung low and lowering, while the dismal whistling blast thrilled with terror through his desponding mind. He had in this state no consolation left but the reflection, that if he were sent to hell he would justify God in the deep abyss of everlasting woe. Under these glooms he wont many sorrowful hours, and often at night feared to shut his eyes lest he should awake in everlasting torment. Ah! if all the deep exercises of his heart had been written during this restless period, they would form a shady picture of lamentation, mourning and woe. Fears, too, that he had committed the unpardonable sin, would often deepen the gloom that surrounded his soul. These horrors were increased by the natural workings of corrupt affections and the powerful temptations of the enemy. Often did the devil throw him down and tare him: he stood like a lion in the war, and pursued his prey like an avenger of blood, Sometimes it appeared as though the fiend was let loose on purpose to tempt him. O! how was he buffetted during this dark and cloudy day on the waves of distress;

> No voice divine the storm allay'd, No light propitious shone.

He wept, he strove, he dreaded the tempter, he abhorred himself, and would roll upon the ground in an agony of distress, making bitter lamentations, and half arraigning the Lord. Athiestical thoughts would often rush into his mind, and suggest, "What if there be no God! if religion be a fable, and the Bible a romance!" But these were seldom of long continuance; the Lord mitigated the severity of the temptations, and hope would revive; and in the end he was eften melted into gracious tears. The language of his heart was.

H BBW hear minu they they subj the scrip indi port the know at a up; life, faitl no mon beli

fait

insi

God

tem

ofte

a gr

mir

e able to coms comforted of and heaviness e seemed to be le. He dared ects appeared ch a dark sky vhistling blast nind. He had tion, that if he hadeep abyss e cont many shut his eyes t. Ah! if all ten during this ture of lamenat he had comepen the gloom re increased by d the powerful evil throw him the war, and Sometimes it on purpose to

r, he abhorred n an agony of arraigning the into his mind, if religion be were seldom severity of the the end he was ge of his heart

g this dark and

Father, I now my sin confess,
The cause of all my and distress
Compolit at last to know;
Spoil of my crown by sin I am;
It turns my glory into shame,
And everlasting woe...
I feel the meaning of this pain,
To thee against myself complain,
My own destroyer I;
Unless thou take my sin away,
Unless my bosom foe thou slay,
I faint, despair, and die.

He still continued to attend all the means of grace, and was on some occasions greatly comforted, but he seldom heard the exercises of penitents dwelt upon with sufficient minuteness; and perhaps this is a fault in many preachers; they are afraid of harping upon first principles; hence they deal too much in generals. Preaching on general subjects may have its particular uses, but certainly it is not the best way; a sermon of this kind may be all true, all scriptural, all good, and yet not suit the case of a single individualin the congregation. Sermons should be striking portraits of character taken from the life. The other is the easiest way of preaching; it requires little study, less knowledge, and may be delivered without any experience at all; but who has any interest in it? The believer looks up; he has no share; it contains no portrait of the inward life, no workings of the heart, no struggles, no actings of faith, no leadings through the mazes of dark dispensations; no accounts of fiery trial, and succour in the sinking moment. The penitent has no share; he is not pressed to believe for a present salvation; the nature of justifying faith is not laid open; the salvation by grace is not insisted upon; neither is the manner pointed out in which God justifies the ungodly. The relapsed, the weak, the tempted, the desponding, the drooping, the perplexed, are often overlooked in such discourses. The sermon exhibits a group of figures like nobody in the congregation; the mirror of truth is lifted up, but no one can see his moral face in it. Nothing can be more discriminating and explicit than the scripture; nothing more vague and ambiguous

than a thing of this kind, called a sermon.

Sometimes he heard sinners addressed, and at other times saints, but he thirsted to hear the nature of justifying faith explained, and the doctrine of a present simple reliance upon Christ for instantaneous remission of sins unfolded. He read all the books he could get upon the subject, but few afforded him such clear light and dawning hopes as Mr. Wesley's First Journal, Mr. Fletcher's Appendix to Matter of Fact, or his Earnest Address to Seekers of Salvation. Mr. Wesley's Sermon on Justification by Faith Aloue gave him great encouragement; it was from reading this, he learned the absolute necessity of praying continually for faith, until it should please God to bestow it for Christ's sake. The lives of Mr. Haliburton, of Thomas Walsh, and John Nelson, were of great use to him; as also the lives of the early preachers inserted in the Methodist Magazine; and he cannot but regret that his fathers and brethren in the ministry have discontinued furnishing for that valuable work a brief memoir of their religious progress. In Christian life nothing is like detail; the most minute things in the experience of God's people are interesting; they lead us into the arcana of holy living, and form the fine lights and shades of the believer's portrait, on which we love to dwell. On Whitsunday, 1796, your father went to Manchester, to attend a love feast, where he had an opportunity of hearing that venerable man of God Mr. Mather, who is now in his Master's joy. He preached from these words-"Do ye now believe?" was rendered a blessing to his soul, for his treatment of the subject opened the history and mystery of faith more fully to your parent's view than he had before heard. Ho observed, in addressing himself to seckers of salvation by faith, that the promise was sure and stedfast; that every true penitent must necessarily sooner or later find the blessing of pardon; that whatever fears he might feel of dying in an unforgiven state they were needless; as God

salv to s

In who this proflar Aft

spo tha der har der nei

> pu his wa rol lift

do be so in ng and explicit nd ambiguous

and at other ture of justifyresent simple ission of sins get upon the t and dawning cher's Appeness to Seckers ustification by ; it was from sity of praying God to bestow Haliburton, of f great use to ers inserted in out regret that e discontinued emoir of their g is like detail i f God's people of holy living, ever's portrait, ny, 1796, your e feast, where ble man of God

