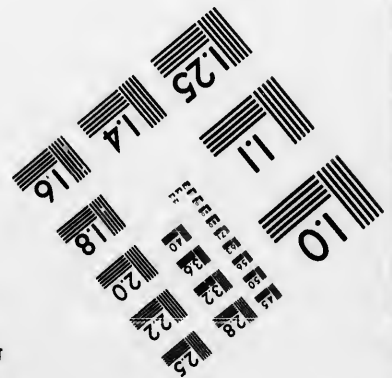
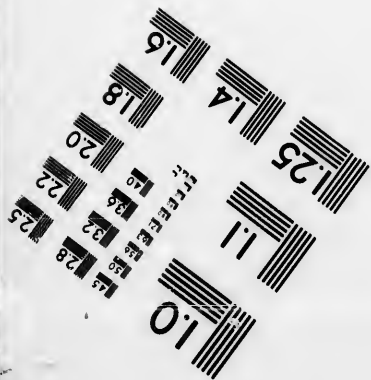
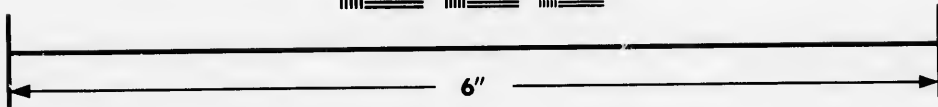
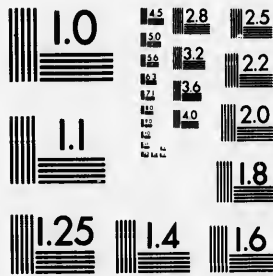


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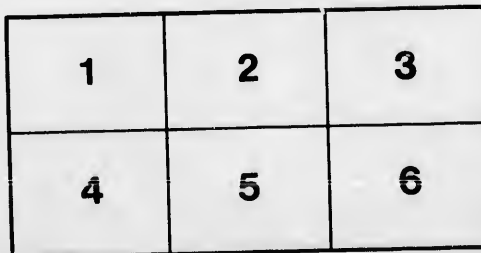
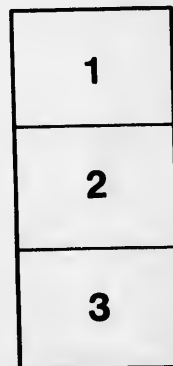
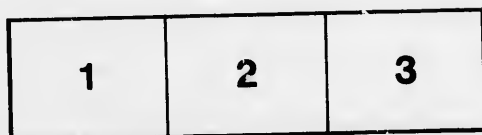
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JOSHUA MARSDEN,

Missionary.

GRACE DISPLAYED:

AN

INTERESTING NARRATIVE

OF THE

LIFE, CONVERSION,

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE, MINISTRY,

AND

MISSIONARY LABOURS,

OF

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

.....><.....
Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?

—————
SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS BAKEWELL, 198 BROADWAY.

Paul & Thomas, Printers.

.....
1811.

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ANNEX

STACK

District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the Eighth day of August, in the Thirty-ninth year of the independence of the United States of America, THOMAS BAKEWELL, of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"GRACE DISPLAYED: An Interesting Narrative of the Life, Conversion, Christian Experience, Ministry, and Missionary Labours of JOSHUA MARSDEN. Is not this a brand plucked from the burning? Second Edition, with Additions."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the term therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled, "an Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned. and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

THERON RUDD,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

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PREFACE.

HAVING some time ago sent a little work to press, consisting of scraps of Poetry, the gleanings of a few leisure hours, I thought as I was perfectly unknown in the United States, save to a few individuals, with whom I became acquainted twelve years ago, that I would insert a little notice of my past pilgrimage; but as I could extend my remarks no further than a mere outline, it rather excited than repressed the curiosity of my friends, several of whom have been particularly pressing that I would gratify them with a more minute and comprehensive Memoir. I had intended deferring this till I should have gained both more time and larger experience, together with the banishment of all future wanderings from my mind; but the solicitations of a few friends, and the encouragement of a subscription of more than seven hundred persons, have determined my mind to give to my friends the gratification they desire. I must beg pardon of the well-informed reader for the hasty and incorrect manner in which this little work has been put together. Not indeed that I wanted materials, but the time and judgment to compare, arrange, amplify, or abridge, as might appear prudent. All I can say, the narrative is

the truth, and nothing but the truth. I am not without hope but those who are not my enemies, may read this work with pleasure and profit. It might have been better had my ability been better; but as is the man, so is his work. Some may think that I have been too lavish of poetry; possibly this is the case—but it may be some atonement that it is original, extracted from a manuscript poem, which I intend to publish whenever it is in my power. My path has been somewhat chequered. I have passed through a variety of events, both by sea and land; and for these last eighteen years, have been continually changing my place, and I hope, in some good degree, fixing my mind.

I have to regret, since I began to write the following little narrative, that I did not keep a regular journal, as many anecdotes, and incidents worthy of recital, might thereby have been snatched from oblivion. I am not certain but some may accuse me of vanity, for telling my own tale; but to this charge I plead not guilty, from my very soul. Some of my brethren in the ministry may think I have been severe and *pointed in some of my remarks*, but I will assure them, the observations strike at myself as much as at any other. Perhaps the critic on public schools, and on ships of war, is not enough modified. I may also have spoken my mind too freely upon a number of things and persons, but this has always been my weakness; and I regret that it has often exceeded the bounds of prudence and charity. If I have offended any one by any thing I have written, I humbly ask pardon. If any get benefit, I trust they will give God the praise. Writings of this kind have greatly promoted the benefit of my own soul—hence I hope my feeble attempt

will no less contribute to the instruction and edification of others.

We have various narratives daily issuing from the press, and too many of them, alas, of little moment to mankind. Shall the ministers of Christ withhold their endeavours to promote the public good? As an individual I would bear my testimony in favour of religion, and bring at least one stone to the building of Christ's temple. My experience has been singular, and I ought to mention the loving-kindness of the Lord. God has been infinitely gracious to me, both by sea and by land. He hath saved me from shipwreck—redeemed me from affliction—preserved me in danger—and delivered me from enemies. And shall I not praise him? In sixteen years' experience of his goodness, I have never had cause to charge God with dealing either unjustly, unwisely, or ungraciously with me. In every place I have met more friends than I was entitled to, and have enjoyed more mercies than I had reason to expect or gratitude to improve. During my spiritual pilgrimage I have been in dangerous situations by sea and land, but always found the promises a source of consolation, an antidote to fear, a sheet-anchor of confident hope. My soul, acknowledge thou the Lord in all thy ways; and from past interpositions fetch the materials to furnish thy future confidence! There is a God that ruleth the world; the shields of the earth belong unto God, and his promises are the staff of his people's hope. I have ridden hundreds of miles upon the ice; have been lost in snow-storms; have been benighted, and lost in the woods; thrown from horses; have been benumbed with cold, and sun-struck with burning heat; in perils on the sea; in perils in the wilderness; in

perils on the ice; but I call heaven and earth to witness, I never found one promise fail. Trust in the Lord, ye his saints! and to your everlasting consolation be it said, that they who trust in the Lord shall never be confounded.

I have no purpose to serve in writing the following narrative but the cause of truth. Though I have chosen my own creed, I am, thank God, no bigot. The triumph of religion, and not merely the success of a party, is the ardent desire of my soul.

And from my soul I hate a bigot's creed,
 Who for a partial piety will plead;
 Then deaf to candour, as to charity,
 Exclaims, "The temple of the Lord are we."
 Confines religion to one sect alone:
 Thus Rome asserts the privilege alone.
 As zealous these the doubtful right dispute,
 And judicate the tree bad by the fruit:
 Then say, the piety that cheers the saints,
 Must flourish best among the Protestants.
 You say in England, go beyond the Tweed,
 And rigid Scotia disallows your creed;
 Claim the exclusive right of Orthodox,
 The boast of Calvin, and the pride of Knox.
 Thus each asserts the gifts of heaven belong
 To his own class, and all besides are wrong;
 Hence pride displays his banner wide unfurl'd,
 And fierce contentions shake the christian world;
 Hence the black streams of party spirit glide;
 Hence all the bars that saints from saints divide;
 Zealots with holy rage each other tear;
 Love weeps, and piety abhors the war.

If there be any thing that savours of bigotry in the following pages, let all men know by these presents, that

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I renounce and disclaim it; though I hope I am equally far from the latitudinarian disposition, of supposing that all are right. The trite cant of this kind of men I abhor from my soul—"We are all walking in the same path—It is all the same thing—I hope we shall all get to Heaven at last." This is the loose and slovenly opinion of men who have no religion at all, and of half-way Deists, with Pope at their head, who has written,

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

This I deny: his creed may be wrong, and yet he may be a moral, regular man. I do not put religious opinions in the room of religion, however good they may be; they can never supply the place of faith working by love; of regeneration, producing humility, heavenly-mindedness, and so on—but as they influence our practice they are important. I am, by the by, no creed maker. The word of God is my creed—of that I would say,

Believe, and show the reason of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasures of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb. YOUNG.

I hope my little work will be useful to young people, to junior preachers among the Methodists, and to Missionaries. Perhaps it may fall into the hands of some wicked young men, or thoughtless young maidens, to whom I earnestly pray, God may make it a blessing. To these I would say, that the author was once as mad, wild, wicked, and thoughtless as the worst, but the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, turned his feet into the way of peace. Perhaps some dashing sailor may come

across the following pages; to such I would say, he that now writes this narrative, was once a hairbrained sailor, thoughtless of eternity, reeling on the mast, and rocking on the yard; levity and mischief his delight; a song, a joke, and a frolic, his pleasures; and blindness to the future his only refuge; but the rich, free, exuberant grace of God, changed the rebel into a christian, and the mariner into a minister. Praying for the blessing of God upon this little memoir, I cast it upon the world, and upon the providence of that God,

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

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

NEW-YORK, Oct. 6,
1814.

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MEMOIRS, &c.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

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RSDEN.

IN the following Narrative I shall endeavour to conform as closely as possible to simple truth. I hope whatever is said of myself, will proceed more from humility and ingenuousness, than vanity or duplicity. I wish to write this Memoir as much for my own improvement as the benefit of others; and hence I shall endeavour to write in the fear of God. Biography, when faithfully executed, is a mirror of human life; but as mirrors, according to their quality, may give a true or false representation, so may a writer give a correct or exaggerated colouring to his own or another's actions. The word of God is perhaps the best model of biography in the world. In that blessed book all is truth, nature, and simplicity; no gloss is used to guild improper conduct; no fairy fiction is created to dazzle the fancy; no masks are worn to mislead the judgment of the reader; improper conduct is not extenuated; nothing is said to serve a purpose, or support a party; but the lights and shades of each character are mentioned with an impartiality worthy of the Scriptures, and highly honourable to the sacred writers. There we behold the hastiness of Moses, the sinful pliability of Aaron, the seeming impatience of Job, Eli's want of firmness, the glaring defection of David, Jonah's timidity, and the duplicity of Jacob, all impartially delineated.

The same vein of impartial justice runs also through the New Testament: the apostacy of Peter, ambition of James and John, warmth of Barnabas, incredulity of Thomas, defection of John Mark from the work, together with the worldly-mindedness of Demas, all stand as beacons upon a rock to warn us against error, infidelity, and ingratitude. Wishing to appear what we are not, or not to appear what we are, may mislead man; but God has his eye upon the heart, and requires truth in the inward parts.

Impressed with the importance of this, I will, as far as is prudent, take the veil from many things that might be hid, and disclose some weaknesses that vanity would never relate. I am sensible that in reciting the history of my past life, many pages will be blotted and others blank: I may be scorned by the self-sufficient, pitied by the proud and ignorant, and stared at by the immaculate. These may gaze upon the spotted monster, and wonder at his perversity; but the man acquainted with the human heart, will find the image in his own breast symbolize with the writer, and acknowledge, that "as face answers to face in a glass," so does one poor unrenewed sinner resemble another.

The following Narrative will not only contain a display of the goodness of God, but a picture of my own weakness, blindness, sinfulness, trials, conflicts, slips, blunders, mistakes, ingratitude, hardness of heart, and deep and manifold unfaithfulness; that man may be humbled, God honoured, truth magnified, Christ exalted, the weak comforted, grace displayed, and nature shown in its own true and genuine colours.

Perhaps one reason why Christian Biography is not as useful as might be wished, may be found in the circumstance of giving only the fair side of a life. We read of a christian minister who was eminent in his day; we are told how and when he was enlightened; in what manner divine consolation and peace first visited his

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soul; something is said about his subsequent labours, and finally, we are called to read of his happy death and triumphant admission into celestial blessedness. All this is very good, and may sometimes be profitable; but a picture of this kind has hardly as much interest in it as the hero of a romance. There we are called to view battles, dangers, enchanted castles, giants, robbers, dismal woods, perils, escapes, and, finally, success in attaining the object. What Betterton the actor told an eminent Bishop, who asked, "Why does a tragedy affect us more than a sermon?" may be applied here. The witty man replied, "We represent fiction as if it were truth, and you represent truth as though it were fiction." Did the warriors of the Cross of old time pass through much tribulation? Did they fight, run, wrestle, watch, pray, strive, contend, resist unto blood, and finally turn the battle to the gate of glory, by adding to their faith courage, and maintaining the noble warfare even unto death? Surely we cannot suppose the constitution of things so widely altered, as that a christian, much less a christian minister,

Can, soft as summer gales to glory rise,
And from a sofa step into the skies.

What is the charm that makes that good old book, *Bunyan's Pilgrim*, please all christians? One principal reason, no doubt, is the high interest excited by the trials, dangers, and conflicts of Christian before he entered the celestial city. Let us, therefore, cease to paint the Christian or faithful minister's life as an uniform tenor of quietness, peace, and ease; while his conflicts with the enemy, struggles with corrupt nature, keen trials from the contradiction of sinners, manifold wanderings,* con-

* It is not here supposed the Christian is under a moral necessity to wander, yet from the weakness of human nature, and the power of surrounding temptations, it is often mournfully the case.

scious infirmities, and numberless causes of shame, grief, and inquietude, are carefully kept out of sight. Is the light of a picture more pleasing and beautiful than a skilful and impartial exhibition of both light and shade? A true narrative of the trials, conflicts, and exercises of a Christian, brings a richer revenue of praise to divine grace, sheds a more amiable lustre upon the power of true religion, and heightens the glory of his final deliverance more, than could be admitted upon the plan of a placid, tranquil, and easy progression in the ways of God. Give me then, instead of the dull narrative mentioned above, give me the genuine exercises of the faithful soul, the deep sighings of the penitent; let me hear the groans of agonizing piety struggling for victory; let me behold the garments of the warrior rolled in blood, the rocks of obdurate nature rending, the graves of corruption opening, and the dead in sin springing forth to spiritual and divine life. We feel stronger emotions in beholding a stormy than a placid ocean: and the lofty mountain, steep precipice, and overhanging cliff, fill our hearts with more sensible and impressive ideas, than the flowery meadow, lovely landscape, and smooth and level lawn. We hear with eagerness the narrative of a sailor escaped from a terrible storm, while the pleasing voyage and calm heavens fail to awaken curiosity or command earnestness: hence I recommend to my brethren, when writing narratives of their own experience, to give us an undisguised picture of the whole. The apostle Paul, in the seventh chapter of the Romans, enters faithfully and minutely into all the exercises of a penitent soul. There we behold an illustrious warfare betwixt flesh and spirit; there we behold the irritations of the law and strong energies of divine grace drawing the soul forward to victory and peace; to happiness and salvation.

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CHAPTER I.

I WAS born near Liverpool, in the kingdom of Great Britain, the 21st of December, 1777. My father was the oldest branch of a respectable family, descended, as far as I have been able to learn, from a family that gave name to the town of Marsden, in Yorkshire. Some of my connexions, I have reason to believe, were among the Non-Conformist ministers, who were ejected from their livings in the time of Charles II. See the 421st and 436th pages of the third vol. of Palmer's Non-Conformists's Memorial.

My father was well educated, and, from what I have heard, intended for one of the learned professions; but being of a wild and volatile turn, he left home, enlisted into a regiment of horse, was wounded and taken prisoner at Cherbourg, in France; but, on his return to England, obtained his liberty, and resided with his parents at Standish, near Wigan, in Lancaster.

My mother, whose maiden name was Murray, was of Scottish descent, and was born at Dalkeith, near Edinburgh. At the time of my birth, my parents were in indigent circumstances: it is true, my father had inherited a handsome patrimony on the death of my grandfather; but having little economy, and not being brought up to a trade, he had run through nearly the whole, and was fast verging towards poverty, and its attendant, obscurity. But God forbid that I should be ashamed of the circumstances of my birth, or think my soul less valuable because my parents were not rich, nor my inheritance splendid.

Where's thy true treasure? gold says, "not in me."
 And "not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor;
 India's insolvent: seek it in thyself,
 Seek in thy naked self, and find it there:

B

In being so descended, form'd, endow'd:
 Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!
 Erect, immortal, rational, divine!

YOUNG.

Honour and shame arise from no conditions in life. He that *lives to God* is worthy of honour, and he that lives in vice and folly, though he fare sumptuously, dress in purple and fine linen, and roll about in a splendid chariot, deserves only disgrace and infamy.

Neither my father nor mother were truly religious; the former had a nominal attachment to the church of England, and the latter only some few relics of early Presbyterian regularity. She had been religiously brought up, but passing through a variety of different scenes, she had nearly lost the seriousness of her youth, and almost worn away the impressions of her infancy; she was nevertheless a friend to religion, and paid at least a partial attention to the morals of her children. We were taught to pray, restrained from speaking wicked words, corrected if we told a falsehood, were furnished with some general notions of divine things, heard my father read in the scripture on the sabbath-day, and were obliged to attend the service of the Church of England. But alas! how can parents hope to bring up their children aright who have no religion themselves; can it once be hoped that prayerless parents will pray for their children? and if there be no prayer in a family, can we expect the children will be devout? If we violate the Lord's day, will our children observe and keep it holy? Will parents who neglect to read the word of God, inspire their children with veneration for that sacred book? If a parent be ignorant, can he hope to illuminate his children? If not possessed of the vital excellence of piety, can he impart it to his children? Can he give that of which he is himself destitute? In a word, can parents who are careless about their own salvation; who live without God in the world; who, if not outwardly immoral, are at least devoid of the pure and holy spirit of the gospel: I say, can such pa-

rents wonder if their children, formed on these models, should be wicked in their private sphere, and pernicious in their public influence? We all look for example; the subject in his ruler; the scholar in his master; the soldier in his general, and the child in his parent. What a noble example did the holy Redeemer set his disciples? What a holy pattern did they leave for their followers to copy? I would ask, what ministers are most useful? What magistrates are most revered? What parents are most beloved? Surely those who set the best example; who lay down holy rules, and give a model of piety in their own conduct.

From the earliest stages of infancy, my conscience was tender. I had a fear of doing wrong; which was frequently increased by a variety of alarming dreams of the day of judgment; sometimes I thought the world was on fire, and that I was left to be consumed with the wicked and the ungodly; at other times I was terrified with horrid apprehensions that devils were carrying me away. Thus did God seal instruction upon my tender mind, to keep back my soul from the pit. Surely I could say, "thou scarest me with dreams and terrifiest me with visions."

I was frequently, when but a little boy, anxious to know when the end of the world would take place; and exceedingly distressed with the apprehension of being unprepared, a flash of lightning, or a storm of thunder, would make me weep bitterly. I felt a continual fear of death, under the dismal apprehension that I should go down to eternal misery; nay, so strong and lively were the images of wo pictured on my mind, that I was afraid of darkness, and often lay trembling in bed, lest the day of judgment should take place before morning. Those chapters* in the gospel relative to the destruction of Jerusalem, I would read with the deepest anxiety, and all

* Matt. xxiv. Mark xiii.

those, to me solemn and mysterious woes, the women grinding at the mill; the abomination of desolation; the flight in the winter; the two men in one bed, and the days being shortened, I combined with the day of judgment; which my fear-struck fancy presaged would take place during my lifetime. A knowledge of the evil of sin appears to have been coevil with my understanding; I hardly remember a period, even in the early stages of childhood, when sin was not more or less painful: and had my parents been pious persons, I am inclined to think that a work of divine grace would have led my tender mind to an early dedication of its powers to God; but for want of this help, my impressions frequently vanished away as the morning cloud and as the early dew; my heart was, notwithstanding, amazingly tender to the afflictions of the family. Any difference betwixt my father and mother pained me exceedingly; and if the latter was afflicted or in distress, my feelings were raised to the highest pitch of solicitude and sorrow. I recollect on one occasion, when my mother was taken sick, and expected to die, that I fell down upon my knees before the family, and in an agony of prayer implored the Lord to spare her life. At this time I could not have been more than perhaps about ten years of age.

With regard to my education, it was not in the power of parents, situated as mine were, to give me more than a common school tuition; and even this was almost in vain: not so much from the inability of the masters under whom I was placed, as the fatal necessity of being in company with bad boys of every description.

In this light, a public school, unless under good regulations, has frequently become a public pest. The tender-hearted boy, by the ill example of others, grows callous; the modest and diffident become bold and forward; the best impressions are lost, and the worst practices, such as rudeness, mischief, idleness, lying, gambling, disobedience, and uncleanness, are often learned. The

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uncorrupted boy often learns his book at the expense of his innocence; and pays as the price of knowledge all the amiable simplicity he possesses.

Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,
Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once?
Train him in public with a mob of boys,
Childish in mischief only and in noise.
The meek and bashful boy will soon be taught
To be as bold and forward as he ought.
The rude will scuffle thro' with ease enough,
Great schools best suit the tardy and the rough;
You see your wish fulfill'd in either child,
The pert made perter, and the tame made wild. COWPER.

Led astray by the example of wicked boys, and under the influence of an ardent, passionate, yet pliable, disposition, I was prevented from profiting by the means afforded me. I could form no idea in what manner these things could be useful to me in future life; hence, except under the lash of the schoolmaster, I paid but little attention to either my book, my pen, or my slate. The latter appeared to me the most useless of all useless things, and I often absented myself from school, that I might plunge into the stream, rob the innocent bird of her young, or stroll about in the fields and woods with other wicked and truant boys.

Yet I had a living monitor, (perhaps the light that lighteneth every man coming into the world,) that bore testimony against my conduct, and sometimes made me indescribably wretched; especially when the fear of outward correction was joined to the voice of inward remorse. The dread of death prevented me from running into many sins of a heinous nature; my heart was often tender and alive to reflection. Sometimes I would weep over my own wickedness, and have often shuddered at the daring presumption of other boys. I do not mean by this to insinuate, that my nature was a whit better than theirs. No: I am confident that I was

a polluted creature; that my heart had in it the seeds of universal sin. I am afraid the terms good nature and good-natured child, are sadly misapplied. I know of no nature, save the works of nature, but what bears evident signs of moral defilement, misery, and death; not that I suppose children are in the same state they would have been in, had Christ not died. They would then have been born under an unrepealed curse; but his death has brought the free gift upon all to justification of life. He has borne our curse, and none now are actually condemned and under the wrath of God, but those who knowingly sin, obstinately disbelieve, and wickedly reject the counsel of God against their own souls.

To this it may be replied, Does not the apostle, Eph. ii. 3. speak even of believers being by nature the children of wrath even as others. The Greek words *καὶ ἡμεῖς τέκνα ὀργῆς, ὡς καὶ οἱ λοιποὶ*, are rendered by Mac Knight, *were naturally liable to punishment, even as the rest of mankind*. Not but children, as fallen creatures, are naturally liable to sin, nay, even prone to evil as the sparks that fly upward. So far from being like a clean sheet of paper, that may receive any impression, we are born in sin and shapen in iniquity; we are polluted branches of a polluted fountain: but that we are born under a curse I deny, and prove it who can. I would rather, with the great and holy Fletcher, say, that children are born in a state of justification, through the infinite merits of the atoning blood of Christ; and that they do not come into condemnation, till they themselves actually sin. How, otherwise, could we reconcile, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. How different this from the language of a new-light preacher I knew in Nova Scotia, who used to call his children serpents, vipers, little vessels of wrath, &c. Our Lord says, this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are

evil. But what evil deeds did new-born infants ever commit? Where there is no law, there is no transgression; where there is no transgression, there is no sin, and consequently no condemnation; for the child shall not answer for the parents' sins, nor yet in the sight of a just, holy, and equitable God, be condemned for that it never committed.

The apostle Paul's reasonings on this head is so clear, that I will give it in his own words. But not as the offence so is the free gift: for if through the offence of one, (Adam) many (all) be dead, that is, spiritually dead in sin, and liable to eternal death, (without a Saviour,) much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded to many, (that is, all) clearing little children from the curse, and actually pardoning and justifying all true believers. Therefore, as by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one, (the pure and holy obedience of Christ to the law, and voluntary submission to its penalty,) the free gift came upon all men to justification of life. For as by one man's disobedience many (that is, all) were made sinners, so by the obedience of one, (Christ) shall many* (that is, all) be made righteous. Infants when they are born, and guilty rebels when they truly believe. But to return.

* Since all mankind were made mortal for Adam's sin, the apostle by *οἱ πολλοί*, the many, certainly means all mankind. Besides, Christ, in speaking of this very subject, used the word in that extensive sense. Matt. xxvi. 28. This is my blood of the new covenant, which is shed (*περὶ πολλοῦ*) for many, that is, for the collective body of mankind: and as the many who died are all mankind, so the many in the end of the verse, to whom the gift by grace is said to have abounded, are all mankind. Hence we are told, 1 Corinthians xv. 22. "As by Adam all died, so by Christ all shall be made alive." See also the following verse 16. where many offences signifies all offences. *Mac Knight's Epistles*, Vol. I. page 276.

Going to school was a great drudgery to me. I neither loved study nor confinement; reading, it is true, was an exception. I delighted to read voyages, travels, adventures, romances, and so on; and frequently all the little money I could get or save, was laid out in procuring books of this kind. Alas, I little knew the value of the privileges I enjoyed! Precious seasons; but, alas, ye are gone for ever! yea, more precious than ingots of gold; though in my wasteful hands they became mere dross. Ah! had I then known their worth, I would have imprinted the marks of wisdom on their wings; but they are fled; they are vanished away; and now their walking spectres upbraid me with shocking inattention and wanton neglect.

Several times during these early years, did the Lord deliver me from imminent dangers. Once I fell from a high wall on the stones of the pavement, and fractured my skull in a terrible manner; but my life was preserved. On another occasion, I fell through the ice into a deep pit, and stuck by my arm-pits from going under it. Once plunging into a river to bathe, I jumped upon the bottom of a bottle which cut me severely; and had it been the sole of my foot, I might have bled to death before any help could have been got, as it was far from any house. Going with some wicked boys to a horse-race, the day being hot, some of my companions would go into the water; I could not then swim, and the canal was deep; however they deceived me by buoying themselves up as though they touched the bottom. I boldly ventured in, sank like a stone, and might have been seen no more, had they not got hold upon me, and rescued my life from a watery grave. In all these things the good hand of Jehovah preserved me from danger, and spared my life as a monument of his patient and long-suffering goodness.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and death,
 He gently clear'd my way;
 And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

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'Though remarkably giddy, I early felt that I had a depraved nature, which neither baptism, going to church, learning my catechism, saying my prayers, or being confirmed, had been able to eradicate; for though I was preserved from profane language and vulgar wickedness, (esteemed by some infatuated parents as marks of wit and shrewdness in their children,) yet I was very passionate and irritable; I felt a strong repugnance to render implicit obedience to my parents, and in my heart hated all control. I often felt dissatisfied that my parents were not rich, and wished myself a man, that I might do as I pleased: yea, my young heart was alternately the seat of anger, pride, impatience, resentment, and discontent. To these I might add————— but the picture is black enough already. Sometimes I would fight with other boys till covered with blood; and I often, instead of going to church, spent my sabbaths in the fields, woods, and lanes, inventing a number of falsehoods to deceive my mother: For after profaning the Lord's day, I would hasten with all possible speed that I might be at the church-door before the service concluded; that by mixing with the throng I might deceive my parents. When I could not accomplish this, I have gone to the house of some friend, and by a masterpiece of cunning, pretending I had forgot the chapter, gained my point; and having now got the text, hastened to tell a second lie,—“ Well, my child, where have you been?” “ At church to hear Mr. Glazebrook.”—“ I did not see you there; why did you not sit in the pew?”—“ I sat in the gallery near the organ.”—“ You can tell me then where and what was the text?” Thus did I deceive my worthy mother; but thou, my God, sawest all my vileness! Alas, I was a polluted creature; nature was a corrupt fountain; I followed the impulse of my heart; but that heart was wicked: I was, it is true, under some restraint of conscience, but if I did not go to the extreme of transgression, it was more ow-

ing to dread of punishment than either hatred of evil or love to thee, O my God and Saviour! as the only reason I can assign for not being universally wicked, was the restraint of my parents, and the dread of everlasting punishment.

About this time, my mother (who, though tolerably strict respecting her children,) was deeply awakened to see and feel that she was living destitute of true religion herself; every flower of self-righteousness withered and died before the bright and penetrating beams of the Holy Spirit. Some date their first impressions from hearing an awakening sermon. The word is quick and powerful. Many have been alarmed to repentance by calamities and appearances in the natural world; a comet, a thunder-storm, a volcanic irruption, an earthquake, or a pestilence, have been ministers of terror to the conscience, and means of reformation to the life.

God has sometimes overruled a dream, a vision, the death of a friend, a reverse in circumstances, or a fit of sickness, to the good of careless men: but my mother was convinced of her lost estate by reading that most excellent book, *Allein's Alarm to the Unconverted*. Surely, if good men, safely landed in the haven of rest, only knew the benefit arising from their pious labours, it must bring a rich and increasing addition to their pure and divine felicity.

In this view, a writer of good books has an advantage over one who only preaches; the labours of the latter cease with his life, and sometimes before; the former, though dead, yet speaketh; and continues doing good many ages after his mortal remains have mixed with the common dust; his usefulness like a stream, increases as it rolls along the continent of time to the ocean of eternity. Could a Baxter, a Bunyan, or an Allein, while writing in the solitary gloom of a prison; could they have foreseen the immense good that would

attend their labours, surely it would have illuminated their gloom, and warmed their breasts with emotions of benevolent delight.

O ye venerable men, we think of you with delight; your memories are like ointment poured forth. We read your works; and the sentiment that you are now in glory, stamps a richer value upon your godly instructions.

The exercises of my distressed mother were of the most singular kind; she was not drawn like Lydia, nor melted like Mary; a deep gloom fell upon her spirits; her passions were strong, and like a mighty current, carried her towards the vortex of despair: the apprehension that she had sinned beyond the limits of mercy filled her soul with the liveliest horrors; the language she used on this occasion was the most awful that can be imagined. I well remember many of her words, for they were like sharp spears piercing my very heart. I would have given the whole universe to have calmed the agitations of her troubled breast. She spent whole nights in walking the house, wringing her hands, stamping with her feet; and frequently venting her emotions in language gloomy as misery itself, bitterly bewailing her hopeless state. Many times have I lain trembling, weeping, and sleepless, for hours, distressed beyond measure, not indeed for my own sins but on account of the melancholy and horrible state of my mother's mind. The impressions then made upon my imagination will never be wholly erased; and I am persuaded that the following picture was stamped upon my thoughts from the views it then received of this baleful and horrible passion.

In terror clad the Deity is seen,
 But no mild intercessor stands between
 The guilty soul, and sin-avenging God,
 To calm his fury and avert his rod.
 With terms of peace fierce wrath to reconcile,
 And bid red burning justice wear a smile;
 On guilt alone this deadly night-shade grows,
 Guilt, fruitful mother of our many woes.

Fear springs from guilt, and unbelief from fear,
 That deems all lost, this reads no mercy near.
 To hapless souls, endued with passions' stroug,
 These hateful mental maladies belong.
 Sin swells immense, the mountain magnifies,
 And blots the star of mercy from the skies.
 Each fault the stamp of aggravation bears,
 Each stain a tint of deepest crimson wears;
 Each slip in fancy, action, thought, or word,
 Stings like an asp, or pierces like a sword,
 While dread without, and terror from within,
 Annex a direful curse to every sin.
 Now Satan every hellish art essays,
 T' increase the storm and swell the angry seas;
 And shifts his fatal tack from side to side,
 To raise the wretch's fear, or swell his pride.
 God might a little fault or two pass by,
 But yours, (observe the wily tempter's lie)
 Exceed the limits of almighty grace,
 Christ's blood can't cleanse them, nor thy tears efface.
 So dire the offence, the stain is deep as hell,
 And pardon is a thing impossible.
 The promise shines, but still new doubts suggest;
 Grace never will relume the sinner's breast.
 And here's the dreadful worm that gnaws within,
 The doubtful, dismal, deadly, damning sin.
 Doubts rise on doubts, and fear to fear succeeds,
 Distress'd, appal'd, he trembles while he reads:
 Beholds an angry curse on every leaf,
 While every scripture aggravates his grief:
 Sin after grace!—and after pardon falls!
 The fatal, fearful blasphemy he calls;
 And many a text the wily fiend will cite,
 To justify the lie, and prove it right.
 All comfort from the sacred volume fled,
 'Tis cast aside, and seldom ever read;
 Or only read to aggravate his case,
 And drive the exile from the realms of grace.
 Silent and sad the live-long day he sits,
 Absorb'd in thought, like one bereft of wits:
 Lost in a maze of dark intricate doubt,
 No star to steer, no path to lead him out.
 Embarras'd, craz'd, bewilder'd, and perplex't,
 Peace bleeds, hope dies, and wild despair comes next.

With frightful thoughts his fear-struck fancy teems,
 And images of wo perplex his dreams.
 Prayer is abandon'd, can the mind aspire,
 When hope no longer feeds the sacred fire?
 No friends, no consolation can beguile,
 Or gild his gloomy features with a smile.
 Lost to the useful world and all its cares;
 Lost to his honour, profit, and affairs;
 Lost to the sinless sweet of tranquil life;
 Lost to his parents, children, home, and wife.
 His hollow eyes with wild expression stare,
 His haggard looks bespeak corroding care:
 His soul is on a restless ocean tost,
 His heart congeal'd with everlasting frost.
 Without an anchor, pilot, star, or helm,
 Tremendous billows threaten to o'erwhelm:
 The scene is dismal, and the sky o'ercast,
 Loud roars the wave, and fiercely howls the blast.
 Blue guilt quick flashes thro' the tortur'd soul,
 And deep the peals of angry vengeance roll:
 Like swelling seas blasphemous thoughts arise,
 And dash their impious billows 'gainst the skies.
 No hand to help, no peaceful haven near,
 Fear chills, and sullen hate succeeds to fear.
 Mercy is past, the wretched sinner cries,
 Mercy is past, the wily fiend replies;
 Mercy is past, my rebel-soul is curst,
 Justice, strike home, and, vengeance, do thy worst.

Despair is the most deplorable mental malady in the world; whether it be the offspring of a nervous weakness, or spring solely from the temptations of the devil. It fills the countenance with gloom, and the heart with corroding melancholy; it perverts the divine goodness; casts into shade all the precious promises, and draws a dark veil over the resplendent glories of redeeming love. Few things tend more to harden the mind and disparage scriptural piety, whose ways are pleasantness, and whose delightful paths abound with peace. Instead of beholding Deity as represented in his holy word, the despairing sinner forms a gloomy picture from an image in his own depending and uneasy mind! Not as the God of love,

whose mercies are over all his works; who delighteth not in the death of a sinner; but an ideal monster, compounded of wrath, fury, malignity, and cruelty; somewhat resembling the terrible Thor of our Saxon ancestors. We have a painful instance of this in the case of that noted man Francis Spira.*

My mother continued in this state for several months, wresting the scriptures to her own misery, and desperately skilful in collecting every passage in the sacred book, against whomsoever levelled, and aiming them against her own breast. Hence our Lord's unpardonable sin, St. Paul's fearful falling away, St. John's sin unto death, were as fuel to the flame that burned within. Mercy appeared to be clean gone, and all light vanished, save what served to show the horrors of her situation. I have known her dash the Bible on the floor, and in an agony bordering upon phrenzy exclaim, I am lost, I am lost for ever, lost! lost! lost!—No one can conceive the distress of mind I endured on her account. I sorrowed for my mother, and was willing to become miserable that she might be happy: but alas! I had no knowledge of my own state. My feelings were exquisitely tender towards an earthly parent, but my heart was as hard as the nether millstone towards thee, my God, my Father, and my Friend.

Alas! that the human heart should be so susceptible of natural sorrow, and yet so terribly obdurate towards God and things of infinite moment. We weep for a child, a parent, a beloved friend; when for our deep offences against a pure, holy, and merciful God, we hardly breathe a sigh, utter a groan, or shed a tear; terrible

* I have been informed that it was the opinion of that great and good man, John Wesley, that Francis Spira went to heaven. Possibly he had better reasons for believing this than I am acquainted with, for I must confess, his case has always appeared to me most dark and hopeless.

proof of the moral hardness and depravity of the human heart.

After several months confinement in the iron castle of deep despair, she had one day been unusually softened into something like genuine contrition, and had sat weeping till she fell into a doze; during this abstraction, she heard, as she supposed, an audible voice repeat the words, "Be not of a doubtful mind." She rose from her chair, believing some one had spoke; but there was no person in the room. She felt a sensation of peace, the deep darkness of her mind was dissipated, and rays of distant hope dawned upon her soul. She did not recollect reading the passage; nor could my father, my sister, or myself, remember we had ever seen it; its effects were, however, pleasingly visible.

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

From what principle can we account for this change? was it an illusion of sleep? could this eradicate a deep-rooted malady in the bottom of the soul? But she persisted that she was not asleep, but as sensible during the time as though wide awake.—Was it a creature of the imagination? could imagination have imparted so sweet a peace? could mere fancy create so divine a change? rather was it not the voice of him that speaketh in dreams and visions of the night? the still small voice that whispers love; that voice which calmeth the raging of the sea, that stilleth the noise of the billows, and that by a divine and peculiar energy carrieth peace to the inmost recesses of the troubled conscience? And can we wonder that God should have this influence over the human heart? cannot he, who hath power to wind up the feelings to the highest pitch of distress, drop into the agitated soul the consolation of hope, and the peace of remis-

sion? But the cause never so remote, mysterious, and equivocal, the effects were most beneficial; she was visited with that serenity of mind, and devout earnestness, which was not only a blessing to herself, but a singular satisfaction to every branch of the family.

In speaking of the divine change which my mother felt, I would not become the unqualified advocate for every impulse of the mind, much less would I dignify them with the high and honourable appellation of getting religion.

We speak of getting religion at a prayer-meeting, a camp-meeting, a class-meeting; &c. But I would here ask, is not religion a holy, humble walking with God? Is it not rather the saint's daily practice, than the soul's single act? Is not religion the conformity of our lives to the example and word of Jesus Christ? Is it not a gracious habit, and holy conversation of the Christian? But are habits got in a moment? Is a step, a walk, or an act, a practice? The deepest and most rooted errors in the world, have generally risen from small beginnings. We should be careful that we speak the truth which is according to godliness, and hold fast the form of sound words committed to us by the holy apostles.

A sinner may be pardoned and justified in a moment, and this may take place either at a prayer or camp-meeting; but surely none ought to say, this is getting religion: we might as well call the seed sown, the harvest, or a newly planted sapling, a full bearing fruit-tree. Is there no danger that the seed perish in the earth for want of care, and the sapling become as fruitless as the barren fig-tree. Let us never suppose the putting on the armour is winning the battle, or laying aside our weights that we may run, accomplishing the race itself. Truly all religion must have a beginning; but we do not call the child an active man, nor the recent apprentice an able artist. How much better to say, converted, find peace with God, or obtain a divine change of heart: this

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is both more agreeable to scripture, and also to christian experience, than the other, unless we can prove that a part is the whole, and an act of faith the whole practice of a Christian.

It was not long after my mother obtained a manifestation of divine peace, before the new-born tranquillity of her mind was called to a most severe and distressing test. My brother, who resided in another place, the family's hope, and the darling of his parents, was cut off in a most mysterious and singular manner. He had been at the funeral of a respectable young female whom he loved, and to whom he was engaged. It was in the depth of winter. They returned from the village where she was interred after night-fall: him they missed on the road; but thought he lingered behind to indulge his sorrowful sensations. Next day his horse returned; but no rider. Some friends went in search of him: he was found lying on his face in a meadow; but the vital spirit was forever fled. As no marks of violence were found upon his body, it is more than probable that the anguish of his spirit overcame the animal system, and he died of a broken heart. A deep and mysterious veil rests upon his death, which will probably never be removed till that morn shall rise that casts full day on the darkest scenes of time. How many secrets will the day of judgment unfold, that are now hid from the brightest intelligence upon earth.

Not deeply to discern, not much to know,
Mankind were born to wonder and adore.

YOUNG.

