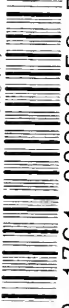
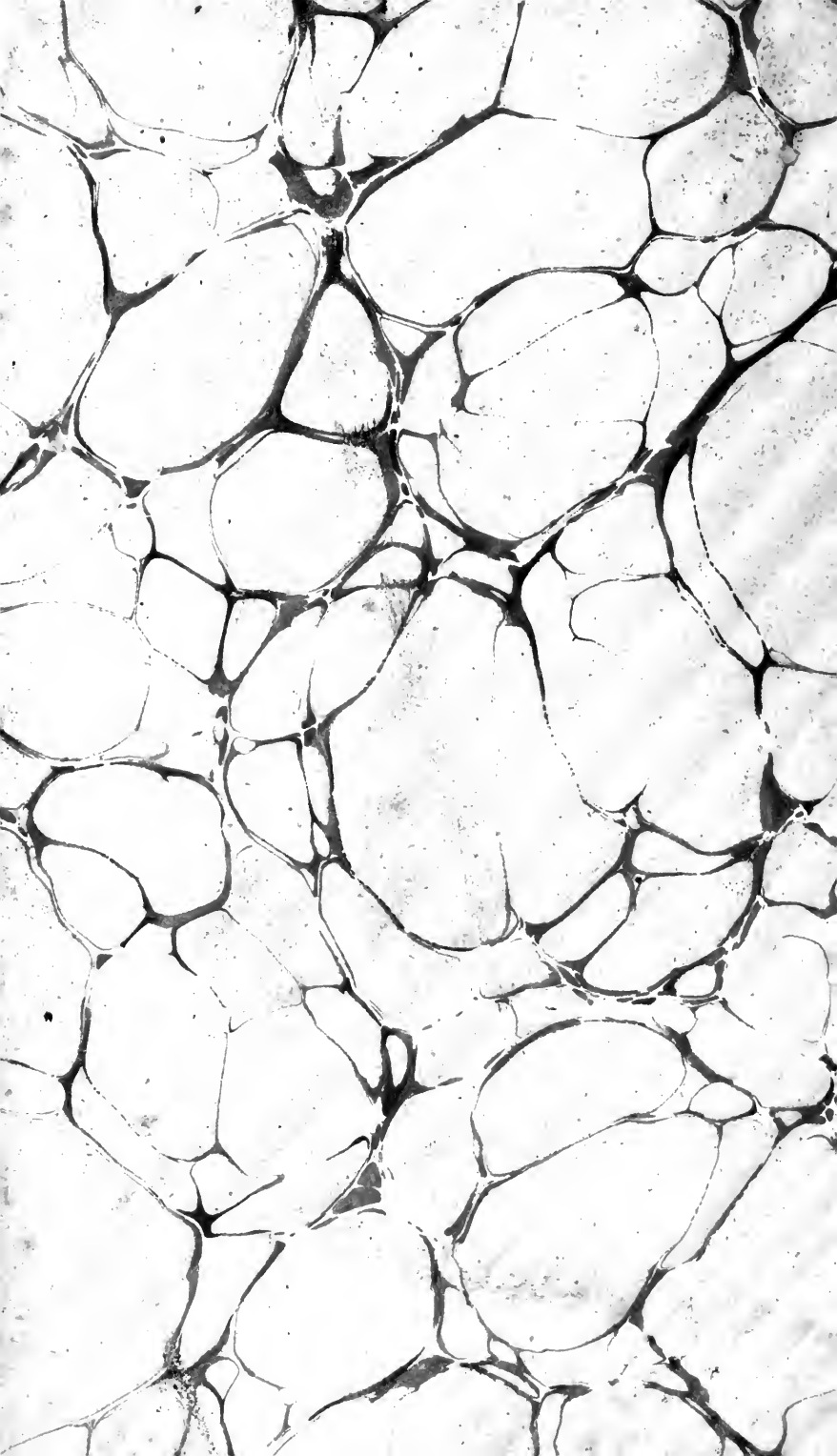


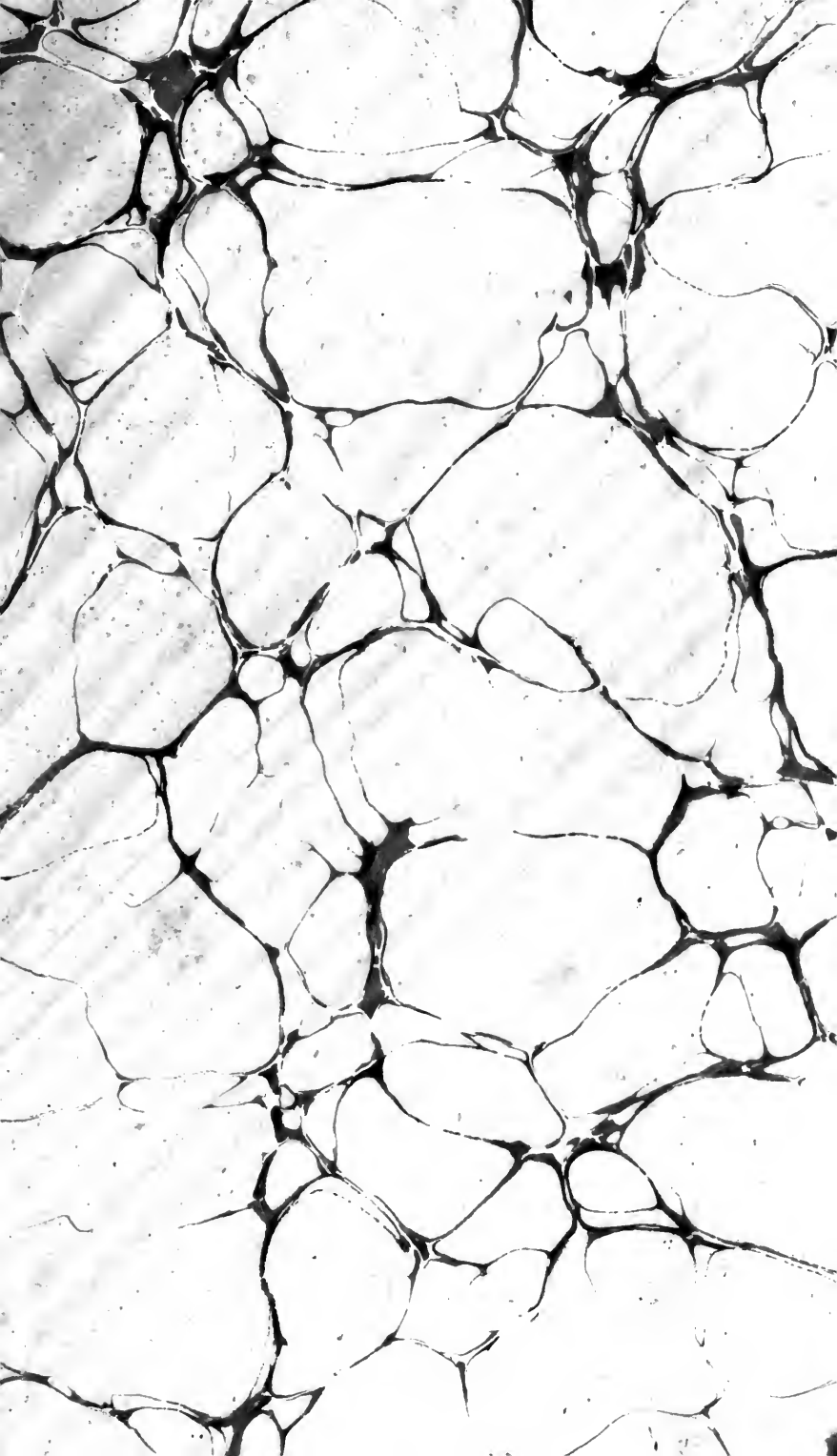
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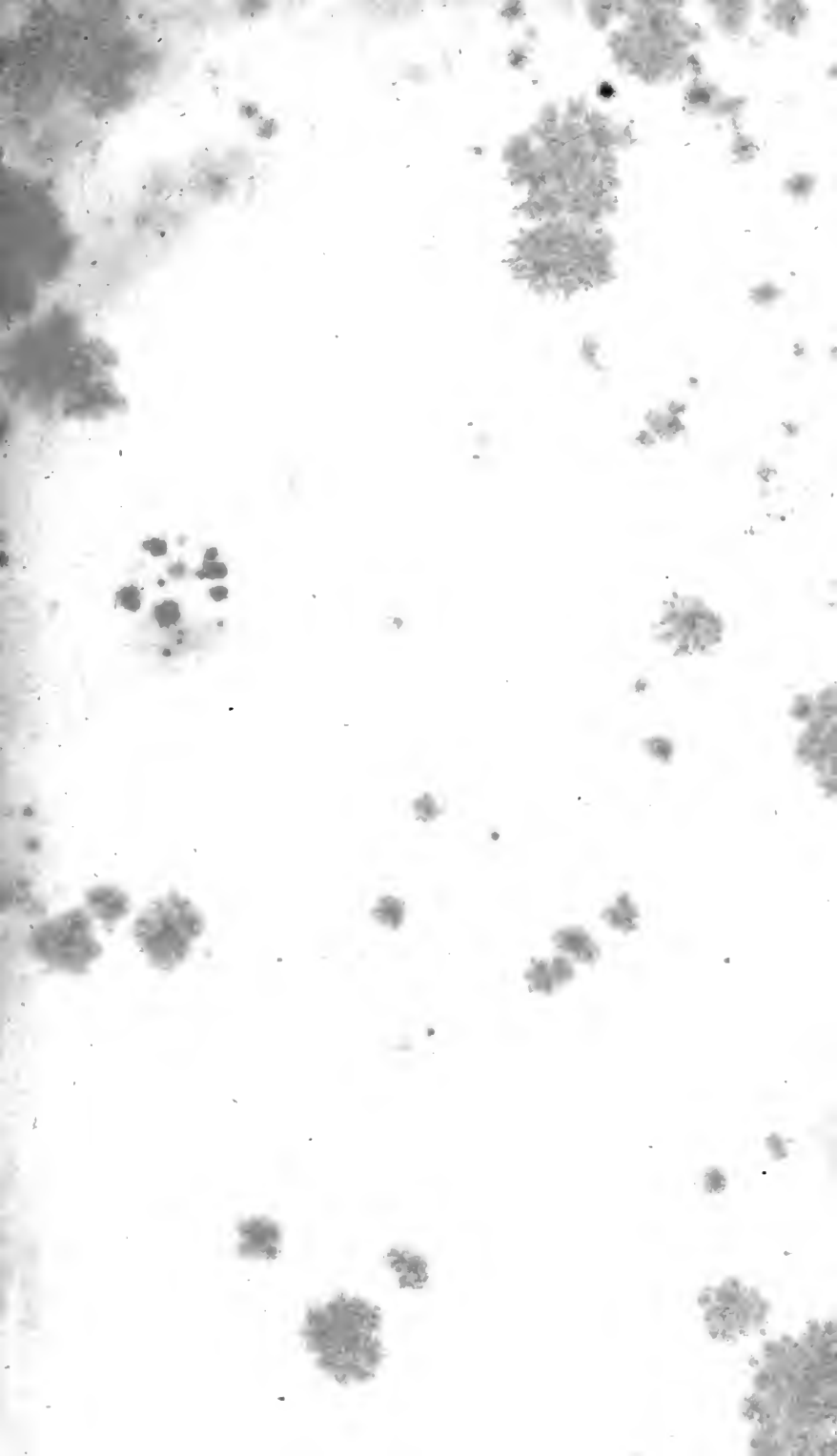
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THE  
CORRESPONDENCE  
AND  
DIARY  
OF  
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF  
VARIOUS PARTICULARS IN HIS LIFE HITHERTO UNKNOWN:  
WITH  
NOTICES OF MANY OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES;  
AND A SKETCH OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF THE  
TIMES IN WHICH HE LIVED.

---

EDITED  
FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS.  
BY HIS GREAT GRANDSON,  
JOHN DODDRIDGE HUMPHREYS, ESQ.

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VOL. V.

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HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,  
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

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1831.

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THE  
DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE  
OF  
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

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HAVING now to introduce the Reader to the concluding volume of this Correspondence, I may, perhaps, be pardoned in reverting to some circumstances which have attended the progress of its publication.

Impartiality is a duty so imperative on a biographical writer, that, without it, if he awaken our attention, it is but to betray our confidence.

If, from tenderness to the deceased, he conceal what he may deem the foibles of his character; if, from subserviency to a dominant party, he suppress sentiments which might offend; or if, from a want of manly feeling, he fear for himself, lest he should encounter the obloquy and insult which honesty and candour ever have, and ever will receive from those who fatten by practising on the amiable weaknesses

of their fellow men, and to whom prejudice is more important than truth! he is unqualified for the task he has undertaken.

The example furnished by the experience and conduct of the great and the good of past generations is of the first importance to the living. It is a chart by studying which we may guard against the hidden dangers which lurk beneath the ocean of life, and are most perilous when all is tranquil in the joyous morning of our youth. What would be said of a mariner, who, on going to sea, threw overboard the compass which would indicate his course? He, however, who gives us but half a character when he affects to paint the whole, does worse; he teaches us to form a false estimate of human nature, and a delusive idea of the providence of God! From the prevalence of this error half the fruits of virtue have fallen prematurely, and the characters of good men have appeared of so abstract and spiritual a nature, that they have defied imitation, and given a pretence for designing writers to represent them as specious hypocrites, or amiable enthusiasts.

The ample nature of the materials, and the decorous lapse of time have given me an opportunity of doing justice to the example of Dr. Doddridge, by presenting his character at large before the world.

As one who entertains a tender respect for the memory of that eminent Man, and still more, as his immediate descendant, had there been one questionable circumstance to have sullied the honourable record of his name, no consideration should have

induced me to have betrayed its existence ; but there was none. I had the opportunity of looking into the inmost recesses of his character, and I found it clear as a vase of crystal ; while the more I regarded it, the brighter became the light that beamed around it.

To give a full and impartial picture of such a man, was, therefore, a task of unmingled satisfaction ; and the only question worthy of consideration, was as to the number of letters which should be printed illustrative of any leading feature of his mind.

The peculiar tenderness of his heart, and the innocent vivacity which marked his social character, were the traits most likely to alarm the prejudices of many worthy and pious persons who had unfortunately imbibed the cautious formality of the *modern* religious world. Accordingly I felt it desirable that those amiable qualities should appear in their natural order. In early youth glowing with ardour, but ever governed by the dictates of conscience and religion ; while, in the riper years of manhood, they throw a peculiar charm over a life of indefatigable exertion in the causes of practical piety and of public usefulness. With regard to those letters of this character which contain records of a tender nature, as any concealment in such matters might have excited unfounded and injurious suspicions, I felt the propriety, or rather the necessity of printing the whole. Nor was I unwilling to do so, as they are highly interesting, and present not only an amusing picture of the playful gallantry of a former age, but show that the natural ardour of youthful emotions may be

freely and yet innocently entertained, when under the command of religious principle. Of the pathetic and beautiful devotional letters, every where intermingled, no difference of opinion can arise; but the Cynic, who, while he renders these the ungracious tribute of his praise, affects to contemn the former, betrays no less the sterile coldness of his bosom than his utter ignorance of human nature. Had not the heart of Doddridge drunk so deeply of the sympathies of humanity, it had been incompetent to entertain those divine sentiments of an ecstatic piety, which, combined with the argumentative force of his practical writings, has thrilled the hearts of thousands, and will continue to do so till time shall be no more.

In fulfilling the editorial duties of this work, a much greater portion of my attention has been consumed than I had anticipated. Yet, notwithstanding much labour, I am aware that some errors have escaped notice; they are such, however, as I flatter myself, every candid reader will excuse. I have been fully sensible of the responsibility of the office undertaken, and I am thankful in having been enabled to discharge it conscientiously.

Upon the whole, I felt myself authorised to anticipate the satisfaction, if not the gratitude of the more enlightened and sounder portion of the religious public; and I have the pleasure of knowing that I did not judge amiss, notwithstanding the atrocious attack which the self-interested champions of religious party have levelled against the Work and its Editor. The periodicals to which I allude have, in



other instances, exposed themselves to just chastisement, but, in the present case, they have exceeded the usual measure of misrepresentation, which reveals the nature of their *spiritual* wrath.

The personal hostility they have manifested is a matter of little moment; but nothing can be more amusingly absurd than the cool effrontery with which these nameless people affect to sit in judgment on the character of Dr. Doddridge. The reputation of that good and learned man did not depend upon the system of pious fraud and artful concealment they advocate; nor would he have thanked them for the hollow professions and needless apologies with which they have *honoured* him.\*

Many worthy persons have expressed their chagrin

\* The party leaders of what are called the *orthodox* dissenters, have secretly been, for many years, in a sad dilemma with regard to Dr. Doddridge. His works were too important, and their value already too well appreciated, by men of real piety and learning, to render silence safe. At the same time the manly, critical, and candid examination of the scriptural records, of which his *Expositor* presents an example, was a humiliating contrast with their own practice of dogmatical assertion, and unchristian reproach in matters of biblical inquiry.

The remarks of these people on the *Family Expositor* are, accordingly, full of that *self-contradiction*, specious adulation, and depreciating insinuation which show that the writer has far more cunning than honesty, and that his object is to pervert the better judgment of his reader.

Among much trash of the same sort, we have a striking specimen of this puritanical duplicity in the *Eclectic Review* for November, 1829, page 418. "His (*i. e.* Dr. Doddridge's) Lectures and *Family Expositor* have procured him an extensive celebrity as an *accomplished* divine and biblical critic." "No part of Dr. Doddridge's fame is derived from any peculiar elegance or nervousness of style, any

at the conduct alluded to, but to me it has proved, in one sense, a matter of satisfaction.

In proportion as these volumes exhibit the merits of the old Nonconformists, and may thus awaken the present race to a sense of those fanatical innovations, which, while the Dissenters have infinitely increased in wealth and number, have actually lowered their rank and influence as a class in society, so far was I prepared to expect, and in this sense am I happy to find that these pages are obnoxious to the self-interested zealots who have abused their confidence.

The former Nonconformists were attached to the National Church, from which the Act of Charles the

brilliancy of genius, or commanding reach of thought!" "Nor is he an expositor who can always be *safely* followed. His Family Expositor has been of immense practical utility in promoting very materially the study of biblical criticism, and the spirit of religious inquiry. But Dr. Doddridge's *excessive* CANDOUR, and his educational bias, have *often* led him to adopt criticisms of *very doubtful* propriety!"

It is almost unnecessary to inform the reader that this declaimer has not ventured to quote a single word, or referred to a single line of the learned work he has slandered, in confirmation of opinions so arrogantly expressed. It, however, happens that, in the succeeding page, he throws off the Lion's hide in which he had roared so *melodiously*, and stands in his *own words*, convicted of more than assinine stupidity. "He (*i. e.* Dr. Doddridge) lived in an age *barren of greatness*; and his name serves to cast a ray over a *dark and cheerless* portion of our ecclesiastical annals." One would suppose that the most purblind among the provincial disciples of this *orthodox* oracle, the far famed Eclectic, would be somewhat startled with this sweeping sentence, which has consigned the *once* honoured names of Lardner, Neal, and Watts to an eternal silence! and asserts that neither they nor Warburton, nor Secker, nor Wesley, nor Whitfield, who, with many other eminent men, were the contemporaries of Doddridge, could even twinkle distinctly in that stygian *darkness* to

Second had divorced their founders, and which they hoped to rejoin, on a revision of its articles and canons compatible with their just ideas of Christian liberty; their loyalty and patriotism were not only sincere, but *ever active* principles; they fostered a system of general information and of *candid* theological inquiry; their piety was practical and unobtrusive; their manners affectionate, hospitable, and cheerful; and their orthodoxy attempered with that charity which "thinketh no evil."

The effects of that enthusiastic extravagance of religious conceit which followed in the train of Methodism, has been before alluded to. We have

which the goose-quill wand of this *critical* magician had transformed one of the most brilliant 'portions of our ecclesiastical annals.'

Perhaps a more signal but less amusing instance of the dread of that renovated spirit of candour, and that abhorrence of party distinction with which a general knowledge of the liberal sentiments of Dr. Doddridge, would inspire the dissenting world was betrayed by this, and most of the other religious periodicals, in their mode of noticing his Posthumous Sermons published in 1826.

It is hardly possible to imagine that any work could be more interesting to the religious world than these four volumes, the printing of which was enjoined by their pious author, in his *will*, with touching solemnity. "*Which I would not appoint, (i. e. their publication) if I did not hope that it might be yet more for the benefit of the world; and that fruit may thereby abound to me in the day of the Lord.*" This clause is in itself their best recommendation; but these sermons were examined, previous to their publication, by some dissenting ministers of distinguished worth and character, and by a learned divine of the established church, of high literary reputation, who all concurred in expressing the strongest opinion of their great practical value. Yet, on their appearance, these journals, some of which now shower their *hollow* adulations on the *name* of Dr. Doddridge, scarcely vouchsafed, to these his important Discourses, a single page of churlish notice.

found that, in some instances, it excited infidelity, and its injurious influence on the character of the Dissenters, has been pointed out. With regard to the growth of an intolerant spirit, in any religious community, nothing can be more evident than the mode of its production, where the seeds of fanaticism have been already sown.

The solemn mummery which disgraced the Puritans, during the usurpation of Cromwell, evidently arose from the arrogance of vulgar persons, who, having wealth and power "thrust upon them," sought at once to gratify their pride, and conceal their native insignificance, by a profane assumption of superior sanctity. The intolerant cruelty of the early Protestant refugees in America, towards their unfortunate brethren of rival creeds, had much the same origin; and if we recollect the great and sudden changes in the aspect of society, which the artificial state of mercantile affairs in this country, during the late war, induced, we can feel but little surprise that "zeal without knowledge" hath abounded.

Yet, after all, the pharisaical spirit we deplore is already on the wane; in excess it grows ridiculous: people become ashamed of it, and it dies a natural death. Nor are the great body of the Dissenters to be estimated by the tone of a few ill supported periodicals, or busy partisans. They are uninfluenced by them, and, in a round of happy duties, pursue "the noiseless tenor of their way."

In the great essentials, the Nonconformists are yet the same. "Glory to God, and good will to

men" is still the motto on the banner they follow into action. They remain the staunch friends of civil and religious freedom, and are loyally and sincerely devoted to the happy Constitution of their country. Their energies have been somewhat misapplied, but not exhausted; and were some few trifles reformed, and were they again directed by such men as Dr. Doddridge and Dr. Watts, they would step forward in the *practical* service of society, as a giant refreshed from his slumbers. Knowing this, and it is no more than what a little reflection would force every honest man to admit, I want words to express the astonishment with which I read the following passage.

“The principle of nonconformity in religion is very generally connected with political discontent; the old leaven is still in the mass, and whenever there is thunder in the atmosphere, it begins to work. In the time of the American war, they were wholly with the Americans; and during the French Revolution, their wishes were not with the Government, nor their voice with the voice of the Country. At contested elections, their weight is uniformly thrown into the opposition scale; at times when an expression of public opinion is called for, their exertions are always on the factious side. They are what Swift called them, schismatics in temporals, as well as spirituals. The truth is that, as Burleigh said of the English Papists, they are but half Englishmen at heart; for they acknowledge only one part of the two-fold Constitution under which they live, and, consequently, sit loose in their attachment to the other. Of the

two strands of the cable, one has been cut through ; yet it is pretended that the existence of the Dissenting Interest, as it is called, is advantageous to the Nation ; and the paradox has been so often and so confidently advanced, that it is now one of those received fallacies by which the people are deluded\*.”

The surprise I have expressed, was not excited by the ideas embodied in this passage, for the whole is nothing more than a paraphrase of the old fanatical cry of “ *Church and King.*” They are the very sentiments by which the Birmingham incendiaries were incited to their unmanly atrocities, and which the great body of the established clergy were then, and are still the first to disavow. No ! my astonishment arose from finding that language so extravagant could fall from the pen of so grave a writer, and that a mind so richly imbued with the noble feelings and high imaginings which poetry inspires, could be the victim of prejudices so gross and futile. Nor less, that one of our most distinguished ecclesiastical and civil Historians could be led, by party feelings, to draw inductions, unwarranted by facts, and betraying a precipitancy of judgment, which creates a doubt as to the validity of his statements in other instances.

In the present case, a few words will be sufficient to evince that Dr. Southey is, at least, self-deluded. As a whole, the passage quoted, implies nothing less than a sweeping charge of constant political disaf-

\* See “ Sir Thomas More, or Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society,” by Robert Southey, Esq. L.L. D. Poet Laureate, &c. Vol. ii. p. 44, 45.

fection against the Nonconformists as a body, and asserts that traitorous feeling to be the natural result of their nonconformity. The loyal and patriotic conduct of Dr. Doddridge and his dissenting brethren, in the year Forty-Five, as related in this Correspondence, has shown the latter part of this charge to be as unfounded as the inference is absurd. With regard to the first portion, an examination of those particulars which Dr. Southey has adduced in its support, will prove it to be equally destitute of foundation. "In the American war they were wholly with the Americans." That a majority of the Dissenters held those sentiments on the point in question, which the immortal Chatham advocated with his almost dying breath, and which the decision of Providence recognised in the ultimate event, is to their honour! If, on the other hand, any thing incompatible with their strict allegiance is implied, it cannot be contradicted too strongly. "During the French Revolution, their wishes were not with the Government, nor their voice with the voice of the Country." The only meaning of this remark in this connexion must be, that the Dissenters countenanced the enormities and popular tyranny of that ill-conducted affair, and if so, the charge is totally unfounded. "At times when an expression of public opinion is called for, their exertions are always on the *faction* side." The direct injustice of this remark was shown, even just before it was made, by the cordial support rendered by the Nonconformists to his Majesty's ministers, on the glorious settlement of the

Catholic Question! The rest of the matter is too declamatory to require minute attention, and to these *words*, the Nonconformists may oppose their conduct on every political emergency since the Act of Settlement. During the Irish Rebellion, did not the Dissenters in every way support the Crown? and when the threat of foreign invasion rang in our ears, were they not, almost to a man, in arms, and ready to shed their blood in defence of that country which is here represented as being but half their own!

This confutation might be carried still farther; and when Dr. Southey says that the Dissenters are "*ashamed*" of the ancient grounds of nonconformity, and that their separation from the church arises in "temporal considerations, not in perversities, freaks, and infirmities of crooked, crazy, and queasy consciences;" he might be asked to reconcile the vassalage of mind which the imposition of an arbitrary creed enforces, with that freedom of conscience the Gospel enjoins; and still more, to point out the use of articles which are believed in opposite senses by those who subscribe them! In a future edition of the Colloquies, it may be hoped that such unfounded and injurious assertions will be withdrawn. In the mean time, I would remark that something more than a poetical license has been taken in one of the similies. A "cable," instead of "two," has three strands, and the third in that to which Dr. Southey alludes, is the sound sense of the People of England, which is far too firm to be injured by the unfair twist he has condescended to employ.



That such reproaches have been advanced in such a form, can only be accounted for by the degenerate and pharisaical spirit of those dissenters, who, from fanatical views, have coalesced with a certain party in the Established Church, and aim, by that suspicious union, ultimately to obtain a preponderance in the state.\*

In these party arrangements, *orthodoxy* has proved a very convenient stalkinghorse; and, as no term in our language, is more offensively used, or less understood, it may be interesting to ascertain the sentiments of Dr. Doddridge on so delicate a question. We have already seen that, during his life, his doctrinal views were suspected by the ultra Calvinistical party, who, since his death, have so loudly boasted of his perfect agreement in such points with themselves. His own declarations are undoubtedly the best authorities we can consult, and they show these good people to be, in both instances, mistaken. When vindicating himself from charges of such a nature, Dr. Doddridge observes, "I do, indeed, desire to give as little offence as, honestly, I can; and I have great authorities for it; and though I am in my judgment, *greatly against* the imposition of *human phrases*, yet, as some can hardly be avoided, on one hand or the other, I choose to adopt, and use

\* Of the  *blessings* which would follow a second Reign of the Puritans in England, some idea may be formed from the fact, that these plausible people have lately requested the Secretary for the Home Department, to close the Parks on Sundays; though, to do this, would be to deprive a large portion of the confined inhabitants of London of their best opportunity of performing the *moral duty* of preserving their health.

some that are *ambiguous*, in what I take to be a fair sense, though not the only sense they might bear."—"I may, likewise, in many instances, have seen, or thought I have seen, things not to be inconsistent, which *warm* men on one side the question and the other have thought to be so; and it is possible, too, that, in some of these cases, they may have thought right, though, I believe, in more, they have been on *both sides* wrong."\*—A variety of such passages might be cited, rendering it evident that Dr. Doddridge did not fully accord with the ideas of either of the parties in question. By examining the points in dispute, we may, therefore, obtain some clue, as to the shades of private opinion, which he conscientiously attached to the doctrines alluded to.

During the early life of Dr. Doddridge, the tug of theological war was between the Christians and the Deists, but no sooner were the latter discomfited, and the Christians relieved from the dread of a common enemy, than each began to pry for a mote in the eye of his brother; and the disputes, relative to the *person* of Christ, were carried on with an animosity, little creditable to either side, when both admitted the divine authority of his mission. One party asserted the full, essential, and *independent* Deity of the Messiah; and the other, in maintaining the *dependency* of the Son, proceeded to infer his mere humanity. If an intermediate path can be pointed out congenial with the language of scripture, as admitted on both sides, it is probably the one which

\* See Memoirs of Dr. Doddridge, by the Rev. Job Orton, from page 261 to 266.

Dr. Doddridge pursued. A variety of undisputed texts might be cited for this purpose; but, as there are two which appear in themselves decisive, it may be sufficient to quote them alone.—JOHN xii. 49. “For I have not spoken of myself, but the Father which sent me, *He gave me a commandment* what I should say, and what I should speak.” JOHN xiv. 10. “Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you, I speak *not of myself*; but the Father that *dwelleth* in me *He doeth* the works.”—In the verse first quoted, we have an unquestionable declaration of the dependent character of Christ, in his personal capacity; and, in the second, an explanation which renders it evident that terms and phrases, implying direct Deity, when addressed to the Messiah, refer essentially to God, without any intervention of *separate* persons, and as a being unlimited by space, and then under a peculiar manifestation.

These are known to have been the sentiments of Dr. Watts; and, from the following passage, in his letter to the Rev. David Longueville, when referring to Dr. Doddridge, a strong collateral proof is afforded that they are now correctly ascribed to him also: “Nor is there any person of my acquaintance with whom I more *entirely agree* in all the sentiments of the doctrine of Christ.”\* A farther evidence occurs in the following passage from Dr. Doddridge’s plan for daily meditation, as quoted by Mr. Orton, page 278: “Evangelical views:—bless God for Christ, and the Spirit: exercise faith daily in Christ,

\* Memoirs of Dr. Doddridge, by the Rev. Job Orton, p. 149.

as Teacher, Atonement, Intercessor, Governor, Example, Strength, Guardian, *Forerunner*."

As, in accordance with these views, it may be observed that there is a remarkable delicacy and caution evinced in the works of Dr. Doddridge, whenever the subject approaches the disputed points of theology. The genuine expressions of the sacred writers are then employed, and the reader is allowed to draw his own conclusions, unbiassed by the prejudices of *human* authorities. Those portions of his Theological Lectures, which treat on the matter alluded to, substantiate this statement.\* And to this admirable practice of his friend and tutor, Mr. Orton bears witness in the following remarks.† "It grieved

\* From the great importance of the subject the following passages, extracted from Dr. Doddridge's Lectures on Divinity, cannot but be interesting to the reader.

"The Christian scheme directs us not to *terminate* our regards in the Mediator, but to address our petitions to God, *through* him, and every where represents it as his *office* to bring us to God." "It is to be remembered, in all the Christian doctrines relating both to the atonement and intercession of Christ, that we are to consider him as a person graciously *appointed* by God to this purpose: which, if it be duly attended to, will prevent the apprehension, as if God were the less gracious, or our obligations to the Father at all diminished by those we are under to the Son:" 1 Cor. i. 30. 2 Cor. v. 18. Eph. i. 3—6, 9, 11, 12. 1 Pet. i. 2—5. Heb. v. 4, 5. LECT. CLXXXVII.—  
"The Scripture represents the DIVINE BEING as *appearing in*, and manifesting *Himself* by the distinct persons of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, each of which has his peculiar province in accomplishing the work of our redemption and salvation, and to each of which we owe an unlimited veneration, love, and obedience."—"If it be inquired in what sense the word *person* is used in the proposition, we answer, it must at least be true in a *political* sense, yet *cannot amount* to so

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† Memoirs, page 195, 196.

him to see *impositions* upon Conscience any where, especially among *Dissenters*, as they were so evidently *contrary* to their own principles. ‘Our interest,’ saith he, ‘hath received great damage by unscriptural impositions and uncharitable contentions with each other.’” “It appears, from what was said above, of his behaviour to his pupils, that he thought it *unjust* in itself, and very *injurious to the interest of religion*, to be rigorous with *young Ministers* and *Students* about their *particular* sentiments, and to tie them down to *profess* their assent to Formularies,

much as a *philosophical* personality, unless we allow a *plurality* of Gods: and if there be any medium between these, which we cannot certainly say there is not, we must confess it to be to us unsearchable; and the higher our notions of distinct personality are carried, the more difficult does it appear to our feeble reason, to clear up the supreme divinity of each, and vice versâ. We must acknowledge that Scripture seems sometimes to neglect this *distinction* of persons; and God *dwelling in Christ*, is sometimes called the Father, and sometimes the Holy Spirit: vide John xiv. 9, 10. Matt. xii. 28. John i. 32. Heb. ix. 14. 1 Peter iii. 18. Acts x. 38.” LECT. CLXI.—

“Mr. Baxter seems, as some of the schoolmen did, to have thought the three divine persons to be one and the same God, *understanding, willing, and beloved* by himself, or Wisdom, Power, and Love; which he thinks illustrated by the three essential *formalities* (as he calls them) in the soul of man; viz. vital active *power, intellect, and will*; and in the sun, *motion, light, and heat*.\*

“Dr. Clark’s scheme is, that there is *One Supreme Being*, who is the *Father*, and two *derived, dependent* beings: but he waves calling Christ a *creature*, as the ancient Arians did, and principally on that foundation disclaims the charge of Arianism.†

“Dr. Thomas Burnet maintains *one self-existent* and two *dependent*

\* Baxter’s End of Contr. c. ii. Works, vol. ii. p. 132. Ibid. vol. iii. p. 568.

† Clark on Trin. part ii. prop. 7, 12, 14, 16, 19, 22.

containing Points of a very *abstruse*, or a very *doubtful* nature.”—“It was an *inviolable* maxim with him; ‘never to condemn his brethren, as having forfeited all title to the name of Christian, because their *Creeds*, or *Confessions* of faith did not come up to the standard of his own; yea, he thought, that if it were a matter that seemed of such great importance, as to give some room to suspect that the mistake was fatal (which, surely nothing can be, which does not

beings, but asserts that the two latter are so united to, and *inhabited* by the former, that, by virtue of that union, divine perfections may be ascribed, and divine worship paid to them.\*

“Dr. Wallis thought that the distinction between the three persons was only *modal*; which seems also to have been Archbishop Tillotson’s opinion.†

“Dr. Watts maintained *one* Supreme God *dwelling in* the human nature of Christ, which he supposes to have existed the first of all creatures; and speaks of the Divine *Logos* as the *wisdom* of God, and the Holy Spirit as the Divine *Power*, or the *influence* and *effect* of it; which, he says, is a *scriptural form*, i. e. spoken of *figuratively* in Scripture, under personal characters.‡

“Dr. Jeremiah Taylor says, ‘that he who goes about to speak of the mystery of the Trinity, and does it by words and names of man’s invention, talking of *essences* and *existences*, *hypostases* and *personalities*, *priorities in coequalities*, &c. and *unity in pluralities*, may amuse himself, and build a tabernacle in his head, and talk something he knows not what; but the good man, that feels the power of the Father, and to whom the Son is become wisdom, sanctification, and redemption, in whose heart the love of the Spirit of God is shed abroad, this man, though he understands nothing of what is unintelligible, yet he alone truly understands the *Christian doctrine* of the Trinity.’”—*Taylor on the Trinity*, part i. *pass. præ.*—LECT. CLXIII.

\* Burnet’s *Script. Doct.* p. 173, 174.

† Wallis’s *Lett. on Trin.* Tillots. vol. i. p. 492—494.

‡ Watts’s *Diss.* No. vii.

greatly affect *men's temper* towards God and *each other*;) even that consideration should engage us to gentleness and tenderness, rather than severity, if, peradventure we might remove their prejudice.'"\*

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FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

Walthamstow, Nov. 4, 1747.

I SHALL not be able to think well of myself till I have told you how well I think of Col. Gardiner's Life; I mean, not only as it was exemplified by him, but as represented by you to the world.

I own, my dear Doctor, I was not without my fears lest your love to that excellent person should have overcharged some of your pages with panegyric, and the extraordinary manner of his conversion have given some occasion to the present age to charge him or you with enthusiasm. But in reading the book I was agreeably surprised, and exceedingly pleased; and I have the satisfaction to acquaint you, that your friends here are of opinion, that you have performed what you have undertaken in a most excellent manner, and that it is suited to do a great deal of good.

As for the unmanly flirts, and ungenerous reflections of those who are not worthy to carry your books after you, it puts me in mind of a dog barking at the moon, who, after all his impotent anger, shines, and is still very far out of his reach. Happy, my dear friend, are you in the Divine approbation, in the esteem of the best men in and out of the Establishment; the best, I say, for wisdom, piety, and candour; and in the excellent use you make of those ad-

\* Dr. Doddridge's Sermon on Candour. Tracts, vol. iii. p. 219.

mirable talents with which God hath blessed you. I most heartily rejoice in your prosperity, health, and usefulness, and commend you to the continual care of Providence, and the daily influence of that Divine Spirit who, with the mediation of our dear Saviour, is the glory and distinction of the Christian dispensation.