He preached
The sermon
s treatment of
of faith more
ore heard. Ho
of salvation by
st; that every
later find tho
e might feel of
dless; as God

would certainly give them the desire of their heart in the salvation of their soul. Your father felt graciously resolved to seek till he found, although it should be till his dying moment; his heart said—

I'll wait, perhaps my Lord will come;
If I turn back, helf is my doom:
If I ne'er find the sacred road,
I'll perish crying out for God.
But surely, Lord, it cannot be,
A soul should perish seeking thee;
Whoever seeks shall surely find
The Friend and Saviour of mankind.

In the afternoon of the same day, Mr. George Marsden, who was on a visit at Manchester, preached from-" And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day to the Lord?" This last sermon was no less profitable than the other; it graciously fanned the flame of desire, and was truly a "word spoken in season." After the service there was a love feast, at which many spoke of the dealings of God with their souls, and testified that Jehovah had blotted out their transgressions for his dear Son's sake. But, alas! your father's heart seemed " as hard as the nether millstone;" his darkness, inability and despondency increased; it appeared as though he could neither repent, believe, nor come to Jesus. Nevertheless, "in hope believing against hope," he determined never to leave the chapel till mercy spoke his sins forgiven. The meeting at length concluded, but he remained steady to his purpose, and continued in the gallery with a young man, his companion and class-mate. The time of deliverance was now at hand; for, although the enemy raged and rolled upon him like a flood, yet the "Spirit of the Lord lifted up his standard against him," your father kneeled down in the bottom of the pew, and, in an agony of soul, began to wrestle with God. Some of the leaders, with some pious females, came into the gallery, and united in interceding for him at a throne of grace: the more they prayed, the more his distress and burthen increased, till



finally he was nearly spent; the sweat ran off him, his bodily strength was exhausted, and he lay on the floor of the pew with little power to move. This, however, was the moment of deliverence, and God was intreated for him. He heard no voice, he saw nothing, but he felt what no tongue can ever describe; a semething seemed to rest upon him like the presence of God that went through his whole frame; he sprang on his feet, and felt he could lay hold upon Christ by faith.

From that blest moment all emotions cease, His troubled spirit found a sudden peace; As by a calm, the waves of grief subside, Impetuous passions stop their headlong tide.

The dark clouds of unbelief vanished from his mind; his burthen fell off, and even his very body felt the divine influence. Then were his lips filled with praises, and his eyes with tears of grateful love, for he could now say—

'Tis love! 'tis love! thou diedst for me in the whispers in my beart:
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure universal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels maye,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

The scripture that made the deepest impression upon his heart was, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee." The friends around him united in the Laus Deo, and he returned home with a light heart and a cheerful countenance. "His peace now flowed as a river;" he had delightful access to a throne of grace; indeed

Prayer his divine employment was, And all his pleasure praise.

As he was master of his own time, it was customary for him to pray in secret sixteen or eighteen times every day; drawing near to God was the element in which his soul breathed. For some time the enemy was as "still as a stone," and when he presented a temptation, your father instantly looked to the Lord Jesus, and the snare was

brok so to coul

> dulc (for ritu In he not Goo to

> > his hea

> > to

gle

to o

the rea fai th pe be

di he ci m

J

ar

off him, his n the floor of however, was ated for him. felt what no I to rest upon through his he could lay

nis mind; his elt the divine aises, and his now say—

ssion upon his re all forgiven, he Laus Deo, and a cheerful river;" he had ed

s customary for nes every day; which his soul s as "still as on, your father the snare was broken. He had power over all sin; his conscience was so tender, that he often feared to speak in company; he could hardly attend to lawful things without some misgivings.

He felt un idle thought as actual wickedness, And groun'd for the minutest fault in exquisite distress,

to obviate the cavils of sceptics, sophists, and the incredulous moralist, with regard to the change he felt, (for by many this, as well as other branches of spiritual religion, has been called delusion and enthusiasm). In the divine influence that operated upon his soul, he heard no voice: a voice spoken to the car does not always enter the heart. Man speaks to the ear, God has reserved to himself the prerogative of speaking to the heart; and, when he does, "the still small voice" is always felt within. He saw no similitude, his eyes were shut, but the "light of life" shone upon his heart; the "eyes of his understanding were enlightened, to know the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of Christ's inheritance in the saints." The change that took place was a spiritual, a divine agency, acting upon the powers of the soul, in a way peculiar to itself. It was real and sensible; no flash, or mere impression upon the fancy. It was not a vibration of the nerves, no illusion of the imagination, but a calm, sensible, internal feeling of the peace, favour and approbation of Jehovah Jesus, now become his covenant God and Saviour. It was supernatural; rising far above the level of mere reason and animal sensation, and producing effects as different, as the difference between spiritual and human agents. It was heavenly; a birth from above; a flame kindled at the heavenly altar; a stream of "the river which gladdens the city of God." The new creation was manifested by new moral beauties-love, joy, hope, peace, filial fear, delight in Jesus, tender confidence, desire after closer communion, and fuller conformity; and the language of the soul was-

What now is my object and aim?
What now is my loope and desire?
To follow the beavenly Lamb,
And after his image uspire.