Woes came in clusters: my father died a little while after my brother. He was a quiet, sensible, honest man. Of his religious character I have less to say: I am afraid he was a stranger to vital piety till he lay upon his death-bed. Some pious leaders and members of the Methodist Society then visited and prayed with him; he appeared

to bear his affliction with resignation, and I hope he died in peace.

God spoke in these calamities, but I was deaf to his voice; the rod was brandished over my head, but I did not regard it: hence, though bereaved of an earthly parent, I sought not to give myself up to the Lord; nor could I see in his judgments either sufficient reasons of repentance or reformation.

Though not fifteen years old, I was infatuated by sin, and drawn down the vortex of evil example. Frequently have I spent most of the night in playing cards, and so much had these amulets of the devil bewitched me, that I thought and studied about little else. I call cards amulets of the devil, because they are very bewitching; they produce a habit of gaming, ruin the moral character, and tend greatly to injure the health; they turn night into day, spoil the temper, and take the mind away from useful studies and laudable occupations: by them the heart is corrupted and filled with dishonest chicanery and trick. What trifles can be less worthy the attention of an immortal being? If the great rule of our conduct be the word, and the end of our actions the glory, of God, from what part of scripture can we support this trifling away and killing time? In what shape can amusements of this kind promote God's glory? Should we, in the presence of God, under the apprehension of death, or with the realities of the final judgment in view, sit down and deliberately play cards? O that the defenders of this silly, pernicious amusement, would examine the subject in the light of reason, scripture, and eternity.

Dancing was another practice into which I was drawn by wicked companions, contrary to the advice, and without the knowledge of my pious mother. In the pursuit of this fashionable folly, my morals became daily more corrupt, and my conscience so sleepy, that I often told my mother the most glaring falsehoods respecting where and how I had spent the night. O what a fearful descent

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is there in vice! At first we start and tremble on the brink; our consciences are alarmed; we revolt from great sins—we commit smaller: the conscience is deadened; we take courage: another step, the trembling soul is less afraid—we conquer our repugnance by repeating the offence, till finally we reduce to a habit, that which at first we could not do without great remorse in the act.

The first emotions of the human will,
Are like descending from a lofty hill;
At first with cautious slowness we proceed,
But as we progress forward, mend our speed:
Swifter and swifter, lo! we run, we fly,
Till choice is chang'd to sad necessity.

Or, as Pope says, We pity first, next hug, and then embrace.

I was now familiar with the first stages of a life of finished ungodliness, and wanted little but the finish of infidelity to make the picture complete. To my mother, the best of parents, I was shockingly disobedient: to such a degree, that I have often used insulting language, and refused to comply with the most reasonable requests, though they found an advocate in my guilty and polluted conscience. Sometimes I esteemed it a misfortune to have a pious parent: I wished to think religious people were all hypocrites, that I might have a greater excuse for neglecting piety. The company of some who did not regard their parents, greatly hardened me in disobedience. Truly may it be said, that our manners are formed by the company we keep. O how greatly are the morals of many hopeful boys endangered, by suffering them to associate with idle, wicked, and profane lads. With these I often rambled all night through the town; went to horse-races, wakes, dances; attended the play-house, and often frequented taverns. I several times got intoxicated with spirituous liquors; was proficient in singing profane songs; and to show my wicked associates

that I had as little religion as themselves, would frequently swear and use profane language. In some senses I was reckoned a brave fellow among them; a kind of foremost man, as I was high-spirited, and would fight to defend or protect any of my wicked colleagues: so that they viewed my courage with a kind of fear, and esteemed my friendship a sort of protection. I rarely went into a place of worship except to make a disturbance or to lounge away the time. I could now sport with the infirmities of God's people, and relish a joke though at the expense of religion.

I had been accustomed to make some kind of prayer morning and night; but this now became too severe a task, and I laid it aside altogether. Sometimes the warnings of my mother irritated my conscience in such a manner as to fill me with a sort of temporary madness; and then the volcano within would burst out, first in reflection, and then in disobedient and resentful expressions. Little, my adorable Redeemer, little did I think, that I was then persecuting and reproaching thee in the person of thy people! Forgive me all my ungodly deeds, and O forgive me all my hard speeches.

And now forgive my sins confess'd, deplor'd,
Against thine image in thy saints, O Lord! COWPER.

She would reason, plead, remonstrate, and warn; but I had neither ears to hear, nor eyes to see. My pious mother would weep; but my stony heart did not relent. Sometimes in secret I was deeply grieved at the recollection of my conduct; but Satan would not allow his votary to reflect. I feared going to hell; and yet, by a kind of arithmetical despair, I would calculate upon going there. I was in some sense a fatalist, and thought, Well, if I am to be lost, I may as well go on in sin; and then, with a kind of hardened pride, like Milton's Satan,

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse, all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good.

MILTON.

Nevertheless, every new step in wickedness was a kind of violence offered to my conscience, which ever and anon rang such a larum in the ears of my soul, as made me, if possible, more miserable than I had made myself vile. O what a drudgery is the practice of sin! Truly might the wise man say, "The way of transgressors is hard," and the heathen, *nemo malo felix*, "no wicked man is happy." It is seriously to be questioned, whether a guilty conscience, with all its appendages of fears, remorse, glooms, stings, anticipated hells, and miniature judgments, be not harder to bear than all the crosses, trials, denials, afflictions, contradictions, and difficulties of a life of piety. It is, to be sure, hard to do violence to corrupt nature; but is it not hard, on the other hand, to do violence to conscience, reason, and the dictates of God's spirit in the heart?

Vedeo meliora proboque
Deteriora sequor.

I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

COWPER.

Every one has heard the story of Araspes telling Cyrus that he had two souls at war within. And while the heaven-born principle is opposed, checked, and fought against, the miserable individual is making war upon his own peace. On the contrary, the sweetness of self-denial is superior to the pleasures of sin, gives a silent, inward, 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 christian may count the cost, and look forward with

composure and peace to the immortal reward : but if the sinner count the cost, he must be the miserable supporter of prospective wretchedness and reversionary misery.

I wonder not that brave Colonel Gardiner should say while trampling upon the rights of conscience, and violating the laws of God, that he was often so miserable, he would gladly have exchanged conditions with the most degraded brute animal : this was my case while living without God. I sometimes felt more wretched than I have words to express, and plunged frequently into folly merely to drown the sense of my misery.

From the time my mother became truly serious, she joined herself to the church of England, and attended the ministry of a Mr. G. The zeal of this faithful man was not unworthy of the sacred cause ; hence she greatly profited both by his public and private labours. This upright and zealous man did not think it enough merely to preach once or twice on the Lord's-day ; he was instant in season and out of season ; preaching thrice on the sabbath ; lecturing on Tuesday evening, and meeting once a week for private religious instruction the serious part of his charge. Happy would it be for religion and the church of England, if this plan were adopted by all her ministers. She would then be the glory of all churches, and God would be the glory of her.

From the labours of this evangelical preacher, my mother more and more imbibed the spirit of religion ; her prayers were fervent, often breathed forth with strong cries and tears ; her zeal in reproofing sin was uninfluenced by worldly motives, and her desire to promote my eternal salvation became daily more ardent, till weary of reproof, and growing more wicked as my godly mother became pious, I left home, and went with some others of my wild companions on board a ship of war.

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CHAP. II.

HOW regardless are wicked boys of the feelings and affections of a parent. How rashly will they plunge a thousand daggers in a tender mother's breast: that mother whose life has been devoted to their comfort, who has watched them with the most lively solicitude, nursed them with the tenderest care, whose feeling heart has bled at their pains, wept over their sorrows, and has known no joy separate from their welfare. That affectionate parent, whose life is bound up in her offspring; that tender mother is put to a thousand tortures by the disobedience, the hard-heartedness, and obstinacy of an undutiful child; who having treated her with want of filial respect, abused her kindness, repulsed her tenderness, and harassed her patience, finally flies 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. I had often threatened my pious mother that I would go to sea, and had several times left home with the full intention of going a voyage to the coast of Guinea. My restless mind and roving disposition burned with impatience to see foreign climes. Some of my companions had gone; and those who having returned, boasted of what they had known and seen, were looked upon by me with much greater deference than others; but hitherto something had always interposed; yet in the baseness of my disobedience, I still held it in terrorum whenever my mother offended me by a reproof, or mortified me with a denial. Alas! I was (though only seventeen) become deeply wicked; but my means of wickedness did not correspond with my depraved capacities; I wanted a wider field, a fuller range. Ah, how patient is God not to cut down such mad rebels in the midst of their folly! as

had cast off his fear, and plunged into a variety of things over which purity must cast a veil.

I never then my God address'd
In grateful praise, or humble prayer ;
And if his word was not my jest,
(Dread thought) it never was my care.

CRABBE.

At last the hour arrived when I must be punished for my wickedness, and beaten with my own rod : perhaps this was as good a punishment as the reacting providence of God could have brought upon me ; and as it seemed to grow out of my sin, I could read the hand-writing upon the wall in the midst of my difficulties ; the wild ass's colt was completely curbed, and by how much I had been wicked before, by so much was I punished now, measure for measure : here I saw profaneness in all its diabolical characters, and mixed with men rude as the rock, and boisterous as the storm—good school for experience, but a shocking seminary for vice. I do not wonder that Dr. Johnston should give a prison the preference of a ship of war ; as there are several points in which the subject will admit a close parallel : a prison introduces you into a mixed multitude, some middling, and others desperately wicked ; but all in general destitute of true religion. A prison is a state of close confinement, hard labour, and sometimes severe punishments. In a prison the most severe discipline is used to keep the prisoners in awe ; the jailors are sometimes tyrants, and the penalties severe. 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. Doubtless there are some good ships, and excellent commanders. I myself have known several pious captains in the merchant service, and have heard of a few belonging to ships of war ;

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but alas, the odds are so much on the other side as to give the subject, in general, a very gloomy and unpromising aspect. I was some time on board the *Nassau* 64, afterwards lost on the coast of Holland, with many of her crew; prior to which I was sent with some others on board of the beautiful frigate *Amethyst*, then fitting out in Portsmouth harbour; this vessel had been taken from the French, and was then preparing to cruise against her old masters. Here I had an opportunity of contemplating a complete collection of rebels against God and piety, from the captain to the cabin-boys. I do not recollect that there was one person on board who either truly feared his Maker, or worked righteousness, and yet the crew consisted of nearly three hundred fine young men, many of them fit for any service; but alas, wicked, daring, and profane. We had not so much as the shadow of a chaplain; no, nor yet any religious service on the Lord's day: hence, is it to be wondered at, that blasphemy, gambling, drunkenness, and other wickedness, were carried to an enormous extent; and not even the mention of religion to check the torrent of iniquity? It is not a random or harsh expression to say, that such a man of war is a floating hell.

As this was eighteen years ago, there may be some happy changes for the better now. The officers may not set so profane an example; each ship may be furnished with a faithful and zealous chaplain; the captains may prohibit swearing under certain penalties; the men may be supplied with bibles and religious tracts; the sabbath may be more regularly observed; the custom of admitting unchaste females on board may be prohibited altogether; and the men, encouraged by the example of their officers, may be moral, regular, and orderly.

Our station was to cruise off the coast of France, peep into the French harbours, and annoy their trade as much as possible. We continued in company with other frigates in this career till December, 1796, when we put into Tor-

bay for wood and water. We sailed on the 28th of the same month, and the following evening were overtaken with a severe gale of wind, which continued through the whole of as dark and dismal a night as was perhaps ever experienced. A part of the first watch were allowed to be below. I lay down in my hammock, and immediately started up with the terrific dream that the ship had struck on a rock. At three o'clock in the morning this presentiment was realized; we were then going before the wind, which was blowing a gale, the sky thick and rainy, and the roaring of the waves horrible; the vessel with close reefed topsails was dashing rapidly through the boiling foam, and as she descended a sea, she struck with a most tremendous crash upon a reef. O how did that shock pierce the hearts of all on board! Instantly all was confusion, solicitude, and despair. The night dismally dark, the wild wind roaring furiously, the sea all in a foam, and our gallant ship dashing upon the rocks, formed a scene of sublime and terrible distress, worthy of the pen of Salvator Rosa. Ah, what a change was this from the preceding day. All was then mirth, riot, and drunkenness; but death now stared us in the face. Even our profane boatswain, (a profaner never lived in the suburbs of the bottomless pit) cried in the most lamentable manner, "Lord, have mercy upon me; we are all lost."

Whence is it that in times of danger the human heart naturally turns to God as its only refuge? for even mariners, who are often the profanest and most atheistical of beings, will then call upon God, and thus acknowledge his power over the elements, his omnipresence, and his providence. Perhaps it is the natural tendency of adversity to drive us to take refuge in the arms of a being possessed of unerring wisdom, communicative goodness, and boundless power.

In the midst of our calamity, when we had reason to fear that every moment would be our last, a tremendous surge lifted us over the ledge, and we once more rested

on the bosom of the waves; if that could be any consolation in a sinking ship on a stormy sea, and surrounded with darkness and tempest. When our carpenter sounded the bell, his report was hardly less dismal than the death-warrant of a criminal who has been just looking for a reprieve. The chain and hand-pumps were all manned with an alacrity that promised we should not go to the bottom if labour could prevent it; but every effort to gain upon the water was in vain; it prevailed, and the ship appeared to be sinking very fast, as the water was in the hold nearly up to the combings of the hatchway. Sails were let down under the bows to try to stop the leak. The guns, anchors, and boats, were all thrown overboard, save one of each, and this seemed to lighten us a little. Fresh vigour seemed to inspire every exertion; and many were employed in bailing the water from the hatchway. The moments appeared as hours, and dismal anxiety was depicted upon every face.

For my own part, I gave up all as lost; and while not employed in pumping, leaned my head upon a part of the vessel; the horrors of my situation fell upon my spirits like a black cloud. I could not pray; the heavens appeared like brass; the earth as iron, and my heart as a nether millstone. The ghosts of my past sins stalked before me in ghastly forms; and a sense of my disobedience, folly, and wickedness, stung me to the quick. Ah me, I would have given millions of worlds to have had one hope of mercy. The prospect of a watery grave, and a plunge into a still deeper gulf, drank up all my spirits. I was petrified to stone; and had scarcely any feelings but of the deepest misery.

In this state of mind I continued till the appearance of light. O welcome light; never did a Greenlander salute thee with more gratitude; never did a Mexican hail thee with greater pleasure, than the poor forlorn crew of the sinking Amethyst on that long-wished for morning.

Reader, if ever thou hast been in a sinking ship, on a dark night, and stormy ocean, thou mayest realize our feelings. The morning dawned, but we saw no land. All was again gloomy sadness and sullen despair; pale, silent despondency sat upon the faces of the officers; and some of the men wrapping themselves up in their hammocks, with stoical apathy, seemed reconciled to a watery grave.

It was not supposed that the ship would swim more than an hour longer; every lurch brought her deeper in the water, and every wave seemed the one commissioned to ingulph us in the bowels of the deep; when, to our inexpressible satisfaction, the man aloft saw the island of Alderney, and the French coast of Normandy; rocky places, but there was some prospect we might stick on some of them, and have at least a remote chance for our lives.

We steered towards them with the desperate intention of running the vessel upon the nearest reef, let the risk of going to pieces be never so great; it was at least as safe an alternative as sinking to the bottom. Happy for us, the gale was in our favour to make the island. Now hope and fear by turns ruled every breast, whether she would strike and go down, or stick fast among the dismal crags. Our pilot knowing the island, carried the sinking frigate as clear of the rocks as possible, till within a half a mile of the shore, when the swell of a mighty billow carried her with terrible impetuosity upon a hidden reef: this was the critical moment of our fate, but the three masts cut away, another sea carried us still farther upon the ledge, where we stuck. Awfully raked by the tremendous breakers that dashed against our bows, which by means of our last anchor and cable had been brought round to the sea, swept our decks and covered us with foam. Being upon the main-deck when a tremendous wave rushed upon us over the fore-castle,

and knowing I should be swallowed up, I made a desperate leap, and got hold of the boom and spars; and thus, by the mercy of God, was saved from a dismal fate.

We made repeated signals of distress to the inhabitants, who were now collecting upon the beach; but the surf was so dangerous, and the gale so high, that no boat would venture to our relief; the only one we had left (the jolly-boat) was veered away astern in hopes she might reach the shore, but a terrible breaker struck her, and dashed her to shivers in an instant. Thus our forlorn hope was nearly destroyed, and our situation truly deplorable; more than half a mile from the shore, surrounded and almost overwhelmed by furious breakers. Had the ship gone to pieces in this crisis, perhaps not one-tenth of the crew would have been saved; but mercy, rich, boundless mercy, intended for most of us a longer date. Just now a large boat, with eight stout seamen, ventured to leave the pier and come to our relief; but alas, before they had long left the shore, a furious breaker rushing forward with fatal impetuosity, rolled over both boat and men; some of whom sank to rise no more; the rest were carried by the same wave far upon the beach, and the people joining hands, rescued them from the reflux tide.

In this situation we remained from eight in the morning till three in the afternoon; when the sea falling, and the tide having ebbed, a few boats ventured from the shore to our assistance; and coming under 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 no prospect of surviving till morning. Wet, hungry, cold, and exhausted with pumping the preceding night, and repeated exertions through the day; some ventured upon the ropes; but as this was at best both a difficult and dangerous task, the greater part continued on board till the surf had so far subsided that more boats ventured under our stern, and we dropt one by one into

them, till by the blessing of a divine and gracious Providence, we all got safe ashore.

REFLECTIONS.

It might be supposed that such a tremendous shipwreck and merciful deliverance would have made a deep and lasting impression on my foolish heart, and the hearts of others. Alas, alas, nothing of this kind took place. Instead of prayer, thanksgiving, and gratitude, the night of our deliverance was spent in dancing, riot, and drunkenness. Thus did we wantonly abuse the mercy of God, and trifle with the patience that spared our sinful lives. But when did mere calamities affect the obdurate heart of man, till touched by divine grace? Misfortunes may overwhelm, poverty frown, sickness blast, providence lower, and calamities multiply; but the fortress of hardened, fallen nature, is too strong to fear such artillery; it is only by the piercing energies of the Holy Spirit that the human heart can be truly penetrated and deeply softened.

Is there a thing that moves, and breaks
A hail as hard as stone?
That melts a heart as cold as ice?
'Tis Jesu's blood alone.

Some of the seamen having embarked on board of Sir Sidney Smith's ship, the *Diamond*, a little prior to her being captured at Havre de Grace, the remainder with myself were left on the Island, which at this time was in a deplorable situation for want of supplies. Even the little garrison of invalids were in a starving state. At length I thought if no one else would take care of me I must take care of myself. So I got acquainted with the master of a smuggling vessel, and he with the generosity worthy a seaman, offered to carry me to Lyme in Dorsetshire. In the night he came, and put me on board

his vessel, in which I was, for fear of discovery, obliged to be stowed away in a little hole under the fore-castle, where I had to continue nearly a week, lying upon a damp sail, fed by the mate, who sent me provisions daily, till the vessel left the harbour, and then I was gladly called upon deck. After being chased by a Revenue Cutter, and having had to moor about three hundred kegs of brandy in the bottom of the sea, we arrived at Lyme in Dorsetshire.

I would now have returned home; but I had only three French crowns in the world, and nearly 200 miles to travel; and having no clothes but those on my back, (jacket and trowsers) having been robbed of all my best apparel in Alderney; and withal, being afraid of the press-gangs, so common in every seaport town in the kingdom; hence I continued in the neighbourhood of Lyme, assisting, as opportunity offered, sometimes the smugglers, and afterwards the fishermen. All this time (nearly a year) I was never but once in a place of worship; indeed, I had nearly lost all sense of religion.

Most of my restraints had ceased to operate, and there were few vices but into which I readily volunteered, or was easily persuaded to plunge. I had no pious parent near to check me; I saw no religion, not even the faintest form, among my acquaintances; the impressions of my childhood were well nigh erased; and I lived literally without God in the world. And is this, ye proud-hearted moralists, the being naturally inclined to good? Alas, alas, ye vain boasters of the excellence, the rectitude of human life; ye deifiers of reason, behold the picture; without divine grace preventing, assisting, and directing the human mind, man is *earthly, sensual, and devilish*.

I have much cause to be thankful, that during this dark and dismal vacation of divine influence, my mind was never poisoned with deism, or warped aside by the infidel writings of the day. I was, it is true, immoral and

wicked; but according to the best of my bad notions, I still believed the word of God. I had no doubt but religion was true; but with regard to myself, I cared little about it. Yet, when writing to my mother, I would still use religious terms; not that like the hypocritical cameleon, I was willing to conform myself to the colour of the nearest object, but out of mere respect for the feelings and sentiments of my pious parent. Perhaps in a similar state many have religious terms at the end of their pen, and beginning of their letters, who have them, alas, nowhere else. However, even this is infinitely preferable to bold-faced infidelity, and supercilious contempt of the word of God.

During the summer I shipped myself in a large cutter that traded to Wales, and now again thought that I would give myself up to a seafaring life. Ah, my God, I had no thought of thee, or what kind of life would best promote thy glory. The sea is thine, and the land is thine, but I chose neither with an intent to please thee; thy glory was not in my thoughts; wild, headstrong desire, restless anxiety, and the vain, mad hope of changing my pleasures with my place, prompted my conduct. My heart was debased, nor was there a sin but I found either a desire or an opportunity to commit. On the mighty ocean I did not acknowledge thy hand; on shore I sought only the gratification of animal appetites. Few have such opportunities of beholding the wonders of the Lord as seamen; and none are more indifferent to the operations of his power: and though the dangers of a seafaring life can hardly be equalled by any other, yet few are more hardened, daring, and fearless, than mariners.

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 The shatter'd mast,
 The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock;
 The breaking spout,
 The stars gone out,
 The boiling streight, the monster's shock,

YOUNG.

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are amongst the many dangers to which they are continually exposed. Were they men truly pious, how dear to the confiding mind is the idea, that God rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm; that he is the God of nature as well as redemption. All the elements act in perfect obedience to his will; he makes the clouds his chariot, and rideth upon the wings of the wind. The forked lightning darts at his command; there are no random shafts. The dreadful thunder rolls harmless over the object he preserves: the roaring tempest, and the mountainous wave are alike under his control: he makes the sleeping billows roll, the rolling billows sleep. Happy is the man who can apply in times of danger these gracious declarations; "I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: in him will I trust. Thou shalt not be afraid of 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."

I do not know whether David was ever at sea, but I apprehend both from Jonah's account, and his, that sailors in those days were more noted for fearing God than at present. It is true, the late Lord Nelson, after some signal victories, ordered thanksgiving through all the fleet; but whether his Lordship has many successors in this good work, I will not at present determine.

David, who has justly described a storm, speaks of his mariners crying unto the Lord in their trouble; "God maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still; then they are glad because they be quiet." But is this the case among modern sailors? I am afraid not. I have been at sea in the most terrible gales, squalls, thunder-storms, and dangerous lee-shores. but I do not recollect any praying: they are glad when deliverance comes, it is true; but how is this manifested? 1st. By singing songs; 2d. By drinking grog; 3d. By dancing and

capering; or 4th. By mischief and roguery. Thus the men, that of all others, are most exposed to dangers and peril, have little or no sense of moral obligation. Is it because the sea hardens men more than the land? Or that the sabbath is sadly neglected on board of most ships; nay, wantonly profaned? Or shall we say, that the officers of most ships are profane and ungodly? Is there a shadow of religion on board of the generality of ships? Were the leading characters God-fearing men, there is no doubt but sailors, who are frequently open, generous-hearted souls, would be susceptible of divine influence. I have frequently conversed both with sailors and soldiers, who lamented this dearth of piety in the army and the navy; alleging that they could not reform and save their souls on account of their officers being some of them so infamous for wickedness; who, should they see any seriousness in a private man, would treat him with derision, cruelty, and contempt. It is greatly to be lamented that ships of war are so destitute of the means of piety. Are we afraid that the defenders of our nation should be godly men? Would true piety make them less diligent and faithful? Why are there not spiritual chaplains to every ship? Why is not every man furnished with a Bible? Why is not divine worship stately attended to? Answer these things, ye who rule our naval affairs; but I am afraid not in the fear of God.

After making a few trips to Wales in my new employ, I met with a circumstance that finally, under God, was the means of breaking me from the ocean, and dissolving the chain that bound me to a seafaring life. We had been at Tenby, in Wales, and were returning to Bridport; but one night as we were passing the Land's End, we were brought to by the Amphitrite frigate, which detained us several hours. Meanwhile the flood-tide rolling in from the south-west, had set us in shore more than the mate, who had the watch upon deck, computed; hence, after the vessel had been under way a few hours, being upon

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deck, I thought I saw breakers under our lee-bow, distance about half a mile. I mentioned this to the mate, who would not believe me; however, we prepared to wear ship, but before this could be effected, she struck with a tremendous crash upon the rocks, and continued to touch and run, (as the sailors phrase it) till finally she stuck fast. The captain, (who was part owner) ran upon deck like a frantic person, crying, "I am ruined, I am ruined! my vessel is ashore! my vessel is ashore!" abusing and upbraiding the mate as the cause of the calamity. I, who was more intent upon saving my life than thinking about the vessel, cut the lashing of the boat, and having made fast the painter, with the help of another hand, launched her overboard. The captain became more composed; but the vessel, on the roll of each sea, struck dismally; and had there been much wind, would inevitably have gone to pieces, as she was deeply laden. Fearing she would beat the bottom out, we got the sails, oars, a compass, and some biscuit in the boat; but upon the earnest entreaties of the captain, we agreed not to leave the vessel till daylight. Meanwhile the mate and myself rowed round some distance, and found we were completely embayed with rocks, save the narrow channel through which we had entered. The wind having shifted in the night, now blew off shore, so that by daylight the tide having floated us, we cut the cable we had carried out in the night, and filling at the same time our jib, got the vessel's head round to the sea; but to our blank amazement, when the mate went to shift the helm, the rocks had cut it off level with the water's edge. Thus was our situation truly dismal; we had cut our anchor from the bows; were without rudder in a deeply laden vessel; and added to our other calamities, she began to leak fast; the wind blew off shore, with fog and haze; and should the vessel have gone down, our little boat would hardly have carried us to shore.

In this situation we continued all the day, pumping with all our might, and firing our signal gun, to let any vessel that might pass in the fog know our situation. The land was shut in, and fear and despondency, exertion and anxiety, preyed upon all our minds. Sometimes we would conclude to abandon her and take to the boat: then again, the captain would encourage our hope that some vessel would heave in sight. And just before night, a fisherman heard our gun, and bore down to us, and hailing told us he would take us into harbour for five guineas; but when informed we had no rudder, the man seemed panic struck; however the captin told him, that if he would go in quest of some vessel that could tow us in, he would give him the stipulated sum. The man was not long before he met a Revenue Cutter, which he apprized of our situation; and the captain, with the humanity of a British sailor, came to our assistance; and taking us in tow, sent a number of his men to work the pumps, and keep the vessel from sinking, as we were greatly exhausted, and the water was gaining upon us fast. They succeeded in getting us into Catwater near Plymouth: thus was I a second time saved from the ocean, and preserved by the good providence of a long-suffering God.

Oft has the sea confess'd thy power,
 And given me back at thy command;
 It could not, Lord, my life devour,
 Safe in the hollow of thine hand.

But did I in all these deliverances acknowledge thy goodness, O God, my preserver? Did I own thy hand, and thankfully adore thy power? Did I say, my God, thou hast preserved me, and I will love thee? Alas, I did not. I was a wretch, ungrateful and unclean; a vile rebel amidst the sweetness of thy love; a rebel amidst the thunders of thy law; to the drawings of thy Spirit I was insensible, and to the beauties of holiness blind and benight-

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ed; amidst changes my heart remained unchanged; amidst dangers unmoved, amidst calamities and mercies unreformed. Thy voice called me, but I was as the deaf adder and the wild ass's colt; thy goodness watered, but I was a barren fig-tree. I did not pray, though I had ten thousand reasons; I did not praise, though my life abounded with mercies; I did not repent, though laden with sin; nor fear thy wrath, though exposed to it every moment. Well might the royal Psalmist cry out, What is man? A monster of ingratitude; a dupe of folly; a tool of Satan, and a slave of sin.

Range the wide world, explore the ocean round,
 Skim the blue sky, or pierce the solid ground;
 Look every page of nature's volume through,
 All things examine, and all creatures view;
 Then say, and prove the assertion, if you can,
 Does aught in nature equal such a man?
 All things submit to a superior force,
 Rocks wear away, and rivers change their course:
 The firmest marble, and the brightest ore,
 Gold of Peru, or gems of Visiapour,
 Are meekly passive: all some force obey;
 Gold will dissolve, and diamonds melt away;
 Marble obeys the chisel and the saw,
 And solar beams a rock of ice will thaw:
 The flaming forge o'ercomes well temper'd steel,
 And flinty glass is fashion'd at the wheel;
 But man's rebellious heart no power can bend,
 No flames can soften, no concussions rend,
 Till the pure Spirit soften, pierce, and melt,
 And the warm blood is on the conscience felt.

Though the difficulties and dangers to which I had been exposed made a seafaring life appear extremely irksome, yet I did not know well how to leave the vessel; hence when she was repaired I made another trip to Wales. This was hardly less dangerous than the former; for meeting a gale of wind off the Land's End, we sprang our bowsprit, split the mainsail, and with some difficulty made the

harbour of St. Ives. After we left this we got entangled with the Caermarthen sands; and as the vessel did not stay well, and in some trim would hardly wear, we narrowly escaped running on some dangerous shoals in a very dark night.

Now, for the first time since I had come to sea, I kneeled down to pray. It was my watch to look out ahead; no one was near; I could neither be seen nor heard for the noise of the wind and sea; I begged of God to bring me safe to land, and I would serve him to the best of my ability. But I had no knowledge of thy pure spiritual service, O God of light and purity; abstaining from outward sin, and going to church, were, in my poor views, the essential parts of religion; to which I would add, living a decent, moral, orderly life. The renewal of the nature, faith working by love, the operations of the Holy Spirit, inward purity, zeal, patience, meekness, and heavenly-mindedness, were things of which I had no conception. Alas, how is vital internal religion overlooked by thousands who profess the name of Jesus; who live decent, regular lives; are honest, sober, temperate, diligent, and punctual, but devoid of the graces of the Spirit, and the power of experimental godliness.

Ah, where that humble, self-abasing mind,
 With that confiding spirit, shall we find,
 That feels the useful pain repentance brings,
 Dejection's sorrows, and contrition's stings,
 And then the hope that heaven these griefs approve,
 And lastly, joy, that springs from pard'ning love? CRABBE.

We arrived the next day at Tenby, and as soon as the vessel was got into the pier, and the captain and mate gone ashore, I silently packed up some of my things, and put on a suit of long clothes I had bought, and set off on foot to travel the whole length of Wales to the city of Chester. How light and happy did I feel to be

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once more on shore. If I had but little money, I had health and spirits. The world was all before me, where to choose my place of rest; and Providence my guide.

After passing through Pembrokeshire, part of Cardiganshire, Merionethshire, and Denbighshire, I arrived at the city of Chester, and narrowly escaped getting pressed. What a mockery is the name of liberty where such a gross violation of human rights prevails. We may talk of our well-framed constitution, our magna charta, habeas corpus, or whatever else we please; but while there is a press-gang in our streets, freedom is a fancy; liberty is a dream; and the pillars of our lovely constitution, repeatedly undermined by this palpable infraction of the rights of man, may in the end fall, and bury the whole nation beneath the ruins of liberty, justice, and equal laws.

As I felt an utter aversion to going again to sea, there is hardly an evil I would not have endured rather than that of being pressed. I had seen enough of the ocean to make me heartily tired of it; and after much reflection and many years experience, I am persuaded that a seafaring life is of all others the most uncomfortable and dangerous, immoral and hardened. There may be pious sailors, and I have known a few; but in general, the piety of a ship and a prison may be coupled together.

I am fully convinced, that both the army and the navy in their present state are painfully unfavourable to Christian morals. Let any one read Mr. Cowper's animated description of the progress of vice in a raw recruit, an account as true as it is painful, and he will be convinced the army is not the best place for a serious person.

The life of a sailor is a life of woe. It is true he is bold and cheerful; but then he is thoughtless, profane, and desperate; he is generous, but dissolute; playful, but superstitious and rash. His song, his bumper, and his girl, (perhaps a street-pacing harlot,) form his trio of

pleasure. He rarely thinks, seldom reads, and never prays. His life is in jeopardy every hour, and yet he laughs at the idea of death, and deems it an insult to be told that he fears it. He justifies his profaneness by necessity, and his neglect of religion by a marine joke. Speak to him of the call of God, he tells you something about the boatswain's call; tell him of the danger of being drowned, he cites a profane song, and tells of a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, and looks out for a birth for poor Jack. He is the victim of tyrants at sea, and the dupe of knaves and harlots on shore. He labours like a horse, and spends his money like the merest prodigal. I was told by lieutenant M——r, in the Somers Islands, that having to fetch some seamen on board who had been drinking and carousing, one of them seemed particularly sullen and unwilling to go; but the officer insisting, he took several guineas from his pocket, and jerking them into the sea, went into the boat as gay and blithe as a lark. When on board, where they cannot spend it, they set no value on property, and will hazard a watch or a pair of silver buckles on the turn of a card or the cast of a die as freely as a button. Thus these useful, but immoral men, frequently trifle on till a fall from the yard, a gust of wind, a fatal bullet, a yellow fever, dismal shipwreck, or a tremendous wave, hurries them into eternity.

My friend, whoever thou art that readest this, if thou hast one spark of grace, one sentiment of piety, the least shade of godly fear, or the remotest hope of being a Christian, do not go to sea. At sea the sabbath is hardly known, the gospel is not heard, prayers are not offered up, reading the scripture is not attended to, thy companions are wicked, and thy calling will expose thee to be wicked also.

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CHAPTER III.

MY return home and interview with my dear mother was affectionate and joyful, but this soon gave place to anxiety. There were marines in town, and these understanding I had been at sea, wished to take a liking to me—mercenary wretches many of them, who would entrap their own father for the paltry sum of half a guinea. Had they, as they intended, got me into their clutches, I had no wealthy relations at hand to rescue me from their power, and prevent my being sent on board a man of war. I had, indeed, a rich uncle some sixteen miles distant; but rich uncles are not always the most generously disposed towards poor nephews. So, not thinking myself safe, I left home, and went to an acquaintance at a country village, about eleven miles from the place of my nativity.

On my way I happened to overtake an elderly woman with whom I had been formerly acquainted. After a little conversation she invited me to her house, and withal requested me that evening to go and hear a preacher, who had to preach in the village, (Radcliff Bridge.) I readily complied with the good woman's invitation, not, however, without reflecting upon the probability of forming some new acquaintance.

I had often been to hear the Methodists, as well as other dissenters, but all pastors are alike to wandering sheep resolved to follow none: however, on that evening the word made a deeper impression on my mind than any preaching I had ever heard. The text was, "Whoso covereth his sins shall not prosper; but he that confesseth and forsaketh them shall find mercy." The preacher dwelt much upon living in the practice of concealed iniquity, and the danger and fatal consequences of such

conduct. To me the reasoning appeared clear and just; some parts came home to my case, especially the arts young people use, and falsehoods they 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 particularly upon the different appearance people put on to cover their vices, and especially affecting to virtues opposite to their character.

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

Light flashed upon my mind as the preacher reasoned, and I felt within my conscience a confirmed impression that I was wrong, and greatly exposed to the displeasure of the Almighty on account of my sins. But though I was tired of wandering, and felt some desires to fall upon at least as much religion as would satisfy my conscience, without too much restricting my inclinations; being naturally volatile, fond of company, and withal trifling, the idea of true piety, in its self-denying and pleasure-hating austerity, was by no means pleasing to my mind: in sooth, I wished for religion to satisfy my conscience, and pleasure to gratify my passions.

Alas, how many in the world say, suffer it thus far. They come to the very borders of flesh-crucifying religion, and then stop. Nay, they even contend that most of the follies and amusements of the day are not only perfectly innocent, but even consistent with religion. Thus they make an easy transit from the temple to the theatre, from the ball-room to the sacrament, and the card-table is the preparation for evening prayers.

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Through every folly, thick and thin they dash on,
 But doubt their piety you raise their passion :
 Shall we be stiff, precise, and singular ?
 What needs so much ado, such pious stir ?
 Religion, you mistake, it cannot need
 Monastic rigours to support the creed.
 Away with all your gloomy, casting stuff,
 A little piety is well enough ;
 A sweetly, mild, conciliating plan,
 Form'd to delight, not cauterize the man.
 But he that sets stern reprobation's seal
 On every gay and fashionable ill,
 Tissues his gloomy notions with a frown,
 Then runs all sprightly, sweet-ey'd pleasures down ;
 Is narrow, rigid, righteous overmuch,
 And bedlam is the fittest place for such.

I recollect while I was on a mission in the Somers Islands, I had, at their earnest desire, admitted several reputable young ladies to the Lord's table, but after a little while, hearing that they had been persuaded to go to a ball, I thought it my duty to apprize them, that I could not again admit them to the same privilege, and warned any who attended the foolish amusements of the world, not to come at the peril of their souls. My conduct, in this instance, gave high offence ; notes and letters were sent me to give explanations of my measures ; threats and menaces followed each other, and indirect challenges were sent ; I was the worst man in the world, so rigid, so uncharitable, that, according to my plan, no one could be saved. What, expel a young lady from the Lord's table for following the innocent, respectable amusement of her wiser friends and venerable forefathers, who had established balls in the island time immemorial ? This was not to be borne, I should be made to suffer for my conduct. Some said that I was a gloomy fanatic, and others wished they could saw their subscription out of the chapel.

Upon the subject of dancing, I would say, *qui bono*, of what use is it? Has it the remotest tendency to glorify God? Is it a serious, rational, and innocent practice? Would a transit from the ball-room to the bar of God be at all pleasant? O, but it is an amusement! And under this idea grave men have defended that which kills time, dissipates the mind, seduces to vice, and finally plunges into perdition thousands of gay, thoughtless, volatile, young persons.

Thus when a christian minister exhibits the cross, his foes take fire, his friends get alarmed, and it is ten to one but his own household will become his enemies. But to return;

I did not think that to laugh, trifle, and sing foolish songs, was improper. I loved dancing and other amusements, which, by the by, appeared quite harmless. How faint and glimmering is the light that beams upon the carnal mind. The grossest sins may indeed appear wrong; but dim and remote are seen the evils of the heart. Pride, anger, concupiscence, unbelief, covetousness, and ingratitude, are hardly noticed. It is the sun alone that discovers all objects; the starlight of reason, and the taperlight of science may discover enormities; but till the Sun of righteousness shine upon the soul, the heart is callous, and the mind is dark.

The sermon I heard had nevertheless a good effect upon my conduct; I discontinued several profane and improper things, and thought I would in some degree reform my life, for I was still ignorant that any more was necessary than a well regulated exterior. Heart religion did not then enter into my views, nor did I know that such a thing was necessary.

I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design:
The length and breadth I never saw,
Nor height of love divine.

WATTS.

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How blind and foolish was I to suppose that any thing less than the heart can be acceptable to the great God; without the surrender and renovation of this, prayer is mere babbling, faith is a fable, and zeal a strange fire offered upon God's altar.

About this time I was introduced by a young man into a company of pious females, who appeared to feel such an interest in my welfare, as made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. They requested to join in prayer: this was perfectly novel to me; for I hardly knew that there was a praying woman in the world besides my own mother. I was much pleased, affected, and benefited, by their devout conduct and pious conversation. Perhaps nothing in the world has a greater tendency to recommend and set off piety, than the conduct of an amiable and serious female. Some wretches, with Pope the poet at their head, accustomed only to contemplate women through the medium of a Mahomedan opinion, have asserted, that every woman is at heart a rake. But history, the faithful mirror of human actions, presents to our view an infinite number of most worthy, pious, and dignified females; as eminent for talents 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 evidences 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 washwomen; and rarely allows them any share of social intercourse with the other sex; yet the very foundation on which he has constructed his two matchless poems are women.

It appears also from all the dramatic writers of ancient Greece, 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 the sensual 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 down to those who were satisfied to take them with the least money.

This 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 extremités de la vie seraient sans secours, et le milieu sans plaisirs.* "Without women, the two extremities of life would be helpless, and the middle of it joyless."

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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 kind 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.

Hers 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 heat,
Where wand'ring man may trace his kind;
Wherever grief and want retreat,
In woman they compassion find.

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. CRABBE.

For my own part, I hardly think it an exaggerated calculation to suppose, that there may be one-third more pious females in the world than males. No one can

deny that women 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; Mary, Dorcas, Lydia, and the beloved Kuria, mentioned by St. John, all seem to have been distinguished females. We might mention many whose piety, if not labours, has been an ornament to religion, an honour to society, and a blessing to the world.—To return.