Pray commend us, in the most affectionate manner, to Mrs. Doddridge and to your children.

I am, Dear Sir, most affectionately yours,

J. BARKER.

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FROM THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

Bath, Nov. 8, 1747.

I HOPE you will never care about the ceremony of time in your letters to me; they will always oblige me, but most when attended with the greatest ease to yourself: as we both agree in this sentiment, that the one thing worth living for must be the proclaiming the love of God to man in Christ Jesus; so all calls for that end will secure my approbation for your silence.

I am nothing—Christ is all: I both disclaim, as well as disdain, any righteousness but his. I not only rejoice that there is no wisdom for his people but that from above, but reject every pretension to any but what comes from himself. I want no holiness he does not give me; and I could not accept a heaven he did not prepare me for: I can wish for no liberty but what he likes for me, and I am satisfied with every misery he does not redeem me from; that in all things I may feel that without him I can do nothing. To sit at his feet and hearken to his sayings, is an honour worthy of Gabriel, who is always in the presence of God; to behold the glory of such a Saviour, even the seraphs might veil their faces:—such love and honour,



I say, as this, ought to make us breathe his praises from pole to pole.

Many are our enemies, and of these, not only our own sins, but the spirit of that world in which dwells nothing but wretchedness; but while it is through his love that we are to conquer, let the patience of his saints be seen in us; let our prayers and labours be useful (instrumentally) in obtaining crowns of pure gold to be placed on the heads of our most cruel foes; that the finite evil of the worst may serve only to raise our hearts to heaven for their infinite good. Did we enough take root downwards we should bear more of this fruit upwards: 'tis humility must make us ascend by the fiery chariot; that divine object (whom my soul most delights in) shows me my lesson in these few words, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly."

My family consists of two sons and as many daughters; for all of them I have nothing to do but to praise God. The children of so many prayers and tears, I doubt not, shall one day be blest, your prayers for us all helping. The hint you give me is great matter of joy to me. My soul longeth for grace. To preach Christ and his blessing, upon repentance, over the earth, is the commission, the event *must* be with him; all else is from man, and of man: He must gather and unite the faithful, since it is he alone who sits in Heaven that may instruct the heart for his purposes. At present the more the little leaven is hid in all, the more of the whole will be leavened. Parties and divisions have ever been the stumbling blocks of the weak. If we were all to gather with the Lord, as watchmen for him, calling day and night, in order only to prepare the materials we need not be fearful, for the New City would be established and prevail upon the earth; but this having always been attempted by man's power, and so little in grace, it hath come to nought. May the Lord give us *all*

such love, to live and die to *him*, and for *him* alone. I am, with most kind respects to Mrs. Doddridge,

Your most sincere, but weak and unworthy Friend,

S. HUNTINGDON.

P. S. As I write from my heart, and not from my head, you may more easily forgive incorrectness where you meet with it.

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FROM THE REV. SAMUEL BATES.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

Warminster, Nov. 18, 1747.

I THANK you for your kind remembrance of me who stand in so much need of it, and I can truly say there has not been a day since my last to you, but that I have had you, and all in your church and family, on my heart when at the throne of mercy: may you "see the travail of your soul," and have cause to rejoice, though you should not be fully satisfied, while some attempts are unsuccessful.

I perceive you have your trials and your fears; and who knows what mercy there may be in them? We ourselves, and all we have, are in the hands of an infinitely wise God, who ever proposes the best ends, takes the best means to accomplish them, and the fittest time. There is often so much good arising, even in this life, out of troubles, as may fill the heart with raptures of joy, and make the soul cry out "It was well for me that I was afflicted."

Had it not been for David's troubles, the church would never have been blessed with David's Psalms: and had it not been for Jacob's fears, we should never have had the noble story of his wrestling and prevailing with God, to encourage us in the same method, when under the like circumstances. There are many now alive, who have found

more benefit by their sorrows than their comforts; and what is the design of all this, but to keep us from being afraid of evil tidings, and to give us a heart fixed and trusting in the Lord! God loves to see his people live by Faith; and why should not we love it too, when it is the best life upon earth, and makes it as much like heaven as we can expect to find it while here below!

What a cloud of witnesses have we, in sacred writ, to the truth and power, the victory, triumph, and joy of Faith; and what a sacred ambition should we entertain to press after it, when we see how many have attained it; and what room we have to hope that we may do the same, especially under a gospel dispensation!

Let us then stir ourselves up to take hold of God in Christ; be daily storming heaven by our prayers, for ourselves and others, and then rest satisfied that all will do well in God's time and way. These are the desires and endeavours of,

Dear and Rev. Sir,

Yours, I hope in the bonds of an everlasting covenant,

SAMUEL BATES.

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FROM THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

DEAR SIR,

Stoke Newington, Nov. 21, 1747.

I RECEIVED your last favour, and pay you my thanks for the friendly expressions you use therein towards me, and rejoice for the flourishing prospect of your Academy and Church.

Yesterday my Lady Hertford gave me the honour of a letter, wherein she expresses a very high esteem and respect for you, as the author of the Rise and Progress, and for your account of Col. Gardiner's Life, which pleased her very much, and she tells me that I should let you know it.

My lady and Mrs. Abney make you their compliments; they are pretty well; I am much as usual, rather growing weaker than stronger: but with much esteem and affection,

Your humble Servant,

ISAAC WATTS.

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FROM HENRY BAKER, F. R. S. ETC.\*

DEAR SIR,

London, Nov. 24, 1747.

I AM extremely obliged to you for the honour you have lately done me; but should be unable to answer it, either to the public or to myself, were I to take up any portion of that time, which you so generously and assiduously devote to the service of mankind, in the support of religion and the enforcement of morality, did I not hope that your favours to me may prove a relaxation from more serious and im-

\* A spirit of philosophical inquiry and of rational devotion were happily blended in the character of this eminent naturalist, whose life was spent in a delightful interchange of scientific investigation and of active philanthropy.

In early life, Mr. Baker sacrificed to the muses, and was the author of "Original Poems, Serious and Humorous," in two Parts; "The Universe," a Poem; and "An Invocation to Health." These productions, though not of signal excellence, show a grace of versification and command of language sufficient to evince that riper efforts might have obtained attention. They are very much in the style of Prior, and are coloured with the spirit of gallantry then in vogue.

The incident mentioned in this letter, and which, by the by, does not appear to have been known to any of the biographical writers who speak of Mr. Baker, turned his attention into another channel, and also inclined him to relinquish the bookselling business, to which he had been bred. His own remarks are sufficient to prove the great importance and success of his professional exertions, and I would observe that I had some time since an opportunity of perusing some highly interesting letters, addressed to him by deaf pupils who owed their social comforts and best hopes to his skilful care. These letters formed a portion of the valuable MSS. which Mr. Baker left, with his other property, to his grandson, and which, it may be hoped, will ultimately be placed before the public.

portant studies. And, in order to make them so, I earnestly entreat, that you would never trouble yourself about me, but at your leisure, and then direct your amanuensis to pen down whatever may come first into your thoughts, without regarding the style; for the esteem and good wishes of so benevolent a mind will always be judged by me as of infinite value, in whatever manner they be expressed.

I hope that philosophical inquires into Nature may not be wholly without their use, even to the good purposes you are pursuing; for the more we know of Nature, the more elevated ideas we shall attain of Nature's God, and become the more likely to imitate that universal beneficence, which we behold flowing to all his creatures through an infinity of streams.

There are, perhaps, but two ways whereby we can arrive at the knowledge of a Deity, the Creator of all things: the one is, that particular Revelation he has been pleased to

For nearly thirty years Mr. Baker was one of the most distinguished Fellows of the Royal Society, whose Transactions teem with his valuable communications. Most of his discoveries in natural history are, however, detailed in his two works, "The Microscope made Easy," and "Employment for the Microscope;" both illustrated with plates, and full of curious and entertaining particulars.

The correspondence of Mr. Baker with the literati of Europe was most extensive, and became the means of furnishing us with two favourite domestic plants, the Alpine strawberry, and the true rhubarb, or rheum palmatum. The seeds of the first were sent him in a letter by Professor Bruni of Turin, and those of the latter by Dr. Mounsey, Physician to the Empress of Russia.

Besides the Royal Society, for which Mr. Baker founded a lecture, which bears his name, he was, also, a most active member of the Antiquarian Society; "and one of the earliest, most assiduous, and zealous members of that patriotic institution, 'The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Commerce and Manufactures.'" He married Sophia, youngest daughter of the famous Daniel Defoe, who brought him two sons, both of whom he survived.

His death occurred on the 25th of November, 1774, at about the age of seventy-one.

make of Himself, to a few only of the nations upon the earth: the other, that universal evidence of an Almighty Cause, whereby His works declare his glory, and every thing that has existence proclaims His power, wisdom, and goodness.

To say nothing of the regular courses of the heavenly bodies, and particularly of the Sun, whose brightness and influence has spread the belief of a God throughout the world, there is no part of the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms but what serves to the same purpose. Every animal that lives, and every plant that grows, shows the hand that formed it to be divine; and if we search the bowels of the earth, the variety of gems, metals, ores, and minerals are no less expressive. The earth also affords innumerable proofs in support of revelation; of that part of it, I mean, which informs us of its having been overflowed by a deluge: for those innumerable shells, and other marine bodies, which are every where found in the highest mountains, upon the continents, as well as in this island, are incontestable proofs, that those places must heretofore have been sea, or at least, that these bodies must have been brought thither by an overflowing of the ocean: and as ancient coins and medals struck by mighty princes, in remembrance of their exploits, are highly valued, as evidences of such facts, no less ought these fossile marine bodies to be considered as medals of the Almighty, fully proving the desolation he has formerly brought upon the earth.

But I forget that I am writing to a gentleman more capable than myself of making just reflections on every part of the creation: instead, therefore, of being farther impertinent, I shall endeavour to be grateful, by acknowledging the great obligations I lie under for your many generous, and Christian expressions of good will towards me and mine; which I can no otherwise return, but by

assuring you of a sincere friendship, that would rejoice to find any opportunity of becoming serviceable.

As you, good Sir, have been pleased to inform me of your engagements, I shall give you some little account of mine.

When I was about twenty years of age, having a relation (a girl) who was born deaf (and consequently dumb), it came into my thoughts, that such a person might be instructed to write, read, and speak. I immediately made the experiment; and my scholar, in about a year, could read in any book distinctly, speak very intelligibly most common words, and understand a great deal of language. This success brought people about me, who were under the same misfortune; and the handsome offers that were proposed, led me, contrary to my first intention, to give the same assistance to others; and new ones still applying from time to time, this has been my employment for twenty-five years; during which, I have brought several, under those unhappy circumstances, to speak the English language fluently, and converse easily, from understanding what others say, by only observing the motion of their organs of voice while speaking; to read and comprehend all common books, and to write their mind, either by letter or otherwise, in as sensible, and in a better and more correct style than people usually do. Along with this, I have also assisted great numbers to get rid of hesitation, stammering, lispings, and various other impediments in speech; and have constantly some sufferers of such a nature under my direction, who come from different parts, and whom I spend all my mornings in attending where they are lodged; for no persuasions could ever induce me to take any home; the attention and fatigue of teaching them making it necessary that I should be quite undisturbed at all other times; so that after four or five o'clock my day's work is over: but then, what with visits of friends, attend-

ing the Royal Society, answering correspondents, preparing one thing or other for the press, and other necessary avocations, I can seldom command an hour. But I have troubled you with too much of this, and come now to request, that you would make my compliments and good wishes acceptable to your Society; the date, and regulations of which I shall be glad to have some account of, as likewise of some of your more remarkable minutes.

It gives me no little pleasure to observe, that societies for inquiring into the productions of nature, and the improvements of art, are forming in different parts of the King's dominions: there are such established at Edinburgh, Dublin, York, Bristol, Peterborough, Spalding, and several other places. When ingenious people meet to communicate their several observations, with a sincere desire to discover truth, great advances may be made in knowledge.

No doubt the members of your society have made some experiments in electricity, a subject which has lately engaged all the curious world, from the discoveries lately made; though the principle itself has probably existed as long as matter and motion, and been the chief agent in many of the most surprising phænomena in nature.

Few have been more busy in this affair than myself, and therefore I shall describe to you two experiments you have probably not yet heard of. Several gentlemen of the Royal Society, conveyed the electric power through the river Thames, by means of a wire carried over the new bridge at Westminster: one end thereof was held by a person on this side of the river, whose other hand sustained an iron bar that hung into the water. A person, on the opposite side, held the other end of the wire, which was fastened to an electrised phial; and, on his touching the water of the river with a poker held in the other hand, the shock was felt by the persons on both sides, the river making part of the electric circuit.



An experiment has also been made to ascertain, if possible, the difference or proportion between the progression of sound, and that of the electric power. To perform this, a wire was carried a mile and a quarter, at the end of which some people were placed, with second watches exactly regulated, to observe the time between their feeling the stroke, and their hearing the sound of a pistol fired at the instant of the touch at the other end. Sound is now generally allowed to pass at, or nearly at, the rate of one mile in four seconds: and what is very remarkable in this experiment (which, as well as the former, was many times repeated), the shock was constantly felt, as nearly as could be computed, exactly five seconds before the sound was heard: so that, according to our conceptions of things, it may be said to have passed instantaneously.

I am got almost to the end of my paper before I have returned you thanks for mentioning my son so kindly, who desires your acceptance of his best services. He has, indeed, been somewhat more forward than boys usually are, from a constant conversation with men. At twelve years old he had translated the whole twenty-four books of *Telemachus*, from the French: before he was fifteen, he translated from the Italian, and published a treatise in *Physic*, of Dr. Cocchi, of Florence, concerning the diet and doctrines of Pythagoras; and last year, before he was seventeen, he likewise published a treatise of Sir Isaac Newton's *Metaphysics*, compared with those of Dr. Liebnitz, from the French of M. Voltaire. He is a pretty good master of the Latin, understands some Greek, is reckoned no bad mathematician for his years, and knows a great deal of natural history, both from reading and observation; so that, by the grace of God, I hope he will become a virtuous and useful man.

And now, dear Sir, begging pardon for detaining you so long, I assure you that I am, with the utmost esteem and respect,

Your much obliged and affectionate humble Servant,

H. BAKER.

P. S. I communicated your account of the singing lady to the Royal Society: it is judged a very extraordinary case, and I was ordered to thank you for it in the Society's name, which I do with all my heart.\*

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FROM THE HON. MRS. SCAWEN.†

Maidwell, December the 1st, 1747.

IT has been a real concern to me that I could not have one visit from you, my good and dear friend, in this awful dispensation.

\* I find the matter alluded to related as follows, in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, for the year 1747.

“ *Postscript of a Letter, from the Rev. Dr. Doddridge at Northampton, to Mr. Henry Baker, F.R.S.—Read, Nov. 12, 1747.* ”

“ I hardly know whether it be worth while to mention a little event that happened in our neighbourhood some time ago, which yet appeared to me something singular in its kind.

“ A clergyman's lady (whose husband is of some eminence in the learned world) in a frenzy, after a lying-in, which was quickly removed, found, during its continuance, such an alteration in the state and tone of her nerves, that, whereas she never had before or since any ear for music, nor any voice, she was then capable of singing, to the admiration of all about her, several fine tunes, which her sister had learned in her presence some time before, but of which she had not then seemed to take any notice.”

“ *Northampton, Nov. 3, 1747.* ”

† It is impossible to read this pathetic letter without deploring the existence of religious feelings so far perverted, that the only fountain of

It is, indeed, a great breach, and a grievous blow on the head of our fat valleys; and at first I was so overwhelmed with surprise and confusion, that I freely own that I pronounced a harsh conclusion on the departed spirit of my deceased child, by the original sin he was corrupted with from us, &c. but since his decease my eldest daughter has acquainted me with several alleviating circumstances, and his great delight in reading the 130th and 139th Psalms, and one thing I must add, that my daughters have heard him often repeat the third letter wrote by Mrs. Rowe 'To the Countess —— from her son, who died when he was but two years old;' and my dear Tommy used to wish he was capable to write such a one to comfort me, and those who mourned for him. His death was very sudden; and though my fears were great, yet Dr. Stonhouse, giving me assurances that he was in no danger, gave me hope, to make the shock the more severe. Oh! Sir, the pangs I bore in bringing him and the other children into the world, were nothing to be compared to what I felt for my child when he lay on his dying bed, and when I heard his expiring groans:—but my tears prevent me.

I beg the continuance of your prayers for a right frame of spirit under this rod, and a sanctification of it to all

comfort, in the moment of parental bereavement, nearly became the source of hopeless anguish.

The pernicious influence of those severe and discouraging attributes, with which the Calvinistic scheme disguises the benevolent religion of Christ, hardly admits of a more signal illustration.

We have before us a lady of valuable character, and who enjoyed every means of information, on the point of believing that her deceased child was an outcast from the mercy of its God, at an age when the laws of her country, and the common sense of mankind, would agree in viewing it as an inefficient agent from intellectual *immaturity*.

How strongly are such sentiments contrasted with the beautiful language of the Messiah, "Suffer little children to come unto me,—for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

concerned; and that our only surviving son and my three fine daughters may be spared in mercy to us. And now I can acquaint you, that we shall be glad to see you when it best suits your conveniency and the weather is more favourable, so as not to endanger your health.

I am,

Your much afflicted Friend and Servant,

T. SCAWEN.

FROM THE REV. ALEXANDER WEBSTER.\*

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Edinburgh, Dec. 8, 1747.

I WROTE sometime ago concerning the scurrilous letter addressed to you, and see, by your last, that you received a copy of that libel before it was possible for my letter to reach you.

\* Mr. Orton has given so satisfactory an explanation of the facts alluded to in Mr. Webster's letter, that I have thought it best to subjoin the whole of his note on the subject.

“Two pamphlets were published, one at London, the other at Edinburgh, containing remarks on the “Life of Colonel Gardiner.” The *first*, which bears the name of John Kennedy, is too trifling to deserve farther notice. The *second* is a very short one.

“The Writer's principal design is to charge our Author with great want of candour and integrity; and the passage to which he thinks that charge applicable is this,—‘The most plausible objection that I ever heard to Colonel Gardiner's character, is, that he was too much attached to some *religious principles*, established, indeed, in the churches both of England and Scotland; but which have of late years, been much disputed, and from which it is at least generally supposed, that not a few in both have thought proper to depart; whatever expedient they may have found to quiet their consciences in *subscribing those Formularies*, in which they are plainly taught. His zeal was especially apparent in opposition to those doctrines which seemed to derogate from the divine honours of the *Son* and *Spirit* of God; and from the *freedom* of Divine Grace, or the Reality and Necessity of its Operations in the conversion and salvation of sinners.

“By ‘*being too much attached to some religious principles, &c.*’ it appears, from what he adds afterwards, and by what I have heard him intimate,

The attack made upon me, and the other defenders of the divine operations in the West, gave me no pain; and it affords me sensible pleasure to understand, that you likewise despise all that such enemies of the Grace of God can say: I have long ago felt them to be but stingless insects.

I would have inserted your answer in the Evening Courant, but as it seems a very delicate point, and as you are pleased to ask my advice, I have delayed publishing it until I hear from you again; and shall take the liberty to observe, that every sober minded man here, and even those who do not approve of what you have said, judge the Letter writer entirely beneath your notice: besides, it appears to me, that your answer places your suspicions (which by the by are too well grounded) of several of the Scots clergy, in a plainer and stronger light than the passage excepted

that he only meant that the Colonel expressed himself with *too much displeasure* against some ministers who denied these principles; especially such as had most solemnly *professed* to believe, and engaged to teach them; and he might, in the warmth of his zeal, drop some words which might be injurious to them on that account."

"But the passage which this writer most highly resents is what follows, concerning some ministers departing from these principles. He calls this 'a murdering stroke;'—'a murdering stroke indeed, if the traducing them as arrant knaves may be reckoned so; representing them as a set of men who subscribe that they believe doctrines (*from which they have thought proper to depart*) to be agreeable to the Word of God, and *founded* thereupon (for in those *terms* does the subscription of the ministers of the Church of Scotland run), and then are employed in finding out *expedients* (which you cannot so much as guess at) to quiet their consciences in so doing.' He represents this to be an insinuation as grossly false, as it is maliciously and artfully thrown out. He denies this to be the case in the Church of Scotland, with the clergy of which he saith he hath a pretty general acquaintance; and asserts, that there is a regular and strict discipline in that Church, which would soon pass sentence of deprivation on any one who should, by overt-acts or declarations in words, show that he was departed from any of their *established* principles."

"It is sufficient to say, in answer to this charge, that our Author grounded his supposition on what the Colonel *himself* had informed him, *from his own observations*, of the artful manner in which tenets, contradicting the established formularies, had been maintained and insinuated by

against, and may tend to fix the charge more against them, and so cannot be supposed to satisfy those who have taken offence on that account ; but on the contrary, will probably increase their spleen and ill humour. I have also a great doubt as to the expediency of the method proposed for justifying your assertion :—for suppose the author of the scurrilous letter refuse to publish his name, and cannot find six men to declare as you require, he may answer—that his name is of no consequence in the present question—that the character of the Ministers of the Church of Scotland does not need the testimony of any set of men—that the conduct of her judicatures, in not prosecuting any of her members, is a declaration that the plurality of the Church esteems the whole as adhering to their subscriptions—that you have demanded what you have no right to, and that the

some ministers of that church ; or what he had heard from other persons of judgment and integrity, who were either *Ministers in Scotland*, or had spent some time at the Universities there ; and on what he had personally known of, and heard from, some divines of that communion ; and, indeed, this writer allows it to be a supposition made by some among themselves ! That it has been, and is the case with many divines of the Church of England, their writings evidently show. To which I may add, that some writers of both communions fix the charge upon some of their brethren, and blame their dissimulation and hypocrisy for such a departure, though the reader will allow that our author speaks very tenderly of them for it. He greatly lamented those *unhappy terms of admission* into the Ministry in both Churches, which *exposed men to the danger of prevarication and falsehood*, or led them to such *quieting Expedients*, as he could not but fear sat uneasy on their Consciences. He thought these were ‘fettlers, under the weight and straitness of which, however they may be gilded over, the *worthiest persons* who wear them must secretly groan.’”

“The candid reader will see from these few remarks on this letter, why our author chose to take no public notice of it. The affair was *too delicate* to have been canvassed in print, especially as the characters of some persons might be concerned for whom he had a great esteem : to which may be added, that some of his friends in Scotland, and some too who did not quite approve of the passage objected to, advised him to take no notice of this piece, as it had met with the general *contempt there* which it deserved on account of its virulency.”—*Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Doddridge*, p. 134, 5, 6.

burden of the proof lies upon you—that suppose one should assert, that many in the House of Commons are rogues, and be challenged on that account; it would not be sufficient for him to say, that if six men, in or about London, will declare that they are all honest men, he will retract his charge; for having called them rogues, he must prove it: nay, I doubt much, that suppose he was able to bring a proof of his charge, this would assail him in case an action was brought against him, because the law does not allow private men to publish the bad things they may know of one another: but, on the other hand, suppose six men should be got to declare as you require, I humbly apprehend what you promise in that event might have very disagreeable consequences; for as it is beyond all question, that several of our clergy have departed from some religious principles contained in the formulas which they subscribe, your retracting what you have said would contradict truth, give a sanction to such dissemblers as subscribe what they do not believe, and occasion no small offence to the most religious people here. I am, therefore, on the whole, of opinion, that silence is the most proper answer; at least, that he should be attacked only by a nameless author; and if you think proper to draw an answer in that view, it shall be published with all secrecy.

These are the loose sentiments which occur at present; time scarce allows to read what I have wrote. I wait your command whether to publish your answer or not; and am, with undecaying esteem,

Rev. and Dear Sir, your affectionate Brother, and  
faithful humble Servant,

ALEXANDER WEBSTER.

P. S. My compliments to Mr. Robertson.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Northampton, Jan. 1, 1748.

WE heartily thank you for your very kind present of so fine a side of house lamb, which made a feast for my family, of which I was very sorry that Mr. Clark could not partake, as he and his cousins had determined on a little tour into Leicestershire, and we could not persuade them to alter their plan.

We are much troubled to hear that you and your excellent lady have both been attacked with the gout; these renewed afflictions call for the sympathy of your friends, and those who cannot sympathize with you must not deserve the name. I believe no man living owes you so much as myself, and I wish I may always find it as easy to pay all my debts as it is to maintain a constant gratitude of heart to you, though it is impossible my services should bear any proportion to it. I think I have no friend on earth whom I more frequently recommend to the divine blessing, and I hope God will graciously answer our petitions for you, as he knows particular circumstances require it. Were we to judge, we should think few persons in the world needed afflictions less than Dr. Clark and his lady; but our heavenly Father is the competent judge; and, considering his beneficent designs, they are no doubt to be often understood as tokens of special favour, rather than as intimations of displeasure.

I bless God I am now finely recovered from my late indisposition, but I still feel an unusual sensibility of cold, which hinders me from rising so soon as I used to do, and so prevents my despatching my usual business. I feel this the more, as the charge of distributing so large a part of Sir Joseph Jekyl's charity increases my employment, although it gives me a pleasure which makes it a refreshment rather than a fatigue.



Dr. Watts's late book of the Constitution of the Christian Church is just come to my hands, but I have not had an opportunity (as it was not two hours ago that I received it) of looking into it so as to read one section. A friend tells me that it contains some very curious and judicious things.

I thankfully own the goodness of God in the kind reception which Colonel Gardiner's Memoirs have met with, at which I wonder much more than at the faults found by some, or even at the virulent Scotch pamphlet addressed to me on the occasion, in which I am treated as the pest of human society, and the murderer of reputation and usefulness, and insulted, as envying the preferments of an establishment, as grapes that hang beyond my reach. I have the satisfaction to hear that the rude libeller is held in great contempt at Edinburgh, even by those of his own sentiments in general; but it is a much greater satisfaction to hear that a blessing seems to have attended the book to some military men of considerable rank, and to some persons of quality about the Court. Of this I am informed by a very obliging anonymous letter, which I may, perhaps, give to Mr. Clark to transcribe, but I must beg you would not make it public. They are translating the "Memoirs" into Dutch, in which language "The Rise and Progress" is already published, and I believe a French translation will soon follow. I hope it is a better principle than the desire of applause that makes these last advices so comfortable to me as they are.

But I have written till it is so late that I must finish with our best services and wishes of health and prosperity to the dear heads and members of your family, and all friends at St. Albans.

I am, Reverend and Dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. I am much pleased with Mr. Gibbons's serious Discourse on the Sanctification of the Sabbath, and think it is calculated to do good. I shall on Monday send to London the last sheets of the index to my Family Expositor, which I hope nothing will now retard. I am also sending up some serious sermons of Mr. Shepherd's. The loss of so promising a youth, just as he was appearing in public, was a great affliction to me, but I hope God will bless what he has left behind him, in some measure to supply the want of his further personal service.

I will trespass upon your patience no longer than while I recommend myself to your prayers, though I cannot forbear telling you in one word the great satisfaction I have in my son, who, though he was but twelve years old last August, reads Homer very prettily, manages Horace and Tully with ease and pleasure, and with very little preparation can render a passage from Racine's Tragedies into good English. He discovers, also, a good disposition of mind, with regard to religion, and will, I hope, be a great comfort to us.

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FROM THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

London, Jan. 3, 1748.

My being ill has interfered with my answering yours, and with it some interruptions arose you would, I know, be much pleased with. Religion was, I believe, never so much the subject of conversation as now. Some of the great of this world hear with me the gospel patiently; and thus much seed is sown by Mr. Whitfield's preaching, and I need not tell you, some of the best; oh! that it may fall in good ground, and bring forth fruit abundantly. I am sorry to find that you are still interrupted by the Moravians: many good souls are among them, and by and by our Lord will

separate them from the chaff. I have sent Christian salutations to the Count Zinzendorff, and expect to see him. If the Lord will allow me, I hope to speak a word in the spirit of love and meekness, but with plainness to him, upon many points he establishes as fixed, on which, in some particulars, the scripture is silent, and, in many others, it is absolutely contrary to most of their avowed principles. A hymn book is lately published by them, which, to speak as I feel towards them in love, can be thought of no other way but as the product of the most wild enthusiasts upon the earth.

I had the pleasure, yesterday, of Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Cruttenden's company, with that of Mr. Gifford, to dine with me. Lord Lorthan and Lady Frances Gardiner gave them the meeting, and we had truly a most primitive and heavenly day; our hearts and voices praised the Lord; prayed to him, and talked of him. I had another lady present, whose face, since I saw you last, is turned Sionward. Of the honourable women I trust there will be not a few: patience shall have its proper work, and if we love our Lord, we must be tender over his lambs, and lead those gently, who yet appear not to be so. I trust he will assist us to keep fanning the flame in every heart: this, my friend, is our joyful task for the best Master we can serve, either in time or eternity. Do not let your hands hang down; we must wrestle for ourselves, and for all dead in their sins, till the day break, and the shadows of time flee away. Many will be our attacks from a world lying in the way of the Wicked One, from our evil hearts, and the infirmity of our flesh; but let us remember we know in whom we believe, and that the Captain that leads us is nothing less than an Almighty conqueror over all these, and that nothing is too hard for Him. Remember it will soon be over; and let us withstand for a moment, eyeing the recompense of reward.

My kind respects attend Mrs. Doddridge. My family are obliged by your kind inquiries. I am, Sir, beseeching your constant prayers,

Your most sincere and affectionate Friend,

S. HUNTINGDON.

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FROM THE REV. RICHARD GREY, D. D.\*

DEAR SIR,

Hinton, Jan. 11, 1748.

YOUR letter did not come to my hands till my return last week out of Leicestershire. It is a satisfaction to me to find, that my attempt to restore the *Last Words of David* meets with your approbation; and I shall be still more pleased, if it is in any degree acceptable to the rest of the learned world. But I by no means deserve the compliments you are pleased to bestow upon me, nor do I pretend to any other merit, than that of a sincere desire to promote the study and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, in such a manner as may procure them the veneration which is justly due to them. You are sensible what small encouragement is given to works of this kind; I cannot, therefore, pretend to determine at present how far I shall proceed in what I have

\* Dr. Richard Grey was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford. His first preferment in the Church was to the living of Kilncote, Leicestershire; he afterwards obtained that of Hinton, Northamptonshire, and was made a Prebend in Saint Paul's. The degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred upon him in 1731, in consequence of his "System of English Ecclesiastical Law." He was also the author of an anonymous pamphlet called "The Miserable and Distracted State of England on the Downfall of the Church Established," 8vo. Among his better known works are the "Memoria Technica," "A New Method of Learning Hebrew without Points,"—"Liber Jobi,"—"The Last Words of David,"—some Sermons, &c.

Dr. Grey died February, 1771, at the age of seventy-eight, having adorned his Christian profession by a life of learned labour, and pious benevolence.

begun. If I should not, I hope some other person may, as the way is pointed out, and a specimen given, of what use it would be to religion and learning, if rightly pursued.

I am, with great respect, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

R. GREY.

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FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Walthamstow, Feb. 2, 1748.

MY concern about your indisposition increases in proportion to your usefulness, and the fears I have lest this should be interrupted; and did I not now and then hear of you by Messrs. Jackson and Neal, you would be in danger of being oftener interrupted by me than you are: neither business, friends, nor any thing would make me easy or patient long, without hearing how you do and how you go on.

Mr. Jackson will tell you how much Mrs. Raymond is obliged to you for your present, and that he was charged with a message from her to you soon after she received it; but I can tell you better than he how easy and well she is, and that at this time she enjoys very good health, and much tranquillity of mind.

As to Mrs. Bates, she is the now only surviving daughter of a very revered and deserving man; very poor, and very imprudent; out of prison now, but always in debt; who has been my care for many years, but in whom I have no comfort; but still, for her father's sake, I always recommend her as an object of charity where I have opportunity.

As for the Comprehension,\* so much talked of in town and

\* The following interesting extract from Birch's Life of Archbishop Tillotson is sufficient to show, that a comprehension of the more liberal Dissenters was a scheme which had not only been before sanctioned by

country, the utmost of the matter is this:—Mr. Chandler, while his meeting-place was shut up, made a visit to his friends at Norwich, and there happened to hear the Bishop give a charge to his clergy, which he thought not very candid. One expression appeared to him invidious, viz. that the heads of the rebellion were Presbyterians, as appeared by those lords in the Tower sending for Presbyterian *confessors*. Upon Mr. Chandler's return to London, he wrote a letter to Dr. Gooch, complaining of his charge, and particularly of that expression. His letter was written very handsomely, and it brought a very civil, respectful answer. After Gooch came to town, Chandler, at his desire, made

some of the best and wisest men on either side, but would in itself, in one sense, have been no more than an act of political justice.

“But the Dean's” (*i. e. Tillotson's*) “concern for the essence of pure and uncorrupted Christianity, was attended with a proportionable moderation of temper and principles with respect to the lesser differences among Protestants, and especially those of our own country. Hence followed a constant desire in him of a more entire union of them, not only on account of the general advantage of it, but likewise of the particular one of forming a stronger barrier against the perpetual encroachments of the See of Rome. He therefore joined with Dr. Stillingfleet and Mr. Hezekiah Burton, in the treaty proposed by Sir Orlando Bridgman, Lord-keeper of the Great Seal, about January 1667, and countenanced by the Lord Chief Baron Hale, for a comprehension of such Dissenters as could be brought into the communion of the Church, and a toleration of the rest. Dr. Bates, Dr. Manton, and Mr. Baxter, being called for on the side of the Presbyterians, a project was prepared, consisting chiefly of those things *which the King had promised* by his Declaration from Breda, in the year 1660; only in the point of reordination this temper was proposed, that those who had Presbyterian Ordination should be received to serve in the Church by an imposition of hands, accompanied with words importing that the person so ordained was received to serve in the Church of England.

“But this treaty becoming the subject of common discourse, a clamour was raised against it (especially by the followers of the Earl of Clarendon, disgraced in August, 1667, and now in banishment), that the Church was undermined and betrayed. When a bill, drawn up by Lord Chief Baron Hale, was to be presented to Parliament, a resolution passed against admitting any bill of that nature.”—*Life of Archbishop Tillotson*, p. 42, 43.

him a visit, in which they had much discourse ; and amongst other things, there was talk of a Comprehension. This visit was followed, at Gooch's desire, with another, when the Bishop of Salisbury\* was present, who soon discovered his shrewdness, but said, " our Church, Mr. Chandler, consists of three parts,—Doctrine, Discipline, and Ceremonies : as to the last, they should be left indifferent, as they are agreed on all hands to be : as to the second, our Discipline," said he, " is so bad, that no one knows how, or where to mend it : and as to the first, what is your objection ?" He answered, " Your articles, my lord, must be expressed in scripture words, and the Athanasian Creed be discarded." Both the Bishops answered, they wished they were rid of that creed,† and had no objection to restoring the articles into scripture words ; " but what shall we do about reordination ?" To this Mr. Chandler made such a reply as he judged proper, but I think granted more than he ought : he said, none of us would renounce his Presbyterian ordination ; but if their lordships meant only to impose their hands on us, and by that rite recommend us to public service in their society or constitution, that, perhaps, might be submitted to : but when he told me this, I said, " perhaps not—no, by no means ; that being, in my opinion, a virtual renunciation of our ordination, which I apprehend not only as good, but better than theirs." The two Bishops, at the conclusion of the visit, requested Mr. Chandler to wait on the Archbishop,‡

\* Dr. Sherlock.

† Bishop Sherlock did not at all approve of the Athanasian Creed. See *Dr. Nicholl's Sermon at the Temple, on occasion of the Bishop's death.*

" As to the Athanasian Creed," says the late learned *Dr. Tucker, Dean of Gloucester*, " it is really superfluous in our present service ; because the very same doctrine is as strongly, though not as scholastically, maintained in the Nicene Creed, the Litany, and in many other parts of our public offices ; and as the damnatory clauses are seldom rightly understood, and therefore, too liable to give offence, it were to be wished that the whole was omitted." See *Dr. Tucker's " Apology for the Present Church of England,"* page 58.

‡ Dr. Herring.

which he did, and met Gooch there by accident. The Archbishop received him well, and being told by Gooch what Chandler and he had been talking on, viz. a Comprehension, said a very good thing; he wished it with all his heart, and the rather, because this was a time which called upon all good men to unite against infidelity and immorality which threatened universal ruin; and added, he was encouraged to hope, from the piety, learning, and moderation of many Dissenters, that this was a proper time to make the attempt. But, may it please your Grace, said Gooch, Mr. Chandler says the articles must be altered into the words of scripture: And why not? replied the Archbishop; it is the impertinencies of men, thrusting their words into articles, instead of the words of God, that have occasioned most of the divisions in the Christian Church, from the beginning of it to this day. The Archbishop added, that the Bench of Bishops seemed to be of his mind; that he should be glad to see Mr. Chandler again, but was then obliged to go to Court.\* And this is all. I have smiled at some who seem mightily frightened at this affair, are very angry with Mr. Chandler, and cry out "We wo'nt be comprehended—we wo'nt be comprehended." One would think they imagined it was like being electrified, or inoculated for the smallpox. But most of your fault finders, I appre-

\* "About this time Archbishop Herring wrote a letter to Dr. Benson, thanking him for a volume of sermons which the doctor had published, which, as it shows the amiable and candid disposition of the good Archbishop, the following extract is taken from it."†

"I think it happy, that I am called up to this high station at a time when spite and rancour, and narrowness of spirit, are out of countenance; when we breathe the benign and comfortable air of liberty and toleration; and the teachers of our common religion make it their business to extend its essential influence, and join in supporting its true interest and honour. No times ever called more loudly upon Protestants for zeal, and unity, and charity." Feb. 2, 1747-8. *Letters from Archbishop Herring to William Duncomb, Esq.*

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† Note by the Rev. Thomas Stedman.



hend, are angry with Mr. Chandler for an expression he used in the second visit. When urging the expediency of expressing the articles in scripture words, he said, it was for others, not himself, he suggested this, his conscience not being disturbed by them as they now stood, for he freely owned himself a *moderate Calvinist*.