A new kingdom of righteousness was planted in the heart; and Jesus, by the sceptre of love, and the law of truth and reason, governed in his new dominion. The renewed heart had a new mode of acting upon the life. God's love became the ruling principle, his word the standard, and his glory the end of each action. Your father would ask, is any religion, that does not produce these fruits, worthy of the gospel or its divine Author? Can a religion, that does not change the mind, heart and life, be acceptable to a heart searching God? Morcover, is it not rational to believe, that the Almighty has as much power over his moral creation as he hath over the elements? . Cannot he, who biddeth the winds to blow, refresh, with the gentle gales of his Holy Spirit, the human heart? He who fills the spring with vernal beauty, can fertilize and adorn man's moral nature, and embellish it with the beauties of holiness. The light of the sun is pleasant, but cannot "he, who commandeth the light to shine out of darkness," illuminate the If the roaring thunder and terrific benighted mind? lightning obey his voice, has he no power to awaken man's guilty conscience? How easily can he say to the stormy ocean, "Peace, be still!" And is it harder to allay the storm within? He makes the earth fruitful, he sendeth genial showers, he pours upon it the solar fire; and cannot he sow the seeds of eternal life in the barren soil of man's heart; water them with "the dew of his blessing," and bid the "Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings?" In a word, to deny God's power over the human soul, is athiestical; to suppose this power nnnecessary, argues ignorance and pride; to deny the necessity of a change of heart, gives the lie to God's holy word; and to imagine the power mentioned above is never applied for the purposes of effecting this change, is the summit of pharisaic blindness and self-sufficiency. But to "the law and to the testimony"-" except ye be born again ye can in no wisc enter the kingdom of God." "Old things must be done away, and all things become new." A new creation must take place in the soul; a passing

from spiri of s and And exer

My

cire min he the dra for we the

in ke pl

uj

t

1

in the heart; of truth and enewed-heart love became and his glory ask, is any vorthy of the n, that does ble to a heart al to believe, noral creation who biddeth gales of his ls the spring man's moral oliness. The ie, who comlluminate the and terrific to awaken e say to the arder to allay ıl, he sendeth ar fire; and e barren soil of his bless arise with God's power se this power to deny the o God's holy bove is never hange, is the ncy. But to ye be born

God." "Old

ecome new."
1; a passing

from darkness to illumination, from spiritual death to spiritual life. We must be "translated from the power of satan to the kingdom and image of God's dear Son," and from the bondage of sin to the freedom of salvation. And this change (although man comes to his Maker in the exercise of repentance, prayer and faith) can only be accomplished by the mighty energy of the Holy Ghost.

Yours affectionately.

LETTER SEVENTEENTH.

My dear Children,

In order to shorten these letters, your father will pass over the experience of nearly two years, and hasten to the circumstances that first called him into the ranks of the ministry. From the earliest period of his turning to God, he was impressed with a tender love and real concern for the souls of his fellow-creatures, and his mind was often drawn out in an inexpressible manner to plead with God for poor sinners, insomuch that, while hearing sermons, he would often pray all the time that the Lord would bless the word, and render it effectual to the salvation of souls. that time, however, he had no distinct desire or impression upon his mind, either that he was then or ever would be called to so arduous and honourable a work. Religion had increased his taste for reading, and his thirst for knowledge kept pace with his piety, but this arose more from a mental pleasure he felt in cultivating his mind, than from any view to ministerial preparation. It was his custom to rise at four o'clock in the morning to read, and, as his memory was tenacious, he seldom read in vain. He loved to introduce himself into the company of the preachers, to hear their conversation, and to catch a hint which he might pursue in the improvement of his understanding; and he deems it no small privilege that he lived at the house that received them. Their communications were greatly benc-