After the evening spent with the pious females mentioned above, I became resolved to neglect no opportunity of hearing the word of God, which began to have a blessed effect upon my mind. I left off singing profane songs from a conviction of its being wrong; and, strange to tell! though I knew perhaps several scores of love, hunting, sea, and war songs, they all went from me in the most singular manner; and those hymns which I had learned in infancy, though they had been forgotten several years, returned to my mind. I had indeed, by venturing into the company of some giddy young people nearly made shipwreck of my good impressions; but God, who saw my wavering and undecided will, consigned me over to affliction. A complaint in my throat, for which I could give no account nor get any relief, now seized me. I had always been healthy, and this affliction, coming at this particular crisis, was, I have no doubt, from the Lord's hand. It made the impressions I had received more deep; it alarmed me extremely, and drove me to prayer; it excited in my mind a most earnest desire to know the right way; like a powerful caustic, it burned up my sensual desires, drew a veil over the vanities of the world, and opened so fully the awfulness of dying without an interest in Christ, that my soul breathed and struggled continually for vital hope and divine peace.

I ventured to accept an invitation to class-meeting; all things appeared new to me. I looked with singular veneration upon the leader, and thought the meeting

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truly and impressively solemn: my mind was greatly affected, and the tears trickled down my cheeks like rivulets. I am persuaded that these meetings, though not minutely described in holy writing, are nevertheless among the most useful and vital means of grace. In Great Britain, Nova Scotia, the United States, and the Islands of Bermuda, I have heard thousands testify the benefit received from class-meetings; and I justly consider them as the promoters and palladium of Methodism. They tend greatly to instruct, comfort, quicken, and encourage the flock; they bring Christians acquainted with one another, and furnish a continually new spur to holiness and diligence; they bring forward and ripen gifts for extemporaneous prayer; they are good schools to improve the talents of young men who may be called to the ministry; and next to the Book of God, 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, manifestations, victories, coldness, wanderings, besetments, helps, hopes, answers to prayer, interpositions, reliefs, complaints: there is often discovered the beautiful unfoldings of divine grace in the soul, during the periods of its infancy, youth, maturity, and confirmed fatherhood in the divine life. Many run out against these as popery, and doubtless they are liable to great abuses: but I would ask, what connexion is there betwixt a few serious people speaking to each other of the things of God, and popery? The reviewers have made a mighty handle of this simple means of christian edification, as drilling persons into hypocrisy, and so on. Alas! that these mistaken men should speak so boldly of things not within the limits of their knowledge.

In addition to class-meeting, I attended all the means of grace; these on many occasions gave me sweet glimps-

ses of, and divine drawings towards, the Lord Jesus. Anon I would sink into despondency and dryness, and be ready to give up all as lost. I strove continually with the besetment of my nature, entered into several covenants with God, and promised greater strictness, watchfulness, and care; yet in spite of all, I was sometimes borne away by the violence and impetuosity of temptation.

After being overtaken with sin, I would redouble my prayers, and when not visited with the temptation for several days, congratulated myself on having obtained the victory. All this time I mortified my body to such a degree, that sometimes I was so weak I could hardly attend to any thing.

My greatest desire was to feel more humble, more contrite, and dead to the world. My mind was frequently much distressed on account of hardness of heart. Alas, I wanted to be sanctified before I had any knowledge of a state of pardon. Owing to this mistake (which I am confident prevents thousands from coming to the Lord Jesus in the simplicity of faith) I wandered from the point, seldom praying directly for faith, but chiefly for contrition; and not unfrequently for all the graces of the Spirit. I had some latent thoughts that my mind must be prepared in this manner, before I could obtain a sense of divine reconciliation. Perhaps this was owing to a refined principle of self-righteousness; secretly wishing to do something in order to merit salvation at the hands of God. By how many plausible ways does the devil 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.

I knew that I could be saved no other way than purely by Christ, as a poor, miserable, guilty sinner; and sometimes I would kneel down to pray under the impression I should now get the blessing; but, after praying a few

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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, I would go out into the fields and woods, and think I should not be interrupted, and might wrestle with God till I obtained the prize; but a rustling among the bushes or trees made me think some person was near: then again I would set apart some particular nights to read the word of God, and pray all night, hoping to have my soul divinely refreshed with a sense of pardon: but then as soon as I felt drowsy, I would desist, thinking that my prayers could not be acceptable to God. Frequently an unaccountable despondency would paralyze all my endeavours; my besetting sin raged like a fury, while despair and fear so completely chilled my mind, I dared not look up to God for mercy: all appeared as lost, and I had no consolation left, but the reflection, that if I were sent to hell I would justify God in the deep abyss of everlasting wo. On these occasions I have spent many sorrowful hours: and at night feared to shut my eyes, lest I should awake in everlasting misery. Ah! if all the deep exercises of my mind had been written during this restless period, they would form a shady picture of lamentation, mourning, and wo. Sometimes I had fears lest the horrible doctrine of reprobation were true; and that myself was among the unhappy number for whom Deity felt no compassion; for whom atoning mercy never shed a drop of precious blood: if so, I thought I might as well sin on; for what would all my strivings avail, if there were no grace, no Saviour, no promise? but a fearful looking for of judgment. Fears too, that I had committed the unpardonable sin, would often darken the gloom that surrounded my soul; all heightened by the natural workings of my corrupt nature, and the powerful temptations of the devil, sometimes made me roll on the floor in an agony of distress. It often appeared as though the devil were let loose on purpose to tempt me; and though I

wept and strove, dreaded the tempter, abhorred myself, yet was I often overcome by the enemy; and being drawn within the whirl, was plunged down the vortex of evil. Atheistical thoughts would often rush into my mind; and I would say, what if there be no God, if religion is a fable, and the Bible a romance? But these were seldom of long continuance. I have infinite reason to be thankful that I never was in any period of my life given up to infidelity. Even when I did not obey it, I venerated the word of God, and though destitute of its power, I always believed in the reality of religion.

I still attended all the means of grace, and was on some occasions greatly comforted, but I did not often hear the exercises of penitents dwelt upon with sufficient minuteness. Preaching in generals may have its uses, but certainly it is not the best way. A sermon of this kind may be all true, all good, all scriptural, and yet not suit the case of a single individual in the congregation. I grant it is the easiest way of preaching; it requires little study, less knowledge, and may be delivered without any experience at all. The believer looks up, he has no share; the penitent has no share; the relapse has no share; the weak, desponding, tempted, drooping, and perplexed, have no share. 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.

I would sometimes hear sinners addressed, and sometimes saints; but I thirsted to hear the nature of justifying faith explained, and the doctrine of a present simple reliance upon Christ for instantaneous remission unfolded. I read all the books I could get upon the subject; but few afforded me such clear light and dawning hopes as Mr. Wesley's First Journal, Mr. Fletcher's Appendix to Matter of Fact, and the Life of Mr. Haliburton.

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Mr. Wesley's sermon on Justification by Faith alone, gave me the greatest comfort. It was from reading this I learned the absolute necessity of praying for faith continually; to make it the constant burthen of all my prayers, and expect that God would bestow it upon me for the sake of his well-beloved Son; for faith is the gift of God: "By grace ye are saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not by works." Neither this faith nor this salvation is owing to any works we ever did, will, or can do, for we are his workmanship; which proves both that salvation is by faith, and that faith is the gift of God. Faith is wrought in the heart by the operation of the divine Spirit; but is not the Spirit the gift of God? "He giveth his holy Spirit to them that ask him."

Faith is a nobler blessing than repentance; and yet repentance is the gift of God. "He is exalted on high a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission." "He ascended on high to give gifts to men, even to the rebellious, that the Lord God might dwell among them." But God could not dwell among men destitute of faith. Faith realizes the divine presence, therefore is faith one of those gifts God bestows on his Son to dispense to fallen man. It is not the gift of God in the same sense as our bodily members, or mental faculties; these are natural to us, and only his gift through the medium of creation; but faith is a supernatural gift, and flows to us through the medium of new covenant mercy, and by a particular inspiration of the Spirit of God; for,

1. All men have not faith.

2. No wicked man has faith, otherwise he would be a child of God.

"We are made," says the apostle Paul, "the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." A penitent seeker of salvation has not true faith; he feels his want of it, and cries, Lord, help my unbelief. A believer has only true faith while he watches and prays; if he con-

man wilful, deliberate sin, the power to believe is withdrawn; nor is he restored to it till he seeks the Lord by confession, humiliation, and prayer. If it be asked, Why then are men accountable for their neglect or omission to believe? and why is unbelief a sin? I answer, That though faith is the gift of God, yet it is given in answer to prayer, and may be greatly improved and exercised by man, who is deeply accountable both for his not seeking, or not improving it when obtained.

On this same principle, repentance is the gift of God; yet men are blamed and condemned for impenitence. All men may repent: for first, if we take the steps, or use the means, God will give us the grace. Will not the same legs that carry a man to the ball-room, the play-house, or the tavern, carry him to the house of God? Will not the same eyes with which he may have read a novel, romance, or tragedy, enable him to read the holy scriptures? The same ears by which he listens to a profane song, will enable him to hear the word of God. If a spendthrift may quit drunkenness because it has hurt his constitution, reputation, and property, why may not another, because it has hurt his soul? If it be said, this is Pelagianism, I deny the charge.

During his day of grace, (and every man has a day of grace,) the sinner may cease to do evil and learn to do well. What, by his own inherent power? No; but by the grace of God that bringeth salvation (initial salvation) to all men; teaching them, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, they live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. The light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, appearing to the heathens as the light of the moon and stars, but to the Christian as the light of the sun. Some portion of the divine Spirit is imparted to every human breast to profit by it withal. If men resist the Holy Ghost, if they bury their talents, refuse to come to Christ that they may have life, deny the Lord that bought them, shut their

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ears to the calls of God, make their light darkness, and say, I will not believe; if they receive the grace of God in vain, refuse to work out their salvation with fear and trembling; if they will not co-work with God, neglect to make their calling and election sure, and instead of returning, to wander further from the Lord; then, truly, the blame of their ruin rests upon their own heads.

There is an infinite willingness on the part of God to save men; witness his word in ten thousand declarations of mercy towards even those who nevertheless refuse to turn to him. There is an infinite willingness on the part of Christ to save them; witness his death, which, if they believe, is an atonement for their sins. He gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time. There is an infinite willingness on the part of the Spirit to save men; witness his tender drawings, patient strivings, and protracted operations in the human heart. But to return.

When I was convinced that faith was the only means or condition of salvation, it was my continual prayer, Lord, give me faith: nor was Jehovah slow to hear, or impotent to save.

I went on Whitsunday, 1798, to Manchester, where I had an opportunity of hearing that venerable man of God, Mr. Mather, from "Do ye now believe?" The words were rendered a blessing to my soul, and his treatment of them gave me so clear a view of the history and mystery of faith, that I resolved in the strength of divine grace to seek till I found, if I sought it till my dying hour.

In the afternoon, Mr. George Marsden preached from "Who is willing to consecrate his service to the Lord:" after which there was a love-feast; many spoke of the dealings of the Lord with their souls, many testified that God had forgiven them for his name sake; but alas! my heart was as hard as the nether millstone; it seemed as though I could neither repent, believe, nor do any thing else. Nevertheless, in hope believing against hope, I

determined never to leave the chapel till mercy spoke my sins forgiven. The meeting concluded, but I remained in the gallery, and with a young man, my companion, kneeled down on the bottom of the pew, and began to pray in an agony for a present salvation: some of the leaders, together with some pious females, came into the gallery, and joined in praying over me for near an hour, till finally the power of God came down in a most vital manner. The dark clouds of unbelief vanished from my mind: I felt power to lay hold on Christ by faith. My burden fell off, even my body felt the divine influence: now were my lips filled with praises, and mine eyes with tears of grateful love; the scripture that made the deepest impression on my heart was, "Thy sins which are many, are all forgiven thee." I returned home with a light heart and a cheerful countenance; my peace continued most sweet, and for some time my whole soul was drawn out in prayer: truly,

"Prayer my divine employment was,
And all my pleasure praise."

I had now power over my besetments; if the tempter came, my soul fled to the Lord Jesus, and the enemy retreated: after this my conscience was so tender that I could hardly attend to lawful things without feeling some misgivings.

"I felt an idle thought as actual wickedness,
And groan'd for the minutest fault in exquisite distress."

To obviate the cavils of infidels, sophists, and frozen-hearted moralists, with regard to the change that I felt, lest this as well as the other parts of spiritual religion should be called enthusiasm and delusion; in the divine influence that renovated my soul, I heard no voice—a voice spoken to the ear does not always enter the heart; man speaks to the ear; God has reserved to himself the

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2. I saw no similitude, my eyes were shut; and yet the eyes of my understanding were enlightened to know the hope of my calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints. The change that took place was spiritual, a divine agency acting upon the powers of the soul in a way peculiar to himself. The change was a real, sensible change; no flash or impression of the fancy, no vibration of the nerves, no illusion of the imagination, but a solemn inward feeling of the peace, favour, and approbation of the Lord; the change was supernatural; rising above the level of nature, and producing effects as different as the difference betwixt spiritual and human agents. The change was rational; the new creature was invested with new powers of love, joy, fear, hope, delight, springing from a new kingdom of righteousness planted in the soul. The renewed heart changed the sentiments, the view changed the life. God's love became the ruling principle, God's word the standard, and his glory the end of my actions. Is any religion but this worthy of the gospel; can a religion that does not change the heart be acceptable to a heart-searching God? Is it not as rational to believe that God has as much power over the human heart as he has over the elements? He that biddeth the winds to blow, can with the gales of his Spirit refresh man's heart! He that commanded light to shine out of darkness, can illuminate the human soul! He that biddeth the thunders roar, can awaken the guilty conscience! He that maketh the earth fruitful, can sow the seeds of eternal life in the human breast! He that has kindled the solar fire, can warm the sinner's cold bosom, and bid his frozen affections glow with gratitude, love, and zeal: in fine, to deny God's power over the human soul is to advance a position absolutely atheistical; to suppose this power unnecessary, argues deistical pride; to assert that this power

is never applied for the purposes and in the way above-mentioned, pharisaic blindness and self-sufficiency : but to the law and to the testimony ; except ye be born again, (re-born, from regenero, *Latin*.) you can in nowise enter the kingdom of God ; old things must be done away ; there must be a new creation, a passing from darkness to illumination, from death to spiritual vitality and animation ; a change from the bondage of sin to the freedom of salvation, from the image of Satan to the kingdom and image of God's dear Son ; and this change is the foundation of that holiness, without which no man can see the Lord.

A little after I obtained this blessing, I was a good deal disturbed by a person telling me, that I was but just entered upon the field of battle ; for it appeared to me that I should neither know war nor come into condemnation any more. But it was not long before a natural levity of disposition brought me into great darkness and distress, and sometimes to the very brink of despair ; but then, just as I would seem to be giving up all hope, and about to cast away my confidence, the Lord broke in upon me in a blessed and most merciful manner, granting me such a luminous sense of his presence and love, as filled me with sensations of the most ravishing joy. If I felt the least thing that weighed upon my conscience, I carried it to the Lord Jesus Christ in prayer, seldom intermitting the exercise till I found both sweet relief and conscious pardon.

My mind was frequently drawn out in an inexpressible manner to plead with God for poor sinners, inasmuch, that while hearing sermons I would pray all the time that the Lord would awaken and enlighten the guilty and benighted. The word of God, whether read, preached, or explained, was my comfort and solace.

And oft with a smile of delight I would say,
Take my health, fortune, friends, name, and credit away ;

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But leave my lov'd Bible, my treasure it is,
 The spring of my joy, and my title to bliss.
 If cast by misfortune on some distant isle,
 Where seasons ne'er bloom, and the skies never smile.
 Beneath the cold pole, in a region of snow,
 Or the world's fiery zone, where the solar beams glow;
 With only one volume my mind to solace,
 I'd choose the pure *records of covenant grace.*

David's language was the experience of my state,
 "O how I love thy law; it is my meditation all the
 day; I understand more than the ancients, because I
 keep thy precepts. How sweet are thy words unto my
 taste; yea, sweeter than the honey to my mouth. O
 that I had always hearkened to thy commandments,
 then would my peace have been as a river, and my
 righteousness as the waves of the sea." My Bible,
 Hymn-Book, and Young's Night Thoughts, were my
 constant companions.

Happy state, when the soul desires nothing save what
 helps him in the one great concern, walks in the simpli-
 city of faith and love, and has sweet communion with
 the Lord by prayer and meditation: "each prayer is
 answered, and each wish resigned." Truly then the
 kingdom of God is opened in the soul; beams of spirit-
 ual light gladden the mind; all nature smiles, and every
 grove is gay."

Muse, range Hesperia's groves, Arcadia's bowers,
 Fair Tempe's vale, and fancy's gayest shores;
 Let the bright di'mond all its lustre lend,
 And orient morn its softest blushes send;
 Let damask roses purest fragrance bring,
 Its stores the autumn, and its colours spring;
 With all rare things that every climate bless,
 And call th' assemblage earthly happiness.
 Then soar away, my muse, to that fair tree,
 On the high top of rugged Calvary;
 Bring thence sweet faith that lives and blooms beside
 The bleeding cross whereon Emmanuel died;

Bring the seraphic bliss his wounds impart,
 When love, redeeming love, plays round the heart;
 When mercy speaks the thrilling word, "my child,"
 And God and man are sweetly reconcil'd!
 Bring the rapt sweets that from devotion rise,
 The glowing heart, the tear suffused eyes;
 Let sky-born peace attend, and holy hope,
 Sweet cordial in life's many-colour'd cup.
 With calm content and spotless sanctity,
 Bright transcript of th' unseen Deity:
 And let impartial reason now decide,
 To which felicity is most allied.
 Impartial reason with an herald's voice,
 Gives the bright palm to virtue's spotless joys!

The life is regulated by a divine rule which the conscience approves; sinful affections are nipped in the bud; and turbulent passions are not suffered to ruffle the calm surface of the soul; remorse is banished from the breast, and guilty fears can no longer arm death with tenfold terrors; the calm of heaven is felt within, nor does the soul tremble at the prospect of evil tidings; the new-born Christian, feeling a holy indifference to the world, is neither much perplexed by its cares, nor shocked by its frowns and disappointments.

The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
 Made up of innocence and love;
 And soft and peaceful as the shades,
 Their nightly minutes sweetly move.

WATTS.

Pining jealousy can no longer form a hell within; the baleful passions, hatred, revenge, envy, ill-nature, fretfulness, discontent, melancholy, despair, have no influence in the peaceful mansions of the soul; but in their place, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; the soul feels a divine harmony within, sweeter than the lyre of Orpheus, and infinitely more delightful in the ear of reason than all the fancied music of the spheres. "The good man

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now is satisfied from himself;" from those rich streams that flow from the fountain of renewed nature. He has no need to ransack the world in quest of happiness; he has a treasure in his breast a thousand times more rich than gold and gems; an inward peace that passes all understanding. This state, both in present enjoyment and perpetuation, is no doubt the privilege of every child of God.

Does the Holy Scripture say there is any necessity that the soul should ever again come into bondage and darkness? Are we not exhorted to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free? to walk in the light as he is in the light? May not the path of the just shine brighter and brighter even to the perfect day? and he who has clean hands, go on his way, and wax stronger and stronger? Are not we exhorted to perfect holiness in the fear of God? to keep that committed to us? to hold fast till he come? to abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost? to continue in love? to grow in grace, and consequently in happiness? to add to our faith virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly-kindness, charity? &c. Will a declension in piety promote our happiness, humility, or eternal beatitude? Alas! the reverse is always the case. It may be answered, relapses make us more sensible of the need of a Saviour, of his blood, assistance, and intercession; they render us more humble, more dependent on the Lord, more distrustful of ourselves; in fine, that they bring more honour to Christ, more praise to free grace, and will finally cause us to sing louder in heaven. All this is very fine, if it were true; but I am fearful it is more like the lullaby of the Antinomian* than the

* So strict the path, as holy James would stake it,

A little wider, by your leave they make it.

" Grace is a precious bliss, a lovely plant,

But duty—ah, we hate your legal cant!

gospel of Christ, the epistles of Paul and James, and the purity and holiness of religion.

I would humbly ask, is not Christ more honoured by holiness than by sin? Was he not manifested in the flesh to destroy the works of the devil? Does not he redeem his people from all iniquity, and purify to himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works? I am afraid these sin-advocating ministers never preach from that text, "He that committeth sin is of the devil;" and I am a little doubtful, whether divine grace does not acquire more praise by purifying, comforting, illuminating, and strengthening the Christian, than by allowing him to plunge into the mud, flounder in the pit, and defile himself by the filth of impurity and transgression.* I do not

"The rigid saint, tied up by works and law,
 "The Gospel's charms and beauty never saw.
 "We reap the blessing, and forsooth allow,
 "Such hide-bound fools to drag the miry plough;
 "On heaven's path immortal sweets we strew,
 "And round our steps gay thornless roses blow:
 "So glide along with glory in our eye,
 "And easy gain our mansion in the sky."
 Thus all the soft-ey'd Solifidian race,
 Stab the fair cause of piety and grace;
 Bid moral truth and spotless justice bleed,
 And tear each righteous precept from the creed;
 Make grace a cloak this inward vice to screen,
 And Christ, (O death,) a minister of sin.

* The author has been acquainted with some preachers of this description in Nova Scotia, who compared the Christian to a nut cast into the filth, the kernel of which is the soul, and the shell the body. Thus, say they, the body may be defiled by sin; the body of a believer may swear, get drunk, tell lies, and commit adultery, but the soul is pure. This reminds me of a German Elector, (who was likewise an archbishop,) one day profanely swearing, asked a peasant, who seemed to wonder, 'What he was surprised at?' 'To hear an archbishop swear,' answered the peasant. 'I swear, replied the Elector, 'not as an archbishop, but as a prince,' 'My lord,' says the peasant, 'when the prince goes to the devil, what

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deny that relapses may be overruled, and boundless mercy may bring good out of evil; but I utterly deny that relapses have a tendency to promote our holiness and salvation as necessarily as a continuance in piety and faithfulness.

For some time I felt much rest from evil, and hardly realized that I had a corrupt nature remaining; but this did not continue; I soon saw the necessity of incessant vigilance and unremitting prayer; and that difficult as it appeared to obtain the pardoning love of God, it was no less difficult to retain the blessing. One act of faith obtained the grace, but a continued exercise of faith was absolutely and indispensably necessary to preserve the blessing. Here many young converts err; they imagine when adopted into the family of God, all is done, and seem to think little or nothing of the subsequent warfare, diligence, watchfulness, self-denial, faith, fortitude, courage, and holy resolution, necessary to preserve and increase their early graces.

In fancy's glass the future bliss is seen:
 But no sharp interval of toil between;
 No fiery darts, no agonizing throes,
 No bitter fears, no heart-appalling woes;
 Increasing sweets, and rosy comforts smile,
 And bloom and bliss the flow'ry way beguile;
 'Till soon the path is chang'd; and where, alas!
 'Twas easy, green, and soft as vernal grass,
 Bleak Alps of rugged opposition rise,
 And sable doubts envelope all the skies.
 Torrents of deep affliction rapid pour,
 And rise, and boil, and dash, and foam, and roar.

will become of the archbishop?' So of these body-sinners, when the flesh goes to the devil, what will become of the spirit? Let not sin reign in your mortal bodies, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof. I keep my body under. Mortify the deeds of the body. As strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts that war against the spirit.

Encircling ills, and unseen trials, make
 The lonely path seem desert, bog, or brake;
 Where prickly thorns arise, and noxious weed,
 To choke, and stunt, and blight the heavenly seed:
 And now corruptions rise, a viper race,
 Sting the young hopes, and irritate the case;
 Pride, anger, and concupiscence set in,
 A reflux tide, and each besetting sin
 Of former times, returns with double force,
 To check his progress or divert his course;
 Hard rocks of barren self-denial goad,
 And fear and trouble roughen all the road,
 Till the tir'd reas'ning soul with flesh confers,
 And then, as sure as God is just, she errs.

Whether it was by miscalculations of this kind, or by the strong temptations of the enemy, and want of knowledge of his devices: whether by ceasing to believe, to watch and pray, or by yielding to nature in some unsuspecting moment some forbid an indulgence, I cannot precisely say; but I grew cold, was off my guard, and again fell into sin; and for some time I continued floundering in the mire, and entangled in the snares of the sin that so easily beset me. I did not indeed outwardly depart from God, nor cast off his fear; I did not cease to attend the means of grace: I did not restrain regular prayer before God; I did not leave the society, nor neglect any of the outward duties of religion; I was not the willing slave of Satan; an act of unfaithfulness cost me many sighs, groans, and tears; his service was not the mild and easy yoke of a parent, but the hard and galling bondage of a tyrant; I sinned as unwillingly as a thief goes to the halter, or a felon to the correction of the stocks. But I had lost my first love; that vigorous tone of soul by which I lived every hour to God was relaxed; all my fine sensibility of conscience was blunted; I could no longer say,

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Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me!

All my treasure is above;
All my riches is thy love:
Other comforts I despise,
Love is all my paradise.

WESLEY.

The difference betwixt my former state and this was great. Before, when a temptation presented, I instantly looked to Christ, and the snare was broken; but now, when tempted, I was either off my guard, or reasoned myself into the expediency or unavoidableness of it. While under the power of faith I had strength promptly to deny myself in all particulars, where I either saw the evil or doubted the propriety; now, if the thing did not appear manifestly evil, my conscience partly consented to its adoption, and partly reasoned on its harmlessness. While under a tender sense of the presence of God, the least emotions of the will towards evil were watched; that carefulness subsided to a mere repugnance to the outward act of sin. In the first situation I did every thing to please God, and with an eye to his glory; but now the propriety of a thing, its being suitable to my situation as a member of society, or necessary to keep my conscience unalarmed, or my profession unstained, were principal reasons. In the first instance I did nothing but from a principle of faith; I was right and easy in my own mind as to its lawfulness; now I did many things, the lawfulness of which I scrupled. Secret prayer was then my delight; now it became a task, to which I had to compel myself by a kind of constraint. My only view then was to be holy and given up to God; now the desire of many unnecessary and some hurtful things were interwoven with my prospects.

I might trace this difference through a variety of minutæ, and to a much greater extent; but suffice it to say, that the fine gold was become dim. I no longer rejoiced

in God as my sin-pardoning, reconciled Father; I no longer felt the spontaneous and peacefully approving smile of my own heart; I lost my unusual tenderness of conscience; I lost my sweet filial confidence in the Lord, the pure breathing ardours of my soul vanished away, and partial darkness succeeded the beautiful sunshine of divine favour: to use the words of an elegant writer,*

“How different the scorching sand, the briars and serpents of this desert, from the green pastures in which I once fed, and the still waters by which I once refreshed my weary soul. Once I walked with God—I could behold his face with confidence, the glory of the Lord was arisen upon me, and I walked all the day long in the light of his countenance. Once I had free access to the throne of his grace; I approached it with humble boldness, and there are many places that can witness to the tears of joy and sorrow with which I poured out my soul before God; but now the recollection fills me with dismay. I have now little heart to pray; conscience, indeed, drags me along to duty, but I enter the presence of God with a slavish fear, or a chilling indifference; once I had sweet communion with the Saviour of sinners. When oppressed with a sense of guilt, I saw the all-sufficiency of his sacrifice, and the perfection of his righteousness; by believing I entered into rest. Under every accusation he was near that justifieth me in every duty and in every trial; he encouraged me by saying, my grace is sufficient for thee, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee; now I only see my sins and my enemies, but where is my Saviour and my helper? Once I experienced the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit; by these I was enlivened, refreshed, and enlightened; I clearly saw the parts of duty, I could harmonize providence and promises, I claimed the privilege of a child,

* Jay.

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and an heir of God; but now, the Comforter, who should relieve my soul, is far from me; I have grieved the Holy Spirit of God, by which I was sealed to the day of redemption. Oh! what enlargements of soul had I in his ordinances; how often did I find the sanctuary to be no less than the house of God and the gate of heaven to my soul; how sweet was the word to my taste; yea, sweeter than honey to my lips: what a feast did I enjoy at his table: his flesh was meat indeed, and his blood was drink indeed; and Oh! with what cheerfulness I carried my cross; I could even glory in tribulation also; for as the sufferings abounded, the consolations did much more abound; the storm without raged in vain, for all was peace within—but now conscience gnaws me like a worm, and the promises which should be my support, are neither within reach or sight. There was a time when I could see him not only in ordinances, but in providences; not only in his word, but also in his works; I could enjoy him in my creature comforts; I relished his love in my daily food, in my pleasant walks. But now I know not whether any thing I possess is sent in mercy or wrath. I can find him in nothing; ‘behold, I go forward, but he is not there; backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him: and now might I not say, hast thou not procured this unto thyself, in that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, when he led thee in the way? And now what hast thou to do in the way of Egypt? to drink the waters of Sihor? or what hast thou to do in the way of Assyria? to drink the waters of the river? Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee. Know, therefore, and see, that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord of Hosts.’”

What deep afflictions date their rise from this?
 The loss of Jesus is the loss of bliss;
 Who flies his Maker, stamps a curse on all
 The sweet enjoyments of this nether ball.
 The more he wanders, still the more undone,
 No bliss substantial blooms beneath the sun;
 A weary waste appears on every hand,
 Rough rocks, night brooding sky, and barren sand.
 No bright, no smiling avenue appears,
 But guilty shame, and spirit-frightening fears;
 At every point the tortur'd soul is sore,
 With keener pangs than any felt before.
 A thousand faded sweets illusive rise,
 A thousand visions of departed joys;
 Those happy days, when prayer aspiring flew
 To the blue sky on every breath he drew;
 When every moment, in its rapid flight,
 Dropt from its wings the balm of new delight;
 Are past, and vanish'd, as a lovely gleam
 Of morning radiance, or delightful dream.
 While busy thought alone the past retains,
 Embitters loss, and aggravates his pains;
 His peace and vigour, light and joy, are past,
 So blossoms lose their beauty by a blast.
 Where opening tints of fair devotion shed
 Their living bloom and beauty round his head;
 Spring the rank weeds of levity and vice,
 And choak the rising plant of paradise.

There are, generally speaking, three degrees of backsliding. The Laodiceans were guilty of the first: they left or lost their first love, and with that blessing, all the tender sensibilities of soul which form the most delightful part of the deeply devoted believer's happiness and communion with God.

2. Backsliding in heart, when in quest of some sinful pursuit, or un'er the influence of at least one or more criminal passions, the heart becomes greatly alienated from God; if duties are performed, they are formal; if prayer is offered up, it is cold and heartless; religious conversation is no longer attended to; the word of God is not read; devotion is often restrained altogether, to

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make way for worldly business or unnecessary visits; evil passions predominate; the love of dress, the love of money or the love of pleasure prevails; anger, impatience, fretfulness, or discontent, sadly agitate the soul: the tongue is no longer guarded; slander, evil-speaking, and rash, vain, or passionate expressions, are the consequence. The soul grows carnally secure; self-examination is laid aside; and tenderness of conscience is vanished away. Yet, amidst this sad defection of the noblest functions of the heart, there may be some outward regard for religion kept up; such as attending divine worship, entertaining the ministers of Christ, supporting the outworks of the church, by at least some kind of contributions; the exterior conduct may be free from blame, and the life from gross enormities; some attention may be paid to the rotine of piety, and even a rigid exactness in maintaining orthodox opinions; but in vain do we seek for the ardencies of love, the meltings of penitence, the boldness of faith, the holy fervency of prayer, the meekness of patience and humility, the disinterestedness of pure and undiscouraged zeal, the openness of sincerity, the impartiality of reproof, and the candour of prompt, thankful acknowledgment in the event of a fault. Alas! alas! the backslider in heart seldom possesses any of these.

3. The third and last degree of backsliding, is a declension from the form, as well as the power of godliness. Here is no exterior of piety; the dog returns to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire. The sinner again plunges into the world and all its pleasures; into sin, and all its abominations; perhaps the revolter becomes more wicked than at any former period; may join with his companions to scoff religion; nay, may even disbelieve it; and from going in the way of sinners, and standing in the council of the ungodly, may at last have the hardihood in wickedness to sit in the seat of the scorner, and condemn it altogether. Being blinded by the god of this world, he is given up to believe

a lie, to deny the Lord that bought him, and count his former experience mere impressions, or downright enthusiasm.* He now hates the people of God with a perfect hatred, and aspires to the terrible infamy of being an avowed infidel.

And finally the last restraint thrown off,
 Religion meets his ridicule and scoff;
 Wiser than what is written, now he needs
 No stupid parsons, or fanatic creeds;
 Deems genuine piety a priesteraſt peſt,
 The Bible nonſenſe, hell a ſolemn jeſt;
 Pure truth is foreign from his ſoul, and now,
 Though drench'd in guilt, no bluſhes die his brow.
 Callous, unfeeling, and without a fear,
 Hell in the front, and vengeance in the rear;
 He rolls in ſin, till juſtice with a frown,
 Draws the red ſword, and cuts the rebel down.

I grant, that many who backſlide do not go to theſe lengths. They would probably ſhudder at denying the Lord that bought them; they ſin, but are frequently followed by remorse, and ſometimes under the influence of a wounded ſpirit, are plunged into the gulf of deſpair; or by divine grace are happily reſtored from the ruins of their fall.

A remarkable inſtance of the former kind of backſliding; and final and total apoſtacy, happened about this time in the town of Bolton, near which I then reſided. *William Pope* was awakened under the miniſtry of the *Methodiſt* preachers: for ſome time after his awakening,

* Mr. Wesley, in one of his Journals, mentions a ſingular and awful inſtance of mutability and apoſtacy in the caſe of a *Joſeph Humphreys*. This man had been a *Methodiſt* preacher, and profeſſed ſanctification; he then became a *Calviniſt*, and joined himſelf to Mr. *Whitefield*: he now wrote againſt Mr. *Wesley*; in a little time he obtained ordination in the church of England, and ridiculed all heart religion; and when reminded of his former experience, ſaid, "Thoſe are ſome of the mad things I ſaid in my folly."

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he earnestly sought, and at last happily attained to a good degree of the peace of God. His conduct was now moral, regular, and pious: but finally, not watching unto prayer, he became slack and lukewarm. At length he grew disputatious, and was much given to politics. He now fell into bad company, and the poisonous works of the scandalous Paine* coming abroad, he drank of this putrid fountain; he quickly took his degree of confirmed infidel, and frequently met with a company of the same stamp to ridicule and kick the Bible about the room.

He had not proceeded long in his career, before God laid the hand of affliction upon him. He now felt some misgivings relative to his infidel creed, whether or not this was the best religion for a dying man. He, at the request of his friends, sent for two ministers, of my acquaintance, who accordingly visited him. On their first interview he manifested some slight signs of compunction, but on their next visit all traces of even seeming penitence were swept away by the flood-tides of infidelity: he rejected all counsel; told them he hated God; that he wished to be above Christ, and that he was as full of hell as ever he could hold.

While they prayed with him he continued blaspheming, using language at once so hellish and awful as is not lawful to utter. Calling my friend Mr. B. to the bedside, as though he wished to communicate something, he

* The candid reader, by consulting Simpson's Plea for Religion, (a most excellent work) may have an opportunity of comparing the lives and deaths of infidels with true christians; and will by this means have an antidote against the poison of their writings. No man would surely say, let me die the death of Thomas Paine, or, *Cum tua sit anima mea*, "May my soul be with thine." During the author's residence in the city of New-York he has had frequent opportunities of conversing with different persons who attended the death-bed of this degraded infidel; but alas, he was either too proud or too hardened to acknowledge his error. He died as he had lived; a monument of infidelity, drunkenness, and self-conceit.

lifted up his hand and struck him with some vehemence, uttering at the same time some awful imprecations, and begging God to pour his maledictions upon their heads. He was, however, no infidel now; he acknowledged the truth of the holy scripture,* and the reality of a Messiah; but at the same time rejecting all hope of salvation through him, manifesting the greatest possible hatred and malignity towards the Lord Jesus Christ.

He lingered some time in this awful state; increasing if possible, every day in the spirit of blasphemy, hatred, rage, contempt, and scorn of God and the holy scriptures; possessing, at the same time, a clearness of intellect and keenness of reasoning, that surprised many of his friends. What is a little singular, he would not allow any of his infidel companions to come into the room; bidding them to depart and be gone, as they had been the cause of his everlasting ruin. Numbers of religious persons visited him, to all of whom he presented the same spectacle of horror, reprobation, and despair. He frequently said he wished only to talk about the devil and hell-fire, and that it gave him the most ease when speaking of these subjects. He appeared sealed to the day of eternal damnation, and awfully fitted for the mansions of infernal wickedness. For some time he continued in this state, the measure of his blasphemies becoming daily more full, till, finally, he departed, cursing

* I know not but the fearful apostacy, mentioned by St. Paul, Hebrews vi. 4, 5, 6. was exemplified in William Pope. "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, and have fallen away, (for so *παρρησιοντας* should be rendered,) to renew them again to repentance." This however, is only to be understood of a complete and total apostacy from God. And will by no means apply to the ordinary backslidings of professors. From which may the Lord preserve us: And may our motto ever be, *Watch and pray.*

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I continued several months under the influence of my partial backsliding, for I never left the society. Indeed, Pharaoh's yoke was not more irksome to the Israelites, the dashing oar to a galley-slave, or the toiling hoe to a poor emaciated West-India negro, than the inward bondage of sin was to my soul. I frequently strove in an agony to break the snare; would roll upon the ground, weep, groan, and conflict with the enemy, till I seemed to have no more strength left. At length the Lord pitied and restored me to my forfeited peace; then was my eyes filled with tears, my lips with praises, and my heart with gladness, and I could sweetly sing,

After all that I have done,
 Saviour, art thou pacified?
 Whither shall my vileness run?
 Hide me, earth—the sinner hide.
 Let me sink into the dust,
 Full of holy shame adore;
 Jesus Christ the good, the just,
 Bids me go and sin no more.
 O confirm the gracious word,
 Jesus, Son of God and man,
 Let me never grieve thee, Lord,
 Never turn to sin again;
 Till my all in all thou art,
 Till thou bring thy nature in,
 Keep this feeble trembling heart,
 Save me, save me, Lord, from sin.

WESLEY.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM the earliest period of my turning to God, it would sometimes steal into my mind, What if the Lord should call you to preach the everlasting gospel? The idea would raise a painfully pleasing sensation in my breast. I was deeply pained to reflect upon my unfitness for such a work, and comforted with the desire I felt for the salvation of my fellow-creatures. Indeed, from the time that Almighty Mercy first revealed himself to my soul, I felt an ardent desire for the salvation of others. I was constrained to reprove sin in every shape, and on all occasions to recommend religion; I often wished for capacities equal to my will, and opportunities correspondent to an ardent zeal; I thought the whole world might be converted to God; it appeared to me it was but to speak and the power of religion would affect their hearts; I wondered the ministers and people of God had not more faith and zeal, and earnestly longed to do good to my fellow-creatures.

On some occasions God gave me to see the fruit of my labours, which greatly encouraged me to speak of religion when I had an opportunity. On one, especially, the goodness of God made a very singular circumstance the means of converting a whole family. I had been at W—n to see my mother. Coming back in the pleasure-boat on the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, while some of the company were playing at cards, I observed a serious young woman in the boat, and an elderly grave looking man; to these I joined myself in conversation. The young woman was from Madely, in Shropshire, a disciple

of that blessed man happened to be in the company, but I did not know him at that time. I was at Barton. I had been in the canal, and I to R. I had visited me. I was presented, but I was not; so he had heard all night.

The next day I was hearing the man of the fortune? that I had to have him to re. God would a woman led into another perceived that she considered any thing about her which I gave me, I must go in great wishes to and when

* How disappointed by resorting to a woman.

of that blessed mother in Israel, Mrs. Fletcher: the old man happened to be a backslider from the Methodist Society, but his wife was still a member. We beguiled the time with various religious discourse till the boat arrived at Barton. Here the old man and myself had to leave the canal, and strike across the country, he to W—y, and I to R—f; but as the night was coming on, he advised me to go and stop at his house all night; I consented, but when we arrived, his wife was gone to meeting; so he took me into the next house, where I stopped all night.

The next morning the woman of the house, A. R. on hearing that I lived at R—f, asked me if I knew an old man of the name of limping Billy, a conjurer, who told fortunes? I replied in the affirmative; withal adding, that I had been to see him the week before, not indeed, to have my fortune told, but to tell him his, and warn him to repent and abandon his fortune-telling tricks, or God would certainly deal with him as he deserved.* The woman looked astonished and confounded, and retired into another room, from whence when she returned I perceived she had been weeping; upon which I requested that she would allow me to read and pray with her; she consented; and I took my leave, not imagining that any thing particular would grow out of it. However, about ten days after this, coming out of Bury chapel, to which I generally went on the sabbath, a man met and asked me, Is not your name Marsden? I replied, Yes. You must go along with me, said the man; my wife has been in great distress ever since you was at my house, and wishes to see and speak with you. I set off immediately, and when I arrived at his house, found his wife deeply

* How often is it the case, that those whom God has wounded by disappointments and cross providences, go to the devil for a cure; by resorting to such old wretches as deceive the credulous, by pretending to tell their fortunes. This had been the case with this woman.

convinced of sin, and earnestly striving for mercy and salvation. I endeavoured to direct and comfort her as well as possible, and in a little time the clouds vanished, and the Sun of righteousness shone upon her soul.