The sermons I send you I say nothing of; they are the fruit of serious labour; but had it not been for the assistance of my friends, they could not have been published now, if ever; my late and present affliction and trouble, by my brother's death in no good circumstances, having taken up so much of my time, and filled my mind with so much perplexity; but I thank God I am well, and do long and desire to be useful. Mrs. Barker joins with me in sincere and tender respects to you and Mrs. Doddridge. My best wishes always attend you.

I am most affectionately yours,

JOHN BARKER.

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FROM THE REV. DAVID LONGUEVILLE.

Amsterdam, Feb. 10, 1748.

MY DEAR AND MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND,

YOUR loving and faithful Address to us here has met with uncommon acceptance, and has been warmly recommended from the pulpit by several of the Dutch ministers; and Mr. Tinon says, that he does not remember that for many years there has been such a large demand for a small treatise of any kind.\*

\* "I wrote two letters to the Protestant inhabitants of the Low Countries upon the extraordinary crisis in their affairs. These letters were translated into the Low Dutch, and dispersed, especially the former, with some good effect, but they were never printed in English; and, I think, that only the first was translated into French."—*Dr. Doddridge's Letter to Mr. Willbaum.*

Though the Address was subscribed A. B. yet it is now generally known to have been written by Dr. Doddridge; and, indeed, I never scrupled acknowledging who the author was. One of the French ministers of this city has translated it into French, with the addition of a large marginal note tacked to the advertisement; this note is taken out of your letter to me which recommended the address to my perusal; there are expressions in it so tender and affecting, that I could not help desiring they might be inserted in the French edition, though this did not present itself to my mind till it was too late for the Dutch edition.

Mr. Tinon, after assurances of his most sincere and honourable respects, presents you with the Low Dutch edition of your Treatise upon the Rise and Progress, &c. with one copy of the Dutch, and twelve copies of the French edition of your Address. He desires me to acquaint you, that your Sermons on the Power and Grace of Christ are sent to the press; and as these gentlemen are resolved to give a Dutch edition of all your small treatises and sermons, he therefore desires you would send him all those sermons and small treatises which you would desire to have translated into Low Dutch, and to intimate in what order you would have them published.

I am sorry there are still such vipers in my country; but you know, my dear friend, all they are fit for is only to bite; and I am glad your Divine Master, after he has qualified you for the post, honours you by singling you out to espouse the cause of piety and practical Christianity. Be not discouraged, you have many engaged on your side: keep your eye attentively fixed upon that encouraging promise, which you judiciously made choice of as the subject to direct your meditations upon the death of that eminent Saint of God, Colonel Gardiner, "*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*" These excellent and useful Memoirs were published in the Low Dutch, at Rot-

terdam, before I received your generous present of that book, for which I owe you I know not how many thanks.

My kindest services to your good lady; and after recommending you both, and your dear children, to the covenant mercies of a covenant keeping God, I remain, with the deepest sincerity,

Your faithful Friend and humble Servant,

DAVID LONGUEVILLE.

FROM THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.\*

REV. SIR,

Spring Gardens, Feb. 25, 1748.

I TAKE this first opportunity to return my best thanks for your very obliging letter (though, indeed, my hands are this day pretty full), that I might immediately deliver you from the uneasiness you are under, that my Protestant brethren, the Dissenters, were intended as the *party* that opposed the charitable design that is carried on in Worcestershire.

You will see by the list of subscribers, that the disregard of that charitable undertaking lies in another quarter; for you cannot but miss the names of the principal persons of a very different class.

This morning, my good friend and brother, the Bishop of Gloucester,† did me the favour of a visit, when I received his commands to express the great regard he justly entertains for you, in which I cannot but most heartily concur; being with true respect, Sir,

Your very affectionate humble Servant,

FRA. WORCESTER..

\* Dr. Maddox.

† Dr. Benson.

FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Million Bank, Feb. 1748.

FORGIVE the last hasty letter I wrote you, and that I have been so long in acknowledging your condescending answer.

I confess, I see so many resting in devout *frames* and *external forms*, and so few set in earnest about subduing their passions and amending their lives, who would melt into tears under an affectionate or awakening sermon, that I am, perhaps, too jealous of every thing that has the remotest tendency to leave them easy in such a state;—and though your observing, that if the desire of divine blessings be real, it will put us on endeavours to obtain them, and that such promises are to be taken in their connexion, is sufficient to justify you from any impropriety of expression; yet the question still remains, whether it be explicit enough to guard against the abuse of a doctrine so liable to perversion, and the abuse of which may be attended with such dangerous consequences.

The passions are the surest hold to be taken of many persons, to lead them to a religious life; but yet they are too uncertain to be long depended on; and the vast inconsistency of character with which many (I was going to say most) persons are chargeable, arises I apprehend from this—that their religion depends too much upon the mood they are in. And many truly good persons are often distressed, because, either through the natural decay of the springs of affection, from age or infirmities, or the sitting under a less powerful ministry, they do not find themselves in such lively *frames*, as they were wont to be, though, perhaps, their conversation is more becoming the gospel of Christ.

Methinks, when I recollect our Saviour's triumphant

entry into Jerusalem, and the crowds that followed him with their hosannas, and afterwards hear the same people calling out to crucify him, and hissing him to his cross;—a most instructive lesson is read me, on the instability of human passions. Or, to come to our own times, when I see persons, who, for a while, had forsaken all to follow Mr. Whitfield, who were frequently drowned in tears under his preaching, and so zealous as to be rebaptized by him, now amongst the most careless and stupid sinners—when I see such events, and hear infidels and libertines triumphing in them, as if all religion was enthusiasm, and observe that some ministers are so weak as therefore to avoid any address to the passions (which, in my opinion, is an extreme equally pernicious, and shows them to be unacquainted with human nature), I feel an anxiety of mind, whenever the affections are set afloat by a religious discourse, if they are not instantly and vigorously turned into such a channel, as may show they were addressed chiefly to awaken our attention, that we might give the gospel of Christ a favourable hearing, in order to our becoming what it requires and enables us to be. And I consider the not giving the affections such a direction, the loss of a most favourable opportunity for doing the greatest good, as well as the possible occasion of slander of the gospel.

I know, dear Sir, how much your heart elates with humble thankfulness, in any evidences of your usefulness, and there is no one who more sincerely rejoices than myself, in the abundance of these evidences, wherewith you are surrounded, and which I pray may be daily increasing: and, though I know you would as soon serve the meanest disciple of Christ as the greatest, yet give me leave to remind you, that he has called you to move in the highest sphere; your usefulness in which depends on your fulfilling your part with distinguished judgment, as well as with distinguished humility. Forgive me, therefore, if knowing

your character to be as envied as it is eminent, I am jealous over the remotest outlines of it, to keep it as clear from aspersion, as I am sure you will be to keep it (under divine aids) from any real pollution; and if, at any time, I discover an officious zeal in the correspondence with which you indulge me, you will remember at least in my favour, that it is not to be imputed to any want of that affection which becomes,

Rev. and dear Sir, your most faithful humble Servant,

N. NEAL.

P. S. I have had the pleasure of perusing your beautiful Paraphrase of David's last words; and, though unacquainted with the Hebrew language, and consequently no competent judge of the criticisms, yet, I think, the version given by Dr. Grey so natural, consistent, and honourable to David in his prophetic character, that I could not help being pleased with it; and I really think, there is as much poetry in your paraphrase, as I ever met with in the same number of lines.

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FROM GILBERT WEST, ESQ. LL.D.\*

SIR,

Wickham, March 14, 1748.

UPON my going to town some time ago, I received, by your order, a present of your Memoirs of Colonel Gardiner, for which mark of your regard I return you my particular thanks, over and above those which are due to you from every one, who wishes well to Christianity, for this and

\* "The character of Mr. West was truly amiable and excellent. In him the Christian, the scholar, and the gentleman were happily united. His works exhibit sufficient evidence of his learning; and the influence of his piety hath, it is to be hoped, been far extended by his *Observations*

your many other useful and zealous labours in that noble cause.

Example has always a greater influence upon the generality of mankind than precept, though founded upon the strongest reason, and enforced by the highest authority : it cannot, therefore, but be very serviceable to the men of this world, and particularly of this age, to show them, from the instances of Colonel Gardiner, and the three excellent brothers, whom you treat of in your appendix, that it is possible for a man to be a sincere Christian, and, at the same time, a soldier and a gentleman ; characters that are but too commonly thought inconsistent. All I am afraid of is, that the example of Colonel Gardiner should be looked upon as too bright for imitation. Men of cool hearts are apt to suspect those degrees of zeal which they never felt, to be unnatural and affected : for which reason, I could wish that you had not inserted so many of those rapturous strains of piety, which Colonel Gardiner poured into the bosoms of those friends to whom he opened all his heart. Those Christians, indeed, whose piety is wound up to the same exalted pitch, may be touched and thrilled by them, and, like unisons, answer in the same key ; and I am persuaded there are many such. But to the generality

*on the Resurrection,* and would doubtless have reached farther, had he lived to complete what he had for some time meditated, the Evidences of the Truth of the New Testament. His private virtues and social qualities were such as justly endeared him to his friends and acquaintance. In his manner of life he was regular and exemplary. He read the prayers of the public liturgy every morning to his family ; and on Sunday evening he called his servants into the parlour, and read to them first a sermon, and then prayers. Crashaw (as Dr. Johnson observes) is now not the only maker of verses to whom may be given the two venerable names of *Poet and Saint*. See Cowley's verses on the death of Mr. Crashaw, which begin thus :"

" Poet and Saint ! to thee alone are given  
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven."

*Select Works of Mr. A. Cowley* ; in two volumes : vol. i. p. 121.

of men, especially men of the world, I am afraid these strains, the genuine effusions only of those hearts which are smitten with the love of religion, will give the whole character of Colonel Gardiner an air of enthusiasm; an effect which the goodness of your own heart, the warmth of your affection for that excellent man, and your intimate knowledge of him, kept you, I dare say, from suspecting. This and a few peculiarities of expression, are the only exceptionable things in your book: but they are abundantly outweighed by the many strokes of piety and good sense, which appear in almost every page. One, I cannot help taking notice of to you upon this occasion, viz. your remarks upon the advantage of an early education in the principles of religion, because I have myself most happily experienced it; since I owe to the early care of a most excellent woman, my mother (whose character I dare say you are no stranger to) that bent and bias to religion, which, with the co-operating grace of God, hath at length brought me back to those paths of peace, from whence I might have otherwise been in danger of deviating for ever. The parallel betwixt me and Colonel Gardiner was in this instance too striking not to affect me exceedingly; I hope, therefore, that you will pardon me for mentioning it. I should also beg your pardon for delivering so freely my sentiments of your book, could I imagine that speaking truth would be offensive to a lover of truth, and did I not think that general praise, or a total silence on this occasion was inconsistent with the character of a friend; a character which I am ambitious of deserving at your hands.

I know you will expect to hear something from me about the work,\* which you recommended to me so earnestly, when I had the pleasure of seeing you at Northampton. At present I can only say, that I intend to try what I can do upon that subject, with the assistance which you so

\* Observations upon Celsus.



kindly offered me, as soon as I have rid my hands of some papers, which have lain by me many years, and which I am now revising and preparing for the press: the Translations of some Odes of Pindar, and some other pieces, both in verse and prose, translated from the Greek: to which will be prefixed a Dissertation on the Olympic Games, which yet wants something of being finished. Though I look upon these subjects as mere trifles in comparison with the other, yet I am sensible they have a weight, indeed too great a weight, in the opinion of the world.

Hæ nugæ seria ducent

In bona, laudatum semel, acceptumque benigne.

Works of this kind sometimes gain a man a reputation and authority, which may serve him upon better and more useful subjects. You will not think I am either too vain or sanguine in my expectations; when I tell you that these papers have passed their examination, and received the approbation of Mr. Lyttelton, the best critic, the best friend, and the best man in this world.

I have frequent letters from that admirable friend of ours, Mr. Jones,\* of Alconbury, which give me great pleasure, as they breathe the true benevolent spirit of Christianity, and show him, at the same time, to be a man of parts and learning. He hath given me some insight into his scheme, mentioned in a letter of his to you, communicated to me by Mr. Lyttelton, and has promised me a fuller delineation of it, which I expect with some impatience. I am glad to find that Christianity begins to be so well understood, and taught by so many men of parts and learning in all sects; the fruits of which appear in a candour and charity unknown to all the ages of the church,

\* The Rev. John Jones, of whose scheme for the condensation of the Evidences of Christianity, as explained by his letter at page 475 of the fourth volume of this work, Mr. West would appear from this passage to approve.

except the primitive, I had almost said the apostolic age. Does not this give you a prospect, though, perhaps, still very distant, of the completion of the famous prophecy, that speaks of the lion and the lamb lying down together in the kingdom of the Messiah. Lions there have been hitherto in all churches; but too many, fierce, greedy, and blood-thirsty lions, though often disguised like lambs: and some lambs have there been simple enough to think it expedient for the flock to assume the habits and terrors of lions. But I hope, they now begin to undeceive themselves, and to consider Christianity as intending to bring back the world to that state of innocence which it enjoyed before the fall, when in one and the same paradise, to use the words of Milton,

“ Frisking, play’d

All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase,  
In wood or wilderness, forest or den :  
Sporting, the lion ramp’d, and in his paw  
Dandled the kid.”

To attain this happy state, all Christians should unite their endeavours; and, instead of looking out for, and insisting upon points of difference and distinction, seek for those only in which they do, or may agree. They may, at least, sow the seeds of peace and unity, though they should not live to reap the fruits in this world. “Blessed are the peace makers,” says the Prince of Peace, “for they shall be called the children of God”—an appellation infinitely more honourable than that of pastor, bishop, archbishop, patriarch, cardinal or pope, and attended with a recompense infinitely surpassing the richest revenues of the highest ecclesiastical dignity.

That you and all sincere Christians may deserve this character, and attain its reward, is the sincere and hearty wish of,

Sir, your most affectionate humble Servant,

G. WEST.

FROM THE REV. DAVID FORDYCE, M. A.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Aberdeen, 22d March, 1748.

I OUGHT sooner to have acknowledged the favour of your obliging letter, which gave me great pleasure and entertainment. I rejoice to hear that you have health and spirit to go on with such a variety of works for the service of the public, to which I am confident they are sincerely devoted. I heartily congratulate you on the success they have already had abroad, as well as at home, and do not question, but that they will increase the savour of true religion and virtue.

I have read Colonel Gardiner's Life, and felt my heart melted in many places. I cannot see that there was any impropriety in publishing his letters, but rather think they redound greatly to his honour. He was a most amiable man; and I believe the glorious fruits of his piety will abundantly screen him from the imputation of an ill-informed enthusiasm, even among those who dare not reproach, though little disposed to imitate his exalted piety. Perhaps there is too just ground for your reflection in the third Section; but I must be so frank as to tell you, that it has brought *your* orthodoxy into question among many who cannot see what plausibility there is in the objection against the Colonel's character, for his adherence to the principles in which he was educated, i. e. those of the Church of Scotland, which are the same upon that matter with those of England, unless upon the supposition of those principles being false or pernicious. If they are neither, where was the harm of adhering to them, especially as you intimate that the Colonel did not seek to impose or persecute?

That infamous libel did not reach this place, and I think you are right to take no notice of it; though perhaps, it

had been better not to have thrown out so shrewd a hint, which the freest inquirers in both churches will surely think levelled at themselves. The subscription to such large formularies is undoubtedly a grievance in most establishments. But do Dissenters enjoy, or dare they use, in fact, in the full extent of the *thing* (not the *word*), that liberty of which they boast? Are they exempt from expedients and salvos, and from *phrases* of ambiguous or equivocal meaning? I am afraid, Doctor, we must always make some concessions to the *foibles* of the *creature* if we mean to do him good; which, if rigidly examined, need to be understood *cum grano salis*. And are *assemblies* of *creatures* with such *foibles* to be less respected than *individuals*? When you can produce a *perfect individual*, then will I show you a *perfect society*!

I hope you will judge candidly of this freedom, which I would not have taken, *had not some here who sincerely love you been somewhat offended at the smartness of the remark.*

You have greatly obliged me by the rich store of literary news you have taken the trouble to send me, and I shall always be glad to sow a few grains of seed, when I have the prospect of being repaid by so plentiful a harvest. I wish I could return the favour, but it is poor gleanings only I can pick up. I am much pleased to hear you correspond so intimately with the amiable Mr. Lyttelton, and doubt not but that you will suggest further works for his fine Christian pen. An eminent lawyer in Edinburgh (Mr. Harry Hume) talks of writing against his pamphlet, and says it puts him in mind of the pleadings of lawyers, which appear strong till their antagonist rises and takes up the other side of the argument. He is a very acute clever man, and published some ingenious treatises, immediately after the rebellion, on Hereditary Right, &c., and is a strong whig. I shall be prodigiously glad to see Mr. West's Pindar, &c., of which I heard before. I re-

member a beautiful poem of his, some years ago, in imitation of Spenser. I dare say you will be glad to hear that Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," which has lain so long indolent, is in the press. I have got Lowman, but have not yet had leisure to read him. Dr. Sykes writes me that he read him with great eagerness, expecting to have his own work on *sacrifices* superseded; but he was disappointed, and went on boldly in his own way. He adds that his is a *philological*, rather than a *theological* work. He writes me of an odd book, called 'A full and perfect View of Christianity,' written by one Deacon, of Manchester, a non-jurant; which he calls one of the most consistent books he ever saw, and very extraordinary to come from a non-jurant, who differs but little from a papist: he would have it considered by a good hand.

Have you read Roderick Random? It is done by a Scotch surgeon, one Smollett, (who has written a pretty good tragedy) and, I am told, is well liked. What is this new play of Dr. Hoadley's? You do not mean the Suspicious Husband?

I think Mr. Lyttelton was right not to accept of the Oxonian Diploma. Your freethinking wits would have said 'the man wrote for a *plume*.'

My mother offers her best compliments to you and good Mrs. Doddridge, as I do. She still recovers very slowly. I expect your candid and unreserved criticisms on the Dialogues, for, verily, you are a good judge; and, heartily wishing you health and success in serving mankind, I am very sincerely,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend, and obliged humble Servant,

D. FORDYCE.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL WOOD, D. D.

April 12, 1748.

LET twenty affairs lie by neglected—Sermon, Family Expositor, letters, visits, the care of our nearly approaching and warmly contested election—I will write to my dear friend, Mr. Wood; and if I cannot finish a letter to him to-day, or the next day, or week, I will do something, at least five lines a day, till I have filled up these three pages. Oh! that instead of this, I could steal myself from all my other business, to throw myself into his most friendly arms, and abscond from the importunity that is every hour pressing upon me.

Your letters always delight me; but they always confound me too. I bless God, I feel more and more that I am unworthy the least of those affectionate things you say of me; unworthy, indeed, that you should speak or think of me, otherwise than as charity might sometimes recommend me to your prayers, as one whose weakness and unworthiness, in connection with the station in which Providence has placed him, makes him the just object of your compassionate remembrance when interceding before the throne of our Heavenly Father. What a wretch were I, were it not for that all-atoning, all-healing blood, and all-perfect righteousness! You may, my dear friend, say what you please, but it is the grace of the Gospel to the chief of sinners that is all my confidence and hope. This grace, indeed, I have found, and I will endeavour to celebrate it, and with, my last breath. That God should give my poor writings such a degree of esteem in the eyes of such persons as you are is very astonishing to me: I think it shows what grace can do in one view, and what friendship can do in another. Indeed, the Rise and Progress, and Colonel

Gardiner's Memoirs, have, so far as I can judge, been owned of God far beyond my hopes; and God has, I verily think, put it into the heart of many who were before, quite unknown to me, to impart it to me, that I might be animated to go on in the midst of many discouragements arising from other quarters. I go on with my Family-Expositor every day, and have ended the Paraphrase and Improvement of the twelfth of Hebrews. What a Divine portion of Scripture! Read it over again, my dear friend, you will see more in it than you ever did—\*

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FROM THE REV. THOMAS HUNT, D. D.

DEAR AND WORTHY SIR, Christ-Church, April 14, 1748.

I FULLY intended to have thanked you for the pleasure of your last kind letter many months ago, but was prevented by the death of my predecessor; the news of which hurried me to London, where I was detained above six weeks. When I returned hither, I had many forms and ceremonies to go through on account of my new preferment; many congratulatory letters to answer; innumerable visits to return, &c. not to mention the trouble and hurry of removing to Christ-Church, and furnishing a large empty house. I hope you yourself, Sir, are as well as every true lover of religion and virtue wishes you to be; and that your dear children go on to answer your best expectations. Indeed, it is scarcely possible for the children of such parents to do amiss. Would to God, that every branch of the rising generation were as well secured, as those happy young persons who have the good fortune to be placed under your

\* The conclusion of this letter is, unfortunately, wanting.

care, whether as father or preceptor! There would then be some prospect of better men and better times.

Many thanks for your kind intentions with regard to my Egyptian History. I have been forced to lay that work by for some time, on account of the preparations I have been making for my Hebrew lectures; but I hope to bring it on the anvil again, and finish it very soon.

Yesterday was fortnight, the University conferred the degree of L. L. D. on Mr. West, in consideration of the great service he has done the Christian religion by his book on the Resurrection of our Saviour. It is said, that the same honour was offered to Mr. Lyttelton for his piece on St. Paul's Conversion, but that he declined it in a handsome manner, by saying that he chose not to be under any particular attachments; that, if he should happen to write any thing of the like kind for the future, it might not appear to proceed from any other motive but a pure desire of doing good.

The Dean, Mr. Merrick, and the rest of your friends are well, and desire you to accept their best respects. We have now a good house here, which I hope you and Mrs. Doddridge will make your home when you come to Oxford. I thank God, the air at Christ-Church agrees with my wife perfectly, and she has not been better in health than since she came to Oxford. She desires that her best respects to yourself and good lady may attend those of,

Dear Sir, your most affectionate

and obedient humble Servant,

T. HUNT.



FROM THE REV. SAMUEL BATES.

DEAR AND REV. SIR, Warminster, April 16, 1748.

I READILY embrace this first opportunity of telling you how much I think myself obliged to you for the favourable sentiments which you have expressed concerning me and my letters, and the materials you have furnished me with, for rejoicing in the Lord.

It really has been and is with me, joy to find the comfortable evidences you have given of piety and candour, in such men as Messrs. Lyttelton and West; especially, as such instances are seldom found, for "not many rich," &c. were called in the apostle's days, or have been since: may the God of all grace continue them to be what they are, and increase their number! It is, also, a joy to see that primitive Christianity begins to be a little better understood, and that a spirit of moderation prevails among some divines of the Establishment, but I believe it has not prevailed far enough to bring about such a union as has been talked of; and when I consider the little good and much bad use we have made of our liberty, I am rather inclined to think that we shall have an humbling time from enemies without, or from the coldness and secession of friends from within. But it is my desire and endeavour to be always in readiness for every coming providence, of what kind soever it may be. I believe many among the laity have a good opinion of our cause, but the grand thing that discourages them from joining us is, as they say, because we cannot agree among ourselves! I believe and hope some of our conforming divines are sincere in their professions of charity; though I know not how to reconcile them with their damning all that do not believe the Athanasian Creed. They may say they are forced to it, but let them do as our fathers did, in 1662.

They may rid themselves of that force, and keep their conscience clear, as others have done before them.

I never, in all my time, heard more professions of moderation, than a little before Sacheverell's appearance on the stage; but as soon as the design was answered, and a change in the ministry effected, the mask was pulled off, and moderation disappeared; and so I fear it would be again, if the civil magistrate let loose the reins. All are professedly for moderation, when it is not in their power to be otherwise. A jesuit, within twelve miles of me, told a friend of mine, that their party were now against persecution, and I fear too many protestants talk in the same strain, with as little sincerity; I would not be uncharitable, nor yet too credulous. My Master bids me beware of men, and take heed that none deceive me; for there will be wolves in sheep's clothing. It was the protestants' excess of credulity, made way for their massacre in France and Ireland; it finished their ruin in the one, and it was in a fair way to do the same in the other. Our fathers trusted to the fine words of Charles the Second, and those about him: the consequences of which we know.

I will venture to say what has long been my deliberate opinion; some men finding they cannot ruin our cause by persecution, endeavour to do it by flattery, and fawning upon us and our people, and I fear with too much success. Our rising generation, not having lived long enough to know mankind, are apt to think all true which some say; especially, when accompanied with flattery, which is very agreeable to corrupt nature, and I have, therefore, seen a necessity of preaching against it.

Forgive my tediousness, and accept for your *whole* self the hearty service and best wishes of

Yours, &c. &c.

SAMUEL BATES.

## TO MISS DODDRIDGE.\*

MY DEAR CHILD,

Northampton, May 7, 1748.

I CANNOT let the anniversary of your birthday pass without one line of most affectionate congratulation. I have been blessing God for his goodness to you, my lovely girl, and to me, and your mamma, in you. I have been earnestly recommending you to the Divine blessing, and praying that the years of your life may be multiplied long beyond the boundaries of mine, and that they may all be crowned with loving kindness and tender mercy. And now, my dear, let me tell you, if a hasty word can tell you, how much I love you—how much I delight in you—how earnestly I long to see you—how much pleasure I take even in every expense which may contribute to your improvement and satisfaction. Indeed, I believe there have

\* The Reader will be pleased to learn, that the delightful sketch which paternal affection has here given was not overcharged; and that the virtues, which bloomed so early, became lasting and mature.

Although frequent indisposition had deprived my grandmother, Humphreys, of much of that personal beauty which she was said to have enjoyed in early life, yet there was a gentle dignity in her carriage, a meek intelligence in her eye, and a feminine delicacy in her manner, which have left a strong impression on the minds of those who remember her.

Of her affectionate tenderness, her piety, and her benevolence to the poor, the recollections of my boyhood, after a lapse of thirty years, are still vivid. Her religious sentiments were of what is termed the orthodox character; but of the Christian liberality with which they were tempered, the following anecdote, for which I am indebted to the late estimable and accomplished Miss Wesley, affords a pleasing proof.

Some illiberal reflections being cast on the late Dr. Lindsey, Mrs. Humphreys vindicated his sincerity, and *right* of private judgment: a gentleman present remarked, with more asperity than truth, that he wondered Dr. Doddridge had not rendered his *family* orthodox!—she replied, with perfect serenity, “Sir, the orthodoxy *my father* taught his children was CHARITY.”

Some of the valuable traits in her character are so appropriately described in the following lines of the beautiful little poem written by Mrs. Barbauld, on the death of her grandmother, the Mrs. Jennings so fre-

been few instances in which a child has been dearer to her parents, or has deserved to be dearer. You have, from your very infancy, been all duty and tenderness, and we ought to thank God, and to thank you, for the comfort we have had in you. Above all does it delight us to think there is room to hope that you are a child of God; that you love him as a father, and have sought and found that salvation in Christ which is more than ten thousand worlds. It is this, my dear love, it is this, that comforts my heart in the midst of that solicitude, which so much affection as it feels would inspire, when I think of the tenderness of your constitution, and of the possibility there is at least, that you may be taken away from us in early life;—a thought which would otherwise distress me extremely; but I have given you to God: I hope you have given yourself to him, and that you will quickly do it at his table; where I should also be extremely delighted to meet with dear Miss Ekins, if, as I hope she be, by Divine grace prepared for it. Think of it, however, and pray that you may be advancing in fit-

quently mentioned in the two first volumes of this Correspondence, that I am tempted to extract them.

“ ’Tis past: dear venerable shade, farewell!  
 Thy blameless life thy peaceful death shall tell.  
 The truest praise was hers—a cheerful heart,  
 Prone to enjoy and ready to impart.  
 An Israelite indeed! and free from guile,  
 She showed that piety and age could smile.  
 Religion had her heart, her cares, her voice—  
 ’Twas her last refuge, as her earliest choice.  
 To holy Anna’s spirit not more dear  
 The Church of Israel, and the House of Prayer:  
 Matur’d at length for some more perfect scene,  
 Her hopes all bright, her prospects all serene,  
 Each part of life sustain’d with equal worth,  
 And not a wish left unfulfill’d on earth,  
 Like a tir’d traveller, with sleep oppress’d,  
 Within her children’s arms she dropp’d to rest.  
 Farewell! thy cherished image, ever dear,  
 Shall many a heart with pious love revere.”

ness for that great honour and privilege; and renew the dedication of yourself to God every day, and labour to approve every action and every thought to him. I hope, my dear, your determinate and established piety will be a blessing to the younger children of the family, and a joy to us to the latest day of our lives. May you see many of these days, and may they be days of growing comfort and usefulness: forgive me, if I say, may you see many of them with us, or near us, for truly I long to have you near us again; and have found your absence the only part of the price of your education which I have thought dear. I rejoice to think I am likely, if Providence spare our lives (yet how precarious are they) to see you, and my other much-beloved child, so soon. Yet, to a papa that loves you so well, even these few weeks will seem long; you must, therefore, on receiving this letter, indulge me in the pleasure of a line: and write me your heart, and I will not stand with you for the elegance of the hand. Above all, pray for us every day. Your sisters and your brother are well: he grows a fine scholar, and will, I hope, be worthy to be called the brother of so amiable a girl.

I wish I could convey any little present to you on the agreeable occasion of my writing to-day; but take our love, and our blessing, and any thing else will follow as we have opportunity. Farewell, my dear child, and believe that I shall think myself happy in any occasion of showing you how much I am

Your affectionate Papa,

P. DODDRIDGE.

To Miss Doddridge, at Mrs. Linton's,  
in the Fore Gate Street, Worcester.

FROM W. OLIVER, M. D.

DEAR SIR,

Bath May 12, 1748.

I THINK your "Life of Colonel Gardiner" is written with a most lively spirit of religion and friendship, and contains many excellent things; which I doubt not will prove useful, as you designed them. As to the *extraordinary impressions* and *particular interpositions*, I am not very clear what to believe about them. They must be admitted to be possible, but I do not find that we are encouraged by Scripture to hope for them: the written word, and the secret operations of the Holy Spirit being, I suppose, sufficient for us. Nay, are we not assured that such particular interpositions would be fruitless, when we are told, that if the writings of Moses and the Prophets could not convince us of the evil of our ways, neither should we believe though we were admonished by one who rose from the dead! The spirit of man, assisted by a lively imagination and warm passions, is capable, we know, of working strong delusions in the mind, even to the hearing of voices never uttered, and seeing visions without real objects. In such cases it is very difficult to distinguish whether the overheated imagination of the man, or the particular operation of the Holy Spirit has most to do: the first is generally to be suspected, because we find it common, the last seldom to be admitted for want of sufficient evidence. If we differ in our sentiments on this subject, I know your charity will bear with me.

I hope your family enjoys good health, and then I am sure you want nothing to make you as happy as this state permits. Your vacation, as well as ours, is now approaching; I wish you may have thoughts of directing your summer tour this way. I should think myself very happy

in enjoying your conversation, with good Mrs. Doddridge's, if but for a week; and no light matter could prevail with me to lose it, by being from home at such a time.

I am, with true esteem, Sir,

Your most obliged and most obedient Servant,

W. OLIVER.

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TO MISS DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAR GIRL,

Northampton, June 4, 1748.

You may easily imagine that I was very much charmed with your wise and obliging letter of May 28; and yet, to say the truth, I paid pretty dear for the pleasure it gave me, for never did I long so much to see any of my children; and I am the more sensibly touched with the disappointment of the hope I had entertained, as I am very much afraid I shall be obliged to set out for my London journey about the time of my dear girl's return. But the satisfaction of heart which it gives me to see how rightly you judge of things, and how cheerfully you acquiesce in our desires, for we did not here pretend to exert our commands, is something superior to the fondest delight an interview with you, amiable as you are in my eyes, could have given me. It shows how much you are *mistress of yourself*, and that is a great happiness and a great honour.

May the favour and love of the most indulgent Providence ever surround you. I hold you so dear that I feel a daily solicitude on your account, and find, to a strange degree of sensibility, that love sometimes makes me a coward where your health and safety are concerned: but I comfort myself with thinking that the peculiar blessings promised to dutiful and pious children will assuredly attend you, and so that your days will be long and your comforts

many. But if it were otherwise ordered by Providence as to this mortal life, I hope and believe my dear child has chosen her portion above, and will infallibly find it there. May that blessed hope grow every day stronger in both our bosoms, and may we feel its efficacy to purify our hearts, and cause them to overflow with love to our heavenly Father and our Saviour. And I cannot forbear adding, Oh, that I may ever be as willing to be disposed of by infinite Wisdom and Goodness as my dear child is to acquiesce in what I, whom she has too little reason to call her wise and good, though I am assuredly her affectionate papa, think proper for my daughter! In this instance my good girl may, at least, be sure it is for her advantage that I deny myself, for truly a month under so religious, prudent, and kind a governess is always valuable, and the last month, probably most of all so, as the value of it is so much the better known.

Your obligations to my worthy friend Mr. Stokes are beyond all our acknowledgements, but I know you will either say or write something to him which shall testify the real sense you have of them. But whither am I running; I sat down only to ease my heart with writing you a line, and I am got to the third page. Indeed I think I could spend half the day in thus chatting to you, and not think it long. But the duties of life call me to draw towards a close. Farewell, my dearest girl, I know not how to express the tenderness with which I pour out my soul to God for you better than in the words in which he taught his priests, such was his infinite condescension, to bless his people; "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious to thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace;" that peace which passeth all understanding, that great peace which they have who love his law, and only they: in one word, the peace which Christ calls his own, "my peace I give unto you."



Your dear mamma is much as usual. Your brother who has made very great improvements in his learning, and your sisters are well. They join with your many friends here in the kindest salutations to you and dear Miss Ekins.

Your most affectionate Papa,

P. DODDRIDGE.

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TO HENRY BAKER, ESQ. F. R. S.

DEAR SIR,

Northampton, July 2, 1748.

THE occasion of my writing to you now is to inform you of a remarkable fact, which I have just heard from a member of the church of which I am pastor, and in whom I can entirely confide.

He tells me that he has in Upper Heyford Field, about four miles from this town, a wether sheep which now suckles a lamb. I know not by what accident the lamb sometime since ran after it and fixed upon its paps, drawing hard, milk followed. The lamb has subsisted very well upon what it sucked, and at the late shearing time he himself pressed the teats and milk came out in a considerable quantity.

This reminds me of what Mr. Ray tells us, from Bocconi, that a countryman in Umbria nourished his child by milk from his own breast, and Florentinus and Malpighius are quoted on the same occasion. Bartholinus, in his Anatomy, p. 215, has some remarkable passages to this purpose: he quotes a passage in Aristotle concerning a he goat, in Lemnos, which had a great quantity of milk.

I shall add to this a short account of a monstrous lamb, which was weaned in a field near Newport Pagnel, about the middle of last March, and was brought to me soon after it died. It had two perfect heads, and two long necks,

each as large as that of a common lamb, but sucked only with that of the left side. So far as I could learn, the organs of both were complete. It walked only on four legs, but had a fifth hanging down between the two necks, rather longer than the other four, and the bones and hoof were double, and had four claws; the concave side of it was turned upwards, and whenever the creature walked this leg moved up and down, as it seemed, spontaneously, and in a manner answerable to the other four; it had two tails, but no vent; it had also two distinct spines, but they met about five inches above the tail, and then divided again, but where they met were not as one entire spine, but as two adhering to each other. There were two sets of ribs, only those that met upwards, where the spine should regularly have been placed, were rather shorter than the other: and it seemed that the bladebone belonging to the double leg that grew between the necks was larger than the rest, and seemed to be two bones but not entirely distinct; it had two hearts of equal size, lying over each other, almost like a St. Andrew's cross, or, as we should say in heraldry, saltire wise. There were two œsophagi and two asperæ arteriæ, four small lobes of lungs, but the two gullets were inserted into one common stomach. I am not master enough of the formation of ruminating animals to inform you further what was peculiar in this. We found nothing preternatural in the formation of the intestines, but the tails grew so near that the return of both seemed to point to one vent, though, as I observed, the anus was deficient. It had three kidneys, one of them very large in proportion to the other two, so that, I apprehend, there was a conjunction. I send you this account while the matter is fresh in my memory; and am,

Dear Sir, yours, &c.

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM HENRY BAKER, ESQ., F. R. S.

DEAR SIR,

London, July 12th, 1748.

I MUST depend on your good-nature to excuse my long silence, which I assure you has given me many an uneasy reflection. I can, indeed, truly plead the close attention my business requires, and the difficulty, and oftentimes the inconvenience of drawing my thoughts another way; especially at my beginning with new scholars who are deaf and dumb, of whom I have lately had two, who, with four I was before engaged to, and several for different impediments, who are continually going and coming, are sufficient to require all the abilities of a mind much more vigorous than mine. I might, I say, plead this and many other things in my excuse, but I rather choose to rely entirely on your goodness, which, I hope, will permit me to send together (what ought to have waited on you separately) my hearty thanks for your two most obliging letters, and for all the curious particulars contained therein; which I must beg the liberty of deferring to enter upon further till I shall enjoy the pleasure of your company at London. I must not, however, omit to express my obligation for Mr. Brown's extraordinary Dedication:\* the mention of which has procured me a letter and poem of his from my good friend Dr. Miles, and also a Sermon preached at his funeral by Mr. Anthony Atkey, who gives therein a History of his Case; which is, in short, that upon the loss of a wife and son, he seemed at first to lose his reason, and became very melancholy. And from that time he imagined that God had gradually annihilated his thinking substance, and divested him entirely of con-

\* That to Queen Caroline, which is printed in the Adventurer, No. 88.

sciousness; so that, notwithstanding his retaining the human form and the power of speech, he had no more notion of what he said than a parrot. He continued thus ten years, during which time he wrote several learned books, and especially (within the two last years of his life) that Defence of Christianity for which he intended the dedication I received from you. I now inclose the letter and verses I was favoured with from Dr. Miles, and request you to return them, after you have taken a copy, if you shall choose to do so.