ficial to his mind, as he saw in their piety what Christian ministers should exhibit, and heard in their conversation a pleasing mixture of the entertaining and instructive. Messrs. Rhodes, Allen, Percival, and M'Donald were all pleased to take him by the hand, and, with much condescension and kindness, promoted both his moral and mental improvement. At this time, in conjunction with several other young men, he instituted a Sunday school in the village where he resided, and, as he has mentioned above, devoted himself to the instruction of the children and this was the first germination of that ministry, which he hopes has not been unfruitful in the Lord's He also visited the surrounding villages on a Sabbath evening to hold prayer meetings; in these exercises God blessed him in a peculiar manner. times he was constrained to give a word of exhortation to the simple country people, and often has God superadded his blessing to the first lisping and broken sentences of · a feeble child. Sometimes the thought would steal into his mind, "What, if the Lord should call you to preach the everlasting gospel!" The idea would raise a painfully pleasing sensation in his breast, as he both feared and desired that such an event might take place. He was conscious of great unfitness for such a work, and yet comforted with the desire he felt for the salvation of others. From the first time that almighty mercy revealed himself to his soul, he was constrained to reprove sin in every shape; he also delighted to recommend that religion from which he himself derived so much happiness. He often wished for capacities equal to his will, and opportunities correspondent to an ardent zeal for the glory of the Redeemer. He thought the whole world might be converted to God; nay, it appeared to him but to speak, and the power of truth would affect their hearts. His faith overlooked the obstacles in the way, and his simplicity and ignorance did not allow him to enter, into all that deceivableness of unrighteousness by which satan keeps possession of the human heart. Hence, he wondered that the

had froi wat Go ing wh Per miı of t wit peo Pr Ho to wil aga

min

and

of h

pr an th ro pa to

tha

an

wa

of

Ιń

· a ap de

m

hat Christian . conversation l instructive. nald were all h much cons moral and unction with day school in as mentioned the children 🖟 at ministry, the Lord's ling villages gs; in these Somener. xhortation to superadded sentences of steal into his o préach the a painfully feared and e. He was ind yet comon of others. aled himself sin in every religion from . He often pportunities lory of the ght be cono speak, and . His faith mplicity and that deceiveeps possesed that the

ministers and people of God had not more faith and zeal; and, though he often met with rebuffs when in the simplicity of his heart he wished to persuade a refractory sinner, yet he had not then learned how difficult it is to convert a sinner from the error of his way: that a " Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God giveth the increase." Sometimes he thought God had a design to employ him in preaching the everlasting gospel, and this impression was always the most vivid when he felt any lively manifestations of divine love. Perhaps other pious young men feel the same emotions of mind, but they can only be considered as divine intimations of a call to the ministry, when they are found in followship with true piety, useful talents, the general consent of the people of God, and, above all, such openings of divine Providence as make the way plain to that line of duty. How far your father was right in thinking himself called to this office, others will judge, and the day of judgment will determine. He was not thrust out; he did not go against his own will. So far was this from being the case, that every faculty of his soul was predisposed to the work, and day and night the idea was present to his mind. walked in the fields, by the river side, or along the banks of a canal, all his thoughts were taken up with preaching. In these solitary walks, where no one could see or hear him, he would choose his text, arrange his ideas, select his proofs, and divide his subject, Here, too, he would walk and preach without one single auditor, but the beauty or the wildness of nature, the rocks, the trees, and the surrounding scenery. Your father had few books upon the pastoral office; nor was he indebted to any human drilling to teach him the ministerial exercise. He read the word of God, and hid its precious truths in his heart. His predominant desire was holiness, and the prospect of this shed a halo of sacred glory round the ministry; of all things it appeared the most desirable, as intimately connected with devotedness to God; and this was one of the principle motives that actuated the mind of your parent, and not "put me into the ministry that I might cat a morsel of

and

he o

of C

men

hap

God

wer

hen

and

not

not

cou

of

vita

eve

a m

piet

acce

beli

cau

the

îrri

mos

less

fort

oth

all

a c

nec

he

bar

pai

ope

dec

gos

out

diff

He desired it as a holy employment; he should be always serving God. "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they will be still praising thee. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple." 2. As a delightful employment; " how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts, for a day spent in thy courts is better than a thousand; I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." 3. As an honourable employment; " unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, to preach unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." 4. As a useful province: serving his generation and going about doing good, in his then frame of mind, seemed the only things worth living for.

Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confind;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrained by Jesus' love to live
The servants of mankind.

5. As a means of acquiring knowledge and improving his intellectual powers. He had already liegun to taste the sweetness of knowledge, and found that in religion the tree of life and knowledge grow near each other, but he had only got a morsel, and this made him long after more. wanted to prove what Lord Bacon has so justly observed, that " reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. Abeunt studia in mores. Nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies." The ministry appeared more congenial than any thing else in the whole world; he wished to enjoy greater opportunities of study, reading and improvement. Moreover that he should be favoured with the conversation of the wise

it; he should that dwell in . One thing after, that I lys of my life, inquire in his ' how amiable day spent in ad rather be o dwell in the employment; saints, is this unsearchable : serving his his then frame for.

improving his a to taste the ligion the tree at he had only er more. He stly observed, cace a ready alke men wise; al philosophy, e to contend, tand or impey fit studies."