Her husband was a worldly man, that used to spend his evenings at the tavern. Going one night as usual to take his accustomed beverage, a thought struck his mind; my wife is at the meeting, while I am at the tavern; she is going to heaven, and I am going to hell. I will go to the meeting; he did go—divine impressions were made upon his mind; he was awakened to a feeling sense of his lost condition, and, in the end, joined his partner in the good way.

The conversion of this family had a happy effect upon the neighbourhood: and now they have a comfortable chapel and society in the same place. Sometimes I thought God had a design to employ me in preaching his everlasting gospel; and this impression was always most strong when I felt any particular manifestations of divine love. When I walked into the fields, and by the canals, or rivers, my mind was so full of this idea, that I would preach to the trees, choose my text, divide my subject, and give to each part all the energy and vehemence I was capable of, without one single auditor but trees, and rocks, and running streams. When looking forward to prospective holiness, I would sometimes think what state of life would be most favourable to a continuance and security in piety; and none appeared so truly eligible as the ministry of the gospel. It is true, I was not fully sensible of either the call or the qualifications, but the work of the ministry appeared truly desirable in the following views:

1. As a holy employment: I should be always serving God. "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they will be still praising thee."
2. As a delightful employment. "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord. A day spent in thy courts is better than a thousand."

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3. As a useful employment. I should be serving my generation. "He went about doing good."

4. As a congenial employment. I should enjoy more opportunities of reading, study, and improvement; should be favoured with the conversation of the wise and good, and be more abstracted from the world than I could possibly be in any other situation.

5. As an honourable employment; they appeared to me the excellent of the earth. I believed them always happy who were thus sweetly engaged in the service of God. I thought true ministers rarely felt temptation, were officially and necessarily holy; were delivered from the probability of doing wrong, and so hedged about by grace and duty, that they could not easily deviate from their christian course. I could not then believe that a minister of Christ should become formal in duty, or that the routine of his office might 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. I did not for a moment believe that a true minister of Christ could be a prey to dejection, melancholy, and the most morbid depressions; much less did I think that he could preach comfort to others, and feel little himself; encourage others, while discouraged in his own mind; preach against sin under a consciousness of great personal defection; inculcate the necessity of fervency, zeal, and liveliness in religion; while he, alas, himself felt much coldness, dulness, formality, and barrenness. These things I afterwards learned by painful experience; for had I been as sensible of their operation then as I am at present, I should 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

hide our difficulties; lest they should deter us from our duty.

As opportunity offered, I frequently exhorted, prayed in public, and held prayer-meetings; and was finally induced by a local brother to enter into the pulpit, when I opened my commission from those words, Numbers xxii.

38. "The word that God putteth in my mouth, that shall I speak." The exercise was with fear and trembling; I had to support myself by holding fast the pulpit, and was so much disconcerted that I resolved to venture no more.

Many think preaching the gospel a very easy thing. They 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.

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, inelegant, and rough,
Would any man of sense go hear such stuff?
B—n, 'tis true, may please them now and then,
And Cl—ke, that able master of the pen;
But truth must borrow charms to make it fine,
And Paul in Tully's classic toga shine.

I do not plead for either a wholly illiterate, blundering, or incompetent ministry; but where good gospel is delivered with good sense, though the language may be simple, rough, and sometimes inelegant, 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 ram's horns, and his richest treasure deposited in earthen vessels.

But, alas! many of our nice and critical hearers are only pleased with fine strains of eloquence, great learn-

ing, and criticism, particularly to the more solicitous, material zeal, fairer attainments; men affable; men plain easy man God. A flash them; one the parts, than ur hearers.* A

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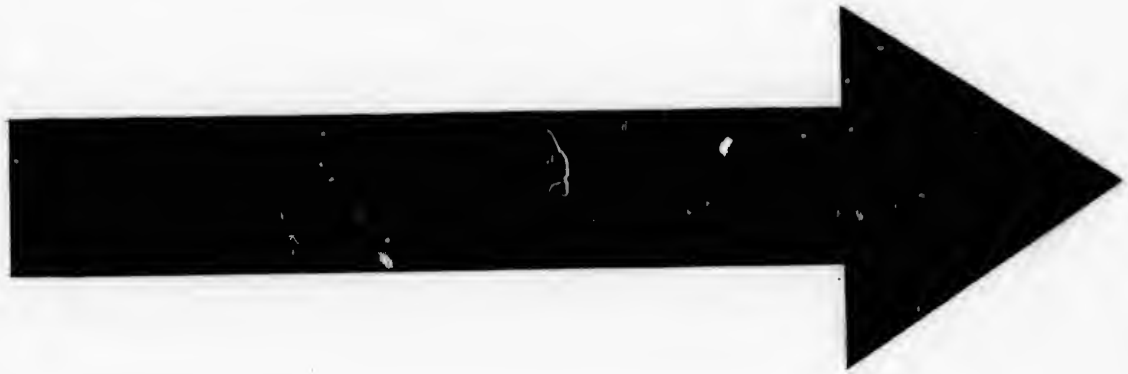
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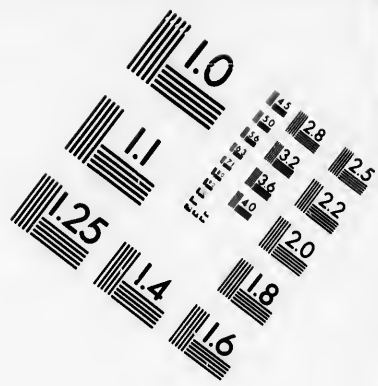
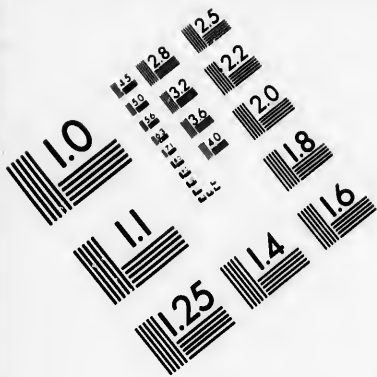
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ing, and critical disquisition. I do not apply this particularly to the Methodist congregations, as they are more solicitous of piety than great abilities; and ministerial zeal, faithfulness, and diligence, than curious literary attainments. They love to have their ministers affable; men of good 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 that is more solicitous to show his pretty parts, than urge needful truth on the consciences of his hearers.* A political minister does not please them; I never knew one of this kind, for the sixteen years I have been acquainted with Methodism, that did not both lose his own popularity and the people's confidence. The Methodists neither love proud, nor yet stiff overbearing ministers; they love to be entreated as brothers, and not to have lords over God's heritage. Perhaps it is to promote this that they find their preachers poor, and keep them so; as when ministers become rich, they feel independent of their flocks, wish to govern with an absolute sway, and will neither brook restraint, nor bear reproof.

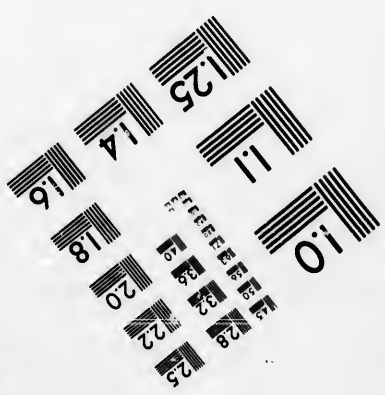
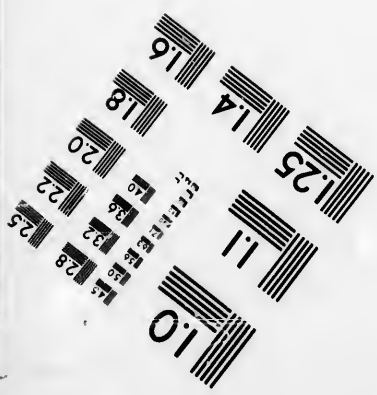
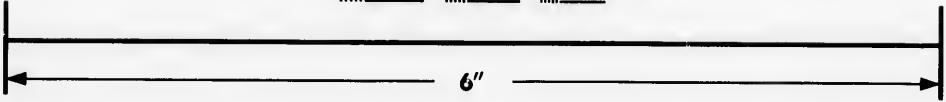
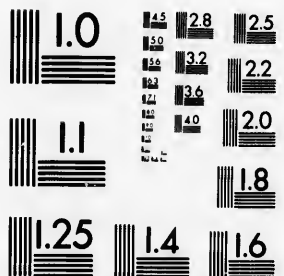
Those men of God, Allen, Percival, and M'Donald, greatly encouraged me in the work. As my mind was frequently much depressed, their tenderness and fatherly care afforded a seasonable counterpoise: for were I to enter into a detail of all my exercises at this period, my

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 A silly fond conceit of his fair form,
 And just proportion, fashionable mien,
 And pretty face, in presence of his God?
 Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
 As with the di'mond on his lily hand;
 And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
 When I am hungry for the bread of life?
 He mocks his Maker; prostitutes and shames
 His noble office; and instead of truth,
 Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock. COWPER.





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narrative would be tedious, and burthened with incidents too gloomy and minute to be interesting. Suffice it to say, I had some qualifications and many deficiencies; I had an ardent love for souls, was happy in the favour of God, and felt in my heart the vital power of religion. To counterbalance these, I was considerably ignorant of the world, was but young in the ways of God, and unacquainted with the great controversies of religion. It is true, I had a natural elocution, and could express myself readily upon any subject I understood; I had, also, some very considerable knowledge of the holy scriptures; they were my comfort by day, and my song in the night. Yet I was greatly destitute of human learning; for though I went seven or eight years to school, I had for several years been forgetting every thing I then learned; hence, I had little literature and less science. My materials for the ministry were, therefore, very slender; but God did not despise the day of small things; I knew that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;

And also, what some bishops may not know,
That scripture is the only cure for wo.

COWPER.

I was acquainted with the doctrine of human depravity; that man, though possessed of an immortal intelligence, is a poor, blind, fallen, sinful, miserable, and (without divine grace,) helpless creature. The new covenant unfolded to me the great scheme of redemption; and that taught me God's method of saving sinners by the atonement of his Son, the power of his Spirit, and the operations of repentance, faith, and regeneration. Justification by faith, and the love of God shed abroad in the heart, were the sweet experiences of my soul; and to increase my scanty knowledge, I read the bible incessantly, together with the works of several pious divines, especially Wesley and Fletcher. From these I received a daily augmentation of knowledge, and a thirst

after information within my knowledge of more perfect also divinity taken up with preached to road, was fre plaining, pro scripture. I number of s with passage ley, and oth of sermons; memory, and the discourse

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True, but particular, t Mr. Wesley standard, as against his v where men c sing a power laid upon the

after information induced me to dip into every thing within my reach; hence, I soon acquired a general knowledge of history, moral and natural philosophy, a more perfect knowledge of grammar and rhetoric, and also divinity; to these I may add, as above, I was so taken up with the thoughts of the ministry, that I often preached to trees, and my mind, as I was walking the road, was frequently engaged in dividing, comparing, explaining, proving, and amplifying different passages of scripture. Having a good memory, I stored it with a number of scripture texts upon select subjects, together with passages from Young, Milton, Cowper, Watts, Wesley, and other poets. I sometimes wrote short skeletons of sermons; treasured the heads of those I heard in my memory, and accustomed myself to repeat large parts of the discourses delivered by the best preachers I 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 I reply, that I never was a convert to the doctrine that man is a mere machine, either in his christian or ministerial call. I do not know that the parallel will hold good betwixt a minister of the gospel now-a-days, and Moses or Jeremiah; they had both of them very peculiar reasons for wishing to decline; Moses for not speaking to Pharaoh, and Jeremiah for not prophesying the destruction of Jerusalem; as also Jonah for flying from Nineveh: "but if a dispensation of the gospel is committed to me, wo be to me if I preach it not."

True, but are there not many who reject, even in this particular, the counsel of God against their own souls? Mr. Wesley, our venerable father, lays down no such standard, as that a man must, nay, will be thrust out against his will. There have, no doubt, been instances where men of strong minds have suffered much from opposing a powerful impulse; the burthen of the Lord has been laid upon them, and in groaning to get from under it, they

have pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But more generally, one called to the ministry may follow the openings of a plain Providence; and as opportunity offers, judgment prompts, and abilities qualify, first, exhort; secondly, preach; and thirdly, give himself up to the work of the ministry. If he be a good man, and honour God in his life, God will attend his word with the vital influence of his Holy Spirit. Being truly persuaded himself, the love of Christ will constrain him to persuade others. Being a scribe well instructed in the things of the kingdom, he will be apt to teach. But in all this there is no compulsion. God constrains no man (*totis veribus*) with all his might. Hence, those brethren who have written and spoken upon this subject, have not sufficiently qualified their observations. With regard to themselves, it might appear they were compelled; but I believe this is rarely the case, and ought never to be laid down as a standard, lest many should be discouraged who have not this compelling call.

As I mentioned above, my first essay was attended with such fear, faltering, and perturbation of mind, that I thought I would commit myself no more. However, in a little while, it became public that I had attempted to preach, and nothing less than my making a new trial would satisfy my friends; so that venerable old man, Mr. Allen, who was then in the circuit, published preaching for me at a small village called Sillinghurst, near Bury. I made the trial, and had considerable enlargement of heart while speaking from those encouraging words, "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." That holy man of God, Mr. Percival, who had come upon the circuit, heard me preach this sermon, and much approved of my weak performance, bidding me go on, and God would make a way for me. Yet, I cannot but regret that I entered upon this important work so early, and withal so unprepared; the many snares I have met; the many slips and blunders I have made;

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the many subtle foes I have had to encounter; the difficulties into which I have sometimes been plunged; and the intricate circumstances I have had to unravel, all convince me that I was too young, too green and inexperienced, for the critical, arduous, and truly momentous work of the ministry; not that I supposed a youth's spending four or even five years at college, learning a little Latin and Greek, and becoming acquainted with all the gods and goddesses of the pantheon, is a better preparation, or even as good, as the vital experience of true religion.*

I do not insinuate that a minister of the gospel should be either a novice in experience, religion, or human learning. If there be an important station in the world, the ministry is that station; and surely none will suppose that while it requires diligent study, deep research, and patient investigation to form the physician, the civilian, or the naturalist, any thing will do for a minister of the gospel, though it has the head of a block and the mind of an idiot.

* If it be objected, that the Methodist preachers have not a classical education; I answer, education is a good thing, and a classical education is not held in contempt by the Methodists; as there are some Methodist preachers who would sustain no injury to their reputation, by a comparison with many clergymen of other denominations in point of learning. Did the preaching of the gospel consist in learned criticisms, the advantage of a classical education would be greater than it is; more especially if the whole, or a considerable part of the people were classical scholars also; and except this be the case, how preposterous is it to hear a preacher quoting scraps of Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, in his sermons, which perhaps not two persons in the congregation understand? and should he not understand these scraps himself, it will not make the least difference. In such cases, the edification of the people will be just the same, and his fame as a linguist will not be at all tarnished; at least when not a single linguist is present. All therefore, who are ambitious of this tinsel, must garnish their discourses with scraps of the learned languages, particularly among country farmers, mechanics, and village peasants. *Crother's Port. of Meth. P. 311. Am. Ed.*

I say, I regret that I began to preach so soon; many an Icarus, as well as myself, by aspiring too high with waxen wings, has been plunged into a sea of difficulties. None but persons truly ignorant of the sacred ministry can suppose, that either a dunce or a blockhead will make a preacher of the gospel. If there be persons so weak, or ministers so injudicious, as to appoint to this office sculls that cannot teach, and will not learn, let them know to their everlasting disgrace, that those whom the Lord Jesus Christ called to this blessed work, were men of deep piety and good sense.

I do not say, that either piety, or study, or human learning alone, will make a good minister, but they are all necessary, and the two first indispensable. None but idiots, and worse than idiots, will suppose that a man can preach without knowledge, or communicate to others what he is not possessed of himself.

If there be persons who, to sanction their indolence, pretend to preach by inspiration, and advance in the pulpit what a christian of common sense would be ashamed to speak before a trio of chimney-sweepers, let them blush for their own nakedness, and repent of the nonsense and absurdity they have foisted into the most sacred of all places, the pulpit.

We ought not to suppose, that the table-talk of an old woman, or the skittish, facetious tales of a buffoon, form the proper materials of a sermon. A good sermon is one of the finest results of good sense, combined with sound, vital piety. Were I to throw my thoughts into verse, I would say of a good sermon,

It should be brief; if lengthy, it will steep
Our hearts in apathy, our eyes in sleep:
The dull will yawn, the chapel lounge dose,
Attention flag, and memory's portals close.

It should be warm; a living altar-coal,
To melt the icy heart and charm the soul:

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A sapless, dull harangue, however read,
Will never rouse the soul, or raise the dead.

It should be simple, practical, and clear;
No fine-spun theory to please the ear;
No curious lay to tickle letter'd pride,
And leave the poor and plain unedified.

It should be tender and affectionate,
As his warm theme who wept lost Salem's fate:
The fiery law with words of love allay'd,
Will sweetly warn, and awfully persuade.

It should be manly, just, and rational;
Wisely conceiv'd, and well express'd withal:
Not stuff'd with silly notions, apt to stain
A sacred desk, and show a muddy brain.

It should possess a well-adapted grace,
To situation, audience, time, and place;
A Sermon form'd for scholars, statesmen, lords,
With peasants and mechanics ill accords.

It should with evangelic beauties bloom,
Like Paul's at Corinth, Athens, or at Rome.
Let some Epictetus or Sterne esteem;
A bleeding Jesus is the Gospel theme!

It should be mix'd with many an ardent prayer,
To reach the heart, and fix and fasten there:
When God and man are mutually address,
God grants a blessing; man is truly blest.

It should be closely, well applied at last,
To make the moral nail securely fast:
Thou art the man, and thou alone wilt make
A Felix tremble, and a David quake!

After some time I was received into the local preachers' plan, on Bolton circuit, and regularly attended at a variety of places, frequently walking six, eight, ten, twelve, or fourteen miles, and preaching afterwards once or twice, and then return; but duty was delight, and I could sweetly sing,

With thee conversing I forget
 All time, and toil, and care;
 Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
 If Thou, my God, art here.

WESLEY.

My plan of preaching was to commit to memory any good arrangement or outline of some of my brethren; and so to fly upon their wings, and to plough with their heifer. Sometimes I would preach from an outline of my own; but alas, on many occasions my sermons were no more than *three heads and a conclusion*; for I have always made it a point not to substitute a rambling exhortation for a sermon; not but this may sometimes do great good. God is not confined to bestow his Spirit because a man luminously explains, and beautifully analyzes his subject; but since custom has sanctioned textuary preaching, as the people, especially the wiser sort, expect the subject will be explained, while as men, we need instruction as well as persuasion; as the Holy Spirit frequently attends this method, and as most of the purposes of public teaching are better answered this way; we should not think lightly of a clear, judicious, fervent sermon, though it both explain the text, and greatly improve the mind.

Exhortation may be good in its place; but if a man undertake to preach, and put the people off with only an exhortation, will they think him a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth? will they not either lay his inability at the door of his neglecting to study, want of genius, or not being called to the work? A good sermon will cost a man much trouble, many prayers, and painful solitudes. It is true, I have been acquainted with preachers that never studied, and made a merit of saying, They had generally to find their text in the pulpit.* Such dabblers

* It would be well if such preachers would attend to what our venerable founder (John Wesley) has said in his note upon our

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may step from the dinner or tea-table, the pipe or the party, into the desk, and make a good exhortation; or *as the Indians call it, a Talk*; but they will never make able ministers of the New Covenant. I never knew such a preacher either command much respect, or prove the author of extensive good in the church of God. One of this kind, to prove to his auditory that study and learning were unnecessary, gravely told his hearers, "That Paul was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, a high mountain in Judea, and therefore was an ignorant man." Study, deep study and prayer are the soul of preaching; hence I never entered so much into the spirit of this sacred work, or had such enlargement and freedom, as when I cast my subject in the mould of prayer, and cast the seed into the earth with tears and supplications. With an humble, tender, praying heart, nothing is so sweet as preaching the gospel; then truly are words like nails fastened by the Master of assemblies:

For let the sophist smile, the scorner sneer,
No logic's half so weighty as a tear.

Holiness and wisdom are the grand requisites of a useful gospel ministry; if we would constrain others, the love of Christ must constrain us; and whosoever would persuade others must be persuaded himself. Can there be a greater solecism than a covetous minister preaching

Lord's Sermon on the Mount: "Through this whole discourse we cannot but observe the most exact method which can possibly be conceived; every paragraph, every sentence, is closely connected, both with that which precedes and that which follows it; and, is not this the pattern for every christian preacher? If any then are able to follow it without premeditation, well; if not, let them not dare to preach without it. No rhapsody—no incoherency. Whether the things spoken be true or false, comes of the Spirit of Christ."

Wesley's Notes, page 20, Am. ed.

generosity, a passionate meekness, a proud lowliness, and a lascivious chastity? Thou, therefore, that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? Thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal? Thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? Thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law dishonourest thou God? Hence the necessity of holiness. The general must lead his army, the master set the example to his disciples, and the father to his children.

His preaching much, but more his practice wrought;
A lively pattern of the truths he taught. DRYDEN.

A preacher should live near to God himself; this will inspire warmth of feeling; none will so readily prevail with another as he that is warmed with his theme; words will follow of course when the mind is heated and inflamed with the subject. A lively sense of the love of God, the value of immortal souls, and the importance of salvation, will inspire a preacher with eloquence a thousand times more forcible, than all the meretricious ornaments of pretty speaking: but a cold minister will never make others warm; a dull one cannot inspire liveliness; nor will a formal minister ever excite his congregation to fervency. How noble a field has the pious, affectionate minister, from which he may select the most moving subjects; how feeling a theme is the death of Christ, the love of God, the joys of glory; how interesting to the christian is communion with God, the beauties of holiness, the solemnities of death, and the awful pomp of the day of judgment. Deeply impressed with these, he will speak glowing words.

"Not mov'd, but wrapt—not waken'd, but inspir'd."

What made the ancient orators so eloquent? They spoke with a warm feeling of their subjects, and were

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alternately moved with grief, anger, rage, pity, zeal, or patriotism. What, said Æschines to the people of Rhodes, who were greatly moved at his reading the oration that caused his banishment: what would you have felt had you heard Demosthenes, with all his irresistible eloquence, deliver it? Tenderness of affection is essential to good speaking. Jesus wept—Grace was poured upon his lips. Mr. Whitefield's powers of oratory were attributed to this affection, which is contrary to that sour, scolding method some good men fall into. A hard, thundering, driving way of preaching, will affect some servile spirits, but most love to be drawn.

He preach'd the gospel, and he preach'd the law;
 He sometimes drove, but always lov'd to draw;
 He bore his great commission in his look,
 And sweetly temper'd awe, and soften'd all he spoke.

DRYDEN.

A tender appeal to the conscience, and an affectionate address to the heart, will effect a thousand times more than loud boisterous haranguing. Sound words should not be omitted. This the apostle recommends. Weighty words befitting the subject; not finical, flowery, spruce terms.

A low conceit, in pompous words express,
 Is like a fool in regal purple drest.

POPE.

Not vulgar phrases, but suitable, decent, dignified expressions. But to return.

I now felt an earnest desire to be given up to the work of the ministry, and also a wish (if the Lord opened the way) to carry the gospel into foreign lands, though alas! I had neither the fortitude, patience, prudence, nor wisdom, such a work required. It is true, I knew that my sufficiency is of the Lord, and was confident he would prepare the bark for the storm, and the soldier for the

battle. My earnest desire was to be useful, and I wished for a field in which my abilities would be both useful and acceptable. The case of the poor heathens appeared to me truly deplorable, and I felt a strong desire to be instrumental in plucking some of these brands from the fire. I thought, like many of my brethren, that a mission required fewer abilities than a home station; that a man may be competent to preach abroad, who is by no means fit to preach in England; but from thirteen years experience, I am persuaded that the reverse of this is the case. I grant, that had he nothing to do but address a few illiterate blacks, there might be some plausibility in the opinion; though even then, it is doubtful whether it does not require some skill to come down to their level, and some considerable knowledge, to deal with the most peculiar people in the world.

The British Conference have two principal Missions* under their patronage, Nova Scotia and the West-Indies; to these I might add the Bahama and Somers Islands; the last, on account of its similarity, I call a pretty good specimen of the West Indian Archipelago;

* The following is the state of the Methodist Foreign Missions; they are supported by the British Methodist Connexion at a very great annual expense:

<i>Europe and Africa.</i>		Tortola,.....	2176
Gibraltar,.....	50	St. Bartholomews,.....	200
Sierra Leone, in Africa,....	50	St. Eustatius,.....	246
<i>West Indies,</i>		Jamaica,.....	865
Antigua, (whites, coloured people, and blacks,)....	2407	Bahama Islands,.....	505
Dominica,.....	600	Bermudas or Somers Islands,	135
Grenada,.....	93	Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and New-Brun-	
Trinidad,.....	188	wick,.....	1120
St. Christophers,.....	2353	Newfoundland,.....	220
Nevis,.....	882	Prince Edward's Island,....	50
St. Thomas,.....	69		
St. Vincents,.....	1133	Total in Society on Foreign	
Barbadoes,.....	40	Missions,.....	13,382

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of the former, I would say, that the par of information is greater than among people of a similar class at home. Most of the settlers in Nova Scotia are people who have travelled; they are pretty well off, and possessing a good deal of leisure, have superior advantages of information to many in England and the United States. With regard to the Bermudas or Somers Islands, although the blacks are not informed, and numbers of them cannot read, yet we have to preach before persons of both learning, talents, and respectability, with whom also we have sometimes to converse, to answer 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 experience and observation. Many people abroad think the Methodists mere Goths with regard to knowledge, and downright enthusiasts with respect to religion. 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 people that gave him their patronage. I have sometimes been deeply pained to hear various subjects started, upon which none of the preachers present could converse; and who, if appealed to, seemed at a loss for an answer; or were as much beside the subject, as a respectable doctor I knew in the Somers Islands, who, when asked by two ladies present, what was the meaning of the sun entering Aries, putting on a very grave countenance, he replied, "that he supposed Aries was some cross planet of Venus." A general knowledge of history, geography, grammar, jurisprudence, the rudiments of geometry, botany, and chemistry,* together with

* If any one supposes that I have raised the standard of missionary qualifications too high, I would refer him to the Rev. Melvill

a tolerable good knowledge of the elements of Astronomy and the Belles Lettres, are almost indispensable to the useful and accomplished missionary. Nay, I would add, that a knowledge of most of these is necessary to a thorough and competent knowledge of God's Holy Word. Let therefore that disgraceful expression, "any thing will do for a missionary!" be forever exploded; for even, let me add, that the very wise and important persons that use it, would sometimes, perhaps, find themselves at a loss were they sent upon this critical and momentous errand.

CHAPTER V.

IN the year 1799, Mr. William Black, superintendent of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, came to England to solicit missionaries from the Conference for that part of British North America. My mind was strongly drawn out to offer myself as a missionary on this occasion; and after some deliberation and prayer for direction, I wrote to Mr. Black; he requested me to meet him at Manchester, that we might converse upon the subject; at which time it was agreed that Mr. B. should lay it before the Conference that was to meet in London in the year 1800. The preachers complied with Mr. Black's request, and appointed me to labour as a missionary in Nova Scotia, under the direction of Doctor Thomas Coke, as general

Horne's Letters on missions, and also to the Rev. Doctor Adam Clarke's Letter to a Preacher. I say the above qualifications are requisite for an accomplished missionary; not but a man may be very useful as a preacher, who neither understands botany; geometry, nor chemistry; however, a knowledge of these will both add to his satisfaction and usefulness.

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superintendent of all the Conference Missions. After taking a solemn and affectionate leave of all my friends, some of whom said they would sooner follow me to the grave, I hastened to Liverpool to make ready for my departure. Here I met my four colleagues, Mr. Black, Messrs. Lowrey, Bennet, and Oliphant; all young in the work, young in years, and young in experience: perhaps the sum total of the abilities of all four might have constituted an able missionary. Brother Bennet, however, has been a pious, useful, and acceptable minister; he is now superintendent of the work in Nova Scotia. Brother James Lowrey left his mission, being somewhat unwell, went to the United States, and after meeting with some heavy trials, returned to England, where he still travels. Brother Oliphant giving way to his besetment, was finally suspended, and I believe now keeps a school somewhere to the eastward of Boston. With regard to myself, I have gone limping forward; the enemy has thrust sore at me; frequently have I been ready to halt, and sometimes I have been nearly down; and I can only say, that I have endeavoured to limp forward as well as my infirmities would permit.

We sailed about the 24th of August in the Snow Sparrow, captain Humble, for Halifax, in Nova Scotia. All my worthy brethren were very sick, save myself, so I was enabled to attend them in their affliction. We had prayer evening and morning, and preaching once or twice on the sabbath during our whole voyage. Nothing material occurred till we arrived near the Banks of Newfoundland, when we were chased by a corvette privateer, who bore down upon us in a very warlike style, but being two in company, and both well armed, she thought fit to sheer off, so we pursued our voyage. A little after this, a circumstance happened that, but for the guardian care of a watchful Providence, might have proved fatal to several of the missionaries, as well as myself. The weather being fine, the day calm, and the

ship having but little way through the water, as we had been better than five weeks at sea, the captain proposed swimming alongside; for which purpose he let down a stage, requesting the mate to take the boat some distance from the vessel and try for a current. Meanwhile several of us launched into the mighty ocean, and were swimming about the ship, till the mate, who was some distance off, hailed the Sparrow, requesting those over-board to get into the vessel as quick as possible, for that he had seen two large sharks swimming alongside the boat, which he suspected had left the ship to follow him: thus were we, by the good providence of God, and a singular coincidence of circumstances, saved from a terrible untimely death. Truly we were enabled to say, as Jonah, "I will sacrifice unto thee; with the voice of thanksgiving, I will pay that I have vowed—salvation is of the Lord!" Had the boat not left the vessel, we might all of us have been destroyed; had she gone a little later the danger was equally great; had she returned before we went into the water, the sharks would have come back with her, and would have darted on their prey. He that has no eyes to behold the particular providence of God in such events, is blind as a mole, and stupid as a beast. Praise the Lord, O my soul! bless and magnify his holy name!

AN EMBLEMATIC REFLECTION.

We arrived in Halifax the fourth of October, after a passage of six weeks; all, through boundless mercy, in good health, save our worthy brother Bennet. What a lively emblem is the life of the mariner of the voyage of a Christian to the peaceful shores of calm eternity! A thousand rocks and dangerous reefs lie hid in every part of the faithless sea! Here the vortex of despair whirls its boiling and tumultuous waves! Now the boisterous storms of affliction blow with terrible fury! Anon gusts of sudden temptation descending like the white-winged

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squall, terribly ruffle and agitate the peaceful surface of the soul! Now he glides sweetly before the auspicious gales of faith and love—by and by an athwarting current of corrupt nature sets him several points out of his regular course—sometimes he cannot fathom the mysterious depths of Divine Providence—and often through the dead calms of lukewarmness he is hindered from pursuing his heavenly voyage: though his sun is still in the firmament, yet his soul is often perplexed for want of a clear discovery of his meridian splendour, from which to begin a new data and pursue his voyage—but soon as the Immortal darts his splendour through the dark clouds, the

Saint expands his wings
Wide to the wind; and as he sails he sings,
And loses, by degrees, the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so his joys arise,
The waves roll gentler and the tempest dies.
Nor vast eternity fills all his sight;
He floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas for ever calm, and skies for ever bright. WATTS.

The friends in Halifax received us with every mark of gladness, and welcomed our arrival to the new world with much christian affection. Perhaps in no part of the world is there a kinder or more generous society, than the flock at Halifax: may they never lack both spiritual blessings and temporal comforts.

I would here say a word or two of this capital of New Scotland; as it both is, and will always be to the British, a place of great importance. The town is an oblong square, extending from what they call fresh water river, to the southward, and to the king's dock-yard, in a northerly direction. The whole length of the town is perhaps two miles; it contains a large garrison, a naval yard, and a population of perhaps seven or eight thousand souls. Here we have a spacious mission-house, a large

commodious chapel, and a respectable number of worthy friends.

Halifax has a fine market, and abounds with all the blessings of life; here are two Episcopal churches, a Roman catholic church, a large Presbyterian church, a place of worship for the Baptists, and, I believe, across the harbour, a Friends' meeting-house. There is a fine Government-house, a house for the second in command, a Court-house, Arsenal, Marine Hospital, long ranges of soldiers' and officers' barracks; with a number of other public buildings. The town is the residence of the Governor, the Bishop of Nova Scotia, and also the Admiral, during the summer months; and a number of other officers belonging to Government. Many of the buildings are handsome, and rising on the declivity of a hill, have a fine appearance from the water. When I first arrived, the houses were all of wood, elegantly painted; but now they have both brick and stone buildings.

Halifax will in time become a place of great trade betwixt Nova Scotia and the West India Islands; the present exports are fur, lumber, staves, fish, butter, beef, and pork.

As Nova Scotia has long been upon the Minutes of the British Conference, it may not be amiss to say something of the work of God in it. The first particular stir about religion in this cold and little known colony, was among a few Methodist emigrants from Yorkshire, assisted by a Mr. Scur, who had been, and then acted as a class-leader. About this time a Mr. Allen, a New-Light preacher, went about the country, and became the means of good to many; he appears to have been an upright, but mistaken man; he held many singular and absurd opinions.

Mr. Black, whose father had emigrated from Huddersfield, was now raised up, and has for many years been a faithful and laborious minister of the gospel. John and James Mann came from the United States to this pro-

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vince during the war; they have for many years been truly useful. A few years after the war, Freeborn Garretson was appointed to a mission in this country, and travelled the peninsula with great success. Afterwards Mr. Wesley sent James Wray from England to take charge of the work, who, though a good man, was not so acceptable; he died on a mission to the West Indies. Mr. Mc'Coll was sergeant in a Scotch regiment, and having been converted himself, settled at St. Stephens, upon the river St. Croix, which forms the boundary line; he has been very useful. To these were added, from time to time, a number of young preachers from the United States, many of whom went back, some located, and left the work, others died: only one missionary had been sent by the British Conference prior to our arrival, Mr. Abraham John Bishop, whom I shall hereafter have cause to mention.

There were in the country at this time, (1800,) brother William Black, John and James Mann, Duncan Mc'Coll, and John Cooper, who has since joined the Baptists. The following circuits were destitute of preachers; Liverpool, on the eastern shores of the Atlantic; St. John, the capital of New Brunswick, on the bay of Fundy; Shelburn or Port Roseway; Windsor, in the centre of the peninsula; and Cumberland, at the entrance of it: to this last place I was appointed. My circuit was that part of Nova Scotia that included the boundary line of the province of New Brunswick; the land being indented by the bay of Fundy on the one side, and the gulf of St. Lawrence on the other, may very properly be called the isthmus of Nova Scotia.

The county of Cumberland is mostly settled by old Yorkshire farmers or their descendants, many of them worthy men. Here the seed of Methodism was first sowed, and a revival of religion took place, which gave spiritual birth to Mr. William Black, who for thirty years past has laboured in North America.

After staying a little while in Halifax, I set off for my circuit, where the people having no preacher, received me with singular satisfaction and kindness, and were very indulgent to my weakness and inability. My circuit was forty miles long, the roads bad, and sometimes the weather also; however, I felt determined, by the grace of God, to devote myself to his glory. This was late in the fall; the weather now became remarkably cold. Indeed no one that has only been used to the cold of an English winter, can conceive the intense severity of the winters in Nova Scotia: sometimes the snow is four feet deep, the ice upon the rivers two and three feet thick. The cold penetrates the warmest rooms, the warmest clothes, and the warmest constitutions, and frequently freezes to death those who lose their way in the woods, or get bewildered in a snow-storm.—Truly may it be said here, Who can stand before His cold? In a little while I was attacked with a cough and hoarseness, and my frequent exposures increased them to such a degree, as nearly deprived me of sleep; however, as the quarterly meeting was coming on, I would not give up, and continued travelling and preaching till the day on which it took place.

On the same evening, I rode several miles to my appointment, and gave my cold the finishing stroke. The next day, being very unwell, I took to my room; but after a week's confinement, I again ventured out to preach, and came home with a violent fever; my flesh burned like a fire, and yet I shivered with cold. I had now to take my bed in good earnest, to which and my room I was confined eight weeks; but during my affliction I had such a display of the power of religion, as is beyond human language to describe; such sweet communion with God; such soul-ravishing manifestations of his love, as exceeded all my ideas of spiritual enjoyment. My room was an Eden, and my bed appeared to be the porch of heaven. I could have been willing to

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bear an age of suffering for such a heaven of enjoyment. Pain and weakness did not prevent me from weeping for joy, and praising God all the day. Surely if all the devils in hell, and all the deists upon earth, were to persuade me this was only imagination, I would not believe them.

But shall we give up the noble, the sweet, the seraphic part of evangelical piety, to the cold-hearted moralist, the stiff Pharisee, or the sceptical and captious deist? Are we to lay the noblest emotions of religion, the purest honours of the cross, and the most lovely and soul-ravishing fruits of the Spirit, at the feet of Zeno or Epicuretus? Shall we measure our religion by a standard borrowed from the cold and uninflamed philosophers of ancient days, or the fastidious nominal christians of the present day? By these

Each pure seraphic bliss that warms the saint,
 Bliss which no human eloquence can paint,
 The peace that forms an Eden in the soul,
 The joys that sweetly rise and gently roll,
 The sacred commerce of a soul above,
 The ardent flame of pure ecstatic love,
 The tears that tell our crimson sins forgiven,
 The sighs that waft the raptured soul to heaven,
 Are deem'd a sprightly fancy, or at best,
 The soft emotions of an amorous breast.
 In apostolic days, they will allow,
 The saints had joys, but can't believe them now :
 These sacred streams above their level rise,
 This standard's too exalted for their size ;
 They spurn the Christian's sweet experience,
 Because above the summit of their sense.

This affliction was the gate of heaven to my soul though I cannot ascribe these luminous manifestations to remarkable faithfulness, nor yet to an uncommonly deep experience in divine things. With regard to religion, I was but a young pilgrim, and as it respects ministerial growth, just in my infancy. Perhaps the following reasons may be assigned: I was far from home, was a

stranger in a strange land, was just as it were beginning my missionary career, and being stopped at the very threshold, might have sunk into deep dejection, had not God wonderfully and graciously supported me. I had tasted much of the sweetness of religion, but now the Lord gave me a deep and delightful draught, to prepare me for the blessed work to which I have good reason to believe his providence had called me. On this sick bed I had an opportunity of meditating upon the blessed truths of the Gospel, each of which now shone with a new evidence to my soul, and brought some divine consolation along with it. Never did the ministry of the Gospel appear either so desirable or important as on that occasion. If a wish for recovery stole across my mind, it was while reflecting on the precious love of Christ to sinners. How sweetly did my soul enter into the experience of those lines :

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name,
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

WESLEY.

Nothing was more plain to me during this illness, than the supreme and eternal divinity of the ineffable Redeemer. I could have staked my eternal all upon this truth ; and if Saint Athanasius had, in addition to the testimony of holy Scripture, such an inward evidence, I do not wonder at the bold, decided, and persevering stand he made against Arianism—nor yet, that he should call Arianism the sin against the Holy Ghost. This appeared to me the key-stone of the christian arch ; the centre of union to the whole system ; the light, and life, and all-pervading soul of religion. If we rob Christ of his glory, and tear this noblest tenet from the creed, what is there in the christian religion but a sarrago of idolatry, or a system of deism ?

I recollect once to have heard in England an eminent minister of the gospel, so to identify his eternal salva-

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tion with this important doctrine, as to assert, that he was content to be damned if Christ were not God; to which my soul replied with all its powers, "and so am I."

Some of my friends from different parts of the circuit coming in to see me, I desired to be propped up in bed, that I might once more have the pleasure of preaching a crucified Saviour; and it was a most solemn and refreshing time. Sighs and tears, weeping and lamentation, pervaded the little audience, who felt the most poignant grief at the idea of being so soon separated from their afflicted brother and recent pastor. After a few weeks, the Lord was pleased to give a favourable turn to my disorder, and raise me from the bed of languishing, and snatch me from the very porch of the grave. Then could I say, I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.—Surely if I had then died, death was gain; but unerring wisdom knows what is best. I had more work to do, more affliction to suffer, and more experience to gain; the set time was not come. May the Redeemer grant, that when the moment arrives the best wine may be reserved to the last.