Mr. Folkes desires me to return your civilities, and when you come to town I shall hope to introduce you to him. In the meanwhile accept of every good wish, together with the utmost esteem and respect of,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate humble Servant,

H. BAKER.

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TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

London, July 30, 1748.

THE long letter which I inclose to Mr. Bunyan, and send open for your perusal, prevents me from being able to answer that charming one which I received from the best of wives and of friends, by the last post, in the particular manner I could wish; but permit me most affectionately to thank you for it, and to assure you, that it was a great cordial to my heart. I can truly say there is nothing in the world which gives me so lively a relish of the remarkable deliverance I received on Monday, when I was within a hand's breadth of being lost, as the thought of the escape which you, my dearest, had from a calamity, which would, in those circumstances, have borne so hard upon you, and

the hope that my life is spared to make yours happier, than your love to me would permit it to be without me. I doubt not, but that as your prayers have long contributed to my safety and comfort, so they did, in that moment of extremity, greatly conduce to my deliverance. I bless God, I was not terrified with any amazement, and could cheerfully have acquiesced in whatsoever Providence had appointed.\* I think I told you Mrs. Waugh is undertaking a fifth edition of *The Rise and Progress*, large octavo, though the fourth, in duodecimo, be not quite gone off; but she judges it proper to have them always ready in both sizes. The piece which Dr. Wishart has sent against Colonel Gardiner's *Life*, or rather, against the poor Author of it, is in London; and application was made yesterday to Mrs. Waugh to sell it, but she refused. I expect a great deal of virulence in it; but hope integrity and upright-

\* The accident alluded to occurred on the Thames, when a boat, in which the Doctor had embarked, was nearly swamped. The water is so tempting and fatal in a variety of ways, that the reader will perhaps pardon a momentary digression, while I describe a little invention which may be the means of preserving the lives of persons in jeopardy, from the *manly* and *salutary* practice of bathing.

In accidents of this nature, although several persons are usually present, their efforts to recover the body in time are generally unavailing. In fact the struggles of the victim, in the act of sinking, even if there is no stream, remove him to a distance from the spot where he disappeared, which deceives the eye of a spectator.

When reflecting on these circumstances, it occurred to my mind, that if a small line, say a piece of whipcord, twelve feet long, had a ball of cork, painted white and about the size of an orange, fixed at one end, and at the other a cotton belt, made to buckle over the shoulders, and passing round one arm to prevent its slipping, it would, if worn by a person who sunk when bathing, not only immediately show where the body lay, but also furnish a safe and ready means of drawing it out of deep water.

This simple apparatus is so easily made, and at so little cost, that it may be expected that fathers, and schoolmasters, will insist upon its use, while the good sense of "the bold swimmer" will lead him to adopt the use of *THE LIFE BUOY*, which may preserve him if seized by cramp, and will be no check to his amusement.

ness will protect me, and bear up my spirits, as well as my reputation, against all its venom. Many tokens of undeserved esteem do I receive; shall I wonder at some reproaches? God hath set the one over against the other, that I may neither be exalted nor dejected above measure; and I bless Him, I do find it in a sober and sweet equanimity. May I promote my Master's honour, and be found fit for his kingdom; and while I am on this side of it, may I have your love to delight me, your prudence to advise me; and may I be able to keep you free from any thing that would corrode and distress your tender, generous heart, and I shall be contented and thankful whatever may happen.

Saturday night.

I can conclude, my dearest, with telling you that I am now come to the conclusion of one of the most pleasant days I shall ever spend without you. After an hour's charming conversation with Lady Huntingdon and Mrs. Edwin, I preached in her family by her express desire, and met Colonel Gumley, who is really a second Colonel Gardiner. Such a monument of the power and sovereignty of Divine grace as, truly, I have hardly ever met with, since I was acquainted with his story. After dinner, the ladies entertained us with their voices, and a harpsichord, with which I was highly delighted; and I have stolen a hymn, which I steadfastly believe to be written by good Lady Huntingdon, and which I shall not fail to communicate to you.

Lady Huntingdon is quite a mother to the poor; she visits them, and prays with them in their sickness; and they leave her their children for a legacy when they die, and she takes care of them. I was really astonished at the traces of religion I discovered in her and Mrs. Edwin, and cannot but glorify God for them. More cheerfulness I never saw

intermingled with devotion. Lady Frances Gardiner sets out on Tuesday next: I have taken my leave of her, as for the present I must do of you, my dearest, assuring you that I am,

Most entirely yours,

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Walthamstow, Aug. 4, 1748.

I HAD so very little time on Tuesday that I could not give you any particular account of my visits that day; though, perhaps, you might have a little curiosity to know them: Indeed it was a very busy one, for after rattling on the stones for more than an hour and a half to Kensington Gravel Pits, where I breakfasted with Sir John Thorold, and spent an hour or two in very agreeable conversation, I went to the Archbishop,\* and was received by his grace in a very obliging manner. I sat a full hour with him alone, and had as free a conversation as I could have desired. It turned on Archbishop Leighton; on the Rebellion; on the late debates in the House of Lords, about the Scots non-juring clergy; and especially on the affair of a Comprehension; concerning which I very evidently perceive, that though his grace has most candid sentiments of his Dissenting brethren, yet he has no great zeal for attempting any thing in order to introduce them into the Church, wisely foreseeing the difficulties with which it might be attended: but when I mentioned to him (in the freedom of our discourse) a sort of a medium between the present state, and that of a perfect coalition, which was that of

\* Dr. Herring.

acknowledging our Churches as *unschismatical*, by permitting their clergy to officiate among us, if desired, which he must see had a counterpart of permitting Dissenting ministers occasionally to officiate in churches, it struck him much, as a new and very important thought; and he told me, more than once, that I had suggested what he should lay up in his mind for further consideration. If Providence spare our lives, I question not but I may have an opportunity of resuming the subject, perhaps, with some advantage, for his Grace has been so good as to desire that I would visit him whenever I am in town; and he is going to live so near Mr. West, that it will be easy for me to go over with that gentleman to visit him, for there is likely to be a great intimacy between them. After this I dined with Mr. Calamy, in the heart of the city, and then came hither, with good Mrs. Raymond, in Mr. Barker's chariot. With what kindness and tenderness I have been received it is not for me to express; indeed, yesterday, which I spent entirely here and at Mrs. Snell's, was a charming day. Mr. Barker was well enough to walk in the garden, and to pray, as nobody else in the world can; or at least, so far as I can judge, very, very few. I shall preach at St. Albans, God willing, on Thursday, and hope Matthew will be there that night, that we may return the next day. This is my present scheme; and extending my time to this, its utmost length, I shall find it very difficult to adjust my affairs so as to gratify half the friends who invite me to their houses. I must conclude abruptly. With due salutations, always very much yours,

P. DODDRIDGE.



FROM THE REV. FRANCIS AYSCOUGH, D. D.

REV. SIR,

Cliffden, Sept. 8, 1748.

I TOOK the first opportunity after my return to present the third volume of your Expositor, with your most humble duty to her Royal Highness, and I have her commands to return you her thanks for it; and I must beg you to accept of the same from myself for that which you sent me, and, indeed, I think it a very good and useful performance: did I not really think it so, God forbid that I should tell you so; for I think no compliment should be made in any thing which relates to, or is to direct the faith and morals of mankind. Let this a little explain my taking no notice to you of the book you sent me last year.\* I assure you my omitting to write did not proceed from disrespect, for I really look upon you as my superior, in every respect in which superiority is to be valued, in knowledge, in piety, and good works. But what could I have said to you had I wrote to you? Could I have told you that I thought it a good performance, and such as would be of use to the world? That I could not, after the many reflections that I had heard the world make upon it, I could only have told you how much I wished that you had never published it, and how vain and useless would those wishes have been at the time I must have sent them to you. But I must say no more. I am almost ashamed of the freedom I have already taken with you, though I assure you it proceeds from the sincerity with which I am

Your affectionate Friend and humble Servant,

F. AYSCOUGH.

P. S. I thank you much for your prayers for the young

\* Memoirs of the Life of Col. Gardiner.

Royal Family, I hope they have been effectual, for I can most truly assure you that they go on very well, and promise to be a future blessing to the nation.

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TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Northampton, Oct. 2, 1748.

I BLESS God I continue very well, and have at present considerable encouragement both in my Academy and congregation so that, on the whole, we do not, in an afternoon, much miss those we have lost of late. And I find several young persons awakened to a serious sense of religion, which is a great comfort to me; but two circumstances of affliction are mingled: the one is the death of an excellent young woman, whom God had evidently given me as a seal of my ministry, who died on Monday last; the other is a greater still, I mean the spread of Moravianism, which has infected several weak but affectionate people of my flock, and now appears, in spite of long dissembling, to have effected rank Antinomianism in principle, joined with a contempt of almost all external ordinances, and an entire alienation of affection from me, though among persons who have always had great reason to love me. Under these troubles, as well as under continual labours, I greatly need, and earnestly desire, your prayers. I sometimes think these things are partly the effect of too great a remissness in visiting my flock as a pastor, and partly a Providential rebuke for it. The variety of offices which I sustain make it really difficult to know how much time Providence calls me to allot to each, and I find a backwardness to personal applications, especially by way of reproof, which I need and desire more wisdom and grace to conquer.

I have, this evening, ended my Paraphrase on the First

Epistle General of John, and hope to finish Revelations before the end of the year. You see, dear Sir, on how many accounts your prayers are needed by

Your most obliged, faithful,

and affectionate humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

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FROM THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

SIR,

Oct. 27, 1748.

I WAS favoured with your letter just as I was leaving the country; and since my coming to town, I have found so much business in settling my family for the winter, that I have really wanted time to return my thanks, not only for your obliging letter, but also for the two books you were so good to send me. I most sincerely wish that more of our writers employed their pens in endeavouring to better their own hearts and those of their readers, and then the press would not abound, as it does, with books calculated to destroy both our civil and religious liberties. I was very glad to learn from you that Mr. Scawen and his family enjoyed their health under the late trying affliction, and I hope Providence will bless their future endeavours in the education of those that remain. I have seen Mrs. Dicey, since my return to this place; she appeared in health and tolerable spirits, and told me they were going to settle in Northamptonshire, and that they removed their goods from Maidwell; which, I told her, I was glad of, since it was, I thought, the only expedient that could be thought of, to make her parents happy in their own house. I wish her well; but much fear that this one fatal step will make her unhappy for life.

My son Charles is much obliged by your kind inquiries

after him, as well as by the favourable representation Mr. Lyttelton was pleased to give you of him. I have only to add my best wishes of health and prosperity to you and your family, being, with great regard,

Sir, your much obliged and faithful humble Servant,

M. HARDWICKE.

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FROM MR. PARKER.\*

REV. SIR,

Stoke Newington, Nov. 22d, 1748.

I RECEIVED yours yesterday, in the afternoon, when I had actually finished a letter to you, except the filling up a blank, which I left to insert the hour and the manner of my Master's dissolution, apprehending he could not survive many hours, for I concluded from the intimacy and cordial affection that has for so many years subsisted between you, that it might not be improper to inform you (heavy and melancholy as the tidings would be) of his death. And I did not know what capacity I might have of doing it immediately after so solemn an event.

Several of the last weeks of his life were intermingled with much pain of body, and he was reduced to a state of great feebleness, and has been confined to his chamber almost three weeks, but has been able for the most part every day to sit up three or four hours. He wanted much

\* Mr. Parker was, for a long period, the amanuensis and confidential attendant of Dr. Watts. It may be remarked that the collectors of autographs have been frequently led into a mistake from the first circumstance, as almost all the letters of Dr. Watts were written as *immediately from him* by Mr. Parker. Of the letters in my possession, only one is in the hand of the Doctor; and that has a note on the back, by Dr. Doddridge to that effect. The writing is feeble, disjointed, and tremulous, as might be expected from a person suffering from nervous debility. It may be added, that the signature of Dr. Watts is very closely imitated by Mr. Parker.

to get up yesterday morning, and accordingly we gratified him, but one hour tired him, and we put him to bed again for the last time.

Dr. Clark, his physician, was with him about two hours ago, and told us he was going off apace. Through the goodness of God he lay tolerably easy, and fell into a doze, in which he spent the night; would not receive any cordial, but half a spoonful once or twice; took no notice of any body, yet answered rationally when any question was asked. I fulfilled your request last night at five o'clock; he took notice of it, but in such broken language that I cannot inform you in what manner. I never knew his mind any other than calm and peaceful, and so it will remain, I trust, to the time of his departure, which we think must take place in a few hours, at least before it is possible this can reach your hands. And I doubt not he will have a triumphant entrance into the heavenly kingdom of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, after almost fifty years of *painful*, yet delightful and successful labour for the gospel of Christ, and in the seventy-fifth of his age.

I can say no more, only I would request a letter from you to my Lady, who cannot but be much affected, as we all are, upon this melancholy occasion. I should be thankful if you would put up one petition for me who am so soon to be bereaved of one of the best of masters and kindest of friends, whom I have served upwards of twenty-one years, and have it now to bewail that I have improved no more by such an uncommon favour of Providence.

Lady Abney pays you and Mrs. Doddridge her compliments. I am, honoured Sir,

Your afflicted Servant,

JOSEPH PARKER.

P. S. I will give you a line by the next post.

FROM MR. PARKER.

REV. SIR,

Stoke Newington, Nov. 24, 1748.

I WROTE you by last post, that we apprehended my master very near his end, and that we thought it not possible he should hold out till the letter reached your hands, and it greatly surprises us that he is yet in the land of the living. Last Monday he was up for an hour, and we thought he would have expired before we could get him to bed. Monday night he took two or three spoonfulls of panada. On Tuesday morning we began to make use of the teaspoon; and perhaps he has taken since, at different times, by two or three spoonfulls at a time, the quantity of two tea cups of liquid. He is quite sensible, and his mind in a state of great serenity. I told him this morning that he had taught us how to live, and was now teaching us how to die. He replied, "Yes." I told him I hoped he experienced the comfort of those words, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." He answered in these words, "I do so." It was his desire, since this last confinement to his chamber, that he might behave so as to teach us all to die, and God has granted his request. His animal powers have been for a good while gradually impairing, and he says comparatively but little now to what he has said in times past, when he has dropped such expressions as these: "I would be waiting to see what God will do with me; it is good to say, as Mr. Baxter, 'what, when, and where God pleases.' The business of a Christian is to do and bear the will of God, and if I was in health I could but be doing that, and that I may be now. If God should raise me up again, I may finish some more of my papers, or God can make use of me to save a soul, and that will be worth living for. If God has no more service for me to

do, through grace, I am ready. It is a great mercy to me that I have no manner of fear or dread of death; I could, if God please, lay my head back and die without terror this afternoon or night." At another time "My chief supports are from my view of eternal things, and the interest I have in them. I trust all my sins are pardoned through the blood of Christ. I have no fear of dying; it would be my greatest comfort to lie down and sleep and wake no more." I was willing to communicate these few sentences out of many more, which were minuted down soon after they dropped from his lips. I am going to transcribe them all into long hand; probably some of them may be made use of hereafter. My Lady is mercifully supported; she desires her compliments to you and Mrs. Doddridge. I know you will not think it troublesome or impertinent if I write you another letter by the next post, which I purpose to do when his warfare is fully accomplished. God grant him a peaceful passage to happier realms than these. Methinks we hear him say, "*Ye shall seek me in the morning, but I shall not be.*" But God only knows, by whose power he is upheld in life, and for wise purposes no doubt.

I am, Sir, your afflicted Servant,

JOSEPH PARKER.

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FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Million Bank, Nov. 29, 1748.

As I knew your high esteem and veneration for Dr. Watts, who has taken his last farewell of the abodes of mortality, and am apprehensive that you may be wishing for certain information concerning some particulars that necessarily ensue on his decease, I thought I could not, in friendship,

avoid writing you a line, to inform you that the Doctor has made his brother Enoch and myself executors of his will, having left the bulk of his estate to his brother Enoch and sister Brackstone and her children. The will bears date the 23d of July, 1746, and contains the following clause: "And as to all my Manuscripts of every kind, I give the same to Mr. David Jennings and Dr. Philip Doddridge, in order that they may publish such of them as I shall, by any paper or memorandum, signify my desire should be published; and as to the remainder, either to publish or suppress them, as they shall judge best. But I desire that such as shall be published may have the attestation of their names prefixed, to satisfy the world they are genuine: and I empower my executors to make them such acknowledgment and recompense out of my estate for their trouble in revising and publishing such manuscripts as they shall think proper." I question whether there are any left which he has ordered to be published.

He has desired to be buried in Bunhill Fields, deep in the earth, amongst the relics of many of his pious fathers and brethren, with whom he desires to be found in the resurrection; but with as little show as possible: and has expressly directed that no rings shall be given, and that his funeral be attended by two Independent ministers, two Presbyterian, and two Baptist.

The Doctor having no where directed who should preach his funeral sermon, and Mr. Price\* having declined it, from the strong affection he bears to the Doctor's memory, which renders him incapable of it, I have, this day, with his and Lady Abney's approbation, desired Mr. Jennings to do it, as the only man on the spot, proper to be asked, and he has undertaken it; but, as the funeral will not be

\* The Doctor's assistant.



till next Monday, the sermon will not be preached till Sunday sevensnight.

When one thinks of the death of so great a man as Dr. Watts, it strikes a damp to the heart, like the setting of the sun : though I cheer myself with this thought, that he is risen on some happier world, with a new and more resplendent glory. Oh, may the scattered rays he has left behind him, in our benighted hemisphere, light and cheer us onward in our ascent to the regions of everlasting day, where the system of universal nature will be unveiled to our view, and where the firmament is filled with stars, that are risen never to set any more ! I am,

Dear Sir, your most faithful and affectionate Servant,

N. NEAL.

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TO MR. WILLIAMS, OF KIDDERMINSTER.\*

DEAR SIR,

Northampton, Dec. 15, 1748.

I THANK you heartily for your kind and truly friendly letter, which I perused with deep attention, and have been sincerely asking myself the questions you so properly suggest ; and I will as freely tell you the result of that examination. I cannot and dare not vindicate myself with regard to them all, nor absolutely as to any one of them. And yet my conscience testifies, in the sight of God, if the

\* As the system of religious discipline countenanced among the Non-conformists has, on the one hand, been grossly misrepresented by their enemies, and, on the other, been carried to an extreme, incompatible with christian freedom in some modern instances, I am happy in having it in my power to lay before the reader the following letter of instructions, furnished by Dr. Doddridge to the Elders of his own congregation.

As a perusal of this document will render the reader perfectly master of the subject, I would only remark that those inquisitorial and *priestly* powers, which ill-informed persons are apt to ascribe to dissenting pastors,

prejudices of self-love do not impose upon me, that, with regard to most of the things you refer to, I have, in some degree, endeavoured to discharge my duty to the souls under my care.

are altogether foreign to the nature of their situation; these ministers are, in fact, too often the passive instruments of their own church societies.

*“ To the Rev. Mr. Evans, the Rev. Mr. Orton, and Mr. John Brown, Elders of the Church of Christ at Northampton, under my Pastoral Care; together with Mr. Hayworth, their associate in that good work.”*

MY dear and worthy Friends, beloved in the Lord, permit me, with all possible sincerity, to assure you that I esteem the relation in which you stand to the Church as its Elders, in the number of the many valuable mercies which I enjoy in my present very comfortable situation. I doubt not, but that from the word of God, and the reasonings of your own minds upon that relation in general, you are in the main acquainted with the duties of your office, and I well know there are those of you who have been active and faithful in discharging them. Nevertheless, as you desire some further advice upon that head, I, who also am an Elder, and your companion as well as your leader in the service of our common Lord, have thought it incumbent upon me to comply with this your request, and, in doing it, I shall use great plainness of speech, humbly hoping that He, in whose name I set about this work, will assist me to write what may be as a nail fixed in a sure place, and may be useful to others as well as to yourselves.

I apprehend; my dear brethren, that the duties of your office may be considered, partly as ordinary, that is, due from you to all the members of the Church,\* whatever their circumstances are, and partly as peculiar and extraordinary, in consequence of something singular in the condition of some persons who may come under your consideration.

First, the great, common, and ordinary duty, which you owe to the Church in general, and which must indeed be the foundation of all the rest, is that you carefully inspect them, and for that end that you visit them; for, without that care, it will hardly be possible to judge thoroughly of the state of religion amongst them. For the better regulation, therefore, of this important affair, I would humbly offer you the following advice.

1st. Get a list of all the heads of families at least, and, if you can, of all other persons belonging to the Church. I present you with such a list, together with this letter, and I desire that each of you would transcribe it, and sometimes review it, suppose once a year, that you may recollect

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\* It will be observed that Dr. Doddridge employs the word *Church* in the catholic and truly Christian sense, as comprehending the whole congregation worshipping together under his care.

I know nothing in the world I have desired so much as "*the glory of God and the conversion of souls,*" in the prosecution of my ministry. *I have been "looking up to God,"* I hope sincerely, though I confess not so fervently,

what notice is taken of the several persons who stand upon it, and it will be easy for you to make proper additions to it as new members are admitted amongst us.

2dly. Let this be distributed into different classes, and each class assigned in a more particular manner to one of you, not as the only persons you are to regard, but as those of whom you are to take the chief care. This should be done by mutual consent, and a catalogue of them written out by the Elder, to whose special care they fall. And I think it would be proper this should be done on a sheet of paper, in such a manner that there may be room to write over against every name the time when the person was solemnly visited last, and, perhaps, some little memoranda concerning further business to be done with or for him; or, if such memoranda be too long, a little book may be reserved for them, the articles of which may be easily referred to in this paper, by setting them down under distinct numbers.

3dly. Let the families and persons thus taken upon the list of each, be visited as you have opportunity, taking the most important first, but on the whole neglecting none, and endeavour to make your visits as serviceable to them as possible. For this purpose call the heads of families apart; inquire of them how it fares with them and their families as to their religious state; give them such exhortations, instructions, and admonitions as you judge proper; and, especially, endeavour to engage them to a strict observation of family worship, and a spiritual care of their children and servants.

4thly. Observe how they are furnished with good books, and especially with Bibles, and what provision is made for teaching the children and servants to read.

5thly. Take an opportunity of addressing the children and *servants* of the family with some short but serious exhortation, and endeavour to impress your own hearts with a deep sense of the importance of their character. For be assured that, under God, the children of godly parents are the great hope of the Church for future generations. Remember, therefore, that they are committed to your charge, and that you, as well as I, are to feed the lambs of Christ, if we would approve our love to him. And, in this view, if you and the Deacons were to visit the Charity School at certain times, to talk to, and to pray with the children, it might, perhaps, turn to good account.

6thly. Conclude your visits with prayers where you can do so conveniently, and this not merely in ignorant, or in less considerable families, but even when you come to the families of those who are most eminent in religion. It will quicken your own hearts, and may quicken theirs.

and constantly, and humbly as I ought, “to direct me in the choice of subjects, and in the method of handling them;” and, perhaps, you could hardly name a man living who “has less studied the artifices or excellencies of style

7thly. When you return from visiting your brethren, recollect their cases, consider what petitions are to be offered up to God for them in the next return of secret duty, what care is to be taken of them, and particularly what information it may be proper to give me concerning any thing encouraging, or otherwise, which you may have observed in them or their families.

Secondly, I would now remind you of some of the more particular duties of your office with relation to those whose case may require a distinguishing notice, and here—

1st. Take notice of those who are under any serious impressions, or any spiritual distress, and make your visits to them more frequent; remember that these are tender times, and that it is of great importance to work together with the Holy Spirit when he seems to begin his gracious operations on the soul.

2dly. Where you judge any are prepared by divine grace for Church membership, and are not yet come to the Lord’s table, visit and exhort them to an approach; endeavour to remove their difficulties and discouragements, and inform me that I may put their names on the list which I keep of such persons.

3dly. Visit and pray with the sick, and deal seriously with them about their eternal interests. And here stay not always to be sent for, but go and offer your services where you have reason to think they will be acceptable; and, as it will not be probable that you can see them so frequently as their case requires, endeavour to engage some pious neighbour to visit them, so that they may be seen every day while their illness continues extreme, and, if I am informed and be near them, I shall always be ready to join my labours with yours on this occasion.

4thly. If any are under remarkable afflictions, or have received remarkable deliverances, make them a visit upon the occasion. And I have sometimes thought that if those who have children to be baptized were visited by an Elder a little before, with some serious admonition, it might turn to valuable account.

5thly. Where you hear any behave in a disorderly manner, make an immediate application to them; and, where any are offended and come to you with their complaints, do not immediately engage yourselves in the quarrel, but put them upon proceeding regularly according to the wise direction of our blessed Lord, that is, if it be matter of private offence only, let the party offended go to the offender, and tenderly expostulate with him, and then if he will not hear, let him take two more and repeat that admonition; and let these be persons of discretion, humility, and tenderness. And if the offender will not hear these, then let the matter be brought before the

*in his compositions for the pulpit.*" I did indeed, in my younger years, study the English language with great care, and I have reason to believe that it was under a secret direction of Providence that I did so, considering the

Church; and here let it be observed, that good order seems to require that one of the Elders should be the person to state the case, for he is likely to speak more wisely than the person offended, who is often himself also much to blame. And as debates in a Church meeting are dangerous, if not managed with great prudence, I think, in such cases, all the Elders and the Pastor ought to be previously acquainted with the facts, that they may take counsel together, and ask farther counsel from the Lord, who, in that case will, I hope, guide us in judgment. But as for cases of public scandal, I think the offender ought to be publicly admonished, and if he does really repent, I apprehend that he ought to express that repentance by such confession and humiliation as may be satisfactory, not to the Elders alone, but to the Church in general; till he has done which, I cannot be free that such a person should sit down with us at the table of the Lord. This I take to be the regular method of proceeding with offenders; yet I must add, that I think it proper that the Elders should examine the case, and deal with every offender privately, before public admonition is solemnly given.

6thly. I think it incumbent on the Elders to take notice of the *temporal necessities* of those whom they visit, and to give proper information to the Deacons, and also to give them such exhortations relating to the discharge of their duty from time to time, as may be subservient to the good of the whole. And as God has blessed the Church with Deacons of such distinguished worth, and such approved wisdom and fidelity, I hope I need not remind you, my brethren, how proper it will be to join their counsel with yours in all matters of importance.

7thly. The Elders should cultivate an intimate friendship with each other. Remembering that the whole Church is in some degree the province of each, and proper times should be assigned, in which they and the Pastor may consult together in cases of difficulty and importance, and in which the result of their mutual observations should be carefully communicated to him; though, indeed, the more frequently something of this kind passes in occasional meetings the better it may be.

8thly. As the pastor is with peculiar care to watch over the Elders, and to admonish and exhort them, so are they likewise, in the spirit of humility and love, to watch over him in the Lord. And I do hereby entreat and charge you, my brethren, that if there be any thing in my temper and conduct, which appears to you to give just and reasonable offence, you would remind me of it plainly and faithfully, and I hope you will always find that I shall receive advice with meekness, and endeavour to be an example to others of a readiness to reform as God shall enable me.

And thus, my dear friends, I have laid before you, with all freedom, a variety of hints relating to your office, and if you think it would be for

number of writings which, very contrary to my expectation, I have been led to publish; the fruit of many of which, I bless God, I have seen very far beyond my most sanguine hopes. But I have rather been chargeable with negligence than with an excess of accuracy in the style of

the service of the Church that these things should be done, then permit me to charge and entreat you that you be careful in these respects. I would not be an *idol* shepherd, and I would not have you *images* of Elders, bearing so honourable a name while the duties of the office are neglected; it would, therefore, be much better to throw up the name than not to answer it by vigorous and correspondent services. But if you apprehend the province too large, and desire, in order to making it easier, to increase your number, I shall heartily approve it, and will join with you in a proper application to the Church for that purpose: only I desire that, before any are actually invested with the office, which, I think, should be done by solemn prayer, they may read or hear this letter, and declare their acceptance of the office upon these terms. I am sensible, my dear brethren, that it may seem a heavy burden that I lay upon you; but remember that God is able to make all grace to abound to you, to strengthen you for all these labours, and for more than these. It will demand some share of your time, as well as thought; but remember he can bless you in your affairs, so as to give much more than you take from them in such labours of love, and, be assured of this, that you will find the reward of all. While you water others you will be watered yourselves; and grace will be strengthened in your hearts by the endeavours you use to quicken and confirm your brethren: and as you share in a part of the work, you shall also share in the glorious reward which faithful ministers shall receive when the Great Shepherd shall appear. The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God; but those who have been wise to win souls shall then shine forth as the stars; yea, they shall shine for ever as the Son in their Father's Kingdom. And therefore gird up the loins of your mind, apply with vigour to the office assigned you, and watch over your hearts and lives in such a manner that you may always be fit to engage in this service with spirit and authority, and may that God, who led Jacob like a flock, be with you and bless you; may his counsel guide you, may his grace quicken you, may his strength fortify you; and be assured of this, that, as I am thoroughly persuaded, you will often be praying for me, and the Church, with great earnestness and importunity, so you will have, if that can be any encouragement to you, a share in our petitions at the Throne of Grace, and particularly in those of, my dear Friends,

Your very affectionate Brother and Fellow Labourer,

And your faithful Servant, for Jesus' sake,

P. DODDRIDGE.

my sermons; sometimes having hardly written for many months one complete sentence for the pulpit. "*As for a weakness, and fear, and much trembling joined with demonstration of spirit and power,*" I question whether they do not rather refer to something peculiar to the Apostles; though, to be sure, there is a sense in which we declare "*the testimony of God,*" yet not just the same with that which St. Paul spoke in, who there undoubtedly refers to inspiration on the one hand, and probably to an impediment in his speech on the other. I have often "*in as melting a manner as I could, and as knowing the terrors of the Lord, entreated my hearers to be reconciled to God,*" and, perhaps, few preachers have abounded more in addresses of that kind. "*Nor have I ever knowingly and deliberately kept back from them any thing which I considered as the counsel of God to them;*" though I have indeed in many instances waved controversies, from principles of conscience, and not either of indolence or of cowardice, if I have known my own heart. But I freely own, *I have not "warned from house to house, with a zeal and tenderness" like that which I could wish;* though many houses, and I suppose I might add, many scores of houses, have been witness to tears of tenderness with which I have, at different times admonished or entreated particular persons. But here I think has been my greatest defect, that there are many whom I have not so warned, and many days, and some weeks, in which I have done very little this way; and though, I believe, I have done much more that way than most ministers do (I speak not, however, of such as Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Darracott), yet I believe in my conscience I have done much less than my duty required, and I desire to be humbled before God on that account. *I have "laboured most earnestly to procure their assembling frequently for the purpose of serious prayer and general edification;"* but I am sorry to say, there are few instances in which I

have prevailed; though I believe we have three or four societies of this kind, consisting perhaps in all of about thirty persons, perhaps more. If by "*the lambs of Christ*" you mean the children, *I have been careful* in catechising them, assigning some part of more than half the weeks in the year to this care, either public or private, "*in the plainest manner I possibly could,*" and this "*with earnest prayer for, and humble dependence upon the grace and spirit of Christ, to add efficacy to such endeavours.*" All this I write as I would do with a dying hand, and as if my life were to end with my letter. But as to your last query, I frankly acknowledge again, that *I have not spent "three hours in a week," nor two, if you except the persons of my own family, "in treating personally with souls as to their spiritual concerns;"* the cases of the sick also excepted, for that included, I have spent much more. On the whole; therefore, the view I have of the matter is this, that the multitude of necessary business as a tutor, added to that as a writer, and above all, my business as a correspondent, in the multitude of letters which I have had to write, often more than twenty in a week, and some of them large, together with those critical researches which have been necessary to furnish out my Family Expositor, a work which I verily believe may be of great importance for the service of the Church, has taken me off too much from the immediate care of souls in private, and has often prevented my spending so much time in secret devotion as I should otherwise have done. And I believe that God, by the present uncomfortable situation of our affairs, has rebuked me for not having used greater care and resolution in redeeming my time for this purpose. For this I desire to be humbled before him; and, indeed, I see his hand stretched out in a remarkable degree, for since the year 1741, I find more than four hundred persons belonging to our congregation have been removed. Several of these have been numerous



families transplanted by Providence into other places, and several of these were excellent persons, and persons to whom, as a minister, I was remarkably dear, and very useful. Many others have been taken away by death, and, which was particularly affecting, several of them young persons, who had been wrought upon by my ministry but a little before, and promised considerable usefulness in their place. The number of those who have deserted my ministry totally, though continuing in town, has been comparatively but very small.

I have met with some encouragement, though I find my courage and zeal very deficient, especially where I ought to go to such as I have reason to fear are unconverted, which are very far from being the greater part of the auditory, and pleading with them as I ought. I fear there are several families in which prayer is neglected; and I am engaged by promise, at the beginning of the year, to write a letter to a head of a family upon that occasion, which is to be printed and translated immediately into Dutch, and probably into French too, so that many thousands of it, one way and another, will soon be circulated. I desire your particular prayers for me, and those of Mr. Fawcett, and your praying society in this view. I shall be glad of a letter from my good friend Mr. Fawcett, to whom I consider myself as here writing, containing an account of his present success, for which I shall glorify God, as I often pray very expressly for it; and I shall be glad both of his advice and yours, in the present circumstances of affairs, which I have let you into as plainly as possible. I must add one thing, which is that I have a secret hope that these many discouraging circumstances have of late occurred partly to awaken my spirit to greater zeal in labour and fervency in prayer, and partly to make the hand of God the more remarkable in reviving our Sion in its low state; and as it has been very apparent, from many circumstances

in my public ministrations, and private converse of late, that I am under peculiar dejection, as some think, more than I ought to be; this I think will stir up the zeal of some of my brethren, and in that respect, may, I humbly hope, be a means of good.

We join our best regards to your family, and I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend and humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.\*

FROM MR. PARKER.

REV. SIR,

Stoke Newington, Dec. 22, 1748.

I SHOULD have wrote, in answer to your obliging letter, much sooner, but that a cold has settled in my eyes, which has rendered it necessary to spare them, as much as possible, for business of absolute necessity.

Mr. Enoch Watts has desired my assistance in looking over the papers, &c. belonging to my late master. His MSS., which are not many, are left to your care and Mr. Jennings's, as you have been informed, no doubt, long ago. His funeral sermon, preached by Mr. Jennings, with some short memoirs of his life; and the oration, by Mr. Chandler, at the grave, will be published the beginning of next week. The catholic appearance at the Doctor's funeral was ordered according to his own desire.† You know, Sir,

\* An explanation of the circumstances which occasioned this letter will be seen by referring to Dr. Doddridge's letter to Dr. Clark, dated March 1st, 1749.

† The testimony here borne to the catholic spirit of Dr. Watts, by an individual so familiar with his feelings, is a valuable addition to the evidence of liberality his works present. Another circumstance in the conduct of this eminent divine deserves notice. I allude to the noble efforts he made, even towards the close of his life, when every thing was become a labour, to counteract the narrow sentiments then encroaching,

it was his study in life to endeavour to reconcile the several parties of Christians, and when he could no longer speak, his grave read a lecture of MODERATION.

In looking over his papers, I am truly amazed to find what indefatigable pains the good man has taken; his

by a clearer exposition of his views of the doctrine of the Trinity. His remarks on this subject excited at the time the usual explosion of ignorant virulence; and, since his death, the bigots who could not rebut the force of his arguments have foisted a trumped-up story of his having suffered from mental imbecility, upon the world. His letters in this work evince his great bodily weakness and consequent inability of mental exertion for many months before his death; but they show, with equal force, that the integrity of the mental faculties of this great and good man remained to the last moment unimpaired.

It appears that only a portion of the MSS. left by Dr. Watts passed into the hands of Dr. Doddridge, and were prepared by him for the press; of these the most important were "The Second Part of the Improvement of the Mind," and "An Essay on Education." His works were finally arranged by Dr. Jennings, and published in 1753, in six quarto volumes, containing about eight hundred and forty pages each. To this work a sketch of his life is prefixed, and another is given by Dr. Johnson in his Lives of the Poets; and, as these are the best authorities on the subject, the reader will be gratified by the following extracts.

"It is not because there is no surviving friend of the Doctor's, who would willingly pay that respect to his memory as to write the history of his life, that the reader is not gratified, in this respect, with so large a narrative as he would probably desire, but because the Doctor himself, while living, disapproved of it."—"Besides, as the Doctor's feeble state of health, through the greater part of his life, obliged him to pass the most of his time in retirement from the world, not so many incidents and changes occurred in his life (which was, for the most part, led on in one even tract) as generally furnish out a good part of such histories; (and, by the way, makes it truly wonderful how he acquired such a knowledge of the world and of mankind, as appears in his writings; and it shows him to have been a very curious and judicious observer of every thing that lay within his notice)."—"1712—In the month of September he was visited with a violent fever, which broke his constitution, and left such weakness upon his nerves, as continued with him, in some measure, to his dying day. Upon this occasion *prayer was made*, without ceasing, of the church unto God for him; several days of prayer were kept on his account, in which many of his brethren in the ministry assisted, and wrestled earnestly with God for the continuance of so valuable a life; and God has been graciously pleased to answer their prayers, by adding to his life more than thirty-six years; the most of them years, though of

labours are almost miraculous, considering the weak frame and constitution of his body. And it is here that I meet with many strengthening proofs of the perfect integrity and uprightness of his heart in every concern he transacted, both with God and man; and in this view I

feeble health, yet of eminent usefulness to his church and to the world.” —“ In the year 1728 the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen did, in a most respectful manner, and without his knowledge, confer the degree of Doctor in Divinity on him.”—“ The natural strength of his genius, which he cultivated and improved, by a very considerable acquaintance with the most celebrated writers, both ancient and modern, had enriched his mind with a large and uncommon store of just sentiments and useful knowledge of various kinds: for his soul was too noble and large to be confined within narrow limits. He could not be content to leave any path of learning untried; nor to rest in a total ignorance of any science, the knowledge of which might be for his own improvement, or might any ways tend to enlarge his capacity of being useful to others.”—“ Pure and undissembled piety was the settled habit and constant dress of his mind; and, although he loved and enjoyed much retirement, yet did he not thereby contract any thing of an *affected stiffness* or monkish austerity; but, on the contrary, the satisfaction and pleasure that he found in communion with God in solitude made him the more easy and cheerful in his converse with men, and seemed to enlighten his very countenance.”—“ In close connexion with the grace of humility were to be seen his candour and charity, for which he was remarkably eminent.”—“ No party name, nor variety of sentiments in matters of doubtful disputation, nor of practice in modes of worship, could divide him in affection from such as he had reason to hope loved our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.”—“ Though his stature was low, and his bodily presence but weak, yet his preaching was weighty and powerful. There was a certain dignity and spirit in his very aspect, when he appeared in the pulpit, that commanded attention and inspired awe; and, when he spoke, such strains of truly Christian eloquence flowed from his lips, and these so apparently animated with zeal for God and the most tender concern for souls and their everlasting salvation as, one would think, could not easily be slighted or resisted.”