any thing else ater opportuMorcover that a of the wise

and good, and be more abstracted from the world than he could possibly be in any other situation. The ministers of Christ appeared to him as the excellent of the earth; as men of another sphere. He believed that they were always happy who were thus sweetly engaged in the service of God; that they rarely felt temptation; that, as they were officially, so they must necessarily be holy; and hence were delivered from the fatal liability of going astray; and, being so hedged about with grace and duty, the could not easily deviate from their Christian course. He could not then even imagine that a true preacher of the gospel could become formal in duty, or that the constant service of God might, without much watchfulness, prayer and vitality, be rendered trite, uninteresting, and sometimes even irksome to him; that God might give him helps as a minister, for the good of his church, distinct from his piety, and which he ought by no means to place to the account of his personal graces. He did not for a moment believe, that a messenger of truth might, from various causes connected with the discharge of his duty, become the victim of dejection and melancholy; and that, from the irritability of his nervous system, occasioned by study, the most morbid depression might prey upon his spirits; much less did he imagine, that he would have to preach comfort to others, and yet feel little himself; encourage others, while discouraged in his own mind; preach against all kinds of sin and enforce all Christian duties, under a consciousness of great personal defection; inculcate the necessity of fervency, zeal, and liveliness in religion, while he himself were lamenting his own coldness, formality and barrenness. These things your father has since learned by painful experience; for, had he been as sensible of their operation then as he is at present, he would probably have declined all thoughts relative to preaching the everlasting gospel. How wisely kind is the Lord to keep our, trials out of sight till we are fitted to bear them, and to hide our difficulties, lest they should deter us from our duty! As opportunity offered, your father frequently exhorted,

mo

Thi

sho

cle

nat

app

bea

ev

H

th

le

th

de

ra

tb

T

of

he

al

tr

prayed in public, and held prayer meetings. These preparatory means have made more faithful preachers of the gospel than all the dry or luscious heathen books ever yet read. The minister of Christ should be a man of God, well read in the Holy Scriptures, of good common sense (for what will uncommon avail among common people?) he should be apt to teach, and diligent to learn;

For 'tis not whether he can logic chop, Define a broom, philosophise a mop; The sweetest euphony, the smoothest style, That e'er was polish'd by the critic's file, Can ne'er revive the heart, supply the need, When we have hinds and labourers to feed. Science is charming with religion join'd; It brightens talent, beautifies the mind. Apart from that, 'tis a jack-lantern guide, The moth of lowliness, the aurse of pride. Can famish'd sinners feed on latin scraps? Who catches souls, must better bait his traps. The man who edifies un hungry flock, Should find a richer field than hic hac hoc. Will an encyclopædia in his head Convert a soul to faith and morals dead? Are spheres and angles, cubes and squares akin To faith and hope, and love, and rest from sin? At science, learning, study, none should sneer; But sure they're not the one thing needful here.

Your father had none of them, and yet it pleased the Lord to bless his simple endeavours, and to make him the feeble instrument of awakening several persons to a conviction of their lost estate, which finally encouraged him to proceed still further, as the Lord made the path plain. Several pious aged females had often said that he would be a preacher; and, though nothing was more unlikely, as far as mero human probability was concerned, yet the hinderances were gradually removed out of his way, and a growing conviction impressed his mind that something of this kind was his duty. He dare not, indeed, as candidates for holy orders in the circle of the venerable establishment say, "That he was

These prepacachers of the books ever yet nn of God, well on sense (for people ?) he

ed.

d.

raps

s akin om sin?

speer :

pleased the Lord

e him the feeble

o a conviction of

him to proceed

. Several pious

be a preacher;

as far as mere

inderances were

owing conviction

ind was his duty.

oly orders in the

, "That he was

ul bere.

moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon him this office." This is, indeed, a most bold and apostolic avowal, and none should presume to make it unless his credentials are very clear, and his call to the ministry as satisfactory as the nature of the subject will admit; for what our great poet applies to the magisterial office, will, with equal weight, bear upon the ministerial:

> He who the sword of heaven would bear, Should be as holy as severe; Pattern in himself to know, Grace to stand and virtue go; More or less to others paying, Than by self-offences weighing. Shame to him whose cruel striking, Kills for faults of his own liking! Twere treble shame in Angelo, To wend my vice, and let his grow! O, what may man within him hide, Though angel on the outward side!

The minister of Jesus should make his call to this great work evident, by pureness, by knowledge, by kindness; by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left. When your father first entered the pulpit, it was through the artifice of a local preacher, who in a certain degree forced him into the necessity of beginning this desirable work perhaps sooner than would otherwise have been the case. His text was from Numbers xxii. 38, "The word that God putteth in my mouth that shall I speak." This first essay was with fear and trembling, and was one of the greatest exercises of his fortitude and firmness he was ever before called to pass through. He trembled so much that he had to hold fast by the pulpit, and, although he was not by any means confounded, yet the trial was so great, that he resolved from that time to preach no more. The word of God was, however, a fire in his bones, and it was not long before he again ventured to make another trial. He spent much time, previous to the service, in wrestling with God for his blessing and

divine assistance on this occasion. He had to speak before many wise, aged and deeply experienced Christians, and, blessed be the name of the Lord, he was powerfully assisted to preach Christ as man's "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption." If ever he spoke with the Holy Ghost sent down from above, it was on this occasion. There was an uncommon movement and scarcely a dry eye in the chapel, Though not yet admitted among his brethren, he had now invitations to many places, and the work of God was his study and delight. He gave himself more and more to reading and meditation, and the language of his heart was—

cri

ho

pu

sif

nit

be

go

ha

pl

an

ne

al

pi

tr

CI

ju

80

tł

Furnish'd out of thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand,
To help the souls redeem'd by thee,
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holist love.