Till glad I lay my body down,
Thy servant, Lord, attend;
And O, my life of mercy crown
With a triumphant end.

WESLEY.

If I ever experienced what Mr. Wesley and the Methodists call perfect love, it was during this sickness.—I had not, it is true, the distinct explicit witness; nor do I know that this is promised, unless that passage of St. Paul to the Corinthians is in point, "We have not received the spirit of the world, but the spirit that is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God—but I loved God with all my heart: I was delivered from slavish fears, from impatience, from anger, from hardness of heart; my heart was continually melt-

ed as in the fire of love, and dissolved to tenderness and thanksgiving. I could rejoice evermore—pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks—I felt a supreme delight in God, and an ardent desire to do and suffer his righteous will; and all this was accompanied with the deepest humility and self-abasement, joined to a most piercing sense of my nothingness without Christ. Ah me! that I should ever lose one inch of this precious and delectable ground; for surely then my soul fed in the green pastures, and drank of the living streams of perfect love!

As my strength recruited I longed to recommence the blessed work of my mission, and go out upon the circuit; and truly the first sermon I preached after my recovery was with the Holy Ghost sent down from above—the hardest hearts were smitten as when a rock is broken to pieces by the strokes of a mighty hammer. When the spring returned I set off for our little conference, which was at Annapolis; for though in Nova Scotia we have only from eight to ten preachers, we meet every year, and as far as possible imitate the connexion at home. On these occasions our meetings were very refreshing, for as iron sharpeneth iron so doth the face of a man his friend: separated from each other all the rest of the year by bays, rivers, and large tracts of wilderness country, the pleasure of meeting becomes at once a source of rational satisfaction and a means of renewed friendship, as there are few preachers in any part of the world more cordially attached to each other than the missionaries in Nova Scotia.

I would observe, with regard to the inhabitants of this cold wilderness country, that they are in general a kind, friendly, and hospitable people; it is true, there are a great variety of religious opinions, and the minds of many have been poisoned with the worst kind of Antinomianism. This has led, in some few instances, to the most terrible excesses; such as murder, incest, and aw-

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ful extravagance; it has disparaged true evangelical religion among sober churchmen, and rational moralists, who are frequently upon the watch for objections to Methodism, and who hence frequently lay at the door of vital piety, all the extravagancies committed by the vilest and most abandoned enthusiasts. I would, though by the by, observe to these close inspectors and kind guardians of the purity of Methodism, "That they are neither Methodists nor Dissenters who fill our prisons, stand at the bar for trial at quarter sessions or assizes, swing upon our gallowses, dwell on board the hulks, or are sent to people New Holland among culprits."

There is a strong tincture of bigotry among the Scotch part of the population. Whether this arises from embracing the doctrine of particular redemption, or the prejudices of country, I will not take on me to determine. There are in both provinces many members of the church of England, and some churches; but there is reason to believe that the Episcopalian interest has been upon the decline for several years in both provinces.* The people, in general, are pretty well informed—much more so, perhaps, than people of similar classes, either in England or Ireland. They consist chiefly of natives, English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, Germans, French, Americans, and Indian Micmacks. There have been some blessed revivals of religion in this country, and much good has been done; but there is still a great need of active, lively, laborious preachers. The Methodists never had

* The above remarks do not spring from bigotry. The author is no bigot; he knows it is not Methodism, Calvinism, Presbyterianism, nor Episcopalianism, that makes a man a true christian; but faith, regeneration, love to God and man, and universal obedience to the divine commands. To all such I can say, by whatever pale they are inclosed, This is my brother—this is my friend. I love all good men, and earnestly pray for more union among real christians.

more than from ten to twelve missionaries in the two provinces; and what are these to nearly eighty thousand people, scattered over a country four or five hundred miles long, and from eighty to one hundred miles wide. It is true, there are nearly twenty Episcopal clergymen, and perhaps half as many Presbyterians; but as neither of these itinerate, thousands of people, immured in the woods, or scattered up and down the sea-coast, have no opportunity of benefiting by their labours. If these are fed with the bread of life, it must be carried to their habitations. A preacher must either ride or walk into their settlements. He must be content to look dangers and difficulties in the face. He must not be too fastidious to make a log cottage in the wilderness his best inn; nor should he let a snow-storm or a bad bridge deter him from his appointment.

The difficulties and dangers of travelling in this country are so simply pointed out in the following little poem, written on my leaving Nova Scotia, that I cannot resist the desire I feel to insert it in this place.

Thou climate of cold, where the icy winds blow,
Where the maple fire burns and the lofty pines grow;
E'er I quit thy cold shores for a happier clime,
I'll chant my farewell in a fragment of rhyme.

Seven years have I travell'd thy desolate woods!
And cross'd thy broad lakes, and thy icy-pav'd floods!
With tempests and snow-drift impeding my course,
And icicles hanging to me and my horse.

But shall I forget in thy winters severe,
When crossing bleak marshes and barrens most drear:
Full many a blessing has warmed my heart,
Tho' the cold chill'd my blood, and my fingers would smart.

With a rapture of joy I would gratefully bless
The cottage that cheer'd in thy bleak wilderness!
Tho' my lodging was cold, and the stars I could see
 thro' the chinks of my log-room, bright twinkling on me.

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How oft have I 'scap'd by the skin of my teeth!
 When the ice was worn thin by the current beneath;
 And when by the showers the torrents were rais'd,
 I trembled till past, but deliver'd, I prais'd!

Hence learn, O my soul! to put trust in thy Lord!
 His care and past dangers be kept on record:
 'The sea and the desert with safety are cross'd;
 Be faithful, thou shalt not in Jordan be lost.

Tho' thy Spring is unpleasant, thy Winter severe;
 And freezing and sea-fog encircle the year:
 Yet thy wilds have their game, and thy forests their stores;
 And kind are the natives that people thy shores.

The moose in thy woods, and the bears in thy brakes,
 The trout in thy streams, and the fowls on thy lakes;
 Thy salmon, thy maple, and fine pomme-de-terre,*
 A bountiful Providence jointly declare.

Nor do I forget that fair piety grows,
 Like an ever-green plant 'mid thy bleaching snows:
 Who rules the green earth from the Oby to Nile,
 Has illumin'd thy wastes with his lucific smile.

Thy forests and snow-drifts, thy marshes and bogs,
 Thy birch-cover'd wigwams and sun-veiling fogs;
 Thy cold rocky soil, and thy winters severe,
 His presence can sweeten, his blessing can cheer.

For 'tis not in seasons or climes to impart
 The bliss that enlivens and gladdens the heart;
 Spitsbergen's cold shores, or Borneo's hot isle,
 Can please, if illumin'd with Jesus's smile.

That smile is a spring of delight to the soul,
 Tho' tempests arise and the fierce billows roll:
 It gladdens the desert, it charms the wild wave,
 Gives ease in affliction, and hope in the grave.

Ye high-coned pines, and ye balsamic firs!
 Ye maples so sweet, and ye quiv'ring poplars;

* Potatoes.

'Neath your shades* I have stood, while ye heard me proclaim
Salvation unbounded thro' Jesus's name!

But ne'er shall I wander thy woodlands again,
Where silence and gloom, brother foresters, reign:
Nor travel thy dreary Peninsula o'er,
From the Canada gulf to the Atlantic shore.

Farewell to thy plains, and adieu to thy hills!
Thy deep rapid rivers, and wood-cutting mills,
Thy terrible snow-drifts, thy bleak torpid coast:
Adieu to the region of sea-fog and frost!

In the winter, if the snow is two deep to ride, he must take his saddle-bags upon his shoulder and walk, or put on a pair of snow-shoes, and trudge forward on its surface. If his lodgings are sometimes cold, he will, at least, find the hearts of the people warm. If he want retirement, he is surrounded with silent, lofty woods, nature's most beautiful temple. His food may sometimes be coarse, but his appetite will be keen; his rides may be laborious, but the exercise will promote his health. This country is particularly suited to Methodist preachers, having little of the fine, delicate gentleman about them, they harmonize more with the simplicity and plainness of the people.

The Baptists, or as they are more properly called, the *New Lights*, have some few worthy preachers among them; but as they have little or no discipline, and differ as much in their private sentiments, as other denominations differ one from another, they cannot be supposed extensively useful. The Scotch Presbyterians chiefly inhabit Pictou, Cobbequit, Truro, and several other parts in the vicinity of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They have also congregations at Cornwallis, Halifax, &c. The Roman Catholics are generally deplorably ignorant and blindfolded—some of these still believe that their priests

* The author frequently preached in the woods.

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can perform miracles. The Indians are mostly of this priest-ridden persuasion; that is, they are taught, that wearing a large brass or silver crucifix, counting their beads, and confessing to the priest, will save their souls. However, it must be said, to the honour of the Romish clergy, that their zeal to convert these poor outcasts to a false religion, exceeds that of other ministers to convert the into the true. It is a great pity, that the Episcopal ministers, some of whom receive an annual stipend for this purpose, do not take some pains with these miserable fugitives. A faithful missionary who would go and live among them, as Elliot and Brainerd, might no doubt bring a goodly number of them to the knowledge of the truth. And if they were civilized, government would give them land to cultivate; as there are more than three millions of acres of ungranted land in the country. But, alas! few are willing to pursue schemes that have nothing to recommend them but pure benevolence and sacred philanthropy.

An annual sum to a large amount was left by the Hon. Robert Boyle, for the purpose of christianizing these savages; but whether the benefaction is applied to this or some other purpose, I have not been able to learn.

A school or college was set on foot for them at Sussex Vale, on the Kennebecases river; but I am not sensible that any particular good has been done by it.

We love the Indians, so far as they contribute to our wealth and interest; we give them brandy and rum for their furs and their works of ingenuity; but when their souls, their immortal interests, are concerned, we are willing to be excused.

While stationed at Halifax, I had an opportunity of attending some condemned malefactors, who were shot for desertion. I visited them frequently, and staid with them all the night previous to their execution; and I have reason to believe they all found pardon through the blood of the Lamb. The fear of death was removed

from their minds, and they walked to the scaffold in a kind of holy triumph. During my stay in Halifax, several were awakened and found peace. The society prospered, the congregations were large, and I was often favoured with uncommon liberty.

I cannot omit a facetious little incident that took place while in this town. One evening I was preaching on the spread of the gospel; the increase of religion in the world, and particularly the increase of the Methodists. An honest Tar, standing near the door, called out, "That is no wonder, for ill weeds grow fast."

I have to regret, that while in Halifax I was too much led into company, which left me little time for reading, study, or secret prayer; hence I sometimes ventured into the pulpit hardly knowing what text to take. In this I was greatly to blame; I ought to have given myself to reading, to exhortation, and to doctrine, that my profiting might appear to all. The apostles gave themselves to prayer and the work of the ministry. Alas, what account will those ministers give, who saunter about, while away their time, or spend it in the suburbs of Terra del Fuego, puffing away at the pipe. If all the time were improved that is spent by some at this "negatively sinful practice," they might be able preachers, able scholars, and extensively useful men. Close reading, hard study, and fervent prayer, are the soul of good preaching. If Cicero and Demosthenes spent weeks and months in composing those orations that have been the wonder of after ages; if Timothy was exhorted to study to approve himself a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, what are we to think of those public teachers, who spring from the tea-table, the chatting party, or the tobacco-pipe, into the pulpit, without previous preparation, and solemn prayer? Alas, they are frequently obliged to preach from old texts; their subjects are trite; they have got them by rote; they excite no sensations in their own minds; and hence it is

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impossible they should in their hearers. An old subject is generally flat; a preacher rarely succeeds well in going the same ground over again; the beaten track has little pasture in it; those who have heard the sermon before, will yawn and go to sleep, and those who have not heard it, will think the preacher a mighty dull one. I would advise every preacher to keep an exact list of the texts he preaches from, the date, and place; this will save him from much confusion, and fix, in some degree, so many texts in his memory. It will also enable him to avoid the rock on which I have known some good men to slip, that of preaching five or six times in the same place from the same text, *verbatim et literatim*. A discourse of this kind is like a threadbare coat, or thrice-told tale. Some degree of novelty is essential to pleasing, and we shall seldom profit whom we do not please: but if a preacher goes round preaching the same discourse from Dan to Beersheba, he may meet some of his former hearers at every nook, and feel as one of old on another occasion, "hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" In a word, I would recommend to all my junior brethren the advice of Doct. Adam Clarke, in his most excellent Letter to a Methodist Preacher—"pray much, read much, write much, and have always some subject upon the anvil; on a week-day select the texts you intend to preach from in the morning, and then you will have the whole day before you."

My station was now for a little while at Annapolis, where we have a lively little society in a pleasant country. During my short stay here, we had most refreshing times. At Granville chapel several were awakened and found peace. The society was revived, and the meetings were crowded. Sometimes at the Waldeck settlement (a colony of the Dutch and Germans on Annapolis bason) we had the power of God present in a most glorious and vital manner; and religion prospered throughout the circuit, from Wilmot mountain to Digby. In the fall of

the year, being appointed for the city of St. John, after many tears and affectionate farewells, I left my dear Annapolis friends, and sailed across the Bay of Fundy for St. John, where, during the winter, I laboured in the city and along the banks of the river, with various success.

Methodism was first planted in St. John by that holy and useful man of God, and missionary, Mr. Abraham John Bishop, from the island of Jersey: he was, under God, the chief instrument of the first revival, both in the city and up the river; and his name will ever be as music in the ears of many, who date their first religious impressions from his ministerial labours. He was truly a man of God, and feared neither the rich nor powerful, but would lovingly invite, and mildly reprove, all who came in his way. Though a man of fortune, he was humble as a child, and self-denying as a hermit. His rank in society gave respect to his zeal; and his loving spirit made his reproofs an excellent oil. But he is no more—he was early snatched from the toils of warfare to the triumphs of glory. The conference wanting a missionary who could preach in French, to visit the island of Grenada, he was sent upon a mission to that island; and in those blooming regions of perennial death, he paid the debt of mortality, and was transmitted to glory by a mortal fever, in the prime of his years, and in the midst of his usefulness. Holy shade, farewell! Thy sainted spirit is at rest! Thou feelest no more the bitter blasts of Nova Scotia, nor the scorching fervours of the torrid zone! Gentle pastor, may my spirit be with thine, in the realms of repose, and the mansions of bliss!

On my arrival at St. John, the fogs were so severe, that I did not know but I should have to leave the place. However, my lungs became familiar with them; and I continued at my appointment.

For Jesu's love can every place beguile,
Make the rocks bloom, and dreary deserts smile:

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Nor Fundy's fogs, nor Scotia's snows I dread,
 Nor tropic's suns fierce blazing o'er my head:
 If he be present, Eden's in my soul,
 Whatever skies preside, or seasons roll.

This year, my labours, if not remarkably successful, were refreshing to myself, and profitable to the people. Our little chapel was often crowded, and my soul was quickened. I went, in the winter, up the river St. John, and preached with much profit at Sheffield, Grand Lake, Nash Walk, Frederickton, and many other places. Several were added to the society. We had many refreshing seasons, especially at Sheffield, where there had been a considerable revival under the ministry of brother Bennet. Several young persons had been truly awakened; others found redemption in the blood of the Lamb, and the society was much quickened.

I would here observe, that travelling such a country as the river St. John, in the depth of a Nova Scotia winter, is one of those hardships of a missionary life, that calls for no ordinary faith, patience, and fortitude; traversing an immense river, frozen, perhaps, two feet deep—encountering dismal snow-storms, rendered almost torpid by a bleak north-west wind—sleeping frequently in log-houses, with but indifferent accommodations, are trials, for which a preacher stationed on the river St. John, must prepare himself.

In March I returned to the city, where I continued labouring, with various success, till the month of May, 1803, when I crossed the Bay of Fundy, to visit once more the shores of Nova Scotia. This year, our little conference was at Windsor, at which I was appointed for Liverpool circuit. I soon found myself at home among this friendly, civil, and respectable people; and resolved, through divine grace, to devote myself anew to my Master's service. I resumed my four o'clock rising, and as I thought it would further my studies, and assist my soul in her warfare with corrupt nature, I ab-

stained altogether from animal food, a practice which I could not continue long, because it brought on a painful diarrhœa. Yet, in a spiritual sense, the benefits of it were apparent. In going this circuit, I had occasionally to preach at Port Mutton, Port Jolly, Port le Bare, and several other small places, on the eastern shores of the Atlantic. But the blessing of God is not confined. I have had better seasons in a fisherman's hut, than perhaps some splendid ministers in a spacious temple. How true is that word, *God is no respecter of persons.*

But rich or poor the Saviour's love may know,
 So wide the streams of blood-bought mercy flow.
 The polish'd courtier, or the plodding cit;
 The dull mechanic, or the brilliant wit;
 The finest dame; the simplest hearted page;
 The meanest rustic, or the deepest sage:
 Whether in city born, or village bred;
 Whether in robes of silk or wool array'd;
 No matter: each the blessing may possess,
 For all are equal in the realms of grace.
 The Lamb expir'd, and bled for every soul,
 From the world's girdle to each starry pole.
 On every side, the New Jerusalem,
 Bright gates of bliss, with pearly beauty flame,
 Redeeming love is full, is free for all,
 Who feel their need, and fly at mercy's call.

Frequently, in pastoral visiting, and visiting the sick, the poorer and more indigent the persons, the sweeter and more refreshing has been the visit. It is in the abodes of poverty that we meet smiling content, and patient resignation, low circumstances, with exalted hopes; misery on a couch "justifying the ways of God with men;" true gratitude for barley-bread and simple water; simple-hearted prayer, supplicating for more grace and thankfulness; noble generosity, the starving wife giving the last morsel to her children; the affectionate husband, deeply distressed, but comforting his wife, and blessing his family.

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These are thy own, sweet poverty ; and these
 Make thy mean fare and little cottage please :
 With such a train, thy lot is nobler far
 Than his, who wears a coronet and a star.
 And though the high-born rich may tread thee down ;
 The gay despise thee, and the proud disown :
 Though airy vanity's false train,
 And pomp and beauty chill thee with disdain,
 There is a friend, above yon starry skies,
 Who counts thy tears, who listens to thy sighs.
 Suffer a while, if so His will ordain,
 Who grafts His blessings on the stock of pain ;
 And when thy woes are buried in the tomb,
 From every tear a lovely joy shall bloom ;
 Lustres, in thy immortal coronet,
 Of glittering gems by sweet affliction set.

During my stay in Liverpool, the society was built
 up ; many were quickened, and a few were added to the
 church. Some are apt to think no good is done unless
 all are on fire with a wonderful revival, but this is a
 mistake. The work of divine grace may progress with
 as much silence as the dew falls upon the ground, and as
 imperceptibly as the grass grows in the spring. It is not
 clapping of hands—not shouting—not stamping with the
 heels ; nor any other bodily exercise, that indicates a
 growth of grace. There may be much smoke, where
 there is little fire. There was more shouting and clap-
 ping around Aaron's calf, than when God himself came
 down upon Mount Sinai. The power and presence of
 God fill the soul with a solemn and majestic awe. The soul
 desires to be alone, that it may pour out its supplications
 to the Father of spirits. God forbid, that I should touch
 the sacred ark of pure, enlivened piety, with the least
 finger of opposition ; but, as an humble inquirer after
 divine truth, I would ask, does clapping with the hands,
 and stamping with the feet, increase in the soul, love,
 humility, faith, gratitude, meekness, chastity, and hea-
 venly-mindedness ? Is clapping the hands as true and
 genuine an expression of gratitude, as a tender and

lively sensibility of heart? Have we any canon in the New Testament by which clapping is required. Are they the old, steady, experienced followers of Christ who clap hands? Are those who clap loudest the most holy, meek, humble, diligent, and devoted members of our society? May not the purest and most lively piety exist, where there is no disposition to clap? Is not clapping sometimes used, and screaming too, when there is no extraordinary influence present? I should be deeply sorry, that any one should suppose the Methodists confine religion to these things, or even think them at all necessary to the existence of devotion. No! They believe religion is the kingdom of God within us; "Righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." The spirit of prayer—the spirit of faith—the spirit of love—the spirit of holiness, form the grand materials of a Methodist's religion. It is not, lo! here is Christ, or lo! there is Christ! But Christ in you the hope of glory; the King of righteousness, and the fountain of universal piety. I have been present at revivals of religion; I have beheld the stately steppings of Jehovah in his sanctuary; I have known his influence descend as the former and the latter rain; I have heard the cries of the mourner blended with the rejoicing of the redeemed; but on these occasions I recollect neither clapping nor stamping—and yet there are some, who think that religion is at a stand if these things are discontinued. But, can we see into the believer's heart? Can we discover his inward exercises? Can we tell how often he may be watered, animated, and comforted? We should not conclude, there is no good done unless there be a great noise. We know, that the deepest rivers glide silently along. It is only the shallow that make the most bubble and bruit. Is it not doing good to instruct christians in the duties of religion? Is it not doing good to build up those who are already built upon Christ? Is it not doing good to confirm the wavering; water the thirsty; revive the weary, comfort the mour-

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er; and illustrate and enforce the great and comforting doctrines of religion, morality, and Providence? It is, indeed, a blessed and delightful sight, to see careless souls alarmed to a just and lively concern for their immortal interest; humble penitents rejoicing with joy unspeakable, and zealous believers taking the kingdom with holy violence. But, because the residue of the spirit is in God's hands, and he does not, for wise and inexplicable reasons, always pour it out, are we to despise the droppings of the sanctuary, or neglect the common order of things? We may have one consolation left amidst the want of extraordinary revivals. We may, ourselves, unless we are sadly wanting in faith and fervency; we may enjoy the richest consolations of his Spirit. For though God does not, at all times, break up the fountains of the great deep, and overflow the world with a deluge of righteousness; yet he is still, to his faithful people, an open fountain, a well of salvation, and a brook by the wayside. If the moral world is deprived of rain for the space of three years, yet he will still be as the dew to Israel. "He shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon."

In the spring, at the request of Mr. Black, I went to supply his place in Halifax, while he attended the Baltimore conference. I sailed for Halifax in the brig Rover, (she had been a Liverpool privateer) and the same day, the 10th of April, when we were within sight of Sambro light-house, a gale of wind set in from the north-east, and blew us out to sea. Our situation was most critical—we had not a single candle for the binacle, and no provisions on board; our men were landsmen, hired to carry the vessel round to Halifax, there to be refitted. The captain was under much concern, lest we should be kept out at sea, or be obliged to bear away for the West-Indies. In this extremity I had recourse to my bible; (I

am no advocate for bibliomaney*) but the first chapter I turned to was David's description of a storm, in the 107th psalm; in which are those words, "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still—then they are glad, because they are quiet; so he bringeth them into the desired haven." On this passage my hopes rested. I reasoned thus:—Is not God the same as heretofore? Has he not all power in earth and heaven? Do not the prayers of his people still come up before his throne? Do not the winds and the waves obey him? I felt satisfied God would deliver. The winds lulled—a calm ensued—the breeze sprang up fair—and though then off Cape le Have, to the westward of Liverpool, we got into Halifax the same night. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and magnify his holy name! I know, that Deists and Infidels will call this superstition, madness, folly, to suppose that the great God would arrest the course of the elements at the request of a poor worm! But shall we, in compliment to infidels, or infidel poets, deny a particular Providence? overlook the mercy of God, and say, Jehovah is an idle spectator of his people's woes? Perish the page of mine, that would make an unrighteous composition with such men, merely to avoid the old, stale, unmeaning cry of enthusiasm, or superstition. If we might give up religion to the different enemies of christianity, the mere moralist would fritter away the new birth into I know not what; of water baptism, and regularity of life; the daring Socinian would rob the Redeemer of his Godhead, and glory in the sacrilege; the rational philosopher would deprive

* Bibliomaney is dipping in the bible, and making the state of our minds depend upon any accidental text that comes first to hand. For the abuses to which this practice leads, see Doctor Adam Clarke's Letter to a Preacher.

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religion of its spiritual and sublime mysteries; the Pharisee would tear the richest jewels of grace from the crown of righteousness; and the Antinomian would rob religion of morality and holiness; the enthusiast would divest it of reason; the frozen-hearted formalist of vitality and fire, and the latitudinarian of strictness and severity; bigots would strip it of candour, and popes of simplicity. Thus religion would fare like the beautiful statue left by the sculptor for inspection in the market-place, every beauty would be erased, till the whole were one blot.

My friends in Halifax received me gladly, and I laboured among them till the latter end of summer; when brother Black, returning from Baltimore, I was by him united in marriage with Miss Mary Seabury. This was a union of much prayer and deliberation. My reasons for this step were the following: 1st, Mutual attachment and friendship. 2, Union of religious sentiment, "How shall two walk together unless they are agreed?" 3, A desire to be delivered from temptation, and an inward conviction in my mind, that I could be more holy, useful, and happy in a married than single state. 4, I thought a pious partner would not only help me, but the church of God. My wife, though young, had been in the society five years. She was brought up in the fear of God. Her mother had been a long time a devoted follower of the Lord. 5, A coincidence of Providence, the particulars of which would require too great minuteness of detail, as, though interesting to myself, they might be flat and tedious to others. After nine years experience of a married life, I am still firmly of opinion, it is the most excellent, the most eligible, and the most happy condition. My wife has had six children; she has travelled with me, by sea and land, several thousand miles. We have had serious difficulties to encounter; many afflictions to bear, and some hardships. We have lost three children, (if sending them to heaven can be called so;) we buried a sweet child, our oldest daughter, in the city

Saint John, New-Brunswick; we laid a little boy in the earth at Bermuda; and we have another sleeping in the vault of the Bowery-Church, in New-York. But, with all the difficulties, afflictions, and trials we have had to bear, we would not be willing to take Alexander's sword, nor yet any other, and cut the gordian knot that has bound us together. Our language is,

Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

We staid two days after our marriage in Halifax, and then embarked for Saint John, where we arrived after a pleasant passage of five days. I now received the following letter from the mission committee in London, to which, as it casts light on some further particulars of my mission, I shall subjoin my answer.

CHAPTER VI.

CIRCULAR LETTER TO THE METHODIST MISSIONARIES.

New Chapel, City Road, London, 10th Feb. 1804.

DEAR BROTHER,

Since the departure of our esteemed friend and brother Dr. Coke, for America, we have been much concerned for the prosperity of the Methodist Missions. Feeling their great importance, as they respect the eternal interests of mankind, and the general increase of our Redeemer's kingdom, we have been very desirous of placing them upon some regular establishment, so that under the divine blessing, we might reasonably expect a continuance of their success.

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The Doctor left Mr. Benson in charge of the Missions generally, and Mr. Whitfield was intrusted with their pecuniary concerns; but Mr. Benson having, by the desire of the Conference, taken upon himself the management of the Magazine, and being otherwise greatly engaged in the affairs of the Connexion at large, he found himself quite unable to devote so much time and attention to the missions as they required. And Mr. Whitfield having had a dangerous illness, which rendered him totally incapable of business, and no provision having been made to pay the Bills which had been drawn, and were coming due, or to answer the various demands upon him on account of the Missions, it became a matter of absolute necessity to call in the aid of the Travelling Preachers in the London Circuit, and some of our principal private Friends, to consider of the best means to be adopted to support the cause of the Missions, and the Credit of the Methodist connexion.

It was determined in the present distress, to appoint a Committee for the management of the Mission Affairs till the next Conference; this Committee to consist of all the travelling Preachers in London Circuit, together with those Friends who compose the Committee appointed at the last Conference for guarding our privileges, as stated in page 30 of the printed Minutes, and also a few Friends whose assistance might be useful. The Committee therefore to consist of the following Persons, viz:

JOSEPH BENSON,	GEORGE WOLFF,
JOSEPH TAYLOR,	CHRISTOPHER SUNDIUS,
THOMAS RUTHERFORD,	WILLIAM MARRIOT,
BENJAMIN RHODES,	ROBERT MIDDLETON,
WILLIAM MILES,	JOSEPH BULMER,
JABEZ BUNTING,	LUKE HASLOPE,
GEORGE WHITFIELD,	THOMAS ALLAN,
WILLIAM JERRAM,	JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH;

The committee chose from the above the following officers:

JOSEPH BENSON, *President.*

WILLIAM MARRIOT, *Treasurer.*

JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH, *Secretary.*

The first act of the committee, was to lend between three and four hundred pounds, in order to honour the bills which had been drawn upon Dr. Coke and Mr. Whitfield, on account of the missions.

In order to refund the above sum, and to provide for further demands, a circular letter was sent to the various circuits, desiring, that collections should be immediately made in our chapels throughout Great-Britain. This produced an enlarged correspondence on the subject, and it was found to be the general desire of the people, to have some accounts of the missions regularly published, with a full detail of receipts and expenditures. The committee feel very desirous to comply with the wishes of the numerous subscribers, and to render every satisfaction in their power. They would be glad to engage the public more generally in this blessed work, by giving all possible information; and that they may be enabled, from time to time, to publish interesting accounts of the missions, they would most earnestly recommend each missionary from the receipt of this letter, to keep a regular journal of his proceedings, and all particulars of his mission, together with accounts of all remarkable conversions, with the experience and death of any individuals, from which extracts might be made for publication, and to transmit this journal, or the heads thereof, at least twice a year to the committee, or till the conference give other directions.

It may here be observed, that when several missionaries are stationed in the same colony, they might possibly think it needless for all of them to write home; but the committee would, however, wish to receive ac-

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counts from each, as by comparing their several journals together, a more comprehensive view might be taken of the whole, than could be formed by any single account, which might perhaps omit many interesting particulars.

The superintendent missionaries will be pleased to draw their bills on Mr. George Whitfield, New Chapel, City Road, London, till further directions; but at the same time, send advice thereof, with the particular appropriation of the money, to the secretary above-mentioned. And it is particularly requested, that the missionaries will most exactly comply with the conference minutes of the year 1800, in order that the committee may render a satisfactory account to the subscribers at large of the expenditure of the money. *

Upon this occasion, it may not be amiss to drop a hint to our missionaries, upon the importance of an exact observance of the Methodist discipline, which has been formed under the immediate direction of Divine Providence, altogether suited to the state of christian society. A due observance of the life and conversation of private members, and a full determination to hold no

* The conference adopted the following rules respecting the missions:

"I. The superintendents shall be responsible to the English conference, and to their agent, the Reverend Doctor Coke.

"II. The superintendents shall keep exact accounts of all monies received by them on account of the missions, and of all disbursements of that money, and transmit those accounts annually to Dr. Coke, or in his absence, to the London superintendent, to be laid before the conference.

"III. That the collections and disbursements at large, shall be annually laid before the conference, or before a committee appointed by the conference; that they shall be transcribed into the ledger, and published as the conference shall appoint."

Conf. Min. 1800, page 27.

N. B. The London committee recommend to all the missionaries an attentive perusal of the conference minutes for the year 1800, on the subject of the missions.

communion with those that walk disorderly, let their situation or circumstances be what they may, will have a great tendency to promote vital godliness, and to render our societies a savour of life unto life.

Wherever a society is formed, it is of great importance that stewards should be chosen to conduct the temporal affairs, and leaders appointed to the classes: this prevents reproach from falling on the ministry, and is of essential service in many respects. Individuals become more concerned for the welfare of the society when they feel a personal interest therein; and when officers are chosen in the church of Christ from among the people, it mutually strengthens the common bond of union between them and the preachers. It is especially necessary to have leaders and stewards, where there is a probability of any change of preachers, in order that when fresh preachers come to the place, they may have some persons to whom they can apply for needful assistance on their arrival; and also that there may be resident overseers, who will endeavour to keep the flock together in the absence of their pastors.

Without the united exertions of the missionaries abroad and of the friends at home, it should seem that this important work must fall to the ground; but after the peculiar blessing and glorious success which have hitherto accompanied these missions, we feel most deeply concerned to go on hand in hand in building up the walls of our Jerusalem; and after using every lawful means, we refer all to the great Head of the church, who uses what instruments he pleases to execute his own designs.

We beg you to address all communications intended for the committee, to the Secretary, Mr. JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH, No. 43 Fleet-street, London. Requesting to hear frequently of your proceedings, in order to stimulate our exertions and prayers in your behalf, we now commend you to God, even our Father, who shall sup-

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We are

Your affectionate brethren,

JOSEPH BENSON,

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BENJAMIN RHODES,

WILLIAM MYLES,

JABEZ BUNTING,

GEORGE WHITFIELD.

(POSTSCRIPT.)

London, 24th March, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

It is the sincere and earnest desire of friends at home to hear from you, and know how you are going on; to be favoured with full and free accounts of all your proceedings, that we may know how to help you in the blessed work in which you are employed. Pray favour us with a particular answer to the printed letter, and say whether we should send you some books to distribute, how we should send them, and which would be most useful.

Dr. Whitehead is dead, and Mr. Bunting is married to an excellent wife from Macclesfield.

We have been in daily expectation of an invasion from the French, but we trust that God will protect us. Our enemies have an immense force collected on the opposite coast, 200,000 men and 1200 vessels, it is reported.

The connexion is at peace, and in many places very prosperous.

We trust that a correspondence with our missionaries will be highly useful both at home and abroad.

Pray favour us with the geography and history of the

country. We hope you will keep a journal, and transmit us all particulars. May the Lord prosper you abundantly.

All the preachers and the committee join in kind love with,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,
JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH.

*Extract of a Letter from Mr. Joshua Marsden, to the
Rev. Dr. Coke.*

City St. John, New-Brunswick.

REV. SIR,

YOUR kind letter, and that of the Missionary Committee, were like cordials to my drooping spirits. Nursed among my brethren the preachers, animated by their counsel, formed by their example, and instructed by their conversation, judge what my feelings must have been when cut off from almost all intercourse with them. Sometimes I was tempted to think our brethren at home had forgotten us, and that we were left to shift for ourselves in a strange land, where barren rocks, interposing rivers, dreary woods, and almost impassable roads, were the first trials of our infant ministry! I mention these things, that young brethren, with but little experience or fortitude, may not be sent upon such an arduous undertaking. None but veterans of well-tryed patience, prudence, piety, fortitude, are properly qualified to act as Missionaries in this country.

Our voyage of six weeks was stormy and tempestuous. Nevertheless, by the blessing of God, we could read, pray, sing hymns, and every sabbath-day, preach the word of reconciliation to the seamen and passengers. Once we were chased by a corvette privateer, which bore down upon us, but as we were two in company, and both well armed, she thought fit to sheer off. Nothing

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material happened till we arrived near the banks of Newfoundland, when Captain Blunt, a passenger on board, died. He was an old sailor, and a rough Methodist; yet, though his manners were rude, I trust his heart was sincere, and I expect to meet him in heavenly glory.

On Monday morning, Oct. 6, we landed at Halifax, and were conducted to the house of brother Black. Halifax is a large town, containing about 8000 inhabitants. The houses are chiefly built of wood, and have an air of neatness and elegance. In the town are two Protestant churches, besides a Scotch kirk, a Romish church, a Baptist meeting-house, and a Methodist chapel.

The people in general are kind, polite, well-informed, and many of them friends to the Methodists. A little while ago, Mr. Black and I waited upon the Governor to obtain permission for the preacher, resident in Halifax, to marry by license. We were received with peculiar respect; he granted our request, and made us an offer of a piece of land for the use of the Halifax Society. Our Chapel is not handsome, but will hold nearly a thousand people, and on sabbath-evening, is generally crowded. Adjoining the chapel is a very good preacher's house. The society is in number about 140, some of them people of influence and respectability. The country round Halifax exhibits a scene of barrenness, but a romantic prospect. The roads, however, are remarkably good, and the climate is more moderate than in any other part of Nova Scotia. The town is well fortified, well garrisoned, and has one of the most commodious harbours in all North America.

After staying a week in Halifax, brother Lowry and I set out for Windsor, his appointment being the city of St. John, New-Brunswick, and mine Cumberland, at the head of Fundy Bay. On the road from Halifax to Windsor, I had an opportunity of reflecting on my situation, and viewed myself as a young man, with but little experience, little religion, little fortitude, and placed in

one of the most critical and trying situations in the world; to be a minister of the everlasting gospel, a guide of precious souls, and a missionary in a foreign land. I had while in England, earnestly besought the Lord to open a door for me to act as a missionary; but I then found I had not sufficiently counted the cost, nor duly considered my own inability. The discouraging thoughts which arose in my mind were not a little augmented by the appearance of the country, which is naked, wild, barren, and mountainous, with only here and there a house.* These things made my first journey of 46 miles both tedious and uncomfortable. Late in the evening, we arrived at Windsor, and were directed to the house of a Mr. Church, a member of the society, and respectable farmer. Windsor is a small village pleasantly situated, and surrounded, for a few miles, with the best land in Nova Scotia. Near the town stands the college, now constituted a University. The inhabitants seem fond of dress, and religion appears to be well nigh banished from the place, while intoxication among the lower orders of people, and fashion and pleasure among such as are termed the better sort, supply its room. There is a church and a small Methodist chapel near the town; but our society is dwindled away, and only two or three remain to lament the sad declension. This has happened chiefly, I believe, through want of preaching. Brother Black and others have been the instruments of some short revivals; but having no successors to water the seed he had sown, it died away, and the people became more cold and unconcerned than before. We preached here a few times, and afterwards brother Lowry sailed for his appointment across the Bay of Fundy, and I went on board the packet for Partridge Island on my way to Cumberland.

* This relates chiefly to that part of Nova Scotia that is betwixt Halifax and Windsor, perhaps the most dreary part of the whole province.

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Cumberland circuit is in a zigzag line, about forty miles long. The settlement is populous and productive, but the roads are bad, and the country unpleasant. Many of the settlers are people from Yorkshire, some of whom were Methodists in England. But, besides the Methodists, there are various denominations of professing Christians, and not a few Deists.

We have two meeting-houses, one at Pont de Bute, and another at Sackville, but the societies are small, and true religion in a very languid state. Formerly there was a great revival in this circuit, at which time brother Black was raised up, but since that time, vital piety has been continually upon the decline, and scarcely any vestiges of the former work of God are now seen. The circuit is large enough for three preachers, but at present they have but two local brethren to labour among them, who, being much involved in trade, have but little time to preach the gospel.

I had not long travelled in Cumberland circuit before my health began to suffer considerable. Stormy weather coming on, through preaching almost every day, and lying in a damp bed, I caught a severe cold. At first I paid little attention to it, till becoming hoarse, I was obliged to discontinue preaching. My cold brought on a cough, a fever, and a spitting of blood. Being now far from my native country, among strangers, at a distance from my brethren the missionaries, and destitute of medical help, I found the affliction a severe trial of my faith and patience. Nevertheless, I had abundant reason to be thankful; I found a home in God, brethren among strangers, and the comforts of the Holy Spirit were sweet cordials to my soul.

I had now time to examine my views, weigh my motives, and prove my graces. And truly I found reason to conclude that my designs and desires were not unworthy of the sacred ministry. Friends watched my bed with unabating attention, and marked every step of

my disorder with peculiar anxiety. My peace was overflowing, my joys unutterable, and my mind raised above the affliction, and all worldly entanglements. I had clear discoveries of my interest in Christ, bright prospects of eternal glory, a strong confidence in the truth and faithfulness of the Redeemer, and experienced a meek submission to the will of God. In the early part of the affliction, I was uncertain what the Lord was about to do with me: but this text, which dwelt upon my mind, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord," opened some prospect of a recovery. The friends, in general, gave me up, supposing it impossible I should recover; yet prayer was made in every part of the circuit, and the minds of the people were remarkably affected, considering my affliction as a judgment upon them for their unfaithfulness to the grace of God. Many were wont to crowd about my bed weeping and sorrowful; and on one occasion, the room being full, I prevailed on them to prop me up in bed, and I spoke to them of the things of God, and the sweetness of religion. It was an affecting time; sighs, tears, and lamentations made the scene truly solemn.

During this affliction, I had a striking view of the duty, honour, and reward of a faithful minister, and I longed to do something for Christ and immortal souls. My heart was enlarged to all the human race in an inexpressible manner, and the love that *casteth out fear* was the ruling passion of my soul. For some time I was in a strait betwixt two, a longing to enjoy the full manifestation of Christ in glory, and a desire to promote his kingdom by living longer. At length it pleased the Lord to cause the symptoms that were most alarming to abate, and by slow degrees to restore my wonted health. Yet it was some time before I could venture out, and resume my labour in the Lord's vineyard. Respecting this affliction, I have to remark, 1st. That it weaned me from friends and relations, and taught me to consider God as

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the only support and felicity of an immortal spirit. 2dly. It prepared my mind for the ministry, by showing me the vanity of the world and all other pursuits. 3dly. It gave me a clearer and more affecting view of the great truths of the gospel, by affording me an opportunity of experiencing their efficacy in supporting me when I most needed support. Herein God was pleased to make pain my preceptor, and taught me important lessons of wisdom in the school of affliction; blessed be the name of God my heavenly corrector. Amen and Amen!