*See Preface to the Works of Dr. Watts.*

“ His (*i. e.* Dr. Watts's) proficiency at school was so conspicuous, that a subscription was proposed for his support at the University; but he declared his resolution to take his lot with the Dissenters. Such he was as every Christian church would rejoice to have adopted. He therefore repaired, in 1690, to an Academy, taught by Mr. Rowe, where he had for his companions and fellow students Mr. Hughes, the poet, and Dr. Horte, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam. Some Latin Essays, supposed

desire, especially, to imitate him, that my end, like his, may be peace.

I find the Northamptonshire ministers have taken the alarm of this awakening providence, and suitably improved it. Neither have the pulpits in London been silent. God

to have been written as exercises at this academy, show a degree of knowledge, both philosophical and theological, such as very few attain by a much longer course of study."—"His method of study was to impress the contents of his books upon his memory, by abridging them; and by interleaving them to amplify one system with supplements from another."—"He was one of the first authors that taught the Dissenters to court attention, by the graces of language."—"To stated and public instruction he added familiar visits and personal application, and was careful to improve the opportunities which conversation offered of diffusing and exercising the influence of religion."—"His tenderness appeared in his attention to children, and to the poor. To the poor, while he lived in the family of his friend, he allowed the third part of his annual revenue; and for children he condescended to lay aside the scholar, the philosopher, and the wit, to write little poems of devotion and systems of instruction, adapted to their wants and capacities, from the dawn of reason through its gradations of advance in the morning of life. Every man acquainted with the common principles of human action, will look with veneration on the writer, who is, at one time, combating Locke, and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year. A voluntary descent from the dignity of science is, perhaps, the hardest lesson that humility can teach."—"Of his philosophical pieces his logic has been received into the universities; and, therefore, wants no private commendation."—"Few books have been perused by me with greater pleasure than his *Improvement of the Mind*. \* \* \* \* \* Whoever has the care of instructing others, may be charged with deficiency, if this book is not recommended."—"Few men have left behind such purity of character or such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons, to the enlightened readers of Malbranche and Locke; he has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature unexamined; he has taught the art of reasoning, and the science of the stars."—"As a poet, had he been only a poet, he would, probably, have stood high among the authors with whom he is now associated. For his judgment was exact, and he noted beauties and faults with very nice discernment; his imagination, as the *Dacian Battle* proves, was vigorous and active, and the stores of knowledge were large, by which his imagination was to be supplied. His ear was well tuned, and his diction was elegant and copious."—See "*The Lives of the most Eminent English Poets, with Critical Observations on their Works, by Samuel Johnson*," vol. iv.

grant that we who value the memory of this great and good man, by his remove, may be more weaned from our attachment to the world which he has left, and more animated in our preparations for that to which he is gone.

I am, honoured Sir,

Your very obliged though unworthy Servant,

JOSEPH PARKER.

P. S. Lady and Miss Abney are well.

FROM THE REV. NATHANIEL LARDNER, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

London, Dec. 31, 1748.

I THINK I did as good as make a promise to send you some remarks upon the third volume of your *Family Expositor*. I hope you will, of your own goodness, apologise for the long delay of performing it. You have happily thrown a great deal of light upon the *Acts of the Apostles*. I am particularly obliged to you for the honourable mention which you have been pleased to make of me upon many occasions. I likewise thank you for asserting and confirming the opinion, that the Jews had not *Jus Gladii* in the time of our Saviour. I am, also, well pleased to see how clear you keep of the now common opinion about *Proselytes of the Gate*, and how you, at sometimes, overthrow it by good reasons. Nevertheless, I shall take the liberty to observe a few particulars, about which I hesitate, as also some other things.

Page 18. Note (k.) You say, with many others, that there was then no *must*, or *new wine*. But where wines are made, they have two sorts of *must*, that very new, and some a little older, but not so fit for drinking as when a

year old, or more. I shall refer to a passage or two of *Augustin. de Hæres. Manichæorum*, c. 46: *Nec musti aliquid vel recentissimi sorbent.* Therefore there were two sorts of must. And *De Morib. Manich.* l. 2. c. 44. *Nam musto recentiore perversitas sensuum citius solet accidere.*

Page 56, 57. "*Holy Child Jesus.*" Methinks, that would be better rendered *holy Son Jesus*, or *sacred Servant Jesus*. The original word naturally bears those senses. You know how the Romanists frequently paint Jesus in arms: and that they pay a wonderful devotion to the *child*, or *infant*, Jesus. Whereas, at speaking those words, Jesus was exalted.

Page 78. *Neglected*: *παρεθεωρηντο.* I have a notion that word signifies *overlooked*, or quite *omitted* and neglected. But I want authorities for that sense, and shall be glad, if you meet with them, to be favoured with an account of them by you.

Page 82. There is an interpretation of *libertines*, which you and I, and all our authors have neglected. But I may not stay to give a particular account of it.

Page 130. Note (l.) I do not see any proof, that the eunuch was baptized by *immersion*. Nor were you under any necessity of allowing it. He and Philip went out of the chariot to the water, and stood in the water, and Philip poured some of the water upon him. To be baptized in the chariot was unbecoming the solemnity of the ordinance. It was proper to go out, and stand, and make a solemn profession of faith, and be initiated by Philip. All the reasonings of Mr. B. and others, for immersion, taken from the eunuch's getting out of the chariot, have appeared to me inconclusive, not to say weak and trifling. Nor do I see reason to think that John the Baptist used immersion, but rather otherwise. The frequent use of *bathing* in those countries is a consideration of little moment here. Men might so wash themselves. But among all the washings

and purifications in the Old Testament, there is not, I suppose, one instance of any person being dipped or immersed by another. It is contrary to decency, and to the respect we owe to one another. As for the baptism of Jewish Proselytes, I take it to be a mere fiction of the Rabbins, by whom we have suffered ourselves to be often imposed upon.

Page 130. Note (m.) Concerning the Spirit's falling upon the eunuch. I take that to be a bold addition, or interpolation of the critic that modelled the Alex. MS., or the copies from which it was taken. I refer you to R. Wetstein's Praef. page 4, to the second edition of Mastricht's, or Wetstein's New Testament, Amst. 1735, who says of the writer of that manuscript, *omnia denique pro lubitu interpolavit, &c.* Whatever probability there may be that the eunuch did then, or sometime after, receive the Spirit; I think that clause not to be any part of the New Testament. Notwithstanding what I have said, undoubtedly the Alexandrian Manuscript is an invaluable treasure.

Page 243. Ch. xv. v. 29. Note (s.) I think you justly look upon that equitable rule to be an *interpolation* in that place; and I believe that, if you had recollected what I have offered relating to it, in the chapter of St. Cyprian, vol. iv. pages 771, 772, and page 780—798, particularly from 798 to 810, you would have referred to it. I thought then that I had good reason to take a great deal of pains about the right reading of that text.

Page 2 of *Addit. Notes*, No. 3. is a beautiful passage, but, perhaps, too severe upon the ancient heretics. You remember the words there cited are not the words of Eusebius himself, but of another writer of no great importance. And the persons, whom he treats so roughly and harshly, admitted the New Testament and the Christian Revelation, though they had difficulties about the Old Testament, which they were not able to solve, and which, perhaps,



were not well solved for them by others. Yea, as it seems, there were not many of them who totally rejected the Old Testament. I have taken notice of this passage, vol. iii. p. 43—48.

I have now written a long letter, which, if you please, you may look over at some leisure hour; and even then I wish it may not prove tedious. You will be so good as to excuse bad writing.

I have not yet read Dr. *Middleton's* new book about the Miraculous Powers in the church. I was of a different opinion from him, but must review it. I imagine you can, without difficulty, refer me to some passages in Eusebius relating to that matter, with regard to extraordinary assistances of martyrs in his time, and some other things. I should be glad of the favour of your references to what you judge the most material passages of this kind in that author.

I have read the first volume of Mr. Bower's History of the Popes, and am much pleased with it. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere and affectionate Friend and humble Servant,

N. LARDNER.

FROM THE REV. J. BARKER.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Jan. 7, 1749.

IT is no small satisfaction for me to hear, that in any thing I comfort you, who have so many times instructed, refreshed, and comforted me. I know nothing in this world more suited to teach, console and enlarge a pious mind, than your Epositor, and feel a sensible joy at hearing you have completed it.\* A noble work, my dear friend, to be

\* That is, the first copy of it. "In reflecting upon the series of events of the last year (1748), I find great reason to acknowledge the wonder-

“squeezed out of a stone, or spawned by an oyster.” I should much sooner expect to see blood squeezed out of a post, or believe the miraculous feats of Simeon Stylites. Well! since what I say has such an effect, as to extort from you what nobody can believe, I will have done with my humiliations before you, and make them where I am sure they can never be low enough.

The success of your labours, and the spread of your writings in this and into far distant countries, my dear friend and fellow-labourer in the service of our common Lord, I most heartily rejoice in, and both entreat and charge you to accept the honour done you by your great Master. Take the comfort of it, and set it against the envious efforts of low and little minds, and the feeble darts of straw which they shoot against your person and character, and use it as a visible encouragement to proceed with vigour and resolution in a cause where your service is so acceptable.

Had you diminished yourself into any thing alive, ever so little removed from a vegetable, I know not whether you had not made me vain, when you likened me to Mr. Howe: not for piety, learning, and greatness of mind (for they admit of no comparison), but for “his manner of preaching, only with a more natural and easy style:” if what I do will admit of any comparison, then I have not laboured altogether in vain, that having been the ambitious endeavour of a great part of my life.

I am much disappointed in Mr. Jennings’s sermon: I think, instead of taking a most noble opportunity of doing

ful goodness of God to me in various respects, as to my person, in the continuance of my health to such a degree, that since this day two years, when I began the Family Expositor on Romans, I have, through the divine goodness, been enabled every day to do something at that great and important work; so that most exactly, according to my computation, I finished it last night; that is, finished the *first copy* of the translation, paraphrase, and improvements, and have proceeded in the notes as far as Ephesians.”

*From Dr. Doddridge’s Reflections on the opening of the new year, 1749.*

our mourning hearts good upon that sad occasion,\* he has put us off with a dry, if not even with a doubtful criticism.

Mr. Cutler acquainted me with Dr. Stonhouse's taking his place with you and your Church at the Lord's table without your knowledge. An action somewhat singular, and perhaps not quite orderly. But suppose he had come into your vestry, and not asked, but *demand*ed a place at the table of our common Lord, upon the foundation of our common Christianity, I fancy you would not have refused him. I think in like circumstances I could not have dared to have done it; for that table is *not mine, or yours, or any man's*, but Christ's.†

But now, dear sir, as for you, and my other good friends, who so kindly and piously pray for me, and the dear partner of my cares and joys, I most affectionately and gratefully commend to God, and pray for you all, that he would bless you with the benefits of Christ's redemption, the sanctifying influences of the Divine Spirit, a comforting sense of his special love, a convenient passage through the world, a calm and easy passage out of it, the immediate happiness of your departing spirits, a blessed resurrection, and a glorious immortality. I am

Yours, faithfully and most affectionately,

J. BARKER.

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FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Million-Bank, Feb. 8, 1748.

MR. JACKSON just now calling in, and informing me he had an opportunity of conveying a letter to Northampton in a

\* The death of Dr. Watts.

† The Nonconformist will feel this passage to be important; his principles will not admit him to question the truth of the last observation; and, it will be recollected, that a precedent is given, which, if followed in certain instances, would effectually crush that inquisitorial spirit, which even *Dissenting Church Societies* may sometimes betray.

parcel that he was sending thither, I immediately determined to send you a list of Dr. Watts's manuscripts,\* in order that you may consider with yourself and consult Mr. Jennings, when and how they shall be delivered to you.

Our united very affectionate salutations attend yourself, lady, and family, and I am,

Rev. Sir,

Your most faithful, humble Servant,

N. NEAL.

\* List of the Manuscripts of Dr. Isaac Watts, which are disposed of in covers or cases, under the following titles, viz.—

I. Psalmody.

II. Of the Trinity, a modest defence of inquiries into truth.

III. Two Essays on the Lord's Prayer.

IV. Essays and Remarks on Texts of Scripture. The words in which we should confess our Faith. The Diamond painted. Of Catechisms. A Case of Conscience. Figure of a Cherub.

V. Essays relating to the Trinity, viz.—1. An Inquiry into the Scriptural Representation of the Father, the Word, and the Spirit. 2. Of the proper Athanasian Scheme of the Trinity. 3. The Holy Spirit the true God. 4. The ill Effects of incorporating the Divine Doctrine of the Trinity with the human Explications of it.

VI. Remnants of Time employed in Prose and Verse, or short Compositions on various Subjects, viz.—1. Of Human Knowledge, and the various kinds of it. 2. The Rake Reformed in the House of Mourning. 3. An Apology for enlarging Dr. Young's Description of the Peacock. 4. Justice and Grace. 5. Bills of Exchange. 6. The Ever blessed God. 7. Vanity inscribed on all Things. 8. The Day of Grace. 9. God and Nature unsearchable. 10. The Repeal. 11. The Saints unknown in this World. 12. Complaint and Hope, a Poem. 13. Heathen Poesy Christianized. 14. General Song of Praise to God. 15. To Amyntas, an Ode to Lady Sunderland. 16. To Philanthropus. 17. The Windmills. 18. A Sinner Tempted to Despair. 19. Redemption, a Poem. 20. Of Confinement to set Forms of Worship. 21. Appendix to foregoing Essay.

VII. A Faithful Inquiry after the Ancient and Original Doctrine of the Trinity, taught by Christ and his Apostles. In two Parts. The first part inquires so far as is necessary to Salvation. The second part so far as may improve our Christian Knowledge, and establish our Faith; and the objections of both are answered in a plain and easy manner, derived only from the Word of God.

VIII. The Improvement of the Mind, second Part.

## FROM THE REV. R. PEARSALL.\*

REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,

Taunton, Feb. 9, 1749.

MY good brother Darracott having communicated to me what you have written to him, and telling me at the same time that he was to write to you under a frank, you will excuse my indulging myself in writing to you; and if I only express a little of the honour and affection with which my pulse beats high, and lay myself before you as one that needs, desires, and puts a high regard upon your prayers, a purpose may be answered.

As the complaints you make carry in them the marks of sorrow, I have learned to sympathise with you; though I think, at the same time, you have abundant cause for thanksgiving. God has greatly advanced you by the situation he has given you in his church, which is his house; he has set you high above most that he has made stewards there, and there are a great many who will call you their spiritual father at the great day of manifestation;—remarkable power has gone forth with many of the Gospel reports which you have uttered;—if He now withholds the efficacious influence, sure he may do what he will with his own; and you know such dispensations may subserve very important ends. I do not say it is to humble, but it may be partly to keep low. How much pride is there in some? and in the best, is it not a poisonous weed, that will spring up unless ever trampled down? We all allow, that in the success that attends our ministrations the power is of God, and not of man; and yet, if any other heart is half as bad as mine, how ready is it to assume something to itself that does not belong to it? Perhaps the Lord may see that the

\* The circumstances of which Dr. Doddridge had complained, and which occasioned this letter from Mr. Pearsall, are related at page 109.

most *thorough* conviction is to be attained by us in the experience of grief for a time; and when the most intimate fibres of this accursed, sacrilegious corruption are extirpated, and we are brought to preach the pure Gospel, with the most single eye, and the most explicit and steady dependence, the God of all grace may draw nigh, and cause a good minister to see that he comes in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.

When I consider the thing in itself, I am induced to wonder that any, who have a savour of piety, should desert your ministry. But then, I think, had not the blessed apostle the same trial? Were there not many that had received him as an angel, and would have even plucked out their eyes, and have given them to him, who were estranged from him? But your soul has been carried above these things; may it be so more entirely. May your faith fix your eye most attentively upon your Lord, who bore so much contradiction, and upon his dear Apostles, who preached the Gospel with much contention. May you ever feel yourself most deeply impressed by the eye of your Master, as it is ever upon you; your soul spirited by the testimony of a good conscience, and your breast warmed with love to Jesus, and a sense of his love; and thus may you proceed, ever abounding in the work of the Lord. My dear friend, even you, with all your superior light, judgment, and grace, must know a little, that the place in which you labour is a soil wherein there are clods, for which your arms are too weak; some that will not be gathered even by you; and thus it has ever been with the choicest ministers. I dare say, those discouragements have already answered a good purpose; perhaps, they have been the means of seasoning your spirit to some farther degrees of spirituality; perhaps, they have made you to speak more in the way of a holy simplicity when preaching the cross of Jesus Christ; and, perhaps, you have entered deeper into hearts when preach-

ing the experiences of souls. But, perhaps, if we go no farther for a reason, we may find it in the account you had received, or were to receive, from abroad, of the spread of your printed works. The Apostle himself, when he was so highly favoured with visions and revelations, soon found a thorn in the flesh, which some have, not improbably, imagined might be the rising of the false apostles; and this, even that humble Apostle looked upon as designed to *prevent* pride; “*Lest I should be exalted above measure, &c.*” Consider, Sir, the Lord has done you more honour than even any man in your day; there is no one whose works have been translated into such various languages, and have had so wide a spread. Methinks, I cannot but apply to you those words, “Thou art a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name among the Gentiles.” Among the Dutch, the French, and Germans! O, Sir, while this honour is so extraordinary, it is a great trial of your humility. I know you will adore, with a profound prostration of soul, and say, that by the grace of God you are what you are; that every part of your furniture, both in head, heart, and elocution, comes from on high: go on to do so, and it will be a token for good, that the Lord will do more still by you.

Still you say, while God has so owned you abroad, yet you would be the *immediate* instrument of converting, &c. And I doubt not but it is a noble ambition that glows in your breast, and I trust the Lord will gratify you in your gracious desires: but if he should not, comfort yourself with this, that he has not only wrought by you this way already more than by most, but is peculiarly, in two ways, making you extensively useful: the one is by your printed works, both in England and beyond the seas, so that no one living can so properly apply those words, *quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?* By these you are not only preaching with a loud voice indeed, but will be doing so after your own translation to Heaven. The other is, by

your being the instrument of *begetting* so many fathers, if I may use the expression. And if you look no farther than Mr. Fawcett, and Mr. Darracott, you may say, "My heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth." The greater things God does by them, the more exuberant may your joy be, as your blessed, happy, honoured hand, formed and fashioned them for the service of the sanctuary: I think two of the most successful ministers among us.

O, Sir, if there are any bowels of mercy for others (and I know you have a large heart), pray for me; do it by name. God has not left us, but graciously gives us some tokens of his presence; entreat that he will quicken my soul, fill it with the most pure and ardent breathings; strengthen my hands, and if he sees best, recruit frail nature, which is evidently sinking, and causes me to think of Gideon's motto, "Faint, yet pursuing."

I am almost ashamed of the freedom I have taken; but you know I love you, and should be glad to sit at your feet as a learner. Humble service to your lady, and to young Mr. Middlecott. O, take pains with that young man, to form him to Gospel principles and real holiness.

I am, most Worthy Sir,

Your most Respectful Servant,

R. PEARSALL.

TO SAMUEL CLARK, D.D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,                      Northampton, March 1, 1749.  
 WHAT you wrote in your last of Moore's conduct surprised and grieved me. He was strictly examined by two of my pupils, who well knew Professor Hutchinson and his family, and he gave them such satisfaction, that, believing him to



be a relation of that celebrated person, I too readily took the rest for granted, and, moved by the tragical story he told me, carried my regard for him farther than I wish I had done. Indeed I have been so often imposed upon, that I am the less excusable in this instance, and have very little but the goodness of my intentions to plead in my behalf.

The letter which I sent you from Mr. Williams was occasioned by one of mine to good Mr. Darracott, of Wellington, in Somersetshire, which I wrote under some discouragements that I met with at my return from London, by the desertion of five of our members to the Moravians, who have left their places at the Lord's table, and have, most of them, entirely withdrawn, as another of our members has done, who is gone to College Lane. So very few had also been admitted to the Lord's table for many months, and so many breaches had been made by deaths and removes that it struck me very much; and the great regard I have for the prayers of Mr. Darracott and Mr. Pearsall, of whose great success in their ministry I had just heard, engaged me to open myself so much the more freely to them, nor did the plainness which Mr. Williams used with me on this occasion displease me.

I bless God I have had some encouragement of late, which, in some measure, balances those complaints; and would by no means deny the reason I have always had to bless God on account of several of my people, in whom there is as much of the power of religion as I have any where known in such circumstances of life: and it was plain to me that Mr. Williams considered the matter as worse than it really was. Four persons stand now proposed to our communion, and I hope more are near coming in. One of these is the good widow Stevens, and a most valuable and amiable Christian.

I am much better pleased with Mr. Milner's Funeral Sermon for Dr. Watts, than Mr. Jennings's. Mr. Gibbons's Elegiac Poem has undoubtedly some very striking beauties, but I think it had been better had Gabriel spoken less.

Having now received the translation of my First Letter to the Protestants of the United Provinces, I beg your acceptance of it. I have also one of Colonel Gardiner's Life, which is very literal, and generally elegant; but the French version of the Rise and Progress is to pass under an accurate examination before it is published, which, though it will of course retard it for some time, will, I doubt not, on the whole, make amends for the delay.

I supped last night with Sir Thomas Birch, who is come hither to hold the assizes. He tells me that several of the Bishops endeavoured to have White's Third Letter suppressed, as unfriendly to the scheme of a Comprehension, which he thinks they desire, but that Sherlock insists on having all the objections brought in at once. I think it would be much better to reform things certainly amiss in the Establishment, whether any Dissenters are brought in or not.

I am so pressed with business, and straitened for time, chiefly through the multitudes of letters I am obliged to write, that I have not had an opportunity of despatching two or three little things which I intended for the press about this time; particularly a Sermon to Children, and a Letter on Family Religion. It is very little I can read, and how I shall prepare for the press the second volume of Dr. Watts's Improvement of the Mind I cannot imagine; but Mr. Neal seems to think it must devolve on me to finish it. Should it be so, I shall beg your assistance, and hope you will come and read the manuscript here, and give me your thoughts of it, that I may note them down without giving you the trouble of writing. I shall carefully distin-

guish the additions from the original; but Mr. Neal thinks it will be necessary that some hints he has left should be taken up, and the book finished, and not published as a Fragment.

Since I wrote this I have received news of your amendment, and we are rejoiced to hear it. I know how to pity the pain of the toothache, though I am no judge of its comparative acuteness in respect of the gout. May all we suffer advance us in our preparation for that world where there is no more pain. But I have detained you too long, and am summoned away, and must therefore take my leave, hoping, that as you can now ride, we shall have the pleasure of your company before the vacation begins, which will be very highly welcome and delightful to us all, and particularly to,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged

P. DODDRIDGE.

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FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Million Bank, March 5, 1749.

THIS morning I was with Lady Abney on the subject of your writing Dr. Watts's life; and am now to acquaint you with her sentiments, in concurrence with my own; which are, that very few materials are likely to be found, and those that may be, must not be communicated to you immediately; Dr. Jennings having declined writing the life merely, or principally, for want of materials, which he has inquired for, particularly of Lady Abney. The booksellers therefore must have patience, or they will precipitate us into a crude and imprudent conduct. In the mean

time, be assured we shall not be unmindful of assisting you in the execution of the design, and are well pleased with the hands it is fallen into; and propose you should take an opportunity of letting Dr. Jennings know, in a letter, that being informed he and Mr. Price have declined it, you have agreed to undertake it, provided you can be furnished with any materials proper for the purpose; and the rather, as you have been already solicited on this head by some of your friends in foreign countries.

I was very sensible the second part of Dr. Watts's Improvement of the Mind would fall short of your expectation, as a finished piece, and therefore was the more desirous it should be soon conveyed to you. And now it is in your hands, I can more freely say that I think it, in all respects, imperfect, in matter and form. Taken together, it wants to be digested, in some parts reduced, in others (it may be) enlarged, in all methodized, connected, and polished. There appeared to me to be many minute things (particularly under the head of education) dwelt upon, that ought to have been only lightly touched, if at all mentioned. There is no supporting an author's character with men of parts and genius, if observations are introduced for the sake of those who have none; and, perhaps, there is no greater delicacy to be discovered in all the compass of writing, than by preserving a becoming dignity of sentiment and style in the treating of a trite or familiar subject.

High as Dr. Watts's talents were esteemed by me, I think you should make no difficulty of taking such liberties as may seem to you necessary; nay you seem expressly warranted to do it, by the paper left with the manuscripts. You are not laying before the world his opinion on doubtful and disputed points, but his illustrations of acknowledged ones; and the defects in those illustrations did not arise from his want of ability to discern or rectify them, but to

the works remaining unfinished, till the decays of his bodily constitution disabled him from exerting those abilities.

The second shock of the earth, which was felt this day sevensnight has given a great alarm in the city. I could only wish that those who have most reason to consider it as a judgment did not merely dread it as a melancholy event, that has no particular voice in it. Many families are flying out of town to their country houses, so that the places of public diversion are likely to be less frequented; not because they are dangerous to their virtue, but (as they apprehend) to their safety; and in hopes, as it should seem, that their guilt will be too swift or remote for the Divine vengeance. However, some, I would hope, who are using the same means of safety (for there is a prevailing expectation of another earthquake in a month's time) have a juster sense of their own duty and God's omnipotence. The shaking was felt every where in London, and seven or ten miles around it, and was undoubtedly very violent, and some lights, or flashes of fire, were seen in the heavens for some time before; but so few people, except of the lower sort, were up to observe them, that I cannot get any very particular and certain account concerning them. The notion of its being merely an airquake I can by no means embrace: for, supposing the convulsion to have been in the atmosphere, it certainly shook the earth also; and as to the noise that is said to have accompanied it, I cannot yet satisfy myself, from any person who was in the open air, that the same noise was heard by them, as we apprehended, who were in the buildings that were shaken.

I am as destitute of ability to return the praise you bestow on me, as I am undeserving of it; though had I any talent of that kind, I have so superior a subject, on which to exercise it, and in your correspondence such masterly instruction.

I rejoice in Mrs. Doddridge's recovery. Our united salutations wait on your whole family. I am,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Most faithfully and affectionately yours,

N. NEAL.

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL WOOD, D.D.

Norwich, March 20, 1749.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

WERE it not for the great demands of duty which grow upon me, I should not be able to bear the reproaches of my own heart, for having suffered my dear Dr. Doddridge's last affectionate letter to remain thus long unanswered. I wonder frequently, my dear friend, how you, in your elevated station, where the demands of duty are so various, can be able ever to go through them with that exactness and fidelity with which I know you do. But, as Providence has called you to such distinguished services, God has given you equal furniture of mind, and made his grace sufficient for you. In this I greatly rejoice, for notwithstanding your own humility, your friends know of how great importance your life and labours are to the world; a *Henry*, a *Watts*, and a *Doddridge*, are not found in every age to bless the Church. I will not say how much we have of the two first eminent Christian ministers in our dear *Doddridge*, but I am sure of this, that while he lives we shall not very sensibly know their loss or that of any other eminent divine; I know it will give your heart uneasiness to be mentioned with such company, and yet I cannot help saying what I do: I am sorry that a treasure of so much importance to religion depends upon the uncertain life of one dear gentle-

man, and sometimes the thought overpowers me till I can gain respite enough to derive consolation from the perpetuity and all-sufficiency of a glorious Redeemer, who is compassionately concerned for his own interest, and is able to qualify others with abilities to carry it forward as seems good to his infinite wisdom. The loss of such as *Mr. Scott* once was, *Mr. Hobden*, *Dr. Watts*, and to you I will not scruple also to mention with these honoured names, my dear uncle, of Woodbridge. I say, dear Sir, the loss these and other ministers of celebrated note has frequently made a painful impression upon my heart, and, in such gloomy moments, my thoughts (whether I would or not) have immediately gone to *Northampton*. Oh! my dear friend, may the God of Heaven bless you in all that variety wherein you want the blessings of the Almighty! May your *health* be continued, may your happy *family* be blessed, may your *academy* be prospered, may your *ministrations* among the people be succeeded, and may *all your labours* be crowned abundantly, to the enriching the souls of many thousands in these and other countries. Often, dear Sir, do I hear your name mentioned with gratitude and joy for the instruction and important services which your books have yielded. We are sensible, Sir, to whom the honour is principally due; but then we also bless that Divine goodness which has raised up such an instrument, and it is both natural and lawful for us highly to love and venerate any one who is the means of so much benefit.

I think of you every day, and fail not to recommend you, in my feeble way, to the Father of mercies. If, indeed, any one could hope to escape the virulence of censure, I truly think a gentleman so *candid and catholic* as *Dr. Doddridge* might put in a claim for exemption; but no general ever yet headed an army and led them on to the charge without being peculiarly exposed; and it is natural

to conceive that any one fighting in the *front*, who stands *nearer* an enemy, and to *fuller* view, is more *open to injuries* than others. Oh, dear Sir, may a good God grant you all seasonable supplies of grace, and endue you with strength, courage, and ability, as hitherto, to sustain bravely, and repulse all the attacks of your enemies!

There is one observation which I have made; that of late years (and, I think, at *Norwich* more than any where I ever was) there are multitudes of very *disconsolate Christians*; i. e. I find that both *in* our churches and *out* of them, there are those who carry about with them the most pregnant marks of an undissembled piety, who are yet very *gloomy and melancholy*, and subject to the most *painful hesitations* with regard to their eternal interests; I have always met with such, but I think never in so great an abundance as of *later* years. I have often been puzzled at such a disposition; and though I could find many ends to be answered by it, yet I could not but apprehend that there might be some standing reason with God for all this, which I had not yet met withal, and which I could not but apprehend must be judged a sufficient reason, when found out. I know very well how much *indolence* and *supineness of heart* introduce *indifference*, and this brings on a *spiritual decay*; and I have, in my own case (alas! too often) found, as well as by observations made on the case of others, that the *committing of sin*, or *omitting of duty*, has drawn a cloud over a person's evidences, and obliged God, in vindication of his injured honour, awfully to withdraw and hide his face: but then, dear Sir, I have often and daily found it (of late years especially) to be the case with some most *diligent, watchful, and wakeful Christian* to walk much in *darkness*. It is very manifest that these forms of treatment produce much *increase in self-knowledge*, and this self-knowledge leads into deep *abasement*



and self *condemnation* (the very essence of an evangelical *humility*), and such a view of ourselves must needs inform us of our own *weakness* and *insufficiency*. These things, I think, are true; I have, therefore, lately been thinking concerning these methods of God's treatment.

Adieu, adieu, dear Sir! May God, from on high, bless you!

NATHANIEL WOOD.

FROM HENRY COTTON, M. D.\*

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,      St. Albans, April 29, 1749.

I AM very much obliged to you for your late tender instances of condescension and friendship. The comfort and advice which you most kindly administer are extremely acceptable, and I heartily pray God to give them their due weight. For my own part, I am, and have long been, abundantly persuaded that no system but that of Christianity is able to sustain the soul amidst all the difficulties and distresses of life. The consolations of philosophy are at best only specious trifles—all cold and impotent applications indeed to the bleeding heart! But the religion of Jesus, like its gracious and benevolent Author, is an inexhaustible source of comfort in this world, and of everlasting rapture in the next.

I presume humbly to hope that the Supreme Being will support me under my affliction; and I most earnestly entreat that he will sanctify my sorrows to every gracious purpose.

What the mind feels upon such a painful divorce, none can adequately know but those who have had the bitter ex-

\* Dr. Cotton was the author of "Visions in Verse, for the Instruction of younger Minds," and some other pleasing poems. He died at St. Albans, August 2, 1788, where he had long resided, beloved and respected as a skilful and attentive physician.

perience of this sad solemnity. However, delicate and worthy minds will readily point out to themselves something unutterably soft and moving upon the separation of two hearts, whose only division was their lodgment in two breasts.

I am extremely indebted to your lady for her kind sympathy with me in my sorrows; and the only return that I can make, either to herself or her consort, is my hearty prayer that the dissolution of their happy union may be at a very distant period.

I am, with the highest esteem, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

H. COTTON.

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FROM R. CRUITENDEN, ESQ.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Bunhill Fields, May 8, 1749.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving your very obliging letter; and find by it that you are resolved, whether we will or not, to make a couple of very vain, and, consequently, very silly creatures of my wife and myself: and, to confess the truth, at least with regard to *one*, the ease with which you are likely to succeed in this design will very much lessen your reputation in effecting it. To persuade a person to what he has no mind to believe will, indeed, require some skill and address; but to cultivate such a passion in a heart so susceptible of it as mine may be done by a much weaker hand than Dr. Doddridge's, and, therefore, is not worth the pains you have been at about it. To assist nature in the production of a weed, which a wise man, if he knew how, would rather wish rooted out of his ground, seems to me a very unlikely way to raise the character of a gardener, however the noxious thing may thrive under his cultiva-

tion. You will not therefore take it amiss, that I assure you I can be proud enough without your assistance.

However, since you are resolved that I shall have qualities which I have never been able to discover, let it be so; and for the future I will endeavour to believe that I do not yet know my own abilities so well as you do! This resolution has led me, this morning, to consider what advantages a man might derive from a good opinion of himself, for till I am convinced that it is likely to be of some service, I shall hardly venture the ill consequences which frequently attend such a temper of mind. Now here I have not been a little assisted by a maxim often practised by physicians, that "*one poison may be applied with success to drive out another:*" as this is an agreed case in the disorders of the body, so I please myself that I have found out a way to render it equally useful in the distempers of the mind, of which pride is certainly a very dangerous one. I am convinced it will be a vain attempt to destroy this passion, especially in a heart where it has taken such deep root as in mine: the next thing then is, since it will thrive, to inquire what use we can make of it for the destruction of some other disorder. It may perhaps require a more skilful hand than mine to regulate the dose; but I cannot help thinking that a proper proportion of this passion may, with good success, be applied to eradicate another yet more destructive to the peace of the human mind, and more fatal to the good of society. The distemper I aim at is generally known by the name of envy; a vile, tormenting passion, which, as it is founded in an idea of another's supposed superiority to me, must necessarily decrease as the principle which first gave it being, and the food which afterwards nourishes it, is removed. To justify this method of practice, I am obliged to have recourse to another physical maxim, which will equally hold true in the diseases of the mind. "*Take away the cause, and the effect will cease*

*of itself.*" If this be true, I think the consequence I would draw from it cannot be denied, that the higher any man rises in the opinion of his own abilities, the less danger he is in of being uneasy at those of others.

It is not that my neighbour is handsome, or wise, or eloquent, which gives that pain which I feel from this passion; he may be so, and much good may it do him, without hurting me, so long as his beauty and wisdom and eloquence preserve a proper subordination to mine: let me only maintain the superiority, and he shall shine, and welcome, in these or any other gifts of nature and endowments of mind. Now as, perhaps, it may be difficult for me to attain this superiority in reality, all that remains to be done is to fill up the deficiency by throwing into the contrary scale a sufficient quantity of pride, a commodity always at hand to supply any defect, thus the cure will be effected,

"And Envy gnaw her forky tongue, and die."

Now, dear Sir, does not that man richly deserve to be sick, who has so easy, so cheap, and, at the same time, so pleasant a remedy always at hand, and yet will not take it?

For my own part I am already grown so fond of my nostrum that, if the public papers were not already preengaged by my brother quacks, I should be in danger of appearing in print for the good of my countrymen, or, at least, with views quite as disinterested as theirs; but this avenue to fame and public service is unhappily stopped up; give me leave to go on in the praises of my medicine.

I say then in the next place that as it is cheap, and pleasant in the taking, so it is likewise quite safe and innocent in its operation; at least all the damage that can arise from it can only affect myself. What injury can Mr. Pope's memory receive by my imagining myself a much better poet? or will Sir Isaac Newton's reputation in any way suffer if I should tell the world that he did not understand ma-

thematics quite so well as I do? or to ask a more interesting question, can the character of our late dear and honoured friend Dr. Watts be in any real danger, because Mr. Bradbury rails at him in the pulpit, and is preparing to attack him from the press? It is true, the world possibly may not entirely enter into his sentiments or mine; but that only shows the harmlessness of the remedy, which gives me peace in my own mind, and at the same time hurts nobody. This brings to my remembrance the story of a philosopher at Athens (the ignorance or envy of his contemporaries has handed him down under the opprobrious character of a madman), who used to suppose himself a man of great wealth, by taking an account of all the ships which arrived in port, with their respective cargoes, and supposing them all to be his own. Now, Sir, let me ask those detractors from this great man's reputation, whether, in the first place, he was not quite as happy as if they had really been so? and, secondly, whether any person was the worse for his happiness, which cost nobody a groat?

If then any real detriment attends the encouraging a vain opinion of a man's self, it can possibly affect none but himself. And if even that objection (the only one that can be urged against my present scheme) be fairly weighed in the balance, even that will be found wanting. It has been asserted, indeed, that self conceit, arising from some imaginary qualities, which we really have not, will be an effectual way to prevent our ever attaining them: for why should a man give himself needless trouble in the pursuit of a thing he takes it for granted he has already? To clear up this difficulty, let it be considered in the first place, that without this good opinion I am contending for, and which a man must previously form of himself, there will be no encouragement to industry: for why should a man be at the pains of seeking a thing, which he is already convinced he has no talents to obtain? What man, who feels

himself invincibly a blockhead, would undergo the fatigue necessary to make him a scholar!