Of books or commentaries on the Scripture he had very few :/ his Bible was indeed a library. This and his concordance were his secret companions in writing and preparing the outlines of what he committed to memory in his preparatory studies for the pulpit, where prayer and experience were his only mentors, and the good of others. (and not elegant criticism or fine speeches) his only object. He soon, however, found, that preaching the gospel is one of the most arduous and difficult things in the world; for, although human learning cannot teach Christian experience; nor supply zeal and gracious feeling, it nevertheless is of infinite service to a Christian ministry. Ignorance and simplicity are poor expositors of the word of God, as the following anecdote will attest. A worthy brother in the United States of America, of what denomination your father will be silent, would needs become the apologist for an ignorant and illiterate ministry, and, in the progress of his discourse observed, that even Paul himself was a very illiterate man, for, having been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, a very high mountain in Judea, he had possessed but few means of information! / Yours affectionately.

had to speak ced Christians, was powerfully om, righteousever he spoke it was on this nt and scarcely dmitted among my places, and tht. He gave

tation, and the

re he had very s and his conriting and preto memory in ere prayer and good of others his only object. e gospel is one he world; for, ian experience; vertheless is of Ignorance and of God, as the brother in the mination your he apologist for the progress of self was a very at the feet of e had possessed

affectionately.

LETTER EIGHTEENTH.

My dear Children,

The age in which we now live is perhaps as much too critical and nice as our forefathers' were too plain and homely; many people have no mercy upon the slips and pulpit blunders of a messenger of God. Each word is sifted; each sentence is wire-drawn; each foible is magnified. With many, taste, eloquence and oratory are become the order of the day. We must not only have good things, but they must be well garnished. With these, it is not simplicity and zeal that will suffice; they must have flowers, beautics, criticisms.

Ask them to hear an honest worthy man,
Like Nelson, wedded to the gospel plan;
Plain, simple, unadorn'd, or rude in speech;
He preach the gospel! No, he cannot preach,
So vulgar, coarse, inclegant and rough;
Would any man of sense go hear such stuff?
B—g's sweet chastity and classic case,
Or N—n's rare rheatoric powers may please,
Or W—n's lofty elegance may charm,
Or B—n's fire, were he alive, might warm,
But truth must borrow flowers to make it fine,
Aud Paul in Tully's classic toga shine.

Your father would not plead for either an illiterate, blundering or incompetent ministry, but where good gaspel is delivered with good sense, though the language may be simple, rough and sometimes inclegant, the manner unpolished, and the mode of delivery awkward and unpleasing, we should neither undervalue nor despise such a minister. God's altars were formerly built of rough stone; his power displayed by the sound of rams' horns, and the richest treasure deposited in earthen vessels.

Although what your father has said above applies to many critical persons, both among us and others, he would in justice, however, to the Methodist congregations and societies say, that they are more solicitous about piety than great and splendid abilities; and ministerial zeal,

of l

cou

sto

Ho

in

sch

by

his

Ge

fat

ha

po

the

gr

w

hi

an

W

th

H

n

b

faithfulness and diligence are more prized by most of them than curious literary attainments. They love their ministers to be affable, men of good sound sense, affectionate and simple; of plain, easy manners, and deeply devoted to the work of God. A flashy, spruce, finical preacher does not please them; one who is more solicitous to show his fine parts and pretty similies than to urge needful truths upon the consciences of his hearers. A political minister does not please them. For the twenty-five years your father has been acquainted with Methodism, he never knew or heard of one of this kind that did not loose both his own popularity and the people's confidence; neither do they admire any thing about their pastors that is fine, quaint or fashionable

Having made these few remarks, your father will proceed to the subject of these letters. The preachers upon the circuit greatly encouraged him in the work of God, and took him by the hand, giving him such advice as was judiciously applicable to his case; and he cannot, without affectionate gratitude, reflect upon their great condescension and fatherly care. A less affectionate conduct on their part might have nipped in the bud his early ministry, and might have utterly destroyed the promise of future usefulness. He had a few qualifications and many deficiencies; he had an ardent love for souls; he was happy in the favour of God; he had a constant thirst after knowledge; he felt in his heart the power of vital religion, in tender contrition, faith in Jesus, power over sin, humility and patience, watchfulness and prayer, and the evening practice of self-examination as to how he had spent the day. He had no idle moments; visiting the sick, reading his Bible, attending the means of grace, occupied all his spare time. To counterbalance these, he was considerably ignorant of the world and/of men; he was but young in the ways of God, and unacquainted with the great controversies in the church. Of Latin, Greek and Hebrew he knew nothing. Hence you will be ready to ask, what were his materials and qualifications for the ministry? The following is an inventory

most of them
heir ministers
nate and simd to the work
les not please
is fine parts
the upon the
ster does not
fur father has
ler knew or
both his own
ither do they
ine, quaint or

r will proceed ers upon the God, and took as judiciously it affectionate m and fatherly rt might have t have utterly He had a few an ardent love God; he had his heart the aith in Jesus, chfulness and nination as to le moments; the means of ounterbalance world and of d, and unacchurch. Of