I continued labouring in the Cumberland circuit, with little success, till the ensuing Conference. Our congregations were tolerably large on the Lord's day; but, excepting the members of society, the people in general were remarkably hardened and impenitent. My soul wept and mourned for them: Many times did I entreat them, with tears of pity and sorrow, to be reconciled to God. Many times did I warn them of their danger, and of the awfulness of their state, and sometimes, the obdurate were bent, and the stony hearts melted; but alas! these good impressions were too often transient. Those whom the word had wounded, generally applied to the world for a cure, and my labour was almost in vain. The doctrine of the New-Light Antinomians has done infinite injury to the cause of pure and practical piety. "I can do nothing," is hackneyed about from one to another in a dreadful and disgusting manner. Falls from grace are supposed to be useful, as keeping the soul humble; and some have gone so far as to say, sin only defiles the shell, the body, while the soul, the kernel, remains pure and unpolluted. Prayer is called a formal duty, and works of faith, and morality of conduct have been reckoned the grossest legality. But I am happy to say these doctrines are losing ground daily, and I hope in a few years, they will have no more influence. Many were my trials this year; bad roads, stormy wea-

ther, painful feelings, want of ability for the work, and little fruit, gave me the keenest distresses.

Cumberland is a wicked place; but there are a few pious souls there, and I hope my labour was not altogether lost: we had some precious and refreshing seasons together.

In the spring I went to the Conference held at Annapolis, near two hundred miles from Cumberland, where my drooping heart was much comforted by the sight of my brethren. Our little meeting was conducted in the spirit of brotherly love and godly fear: and as the Cumberland people petitioned for my return, the Conference stationed me there again. This was a distressing year to my soul, perplexed with outward trials, vexed with inward temptations, and dejected at my want of success in my labours, I was almost led to murmur against the Lord. Were I faithfully to delineate my feelings, I should exhibit such a picture of darkness and gloominess as is seldom seen. Many a solitary mile have I rode, bewailing in the bitterness of my soul my unhappy situation; and had not the Lord supported me, I should certainly have sunk in the mighty billows of despair.

During this winter I visited Ramsheg, a settlement on the gulf of St. Lawrence, chiefly composed of French people, and emigrants from the United States. Here all the travelling is upon the ice; the rivers, bays, and even the gulf itself, for many miles, are all covered with ice, for many months every year. Notwithstanding the difficulty of travelling, the people came in great numbers to hear the word; and the Lord blessed my unworthy ministry to many souls. We had many sweet times of refreshing from the divine presence, the little society was quickened, and two or three souls awakened to see their need of a Saviour. But as the ice by and by became weak, my stay was not long. I had, however, two or three narrow escapes from the jaws of untimely death.

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Though this settlement lies much out of the way of preaching, they have about forty in society, who continue to meet together, and the Lord hath wonderfully preserved them by his power and grace. From the eagerness with which they came out to hear the word, the difficulties they surmounted, and the tenderness of mind visible among them, I judged that if they had a preacher stationed among them, the whole settlement almost would become christians and members of society. Many in England and Ireland do not know how to value a preached gospel. What a pity that such an inestimable blessing should be slighted or abused! And what a mystery that so many that would willingly embrace the benefits thereof are deprived of them. While I was at Ramsheg, I had an opportunity of witnessing their heartfelt love for the word. It was not uncommon for persons to come ten, fifteen, twenty, and even thirty miles to the preaching. An hour or two before the time of preaching nothing could be seen but frozen rivers and bays, and the dreary gulf also frozen to a great extent; and, on the land side, dark and impenetrable woods skirting the icy pavement, all seemingly without inhabitant of man or beast. But as the appointed hour drew near, the people were seen coming in groups, from all quarters, some skating, others on large sledges drawn by oxen, and some on little slays (a few boards nailed together and fastened to a horse.) I could hardly tear myself away from this simple, loving people; but the ice was become dangerous: so that I was compelled to take an affectionate leave of them, not knowing that I should ever see them again till the resurrection of the just.

About the middle of March, I returned to my circuit, from visiting Ramsheg, as mentioned above, and early in the spring set out for Annapolis, to attend our second Conference. At this meeting, it was moved and car-

ried, that as the circuits were without the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's supper, the young brethren, who had come from England, should go to the New-York Conference, to be more fully set apart for the work of the ministry. Accordingly, having settled our little matters, we embarked for that city; and, after a short and pleasant passage of six days, we arrived just in time to attend the meeting. Most of the preachers appeared to be zealous young men, and the superintendents, Messrs. Ashbury and Whatcoat, seemed peculiarly fitted for their important station. During the ordination-service, my mind was deeply affected with the importance of the work of the ministry, and I felt a strong and fixed desire to consecrate my all to the service of my heavenly Master.

We stayed in New-York only a few days, and then re-embarked for the cold and rugged shores of Nova Scotia, emphatically so when compared with the beautiful and fertile bloom of the United States. Brother Bennet and I took our passage on board a vessel bound for Annapolis, where I was appointed to labour for a few months. Annapolis, formerly the capital of Nova Scotia, is now no more than a small village. It is situated upon a river of the same name, and near one of the finest basons for shipping in the world. In the town there is a Church, a Court-house, beautiful Barracks, and a small neat Methodist chapel. The circuit is large and populous, having many settlements on both sides of the river; and professing christians are, as in other parts of the province, much divided in their religious sentiments. But the Methodists, Baptists, and Church people, are the most numerous. There are five Protestant churches, three Baptist meetings, and two Methodist chapels. The churches are all occupied by ministers, who call infant baptism regeneration, and think conversion a delusion. In this country the Baptists are a steady moral people. Mr. Chipman, their minister,

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The Methodists, however, are evidently the most zealous and lively people in the country. Very many of them have considerable talents, and are truly devoted to God. There are about ninety white people in society, and a few pious, circumspect blacks.

While I was in this circuit, the Lord was pleased to revive his work; we had glorious times of refreshing from his presence, and often found it difficult to break up our meetings. One brought to God, at that time, is now in heavenly glory. Old christians were quickened, the meetings were well attended, and sometimes the Lord was very eminently present. In the midst of these promising prospects, I was called away to St. John. I left Annapolis with peculiar regret, and crossed the Bay of Fundy for that city.

St. John, the capital of New Brunswick, is like a small English town or large village. It is built upon a rock, with a large navigable river running at the foot of it. The town contains about two thousand inhabitants, who are chiefly Church people or Methodists, with a small society of New-Lights, (as they are termed) and a few Presbyterians. The church is an elegant building, with a beautiful organ; but the Methodist chapel, formerly the old church, is a small and inconvenient place, much out of repair, and indeed almost coming down.*—Could the society in England give them fifty or eighty pounds, to encourage them to build another, it would be an act of the noblest charity, as the members of the society are chiefly poor, and many of the inhabitants unfriendly.

The winters here are intensely cold, and the summers perpetually foggy. There are no mossy fountains, smi-

* They have now a fine spacious chapel raised, though not finished, while the author was there; and the donation mentioned was given by the Mission Committee.

ling meads, purling rills, blooming gardens, or lovely groves; but the whole scene is barren, rocky, deformed, and unpleasant. Many of the members of society are the spiritual children of that excellent young man, Mr. Bishop, whose name and memory will long be like ointment poured forth in these parts. On the Sabbath-day our little chapel is well attended, and the congregation would be larger were there more room. The river St. John extends about three or four hundred miles up the country towards Lower Canada, with settlements or plantations on each side. On many parts of the river we have small societies. Last winter God was pleased to revive his work at Sheffield, fifty-five miles up the river, under the ministry of our beloved brother Bennet. Many were truly brought to God, joined the society, and continue to this day to reflect lustre on the christian name.—May they be stars in his crown in the day of judgment, and to all eternity! On the banks of this river is a field sufficient to employ two itinerant preachers constantly; but alas! they have only the labours of two local brethren, and a visit occasionally from the preachers appointed for the city. There are two chapels, one at St. Ann's, and another at Sheffield; but, for want of being supplied with preachers, they both remain unfinished. While I was in this circuit, a few were awakened and added to the society, both in the city and up the river; and, blessed be God, some of them continue steadfast to this day.

In the spring I left St. John, to attend the conference at Windsor, when I was appointed for Liverpool circuit, in Nova Scotia. On my way thither, I stopped three months in Halifax, while brother Black went to the city St. John. Here I was called to attend the execution of several deserters, who were shot; and glory be to God, my labour was not in vain. Some of them witnessed a good confession, and died blessing and praising the name of the Lord Jesus. When brother Black returned from New Brunswick, I sailed for my station at Liverpool, which is a

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small town on the shores of the Atlantic, supported chiefly by fishing and the West-India trade. Our society here is respectable, though small. The chapel is a beautiful building, and on the Lord's days very well attended. The inhabitants are divided into two denominations, Methodists and Congregationalists. In the absence of the missionary, the charge of the society has devolved upon brother Newton, who is a local preacher, a magistrate, and a collector of his Majesty's customs.

Liverpool is about ninety miles from Halifax by water, and forty from Shelburne. The country parts of the circuit, branching along the shore, comprehend Port Mutton, Port Jolly, Port Le Bare, and Port Medway. Religion is not in a flourishing state in this circuit, many of the people removing away; and, if the war continue any length of time, it is to be feared the place will be well nigh ruined.

From Liverpool I was called to supply brother Black's place at Halifax, while he attended the Baltimore conference. I stayed in Halifax till June, at which time our little meeting commenced.—At this conference I was once more appointed to labour in the St. John circuit, where I am at present, labouring in my imperfect manner, to build the temple of the Lord. A few have joined the society lately, and have found peace with God. I have just returned from a visit up the river, where I have reason to conclude my unworthy labours have been much blessed, and my own soul graciously watered.

I have been seven years in the society, and have preached almost six. The doctrines I have been endeavouring to inculcate are, man's fall and depravity of nature; the abundant mercy of God in Christ; repentance and faith in Christ, as the terms or conditions of finding peace with God; a present salvation from guilt by justification through Christ's blood, and from the power and pollution of sin, by the sanctifying influences of the

Holy Spirit. These, and the doctrines connected with them, compose the principal of my discourses, are the basis of my hope, and the delight of my soul. The Methodist discipline, as one chief mean of preserving our societies, I cordially approve of, and am determined, God being my helper, to enforce continually. And I hope to persevere in the faith, and to experience the efficacy of the above truths, till my spirit return to God, and my warfare is accomplished.

I am, dear Sir,

With great respect,

Your obedient servant,

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

CHAPTER VII.

DURING this winter I laboured in St. John, and along the banks of the river, with much success and satisfaction. Differences were reconciled. Old prejudices among the society seemed to lose ground. There was a visible increase of christian affection and simplicity. I divided the day into regular parts: in the morning, from four till eight o'clock, I devoted my time to reading, study, writing, and prayer; in the forenoon, I devoted the time, in a great measure, to pastoral visits, and visiting the sick; the afternoon was taken up in reading, and meeting the classes, three or four of which I met every week; and in the evening we had a meeting of one kind or another. I pursued my labours with alacrity and delight. I do not recollect when my soul prospered more than at this season; nor do I remember that I ever felt more the spirit of my duty. Be instant in season and out of season, was my motto; hence,

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in addition to my other duties, I held prayer-meetings in different parts of the town; preached from house to house, wherever a door was opened; catechised the children once a week, and held a select meeting at my own house every week for reading the lives and experience of christians. Surely if ministers would consider how much their success depends upon diligence, industry, and active exertions in the vineyard of the Lord, they could hardly be satisfied to preach merely two sermons on the sabbath-day. Alas! does Satan tempt only on the sabbath? Does corrupt nature lie dormant the other six days? Have we not daily need to have our minds stirred up? And do not people pay and keep their ministers for this self-same thing? I do not know how a minister that receives five, ten, fifteen, or twenty hundred dollars from his people, can answer to either reason, justice, or propriety; the neglect of giving himself wholly and continually to the work of the ministry. If he preach only two sermons on the Lord's day, and receive only five hundred dollars per annum, he has five dollars for each sermon. If he have a thousand dollars, then he has ten. If he have fifteen hundred dollars, then fifteen for every time he preaches. I hardly think there is a just and reasonable proportion betwixt the work and the wages in such cases. I am by no means a friend to people starving their ministers, or forcing them to wear a thread-bare coat, and a shabby hat; but there should be reason and justice in all things. St. Paul, than whom, perhaps, no man ever received less for preaching the gospel, or laboured more, could nevertheless say to the Ephesians, "Ye know from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you, at all seasons serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, testifying both to the Jews and to the Greeks repentance towards God, and faith in

our Lord Jesus Christ; therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one, night and day, with tears." Here is an example of diligence! Did Paul confine his labours to the Lord's day? Did he suppose two Sunday-sermons enough for the whole week? Alas! alas! how are we fallen from that ministerial strictness, faithfulness, and diligence recommended by the scripture, and exemplified by the apostles!

The work of God prospered in the city; several were added to our number, and those in society were built up and comforted. I well remember one sermon that I preached from these words:—"Be instructed, O Jerusalem! lest my soul depart from thee"—was attended with such a mighty power of God, that nothing but groans, tears, sobs, and exclamations were heard throughout the chapel. Some wept aloud, others were agitated in a most singular manner, and the effects of it were visible for many months; though I know not that ever I preached a sermon under greater anxiety and depression of mind. My very soul had been harrowed up by some peculiar trials, and I almost began to doubt whether or not I was called to the ministry; but the exercise of this day broke the snare, dissipated the clouds, and fired my soul with renewed zeal, courage, and resolution. How wisely and seasonably doth the Lord reserve his mercies for our sinking moments; and when the storm is at the highest, he comes walking upon the waves.

During this winter I had many precious seasons, but I had also many powerful trials; and I am well persuaded, the more faithfully a minister of God discharges his duty, the more the old serpent and his brood of vipers will quake. I had to preach against sabbath-breaking, and the magistrates thought I reflected upon their conduct. I had to preach against dancing, and the gay thought I reflected upon them. I had to preach against drunkenness, and some said, Master, thou condemnest us. I had

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to preach against smuggling, and this came so home to one that he would hardly speak of me with charity, or to me with pleasantness. One sabbath evening I preached from that text, *My name is Legion*, from which I endeavoured to prove that the wicked are under diabolical agency, and that Satan, in various forms, rules in the hearts of the children of disobedience. I also observed, that there are many evil spirits engaged in this bad work, and that while one man is under the influence of a lying devil, another is seduced by a cheating devil; a third is the captive of a proud, revengeful devil; these are seduced by a dancing devil, and those by a backbiting demon; one is possessed of an unclean spirit, and another of a dumb; this is the child of Mammon, that of Belial. The sermon furnished a topic of tea-table conversation to the gay and wealthy. A certain lady, whose domestic belonged to the society, came in mighty high glee one day into the kitchen; "So, Hannah, Mr. Marsden has been preaching about devils; and which devil did he say was the worst, Hannah?" "A *backbiting devil*, madam!" It was enough! Hannah's mistress left the kitchen as quick as if she had been bit by a tarantula. Some thought I was too severe; others too pointed; thus did I prove what Luther told Melancthon, "If you preach the gospel faithfully, men will either become enemies to their sins, or to you."

I had great trouble with one man who had been an official member; his conduct in sm*****g was so notorious, that the whole society was implicated in the charge, and reflected upon by the world. Truly, how much injury can one man's conduct inflict upon a whole society; and when such a man, with some talents, and more property, sets himself against order, discipline, and the pure morality of Jesus Christ, what a thorn is he in the side of a christian minister, and what a hurt to the church that retains him in its bosom. By these things the society was sometimes ready to be torn in pieces. Never did I need more of the wisdom of the serpent, the harm-

lessness of the dove, the meekness of the lamb, and the boldness of the lion, than on this occasion. At one season I was upon the mountain of leopards, and at another time in the den of lions; but the Lord was with me, and blessed be his holy name, I was enabled to outride the storm. I knew the way to calm every thing in a trice was, to compromise the purity of the society, and to wink at a man's preaching one day and sm*****g the next. However, I had not so learned Christ.

It may not be amiss here to give a more particular description of the city St. John:—The town is built upon a river of the same name, on the western side of the Bay of Fundy, and nearly opposite to Digby, in Nova Scotia. The place was first settled by royalist emigrants from the United States, after the evacuation of New-York. The town contains about 500 houses and 3000 inhabitants, an Episcopal church, and a spacious Methodist chapel, on the foundation-stone of which I had the pleasure to preach to perhaps a thousand people. There is also a court-house, an academy, and barracks. Here the tide rises nearly forty feet; the river is wide, and is a noble place for fish; salmon, shad, herring, and sturgeon abound, and furnish employment and wealth to several hundreds of the inhabitants. The trade of St. John is chiefly to England and the West-Indies; in time of peace, they have a good trade with the United States, to which they carry plaster of paris and grindstones—but this is ruined with smuggling and contraband goods. Two miles from this city are the falls of the river, which at low water are grand, and yet terrific. A body of water, a mile wide, and from fifteen to twenty feet deep, rushes through a bed of rocks with such terrible impetuosity, as no language can possibly describe. The descent is about twenty feet, but the foam and froth cover the whole harbour, and the noise is heard several miles; and yet when the tide below rises to the level of the waters above, vessels go through for a

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few minutes, so that the river is nevertheless navigable for one hundred miles above the falls. Round the city nothing appears to attract the eye; the prospect is rocky, barren, and mountainous. Probably the Faulkland Islands themselves are not more dismal. Whosoever travels through the world to see beautiful vistas, purling streams, and Elysian groves, must not come here. Here are irregular clumps of stunted pine growing among the rocks; salt marshes, and muddy creeks; and yet all the blessings of animal life are brought in abundance down the river in summer by boats, and in the winter by sleds. I have had to come down the river in these in the latter end of March and beginning of April, when the ice has been worn so thin by the current beneath, and the action of the sun above, that we feared every moment a plunge into the abyss below. A terrible accident of this kind befell one who had been a member of the society, but gradually fell away till he lost all his religion, the form as well as power. Being a tailor by trade, he frequently finished and sent home his clothes on the Lord's day, and when reminded of the wickedness of thus profaning the sabbath, he would jocosely answer, It was no great harm to borrow a little from the Lord, provided we paid him again. This practice was continued, till riding one sabbath, on the ice, the whole plunged in and were seen no more. Thus, he that being often reproved and hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. It is awful to trifle with Jehovah; he is terrible in wrath, and fearful in majesty. Who ever hardened himself against God and prospered?

The city St. John contains a few Baptists, a flourishing Methodist society, and a great number of Scotch Episcopalians. These disciples of Knox, when they change their creed, seem to acquire a superadded degree of bigotry and ill-nature by the change, and are more fierce against dissenters afterwards, than they were

against both Pope and Prelate before. Hence, there are few places where Methodism has had to contend with more serious difficulties and systematic bigotry than in St. John. Alas! that wicked lives and narrow minds should be so often united together! But so it is. I hardly ever met a wicked man of this description, but who thought he would atone for his sin by greater fierceness in supporting his creed. Alas! that creed-makers should have spent their time to so little purpose as to make men fierce, cruel, bigoted, and disputatious! Perhaps there has been more written to illustrate, enforce, and defend human creeds, than to support and inculcate the word of God. I place human creeds in general upon a par with the traditions of the elders, the Talmud of the Jews, and the Canons and Bulls of the Pope of Rome. What can be more complicated than creeds generally are? What is more simple than the word of God?

The doctrines of the gospel are plain; creeds are ambiguous. The words of the new covenant are simple; creeds are complex. The scripture is the word of God; creeds are the works of men. Human creeds are multiplied without end; the word of God is one clear, eternal, and invariable rule. Commend me not, therefore, either to the Heidelberg or the Assembly's catechism, the articles, homilies, and canons of the church of England, the church of Rome, nor any other church; but commend me to the word of God. It is evident from scripture and experience, that I am a fallen creature. I am there told that Jesus Christ gave his life a ransom for all. I am required to repent of my sins, and believe in this adorable Redeemer. I am told that he will give me his Holy Spirit if I ask him, to work in my heart the grace of repentance, faith, and regeneration. I am told that a holy life will, through the infinite merits of Christ, entitle me to salvation and glory. I am told in scripture, that holiness consists in loving God and my neighbour; in being humble, chaste, temperate, true,

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honest, devout, and benevolent. I am there told that the means of intercourse betwixt Christ and a gracious soul, are faith and prayer; and that God communicates himself by his Spirit, word, and ordinances. It will be observed here, that I mention nothing about *secret decrees, imputed obedience, effectual calls, reprobation, divine sovereignty, destroying human agency, irresistible grace*, and a catalogue of other terms that have no foundation whatever in scripture; they are the manufacture of creeds; the former only is the pure, unadulterated word of God. Where am I told that God and his Son, at a divine council held in heaven, agreed that Jesus Christ should come into the world, and shed his blood for a limited number of the human race, called the Elect? If God's decrees are secret, who revealed them to man? I am told that Jesus Christ died for me: but in what part of the scripture am I told that Jesus Christ obeyed for me, so as to dissolve the obligation of my actual personal obedience? If God willeth not the death of a sinner, on whom am I to fix the black mark of reprobation? If grace is irrespective and irresistible, how can I either be blamed for not having it, or commended for the blessing? I am no enemy to any man that holds the above doctrines, or thinks it his duty to quote or preach from human creeds; I have only taken the liberty of Elihu—"I also will show mine opinion." There are thousands of the Calvinists holy, useful, eminent men, whose shoe-latchet I am not worthy to unloose. But does it follow, because there are holy Calvinists, that the Institutes of John Calvin, the opinions of the Synod of Dort, the Assembly's or Heidelberg Catechisms are true? I trow not. Let me be a bible christian! Let me be a follower of the word of God! A man of one book.

As a part of my circuit lay upon the banks of the river St. John, I would here say a word or two on that noble river. St. John is among the second class of rivers in the world. It is more than four hundred miles long, extending towards Lower Canada; two hundred and fifty

miles above Frederickton are the Grand Falls, a cataract of ninety feet perpendicular; for nearly one hundred miles the river is a mile wide; on its banks are both fine tracks of upland and intervale; it receives the tribute of a number of smaller rivers and noble lakes. The grand lake, on whose banks I have had many a precious season, is nearly forty miles long. The woods along the river are full of pine, some of which are the largest in the world; also, maple, spruce, hemlock, birch, beach, ash, and white oak—from the maple-sap the settlers and Indians make abundance of good sugar. This province is much split and intersected with rivers, some of the largest of which are the St. John, St. Croix, (the boundary line betwixt the United States and this part of British America,) the Kanabekesis, the Pedicodiac, and a number of others. The inhabitants are thinly settled—there are no roads good for any thing—the winters are dreadfully severe, and the spring late and unpleasent, and sometimes the frost sets in so early as to injure the crops. Yet even here the light of piety shines. These wastes have heard a voice. These woods have been vocal with the Redeemer's praise. These solitary recesses of nature have been visited with the glad tidings of salvation.

Through vast America's continuous woods,
 O'er mountains, lakes, and pine-form'd solitudes,
 Where mighty rivers unregarded flow,
 And lofty elms and quivering maples grow;
 Where fine savannas, beautiful and green,
 Luxurious rise amidst the sylvan scene;
 Where high the Alleghany Mountains frown.
 And wide Missouri rolls his waters brown;
 Where from his lakes the sire of rivers pours,*
 Or down his steeps the Niagara roars;
 The light of piety serenely glows,
 And makes the forest blossom as the rose.

* The river Mississippi, so called by the Indians.

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Full many a cottage in the deep recess,
 Hail with delight the messengers of peace.
 For oft beneath the gay aspiring trees,
 Whose rustling leaves are music to the breeze,
 The gospel's soft and joyous strains are heard;
 The weak are 'stablish'd, and the drooping cheer'd.
 The savage Indian hears *the joyful talk*,
 And buries deep the murderous tomahawk.
 Savage no more; the renovating plan
 Moulds into love th' uncultivated man.

Along the rivers, on the banks of the lakes, and im-
 mured in the woods, are many who love the sound of
 the gospel, and delight in the ways of God; their rural life
 hinders them from seeing many of the vanities of the
 world; and the simple occupations of husbandry fill up
 and occupy their time.

In the spring of the year I went to Nova Scotia, and
 exchanged with brother James Mann for a few months,
 during which time I laboured upon the Annapolis cir-
 cuit with some pleasure, and I hope the day of judgment
 will manifest, with some fruit.

Prior to my coming to Annapolis, Colonel Bayard,
 who had retired upon half-pay, and lived on his estate
 at Wilmot, had experienced the power of religion. He
 had been a man of pleasure, gallantry, and dissipation;
 and as is usually the case with such an infidel in religion,
 (having many Baptists and Methodists in his neighbour-
 hood,) he sometimes fell into conversation with them; at
 length at the request of Lawyer A. he was induced to read
 Mr. Wesley's sermons. Light darted in upon his benight-
 ed mind; his conscience was deeply awakened; he became
 a true penitent, manifesting, in a very particular man-
 ner, his compliance with Bishop Latimer's adage; Res-
 titution or no remission. Though he moved in the
 higher circles of life, he was not ashamed of the gospel
 of Christ. After some deep and genuine exercises of
 mind, the consolations of hope visited his soul—a deep
 and universal change was apparent in all his conduct—

the man of gallantry and pleasure was seen a weeping penitent at the feet of mercy—the proud, daring, high-minded officer was transformed into a little child—the trophies of infidelity were laid at the foot of the cross; never did religion seem to gain a greater triumph. O grace, how great and glorious are thy victories! It is thine to bring water out of the rock! It is thine to humble the loftiness of man! If the desert become a garden, or the lion a lamb, it is by thy power! Thou canst raise the serpent to a seraph, and the worm to an angel! Is the mountain levelled, and the abject valley exalted? it is thy plastic power that has performed the stupendous work! By thee the benighted mind of man is enlightened! If peace visit the distracted and awakened sinner's conscience, thou puttest the cup of consolation to his lips! Precious truth! “By grace ye are saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast.” It is all of grace! Grace in the foundation! Grace in the superstructure! Grace in the top-stone! This is the song of redeemed infants! It is the song of young men in Israel! it is the song of fathers in Christ! Join in it, O my soul; sing the blessings of grace! Sing the wonders of grace! Sing the triumphs of grace! Sing, O sing to all eternity, the fountain of grace! The author of grace! the Saviour! Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

Having received the Lord into his heart, he now wished to receive the servants of God into his house; and accordingly the preachers, at his repeated request, made his house one of the stated preaching stations of the circuit. His gay and high-life friends became deeply offended at what they called his meanness of spirit. The Bishop of Nova Scotia told him he could not come to see him as usual, because he kept low company. The Governor rode past his house without calling; and my Lady Governness chose to be very witty at the idea that

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the Colonel had lost his senses. A certain Clergyman, offended that God had made the Methodists the humble instruments of conveying his truth to this great man's mind, said, His religion was only the half-way-house to Atheism; while others, more charitably, prophesied, he would run raving mad. Kind reader, observe, while this man was wicked, an infidel, a man of pleasure, a swearing, profane, dashing officer, no fault was found with him by these reverend gentlemen; the worthy Episcopus was not then above his company. But, alas! he had become moral, religious, and regular, and withal, was tainted with the deadly leaven of Methodism, so that he was no longer fit company for pious clergymen. God forbid that a line of mine should ever underrate the character of a godly minister.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm;
Whose hands are pure; whose doctrine, and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect:
Whose actions say that they respect themselves. COWPER.

But when a minister is an enemy to all religion, except what flows through the medium of canonical or high church episcopacy, I say, from such bigotry, narrowness, and pride, good Lord deliver us! Some of his relations begged of him for God's sake to think upon his military honours, and not tarnish his great family with such a low, drivelling thing as religion, alias Methodism. The witty said he kept three chaplains to pray for the good of his soul; and the wicked hated him, because, as a magistrate, he put the laws in force against swearing and sabbath breaking. So fares it, O blessed Jesus, with thy pure religion! Not many mighty, not many rich, not many noble, are called. A great man thinks it an honour to serve his king, his country, or his friend; but weakness to serve God; *miserable infatuation!* when

that which is our glory becomes our shame; and that which should be our highest honour is lowest in our estimation. But yet there are some lofty in station possessed of lowly minds; some raised to opulence and grandeur who are nevertheless poor in spirit.

In the fall, as my dear partner was very unwell, I returned to St. John rather sooner than the appointed time, and found both her and the little infant in afflicted and delicate situations, from which they but slowly recovered.

Here I would not omit to mention a providential deliverance; coming through Annapolis Gut, a rough and dangerous place, the vessel suddenly jibed; and as I was standing upon the quarter-deck, the boom knocked me overboard. The vessel was going about eight knots an hour. I had the presence of mind to catch hold of a rope, and by this means was saved. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless and magnify his holy name!

In the spring I recrossed the Bay of Fundy with my wife and little one, and attended our little conference at Horton, from whence I went to Halifax to visit my wife's parents, and change with brother Black, who took my appointment in St. John.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE following short letter, written to Doctor Coke, will give some information of the situation of my views and mission at this period:

Extract of a letter from Mr. Joshua Marsden, to the Rev. Dr. Coke.

Halifax, June 30, 1806.

During the last winter God hath blessed me much in my soul and labours. Twelve or thirteen were added to

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our little society in the city St. John. Some of these found the pearl of great price during the winter and spring, and others are earnestly seeking salvation. Blessed be God, I have been enabled to labour with all my might, and have found my heart sweetly engaged in the Lord's work. Many precious seasons have I had during a cold and tedious winter. Our covenant meeting was one of the best I ever witnessed in all my life. The power of the Lord was present in a very remarkable manner, and many hearts became like melting wax before the fire. At brother M'Coll's place, (Schodock) a few were awakened and converted, and there was a general quickening among the old professors. I am now at Halifax, supplying the place of brother Black for two or three months. Religion does not seem to flourish much here. Of late, however, there is a better prospect than there had been for some time, as the few that had separated are once more united to us, and I believe their reunion will be attended with the happiest effects.

Dear Sir, although labouring in this country, during the very severe and tedious winters, is trying and painful; yet I have never repented engaging in the mission. The Lord hath been exceedingly good to me, an unworthy worm, in proportioning my strength to my day; and I must testify to the honour of his goodness, I have experienced the fulfilment of his promises in so remarkable a manner, that I should be the most ungrateful of men if I did not love, praise, and glorify him. If it shall appear at the day of judgment, that but one soul has been finally saved through my preaching, it will be a rich compensation for all my toils in this cold, barren wilderness. But, blessed be God, I know that he hath plucked many brands out of the burning by means of my unworthy labours. I cannot, indeed, say that I have my quiver full of them; my unfaithfulness has deprived me of that honour, as well as of many other blessings.

O that I may be more zealous and diligent for the time to come!

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

After spending a profitable summer at Halifax, I returned in the fall by the way of Annapolis, stopping in our way to see our worthy friend, Colonel Bayard, with whom we tarried about a week, and still found him full of faith, zeal, christian simplicity, and loving meekness. Crossing from Annapolis to New-Brunswick in the Digby packet, we met a violent squall, which blew the vessel upon her beam-ends, and brought her main-sail down into the water. The sea poured down the cabin-door like a torrent; the women in the cabin were greatly terrified; my mind was kept in peace; and in a little while, the squall being over, she righted, and we arrived safely among our old friends, and to our old habitation in St. John. For some time my mind had been deeply pained at the little growth of the society in the city—but this fall, at a day set apart for fasting and prayer, the Lord gave us a token for good; and in the following winter made bare his holy arm in a most singular and blessed manner.

I had gone, as usual, to visit that part of my circuit that lay up the river St. John, leaving the society in charge of the leaders, and brother M'Leod, a very worthy local preacher. They appointed a watch-night, at which some special tokens of the divine power and presence were manifested. In a little while several children were affected with a lively concern for the salvation of their souls. A few young people, of both sexes, got under awakenings. At this time I arrived from the river, and found the town almost in an uproar; some wondering whereunto this would grow; some condemning the whole as enthusiasm and delusion; and others requesting that I would put a stop to the dangerous wildfire that still spread in every direction.

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There were irregularities, it is true, but who ever saw a genuine revival of religion without them? They may come under the following heads: 1, The opposition of the wicked and mere moralists: These first create disturbance, and then lay it at the door of the work of God. 2, The untempered zeal of some warm spirits, that would condemn and anathematize all who do not immediately see through their eyes: They have no patience with the wicked, and fall upon them with as little mercy as Sampson showed the Philistines. 3, The subjects of the work themselves: some praying, others shouting, some weeping, others rejoicing, a number praying at one time; shouting, praying, singing, weeping, exhorting, all blended together, certainly presents a strong resemblance of confusion. But the point is, are God's thoughts upon these things as our thoughts? Upon the whole, I believe there have been few revivals of pure religion with less irregularity. A letter I wrote at the time will give as true and simple a copy of the work as I could draw; and I will therefore present it to the reader.

FROM MR. JOSHUA MARSDEN TO MR. BENSON.

City St. John, New-Brunswick, March 25, 1807.

DEAR SIR,

I am happy that it is in my power to send you a pleasing account of the work of God in this formerly barren part of the universe. For some time religion was at a stand in this and the neighbouring province. It is true, a few now and then were added to the people of God, to supply the places of those who emigrated to other parts; but no particular revival of true piety had taken place in this country till this winter. About a month ago, the Lord began to pour out his Holy Spirit upon us in a remarkable manner, shaking the kingdom of darkness in many hearts, so that alarm and distress became visible in the faces of numbers, and a cry was

heard, *What shall I do to be saved?* This blessed work is still continued, and prevails chiefly among young people of both sexes, though a few more advanced in years have been brought into deep distress, and now enjoy glorious gospel liberty. Some stout-hearted sinners have been awakened, and a number of little children, both boys and girls, have been evidently changed by the power of the Holy Ghost. About seventy persons have joined the society, and perhaps there are not fewer than thirty more under slight awakenings, or deep convictions. Curiosity, or similar motives, bring many to the meetings, when either the cries of the distressed, or the exhortations of such as have lately found peace with God, touch their hearts; and frequently, from gazing and mocking, they are brought to solemnity and grief. Some who have come with the professed design of ridiculing this work of God, have been struck down, and constrained to cry for mercy and salvation in the most heart-piercing manner. A few have been set at liberty under the word, yet the work has been chiefly carried on in prayer-meetings, to which numbers resort, and will not go away till a very late hour. Early this morning, two young men came to my house, and no sooner had I opened the door than they both fell upon their knees, begging earnestly that I would pray for them; I commended their case to the Lord in prayer, and then exhorted and encouraged them to look to Jesus for a present salvation. One was much comforted, but the other went away in deep distress. Not a day passes but I hear of three or four that are struck to the heart; and scarcely is there a meeting but some join the society. Indeed, it appears to me, that if the work continue, all the young people in the place will turn to God.

In this situation of things, you may naturally suppose, that the enemy of souls is not idle, but endeavours to support his falling kingdom. But, glory be to God, all his stratagems have hitherto failed. Much opposition has been made to this work. Calumny and blasphemy,

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scripture and ridicule, promises and menaces, have all been employed; but, thank God, without success. Nothing can equal the firmness of the young converts. They stand unshaken, though almost every engine of hell has been made use of to cause them to stagger and turn aside from the good way. The magistrates and principal inhabitants cannot deny but there is a great change in the place for the better; as many of the young men who are subjects of this work, were once both loose in their principles, and irregular in their practices. But they are now new creatures, and one can hardly go through a street of this little city, without hearing the voice of praise, or seeing the young men assembling together for prayer. What appears to me a pleasing circumstance is, that several of the young men have very promising gifts both for prayer and exhortation, which if piously improved, may render them truly useful at a future time. It would astonish you to hear with what propriety youths of fifteen or sixteen years of age, pour out their souls to God in prayer. The fervency of their spirits, the evangelicalness of their language, and the solemnity of their manner, tend not a little to impress the minds of such as hear them, and promote the work. Some have been awakened by hearing the prayers of children, while others have been ready to say, that we put words into their mouths, and teach them how to express themselves in their prayers.

Our little chapel is so crowded, that you can scarcely see any thing but human heads; and the meetings are solemn beyond any thing seen in this place for a long time. Often, towards the conclusion, a cry for mercy begins, which spreads from one to another, till the union of the voices of those who are either praying, crying, or rejoicing, forms what worldly people call confusion. On these occasions some are brought to taste that the Lord is gracious, and others, alarmed with conviction,

who perhaps in a few days, can also praise a sin-pardoning God. Most that I have closely examined, give a pretty clear account of being cut to the heart for sin; feel thankfulness that they are not in hell; see their need of a Saviour, and are convinced they must lead a new life or be lost. Hence they are led to implore forgiveness through the Redeemer's blood, and grace to help them on their way to heaven. What makes this appear the more singular to some well-minded people, is the order and stillness which were observed in the meetings prior to this period. Hence some who once thought well of us, now take the alarm at what they think enthusiasm. A revival of religion is like Ithuriel's spear: it makes persons assume their proper shape and character, and shows the carnal mind in its native and undisguised colours. Our meetings are become the common topic of conversation. Some wonder, some mock, some acknowledge the power of God, and several, not in society, defend the cause to the utmost of their power. But as yet *none of the rulers have believed on him*. The good that is done is chiefly among the poor and middling classes of people.

Since this quickening began, there has been a continual cry for books, especially hymn-books. It would be a work of mercy indeed, if some of our rich friends at home would send us two or three hundred pamphlets and little hymn-books. It pains me to the heart that I have not books to distribute among the young converts, as many of them will be in danger from seducing spirits, and that doctrine of devils, *Antinomianism*. I have sometimes feared that the work of God among the Methodists would come to nothing in this province, but now I am abundantly encouraged; my heart dances when I see the young converts crowding to the meetings, or when I hear them declare their experience in the things of God, in a manner which is chiefly clear, simple, and affecting.

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This little town contains about two thousand inhabitants. There is a neat English church in it, besides our little chapel, which is old, ruinous, and inconvenient; and at the most, it will not hold above four hundred and fifty people. Because of the war and other things our friends have hitherto been too poor to build a larger. But if the Lord continue to carry on his work among us, I trust we shall see a comfortable house erected, and the old ruinous one pulled down.

I have now been seven years in this country, and if consistent with my duty, would wish, in about twelve months, to return home; not that I am tired of a missionary life: no, blessed be God, I am determined to spend my strength and my all in the cause of Jesus; but my health has suffered, and does suffer daily. The extremely cold winters affect my breast in a very painful manner, and render me sometimes quite unable to undergo the toils of my mission; yet, by the blessing of God, I have seldom flinched, though sometimes the consequences have been very painful. In the discharge of my duty I have had many discouragements, both from within and without; but what I have seen this month past, more than recompenses me for all my difficulties. The life of a missionary in such a climate as this is both difficult and laborious. But the presence of Jesus can sweeten every toil, and make the wilderness blossom as a rose. One of our principal difficulties arises from our being too weak-handed, too far separated from each other. Hence our labours, for want of being seconded and continued, have sometimes failed of success. O for more young men of steady zeal, unwearied patience, and active lives! Then we might expect to see more fruit, and more flourishing societies. We are only six preachers in this immense tract of wilderness, and if Mr. Black go to Bermuda, our number will be reduced. This circuit, of which the little city above-mentioned is the head, extends more than one hundred miles towards

Canada, and there is no preacher but myself to supply it. I should esteem a line from you, or any of our London friends, a great favour. In the mean time, may the Lord direct you in the great work of saving souls, and make your life holy and happy.

This, dear sir, is the prayer of your unworthy son in the gospel,

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

This revival had two or three characteristics in it that may be profitable to mention: 1, It was chiefly among young people and children. Nearly eighty of the former, and twenty of the latter were made the subjects of divine influence. 2, God made the children great means in his hand of the work. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou shalt perfect praise. Some of these would exhort for two hours in a series, with such clearness and power as astonished the bystanders. 3, There were none of the rich and great awakened. That passage was, in part, verified—They shall all know the Lord, from the least to the greatest. Thus the work often begins with the poor; and the rich, if saved, are glad to follow their example. By this God stains the pride of man, and shows how little he esteems the glitter of wealth, and the pomp of grandeur. 4, There was little shouting, clapping of hands, or wild-fire. God gave me singular liberty in delivering a series of sermons, explanatory of the first exercises of gracious souls, especially when under awakenings, labouring to be justified by the law, and particularly when coming to Christ for pardon and reconciliation. On these occasions the chapel was crowded; and frequently a solemn and affecting sense of the presence of God rested upon the assembly. There were indeed mockers, but they were greatly overawed. 5, The outward profaneness of the streets, especially in the night, was greatly checked, and an air of

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morality was, in some degree, visible through the town. The proud opposers could not deny but a great change had taken place in many persons—but they ascribed it to any thing except the true cause. 6, One of the principal opposers of the work came to nothing, and was obliged to fly the town in disgrace. 7, The old professors were much quickened and stirred up; bickerings were done away, and love and harmony more abundantly prevailed. The meetings, (though in the depth of winter, dismally cold, the ground two feet deep in snow,) were sometimes continued all night; and I have repeated the benediction once or twice without being able to prevail on the people to dismiss. Several subjects of the work had been wild, wicked, and profane young men; hence the change in their conduct shone with a visible evidence. In fine, most of those awakened continued faithful steady members during my continuance in the city.