But let the inconvenience objected to be allowed, the persons who can possibly suffer by this mistaken apprehension of themselves are so few, that it can never balance the advantages which result from the remedy I am recommending, and that for this obvious reason. Such as have generally the greatest share of *self-conceit* are really incapable of obtaining any other excellence than what they thus form out of their own imagination; and, consequently, the supposition I am contending for, that they are very wise, and learned already, only saves them the needless trouble of spending their time to no purpose, and concluding the vain laborious attempt with the words of a very great man upon his death bed. *Heu! vitam perdidit, operose nihil agendo.* It was a just observation of Socrates, that as his mother, though a skilful midwife, could not deliver a woman who was not with child, so neither could he, by all his instructions, teach that man wisdom who wanted the first stamina on which any improvement could be grafted. If this be the case, and, I believe, I may appeal to experience for the truth of it, the persons in danger of suffering by their pride can be but very few; as this passion will seldom thrive any where but in an empty head incapable of any real excellence, or better quality. Mr. Pope, I think, in his Essay on Criticism, calls pride "the never-failing vice of fools." It seems, indeed, designed as an equivalent for their being so.

These reflections naturally lead me to consider another advantage arising from this temper of mind, and that of the highest consequence to human happiness. It reconciles a man to himself in every circumstance of life. It may not, indeed, be in my power to be rich or wise, or witty or learned, just as I have a mind to it, but by the help of this innocent imposition, I can not only make myself master of

all these advantages, but in any degree too that I choose to possess them. I have somewhere met with two lines which express what I mean in stronger terms than I can myself. The author, indeed, applies them to madness in general, but I shall take the liberty of making use of them for my present purpose.

—————“ There is a pleasure sure in being mad,  
Which none but madmen know.”

I have the honour to be acquainted with a gentleman of this happy turn of mind, and it has carried him with great serenity and comfort through a life of extreme poverty and contempt. The first of these evils, which proves so insupportable to vulgar minds, he despises with the temper of a philosopher; and when (as alas! is frequently the case) he does not know where to get a dinner, he can make a hearty meal on the contemplation of his own merit! He has just learning enough to know that this has been the fate of great men in all ages, and therefore esteems it a necessary tax paid for the superiority of his understanding to those favourites of fortune who enjoy the luxury of a hot dinner every day in the week. The benevolence of his mind has led him to several attempts in his younger years for the reformation and improvement of the world, as (to make use of a phrase of his own, in one of his most boasted performances) “ *he esteems himself sent into it to teach men the use of their reason.*” It is true he has hitherto failed in his expectations of service either to others or himself: most of his productions being reserved, as he himself says, for the instruction of future ages, when he expects a race of men will arise, wise enough to understand and value what the present race, for want of these qualities, despise. Supported by such generous principles as these, and the posthumous glory that awaits him, he bears up under the pressure of old age and infirmities. Undismayed at the treatment he

meets with from an ungrateful world, his breast still glows with plans of future labours, for which he expects his reward in some unknown æra of light and learning sufficient to do justice to his memory. And, if after all, as sometimes it will happen for want of taking a sufficient dose of my medicine, he seems to entertain any doubt that such a period may never happen, he has still one resource which can never fail him, and which I will express in the words of the most elegant writer of our age.

— “ 'Tis not in virtue to secure success,  
But we'll do more, my Portius, we'll deserve it.”

I should now, Sir, come to the proper business of the present letter, the acknowledgment of our obligations to you, your lady, and the whole family, but as these are not of a nature to be dispatched in a few lines, and my time will allow me no more, I am obliged, though very much against my will, rather to say nothing till I have the pleasure of writing again, than omit what I am sure will make the best part of my next letter. I thank God a good night's rest has pretty well recovered my wife's spirits, which, I hope, a day or two more will confirm, if she do not spend them too freely in telling all the company that come how agreeably she has passed the last three weeks.

You will pardon me, Sir, that I conclude this, which I could not possibly delay to another post, with our most sincere respects to every branch of your amiable family; and to assure Dr. Stonehouse, Mr. Harvey, and all whom I have had the pleasure of knowing whilst with you, of my esteem and affection, and in particular to accept yourself the largest share of both, from,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged, most obedient Servant,

R. CRUTTENDEN.



FROM THE REV. W. WARBURTON, D. D.

DEAR SIR,

Bedford Row, June 10, 1749.

MR. ALLEN has just sent me your kind letter ; and tells me I am obliged to you for your Sermon,\* which he commends extremely. Your Essay on Inspiration is a well reasoned and judicious performance.

I think you do not set a just value on yourself, when you lend your name or countenance to such weak, but well meaning rhapsodies as Harvey's Meditations. This may do well enough with the people ; but it is the learned that claim you. And though the intermixing with works of this cast, *sober* books of devotion of your own composing, becomes your character, and is indeed your duty, yet your charity and love of goodness suffer you to let yourself down in the opinion of those you most value, and whose high opinion you have fairly gained by works of learning and reasoning inferior to none. Forgive me this freedom.

I am proceeding with the Divine Legation in good earnest. I have been a little diverted upon an important subject ; viz. in writing a Discourse to prove the miraculous Interposition of Providence in defeating Julian's attempt to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem. It is in three parts. The first to establish the truth by human testimony, and the nature of the fact. 2. An answer to objections. 3. An inquiry into the nature of that evidence which is sufficient to claim a rational assent to the miraculous fact ;—it is in the press, but will not be published till winter.

I imagined I had communicated my grief to you for the greatest loss I ever had, in that of the best parent and woman that ever was.† It yet hangs heavy upon me, and

\* That on the Peace then concluded with France and Spain.

† ——— “ I have lived some time in the world ; and, blessed be God, without giving or taking offence. This time has been spent in my parish

will do so while I live. God preserve you in the possession and enjoyment of all the blessings most dear to you, which brings me to remember, with my best compliments, good Mrs. Doddridge, and to assure you that I am, with the highest esteem,

Dear Sir,

Your very faithful, and affectionate, humble Servant,

W. WARBURTON.

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FROM W. OLIVER M. D.

Bath, June 10, 1749.

MY good friend Dr. Doddridge's letter gave me great pleasure, for it showed me that I held that place in his regard, which nothing but a grateful return for the just esteem I have for him could have placed me in. Most gladly should I have pressed you to have spent a summer month amongst your friends in this country, could I have enjoyed your company; but though I cannot have it here, I am in great hopes that I shall not return, from a tour I am setting out upon, without seeing you.

I do not wonder that the great variety in Dr. H.—'s book should affect you very variously. He is so far from apprehending that the scheme of universal restitution will harden sinners in their iniquity, that he fears that the opinion of eternal misery has made more infidels and

church, for I am a country clergyman, and reside constantly on my cure, in the service of my neighbour, in my study, and in the offices of filial piety,"

"With lenient arts t' extend a mother's breath,  
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And keep awhile one parent from the sky."

*Bishop Warburton's Works, vol. vi. p. 12, 13.*

hardened more sinners than any other tenet broached by heretics. He thinks it highly destructive of the moral character of God to imagine that he would have brought any thing into being without its knowledge or consent, whose fate he then foreknew, and was certain that, by its own mismanagement of the faculties he was then about to endow it with, it would be rendered exquisitely miserable to all eternity. Place before your eyes a creating God, speaking forth myriads of beings under these deplorable circumstances, and try if you can imagine him reviewing his works, and declaring them all to be *good!* Can he knowingly have brought these beings into existence so ill-fated? (For to a being, who knows the final misery they will be plunged in, it is the same, whether it be by their own misconduct or another's tyranny.) Can he have put an instrument into their hands, which they did not ask for, which he *knows* they will abuse to such horrible purposes? But the same Creator has put eternal happiness, likewise, within their reach. Should you give a knife into the hands of a madman, and tell him it was to cut his bread and butter, when you were *sure* that the moment it was in his possession he would cut his throat with it, you would hardly escape being charged with the blood of that man, as much as if you had stabbed him. Does not (the Doctor may say) the influence of every doctrine depend upon its credibility? and has any rational creature, using its faculties, ever failed of being shocked at a doctrine which implies the highest *injustice* in the most *just*, inflicting punishments as disproportional to the crimes committed as *finite* is to *infinite*, and without proposing any end by it, but exquisite misery to the creature *punished*, by which the very idea of punishment is changed into useless revenge and implacable malice? God forbid that we should entertain opinions full of such horrid blasphemy, which would make the soul shrink with trembling and astonishment,

and choose rather to repose itself in atheism than to live under the government of a being, in whose ears the *eternal* yellings of his miserable creatures, who had been *set by him in slippery places, knowing that they would fall*, though there was a possibility that they might stand, is not inharmonious. Whereas, says the Doctor, when punishments are proportionable to the crimes of the delinquent, who can deny the justice of the infliction?—they are then the chastisements of a kind father; the end of whose correction, be it ever so severe, is the good of his offending child, sufficient to bring about his reformation, and to deter his brethren from committing the same crimes? All rational creatures would kiss the rod and adore the goodness and mercy of him who thus kindly leads through deserved misery into unmerited happiness; in which, alone, we can suppose him to take pleasure? This idea is amiable and lovely; it draws us, by the gentle cords of affection, to obedience, and deters us from committing crime, which both reason and scripture assure us shall have its due and just reward;—we shall all most certainly, if we run in debt, be cast into prison, from whence we shall not escape till we have paid the uttermost farthing, or till that our Lord Jesus shall be pleased, from his infinite love, to pay it for us.

But the *orthodox* have a short answer to all difficulties.—“The scriptures positively pronounce eternal misery to all impenitent sinners.” The Doctor would answer, that if he could perceive that clearly, it would greatly stagger his faith; but, says he, I cannot let my clear and settled idea of the *justice* and goodness of God depend on a doubtful and critical meaning of *words* and *phrases*. I meet with the word *eternal* frequently, meaning, in scripture language, an indefinite time. If I take it in that sense, when it relates to future punishments, our ideas of God’s moral character remain holy and perfect; if I take it in

the other sense, I dread to let myself conceive how they are changed. But I hope my good friend will be able to set all these things in a clear light.

I return you my hearty thanks for your sermon. Mr. Allen and I talked it over yesterday, and we think that the true state of the case, and the real motives to thanksgiving on that particular occasion are set forth in a much better light in your sermon than in any we have seen; and we have both of us reviewed several from eminent hands. I shall be very glad when that on education is published, as I have had much occasion to consider that subject.

My best respects, and those of my whole family wait on Mrs. Doddridge. I congratulate you on your children's great proficiency, especially your son's, which is extraordinary. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate humble Servant,

W. OLIVER.

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FROM GILBERT WEST, ESQ. LL. D.

DEAR SIR,

Wickham, June 17th, 1749.

THOUGH I have for some time recovered the use of my hand, yet the sudden changes of the weather, almost from one extreme to another, "*Extremes by change more fierce,*" threw me back a little, and rendered my advances to entire health more slow than they would otherwise have been; and this must be my excuse for not sooner answering your last kind letter: though I think, that having supplied you with enough of my writing to last you even longer than the time which has passed since my receiving yours, I might have held my hand, and spared you for a longer season; which, probably, I should have done, out of indulgence to myself at least, as I am too indolent to love writing, had I not thought it necessary, upon the intimation of your intention

to make me a visit at Wickham, to acquaint you, that I shall be extremely glad to see you, having many things to talk with you about, and to consult you upon; so that I am rejoiced to hear that you design me the pleasure of your company for a longer space than your business would allow you to give me last year. I hope, therefore, you will carry this part of your promise also in your mind, and so order your affairs as to be able to perform it to my satisfaction. The Archbishop is not yet settled at Croydon, and, I believe, will not reside there before next summer; however, he will be there sometimes incognito, when I shall endeavour to catch him, and acquaint him with your intention of waiting upon him there. I have not seen Mr. Lyttelton since I had your letter. He has been much taken up with very important affairs, parliament, &c., and settling matters in order to a second marriage. The lady he has pitched upon is Miss Rich, the eldest daughter of Sir Robert Rich: she was an intimate and dear friend of his former wife, which is some kind of proof of her merit; I mean of the goodness of her heart, for that is the chief merit which Mr. Lyttelton esteems; and, I hope, she will not in this disappoint his expectations: in all other points she is well suited to him; being extremely well accomplished in languages, music, painting, &c. very sensible, and well bred. I thought this short account would be acceptable to you, who interest yourself so much in every thing that concerns Mr. Lyttelton.\*

\* "While he was thus conspicuous" (*alluding to his exertions in Parliament against the measures of Sir Robert Walpole*), "he married (1741) Miss Lucy Fortescue, of Devonshire, by whom he had a son, the late Lord Lyttelton, and two daughters, and with whom he appears to have lived in the highest degree of connubial felicity: but human pleasures are short; she died in childbed about five years afterwards, and he solaced his grief by writing a long poem to her memory. He did not, however, condemn himself to perpetual solitude and sorrow; for, after a while, he was content to seek happiness again by a second marriage with the daughter of Sir Robert Rich; but this experiment was unsuccessful."—*Lives of the Poets*, by Dr. Johnson, vol. iv. p. 492.

I am glad to find, that what you have read of my book hath met with your approbation: though I cannot but observe, that your impatience to look into it shows that you came to it with a favourable prejudice; which, though it might bias your opinion, is however a proof of your friendship for the author, and, as such, very agreeable to me: *lætus sum laudari* (and I will add), *et amari a laudato viro*.\* I have received and read your dedication to Mr. Hervey, with which I was indeed, as you very rightly imagined I should be, very much pleased: and I doubt not, but I shall have the same satisfaction from the perusal of your sermon, which I have not yet received. But I shall say no more at present upon these and many other points, which I want to talk with you upon, as I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you here. In the mean time assure yourself that I love, honour, and esteem you, and that I am,

Dear Sir,

Very sincerely and affectionately yours,

G. WEST.

\* On the Translation of the Odes of Pindar, and on the poetical talents of Mr. West, the following observations are made by Dr. Johnson. "Of translations I have only compared the first Olympic Ode with the original, and found my expectation surpassed both by its elegance and its exactness." He does not confine himself to his author's train of stanzas, for he saw that the difference of the languages required a different mode of versification. "A work of this kind must, in a minute examination, discover many imperfections; but West's version, so far as I have considered it, appears to be the product of great abilities. His *Institution of the Garter* is written with sufficient knowledge of the manners that prevailed in the age to which it is referred, and with great elegance of diction; but for want of a progress of events, neither knowledge nor elegance preserve the reader from weariness." His *Imitations of Spenser* are very successfully performed both with respect to the metre, the language, and fiction; and being engaged at once by the excellence of the sentiments, and the artifice of the copy, the mind has two amusements at once."

FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.

Walthamstow, July 4, 1749.

I HAVE several reasons for writing so soon again to my dear and reverend friend, the first of which is to congratulate him on his birthday: what you say of it is hardly civil; had you said it to an enemy, it had been exceptionable, but to a friend it is intolerable. What! have you prayed, and preached, and written so many useful, learned, profitable books, at forty-seven years of age, and yet call your next birthday "the forty-eighth year of an *unprofitable* and *sinful* life?" Give me leave, Sir, to bless God for your life and labours, and to tell you, that I know not a more profitable, or a less sinful life than yours in this world; and I pray God may prolong it for his glory and the good of his church.

The Disquisitions you mention I have read very carefully, and I suppose they will hardly fail of gaining the attention of the public.\* The authors have laboured a point which is plain, and even obvious; strange, that it is still a point to be laboured. I wonder, very shame has not long ago reformed the liturgy; for convenience sake, it need not be

\* I find the work here referred to thus mentioned by the Rev. William May, author of *The Family Prayer Book*, in a letter to Dr. Doddridge, dated June 7th, 1749, "I suppose you have heard of a book, published this week, entitled, 'Free and Candid Disquisitions, relating to the Church of England, and the Means of Advancing Religion therein, addressed to the Governing Powers in Church and State, and more immediately directed to the two Houses of Convocation.' If you have not been apprised of the authors, I believe myself to be very well informed when I say, that the book is the performance of Gilbert West and George Lyttelton, Esquires."

Mr. West and Lord Lyttelton were both sincere and zealous churchmen, and advice from them on such a subject is, therefore, the more important. The following extract from a letter of Mr. West's to Dr. Doddridge will show the truly catholic character of his sentiments on such subjects.



done so long as ministers will read it, and people endure it. Endure it, did I say?—are they not fond of it?—do they not defend it?—and on the whole say it cannot be mended?—are not all governors so sensible of the pleasure of *rest*—so apprehensive of the danger of innovation—so selfish, slothful, luxurious, and careless, as to avoid every thing that looks like pain and danger. They all practise upon the late Lord Orford's principle, viz. “Never to disturb what is at rest.” Governors, I say, both civil and *ecclesiastical* (for revenues, large and profitable revenues, are annexed to that government). But though many of the multitude of the defects, excrescencies, blunders, and absurdities pointed out in these Disquisitions have not been long ago reformed for conscience sake, I cannot say but that I much wonder the bishops, or convocation, or statesmen, have not done it for their own sake, and for the sake of common sense and good manners. But the matter is, any thing will do for religion:—the great are above it; and as for the vulgar, a little sense and a good deal of superstition does best for them. The conscientious and devout clergy I heartily pity, and I heartily blame; for though they know better, they cannot do it: they, therefore, appeal, you see, to their governors, to ease their scru-

“I look upon your joining any thing of mine to your works, and those of Archbishop Leighton, as a great honour done to me; and shall rejoice with you, if I can contribute, though in ever so small a degree, to the glorious enterprise of promoting *catholic Christianity*; for an enterprise it is of great difficulty and very little hope, if carried on by human means alone. I would not be understood by this, to suppose that God either has been, or will be wanting on his part. All who will attend to it may perceive his good Spirit operating in those who are engaged in this labour of love, so directly contrary to the spirit of this world, which is sensual, carnal, and selfish. What I would say is, that the multitude, the bulk of mankind, is so divided into sects and parties, and so attached to them from prejudice, ignorance, and interest, that it seems as if nothing less than a striking, and almost miraculous, operation of the Divine Grace could convert their hearts to that unity of spirit and bond of peace, which we pray for every day in our liturgy.”

pulous consciences; so, having been tempted by the bait of a good living to conform, either inadvertently, or with some violation of conscience, they now pray they may not be forced to continue in sin: for though I hope a concern for religion may induce these authors to write this book, yet those of them who are pious clergymen certainly mean, by this Address, their own case, and to make conformity more palatable and less exceptionable.

Thus, dear Sir, I have entered farther into this affair than I intended, and told you my mind before I have heard yours; I will now only add, that it is a masterly performance, and will do great credit to the authors, whether they do, or do not, succeed. But whether their consciences will be fully satisfied, or their conformity fully justified, if they should not succeed, is an awful question, which they must answer.

I will send to town for you when it best suits your affairs, and it shall not be my fault if you have not the addition of Dr. Grosvenor's company to that of

Your obliged and affectionate,

JOHN BARKER.

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FROM THE REV. MARK HILDESLEY, D. D.\*

REV. SIR,

July 15, 1749.

I PRAY you to permit me, an unworthy but well meaning fellow-labourer in the great vineyard of our common Lord, though an entire stranger to your person, to address you

\* Dr. Hildesley was, for many years, distinguished for the unaffected piety and cheerful benevolence which marked his character as a parish priest; and when, on the death of Dr. Wilson, he became Bishop of Sodor and Man, his conduct as a prelate continued to do honour to his profession as a Christian divine.

“ During the seventeen years in which Dr. Hildesley presided over

with my sincerest acknowledgment for the pleasure and profit which the produce of your head and heart have afforded me.

The satisfaction and comfort of hearing of the success of your excellent labours, even from those of much more consequence than myself, may, I think, be very consistent with that modesty and humility, which, I am persuaded, you are eminently endued with. But were you never so liable to vanity, you are in no danger of being tempted to it, by the applause or approbation of so inconsiderable a bestower of it, as is the author of this epistle, who is no more than a *little* country *vicar*; though the charge which has, for many years, been committed to him is, indeed, large and important.

the diocese of Man, he proved himself a most diligent, faithful, and affectionate pastor of his flock.”—“The most efficacious measure which he adopted for that purpose, and which entitles him to the lasting gratitude of the inhabitants of that island, was that of procuring an entire translation of the Old and New Testament to be made into the Mank’s language. This work had been projected, and begun by his predecessor, Bishop Wilson, who, at his own expense, had printed the Gospel of St. Matthew, and prepared for the press the other Evangelists, and the Acts of the Apostles. These were delivered by his son to Bishop Hildesley, who undertook the laudable task of completing the design. For this purpose he obtained pecuniary assistance from the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, and many persons of eminence, who patronised the generous undertaking. He was enabled to indulge his own liberal spirit in contributing to the expense of the work, by receiving from the Bishop of Durham the mastership of Sherburn Hospital, worth between four and five hundred a year.”—“The bishop had this work so much at heart, that he often said he only wished to see it finished, and that then he should be happy, die when he would. On Saturday, November 28, 1772, he received the last part of the translation, when he emphatically sung *Nunk Domine Dimittus* in the presence of his congratulating family. On the next day he officiated in his own chapel, and preached with unusual energy on the uncertainty of human life. On the Monday, after dining and conversing cheerfully with his family and one of the neighbouring clergy, he was attacked with a stroke of apoplexy, which soon deprived him of his intellectual powers, and proved fatal to him in a few days afterwards, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.”

The genuine piety which shines in every page of your writings cannot fail of warming the heart of every reader, of what sort or denomination soever, who is not proof against all impressions of religion; and I think myself happy in not being under the dominion of prejudices, too often found in people of far greater abilities than I can pretend to, against reading books published by such as chance to differ from them in some points of doctrine or modes of worship.

The first performance of yours, good Sir, that fell into my hands was, I think, a small piece upon *Education*; wherein the affectionate manner with which you recommend the instilling early notions of Christianity into the minds of youth pleased me so much as to induce me to place it in some families, and, I hope, with good effect.

A neighbour of mine, of our order, has lately favoured me with a perusal of your *Exposition*, for which I think myself much indebted to him, and that it is my duty to pay my tribute of thanks to the worthy author, on whose precious time (for the sake of the public good) I shall not further trespass or intrude, than to desire the *titles* of whatever Dr. Doddridge has published, and (if it be not too much for a stranger to ask) what he is soon about to publish; and that he will do me the favour to transmit the same by the post, to be left for me at the Rose Tree, in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London.

I am (with the deepest sense of your signal services to religion),

Sir,

Your much obliged, though (to you) unknown Reader,

MARK HILDESLEY.

## FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.\*

REV. SIR,

Lambeth, July 21, 1749.

I HAVE been, since I received your letter, in a very disagreeable situation, moving my family to Lambeth.

I have a very true regard and honour for you, and shall be most sincerely glad to see you, whenever your affairs bring you to London. I have objection but to two days within the time you mention, from the 24th instant to the 10th of August, which are Wednesday, July 21, and the Saturday following. I am always at home, and the sooner my friends call upon me in the morning so much the better. I am at leisure, constantly, by nine.

I must beg the favour of you to give my service to Mr. and, if you please, Mrs. West. I cannot go to settle at Croydon this summer, for reasons very apparent to a man that knows any thing of cleaning and furnishing houses called palaces. I am, with most sincere esteem,

Rev. Sir, your obliged and assured Friend,

T. CANTUAR.

\* Dr. Jortin, in his *Life of Erasmus*, has taken an opportunity of introducing a sketch of this eloquent and distinguished prelate, which is at once so comprehensive and just that I am happy to quote it. "He (*i. e.* Dr. Herring) was generous without prodigality, magnificent without profusion, and humble without meanness. His religion was that of the purest and noblest kind which true Christianity inspires; it was piety without superstition, devotion without hypocrisy, and faith which worketh by love. Conscious of the uprightness of his own heart, and of the sincerity of his belief of the doctrines and precepts of the gospel, he was willing to think the best of other people's principles, and to live the friend of all mankind."

Like most men of commanding talent, who have been distinguished for their piety, Dr. Herring held doctrinal points as of secondary importance, and shrunk from the soul-debasing rancours which too often attend theological disputation. Among a variety of passages to that effect, the following may be quoted from one of his letters to Mr. Duncomb. "Your friend, Dr. Carter, is grievously teased by folks who call themselves *the orthodox*. I abhor every tendency to the trinity controversy. *The manner in which it is always managed is the disgrace and ruin of Christianity.*"

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

London, July 27, 1749.

I FOUND Mr. West as hospitable as I could wish. He came to meet me at Croydon on Monday, carried me to Wickham in his chariot, and sent me to London in it to-day. We spent almost the whole intermediate time in religious and philosophical discourse, chiefly in one or another of the elegant retreats in his garden, and the result is, that our hearts are very much twisted together, and we were truly sorry to part. I was the more so, as the Bishop of Rochester, who intends to spend a part of every summer in Northamptonshire, sent his chaplain last night with a very obliging message, to desire my company to dine with him to-day; but I was engaged to Mr. Roffey, and I kept my engagement the rather, as I have another with Dr. Scott for to-morrow morning, which must also have been sacrificed if I had failed in the former. I should be very much inclined, if my time would permit, to give you a description of Mr. West's gardens, which are extremely pretty, but that I must defer till I have the much wished for pleasure of seeing you.\*

I have met with a pamphlet called "A Familiar Epistle to the Most Impudent Man Living," which is really addressed by my Lord Bolingbroke to Mr. Warburton, on occasion of his vindicating poor Pope, and is the most spiteful thing I ever saw. It led me to reflect on the great advantages of candour and moderation, if it be but to preserve one from much outrage, under which severe people

\* Dr. Johnson alludes to these gardens in the following passage. "He (*i. e. West*) was often visited by Lyttelton and Pitt, who, when they were weary of faction and debates, used at Wickham to find books and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation. There is at Wickham a walk made by Pitt; and, what is of more importance, at Wickham Lyttelton received that conviction which produced his *Dissertation on St. Paul*."

are ready to fall unpitied, even when, as here, they are really injured.

Poor Mrs. Roffey looked dreadfully, in consequence of the abominable manner of dressing the head, which some evil demon has introduced to destroy the works of God. The foremost plait of the fly cap is nearer the back of the head than the forehead; the hair on the forehead and sides of the face is all combed up straight, and that behind is tucked up under the cap; and the wings of the fly are pinned back, and stand up, that it may seem as if the wind had blown the cap off, or at least turned it quite back; and poor Miss Roffey was in the same monkey form. May you, my dear, and my sweet girls, be preserved from the detestable fashion, though all the rest of your sex should be corrupted with it. I most heartily thank you for your prayers, and I thank God for that protection he was pleased to give me in answer to them. You judge very rightly, that Lady Hardwicke's letter grieved me not a little. Poor Mrs. Dicey! her mother will kill her, and then go distracted. I am also much concerned to think that I shall not be able to see Doctor Oliver: I beg that when he comes you would make much of him and his lady, and make my best compliments to him, and assure him how deeply I regret an absence which it is out of my power to prevent. I am,

My Dearest, yours, beyond all *forms* of salutation,

P. DODDRIDGE.

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TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

London, July 30, 1749.—Lord's Day morning.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

I BEGIN a few lines to you this morning, before I enter on my public work, to let you know that by the divine goodness I am very well, having had a refreshing night, and being greatly comforted by the good account I have re-

ceived from Bristol and Northampton concerning persons so dear to me, as those who at both those places have been, under the afflicting hand of God. In how many instances does a gracious God hear our prayers, and what an encouragement is it to us to continue our correspondence with him—because he hath heard the voice of our supplications—to call upon him as long as we live. And what an unutterable delight is it to think of our interest in him as our God and Father, and as a friend of whom no evil accident can deprive us, but who will live and stand by us, and comfort us, whoever may droop and die, and when we are dying ourselves. It comforts us greatly;—I feel it even now at my heart, that God should raise up, as it were from the dead, dear Doctor Stonhouse, or the Countess of Huntingdon: but, oh! what is this cause of rejoicing when compared with that which makes our Christian sabbaths so illustrious?—the resurrection of Christ from the dead. What a revival was there! and how should our hearts rejoice in it! and how should we remember the day! I perceive, my dear, you had, though not very apt to remember days, noted the 25th of July, on which I was exposed to, and delivered from, so much danger under Westminster Bridge; how then should either of us have noted and remembered that in which the other had been raised from the dead, if we had lived in the great age of miracles, and God had by one of his prophets, or by his Son, granted such an astonishing favour, in compassion to the tears and sorrows of the survivor. And yet how much greater, beyond all possible comparison, was the blessing of this day, the resurrection of our Saviour. Then, indeed, were we both raised, and with us our dead, and our living children, so soon to be joined with them and us in death, and all our friends who are, or ever have been, dear to us in the bonds of the Lord, which are such tender and strong bonds, that his love will make them immortal. I hope, therefore, we shall learn to begin all our Lord's days with joy; and as the daily burnt



offering was on the sabbath day to be doubled, or trebled, in the temple, that so we shall double and treble those grateful acknowledgments which we owe to God every day. But have we not with them reason to increase our humiliations proportionably, to think how easily our thoughts are dissipated amidst the hurries of the world, and the course of good affections diverted from the channel in which they ought to flow. You, my dear, are better than I, and you feel not so much of it, but truly I have great reason to lament it; and though I am not just now quite so much in a hurry as I often am in London, yet the multitude of visits to be made and received, and of letters to be wrote, and the want of some good opportunities which my pastoral work at Northampton brings, and, indeed, enforces upon me, almost whether I will or not, make these reflections much more seasonable than I could wish. I am now going out to my public work with a heart too little prepared, according to the preparation of the sanctuary, yet I hope with a sincere heart that aims at the great ends intended by the institution of that sanctuary; and it is a great encouragement to me, that I have the prayers of so many friends here, and especially at Northampton, which I hope God will remember, and fortify me with strength, both of body and mind. At least, I am sure this will be a comfortable and improving day to you, and the divine presence will be with my dear Northampton friends, if my prayers may be remembered. But I will break off here.—I am, with all services as due,

My Dearest,

Most affectionately and invariably yours,

P. DODDRIDGE.

## TO MISS DODDRIDGE.

Monday night,

MY LOVELY GIRL,

Walthamstow, July 31, 1749.

YOUR dear mama, for being related to whom, both you and I shall have reason to bless God as long as we live, will, I am sure, have the goodness to excuse me that I fail writing to her this post, that I may pay my respects to you and relieve her from the trouble of answering this; which will naturally fall to your share. As I have but little time, it happens very well that I have not much to say, more than to assure you of my tenderest love and great joy that you are, through the divine goodness, so well recovered. Indeed, you are so dear to me that every thing that looks like danger to you afflicts me sensibly in its most distant approach. It has pleased God so to form my heart that I question whether any man living feels more exquisitely on such occasions; the life of either of my children, and of such a child, is more to me than the treasures of a kingdom; and there is hardly any thing in which your excellent mama is not immediately concerned, which I so much desire as that you may all live to bless the world many years after I have left it. Now, when I feel this tender affection so warm in my heart, it is a great pleasure to me (as it should be to you) to reflect that "as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." My dear child, you live by the divine compassion, to you, and to me; indeed I may say to both your parents, for you are exceedingly dear to us both. Let me earnestly entreat you to bear the sense of it upon your heart, and to consider that every instance in which God is pleased to afflict you, or to remove the stroke of his hand, calls for serious recollection as well as grateful acknowledgment. It calls for a solemn inquiry into the reasons of the divine conduct, wherefore it is that God contends with us, and what

returns he expects from us when he delivers us from going down to the grave. It gives me, my dear, unutterable joy to think that you have deliberately chosen the service of God, and solemnly given yourself up to Christ at his table, that you have there taken refuge and sanctuary in his blood, and entered yourself into the number of those who profess themselves his faithful disciples; I pray God you may be ever faithful. I would not flatter any one, especially my child; and I hope I do not flatter myself in the many good things I think of you. I truly think that you have many excellent dispositions by nature, if I may be allowed the expression; great Humanity, great Sweetness of Temper and Tenderness of Conscience, ready Compassion for the distressed, a remarkable willingness to oblige others and a grateful sense of obligations to them, adorned with native Modesty and Humility, which really adds a great lustre to all. These are lovely qualities, and I bless God who hath given you so much of them, and, I trust, sanctified them all by his grace. Your next question will naturally be, ‘and what do I want to complete my character?’ Shall I, my dear, tell you plainly? I think it is Resolution, Diligence, and Activity. Indolence and a disposition to trifle seem to me your great snares. You will, therefore, not only to oblige your parents, but to please God, and, in some measure, to repay his benefits, guard against them. Remember, my love, I entreat you, that we were all made to do good; and though that gracious Being, who knows our frame and our circumstances, requires no more than he has given us a capacity to perform, yet he requires *that*, even in the most private station of life. You will, I hope, often remember what, indeed, my dear, you sometimes seem to forget more than from your natural good sense I should expect;—that the years of childhood are now past, and that you are entered upon the responsibility of rational life; and you will, I persuade myself, be solicitous that you may act wisely, of which

you have daily before you a most amiable and edifying example in your dear mama, from whom all who are about her may learn every thing that can, in private life, adorn religion, and make those around us happy. Endeavour, therefore, like her, to divide your time in a proper proportion between devotion, reading, working, and improving conversation; not overburthening your delicate frame, for that would grieve me much, but always aiming at something that is right and good; in the pursuit of which that strong understanding, with which it hath pleased God to bless you, will direct you, and which you will find a thousand times more pleasant than a life of indolence can possibly be; especially, when you consider that every capacity of doing good is a talent which God hath committed to us, and for which we are accountable.

These, my dear girl, are hints which I have often given you, and I now give them in writing, that you may review them at your leisure, and communicate them, whenever you think it necessary, to your sisters, that you and they may see how very near your interest lies to my heart. I must now conclude, only adding that, through the divine goodness, I am perfectly well, and as happy in the friends now about me as I can be, while absent from those who must be dearest of all. I please myself with the hope that a few weeks will bring me back to you again, and that the day of my return comes nearer every hour. In the mean time you and your dear mama and sisters may assure yourselves that you freely divide my heart among you, in such a manner as that each has, at least, as large a share as she ought, and it is well if each has not a larger, and the necessary consequence is that you share my prayers too, in which respect I hope you will endeavour to balance accounts with,

My dear Child, your ever affectionate Papa,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. JAMES ROBERTSON.\*

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Leyden, Dec. 12, 1749.

I NEED scarcely make any apology for my silence hitherto, as my writing would only divert you from more important business.

Since I came hither I have enjoyed the agreeable conversation of some of the most learned men in this university, and particularly that of the Messrs. Schultens, father and son, who are men of piety as well as learning, and who have expressed a very great and sincere regard for the Reverend Dr. Doddridge.

By conversing with the young Mr. Schultens, who was lately Professor of Divinity and of the oriental languages at Herborn, in Nassaw, I understand that several of your sermons, &c. are translated into the German language; and particularly I have the pleasure to inform you that your writings find acceptance with some of the most considerable of the Lutheran clergy.

The Abbot of Sternmetz, in Magdeburg, who is a man of great piety and of considerable character among the Lutherans, proposed some time ago to translate the Family Expositor into High Dutch; upon which the Lutheran clergy were alarmed, and dreadfully afraid of your introducing the leaven of Calvinism into the Lutheran churches, which obliged the good Abbot to translate your sermons on the Nature and Efficacy of Grace, as a proof of your moderation in these points; which I believe by this time has had the desired effect.

I am desired by the young Dr. Schultens to let you know that his brother-in-law, Mr. Valentine Arnoldi,

\* This gentleman was first a pupil, and then assistant in the Academy at Northampton; he afterwards held a professorship in the University of Edinburgh.

Pastor of Herborn intends to translate the Rise and Progress into the German language, and begs your approbation and a copy of the best edition.

Since I came to Leyden I have been hurried pretty much, as I applied myself particularly to the study of the oriental languages, and attended not only the public lectures but the private lectures also of three of the most learned men in that way, I believe I may say with just grounds, in all Europe.

I thought that, as in all probability, this was the last time I might have an opportunity, and the pleasure of residing in the seat of the eastern muses, that I should endeavour to gain such a knowledge of the eastern languages as might render me capable of teaching them with some credit, and at the same time of providing against any future disappointment I might meet with.

And now, dear Sir, I heartily recommend you and your dear family to the divine blessing and protection, and pray that God may bless your labours in every respect. Believe me to be

Your sincere Friend and humble Servant,

J. ROBERTSON.

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FROM JOHN FERGUSSON, ESQ.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Edinburgh, Dec. 23, 1749.

I HAVE waited for the post with the utmost impatience, that I might, with my own hand, give you some account of my health, for which you have been so much alarmed. You may remember that, in the summer of 1744, while I had the happiness to be under your direction, I was seized with a spitting of blood, at which time you sympathised

with me in an extraordinary manner, so that to yours and Mistress Doddridge's care, joined with Doctor Stonehouse's skill, I in part owe my life; since that time I have had frequent returns of the same illness, though, till about this time twelvemonth, the cause remained undiscovered; and, as it is a thing not common, you will excuse my giving you a particular account of it. About a month before I paid my compliments to you last year I spit up a stone about the size of a small pea, this I showed to the surgeon of the place I was then in, but he persuaded me that I was mistaken, and that it must have got into my mouth some other way. I thought no more of this till last January, when, after riding very hard, I was taken with a violent fit of coughing, which brought up three or four pieces of ragged blue and white stone, so hard that they were broken with difficulty; I have since spit up a great number, though not so frequently of late. These small stones the physicians take to have been the cause of my illness, and have prescribed me the use of soap and oyster-shell lime-water, and sent me, for the sake of the air and goats' milk, to our Scot's Montpelier, the rugged Isle of Arran, where, by the goodness of God, my health, which had suffered much by the damps of Arundell, is so well recovered, that I think of setting out in a few days for Shrewsbury, where it would be the greatest pleasure that could fall in my way to hear that\*

\* The termination of this letter is wanting. Mr. Fergusson died from consumption in the course of the following year. The singular secretions spoken of in this letter were probably formed by those glands of the lungs which are situated at the point where the air tube divides into its two first branches (i. e. *bifurcation of the trachea*). These glands are of a very dark colour, and their substance is sometimes found changed into a sac of inky-like fluid.