. Hence you ls and qualifian inventory of his small stock in hand : he had a natural elecution, and could express himself readily upon any subject he understood; he had also acquired considerable knowledge of the Holy Scriptures ; they were his comfort by day and his song in the night; for, although he went seven or eight years to school, he had hearly lost all the advantage of that period, by not continuing to cultivate what he then learned. Thus his bank of knowledge contained but a slender stock, but God did not despise the day of small things. Had your father spent seven or eight years at one of the universities; had he stored his mind with all the elegancies of the heathen poets; had he understood the most profound theorems in the mathematics; had he learned to chop logic with the greatest possible subtlety, then he might have come forthwhat ? An able minister of the New Testament ? Alas ! his vain mind might have been puffed up to make a flourish and a parade of his airy attainments, but without solid piety would be have been a single iota more competent to preach the everlasting gospel? He knew by happy experience

> What some bishops may not know, That scripture is the only cure for woe.

He was acquainted with the doctrines of the gospel, in their noblest results of renewing the heart and regulating the life. He was acquainted with the doctrine of human depravity, for he felt himself to be a poor polluted creature, Hence he had not to take a book from the shelf and learn, that man, though possessed of an immortal intellect, is a poor, blind, fallen, wretched, miserable and (without divine grace) helpless sinner. The new covenant unfolded to him the great scheme of redemption in all its bearings upon a lost race; by happy experience he was taught God's method of saving sinners by faith in the atonement of his Son-n faith wrought/by the power of his Spirit, operating in the way of self-renunciation, and humble and cordial reliance upon the Lamb of God. He knew the nature of repentance, for he had forsaken sin, and hated its very appearance. That we are justified by simple faith he well

eith

belie

of t

Jere

for 1

imp

pro

dest

also

har

Fat

oug

dou

suff

bur

strı

pie

mo

foll

Ch

and

thi

WO

the

to

Al

mi

an

th

ap

sh

ha

di

to

aı

CE

01

knew, for he had the inward evidence, in peace with God, power over sin, and delightful access to a throne of grace. The doctrine of regeneration had its vouchers both in his heart and life; old things were done away; old sin, ignorance, darkness, enmity, miscry and guilt were fled, and new light, life, love and sweetness were diffused through his soul. In a word, if the love of God be the essence of religion, that was shed abroad in his heart. Thus he had substantially a body of divinity in his own experience, and could say, "what our hands have handled of the good word-of life, that declare we unto you." He had not to exclaim with the poet—

How shall I teach the world thy grace?
Unchang'd my heart, unloos'd my tongue;
Give me to prove the power of faith,
And Jesus shall be all my song.

Your father was, however, well aware; that though wisdom is the soul of the ministry, yet knowledge is also useful in teaching what others have said and written. To this end he read, in addition to his Bible, the works of several pions divines, such as Baxter, Wesley, Fletcher and Watts; from these he received daily augmentations of knowledge. A thirst after information, induced him to dip into every thing within his reach, hence he acquired a general knowledge of grammar, history, geography, trigonometry, geometry, astronomy and the Belles Lettres. Having a good memory, he stored it with a number of passages and texts from the Holy Scriptures; upon select subjects also, with various pieces from Young, Milton, Cowper, Watts, Wesley and other poets. He sometimes wrote down short outlines of sermons, and often treasured up the heads of those he heard in his memory. He also accustomed himself to repeat large parts of the discourses he heard from the best preachers he attended. Some may say, all this was mere human preparation. Was not you thrust out, and compelled to go and call sinners to repentance? To this your father would reply, that he never was a convert to the doctrine, that man is a mere machine

e with God, me of grace. both in his d sin, ignore fled, and sed through e essence of l'hus he had erience, and e good wordt to exclaim

though wisdge is also ritten. To he works of y, Fletcher entations of d him to dip acquired a phy, trigoes Lettres number of upon select ng, Milton, sometimes n treasured . He also discourses Some may as not you s to repenat he never ere machine

either in his Christian or ministerial call. He does not believe, that the parallel will hold good between a minister of the gospel now a days and the prophets Moses or Jeremiah. They had both of them very peculiar reasons for wishing to decline. The one had to tell a proud and impious king the most unpleasant things, and the other to prophesy, in the ear of a wicked and hardened people, the destruction of their favourite city and temple. Jonah had also sufficient reasons in flying from Ninevah, but it is hardly fair to cite these as cases in point. Our venerable Father lays down no such standard as that a man must, nay ought to be thrust out against his will. There have no doubt been instances in which men of strong minds have suffered much from opposing a powerful impulse. burden of the Lord has been laid upon them, and, in struggling to disengage themselves from it, they have pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But more generally those called of God to this blessed work, follow the openings of Providence; and, as the love of Christ constrains, opportunity ders, judgment prompts, and abilities qualify, first, reprove; secondly, extract; thirdly, preach; and fourthly, give themselves up to the work of the ministry. If they be good men, and aim at the honour of God, he will attend his word with a blessing to others; but in all this there is no compulsion. Almighty constrains no man (totis veribus) with all his might. Hence some of those brethren, who have written and spoken upon this subject, have not sufficiently qualified their observations with regard to themselves. It might appear that they were compelled, but their own experience should never be laid down as a standard, lest others, who have not this thrusting out, compelling call, should be discouraged. But to return, he now felt an ardent desire to devote himself more fully to the work of the ministry, and also a wish that the Lord might open the way to carry the gospel into foreign parts. He, however, told no one his intention, but pondered the matter over in his heart, and made it a matter of constant prayer,