During the ensuing summer, I set myself to make collections for a new chapel, as the place was too strait for us, and made a tour through the other province for this purpose. This was a laborious time. I collected money, worked at the building with my own hands, and performed all the other duties of my mission; preaching four or five times every week; holding prayer-meetings, meeting classes, and various other duties. But I am persuaded, that a minister's work will never be a drudgery, while he has the spirit of his office, and possesses a single eye to the glory of God.

Having now laboured in Nova Scotia and New-Brunswick nearly eight years; travelled many thousand miles, both in rain, frost, and snow, from one end of the peninsula to the other; from Annapolis to the gulf of St. Lawrence, and from the Bay of Fundy to Halifax. After having been stationed at the following places; Cumberland and Westmoreland, Halifax, St. John, Annapolis, Liverpool, I requested to return to England; and in the fall of 1807, I received the following answer to my letter

from the Rev. Joseph Benson, requesting me to go and spend a little while, and try to establish a mission in Bermuda.

New Chapel, City Road, London, Oct. 6th, 1807.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I was much obliged by your letter of March 25th last, especially as it contained so pleasing an account of the work of God in the city St. John. I judged your letter so important, that I immediately caused it to be inserted in the Magazine for July, which we were then printing. Since then we have had similar accounts of an extraordinary revival at Liverpool, and some other parts of Nova Scotia. These are published also in our Magazine for this month, (October,) and I doubt not, will be highly pleasing to all that are concerned for the progress of the gospel. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have been so long comparatively barren, being overrun with Antinomianism, and other destructive errors, that this remarkable awakening is as welcome and consoling as it is unexpected, and must greatly encourage the subscribers to the Missions, as, I am persuaded, it does the missionaries themselves. I hope great prudence and care will be used in watching over the souls that have been gained, as well as every proper effort to extend the work still further. And, I trust, if the missionaries in these parts be zealous, active, and diligent, at the same time that they are humble, meek, and devoted to God, the Lord will show that this is but the dawn of a glorious day in that remote part of the British empire.

I can easily believe you, my brother, when you speak of the hardships you have endured, and that the extreme cold winters have affected your breast. I am sure the life of a missionary, as you observe, must be very difficult and dangerous, in such a climate as Nova Scotia;

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but, the Lord has already amply recompensed you, by giving you to see such blessed fruit of your labours; and will recompense you much more at the resurrection of the just. The Conference would willingly have consented to your coming home next year, but as you signified that you were willing to spend some time at Bermuda; as you will see by the Minutes they have appointed you to that Island for the present, believing that it is a very likely place for the restoration of your health, and that you will be very useful there in the Lord's vineyard. According to sundry letters we have had from there, many of the inhabitants have a great desire to hear the word, and there is a great opening for the gospel, and a prospect of doing much good. I shall be very glad of a few lines from you, both before you sail for Bermuda, and after you arrive there. Praying that the Lord would both support you, and bless your labours in his work,

I remain,

Your very affectionate Brother,
JOSEPH BENSON.

At the same time, I received a letter from the Secretary of the Missions, with another from Dr. Coke, to the same purport.

(TO MR. JOSHUA MARSDEN.)

Liverpool, August 7th, 1807.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,

I am in the midst of the hurry of Conference business. You see by the inclosed Minutes that you are appointed

for Bermuda. Set off as soon as you possibly can, and draw on me from time to time for what you want, at the Rev. Robert Lomas's, New Chapel, City Road, London. If I can get another copy,* for the printer is about this work, I will write to brother Black, to whom I beg my love, as well as to all the other preachers. God bless you.

I am, very dear brother,

Yours, affectionately and faithfully,

THOMAS COKE.

P. S. The ship is expected to sail early to-morrow, and it is now nine at night.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Joshua Marsden, to the Rev. Dr. Coke.

City St. John, New Brunswick, Nov. 18, 1807.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Your letter, and one from the missionary committee, came to hand yesterday, in consequence of which I have begun to arrange my affairs, and get all things in readiness for my removal to Bermuda. Had your letter come to hand eight weeks ago, I might now have been in New-York, on my way; but as the season is so far advanced, I may probably meet with some impediments. However, I shall, by the blessing of God, do my endeavour to get thither as speedily as possible.

When I think of the forlorn condition of the Bermudians, my heart longs to be with them, to preach the precious gospel of my Lord and Master in that Island. O that the God of Abraham may send me good speed, and prepare the people for the reception of his dear Son's gospel, and that you may have cause to rejoice in the

* The Minutes.

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happy issue of your exertions to supply Bermuda with a missionary. I have written to request Mr. Black to send Mr. Bennet to St. John, and also to consult him respecting the best method of fulfilling your request, and getting as soon as possible to the place of my appointment. I shall write to you again, perhaps at New-York, or at least, as soon as I arrive at Bermuda. Meanwhile, I should be glad if you would be so good as to write to Bermuda; and let the friends there know that a preacher is on his way to them.

With regard to this city, the work is not so lively as it was in the spring. Indeed, I have been called away from them much this summer, both up the river, and likewise to the head of the Bay of Fundy. By the blessing of God, however, most of those that were awakened last March, stand firm as a rock, and walk humbly and closely with God. The people are much grieved and discouraged at my leaving them, but I hope brother Bennet, who is much beloved here, will more than supply my place. I request an interest in your prayers for myself, and for the Lord's blessing upon my mission. My desire is to die to all things, and to live only to the glory of Jehovah Jesus. Your journals have of late been a great comfort and spur to my mind. May the good Lord quicken me a thousand fold more, and make a poor worm useful in his vineyard.

I am, Sir,

Your unworthy son in the Gospel,

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

I would observe, that while in Nova Scotia, I had received so many tokens of the unfeigned kindness of the people, that I could not but leave it with deep regret. I would particularly observe, that in Westmoreland circuit, I received many kindnesses from Mr. William True-

man and family, in whose house I had the severe affliction mentioned above; where I was nursed by sister Trueman with the tenderness of a mother. In the same county Mr. Wells, John and William Faucet, Mr. Keach, Squires Dixon and Roach, with a number of others, were very kind. I would also mention my obligations to Squire Ratchford, and Mr. Shannon, at Parsborough. I shall not readily forget the kindness of a number of families and individuals in Halifax, particularly Messrs. Anderson, Davis, Seabury, Nock, and their families; with a number more, whose names, I trust, are in the book of life. In Liverpool, I would gratefully acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Newton, Colonel Perkins, Squire Thomas, Mr. Robert Barry, and Mr. Kirk. While I laboured on the Annapolis circuit, the kindness of Colonel Bayard made a deep impression on my mind; Messrs. Bent, Spur, Rice, Bonnet, and a number of others, merit my thanks. At St. John, Mr. John Ferguson, Hanford M'Kee, brother M'Leod, brother Blair, Mr. Henry Hennigar, and several others, deserve my gratitude. In fine I received so many kindnesses in Nova Scotia, that it would perhaps be as hard to number them as the grains in a handful of sand. People in England and the United States, have by no means a just opinion of this fine country; capable, I have no doubt, of supplying the wants of several millions of inhabitants. It is true, the winters are severely cold; but in a country whose latitude is only 44 deg. N. this difficulty will be obviated, as the land is cleared, and the woods (which are nurseries for immense quantities of snow) are cut down. Few countries enjoy greater privileges than the British provinces in North America; they have no taxes, hardly any poor-rates, plenty of civil and religious liberty. They pay no tithes, have a good market for their produce, and the poor exceedingly high wages for their labour. Land is reasonable, provisions are cheap; in short, I know not a better country in the whole world

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for a poor farmer, or an honest and industrious labourer ; each man can choose his own religion, without the haughty intolerant conduct of a proud established ecclesiastic to control him. The summer is hotter than in England, but the fall is delightfully pleasant. There is abundance of fish and game in the country ; the lakes and rivers are stocked with the former, and the woods and marshes with the latter. Fruit is the least plentiful article, and even this is becoming more abundant. Orchards are now considered as a necessary appendage to a farm : in short, some twenty or thirty years hence, this country will be one of the finest colonies belonging to the British empire.

CHAPTER IX.

AS the mission committee under the direction of conference, had appointed me to labour on a mission in Bermuda, it may be necessary in this place to say something respecting the religious state of the islands, and particularly the situation of the conference mission. In 1799, Mr. John Stephenson, a preacher of the Irish connexion, was appointed as the first Methodist missionary to the Island of Bermuda. Mr. Stephenson arrived at New-York, on his way to Bermuda, the 16th of April, 1799, and in fifteen days sailed for Bermuda, where he arrived the 10th of the following May. He had scarcely landed on the island, and made known the purport of his mission, before the most scandalous and ill-founded reports were circulated to his discredit, and the injury of his ministry. Hence he began his mission under all the disadvantages that prejudice, bigotry, and calumny united, could scatter in his path. The Governor (Beckwith) was not

disposed to be very friendly towards him, and some of his Excellency's minions and parasites were his sworn enemies from the first moment they knew his errand. Finally, his guilt attained the greatest altitude, and the deepest black—he had ventured to preach to the black and coloured people; and at this time the slave-holders were smarting under the idea of the complete abolition of this detestable traffic, which they feared would take place. Hence, whoever appeared in the character of *ami du noir*, or a friend of the blacks, was sure to be detested. Indeed, no one could think of suffering the gospel to be preached to the blacks without the greatest horror; cutting throats, insurrections, rebellion, and in fine, all the horrors of St. Domingo, were connected with the idea of enlightening those unfortunate beings. A complaint was lodged by one Justice Green, who coming to the islands in the capacity of an itinerant portrait-painter, had scraped together a little money, and was finally lifted upon the stilts of the magistracy. This same worthy Justice hastened to the Governor, who, it appears, had already imbibed a prejudice against Mr. Stephenson, because he had not studied Greek and Latin in the British Universities, in order to qualify him to teach the slaves of Bermuda how to serve God and save their souls. Accordingly a bill was brought into the house of assembly to hinder the most dangerous and disloyal thing in the world, preaching the gospel to the blacks. The bill passed the house, and finally became a law, worthy the wisdom of Nero, and the workmanship of a Benner.*

* An Act to prevent persons pretending, or having pretended, to be ministers of the gospel, or missionaries from any religious society whatever, and not invested with holy orders, according to the rites and ceremonies of the church of England, or the church of Scotland, from acting as preachers.

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Mr. Stephenson preached in defiance of the Neronian statute, and was taken up and cast into prison; several worthy men offered to give bail, but the crime was too great to admit of such a composition. However, the good man found that a prison for the cross of Christ was no such intolerable thing—the Lord abundantly fulfilled that beatitude, Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness sake.

tenance and support of the religious principles of the community of these islands, to exclude all persons pretending, or having pretended to be ministers of the gospel, or missionaries from any religious society whatever, and not regularly invested with holy orders according to the rites and ceremonies of the church of England, or the church of Scotland, from propagating any doctrine upon the gospel or otherwise; We, therefore, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the General Assembly of these, your Majesty's Bermuda or Somers Islands, in America, do most humbly beseech your Majesty that it may be enacted. And be it enacted by your Majesty's Governor, Council, and Assembly, and it is hereby enacted and ordained by the authority of the same, that no person whatever, pretending, or having pretended to be a minister of the gospel, or missionary from any religious society, and not regularly invested with holy orders according to the rites and ceremonies of the church of England, or the church of Scotland, shall be allowed to preach or propagate in these islands any doctrine upon the gospel, by writing or printing, or by speaking to, teaching, or in any wise lecturing or exhorting any public or collected audience whatever; and that any person who shall violate or act repugnant to this law, by preaching or propagating, writing or printing, or by speaking to, teaching, or in any wise lecturing or exhorting any public or collected audience whatever as aforesaid, shall be subject and liable to a fine of fifty pounds, and to be imprisoned for the space of six months, without bail or mainprize.

And be it further enacted and ordained by the authority aforesaid, that any person or persons admitting, or allowing into his, her, or their house or dwelling, any person pretending, or having pretended to be a minister of the gospel or missionary from any religious society whatever, and not invested with holy orders, according to the rites and ceremonies aforesaid, for the purpose of preaching or propagating any doctrine upon the gospel, by writing or

It appears from several of his letters that I have in my possession, that the consolations of the Holy Spirit were most copious during the time of his incarceration. When the special court sat, his trial came on, and though the lawyer he employed (Mr. Esten, the present chief-justice of Bermuda,) made a most able speech on the liberty of conscience and toleration, yet the Jury were requested by the chief-justice to bring him in guilty; and guilty they pronounced. Doubtless the worthy Judge had prejudicated his case. Hence no mercy would be shown such a heinous offender.

And is there now, in these illumin'd days,
When freedom, reason, truth, and science blaze?
Is there a spark of that satanic zeal,
That pil'd the faggot, and contriv'd the wheel?
Does Julian live? does fierce Domitian reign?
Or savage Mary blot a throne again?

The good man had now as a reward for coming four thousand miles by sea, (he went by New-York,) and his various labours in this hot climate, the consolation of a small room in a prison, where his *merciful* Judges appointed him a six-months residence; but he rejoiced in the Lord, and often made the prison vocal with his praises, while, no doubt, his persecutors trembled at the gloomy prospect of a judgment to come. As he had op-

printing, or by speaking to, teaching, or in any wise lecturing or exhorting as aforesaid, any public or collected audience whatever, shall be subject and liable to a fine of fifty pounds, and an imprisonment of six months, without bail or mainprize.

Passed the Assembly this 25th day of April, 1800, and ordered to be laid before the council for concurrence.

JAMES TUCKER, *Speaker.*

Concurred to by the Council this 23d day of May, 1800.

HENRY TUCKER, *President.*

Assented to this 24th day of May, 1800.

GEORGE BECKWITH.

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portunity, he exhorted and preached to the poor black people through the grates of his prison. But, verily, there is a God that reigneth on earth. In that same prison was the speaker of the house of assembly confined; that same house of assembly (with the difference of one or two members,) that made the execrable law to imprison Mr. Stephenson. But to conclude, at the end of six months the good man had to pay his fine of fifty pounds, or remain in jail as much longer as they pleased. However, in this a number of worthy friends assisted him; but the prison-martyr was no sooner emancipated than he had to leave the island, as the detestable statute was still in force. Thus, before a society was formed, before the divine seed had begun to spring, was this infant mission nipped in the bud. Truly, God hath his way in the whirlwind, and his path in the mighty waters; and yet, though clouds and darkness are round about him, judgment and justice are the habitations of his throne.

If haughty demagogues oppress the just,
 And trample innocence beneath the dust;
 If fiery bigots persecute and rail,
 And then consign the good man to a jail,
 Make might a law, to gratify their spleen;
 Then talk of justice, villainy to screen.
 Through every maze of this intricate plan,
 There is a God that marks the ways of man.
 'Tis he permits the wicked man to sway,
 The weak to struggle, and the poor obey.
 But though thick clouds and darkness veil his throne,
 As mists obscure the beauty of the sun,
 He will arise with vengeance, and redress,
 Who suffer for the cause of righteousness.

Pious plans may fail, but the people of God shall not lose their glorious reward. Such hindrances are, it is true, trials to the faith and patience of the righteous, and means of filling up the measure of wickedness to the ungodly.

Things remained in this state several years, from 1800 till 1808; several missionaries had been appointed in the mean time, but none chose to venture: indeed it is not so pleasing a matter to flesh and blood, for a man to throw himself into the very jaws of a jail. Few of us now-a-days are like Daniel, willing go into the lion's den: we all gladly say, I pray thee, have me excused. On a lofty mountain at a distance, we may contemplate a stormy ocean with some degree of serenity; but to be among the foaming billows, in an agitated little bark, *Ah, there's the rub.*

When I first received the letter that contained my appointment, it was, as Solomon says, like vinegar to my teeth, and smoke to my eyes; however, by the blessing of God, I resolved to go.

On my arrival in St. George, I was a stranger in a strange land; for, upon inquiry, I found there were neither society nor friends in the Island. Some persons came on board, who understanding my mission, looked shy, and whispering, told the captain that I should not be allowed to stay in the place: nay the very day on which I arrived, the vestry of the church was called together, to consult how they might either contrive to send me back, or prevent my preaching on the Island. The honest captain, who frequently went on shore, finding how things were going forward, told me that I should not stay, that he would give me my passage to the Bahama Islands, and back to Nova Scotia, adding in his honest but blunt manner, "*They are not worthy of a minister; let them die in their sins.*"

My mind was sorely exercised with my situation: my wife and child on board the vessel; she far advanced in her pregnancy; no door open in the town, which was too full of soldiers and sailors even to get lodgings: no friend to invite me to his house; all seemingly as dark as possible; but even then, when my mind was upon the rack, my faith blindly groping a path, and my thoughts run-

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ning to and fro, to know what measures I should adopt; even then, light, divine light, like the first rays of the morning upon a benighted traveller, broke in upon my mind; we looked into the blessed book, not for mere duty, nor yet for entertainment, but, as a pilot in a storm looks at a chart for deliverance, for an opening among the rocks to leeward, or a passage over the dreadful shoals: all the scriptures that were applied to our minds favoured, nay, urged our stay. Flesh and blood seemed to plead for our abandoning the mission, but I thought of Jonah, and was afraid to flinch; for myself I wished to die—I could not refrain from bursting into tears—but I had a wife, a child, whose situation made my grief at least a pardonable weakness. Never was a passage more applicable than those words: “Let him that walketh in darkness and hath no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God.” But the passage that seemed to come with most weight, was the 42d chapter of Jeremiah, from the tenth to the sixteenth verse; “If ye will abide in this land, then will I build you, and not pull you down, I will plant you, and not pluck you up; be not afraid of the king of Babylon, of whom ye are afraid; be not afraid of him, saith the Lord, for I am with you to save you, and to deliver you from his hand; and I will show mercies upon you that he may have mercy upon you, and cause you to return to your own land. But if ye say, we will not dwell in this land, neither obey the voice of the Lord your God, saying, no; but we will go into the land of Egypt, where we shall see no war, nor hear the sound of a trumpet, nor have hunger of bread, and there will we dwell; then it shall come to pass, that the sword that ye feared shall overtake you, and there ye shall die.” Several other matters concurring, at the same time, made me fearful of giving up the attempt without sufficient trial. I recollected that others had been discouraged, and gave it up. I knew that Dr. Coke and the committee

had set themselves to get a mission established on these islands, and that the many prayers I had offered to God could not be as water spilt upon the ground. A letter I wrote to Mr. Benson at this time, will more fully explain my situation on entering on this new mission.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Joshua Marsden, to Mr. Benson.

St. George's, Bermuda, June 7, 1808.

As you requested me, in your last, to write from Bermuda, I now with pleasure comply with your desire. My appointment came to hand last fall, just as I was going up the river St. John to visit that part of my extensive circuit: but as the winter was setting in, and there was no prospect of a passage, my way seemed blocked up till the spring, at which time I expected to sail in the first vessel for New-York, and leave my dear partner with her friends till such time as I got a settlement in Bermuda to send for her. Meanwhile, the mission appeared to be so weighty and important an undertaking, on account of the persecuting spirit of the people, that we set apart a day of fasting and prayer every week, in order to obtain the divine blessing and protection. In the month of December, fresh troubles and obstacles started up in the rumour of a war with the United States of America. St. John, my circuit, being so near the American lines, and supported chiefly by trade with the States, was thrown into the utmost consternation, especially as there were not wanting people to magnify every little report, and work upon the fears of the inhabitants.

I continued to get ready, and waited in suspense till the beginning of April, when a vessel happened to sail for the Bahamas, the charterer of which, for the sum of thirty pounds, agreed to land me in Bermuda. We had a most affectionate and reluctant parting with our friends;

for I had laboured in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick nearly eight years, during which time I had contracted many friendships, received many kindnesses, held many precious meetings, and had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing the work of God revive through several parts of both provinces. The captain and mate were remarkably kind. We had prayers night and morning, and on the sabbath I read your sermons on the second coming of Christ. For the first nine days the weather was fine, and sailing delightful, as we were leaving a cold, and hastening to a warm climate; but for five days following we had very severe gales, and one most tremendous squall of wind, rain, thunder, and lightning. This called loudly for the exercise of faith, and, blessed be God, my strength was equal to the trial. I found I could take hold on the promise, and rest on the truth and faithfulness of Jehovah. That hymn was made a great blessing to my soul, "Commit thou all thy griefs, and ways into his hands," &c. After running down the latitude of the island, we had another serious difficulty, that of not knowing whether we were to the east or west of the island, and not daring to run in the night on account of the rocks and shelves with which it is surrounded to a considerable distance. However, we continued standing to the eastward in the day, and lay to in the night, till happily we made the island on the side least rocky; and in the morning a pilot came out, and carried us safely into the harbour of St. George.

Not a single person did I know in the town, yet, trusting in God, I went on shore, and delivered a letter of introduction (given me by my dear and respected friend, Colonel B. of Nova Scotia,) to the Governor, who wished me to wait upon him in the morning, during which time he would consider the business. Meanwhile, I gave four dollars for a boat to carry me to Mr. Pallass's, the only Methodist in the island. I got safe to Hamilton in about three hours, and found a sickly old man;

worn with affliction and harassed with persecution. The good man gave me a large detail of the various trials and oppositions he had met with, and informed me, that the few people gathered under Mr. Stephenson's ministry had mostly fallen off, and that religion was in a most deplorable state in the island. You may be sure this information did not raise my spirits, and I returned to St. George with a heavy heart and gloomy prospects, there being not a single person in the whole town to befriend, advise, or assist me, my wife and child being on board the vessel, and not a house or room to be got in town for money. Most of the people that I saw, carried their opposition in their very looks, as if they had supposed that I had come to spread a plague in the island. Some advised me to go back; and I had partly made up my mind so to do: leaving the matter, however, with the Lord, and resting my staying on the issue of my having a favourable reception from the Governor. This was a moment for faith, prayer, and fortitude; and glory be to God, we did prove their efficacy.

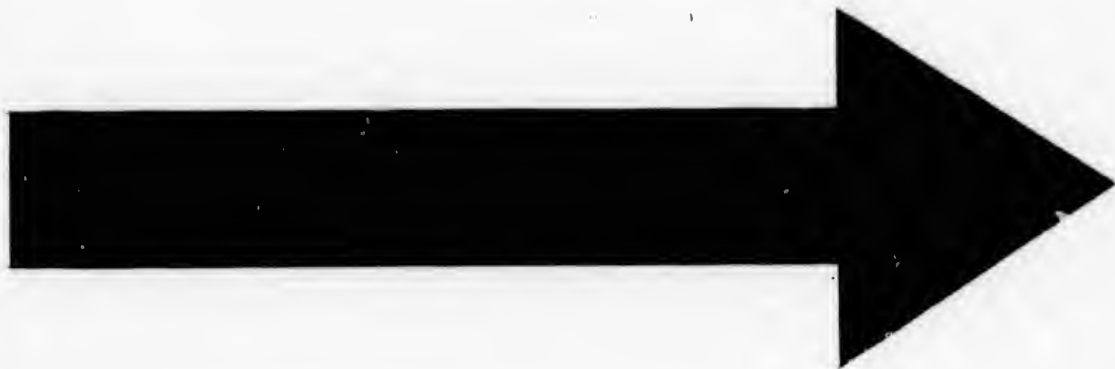
In the morning, according to appointment, I waited on his Excellency, who received me with much civility, and assured me he would do all in his power to help me for the sake of his friend Colonel B. After some conversation upon the subject of my mission, and various other matters, he sent for the Chief Justice and the Attorney General, to know whether any law existed to prevent my preaching in the island. The Chief Judge, at the Governor's request, examined my ordination passes, my civil recommendations, and equivocated, and demurred for some time; but the Attorney General gave it as his frank opinion, that no law existed to hinder the free exercise of my ministry. But, knowing the persecuting spirit of the inhabitants, I requested his Excellency to grant me a written license from under his own hand, to which the Chief Justice objected, saying, It would be necessary first to consult the Council; upon

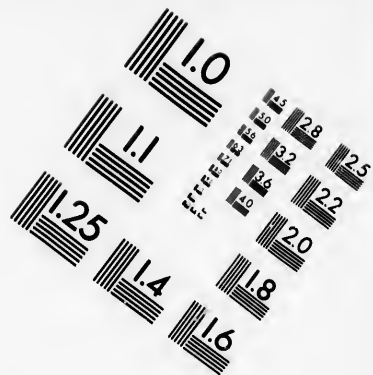
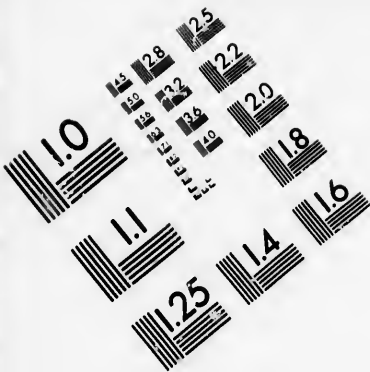
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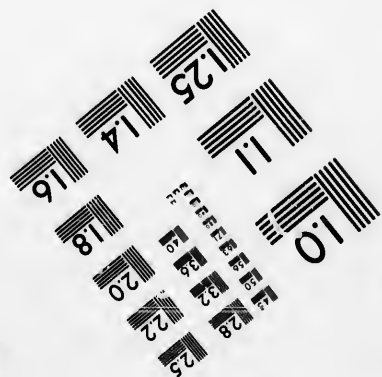
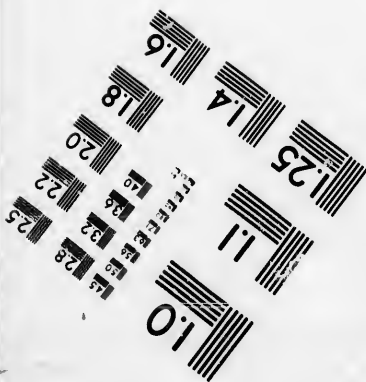
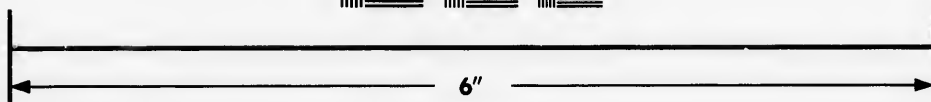
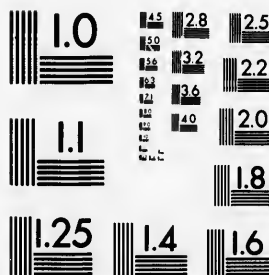
which the Governor dismissed me, with liberty to preach till I should hear further upon the subject. I have since petitioned his Excellency for a license, but have as yet obtained no answer. The same day I got my wife and child on shore, without a place in which to lay our heads, or put our little furniture save the inn, the landlord of which let us have the use of a small room for the moment, having no where else, as the town was full of army and navy officers, and every place taken. However, in this too, Providence kindly interposed, and directed us to two rooms belonging to a person of colour, which an officer of the army, going to Halifax, had just quitted. These I hired for one pound, or three dollars this currency, per week; and this sum will not appear to you extravagant, when I inform you, that for the one day which my wife and self were at the inn, the charge was 3*l.* 1*6s.* or eleven dollars and a half.

Having got our little matters to our rooms, we felt more happiness than if they had been a palace. One of the rooms being pretty large, I sent the black man to give notice that I would preach the following morning, it being the Lord's day, when a few whites and blacks attended. But the congregation has been increasing ever since, so that I have now as many, and more than the room will well hold; and the whites complain that they cannot get room on account of the black people. The people are very attentive, and all kneel at prayer. I think there is a prospect of doing good, allowing that I am not persecuted out of the island. Some have advised to begin a little meeting-house, but I wish to wait a little, and mark the disposition of those in power, whether they will be friendly towards us or not. My mind has been deeply pained to see the wickedness of the place, and the sad want of means to stem the overflowing torrent. The blacks are kind, polite, and much addicted to dress. I have made one tour through the island, and have met with some friendly people, who seem





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to wish me success in the Lord's name. With regard to the country in general, cultivation is sadly neglected; and the people live miserably. They prefer poverty and indolence, to plenty and toil. A little fish and bread is their principal food; and though blessed with the finest climate in the world, they will not improve the blessing.

If it would not be thought foreign to the subject, I would say a little of the climate, produce, and population of these islands, which are several hundreds in number. Though not within the tropics, Bermuda enjoys the benefit of a constant summer. The sky is generally serene, the air remarkably pure, and the plants, trees, and shrubs always green. I do not wonder that it has been recommended to valetudinarians, and called by poets, "Pure Bermuda." The gentle gales passing over groves of cedar, of which the island is full, diffuse the most fragrant and agreeable odours. The appearance of the land is rather barren, but the sweet-scented cedar-trees present a perpetual green. The water of the sea, round the island, is so clear and limpid, that the fine white sand, and large brown rocks, are seen to a considerable depth. I should not forget to say, that the houses are perfectly white, and at a distance, appear like masses of snow, which, contrasted with the beautiful green, form a fine spectacle. The length of the whole cluster of islands, is about twenty miles, and the breadth three, so that you may suppose they are none of them very large. There is scarcely any land carriage, and not a cart or truck on the islands; but a vast number of boats are continually sailing to and fro. The principal harbours are, St. George to the eastward, Hamilton to the westward, Castle-Harbour to the southward, and a Roadstead for men of war and large ships, to the northward. Hamilton and Salt-kettle are two villages. St. George is the only town. It contains about two thousand people, blacks and whites; but there are no places of worship, or public buildings, if we except a small, ill-con-

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structed church. Dissenters there are none. Alas! they appear to be all of one way of thinking, and chiefly belong to the synagogue of Satan. The pretended prejudice against Dissenters is a foolish idea that they render the blacks disaffected; but the real objection is, the blessed strictness of our doctrine, which militates so much against prevailing and tolerated vice.

One great natural defect of this island, is want of water. As there are no springs but what are brackish, water is very scarce, which, in so warm a climate as this, is a painful circumstance. Rain-water, which is the only kind fit to drink, is sometimes nine-pence a pail. They have a common saying here, "No rain, no drink; no fish, no dinner." The other water is very pernicious, and apt to bring on the dysentery, which is a disorder very common here. Fresh meat they have little or none, unless it be a puss-whale now and then, which is esteemed a delicacy, and sold for a quarter of a dollar a pound. I ate some the other day equal to the best beef I ever tasted. Goats are very common, they supply the inhabitants with milk, and feed among the rocks. They have very few horned cattle, and those very miserable, owing to the want of water and pasturage. Beef, mutton, and veal, are two shillings and six pence per pound; but to supply this defect, the islands abound with delicious fish, singularly beautiful both in colour and conformation. Yet even these are not cheap. Fruit is plentiful in the season. Fine lemons, oranges, and limes, grow wild in the woods. Figs, and pomegranates, are also common. The principal trees are the cedar, the palmetto, the tamarind, and the banana. The island produces cassavi and arrow-root, which is a most delicate ingredient in puddings. Sweet potatoes and onions are common. Indeed all the esculents common to an English garden, may be raised here. No grain is produced on the island, except a little barley. Although the climate is favourable to the growth of sugar-cane,

yams, cotten, indian corn, and oats, yet, rather than procure bread by the sweat of their brows, they have recourse to a thousand shifts to support a life of squalid poverty and dishonourable sloth. Centipedes, lizards, and most tropical insects are very common; but I have not heard any singing-birds on the islands, though there are some birds of the most rich and crimson plumage I ever saw.

The population of the island is estimated at ten thousand, most of whom are slaves or free people of colour. The blacks live together without marriage, and I have heard that polygamy is very common. They have little trade, as they have neither manufactures nor produce to export. A few sloops, however, sail with onions every year to different West-India Islands, and many of the inhabitants spend their summers in Turks Island, one of the Bahamas, in making salt. A few are employed in building cutters for the king's service, but their cedars are too small for ships of any magnitude. The men of war on the Halifax station, usually winter here, which makes a little traffic in the sale of prizes, and prize-goods, which, with a few imports from England, and now and then a sloop from the West-Indies, is the whole of their trade. I should not omit to mention that from the leaves of the palmetto-tree they make fine hats for exportation.

My prospect of doing good is much brighter than on my first arrival: my soul feels refreshing seasons, and now and then, a few respectable white people drop in to hear what the stranger has to say. I have given away about an hundred little pamphlets, which the people seem to read with avidity, and, by the blessing of God, I expect pure religion will be established in St. George, and through the islands. Yet, for a little while the mission will be expensive, every thing is so high and house-rent so dear. Were I a single man, the mission would be much less expensive, and in its present state, it is much more suitable for a single than a married preacher; I would there-

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fore request, that a single missionary may be sent as soon as possible, by which time I hope to get a foundation laid, and something begun towards an establishment. I live upon as saving a plan as possible, and yet I am sure not less than 150*l.* sterling annually will be necessary, which, for a while, at least, must be supplied from home. I have not received a dollar since I came on the island, and have been at some expense to fit up my room for preaching; as yet I have not been molested while preaching in either town or country, and I hope I shall not; however, I leave that to the Lord. My love to all the committe and preachers.

I am, dear Sir,

Yeur affectionate friend, and obliged servant,
JOSHUA MARSDEN.

My first congregation amounted to about a dozen persons, including the captain, the supercargo of the vessel, and his lady; the rest were chiefly black and coloured persons. However, I was not discouraged; I knew the Lord did not despise the day of small things; I knew that the noblest institutions frequently arose from little beginnings, and faith and patience opened a prospect before me of better times. Here I would caution young men that go upon new missions not to be cast down, if they do not at once meet with rapid success and great countenance; for as the stars of an evening sky do not appear all at once, but one after another, so will Providence, step by step, open the way, and illumine the darkness, till the whole hemisphere is spangled with light. Our blessed Lord had but a few followers for several years. The apostles, in some places, had only solitary individuals; perhaps, a few women, as in the case of Lydia. Religion, in most places, at the beginning, is like a grain of mustard-seed, which, in time, spreads its

branches and furnishes the birds a refuge, and the beasts a shade. Thus the christian religion consisted at first of a few poor fishermen and mechanics. The reformation sprung from a solitary monk and a few of his companions. The church of Scotland arose from the insulated labours of John Knox. The Quakers arose from George Fox, William Penn, and a few others. The Methodists, who are now four hundred thousand strong, eighty years ago consisted of no more than some six or eight young men in one of the colleges of Oxford.

The state of things at Bermuda when I arrived, was nearly as follows:—St. George, one church, no dissenters; one sermon every sabbath, that is, if the incumbent chose; the rector or minister a sot, a gambler, a blasphemer, a spendthrift—who, though a single man, with perhaps 300*l.* sterling a year, was at last obliged to flee from the Island for debt; they had no meetings of any kind; no professors of religion, save a poor, lame black woman, of the name of Hannah, and three young men, who were blindly following a God unknown. These had been brought to some degree of seriousness by means of a Mr. S. a Sandimianian Baptist, then in England. The number of inhabitants in St. George is about 2500, 150 of whom went to church: the rest, what did they do? and of what religion were they? Alas, pleasure seemed their pursuit; money their god, and blindness to futurity their only refuge. Ah! my reader, if you would inquire for true religion, never go to the British Insular Colonies! Never go to the southern states of America! they are polluted with slavery, and slavery is the most demoralizing thing under the sun. It is the parent of oppression, the nurse of sloth and guilty passions. It is the bane of man, and the abomination of God. Where slavery reigns the human being is made a beast of burthen, or the slave of lust. The poor half-famished negro, trembles at a tyrant's nod, and loses every

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good quality in the servility of a drudge, or the wickedness of a prostitute. O that this scandal of humanity were annihilated,

And every isle amidst the western wave
With freedom glow, and blush to own a slave.*

The rest of Bermuda is superior to St. George, in a moral point of view. Indeed the inhabitants of the other Islands do not love those of St. George; though every one must lament the evil of appointing one minister over four parishes, and this minister only preaching once on the sabbath-day and keeping a school all the week. Alas, will one sermon in four weeks kindle or keep alive the sacred flame of religion? They best know, who, with all the means they use, lament that the sacred fire will often burn dim and faint.

When I said, the rest of Bermuda was more moral than St. George, I should have confined myself to the

* "The slave-trade," says the Rev. David Simpson in his Key to the Prophecies, "is a business somewhat similar to the bloody persecutions which have taken place: the principle is indeed different, but the act is much the same." The constant annual consumption of these poor creatures is reckoned at about 60,000. In the year 1768, the number of slaves bought on the coast of Africa, was 104,100; of these 52,000 were bought by British merchants. The number in the West-Indies, belonging to England, is said to be 796,000. The Abbe Raynal states, the whole number in America, (freedom-loving America,) and the West-Indies, at 1,400,000. He says, moreover, that the total importation from Africa, since the beginning of the slave-trade, is 9,000,000 of slaves. I observe, says he, upon this terrible account, that the business of the slave-trade alone, if we have no other national transgressions to answer for, is enough to sink all the nations concerned in that diabolical traffic, in utter ruin and destruction. Is there a God that judgeth the earth? then, slave countries, look to yourselves. I would say, when speaking of my fellow-creatures at large, with the excellent Fenelon, "I love my family better than myself. I love my country better than my family—but I love mankind in general better than my country."

parishes Brackish Pond, Spanish Point, (the best in the Island) Crow Lane, and Heron Bay; in two of these a worthy minister, of the name of Littleton, had left some precious seeds, and in the last a Presbyterian minister (formerly a Methodist) had spread some divine light; and thirdly, the little time that Mr. Stephenson was allowed to preach unmolested, was not without some excellent effects: But no chapels were built, no societies were formed, the people exhibited few features of evangelical piety. It is true, many of them in the interior of the Island treated the author with great politeness, civility, and attention; Indeed this is the character of most of the inhabitants of Bermuba; St. George is an exception to this remark; in that little town, there is a supercilious stiffness, a foppish pride, arising from some wealth joined to littleness of mind.

The nine parishes into which the Islands are divided, have only three clergymen; and considering one of these as the chaplain of the garrison of St. George, each of the others has four parishes under his care. The blacks, who compose more than one half of the eleven thousand inhabitants, were almost all excluded from a possibility of religious instruction and divine worship; the body of the church must not be desecrated with them. Hence at the end of each church a place is separated from the rest, where they are penned up like cattle at a fair. They are in the churches wholly excluded from the rites of baptism, marriage, and the sacrament, till the present day; being by many thought of little value, but as the handmaids of labour, or the instruments of lust.

After I had tarried a little while in St. George, the burning heat not agreeing with my wife's health, I removed upon the main Island, to the parish of Brackish Pond; from whence I wrote the following letter to the Rev. Dr. Coke.

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Extract of a Letter from Mr. Joshua Marsden, to the Rev. Dr. Coke, dated Brackish Pond, Bermuda, September 2, 1808.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

You will doubtless be anxious to know something relative to the infant mission in Bermuda, and I am happy to inform you that I see more and more the wisdom of Providence in inclining you to send me to these Islands, which, though abounding with all manner of wickedness, are nevertheless a very wide and suitable field for missionary industry and zeal. In the little town of St. George I have united about fifty in society, most of whom are coloured people, or blacks, who are athirst for salvation and instruction, and very thankful that God has sent a missionary among them, to teach, as they say, "such poor blind creatures the way of life and happiness." In the country, the scene of Mr. Stevenson's labours, I have not yet been able to form a society, except a small one at Somerset. I have large congregations in the country, but they hitherto keep aloof; nor will they, in general, let their slaves come at all. They run away with the idea, that religion would make them proud, and negligent of their duty. Hitherto the Governor has treated me kindly; but religion will derive no support here from power, opulence, or office. It must stand upon its own legs, as in the apostolic times. Nor was there ever a place where the salvation of the soul was less thought of than in Bermuda. Many suppose, that going to hear one sermon in four weeks is quite sufficient; while others affect to think that God is too good to send a soul to hell for a little sin. In this little mercenary place, nothing is esteemed but money; the people are chiefly all of one religion, that of money, pleasure, vanity; while the Trinity they believe in and

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worship, is the world, the flesh, and the devil.* You would be astonished how few white men there are in the country. They are chiefly at sea, and in Turks Island making salt. Wherever I preach, except in St. George, I have generally six women for one man, and so dressy that you would suppose them to be going to a ball.

This island has been in a most deplorable state for provision since the American embargo; indeed, upon the very verge of a famine, or actual starvation; and living is so high that the mission will be expensive at the first. I had to sell most of my furniture in New Brunswick, not being able to bring it in the vessel, which was every part stowed full, so that since I came hither I have had to buy furniture at an extravagant price. This, together with my having had to buy and keep a horse, at the rate of about a dollar and a half per week, will render my situation expensive. Added to these things, my wife has been sick since we came, and you know what the doctor's fees are in the West-Indies. And as my wife has two little ones, we are obliged to hire a black woman, which is an additional expense; for the weather is so very hot, that she cannot stand the fatigue of going about the house in her weak state with two children to attend to.

As yet I have received nothing since I came but eighteen dollars to pay for the hire of the room I preached in at St. George. This little society is poor, but they have begun to subscribe five dollars a week to buy a piece of land to build upon; although I despair of going forward with any thing of the kind, unless you will lend us a little assistance. With the sum or donation of 100l.

* This remark is too severe if applied to all the inhabitants: it was made under a similar impression to what David felt: "I said in my haste, all men are liars."

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I may be enabled to erect a little meeting-house, and give the mission an establishment. Dear Sir, if you can do any thing on this occasion, do help us. Never was there a place that stood more in need of such a thing than this. We live very economically, and yet I soon shall be obliged to draw upon the treasurer again. Taking in house-rent, and all matters, we cannot live at all under twelve dollars per week: flour itself is from eighteen to twenty dollars a barrel, and other things in proportion. And even with that sum we can only afford a little fresh fish, or salt meat for dinner. Fresh meat is from two shillings to two shillings and sixpence per pound.

Could we get a little chapel, I make no doubt but a missionary might be supported independently of the funds at home. But till this be the case, his whole living will have to come from that quarter. The summer is uncommonly hot. I have had two very heavy sun-strokes, as they call them here; one more as severe as the last might ruin my constitution, and send me to my grave. However, it is a consolation, that I am in God's hands, who cannot err. I still live in the country, both because keeping a horse, and house-rent, is much cheaper than in the town. But I intend to remove back to St. George as soon as possible, because there is a far brighter prospect of doing good by devoting a greater part of my time to that town than I can possibly do at present, living at the distance of ten miles, besides my having ferries to cross.

The former persecutors of Mr. Stephenson have not as yet molested me, by reason as I suppose, of my being protected by the Governor, who very kindly asked me a little while ago if any person had attempted to disturb me. On my application to his Excellency for the grant of a small lot of land near the town to build in future a small meeting-house upon, he very handsomely promised, that if the land alluded to was not granted, he

would do all in his power to let us have it, and requested me to wait upon him again, and he would get more information respecting it, and let me know. Well, the work is the Lord's, and he can turn the hearts of men which way soever it pleases him. Poor Mr. P. seldom gets to the meeting; is become old, extremely poor, and deeply afflicted. My dear partner unites with me in love to yourself and Mrs. Coke; and I am, with cordial wishes for your welfare,

Rev. and dear Sir,

Your unworthy Son in the
Gospel of Jesus Christ,

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

As my letters will form the best history of my mission to Bermuda, and as saying much, besides inserting them, would be treading the same ground over again, I shall confine myself chiefly to the information they contain; now and then making such other remarks as arise from my materials, to furnish this memoir.

In the November following, having to draw on the mission fund, I wrote the following epistle to the worthy superintendent of the missions.

From Mr. Marsden, to the Rev. Dr. Coke.

Brackish Pond, Island of Bermuda, Nov. 26. 1808.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

As I have been under the necessity of drawing upon the Treasurer for 50*l.* sterling, I take the opportunity of giving you a further account of my success in this Island. I still plainly see the hand of Providence in sending me hither. For, though as yet no rapid reformation has taken place, yet a dawning concern for religion appears

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visible in many minds, and, blessed be God, some are truly awakened out of the sleep of sin. Of these I have formed about fifty into a society, and have put them into two classes, the whites into one, and the coloured people into the other. You will be pleased to note a remarkable difference betwixt this and the other West-India Islands. Here there are no plantations, consequently no accumulation of negroes to any particular spot. They live in private families, one, two, or three in a family, up and down the Islands; and many of their masters will not allow them any time to come to hear the word of God, or attend any meeting: They have not even the sabbath-day. And could they attend in the country parts of the Island, the people would not allow them to come into the same house with them; so that they are obliged to stand and hear without. Many of the respectable white people allow and invite me to preach in their houses, but I see so little fruit, that my expectations are not raised high from that quarter. Could I erect a little chapel, where one side, at least, could be set apart for the coloured people, then I should expect much greater success to arise from the mission. The blacks, though very wicked, are not only willing, but desirous to hear the gospel, and as soon as things are placed upon a proper foundation, I expect there will be a flourishing society in the Island of Bermuda. I think I can, in a small degree, see prejudice wearing away from the minds of some of the white people. Perhaps there is not an Island in the Western Ocean where the people have been more prejudiced against the Methodists than they have in this Island; and no wonder, for it was even asserted by the Attorney General, on Mr. Stephenson's trial, that the Methodists were the cause of the rebellion in America, the revolution in France, and the disturbances in Ireland. Now what kind of an idea must an ignorant people have of us from this misrepresentation? Would you think it, that the

person chiefly concerned in making the penal law against us, is now in jail? And what makes the event remarkable, is a peculiar coincidence of circumstances. Mr. Stephenson was imprisoned for not obeying the laws; this is precisely what this person is imprisoned for; and he is confined in exactly the same room in the same jail. Surely there is a God that judgeth in the earth, and he hath a retaliating providence even in this world. The wicked do not always triumph even here, and what a book will be unfolded at the day of judgment!

Sometime ago, I wrote requesting my name might stand on the Minutes as having permission, in a little while, to return home. But either my letter did not come to hand, or no notice was taken of my request. I did not wish to leave this Island destitute; for among the hundreds of young preachers in England, local and itinerant, I did not doubt but some one would be found willing to relieve me. But, if there is not a young man in England who is willing to put his life in his hand, and come out to this little Island, I am willing to make it my hermitage, and live and die here. I like to preach in a chapel as well as any of my young brethren. I like to have large congregations to preach to. I love to read new books, I love to be respected and popular, I love to be delivered from the tedious necessity of forever dwelling upon first principles. But if I have not more love to Christ and his cause than all these things, I am not fit for the kingdom of heaven. I am truly sorry, Sir, to see, that after all you have done and suffered in the cause of Missions, so few of my young brethren are willing to second the noble efforts, by becoming active missionaries where you have opened the way. Shall I live to see a declension of zeal? and a love to fashion, honour, and curious knowledge, prevail in any part of the connexion? God forbid! Though I am a young Methodist, you cannot think how it pains me, when I read in

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the Minutes of one old preacher dropping off after another: Mather gone! Hopper gone! Pawson gone! If I stay abroad a few more years, I shall have no more reasons for coming home! For let a Coke, a Benson, a Taylor, a Clarke, a Wood, a Moore, &c. &c. be added to the number, together with my good old mother, and then my magnets being withdrawn, I shall lose all attraction towards my native country, and rest content to be a missionary and a voluntary exile for life! I hope you will pardon the length of this scrawl, and believe me to be, with the most sincere respect,

Your affectionate Son in the Gospel,

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

As my knowledge of the country and people increased, I found out all those worthy persons who had taken Mr. Stephenson by the hand; as also a number of others, who treated me with the greatest possible kindness, and invited me to preach in their houses. Of these I would mention Stowe Wood, Esq. in Hamilton, who proved both a true friend to my family, and patron to the Mission. Mrs. Albouy and family, though a widow, treated me with the greatest possible kindness and attention, and invited me to preach in her house: to this worthy family I consider myself as under everlasting obligations. Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Swan, Mrs. Burch, Mr. John I. Masters, captains White and Walker, and Mr. Richard Wood, merchant, Mr. Williams at Brackish Pond, with captain Thomas Newbold and family of the same place, all deserve my warmest thanks. Mr. Washington, from the Island of Nevis, was my faithful friend through all the mission. In St. George, Mrs. Grant, Miss Molly Burges, brothers John Darrel, and Richard Higgs, with a number more, were truly kind. From the black and coloured people, both in and out of society, I experienced much kindness.—My worthy

friend William Elkins, in Hamilton, rendered me many services; and from his uncle, William Millar, Esq. agent of transports and prisoners of war, I received much respect. Indeed, both the inhabitants of Spanish Point, the town of Hamilton, and also Brackish Pond, treated me with kindness and hospitality. The first place, save St. George, in which I preached, was the house of Mr. Washington, at Spanish Point, (so called from its being the place where the Spaniards first landed when they discovered the Island) I was also invited to preach at several other places, Brackish Pond, Somerset, Heron Bay, and Hamilton, where the chapel is built, and the mission established. To this place I was directed by a particular providence, to move in the spring of 1809, and from whence I addressed the following letter to Dr. Thomas Coke.

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*Extract of a Letter from Mr. Joshua Marsden, Missionary,
to the Rev. Dr. Coke.*

Hamilton, Island of Bermuda, April 13, 1809.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

You will, doubtless, wish to receive information respecting my mission, and the situation of affairs in these Islands. The prospect is not the most pleasing, and yet the Lord has wrought a great work on the minds of some. I have formed sixty into society, none of whom were ever in society before. And yet I believe the perfect establishment of a Methodist mission will be a work of much time, difficulty, and expense. I have got a subscription set on foot, to build a small place of worship in the country at Hamilton, as there will be no extensive good done in the Island among the blacks, till one is erected, from the circumstance which I mentioned in my last, that the white people will not allow them to come and hear in houses where they themselves assemble.

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In Hamilton, the only town in the Island, besides St. George, God has raised up some who wish to befriend me; but amongst many there still appears a wonderful spirit of opposition. And yet the Island, this winter, has been in a state of actual famine. As the American embargo has prevented supplies coming from that quarter, hundreds upon the Island, as well as myself and family, have been obliged to live upon dried cod-fish, frequently without a bit of butter to render it palatable. However, if I could see the cause of God flourish, I could freely submit to every privation, and, I think, be contented with bread and water. I have a blessed hope that the Lord will arise and plead his own cause in this wicked and benighted place.

The privileges of my English brethren often make me wish that I had the wings of a dove that I might fly away and participate of them. With regard to my situation in temporal matters, as yet I must be dependent on the funds at home. The coloured people in the society have it not in their power to do much, and others think little about the matter. Nor do I expect, till a little chapel is erected, to be able to raise any regular revenue or salary. I hope, however, in future, my expenses will be less, as my wife has begun to keep a school for girls, at the request of a number of people.

The want of books is another serious difficulty under which I labour; for the people know nothing of the Methodists but by hearsay, and that is of the most unfavourable nature; and, you may depend upon it, there were no more traces of Methodism, or heart religion, when I came to this Island, than if no missionary had ever set his foot upon it. But the Lord hath begun a blessed work. May he carry it on in a glorious manner, for his mercy's sake! I have lately drawn upon you for 20*l.* and as soon as I begin to build the little chapel, I shall have to draw upon you again, as I have only been able to get

subscriptions to the amount of 180*l.* sterling;* whereas at the lowest calculation, it will require from 250. to 300*l.* to erect it. When it is finished I shall expect, by the blessing of God, to see something done towards a more extensive reformation both among blacks and whites. May the blessed Lord carry on his own blessed work.

I am, with sentiments of respect,

Rev. Sir, your affectionate Son,

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

P. S. That you may have some knowledge how sparingly I have lived, considering the extreme high price of provisions, I have sent you an account of the current price of sundry articles of food in the Island. Indeed the state of things this winter has been very little better than absolute famine.

Current prices of provisions, &c. in Bermuda.

	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	
Fresh Beef, - - -	1 8	to	2 0 per lb.
Mutton,	2 0	to	2 4 do.
Veal, - - - -	2 0	to	2 4 do.
Pork, - - - -	1 8	to	2 0 do.
Fresh Butter - - -	4 0		do.
Hams, - - - -	3 0	to	3 4 do.
Prime Pork, - - -	38	to	40 dollars per barrel.
Flour, - - - -	30	to	36 do.
Rye flour, (none,)			
Rice, - - - -	8	to	12 do. per. hundred.
Corn, - - - -	1 <i>l.</i> 3 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i>		per bushel.
Muscovado Sugar,	7	to	8 dollars per cwt.
Loaf, - - do. -	2 <i>s.</i> 8 <i>d.</i>	to	3 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i> per. lb.

* This subscription was afterwards augmented to upwards of 600*l.* sterling.

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Soap in boxes, -	2s.	8d.	to	3s. 0d.
Candles (mould) in do.	4s.		per.	lb.
Cheese, - - -	3s.	4d.	do.	
American Butter,	4s.	0d.	do.	
Coffee, - - -	2s.	0d.	to	2s. 6d.
Cocoa, - - -	1s.	8d.	to	2s. 4d.
Currency here, 6s. 8d. to the dollar.				

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In the ensuing May, I wrote the following Letter to the Rev. Joseph Benson.

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Extract of a letter from Mr. Joshua Marsden, Missionary, in Bermuda, to Mr. Joseph Benson.

Hamilton, Bermuda, May 20, 1809.

DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR,

With respect to the mission at Bermuda, it does not, as yet, afford so pleasing a prospect, as some of the other transatlantic Isles; yet blessed be God, though one of the last in receiving the gospel, I hope it will not be last in a moral point of view. It is true, the full establishment of a flourishing mission here, will be a work of time, and perhaps the principal end that will be answered by my coming to the Island, will be to pluck up the hurtful weeds of prejudice, with which the place was completely overgrown, and to collect a small society, perhaps a hundred or two; and as, I trust, by the blessing of God, (for I am now about it) to build a small chapel, on which, it appears, the favourable issue of my labours, at least among the blacks and coloured people, will much depend; for the people will not allow them to come into private houses, where I usually preach. O the pride of the human heart, to despise a fellow-creature for

the colour of his skin! Yet so it is. The poor blacks are not treated as immortal intelligences, but merely as the handmaids of labour, or the instruments of lust!

I find the good Bishop of London has been exerting himself for the good of poor negroes, and I heartily wish him all success in the name of the Lord. But I cannot find that the persons here, to whom some of the pamphlets were sent, have, as yet, taken any notice of the matter. The good Prelate is mistaken if he supposes his plan will be pursued in the West-Indies, with all that disinterested zeal that seems to animate the worthy Bishop. I was a little surprised to find no mention made of the labours and success of Dr. Coke and the Methodist missionaries in these Islands. Can this be owing to want of information, or prejudice in this worthy person? I am firmly persuaded, however, that if the Bishop's design ever be executed in the West-Indies, it will be by the overlooked, reproached, and despised Methodists. Well, glory be to God, the religion of the cross will finally prevail, and triumph over all, and many of the sable sons of Ham, in the great day, will make it evident by whose means they were brought into the family of God.

Perhaps it is better for the Methodists, that they never had any Right Reverend, Right Honourable, or Most Noble Patrons; it brings back the state of the primitive church, when religion stood upon its own bottom. It is not patronage, it is not money, nor titles, but genuine grace, holy zeal, and primitive simplicity, that must support and promote the cause of God. May the Methodists be ever kept humble, and God will exalt them! May they ever continue united, and ignorance, bigotry, prejudice, and wickedness, will fall before them. I am sorry to find by the last Minutes, that some of our West-India Islands are without missionaries. What, do the funds fail? or will none of our zealous young men come forward in so noble and blessed a cause? Can we sing

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“O! for a trumpet’s voice, on all the world to call,” and yet not be willing to come and call the poor forlorn blacks from darkness to God’s marvellous light? Shall we wish for “A thousand tongues to sing his praise,” and yet refuse one life to promote his glory among our Ethiopian brethren? Shall, in this respect, the Moravian brethren take our crown? Shall the sailor, the merchant, the adventurer, the traveller, the soldier, do more for a living, for interest, speculation, knowledge, or honour, than we for the glory of God? O that we might more than ever arise, and shake ourselves from the dust, and go forth in the name of the Lord! Let me entreat you, my dear Sir, to do all you possibly can to send me a few Testaments. Many of the blacks and coloured people can read a little, and this Island abounds with extremely poor white people; the want of these is inexpressibly great. May the Lord open the way for the streams that flow from the Fountain of life and truth, to water this most barren Island. Let me entreat you also to grant us an interest in your most fervent prayers, that God would pour his Spirit upon this proud, worldly, and wicked place. With love to all the brethren in London,

I remain,

Your affectionate Son in the gospel,

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

(TO WHICH I RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING ANSWER.)

London, September 11th, 1806.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,

Your favour of May 20th, by the bark Mary, Capt. Basden, master, came duly to hand; and I am glad that I have an opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of it, and thanking you for it by the same ship, which I have learned this morning is to be ready to sail to-mor-

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row direct to Bermuda. Be assured, my dear brother, I am always glad to hear from you, and publish an extract of most of your letters in our Magazine; and I should certainly answer all your letters were I not straitened for time, and obliged to omit many things, which I should otherwise think it my duty to attend to, in order that I may fulfil my duty in matters of a still greater importance.

I think it now appears pretty evident, that the Lord has sent you to Bermuda. I have no doubt but you will be enabled through the divine blessing to raise a society of considerable importance in the Island, and to spread the light of the gospel among both whites and blacks. I think you have done wisely to begin erecting the small chapel you speak of, and the Missionary Committee will undoubtedly afford you all the help you need, in order to the finishing of it. I hope you will continue in the Island till the work be established.

You express your surprise and sorrow, that at the Conference in 1808, some of the West India Islands should be left without missionaries. You will see by the minutes of this year, that this is still the case. Several of the islands are without their proper complement of preachers. The reason of this is, not that the funds fail; but it is because men, proper for the work, cannot be obtained. In the November Magazine, I shall publish an extract from your last letter, in hopes of thereby exciting the zeal of some of our young men.—One thing that has discouraged many of them, is the great mortality that has attended the missionaries; together with the persecution in Jamaica, which it was apprehended, might extend even to the other islands. That persecution is now at an end, and the measures taken by his Majesty's Government forbid our fears of its returning. But, so many of the missionaries dying in some of the Leeward Islands, is still discouraging to them.

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Finding this morning upon inquiry, that you have not had the Magazine for 1808, I have desired Mr. Blanshard to send you them, with those of the present year, to the end of October. I have also desired him to send you some other books. He says, that a quantity of Bibles, and some other books you ordered, have been already sent to the ship.

You may depend on it, my dear brother, that the Committee love you, pray for you, and entirely approve of your conduct as a missionary, and in all other things, as far as we know it; and we shall be always ready to send you such books as you want, and to assist you in your great and good work every way in our power.

Since my return from Conference a fortnight ago, I have been exceedingly busy, and am so still: otherwise I should have written more at large. Let me hear from you as often as you can; and write particularly, and at large to

Your very affectionate Brother,

JOSEPH BENSON.

I shall, for want of room, be obliged to omit many of the other epistles that formed my correspondence with the mission-committee relative to the Bermuda mission—however, I deem the following not unworthy a place in this little memoir.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Marsden, missionary, to the Rev. Dr. Coke.

Hamilton, Bermuda, Nov. 14, 1810.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

This summer has been a time of uncommon sickness to your poor missionary. I have hardly been a week free from the dysentery; sometimes I have had it to an alarming degree. Indeed, had I availed myself of the

opinions of doctors on the subject, there is hardly one in Bermuda, but would have advised me to quit the Island; as it is doubtful whether, after being so long resident in a cold climate, I should continue to stand the intensely hot summers of Bermuda. You will recollect, that in our hottest days here, we have not the advantage of an east wind to cool the fervours of a scorching sun. The season has been particularly fatal to old men; Justice Jones, a zealous friend to the cause of God, died a few weeks ago; he was a venerable christian, a truly dignified man, an excellent scholar, and a real friend to religious liberty and universal toleration. As an elder, he was a pillar to the Presbyterian cause; he was a warm affectionate friend to the Methodists, and showed the world how amiable the gentleman, the scholar, and the christian are, when united in one. His death gave the last finish to a life of piety, and was such as every one had cause to expect: calm and resigned, full of hope and heavenly consolation. I visited him the day before he departed, and was witness to that sweet display of dying godliness, that might have excited Balaam's wish from the lips of *infidelity* itself. Mr. Metson preached his funeral sermon to a considerable number of gentlemen and respectable inhabitants, to which I added a short testimony to the memory of departed excellence.

Last week another hoary disciple of Christ finished her course, aged about ninety-eight; she was a follower of Mr. Whitfield, when he visited Bermuda, about sixty-five years ago, and went up and down the Island with him in his evangelical peregrinations. One hardly knew which to admire most in this old saint, her infant simplicity, humiliating weakness, or christian patience, under the infirmities of near an hundred years; she was almost deprived of every faculty but that of praising and waiting upon God; though reduced to extreme poverty, to a skeleton, to a miserable cottage in the midst of a wood, with only an aged daughter to attend upon her,

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she was thankful, contented, resigned, and happy; which, with the artless simplicity of her christian experience, rendered her a singular and happy phenomenon.

To the above I may add Justice Pennison, another friend to the mission; this old man had for four or five years been wading through the black sea of despair, and on those stormy waters had been sorely buffeted with billows of fierce temptation—his death was sudden. I hope he changed a stormy sea for a quiet haven.

Our chapel is at last finished, and supposed to be one of the neatest and most commodious in the West Indies; it has a good gallery, and a snug little vestry; the congregation is upon the increase, though I have laboured under some difficulties this summer, relative to the blacks; the great aversion of many in power, (the Governor being gone home,) rose almost to a persecution; but, thank God, the storm is allayed. Our society in town is about sixty, and in the country about eighty; thirty of whom are white people, and the rest free people of colour, and slaves; some of the whites are respectable, the rest in the middling stations of life,—but as yet, there is no provision made for a missionary. The collections in the chapel, and all I can scrape elsewhere, go to defray the expense, and cover the debt upon the building; which, as soon as clear, will raise a very handsome salary for a minister; and I again request, that a missionary may be sent out as soon as possible. I see no reasonable objection young men can make to coming on such a mission as this; particularly, when every thing is got ready to their hands. The backwardness of the junior preachers to get out on missions, has, of late, filled me with melancholy ideas, and with some fears, that the missions may finally fail, for want, not of pecuniary help, but of the true missionary spirit; and I often think, that if our brethren at the conference, do not take some new steps to this purpose, in the end, none will be found willing to go. How lamentable it is to think, that so

many of the West India Islands should be destitute of christian instruction; to say nothing of how ill some of those places are supplied, where missionaries have been established. O Sir! do all in your power to help these forlorn sheep. In my opinion, posterity will record the name of Coke, with those of Wilberforce and Clarkson, as friends and benefactors of the African race. They, as instruments in the hands of God, benevolently broke their natural; you have broken their moral and spiritual bonds—they have been the means of placing them in the rank of men; you of christians—they said, "Africa, be free;" you say, "Africa, be pious." Go on, dear Sir, and the Lord will reward you, while thousands of happy Africans shall rise up, and call you blessed. With my affectionate regard for yourself, and love to all the committee and preachers,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your obliged servant, and

Truly affectionate Son in the gospel,

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

The society continued to increase; many most respectable people constantly attended the chapel. The following letter, as it contains the *time* or routine of my duty, may not be unacceptable to my readers.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Joshua Marsden, to Mr. Benson.

Hamilton, Bermuda, May 15, 1811.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Blessed be God, the work in Bermuda is in a good state. Some are thirsting for the well of life; several have obtained a clear witness of the pardoning love of

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Jesus, and the society has increased to about one hundred and thirty. It is divided into seven classes, five of blacks, and two of whites. The whites are truly zealous, and though it is like changing caste in the East Indies to join the society, yet many can hardly be restrained by their relations from coming amongst us, so mightily does the word of God, preached in the chapel, affect their consciences. Our stated congregation is about three hundred, two hundred of whom are some of the most respectable white people in the Island. One of the principal merchants, a magistrate, and all his family, are communicants; and his lady, who has become a precious, pious woman, has joined the society. My routine of duty is as follows: I preach at Hamilton on the Lord's day morning; after morning preaching, I sometimes ride to Bayley's Bay, or Harris's Bay, preach in the afternoon; return and preach at Hamilton in the evening. On Monday evening I meet the class of white people; on Tuesday evening preach to the blacks in the chapel; on Wednesday evening meet the class of blacks; on Thursday afternoon preach to the whites in the chapel; on Friday I ride to St. George, and preach on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and meet St. George society. I also sometimes preach occasional sermons at Spanish Point, Brackish Pond, David's Island, Crow Lane, and Heron Bay.

A little while ago the blacks that could read being destitute of hymn-books, I published a little pamphlet, a copy of which I have sent you. The chief justice requested a copy to be sent him, of which he was pleased to speak in handsome terms.

Since my last, Mr. Edward Masters, a constant attendant at the chapel, died in peace and comfort. He had been a master of a vessel, and coming home sick, God was pleased to overrule the affliction for his good. As soon as he could go out, he came to the chapel; the word was made a blessing to his soul, and he became very zealous, warning, exhorting, and inviting others

In a little while he had a relapse, and soon after sent for me to administer him the Lord's supper, which he received as the pledge of eternal happiness, rejoicing in the Lord. It was a most refreshing time. In a day or two after, he most triumphantly passed into the world of happy spirits.

For about three months last past, our dear old friend, Mr. Pallas, has been laid upon a bed of pain, and is now just at the gates of Paradise. His soul, though low at first from family trials, soon rose above that heavy atmosphere to the clear sunshine of gospel light; and now for about three months, though bed-ridden and worn to a skeleton, he has had full prospect of the port, and has rejoiced unspeakably. Many have found a blessing from his dying testimony, but in my next I expect to be able to send you a fuller account. In the mean while, I request that you will remember me to all the committee, and to the conference, whose faithful son and servant may the Lord enable me to live and die.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate, though
Unworthy fellow-labourer in the Gospel of Jesus;
JOSHUA MARSDEN.

Thus, after being four years in the Somers-Islands, with what success the foregoing narrative has shown, my successor arrived from England in the month of February, 1812, and on the 11th of April following I embarked in the British Packet for New-York, to call for my partner and children, and avail myself of the first opportunity for England;—but alas! in this I was disappointed. When we arrived off Sandy-Hook, the pilot who came on board informed us, that there was an embargo in the ports of the United States. This was succeeded the following June with a declaration of war, so that I have been detained among my brethren in the

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United States till the present hour, thankful that I am allowed to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. I have received many tokens of unaffected kindness from the society of New-York; to the Bishops I am under obligations I have not words to express. To the Trustees of the New-York society I shall ever feel grateful; they have known the heart of a stranger, and used hospitality without grudging; their kindness has kept me from being burthensome to my brethren in England, and made an impression on my heart that can only be lost with the power of recollection. My situation in the United States has been critical and delicate; but while some have wished to embitter my stay with harsh reflections, hard names, and dry, political discussions, there have not been wanting others, who have politely and affectionately endeavoured to make me feel as much at home as possible.

With regard to my private and public sentiments, I can truly say, as in the presence of the Lord,

Homo sum; humani nihil, a me alienum puto.

I am no man's enemy, no nation's enemy, but, I trust, a friend to all the human race.

I wish to live and die in the faith of the Lord Jesus, and the great truths contained in his holy word. But I am in general no friend to controversy; most of my opinions respecting divine things may be found in the foregoing pages. With regard to the great controversy that has so long agitated the christian world, I have been called a Calvinist by rigid Arminians, and by Antinomian-Calvinists a Pelagian. In my sentiments I wish to take the middle ground, as I am persuaded the truth lies betwixt both extremes; the rigid Calvinist is in danger of Antinomianism, and the rigid Arminian may fall into Semi-Pelagianism. I would adopt Calvinism so far as to secure to Christ all the honour and glory of man's redemption and salvation; and Arminianism to secure the purity, holiness, and spirituality of the moral law, and the holi-

ness of the gospel. I would say to Arminians, *Christ* is my only *foundation*, and to Calvinists, *holiness* is my only *superstructure*. To the former I would say, Christ given for me; to the latter, Christ wrought in me. I know there is a danger of boasting in Christ, till we neglect holiness—we may also so speak of our own works, as to supersede the Redeemer. But God forbid, that we should ever pluck one jewel from his glorious Tiara; and heaven forbid the thought, that we should ever make Christ a minister of sin. I firmly believe that Christ died for all—that all mankind have an offer of grace, and may be saved, according to the dispensation under which they live. God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him.

My earnest wish and prayer is, that religion, pure and undefiled religion, may spread to the ends of the earth; all institutions to promote this gives me real heart-felt pleasure. The prosperity of Zion is a subject, in which I trust, I have a large interest—hence I have ever considered christian missions as the noblest institutions of society, and in the hands of a wise Providence, capable of doing infinite good; whoever encourages them will doubtless prosper. Pray ye for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper who love her. The exertions making in this line, certainly indicate, that the Redeemer's kingdom is gloriously near. If the world is to be reformed, God will doubtless employ his Son—his Son will employ the gospel as the brightest transcript of his divine, gracious, and holy nature. Ministers must be employed in this divine work; so that in the result, or final issue, the ministry of the gospel will be honoured as the blessed means of reclaiming a guilty world, and bringing men back to the true knowledge of God.

The pulpit, when the satirist has at last,
Strutting and vapouring in an empty school,
Spent all his force, and made no proselyte—

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I say, the pulpit, in the sober use
 Of its legitimate, peculiar powers,
 Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall stand,
 The most effectual guard, support, and ornament of virtue's
 cause. COWPER.

I venerate those holy and faithful souls who have volunteered their services to spread the gospel in distant climates and foreign lands; when I read their labours, my heart glows within me; I sometimes wish to be upon the plains of Hindostan, the island of Ceylon, or the Cape of Good Hope; when I hear of their success, I feel a sentiment of true gratitude; when of their disappointment, I join them in saying, The will of the Lord be done. By means of missions, the kingdom of Christ shall be spread, and his salvation extend to the ends of the earth.

Perhaps after having been thirteen years on missions, such is my wish to serve the cause of religion, that were I safely to arrive in England, a strong emotion of this kind might again induce me to spend the remainder of my life in this honourable and blessed service.

With regard to my christian experience, it may be supposed, that as a missionary, I always enjoyed a sense of the presence and love of God; and that I always walked in close communion with him: that I have at seasons, enjoyed all these, is strictly true; my light was strong, my hope was bright, and my soul has been watered from the fountain of goodness—but I have often been brought into dulness by worldly conversation; levity has not unfrequently involved me in condemnation, and a neglect of secret prayer has made me drag on dull and heavily. Perhaps, reading all kinds of books has not had the best effect upon my mind. I have sometimes suffered loss by not rising early; and too great a tenderness or fear of giving offence in reproofing others, has proved a snare to my own soul; anger has always been one of my besetments, and has often deeply wounded my peace;

promptly, and perhaps imprudently, speaking my mind, as it is called, has sometimes brought me into great trouble; the want of spirituality in my conversation has frequently hindered my preaching and labours from being as useful as they otherwise might. I know a minister of the gospel should be solemn and serious; yet not melancholy and morose—however cheerful he is, he should set God before his eyes; the people are watching every word—yet I have often been delightfully drawn out in prayer towards God; my heart has been melted into all holy desire to be fully conformed to the divine will, and humbled in the very dust, with a deep consciousness of unfaithfulness and remaining depravity, taking refuge in the blood of Christ, as my only sanctuary from the divine displeasure, and as my only hope of the divine complacency. Sometimes I have thought that I had no right to lean on Christ, unless I were more fully conformed to him; a consciousness of great infirmities has often laid the axe to the root of my confidence—but then I thought, if I have sinned, his blood is the only atonement; whither else shall I go but to him? if I leave him, I am lost; if I can but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be saved; hence it has always ministered comfort to my soul to reflect, that Christ is the only hope of Israel, the only fountain of life, and rock of my salvation; and when I have not been able to find comfort in any thing else, I have generally found it when meditating, and striving to act faith upon Christ.

Reading the holy scriptures has proved a blessed means of quickening and enlightening my soul. When most engaged, I have generally found the greatest relish for the word of God: secret prayer, and a love for the bible, have, generally speaking, been marks by which I have judged of the ebbing and flowing of divine grace in my soul. For two things, especially, I have searched the holy records; counsel and comfort: by this means I have frequently been directed with wonderful clearness,

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and not unfrequently the precious promises would dart such a splendour and vital sweetness into my soul, as enabled me to say, Thy word is sweeter to my taste than honey, or the honeycomb: yea, truly, the scriptures, when applied to the heart, form one of the sweetest feelings the man can boast. A philosopher may admire the bible for its wisdom and morality; a civilian for its jurisprudence; a poet for its sublimity and figures, and a theologian for its doctrines—but it is the humble christian that reads it in the spirit of prayer, who sees through the veil; enters the holiest, and tastes the hidden manna of God's word.

With regard to worldly enjoyments, at the lowest ebb of divine influence, I have found an utter impossibility of being happy in the things of creation; if my mind, like the dove of Noah, when out of the ark, would light upon this or that, there was no rest; the void could not be felt; a circle can never fill a triangle; temporal objects are not suited to the make of the immortal mind; all things love the element suited to their nature, and the element of the soul is the enjoyment of God. Hence only when seeking my happiness in him, would I say, This is my rest; here will I abide for ever; here is firm footing; here is solid rock. In afflictions I have sometimes felt great dulness, but more generally a deep humbling, and crying to God; flying to him as my only refuge. The true christian then especially seeks his solace in God. In times of danger I have often felt a calm and firm reliance upon his almighty power and goodness, looking only for deliverance through him, and by such means as his wisdom might point out.

With regard to divine and brotherly love, it has sometimes appeared from the sensible coldness of my heart, dulness of my prayers, want of lively zeal, small stock of patience, meekness, and heavenly-mindedness, that I did not love at all. I have gone a little further in search of proof. Would you deny Christ for all the world? No!

Have you not more exalted thoughts of the ineffable Redeemer than of all besides in earth or heaven? Yes! "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire besides thee?" Would you rather suffer with Christ, than sin with the world? Yes, I would. Would you rather beg with Christ than reign with Cesar? Yes, a thousand fold. Do you admire Christ as a king, prophet, and lawgiver? Yes, supremely. Is not your little conformity to him the greatest pain you feel? Yes, "it is worse than death my God to love, and not my God alone!" Is not the least comfort you have in Christ greater than the world ever gave you without him? Is his cross pleasant? Not indeed to my flesh and blood? but to my judgment, mind, and conscience, it is truly pleasant.

I have often had to accuse myself with want of more zeal. Sometimes, indeed, the value of souls, the hurtfulness of sin, and the interests of Christ's kingdom, have appeared in all their magnitude, and rested with solemn weight upon my mind. This desire has frequently given an ardency to my prayers, a closeness to my reading, a diligence to my visiting, and an earnestness to my preaching. My soul has always rejoiced, when I have read accounts of the spread of the gospel, and the increase of Christ's kingdom. I have loved the gates of Zion, and the prosperity of religion, not merely among one denomination, or in one country, but throughout the world. That zeal which has only for its object the support of a party or the prosperity of a sect, is utterly unworthy the cause of Christ.

Finally, I will conclude this little memoir in the prayer of a pious author: "Almighty God, look down on thine erring creature, pity my darkness and imperfection, direct me into the truth as it is in Jesus, banish from my heart the bitterness of censure, and enable me to cherish a spirit of moderation and love towards my fellow-christians. To my zeal add knowledge, charity;

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make me humble under difficulties which adhere to my faith; and patient under the perplexities that accompany my practice. Guide me by thy counsel; and through the merits and mediation of thy Son, Jesus Christ, receive me at last into thy kingdom and glory."

The Author's Farewell on leaving the City of New-York.

FAREWELL, my dear friends; this is the last time I may address you in this vale of sorrow. We meet and part; but in heaven the painful sound of parting will never more pass our lips or tear our hearts. Here, we have to pay large contributions to sorrow and disappointment; there, friendship will be perfect, because perpetual? and perpetual, because there will be no sin. Alas! how soon do we in this world resign our friends to the arms of death,* even if they are not separated from us by the calls of Providence. Two years ago, I came a stranger to your shores; you have treated me kindly; God be thanked that you had the disposition. Now, I leave you, perhaps for ever. Bold word! shall we not meet again? Is there a heavenly country? Yes, my fellow-exiles, there is: O let us hasten to share the inheritance of the saints in light.

Your kindness detains a large share of my affections behind; there is such a thing as the communion of saints. Christian friendship is not merely a name. Your kindness has placed this beyond a doubt. I have been with you in time of war and trouble; but though a foe by na-

* Last Saturday, prior to my writing this, I received the afflictive account of the death of my aged and respected mother.

tional hostility, you have treated me as a friend ; and I have felt for you the affection of a brother. I go from you admiring your kindness, and regretting the providence that bids us separate. I did not leave England fourteen years ago with greater regret, when God and my brethren called me to preach the gospel in foreign lands ; I did not quit Nova Scotia with deeper reluctance, after labouring eight years among that loving people ; I did not with more pain separate myself from my own spiritual children in Bermuda, whom God was pleased to raise up under my own ministry in those Islands.

Farewell, my dear friends ; my labours, such as they have been, are ended among you ; but I shall not cease to pray for you when I see your faces no more. Some of you have thought more of my poor ministry than it ever merited ; but had my sermons been as good as St. Chrysostome's, I should have rejoiced for your sakes. *Farewell*, my dear friends ; no distance of time or place shall erase your kindness from my memory. I hope that, whether lifted upon the ridges of the mighty billows, or surrounded by my friends in Great Britain, I shall still have both the heart and the happiness to lift my prayer to God in your behalf. I exhort you to make the great business of salvation the principal care and concern of your lives. Always remember, that the Lord Jesus negotiates betwixt God and man, on the great affairs of judgment and of mercy. He is to the christian system what the sun is to the world, the light, the life, the all-pervading soul. Make sure of an interest in him, and all will be well. True religion is neither shouting nor clapping, but peace, righteousness, and joy in the Holy Ghost. If parted friends are to meet at heaven's gate, it will be through this bond of union. The bitterness of party, and the hatred to country, will be there all done away, and love will make the blest society for ever one ; then England will no more vex America, nor America England, the subjects of both

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shall be the citizens of heaven, and Christ shall reign God over all blessed for evermore.

Farewell, my beloved friends, I have little to leave you in return of gratitude, but the regrets and affections of a heart deeply sensible of your kindness, and its own unworthiness. You will remember me in those moments when the fervency of your prayers have opened the holiest of all. Your friendship has shed a charm upon the close of a fourteen years' absence from my country. I return home with the pure satisfaction, that I have added in this city a number of worthy persons to the list of my former friends. I have met with trials; but I do not regret that I came to this country. I trust I have acquired thereby some knowledge, some experience, and some patience; and I am certain I have acquired some friends, the price of whom is far above rubies. A world in purchase for a friend is cheap. I return to Europe with a deep and indelible impression of gratitude upon my heart; and did not duty and providence call me, there is no place where I could with more delight and complacency spend a portion of my days, than in this city.

I trust as I journey across the vale of life, the recollection of the last two years of my pilgrimage will afford me pleasing solace and delightful reflection. It would have added much to the satisfaction I have felt among you, if there had been peace and harmony between the two countries; however, I know it is your wish, and I am sure it is my fervent prayer, that divine providence may bring to pass such a desirable event; meantime, let us all unite to love God, and to devote our time, talents, body, soul, and spirit, all we have and all we are, to promote glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards man. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think of these things. Finally,

brethren, *farewell*. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace will be with you.

FAREWELL, my friends, forgive that parting sigh,
 Forgive that tear that trembles in my eye :
 That parting sigh, that trembling unforc'd tear,
 Are pledge and emblem of a heart sincere.
 My heart, to friendship's magnet ever true,
 Feels deeply pain'd to separate from you ;
 From you, who knew a stranger's heart, and felt
 The soul to sympathize, the eye to melt.
 There is a friend that shares the vital smart,
 When sorrow rankles in a brother's heart ;
 Born for adversity and form'd to feel
 A brother's sorrow and a brother's weal ;
 With heart to sympathize, and hand to bless,
 The man of sorrow in his keen distress:
 Such friends, I own, are precious, choice, and rare,
 But you the bright, the noble title bear ;
 May God reward you all a thousand fold,
 With blessings purer than Peruvian gold ;
 At the great day, in your rapt ears declare,
 " 'Twas me ye succour'd in my minister."
 I may to far, to distant regions sail,
 Where flames the sun, or roars the polar gale :
 Yet still your names and friendship I'll retain,
 And Alps shall rise, and Oceans part in vain.
 Oft as the sun in flaming purple d' est,
 Prone rolls his mild career towards the west ;
 I'll waft a sigh, the warmest in my heart,
 To you, my friends, three thousand miles apart.
 Whene'er bright recollection bids me stray,
 To these far regions of the closing day,
 (And oft I shall the pleasing scene review,)
 I'll think and speak with gratitude of you.
 O may we meet on that delightful shore,
 Where rolling seas shall never sunder more ;
 Where sacred friendship, form'd and fix'd below,
 Ripen'd to love, thro' endless years shall grow ;

Still, still, my friends the bleſſful path purſue;
Keep grace and glory ever in your view:
And when, as heaven wills, our race is run,
Our warfare finiſh'd, and our work well done,
We ſhall with Jeſu's ranſom'd people dwell—
Till that bleſt period come, ADIEU, FAREWELL.

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

GOLD-STREET, NEW-YORK,
Sept. 15, 1814.

FINIS.