In

who

add

diff

not

50II

peo

pre

abi

to

refi

req

ono!

obs

the

in

rel

a f

A

wh

tio

suc

8 (

wl

Is

he

Αı

fo

80

W

m

af

full

missions were at that time only in their infancy: like a plant in the desert they stood alone. One angel of mercy alone was indefatigable in their behalf. He carefully nursed and watched over the sickly infant, when, unprotected and an orphan, it most needed support. The conference had then only two missions under its patronage, the West Indies and British North America. In the last, although a country of vast extent and importance, we had only four missionaries, a circumstance which induced Mr. William Black, to come over to England, and solicit from the conference, and their zealous agent, the Rev. Dr. Coke, a fresh supply. Your father hearing of this circumstance, without conferring with flesh and blood, wrote to Mr. Black, and offered himself to go with him to British America; and this he deliberately preferred to any other line of service

in the Lord's vineyard.

He had passed the March quarter-day as eligible to travel in England, should the conference need young men. God, however, inclined his heart towards missionary work, which, although, for fourteen years spent abroad, it subjected him to many dangers, hardships and privations, yet . it ever was the delight of his heart. It is true he was but young and inexperienced for such a vast and arduous sphere of labours, but he knew where his help lay, and that the Lord of the harvest could supply him with wisdom, courage, prudence, patience and fortitude for the great work; and, as his sufficiency was of the Lord, he was confident he would prepare the bark for the storm and the soldier for the battle. His ardent desire was to be useful, and he wished for a field in which his abilities might be both well employed and fully employed. His great object, was neither lionour, case nor riches, but the salvation of perishing men, and those in foreign parts seemed to have the greatest title to his compassion. He knew that many would always be ready to supply the home work, who might not feel disposed to go abroad. We thought that a mission required fewer abilities, and might be supplied . with a man of less talents than the work at home demanded.

fancy: like ne angel of He carefully unprotected e conference e, the West tt, although ad only four Mr. Williamoke, a fresh coke, a fresh Black, and herica; and e of service

eligible to young men. mary work, ad, it subvations, vet. he was but nd arduous lp lay, and ith wisdom, the great rd, he was rm and the be ascful, s'might be reat object, salvation of ed to have that many work, who lought that e supplied. demanded.

In this last supposition he was in an error; he is now fully persuaded that able missionaries are the only persons who should be sent abroad. Had they nothing to do but address a few illiterate blacks, the case would be widely different; though even then it is doubtful whether it does not require some skill to come down to their level, and some considerable ability to deal with the most peculiar people in the world. missionary has frequently to preach before persons of the learning, talents and respectpreach before persons of the liso sometimes to converse, to answer their questions, obviate their objections and refute their arguments. A missionary to a foreign land requires a competent knowledge of the world and mankind, not as seen through the medium of books, but actual Many people abroad, till observation and experience. they are better informed, think the Methodists mere Goths in knowledge, and downright enthusiasts with regard to religion; and why should we wonder, seeing that only a few years ago the same opinions prevailed in England. A missionary has to mix, on different occasions, with men who have travelled, who are possessed of various information, some learning, and frequently great acuteness. To such, an uninformed missionary would be a laughing stock, a discredit to his sacred office, and a disgrace to the body who sent him abroad. He would be as often nonplussed as a respectable doctor your father knew in the Somers Islands, who, when asked by two ladies at a house where he visited, what was the meaning of the sun entering Aries; putting on a very grave countenance and pausing for a few seconds, replied, "that he supposed Aries was some cross planet of Venus." But, to return, your father was appointed by the conference of 1800 to go out as a missionary to North America, after taking a selemn and affectionate leave of his friends, and particularly of his, widowed mother, who, in the excess of her grief, said she would rather follow him to the grave. Alas! he never more saw that affectionate parent whom he was then, by a strong sense of duty to God and conscience, obliged to

disobey; for those words were strongly impressed upon his mind; "he that loveth father of mother more than me, is not worthy of mc." Ah! it was a time to try his soul, and bitter was his grief at parting, for he was an only son; but he had counted the cost; and, though the trial overwhelmed him with distress, and brought a gloom and continual heaviness upon his spirits, he did not sink, but liasted to Liverpool to make ready for his departure, whence he sailed on the 24th of August, 1800, for Halifax, in North America.—Thus having brought his Sketches down to the 22d year of his age, he bids you adicu for the present, and remains

Your ever affectionate father,

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

WILLIAM ROSS, PRINTER, Bowlattay-Lane, Hutt. npressed upon more than me to try his soul, is an only bon; the trial over-loom and connot sink, but his departure, to, for Hadifax, his Sketches you adicu for

ather, MARSDEN.