## FROM THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

1750.

I COULD not let the bearer of this go through Northampton without calling, and returning my most grateful acknowledgments for your kind and obliging letter. May the God of grace repay all those sentiments of regard for me I know I never can;—esteem you very highly I think I must do while I live; and among those many unworthy offerings to heaven, O, that the Divine Goodness may accept but one petition that may reach you, and then how greatly will he honour me! I must just tell you that I have had two large assemblies at my house, of the Mighty, the Noble, the Wise, and the Rich, to hear the gospel by Mr. Whitfield; and I have great pleasure in telling you they all expressed a great deal in hearing him. Sometimes I do hope for dear Lord Chesterfield, and Lord Bath, Mr. Stanhope, and one of the privy council of Denmark, with a great many ladies and people of fashion, as well as of quality. I know your warm heart will rejoice at this, and your prayers will help with ours for an increase to our blessed Lord's kingdom, even among these. I am in a hurry, as it is very late. The person that brings this I think you will like in talking with, he has charge of some poor schools of mine in the country, and is a most worthy, pious, and sensible man.

My kind services to Mrs. Doddridge.

I am, sincerely, dear Sir,

Your obliged Friend,

S. HUNTINGDON.



FROM HENRY BAKER, F. R. S.

DEAR SIR,

Catherine Street, Feb. 13, 1750.

THE shortest apologies are best; and as you are, I hope, convinced of my sincere respect, I shall not waste the little time I can command in writing you the reasons of my long silence, but come directly to the purpose of this letter, which is to inquire if you felt any thing at Northampton of the earthquake\* that surprised us last week in London, and to send you some account thereof.

On Thursday last, the 8th instant, as I was walking along Chancery Lane, towards Holborn, at about forty minutes past twelve at noon, people came out of several houses to their doors in great surprise, complaining of the shaking of their houses, and imputing it to the fall of some building, large timber, or other heavy body, which they imagined to have fallen at some little distance from them, and which they came out to inquire after.

When I was got into Holborn I found the people there under the same consternation, and expressing themselves

\* It appears from a letter written in answer to this that at the moment of the earthquake Dr. Doddridge, who was just returned from preaching, did not observe any thing remarkable, and that if there was any such sound as that described, it was mistaken for a coach passing at the time. A female friend felt as if her heels were suddenly raised, and was near falling forward. Dr. Stonhouse felt the shock so violently that it seemed to him as if a heavy waggon had struck against the end of the house. Other observations made at Northampton tended to show that the motion was lateral.

The little damage sustained from the earthquake on this occasion may, in a great measure, be accounted for by the substantial mode of building used by our forefathers. Such a visitation at the present day would, it may be feared, be followed with dreadful consequences, as most of the heavy houses in London, the lower fronts of which have been cut away to form shops, are only supported, on that side, by short iron columns, which would immediately give way if thrown for a moment out of the perpendicular.

nearly in the same manner. Going on to Gray's Inn, many people were got together in the great square, talking about the shock they had felt, and, in particular, a lamp-lighter was giving an account, that being on his ladder pouring oil into a lamp, he was in great danger of falling by the unexpected shaking of the ladder. I then went to a friend's chambers under Gray's Inn library, where the shock had been so great that they thought a clock would have fallen down; and fancied, at the time, that some large box or vast heap of books had been tumbled down over head. The people in all the streets, as I returned home, were talking of this strange motion, which now every body understood to be an earthquake, and many women complained that it had made them sick, in which their fright might probably be equally concerned. On coming home, I found my own family had been no less surprised; and that Mrs. Baker had sent to the neighbours to inquire if any thing had fallen down in their houses, to occasion the shaking of mine, which she described as very violent. She sat at the time in the dining room, on the first floor next the street, and her supposition at the instant was, that one of the servants had fallen all along with great violence in a back room of the next story, had tried to get up, stumbled, and fallen down again, thereby shaking the house and making a great noise. My son was then at the Tower, where the same shock was felt, and every body was startled with the immediate apprehension of some explosion of gunpowder, of which there are great quantities. A gentleman who was sitting at a table writing, in his house in the mint in the Tower, was tossed out of his chair against the table with violence.

I inquired of many people in different streets, that by comparing their accounts I might form a better judgment, and I found them agree universally in the first supposition of the fall of some ponderous body; most said with a great

noise, but some few were not sensible of that. I endeavoured, likewise, to learn its course, and by comparing the reports of people in different situations, it seems to have lain east and west, and to have passed from the west eastward.

I felt nothing of it myself as I walked in the street, nor do I find that many who were walking did, but that I impute to the noise and shaking of the carts and coaches.

Our worthy president of the Royal Society had some gentlemen with him at his house in Queen Square, who were all surprised with something falling, as they imagined, with a great noise, and at the instant the house seemed to heave up, then to sink down again, and totter sideways, till it seemed to settle. Two coaches waiting at his door, the coachmen found themselves lifted up, and almost tumbled from their seats; other people took notice also of this rising and sinking. In Westminster Hall both the judges and pleaders thought the hall would tumble on their heads; and the judges, whose seats are contiguous to the wall, felt it shake from its foundation. Doors were opened, pewter and other things thrown down in many houses, and some chimneys fell.

This day fortnight a most extraordinary light appeared in the sky towards the south east, between six and seven in the evening, and surprised the whole town with the apprehension of a great fire; for the sky appeared of a fiery redness at the beginning, and then a line of dark red fire of about fifteen degrees in width seemed to form, which continued for some time, was then diffused, and left a remarkable lightness in the sky during the whole night after.

One cannot, I think, let such uncommon phenomena pass unheeded: if these terrors of the Almighty will not excite reflection, surely nothing will. I hope, therefore, this short account will prove acceptable, and that you will

excuse my great omissions towards you for a long time past, which I assure you have often given me uneasiness.

I have several times been thinking of the two instances you mentioned, when I saw you last, of the effect some wounds have on the jaws and nervous system, by locking up the mouth as it were, and thereby bringing on death. As such cases are very little known, and we have none of them among the many papers sent to the Royal Society, you would oblige us much by an account thereof, especially of the last case, which, happening in your own house, you can more particularly speak to; and if you shall not judge it proper to mention the gentleman's name, if you call him only a young gentleman, it will be (from you) sufficiently satisfactory.\*

I have just received a letter from Dr. Miles, informing me that the earthquake was felt at Tooting, though not by his family: it was felt pretty strongly at Greenwich, and at Darking in Kent, at Hampstead, at Kilburn, at Richford, and Kingston in Middlesex, and also at Enfield. Other places I am as yet uncertain of. A line from you

\* Mr. Baker probably alludes to some circumstances which attended the death of Mr. Worcester, one of the pupils at Northampton, and of which the following account is abstracted from a letter of Dr. Doddridge's, in other respects of little interest.

Mr. Worcester was playing at football with some other students, when the ball struck against a piece of broken bone (which was sticking up in the ground) in such a way that it cut through his shoe and wounded him in the great toe. No attention was paid to the accident at first; but after a few days the wound became troublesome, and a pain arose in the chest, attended with rigors, anxiety, and fever, which proved fatal.

His death was a sudden affliction to his friends, as he had written to his father to say that he was only indisposed; but it so happened that his sister, dreaming that he was dead, felt anxious about him, and sent to inquire how he was, just at the time of his decease.

After his death a Sermon was found which he had written in five hours, to which a note was added to the effect that it might perhaps be the only one he should ever write, and that he hoped it would not be deemed presumptuous that it was written in so short a space of time.

will always give me unspeakable satisfaction, and I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I am, with the most cordial wishes for the prosperity of you and yours, in which Mrs. Baker and my sons join most heartily,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful and most affectionate humble Servant,

H. BAKER.

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FROM THE BISHOP OF LONDON.\*

REV SIR,

Temple, March 24, 1750.

IT was with great pleasure and satisfaction that I received and read your very excellent and seasonable sermon, published upon the occasion of the late earthquakes. I pray God it may have a due influence upon the minds of all who read it; and I wish all would read and consider it.

Though I am a stranger to your person, yet I am not so to your character and abilities, which I have been made acquainted with by many, and particularly by my worthy friend Dr. Grey.

Whatever points of difference there are between us, yet I trust that we are united in a hearty zeal for spreading the knowledge of the gospel, and for reforming the lives and manners of the people according to it. I have lived long enough to know by experience the truth of what we are taught, "That there is no other name by which we may be saved, but the name of Christ only." I have seen the true spirit, and the comfortable hopes of religion lost in the abundance of speculation, and the vain pretences of setting up natural religion in opposition to revelation; and there will be little hope of a reformation, till we are

\* Dr. Sherlock.

humble enough to be willing to know Christ and him crucified.

In this necessary and fundamental point I am fully persuaded we do not disagree; and I earnestly beg of God to bless our united endeavours to make his ways known. Recommending you and your Christian labours to his gracious protection, I am, Sir, with great truth,

Your affectionate and humble Servant,

THOMAS LONDON.

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FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Million Bank, April 11, 1750.

THE interposing between yourself and Dr. Jennings, in relation to Dr. Watts's MSS. is to me by no means an agreeable undertaking; but if he requests it (and if he does not it can answer no purpose) I shall be ready to do what I am able for the honour of the MSS. as well as to prevent a misunderstanding between the Doctor and you.

Allow me to say that I am very glad you have found out at last, that many, much talked of amongst the dissenters, are poor creatures; and though I am satisfied if you judge as right in the application of that general observation to individuals, as you do in making it, that it will set me and many other of your friends some degrees lower in your esteem with regard to our talents; yet if it does not affect us in the professions we make of esteem for you, I shall greatly rejoice, in that it will make you more moderate in the opinions you take up of men, and in the compliments which, in consequence thereof, you pay them, and which, in some instances, I fear you have found cause to retract.

As to the principles you act upon, I am as fully per-

suaded of their goodness as any man living ; but as it is generally known you have within the last two or three years increased your acquaintance with some of the most eminent members of the establishment, let not your worst enemy have a pretence for saying that you are paying court to them, in hopes of increasing their esteem of you, and your own interest amongst them ; for, although I think that a charming collect which you have selected, yet I am free to say the whole liturgy together is so very exceptionable, that one ought to be cautious in paying a compliment to any part of it, unless one was professedly considering which was to be commended and which to be censured.

Excuse this hasty line, and believe me to be, in bonds of the most inviolable friendship,

Dear Sir, ever yours,

NATH. NEAL.

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FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Million Bank, May 10, 1750.

I SHOULD not venture with so much freedom to apprise you of the censures that have been cast on you, if I did not think they were undeserved. I wish I knew my own intentions and views to be as uniformly right and benevolent as I firmly believe yours to be. Yet, when a great character is exhibited to view, upon the whole deserving wonder as well as applause, an inconsiderable looker on may discern a defect, and make a remark that may be worthy attention and regard ; and I sometimes flatter myself, that if being your adviser does not make me vain, nothing that is likely to fall to my lot will.

The reading your Expositor in manuscript, before it goes to the press, will afford me both so much improvement

and entertainment, that, for my own sake, I should desire it if I have time. But my conceptions are really so slow, that, in order to do any thing well, I must not undertake too much. And I sometimes fear that, by attempting things out of my own sphere, I am in no small danger of being justly despised.

You make me smile when you say that you think "the dissenters *too stiff*." I am afraid we are all so, when we are thwarting any thing besides our own follies, passions, and vices; there we are too apt to be pliable, and every where else stiff. We can bear with no follies but our own! and those we magnify into virtues. He that is very wise for, or against modes, and rites, and forms, and speculations, *must* be very stiff, or he will make no figure; and he that knows the difficulty of attaining true wisdom and real goodness of heart will have little leisure to attend to other people's follies, that he may get time to subdue his own. There is so little hope of curing these mad sailors, that the most we can attempt is to steer clear of them.

The chaplain's post which I want to fill I shall be extremely cautious of recommending to, for it is a difficult one, and many a youth, who might make a very reputable and honourable figure in a congregation, might make a contemptible one there. And it is a misfortune to our interest, that our ministers are so generally taken out of the lower families, where they have had neither instruction nor example of any degree of polite behaviour, are then carried through a course of studies on the foot of a charitable exhibition, which will not allow of the least expense or opportunity for improving in a genteel deportment, and are immediately forced into the world, decked in a low bred familiarity and confidence, or a sheepish awkward manner, which is as ridiculous, as the former is offensive. Perhaps I speak in terms too strong concerning these external qualifications; but you, who know the world as



well as the Scriptures, also know the truth of that observation, *That man looketh only at the outward appearance*, &c. and, perhaps, it may suggest to you some expedient for its gradual correction.

But I forget the number that receive their intellectual food from your hands, whilst I thus long detain you. Yet, before I conclude, I must inquire whether you and Dr. Jennings esteem the profit of Dr. Watts's manuscripts a sufficient recompense for the trouble you may have in preparing any of them for the press, because I am called on to settle the account of his estate by his residuary legatees, which if I do, it will prevent my making you and him any further acknowledgment. Yet I have no other reason, nor any inclination to delay it. I have sold Dr. Watts's copies to Mr. Waugh, for six hundred pounds. I have seen Mr. Bradbury's sermon just published; the nonsense and buffoonery of which would make one laugh if his impious insults over the pious dead did not make one tremble. I am perfectly yours, dear Sir,

In the sincerest esteem, and warmest affection,

NATH. NEAL.

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FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

Walthamstow, June 5, 1750.

YOU may be more sure of my esteem and affection than of most things in this world of which you have not an absolute infallible certainty; nor is it easy for you to conceive how much joy I reap from your labours in the church, and usefulness in the world; and with this preface I introduce the following account of what is now under consideration at London:—

In April last I made a motion at our synod for an altera-

tion of the second of our rules relating to students, which stood thus:—

That the students encouraged by this synod be sent *only* to Lindern, or Kendal, in England, &c. I proposed it to be altered thus—That the students, &c. be sent to L——, or K——, or any other academy in England, which shall be approved by the managers of this synod. I took some pains with the speech I made, and made use of your letter, among other things, to enforce it, and was so happy as to succeed, and obtain a unanimous consent to the alteration of the rule. The fruit I hoped to have gathered from this was, to send at least some of our pupils to you and to Dr. Jennings; but the present turn the thing seems to take is an attempt to set up an academy in London, under the direction of the managers of the Presbyterian synod; and in the present scarcity of ministers, and complaint for want of them, it may, perhaps, be best for the whole interest, and therefore, fit to be attempted.

In short, our case is this—*Rhotheram*, in my opinion, is no proper tutor—*Latham* is not a competent one. The principles of the former I do not like; the abilities of the latter I question; but if they were unquestionable, his practice in physic renders him unfit for that service. And the pupils from *both* these persons do no honour to us, nor are any of them near us, nor have we comfort or credit from them. Yours and Dr. Jennings's academies are fountains I highly prize and rejoice in; but your streams, though pure and refreshing, are not sufficient. We have a share of them, but not enough. We languish, and are in many places ready to pine away. Had not you supplied our Presbyterian churches for many years past, what would have become of us; nay, it is certain, that what is called the Presbyterian interest in England has been supported by Independent tutors. My dear friend, while I mention these party names I mean nothing by them; I admire your

wisdom and candour in laying them aside, and wish you to go on and to supply the churches with *Gospel ministers*, and great will be my pleasure and your reward. The result of all this is to try to set up an academy in London, and to make Dr. Williams's library the seat of it; not in opposition to yours, far from it; my heart is too much with you to mean that, and my own concern will always be to serve, encourage, and assist you all I can. But I hope another academy, in concurrence with yours, will be a means of reviving our sinking interest; and if, as Mr. Neal expresses it, it provokes Mr. Coward's trustees to emulation, there is no hurt in that. But, alas! this I foresee will be a work of difficulty—of time, and, perhaps, come to nothing at last. However, a committee is appointed to consider about it, of which I am chairman. We have met twice, and shall continue to meet all the summer, till we have agreed upon a report to be made to our principals after the adjournment. The freedom I have now used with you shows the confidence I have in you, and the degree, as well as truth, of my friendship for you. It is no matter how little you say of this, nor how little you believe about it, besides what you hear from me, there being no end of suggestions, imaginations, reports, &c. on such an affair as this.

I hear you intend a journey into Suffolk and Norfolk the ensuing vacation; you will find, I fear, many vacancies in those counties. I must remind you that Epping waits for a line—a hopeful, comfortable line from you; and how happy were it for us if you could supply all our destitute churches as well and as easily as you could wish.

I should have thought myself unworthy of the sacred name of friend if I had not communicated the subject of this letter to you, and I know you so well as to be thoroughly persuaded that it will rejoice your heart to hear that attempts are also making amongst us to promote the cause

of truth, liberty, and practical religion. It is your honour, dear Sir, to have supplied the churches with so many faithful and eminent pastors—go on to furnish us with many more. How needful and beneficial is the public worship of God, for preserving the sense of religion amongst men, promoting the life and power of it amongst Christians, for endearing the blessed God and Redeemer to our souls, for withdrawing our affections from this present world—arming us against the temptations and sorrows of life and death, and suiting and disposing us to the service and happiness of heaven: and how shall this be done with honour? how shall this be kept up with spirit? unless we have a succession of truly Christian ministers.

We join in the most affectionate and respectful services to yourself, Mrs. Doddridge, and your children.

I am, Dear Sir,

Most sincerely yours, while I am

JOHN BARKER.

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FROM THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

Ashby Place, June 6, 1750.

MY MOST EXCELLENT FRIEND,

I KNOW no one who, without intending it, seems more calculated to betray me into a spirit of partiality than yourself; for as your friendship and great kindness to me binds by obligation, so your piety and abilities obtain both my love and highest estimation; and were I to judge of all by you, that think with you, I should have more to say for my partiality than has fallen to the share of any particular denomination; and yet, by looking a little farther, I find to

distinguish is my best privilege, as it ever will be one of yours to be most eminently distinguished, and thus my preference honours and admires in you only what it would rejoice to see in *all*; but this is reserved for heaven, and a few pledges of it are given us, to show how worthy it will be to all eternity of our friendship.

Your candour is such a blessedness about you, that I fear it will make you too soon fit for heaven, and leave us mourning followers of your example. It is what my whole soul aspires after—it is my reigning object, as well as subject of delight; yet how do the fetters of prejudice, weakness, and ignorance, contend with me; and still Hope assures me that feeling these so strong will but occasion my bolder springs for liberty; and while my chains thus oppress me, my longing heart paints the deliverance, and sighs after the happy prospect of breathing love upon the whole creation. I live satisfied, *for this*, to be despised, mistaken, and reproached; rejected by all, yet rejecting none; from the unwearied labours of my life and love hoping all things, and in conformity to Heaven's best gift to man, the Son of God, ready to yield up these prison garments of flesh and blood a humble offering to testify it. For such a paradise *in man* it was that Jesus Christ paid the penalty—for this blessed reality he died. O, this high price! Happy am I, though but a redeemed slave, and following my mighty conqueror, in the bonds of guilt, fear, and shame; the multitude does not make him forget me, though so far behind them all; and as his pardon, the captive's liberty, has reached my rebellious heart, he will yet delight to listen. Thus does divine compassion show me the extremes of love in him, and by it best discovers the depths of misery in myself, and that nothing but a sad insensibility to the one can exclude me from the other. That watchful care follows every unguarded thought, and with those eyes, which are as a flame of fire, pursues all our enemies, and

drives them out before us, so will he prepare the habitation of his creatures for himself, till from the charity of their souls he can rejoice in them, by the view *they have* received of his complacency in them; for it is through this transparency alone we can behold him, for "blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" and, indeed, when we reflect upon the price of our ransom, we can join in the reasonableness of the Apostle's argument, and expect unboundedly from such liberality. "He who spared not his own Son, but delivered *Him* up for us all, *how shall he not with Him freely give us all things?*" and yet by man a guilty heart is thought too much to offer him. Oh! had he not the love of a God, even earth could not bear us, heaven could not receive us, and then our miserable, but just portion in eternal banishment would be to enjoy only our own horrid natures,—all we could have left, and hell enough. I can say for *one*, mine would be so were I left to it, and that, my worthy friend, I find myself a miserable being, existing in time out of eternity, but that only in order to become, by an infinite redemption from evil, a glorious, happy, and immortal creature, by an acquaintance, and resemblance of nature, with the God and Lord of all heaven and earth; and I do *now*, in part, by *actual* possession, rejoice in the hope of that glory with God for evermore. These truths want no metaphors: that well of living water is ever springing up, and will eternally abound with further displays of these infallible truths; and thus a Christian can never have cause to despair, or ask any one if the promises in the Bible belong to him;—he has got them, they are wrote with the spirit of the *living* God within him, and each hour serves but to make the characters more legible. Of this divine knowledge my soul *now* breathes with the force and ardour of anticipated glory, in Hallelujahs with those blessed spirits who are permitted to rejoice for us, though not with us; they are strangers to the joys

of redemption; and oh! they must long to have come from Abraham's loins, since the humility of Jesus took upon him his nature; and who, being thus lowly, makes them the blessed beings they are. Alas! what a lesson of humility have they come from; rather, how must they see their glory in this respect to be nothing, by reason of that which so far excelled in the Son of God; they gaze and admire, but these depths exceed the capacities of their natures. But how, or where am I looking myself? even in a mystery the angels are not counsel worthy to look into: forgive the eager adoration and high sensibility of the love of Jesus Christ, which carries my transported heart to forget what I am, from the view of what his love is resolved to make me; and from my great poverty do not wonder that this exaltation seems too much for me; it is literally taking the beggar out of the dust and seating him for a moment with the Princes of his people.

But I must now beg you to return my kindest respects to Mr. Lyttelton. I honour his sentiments of universal love to all good men; may the choicest of divine blessings rest upon him. I own I should be glad to hear he was out of those trammels his vast parts and knowledge may make him liable to continue in long; his heart none ever doubted of being truly upright; but, under such his great temporal advantages, these humbling condescensions, of becoming simple, and quite unknown before God, as a child, perhaps his whole life has been calculated to destroy; books, men, friends, earthly pursuits, with the wise man's ambitious heart, all serve but to hold that humility cheap which is to exalt God above all *these*; and, till *He is* depended upon *for all*, as the ignorance and helplessness of a little child makes his parent the object of *all* its hopes and fears, there is no help for man, that can yield him a rational joy, or a secure hour upon earth. I suspect you have spoken of me to him with that partiality of the friend I have felt

you to be; this is owing to your knowing me but little, as well as the goodness of your heart, that makes you hope all things.

Assure Mrs. Doddridge it is I must sustain the disappointment, by not having the pleasure of seeing her. How am I bound to your prayers! it is these have again lifted me from the gates of death. Do thank and bless *for me* the kindness of those charitable souls who so entreated for me; may heaven, with every prior joy upon earth, be their reward.

I am, my most excellent friend, with the truest respect, and most affectionate regard, your companion in the Gospel of Jesus Christ,

S. HUNTINGDON.

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FROM THE REV. MARK HILDESLEY, D. D.\*

REV. SIR,

June 7, 1750.

THE same reason that suspended my first address has protracted also the acknowledgments due for your kind favour of the 12th of October, 1749, *viz.* my unwillingness to intrude upon your attention, which is always so much better engaged than it can be by any thing I have in my power to offer to you; not that I can wholly acquit myself of culpable neglect, when I consider your kind invitation and encouragement to write to you again. But indeed, Sir, I can by no means allow myself to think I am worthy of such a correspondent as Dr. Doddridge, even if he had more time to bestow upon me than he has. I have, it is true, the honour of being distinguished by a very high and important trust, in the care of a large flock; which, not by any personal merit or favour, but by lot in the rota-

\* Afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man.



tion of vacancies of the college livings, I was removed to from my fellowship about twenty years since; yet, how unequal to it; alas! when I consider, I am afraid and ashamed to say. All my comfort is, that, as in general estimation the temporal emolument is too disproportioned to the extent of the spiritual charge, a person of greater abilities would probably scarcely have consented (I had like to have said submitted) to the undertaking. I must beg leave to attribute your compliment, for such I must call your writing me the *ingenious*, to that habitually courteous manner of treating all mankind, which, I have heard, you are remarkable for. It is enough for me that I admire and relish your writings, Sir, as I sincerely do, for their genuine and judicious piety; at the same time I am as ready as you to give the chief glory where it is due—to the great Author and fountain of all that is wise and good. For though, when at every turn we praise the brightness, or rejoice in the genial warmth of the sun, we chance not in so many words as often to mention him that made it what it is, yet the connection or implication always accompanies the mind that is used to contemplate the works of the Almighty. As God has been pleased to make you an instrument of much good, all who are the better for you will, I dare say, never fail to be thankful to him who has raised you up; and I do, among many more, pray for the continuance of your life and health, so far as it is consistent with divine wisdom to prolong them; and then, I think, the rest will follow—that you will continue to do good, and be a most useful member of Christian society.

I am not insensible of the number of worthy and significant correspondents you must needs have, and which still enhances the favour of your writing so long a letter to so obscure and little a man as I am, who have no sort of title to any notice from any part of the literary world.

In the great building of the Church of Christ all the

constituent materials are not fitted alike for pillars or chief corner stones; nor are all, who are appointed to direct and oversee the work, equally qualified to be master builders or principal agents; but as every one, according to his place and appointment, may be more or less proper and necessary, so, I trust, by a diligent application of my moderate talents (though I be only fit to carry mortar to the head workmen), I may in some respects be usefully employed; and, through the abundant mercy and favour of the infinitely gracious proprietor, receive my proportion of wages at the great day of reckoning.

I am extremely obliged to you, dear Sir, for your ardent prayers for the success of my ministry; the large share of prudence and discretion, as well as of courage and piety, requisite for so important a trust and employment as I am engaged in, I scarce ever think on but with awful fear. But, insufficient as I am of myself, I know that the divine Master, whose I am, and whom I serve, and who has hitherto wonderfully supported me under, and carried me through the burden and difficulties of my station, is ever able and willing to help and assist all, who are zealous to advance his kingdom and glory.

I must not forget to acknowledge the favour of your kind invitation to call on you, in case I should come your way. I shall think it a particular honour and satisfaction once in my life to take Dr. Doddridge by the hand; and should be glad to be so fortunate as to be in London when he is there; which, I believe, will be the most likely and favourable opportunity for our meeting.

It is now high time to release you, which without farther apology I shall do, by subscribing myself,

Worthy Sir,

Your greatly obliged Friend and Servant,

MARK HILDESLEY.

FROM THE REV. W. WARBURTON, D. D.

DEAR SIR,

June 15, 1750.

YOUR favour of the 17th of May was sent me to London, where I then was, and shall be till to-morrow, when I return to Prior Park.

I am greatly flattered by your thoughts of Julian, because I know the sincerity of your professions.

Some people of consideration would persuade me to take to task, at the end of the second volume of Julian, a chapter of one Hume on Miracles, in a rank atheistical book called *Philosophical Essays*; and as the subject of the second part may be a little ticklish, perhaps it may be prudent to conciliate warm tempers by such a conclusion.

I was very sincere in the hint, which you are pleased to call advice, of my last letter, as I am in saying that I do not know of any thing which your abilities and application are not capable of.

As to the "*Disquisitions*," I will only say, that the temper, candour, and charity with which they are wrote are very edifying and exemplary. I wish success to them as much as you can do.\* But I can tell you of certain science, that not the least alteration will be made in the ecclesiastical system. The present ministers were bred up under, and act entirely on the maxims of the last. And one of the principal of his was *not to stir what is at rest*. He

\* The sanction which the learned Bishop has here given to the plan then proposed, for an improvement in the services and regulations of the Established Church, is an important fact, in evidence that some reformation in that system is still desirable.

It is an inherent principle in all human institutions to require renovation in accordance with the progress of popular knowledge; and it will be well for the cause of religious freedom, if the *liberal* portion of our clergy perform their duty, in that particular, while they have the power, and before their calvinistical *brethren* have rendered the episcopal fold too narrow for themselves.

The following extract will show the opinion of Mr. Neal on the publi-

took a medicine for the stone that killed him: and on his deathbed he said, he fell by the neglect of his own maxim. Those at the head of affairs find it as much as they can do to govern things as they are, and they will never venture to set one part of the clergy against another; the consequence of which would be, that in the brigues of political contests one of the two parties would certainly fall in with the faction, if we must call it so, against the court.

Your truly divine labours are not only more excellent, but will certainly prove more fruitful.

But above all, I join with your friends in encouraging you to a subscription, which, I make no doubt, will turn out a considerable benefit. Books of infinitely less importance have lately done so. And I ardently wish, that one who has deserved so greatly of our common Christianity may not have to wait for the whole of his reward in another life.

To understand that all your good family are well gives me extreme pleasure. My truest respects to all: and particularly to the young gentleman who is beginning his studies. I must now begin to call him my learned friend, and have sent him a magnificent edition, which no money will buy (I mean they are not to be sold), of the *Essay on Man*, and *Essay on Criticism*. Believe me to be ever, with the truest esteem,

Your most affectionate Friend and Brother,

W. WARBURTON.

cation alluded to; it is taken from a letter to Dr. Doddridge, dated 1750: "I have read the 'Disquisitions,' and admire the unequalled prudence that is conspicuous through the whole performance. If any thing can induce men of power and dignity in the Church to hazard some share of their ease for the sake of piety, truth, and charity, surely so much candour and deference ought to do it. If good men will not be prevailed upon to restore the institutions of religion to their genuine simplicity and lustre, can we wonder if weak men mistake and reject, or if wicked ones pervert and despise them."

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D. D.\*

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Northampton, June, 1750.

MISS CLARK'S company is so agreeable to me, that I cannot persuade myself to lose any minute of it that I can yet enjoy; but I must take a few moments to renew my thanks to you and your lady for the pleasure of enjoying it so long, and to renew my congratulations on the signal appearance of Providence for you, which makes her return so joyful beyond what was once apprehended. We are often praising God on this account, and praying that the deliverance may be completed. It would have given me great delight to have been myself her attendant on this occasion, for I never longed so sensibly to see you, but engagements not to be dispensed with, forced me another way. I hope, however, to wait on you about the end of the vacation, and

\* From the year 1749 Dr. Clark had suffered from paralysis, in addition to a gouty affection, and the benefit he had derived from the waters of Bath, as alluded to in the above letter, was but of short duration. On Sunday, Dec. 2, 1750, while in the act of administering the sacrament to his people at St. Albans, he sustained a second shock of paralysis, which deprived him of speech, and proved fatal on the following Tuesday, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

Dr. Clark was the great-grandson of the Rev. Samuel Clark, pastor of Benet Fink, London, and an ecclesiastical historian of some note; his mother was the daughter of the Reverend Samuel Clark of Aylesbury, whose Annotations on the Bible have been spoken of as highly meritorious.

The reader of these volumes is already so well acquainted with the learning and piety of Dr. Clark, that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon those points of his character. He was a man of unusual force of intellect, and soundness of judgment; and, as a natural consequence, his religious sentiments were in the highest degree catholic and enlarged. The cant terms of theological parties, and arbitrary systems of faith, were evidently the objects of his aversion; and, when speaking of such matters, he was wont to say, "that all the heresies which had corrupted and afflicted the

in the mean time send Polly to spend a month with you, according to your kind invitation. She must then go to Enfield for a while, and will probably make you another visit on her return, if it please God to preserve her life, and to bless her journey for the reestablishment of her health. Mercy has not forgotten our promise to her, nor must we forget to perform it. We expect the coach every minute; and I must therefore conclude, with our united and most cordial salutation to you all; and am, with all possible respect,

Dear good Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

church owed their origin to men's departure from the *simplicity* of the gospel."

Dr. Clark left one son and three daughters.—The former has frequently been mentioned in this Correspondence as one of Dr. Doddridge's most promising pupils; and he was no less distinguished in mature life as the able and pious pastor of a presbyterian congregation at Birmingham, at which place he was unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse in the forty-second year of his age. The memoirs of Dr. Doddridge, by Mr. Orton, were revised and, in some instances, improved by Mr. Clark, who was also the editor of the first edition of the Doctor's valuable Lectures. Of the daughters, Ann was married to her father's successor, the Rev. Mr. Hiron; Elizabeth to the late Dr. Griffith, so well known as the proprietor and editor of that excellent periodical, the *Monthly Review*; and the third to the late Dr. Rose of Chiswick.

Of Dr. Clark's admirable work, entitled, "*The Christian's Inheritance, being a Collection of the Promises of Scripture,*" &c. an excellent edition, with an interesting life of the author, has been recently edited by the Rev. David M'Nicoll.

It would be an act of injustice to the memory of Dr. Clark were I to close this note without stating that he was the founder of the first dissenting charity school out of London. At this institution thirty boys and ten girls were instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, by voluntary subscription.

## TO THE REV. BENJAMIN FAWCETT.

Northampton, June 26, 1750.

I am this day forty-eight years old ; but, O, how unworthy and unprofitable a creature !

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you for yours, and bless God for its contents. Still may you go on in his name and strength conquering and to conquer. I approve your scheme as to Brainerd's Life and Journal, and think Mr. Ashworth the proper person to execute it. I rejoice to hear you have your praying society for the purposes mentioned. Surely, if we can believe, we shall see the salvation of God.

I am sorry for any abatement in your well earned possessions ; but when all we have is devoted to the Lord, we bear losses as stewards, rather than as proprietors. I bless God this earth is less and less to me, and I could willingly have done with it should it please my master to give me leave. Yet for him I would live and labour, and, I hope, if such were his will, suffer too.

Lady Huntingdon, for whom I desired your prayers, is wonderfully recovered. She walked with me in the garden and park, and almost wearied me ; such is her recruit of strength : but the strength of her soul is amazing. I think I never saw so much of the image of God in any woman upon earth. Were I to write what I know of her, it would fill your heart with wonder, joy, and praise. She desired me to educate a lad for the dissenting ministry at her expense, till he be fit to come into my Academy on an exhibition ; and this is but one of a multitude of good works she is continually performing. I must tell you, however, one observation of hers which struck me much : " None," said she, " know how to prize Christ but those who are zealous in good works. Men know not till they try what

poor imperfect things our best works are, and how deficient we are in them; and the experience of that sweetness which attends their performance makes us more sensible of those obligations to him whose grace is the principle of them in our hearts." She has God dwelling in her, and she is ever bearing her testimony to the present salvation he has given us, and to the fountain of living waters which she feels springing up in her soul, so that she knows the divine original of the promises before the performance of them to her, as she knows God to be her creator by the life he has given her.

As I was setting out on my blessed journey to her, for such indeed it was, yesterday was sevensnight, a terrible accident happened in my study, which might have been attended with fatal consequences: I had been sealing a letter with a little roll of wax, and I thought I had blown it out, when fanned by the motion of the air, as I arose in haste, it was rekindled. It burned about a quarter of an hour while we were at prayer, and would have gone on to consume perhaps the closet and the house, had not my opposite neighbour seen the flame and given an alarm. When I came up, I found my desk, which was covered with papers, burning like an altar; many letters, papers of memorandums, and schemes for sermons, were consumed. My book of accounts was on fire, and the names at the top almost burnt through, a volume of the Family Expositor, the original MSS. from Corinthians to Ephesians, surrounded with flames, and drenched in melted wax; the fire had kindled up around it, and burned off some leaves, and the corners of the other books, so that there is not one leaf entire: and yet, so did God moderate the rage of this element, and determine in his Providence the time of our entrance, that not one account is rendered uncertain by what it suffered, nor is one line which had not been transcribed destroyed in the MS. I have to add,



that all my vouchers for Miss Ekin's money, all my Sermons and MSS. intended for the press, and among the rest the remainder of the Family Expositor, were all in such danger, that the fire, in another quarter of an hour, had probably consumed them. Observe, my dear friend, the hand of God, and magnify the Lord with me.

I earnestly beg your prayers, and entreat you to salute my praying friends with redoubled salutations in this view, and with this message: 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with all your spirits, and with your families.' I cannot say how affectionately I am,

Dear Sir,

Your ever faithful Friend, Brother, and obliged Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.

DEAR DOCTOR,

London, July 3, 1750.

YESTERDAY we met as a committee for the last time, and agreed upon a Report to be made to the Managers of the Presbyterian Synod, at our first meeting in October next, concerning erecting an Academy here.

How much my heart has been set upon an Academy in London you may perhaps remember, when I invited you almost twenty years ago to Hackney, and would gladly have resigned the congregation to you, and have seen your Academy transplanted hither. I am still of opinion that there is no place in England like it, either for making scholars or preachers, as there are great advantages of conversation, preaching, and books.

I carefully attended to what you say about your Exposition on the Romans; and strongly suspected how matters

there would come out ; but respect must be paid to truth and conscience, without regard to events. If ever it should happen that Northampton should become unworthy of your labours, there are places enough that would gladly receive you ; but I am much more apprehensive of your death, than of the danger of your losing the esteem of that place, not you only, but *your memory*, will surely be blessed there. But are you aware what a creature you are ? I love you beyond expression, and admire your abilities, furniture, and spirits, more than you imagine ; and not a man in the world rejoices more in your usefulness than I do, and yet I often make myself merry with your character and conduct : I will give you a sketch of it. You are so entirely devoted to God, to truth, and holiness, that it is very easy to impose upon you under the appearance of any of these ; and are so perfectly made up of candour and good nature, that a pious enthusiast, or a godly dunce, is welcome to your table, and heart. You are so good yourself that you think every body else ten times better than they are ; see merit in the darkness of midnight ; cannot see faults without a noonday sun ; forgive injuries before they are confessed ; confer favours as a reward for affronts, and will never believe but that all who are in good earnest in religion, and enter into the belief, practice, life, and spirit of it, are to be embraced by you, because Christ receives them, let their opinions or denominations be what they will : now how should you be a *party man*, or be likely to have your Academy supplied by people who live upon *notions, phrases, and external forms* ! You— but I will not oblige you any further now, but thank you for that Sermon on Candour, which is the very picture of your mind, and highly relished by

Your faithful and affectionate

BROTHER BARKER.

## TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST, Clapham, July 30, 1750. Monday Morning.

I HAVE now the happiness of writing to you from our incomparable friend, Mr. Neals; who brought me hither last night, after having preached in the morning for Mr. Price, and in the afternoon at Mr. Langford's. I thank God the weather was so moderate that I preached with great ease at both places, and was very well all the evening. I had a fine night's rest, and so could very well afford to rise at six, having waked at five this morning. My head was full of schemes relating to a philosophical tutor; which, on the whole, I am encouraged to think of introducing into our academy, on a foundation which I may have a more convenient opportunity of making you acquainted with. I find it is most probable the Presbyterian academy will go on, but I have no anxiety about it. I do not question but providence will support us at Northampton; and, if otherwise, if I may but do what is right, I shall be very ready to retreat whenever my master shall appear to give me the signal; for I do not merely talk of it, but I feel it at my heart, that the only important end of life, and the greatest happiness to be expected in it, consists in seeking in all things to please God, attempting all the good we can, and leaving our little weak schemes to be overruled by his infinite and unerring wisdom. I dined with Mr. Jackson, where I saw that excellent Mr. Barker, and pleasant was the momentary vision; and I also saw that plump, smiling, handsome widower, Mr. Spilsbury, who, I think, would do very well for our fair friend, whom *the wise Doctor* has driven from Northampton, and who I find has dropped some hints at Woburn, greatly confirming your conjecture as to the wounded hearts, all which

confirms me in the propriety of St. Paul's advice. 1. Tim. v. 14.

I fear that, after so many hindrances, I shall be forced to leave a great deal of my business undone, and many of my friends unseen; but I am determined that, if God grant me life, health, and opportunity, nothing shall prevent my setting out for St. Albans on Monday fortnight, and I hope nothing will prevent your indulging me and your other friends in the pleasure of meeting you there. At present, with due salutations, I must take my leave; and am,

My dearest,

Your ever affectionate

P. DODDRIDGE.

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FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.\*

REV. SIR.

Lambeth, Aug. 9, 1750.

I ESTEEM the part of your letter relating to Mr. Finne as a real act of friendship, of which nothing can be a greater proof than an honest and prudent endeavour to vindicate an injured character. I remember well, and have in my custody authentic evidence of my whole intercourse with Mr. Finne. The application to me consisted of two parts, first, to see what could be done by the favourable countenance of the great men in aid of the Protestants at Breslaw; and, secondly, what prospect there was of the assistance of the clergy, by an application to the bench of bishops. An answer to the first of those inquiries naturally required a long time. I did my best in it, but

\* Dr. Herring.

had a negative at last. The other way required time too. The letter from Breslaw to me was dated the 13th of July, and consequently could have no proper answer till I saw the bishops, nor a satisfactory one till I saw them all together. The first opportunity I had I communicated to them all the abovementioned letter, and it was the general judgment, that the case was not a proper object for a collection here. Mr. Finne had this answer as soon as I could conveniently give it; and I remember upon that occasion, on his pressing me for my particular benefaction, I answered him, that what I could do would be quite inconsiderable, unless in conjunction with my brethren, meaning, that as I could not exert myself alone, in a manner becoming my station, I should desire to be excused; and I think it a little hard to be pressed to do otherwise. This is the true state of the case, and I am most positive, that I never promised Mr. F. that at all events; whatever the other bishops did, I would alone contribute to the assistance of the Protestants at Breslaw. I will not charge Mr. Finne with misrepresenting me wilfully, but he certainly mistook me. The words of my letter, which I transcribe to you, as sent to the gentlemen of Breslaw, will show that I thought and spoke of myself in this affair as joined with the rest of the bishops. They follow in the enclosed.

I am, Reverend Sir, your obliged Friend,

T. CANTUAR.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL WOOD, D. D.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

August 25, 1750.

WHEN I quitted you with so much tender regret, after having received so many engaging favours, and spent so many delightful hours with you, I retained a secret hope, that I should long ere this have renewed the converse in such an imperfect manner as pen and paper would allow; but the continued hurry of every day and hour, that I spent in and about London, gave me no opportunity of doing it in a manner that would have been in any degree satisfactory.

I was desirous, when I did write, to give you some little intelligence as to the state in which I found things in London, and the probable success of the schemes which you knew I was forming. Now here in the general, I have to tell you, that (according to your repeated prayers, when I was with you, and I doubt not since I was separated from you) the hand of my God hath been upon me for good, and that withersoever I have gone I have prospered. You may remember that there were three affairs of a public nature which were the objects of my particular solicitude. The procuring a third tutor for my academy, the providing for lads, not yet fit for academical education, and the doing something for the service of New Jersey, in the propagation of Christianity abroad. Providence has accomplished the first of these schemes by the unexpected success of the second; and has opened some promising hopes concerning the third, beyond what had entered into my mind when I parted with you. The want of ministers and students is so seen and felt, and the necessity of the scheme for educating lads not yet ripe for academical studies is grown so apparent, that between three and fourscore pounds per annum have been, by well disposed persons, without any pressing solicitations from me, sub-

scribed for that purpose in and about London ; and out of that, it has been determined, that besides Mr. Clark, who, with a salary of forty pounds per annum and his board, is to be tutor of philosophy, another tutor is to be maintained with a salary of thirty pounds, besides his board, who is to teach the languages ; and as his salary chiefly arises from this scheme, he is also to superintend the education of these lads in their grammatical studies ; who are, in devotional exercises, to attend with my pupils, and to be under my inspection, though not under my personal instruction. As for the scheme of the New Jerseys, Mr. Allen, who came over on purpose to negociate it, was unhappily smitten by that fatal infection at the Old Bailey, and is dead ; but I have had large conversation with Colonel Williams, who was the second man in the expedition to Cape Breton, and by whom, indeed, it was chiefly projected ; and he encourages me to hope that Mr. Pemberton, the minister at New York, on my favouring the scheme, as I certainly shall, will come to Britain, and make a tour over its northern and southern parts, carrying along with him two converted and civilized Indians, as a specimen of what has been already done. He proposes to attempt a collection in the chief congregations which he may visit on this journey ; after which he may very properly write such a letter in his own name to the dissenting ministers in England, as I expressed my thoughts of writing ; and may, with yet more propriety, recommend and enforce the advice laid down in my preface to my Sermon at Kettering. As for the affair of Breslaw, the good Archbishop of Canterbury did all he could to procure a brief for them, or a contribution some other way.

You will, perhaps, be surprised to hear that application has been made to me from a son of Lord William Manners, brother to the Duke of Rutland, to desire admission among my pupils, though intended for a clergyman in the Estab-

lished Church; and if he be willing to acquiesce in the terms and orders of my family I shall not refuse it.\*

I wonder at Mr. —'s purpose of removing his son from me: I fear it is either on some misrepresentation or foolish behaviour of the young gentleman, for I have always treated him with the fidelity of a real friend, and with the tenderness of a parent; and I am well satisfied that, especially on the improvement which, by means of a third tutor, will be made in our course, there is no place of education in England where, if a youth would do himself justice, greater advantages might be found.

But you see how I have run on. Were I to begin a second sheet, I should fill it before I had emptied half my heart. Let me conclude, with the most affectionate and grateful services to all my good friends at Norwich, and those at Yarmouth, when you see them. My wife joins with me in these salutations, of which you and your charming lady claim a very distinguished share. Oh, that we could see you here, and give you both, as a poor

\* This circumstance, with many other facts of a similar nature, might be appealed to as a proof of the high character for catholic Christianity which Dr. Doddridge possessed, and of the perfect confidence in his theological impartiality which it inspired. The reader will also observe, that it confirms the account I have given of the *former* Nonconformist Academies, in which it is said that they were '*far from being the sectarian schools of an exclusive and peculiar denomination.*' It was this high-minded liberality and contempt of party distinctions which rendered Dr. Doddridge an object of dislike to the pharisaical zealots of his day; and it is the exposure of these circumstances which has rendered these volumes an object of alarm to their successors.

On looking over a list of the pupils educated by Dr. Doddridge, I observe that there were mingled with the theological students, besides the Earl of Dunmore, twelve gentlemen of fortune, not intended for the liberal professions; and of those who were, it appears that five afterwards held commissions in the army, four became physicians, and two entered the law. Three others were elected members of parliament. Of the theological pupils, six conformed to the Episcopal Church, while the great body remained liberal and conscientious Nonconformists. Of these; many were distinguished for their piety and learning; and among others, the names of Akin, Ashworth, and Kippis, of Darracott, Taylor, and Fawcett, will naturally present themselves to the mind of the reader.



grateful child expressed it, "all your care again." Mr. Neal and Mr. Barker are particular in their salutations to you. I am, with more affection than can be expressed,

My dear Friend, yours, blessed be God, for ever,

P. DODDRIDGE.

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TO THE REV. BENJAMIN FAWCETT.

Northampton, Sept. 13, 1750.

MY SINGULARLY DEAR AND GOOD FRIEND,

PERHAPS I should not have written to you so soon, if it had not been that I am just now in a crisis that needs your prayers; and to whom should I go when I want prayer but to you, and some of my friends with you, for in that you are mighty men.—You have a tender heart towards your friend on earth, and a great interest in the Great Friend above, and it is in an affair relating to His cause that I am now to desire your interposition.

I have then to tell you, that the hand of God has been upon me for good in my late journey in a very extraordinary manner. Never did I observe such a coincidence of events to make my way pleasant and prosperous; never did I perceive all my councils more under a divine direction; so that events occurred I know not how, which I should have been glad to have contrived, and must then have adjusted with great pains and application, that they might have been in the state in which I found them. Among other things some of my friends, unknown to me, had raised a subscription for maintaining a third tutor in my Academy; who, while I am employed in theological studies, and Mr. Clark in philosophical, might teach the languages, not only to my academical pupils, but also to some lads who are forming their first acquaintance with them, or who, though they may have made some progress, are not yet of an age, standing, or attainments fit to be

ranked with any of our classes. This marvellously secured, as you see, two important objects at once, that of improving our academical course of education, and of providing for the scheme of the youths, which lay so near my heart. And it has had such an effect already, that whereas at Midsummer we had four vacancies on Mr. Coward's list that we could not fill up; candidates are now offering faster than we can provide for them, both as pupils and as scholars (you will easily understand the distinction), so that whereas we have hitherto been calling for vessels, I am now beginning to fear for the oil. In plain terms, your errand to the throne of grace is this, that a suitable person may be found to set over this important office, and that the hearts of Christians may be opened to establish such a fund for the scholars as may be sufficient for their subsistence.

As to the first of these, my eyes were upon Mr. Rose, private tutor to Mr. Murray, nephew to the Earl of Dunmore; a most ingenious, learned, active, prudent, faithful man; and one for whose fidelity and friendship I could have ventured my life. He is a lover of God and goodness; though I cannot say all I could wish. But Lord Dunmore will not consent to his undertaking the additional charge, though it would have saved twenty pounds per annum, for the benefit of the scholars. I am now therefore at a loss; I have sent every way to inquire, but get no answer; and whereas the plan was to have been executed before Michaelmas, the putting it off as a thing only projected, may, as you will perceive, be attended with hazardous consequences, and so much the more so, as the scheme of a Presbyterian Academy at London (which I think can answer no end but that of keeping up a party) is just now to be determined. They intend three tutors, and nothing could be so effectual to procure at least a delay of it, as if my friends had it to say that there were *three* already at Northampton. On this account I would most earnestly entreat that God would appear, and make no long tarrying.

As to the other, I am now sending out circular letters to engage all the ministers in the country in this scheme, and by their assistance the people of their several congregations. This will occasion an association among us, which is a thing I have long wished ; and I enclose in my circular the plan of their associations in Norfolk and Suffolk, in consequence of which six very promising youths are now being educated. But here now is a work for prayer, to entreat that God would touch their hearts with a right sense of things, that they may see of how great importance the scheme is, and what a crisis we are now come to with regard to it. I trust in God, that he will appear, but then we must seek it in a way of humble prayer. I am getting all the assistance for this purpose I can, and I bless God my mouth is often opened and my heart enlarged, when I am endeavouring to plead his cause ; and I see souls hanging on my lips, and drinking in the truth as it is in Jesus.

Indeed, my dear friend, I have lately been not only praying for you, but solemnly blessing God upon your account ; that there is such a minister, that I have such a friend, that I have been the honoured instrument of training up such a pupil, and that I have such a joyful hope, though separated from him now, of dwelling with him for ever, and of seeing him with the angels of God.

I have a thousand things to write, but have no time. I received eleven letters yesterday, and am so covered with cares, that they almost bear me down ; but if they may but be cares for God, they are welcome.

I bless God dear Mr. Taylor goes on excellently well, he has much more prudence than many ministers ; and improves his time and opportunities, so that I have very high expectations from him.\*

\* Those persons who have the advantage of knowing the Rev. Thomas Taylor are perfectly aware that his future reputation realized the high opinion expressed by his tutor, and will read with pleasure the following extracts :

“ This venerable minister,” says *Mr. Wilson*, “ was born in the neigh-

I beseech you to present my kind salutations to all my Kidderminster friends, and particularly to Mr. Williams. Grace and peace be ever with you.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend, and humble Servant;

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.\*

SIR,

Percy Lodge, Sept. 15, 1750.

I WAS yesterday very agreeably surpris'd with the favour of your letter, and had purpos'd writing to you by this post, whether I had received it or not, to return you my sincere thanks for the valuable present which our last

bourhood of Kidderminster, in Worcestershire; and was a great-grandson of the Rev. Richard Sergeant, who was ejected by the Bartholomy Act, 1662, from the living of Stone, in that county. Of Mr. Sergeant, the famous Mr. Richard Baxter, to whom he was many years an assistant, has left behind him this testimony: 'That he was a man of such extraordinary prudence, humility, sincerity, and self-denial, and of such an unblamable life, that, during all the years he was his assistant, no one person was against him, or even accused him of saying or doing any thing amiss.'" Mr. Wilson adds, that Mr. Taylor "inherits the distinguished virtues of his ancestor;" and in so saying has given an estimate of his character as appropriate as language could convey. During his long services as pastor of the Presbyterian Church, at Carter Lane, Mr. Taylor was remarkable "for the affectionate and serious style of his preaching."

Some other particulars relative to Mr. Taylor may be met with by consulting that truly excellent work, "*The History and Antiquities of Dissenting Churches and Meeting Houses in London, Westminster, and Southwark, including the Lives of their Ministers, from the Rise of Nonconformity to the present Time; with an Appendix on the Origin, Progress, and Present State of Christianity in Britain; in four volumes, by Walter Wilson, of the Inner Temple.*"

\* "This lady, as eminent for her virtues as her rank, was the eldest daughter of the honourable Henry Thynne, only son of Thomas, Lord Viscount Weymouth. She married Algernoon, Earl of Hartford, son of

waggon brought me. I had not the pleasure of being acquainted with any of your writings till I was at Bath, three years ago, with my poor Lord, when an old acquaintance of mine, the Dowager Lady Hyndford, recommended me to read the Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul; and I may with great truth assure you that I never was so deeply affected with any thing I ever met with as with that book, and I could not be easy till I had given one to every servant in my house who appeared to be of a serious turn of mind. I immediately sent for the two first volumes of your Family Expositor, which were the only ones out at that time; since I have got that upon the Acts, your Sermons upon Regeneration, those preached for the peculiar use of young people, and in short every thing of your writing which I could meet with. It is with great pleasure that I hear you are going on with the rest of the New Testament, and must beg that you will give me leave to add my name to the list of your subscribers. My dear Lord read your former volumes with great attention and satisfaction, and frequently spoke of them as the best books he had ever seen upon the subject.

I must now come to the most mortifying and difficult part of my letter, which is to give you some account of myself. And I must begin by entreating you not to ascribe to modesty or humility what is extorted from me

Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, who succeeded to the title and estate of his father, December 2, 1748. She died July 7, 1754, leaving an only daughter, who was Duchess of Northumberland. Her Grace, as one observes, appears to have been a truly pious, amiable, and accomplished lady. Mr. Thomson, in his poem entitled the *Spring*, thus addresses her:—

“ O *Harford*, fitted or to shine in courts  
 With unaffected grace, or walk the plain  
 With innocence and meditation join'd  
 In soft assemblage, listen to my song,  
 Which thy own season paints; when nature all  
 Is blooming, and benevolent like thee.”

by the force of truth. I dare not, I would not deceive you, by pretending to deserve any part of the character which the partiality of my friends has inclined them to give me. Nay, I am conscious that even that partiality proceeds from a natural flexibility in my temper, which I sorrowfully experience to be one of my greatest hindrances in the pursuit of the one thing needful. An over great anxiety for the welfare of my friends has too much occupied both my time and thoughts; and the afflictions with which it hath pleased God to visit me have, I fear, been too bitterly regretted by me, and have made me often incapable of addressing myself as I ought to the only fountain of comfort. Yet I trust I do not deceive myself, when I think I never once murmured against the Almighty power who deprived me of those blessings which I was unworthy of; but who has still spared to me great comforts in a most affectionate and dutiful daughter, whose choice in her marriage he has mercifully directed to one of the most worthy men I ever knew, and whose kindness to me does not fall short of that of the best of sons, whose loss he repairs to the utmost of his power by every mark of duty and affection. I think myself happy in the offer of your prayers, and will beg you in a most particular manner to present them at the throne of Grace, that I may obtain fortitude to struggle with the great enemy of souls, and receive sanctification through the merits of our ever blessed Redeemer, and faith in his sufferings and promises; for I extremely need it, and extremely desire it. It is now time for me to put an end to this long letter, by assuring you that I am, with the greatest esteem,

Sir,

Your most obliged and faithful humble Servant,

F. SOMERSET.

TO THE REV. MR. TOMS.

Northampton, Feb. 2, 1751.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

YOUR letter, received in a chamber of illness, has revived my heart, and awakened my joy and thankfulness. Blessed be you of the Lord, and blessed be your counsels; and may he, in whose cause you have exerted a zeal so truly Christian, not only accept it, as undoubtedly he will, but anticipate the reward that awaits you above, by giving you to see the happy success of your scheme. I remember my fault this day;—I have read and heard a great deal of the sufferings of our Protestant brethren in France; I have conversed with those who saw their assemblies dissolved, their temples ruined, and their dead torn out of the graves and given to the fowls of the air. I have read the letters of their pastors, and their martyrs; and the incomparable discourses of Superville and Saurin, which so pathetically represent their sufferings; and one of the last was before me when your letter came; and yet, alas! I have in a great measure forgotten the afflictions of *Joseph*; now and then a transient prayer for them, or the telling of their sad sorrows (with a few tears) to my pupils, children, and friends, has been all the fruit of my compassion; while you—but I will say no more of that, by the grace of God you are what you are, and I hope his grace will be abundant to you to preserve this matter upon the imagination of your heart, and to guide your counsel, with regard to it. I trust your letter to me will not be entirely in vain; it has, in some measure, awakened my compassion and my prayers, and you will find me ready to act in my little sphere to promote the good end you propose. I have considered of the matter seriously, and I have looked up to God for direction, and the result is this:—I cannot take

upon myself the conduct of the general design. My want of leisure, especially in this present crisis, when I am so hurried with preparing my Family Expositor for the press, is something; but it is more that I am but one minister in the Country, and it would be a great presumption to expect that my brethren in London and elsewhere should act under my direction. The plan that has offered itself to me is this:—That you should go to London, and consult with some of the principal ministers of all denominations, particularly with *Mr. Barker*, *Mr. Stennet*, *Dr. Guyse*, and *Mr. Burroughs*. You see I take in general as well as particular baptists, and though I mention these four, whom I look upon as men of distinguished wisdom and piety, I mean not to exclude any other. You may, if you think it will be of any avail, communicate to them what I now write, and you may learn whether they in general approve of the design, and are ready to join their counsel and efforts for bringing it into execution. If they approve it, and will authorize me, I will then apply to some of the principal ministers of Edinburgh, and to the Earl of Leaven, and the General Assembly, acquainting them with what is working in our hearts, and desiring that they would attempt to procure a motion in the Assembly for a day of fasting and prayer on this account to be ordered throughout Scotland; and if timely notice be given of it, I think the influence of those gentlemen, in concurrence with several leading men in the country, to whom with this foundation we may reasonably apply, will certainly make it as general a thing as we can reasonably suppose any thing of this sort can be among the Protestant Dissenters; and our concurrence with our brethren of the Scotch establishment, for which, as an Establishment, we have something of a regard, will make the thing less exceptionable. And on this foundation it may be extended to Ireland, and our plantations in America. If God spare my life I will



preach, and, if it be thought proper, will publish the Discourse, which, in consequence of my correspondence with some of the Walloon ministers in Holland, I can easily have translated into the French, as several of my writings already are (and especially one, which was never yet published in England, relating to the state of the Church in Holland, which, if I may judge by the many thousands dispersed through that country, was remarkably blessed in a very peculiar crisis). Perhaps God will send this sermon into France, and it may be introductory to some greater and better attempt; but this last part of the scheme I would choose at present to conceal, the rest communicate as you judge proper, and please to favour me with the result as soon as you can, that I may write to Scotland without delay, and set the machine in motion. In the mean time let us lift up our hearts to God daily for its success, and let him do what seemeth good in his sight. I may in consequence of this, in some future letter, lay before you another scheme of great importance, as I apprehend, for the service of religion, in the propagation of the gospel of our Blessed Redeemer, which lies much on my heart, and to which I think the providence of God is opening a way by some remarkable occurrences. In the mean time let me recommend to you the reading the Life and Journal of Mr David Brainard, if you know where to get it in large. Quick's Synodicon I have. The Icones I shall be very glad to see, when you can conveniently spare them, but I think whatever views we may have secretly, with regard to their publication, it will be proper to reserve them in our own breasts till the first grand part of our scheme is brought into full execution, which may prepare a way for the other. I have but one thing to add, which is, that whereas I have hitherto only thought of you as a worthy brother, whom I have sincerely joined with others in the general prayers I have been offering for persons of

your character ; I have now (touched to the heart by your excellent letter) inserted your name in a list of a few select friends, whom I especially, esteem, as the excellent of the earth, and whom I remember before God, in seasons of solemn intercession. Let me conclude with presenting you both with our united salutations, and entreating you thus to remember,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your affectionate Brother, and faithful Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL BATES.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

February 18, 1751.

I HAVE often had yours of September 29 before me, but never found an opportunity, nor scarcely a capacity of making a reply without some difficulty, since the all-wise God hath afflicted me for some months with such a flow of water from mine eyes as hath occasioned a very great dimness, without any relief by bleeding, or the use of spectacles. It is but little I can write or read, but I have the more leisure to pray; and I think with grief and shame on the little improvement I have made of that noble faculty of seeing which my good God continued to me so long; and if I cannot converse with my friends so much in an epistolary way as I have formerly done, I am in humble dependance on Divine grace, endeavouring to converse with my God, and with them at the throne of Mercy, which may be done, though we have no eye to see, nor tongue to speak, nor hand to write.

I have for some years past often begged of my heavenly Father, that if it be his will, I may not outlive my capacity

for usefulness, but be called home to rest when that is gone: but we know not what to desire in this or in any respect, and therefore I would not prescribe to the Almighty, who hath chosen for me better than I could have done for myself; but I have long ago given up all my senses, health, strength, and ease, reputation, friends, usefulness,—all into the hands of Christ, to be continued or taken away as he pleases. Dear Sir, help me by your prayers to stand to what I have done; for it is hard work when the trial comes: but I know who was (and hope I shall be) able to do all things through Christ strengthening me; my heart (as far as I know it) does at present say, “if he slay me, yet will I trust in him.” Though I am tempted and tried never so far, can I have but the light of his countenance it is enough, and more than I deserve.

I sincerely rejoice, and have given my God all the glory of the many mercies you enjoy, in conjunction with many other of your friends and acquaintance, on a temporal and spiritual account. Your account of Christian friends in Huntingdonshire, and of the worthy Dr. Stonehouse, in your town, together with his excellent book, hath tended to raise my drowsy heart in praise and prayer. My service and thanks to him for his valuable present of Archbishop Leighton’s Works, and to you for your labour, in preparing them for the press. But my eyes fail, and I must conclude, with respects to all as due from

Your real Friend and unworthy Brother,

SAMUEL BATES.

FROM BENJAMIN FORFITT, ESQ.\*

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

London, Feb. 23, 1761.

THE gentlemen received, with pleasure, your kind approbation and good wishes to their attempts to promote the interests of religion; and I have the satisfaction to inform you, that, since the time we began, which was in August last, we have forty-two pounds yearly subscriptions, and have received between thirty and forty pounds occasional contributions, and have the agreeable prospect of considerable additions. I have taken the liberty to send you an account of our design, and something of the method wherein it is proposed to carry it on, that any worthy persons, to whom it may approve itself, may know where to direct their benevolence; and I think I may assure them that it will be very faithfully applied. I do not know, dear Sir, whether justice does not oblige me to inform you, *that if the world receives any advantage from this design, I think, under God, it is indebted to Dr. Doddridge for it*, as the sacred fervour which animated your addresses from the pulpit, when last in town, kindled a spark of the same benevolence to the souls of men and in the breast of one, who could no longer retain his desires of usefulness within the compass of his own small abilities, without exciting others to the same views.

Believe us, Sir, we honour, I had almost said envy, the happiness of faithful and successful ministers of the blessed Jesus, in being made his instruments to rescue the precious souls of men from the bonds of sin and Satan, and of forming them to a meetness for everlasting happiness:

\* When it is remembered that the charity to which Mr. Forfitt alludes was the Bible Society in its infancy, this letter becomes highly interesting.

but we can by no means be contented that they should possess this honour alone; and rejoice when our poor attempts afford any assistance in this great work. May you, dear Sir, long live, if I may be allowed to be so bold as to wish you a long absence from your highest hopes and joys; may you long continue to see the increasing accomplishment of your services; and when the solemn hour comes, may you enter into the port of bliss, like a gallant ship laden with the spoils of victory; and may I, though unworthy, be a spectator of your triumph, and a partaker of your joys. Amen, even so come Lord Jesus.

I rejoice, Sir, to hear of the success that attends your design of preparing youths for ministerial studies, and humbly pray that you may receive growing satisfaction in it. Pardon, good Sir, the trouble I have given you, and accept for yourself and honoured lady the best compliments of my good brother and sister, together with his, who, in the love and hope of the gospel, desires to subscribe himself,

Sir,

Your affectionate Friend, and very humble Servant,

BENJ. FORFITT.\*

\* *Rules of the Charitable Society for promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor.*

I. The design of the SOCIETY is to distribute Bibles, Testaments, and other books, which may be judged useful, *gratis* among the poor; and particularly to send such books to such ministers and gentlemen in the country, as the SOCIETY may have reason to believe will faithfully distribute them among those that most need them, and may be most likely to improve them.

II. That this charity be carried on by a quarterly subscription of the members, and such other contributions, as well disposed christians may assist the SOCIETY with from time to time.

III. That every subscriber be desired to attend the meetings of the SOCIETY, and shall have the liberty, in his turn, to direct the disposal of as many books as the SOCIETY shall think proper.

IV. That when books are sent down to any minister or gentleman in

## FROM CAPTAIN HAY.\*

SIR,

London, March 9, 1751.

As few men of my occupation are now a days Julius Cæsar's, I shall not pretend to be master of words of sufficient energy to express my grateful resentment of the favour I have received by your means from my Lord Halifax, and shall only say, that the easy, generous manner in which his lordship conferred the obligation, made it of double value.

Dr. Hughes desires to be remembered to you; and may he, you, and Lord Halifax, and all your family, be as happy as you have made mine, is the sincere prayer of,

Sir,

Your most obliged, most obedient, and humble Servant,

GEO. HAY.

the country, it will be expected from him, that he shall send an account of the receipt and disposal of them; and that the account be delivered to the secretary, by the person that recommended him.

Those who are willing to encourage this design, are desired to send their contributions to either of the gentlemen undermentioned:

The Reverend Mr. CHANDLER, Old Jewry.

The Reverend Mr. STENNETT, Charterhouse Square.

The Reverend Mr. GIBBONS, No. 2. Bunhill Row.

The Reverend Mr. THOMPSON, Barnaby Street, Southwark.

Mr. BENJ. FORFITT, Leadenhall Street.

Mr. EDWARD NICKLIN, in the Cloisters, Smithfield.

Mr. THOMAS HOLMES, Newgate Street.

Mr. JOHN WARD, Cornhill.

\* This letter shows that Dr. Doddridge's intimacy with the Earl of Halifax remained unbroken; he had probably, on this occasion, used his influence with his lordship to obtain promotion for this correspondent, and this little incident evinces the readiness and zeal with which he promoted the welfare of even his acquaintance in all proper instances.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL WOOD, D. D.

DEAR SIR,

Northampton, April 9, 1751.

I HAVE written such a multitude of letters of late, and have received so many, that, not having always been so exact as I ought to have been in making memorandums, I hardly know what I have and what I have not answered;\* and with regard to you I am the more uncertain, as I may mistake some particular messages sent to you in Colonel Williams's letter some time since, for an answer to that of yours, which informed me of his marriage;† but of this I am sure that every way I am in your debt, and always shall be so.

My heart has been much set on promoting the youth's scheme, but to my great grief I have not found in many of our Congregations that encouragement which I hoped. Something, however, is done, and much more in proportion from London than from the country. There are, however, nine lads, some of them very promising, who are supported by it; I sometimes think two of them will offer themselves as missionaries to New York, to plant the gospel among the Indians there, and glad at my heart should I be if my only son were desirous of being the third.

I am, at present, under great concern for the illness, I fear the dangerous illness, of my generous, faithful, endeared friend, Mr. Lyttelton. It is the smallest part of this concern, that it prevents him from doing that service to my

\* On another occasion, when writing to this friend, Dr. Doddridge says:—"I marshalled my unanswered letters, and found them one hundred and six, near one quarter of which reached me since Friday noon, and it was then Monday evening, and all this, though I have written between fifty and sixty letters the last fourteen days with my own hand, having no secretary."

† Colonel Williams had then recently married the Doctor's highly valued friend, the amiable and pious Miss Scott, of Norwich.

subscription to the remaining volumes of the Family Expositor, which he was resolved to have attempted, and which, with so great an interest, he might probably enough have effected. The greater part of that disappointment to me is, that it may prevent its coming into the hands of some in higher life, to whom it may otherwise have no access: but God limits or extends all such prospects at pleasure; and I desire to refer it to him, with what degrees of encouragement the work shall be published, and, indeed, whether it shall be published or not. The three volumes will hardly be published at so small a price as a thousand pounds, and I shall judge it the part of prudence, and therefore of duty, not to send them to the press on any terms on which I shall not be secure; and if there be such a number subscribed for or bespoke by booksellers as to effect that, I shall go on with the publication as fast as I can; and bless God for such an opportunity of doing my public homage to his word, and endeavouring, with all integrity and simplicity, to make it understood, and to enforce it on men's consciences, according to the little ability he has been pleased to give me; which truly I think so little, that I am sometimes almost ashamed of having undertaken so great a work.

I have of late been much indisposed with a cold, which is returned again, but not with so much violence as before. I know I have your prayers, and I delight in the thought. We are tending to one blessed home. Our interview at Norwich was pleasant, how much more so will that be which we expect in our Father's house. This poor letter has been written *raptim* at several times. I have filled my four pages, and yet seem but to have begun. But I must conclude with every good wish for you and yours that the tenderest friendship can form; nor can I hope ever to tell my dear Mr. Wood how faithfully and affectionately I am his,

P. DODDRIDGE.



## FROM THE REV. WILLIAM ANDERSONE.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Glasgow, April 20, 1751.

THE kind reception my papers met with from you, and the promise made me in your last, have emboldened me to trouble you with these few enclosed sheets. In them I have attempted to carry up the history of the Jews to the time in which they fell under the administration of kings. I am heartily sorry my circumstances have been such that I must either have sent nothing by the hand of my friend, Mr. John Hamilton, or these few chapters, wrote and laid together as they are. However, I hope to have them better wrote over when set right by your judicious corrections, both as to style and sentiment, for I hope you will not grudge me your friendly assistance in this important affair. And may the divine wisdom and mercy, as manifested to his own people the Jews, and by them to the rest of mankind, appear in its clearest light, by what stands recorded in his word, which is, that truth, a clear understanding and firm belief of which is alone able to set us free from our fatal slavery, both to error and to vice.

In your kind and judicious remarks of last year I see you supposed that I meant by the great and lesser chronicles of the Jews their Talmud and Mischna; but Meyer, whom I quoted, in his learned edition of these chronicles, fully shows them to be no part of these writers you fancied I took them for. Both Meyer and Wolfrus, in his *Biblioth. Hebræa*, fully show that the *Seder Olam*, or great chronicle, was wrote by R. Jose Chelpetha, who was teacher of R. Judah the Holy, and so flourished before the Mischna was written, viz. about the year of our Lord 120. This Rabbi was a tanner by trade, but of so high a reputation

amongst his countrymen, that in all controversies his decision was ordinarily rested in. And wherever R. Jose is simply named in the Gemara, &c. this R. is always understood, though there have been several more of that name, and this as his writing is often appealed to by the best of your subsequent writers. As for the lesser chronicle, most authors agree that it was wrote only about the middle of the twelfth century; see Meyer and Wolfrus, *Bibl. Hebræa*, T. i. p. 491, &c. it is, in many places, only an abridgment of the great one. As for that quoted from Majemonides, who lived in the twelfth century, it appeared to me of importance, because it expresses, in the word of that admired Rabbi, what the joint testimony of that widely scattered society do fully agree in, and what their testimony plainly proves.

As the last corollary of the second chapter now sent you is intended to show the mercy of God in that ample revelation of his will made to mankind, by scattering the Jews through the whole world before the destruction of Jerusalem. I ought for that purpose to have copied out some part of Agrippa's moving letter to Caius, which I cited in that chapter. But my amanuensis left no place for it, and this bearer gave me no time to supply that defect; so that all I can do at present is only to assure you that I am, in haste,

Reverend and dear Doctor,

Your most humble and obliged Servant,

WILL. ANDERSONE.

## FROM THE BISHOP OF LONDON.\*

REV. SIR,

London, May 11, 1751.

I AM very much obliged to you for the open and candid manner in which you have communicated to me the case of Mr. Davies, with an extract of his letter upon the subject. I wish all cases of this sort could be as fairly stated; it would exclude frivolous complaints, and bring the other to be understood, which, oftentimes, they are not. The best return I can make is to send you extracts, *verbatim*, from the account I received from Virginia, and from the answer I returned. You have them enclosed.

The question upon Mr. Davies's case, as far as it appears yet, relates to the meaning and construction of the Act, commonly called the *Toleration Act*. What I conceive the meaning to be appears in the extract from my answer. If you consider the Act, and the circumstance under which it was granted, you will not, I believe, see reason to think me mistaken. If you judge the liberty granted not sufficient, and that every body has a natural right to propagate their opinions in religion, in such manner as they themselves approve, that is quite another point, and one in which Mr. Davies, who claims under the Act of Toleration, has no concern.

If you suppose the church of England to be (which I am persuaded you do not) in the same state of corruption as the Romish church was at the time of the reformation, there wants, indeed, no license or authority from the Government to justify the methods of conversion which Mr. Davies is pursuing, and which the Methodists now do, and long have pursued. But if the Act of Toleration was desired with no other view than to ease the *conscience* of those who *could not conform*; if it was granted with no other

\* Dr. Sherlock.

view, how is Mr. Davies's conduct to be justified, who, under the colour of a toleration to *his own conscience*, is labouring to disturb the *consciences of others*, and the peace of a church acknowledged to be a true church of Christ? He came three hundred miles from home, not to serve people who had scruples, but to a country where *the church of England had been established from its first plantation*, and where there were not above four or five dissenters within a hundred miles of it not above six years ago. Mr. Davies says, in his letter to you, '*We claim no other liberties than those granted by the Act of Toleration;*' so that the state of the question is admitted on both sides to be this, how far the Act of Toleration will justify Mr. Davies in taking upon himself to be an itinerant preacher, and travelling over many counties to make converts, in a country, too, where, till very lately, there was not a dissenter from the church of England.

You will observe, in the extract from my letter, that I promised to *take the opinion of lawyers upon the case*, but I have not done it; which I tell you, that you may not think I have an opinion, and conceal it from you.

Mr. Davies says, '*Sundry of the people have been indicted and fined;*' and it is upon this information (I suppose) that you express yourself apprehensive, that *methods of severity, not to say of oppression*, may be used. Of this I have heard nothing. But give me leave to set you right in one thing, and to tell you that *my name* neither is nor can be used to any such purpose. The Bishop of London and his commissaries have no such power in the Plantations; and I believe never desired to have it; so that, if there be any ground for such complaint, the Civil Government only is concerned.

There is another part of Mr. Davies's letter which gives me great concern, I mean the character he gives of the *clergy and laity* in Virginia. I dare say you have so much

candour as to deduct something from the general character, knowing how hard it is not to suspect and charge corruption of principle upon those who differ in principle from ourselves. I have had no such account of the clergy of Virginia as will justify that character, though there may be reason, in some cases, for very just complaint; and how can it be expected to be otherwise, considering the state of the church of England abroad? the care of it, as an episcopal church, is supposed to be in the Bishop of London; how he comes to be charged with this care I will not now inquire; but sure I am, that the care is improperly lodged: for a bishop to live at one end of the world, and his church at another, must make the office very uncomfortable to the bishop, and, in a great measure, useless to the people. With respect to ordinations, it has a very ill effect. The people of the country are discouraged from bringing up their children for the ministry, because of the hazard and expense of sending them to England to take orders, where they often get the smallpox, a distemper fatal to the natives of those countries. Of those who are sent from hence, a great part are of the Scotch or Irish, who can get no employment at home, and enter into the service more out of necessity than choice; some others are willing to go abroad to retrieve either lost fortunes or lost characters. For these reasons, and others of no less weight, I did apply to the king, as soon as I was Bishop of London, to have two or three Bishops appointed for the plantations, to reside there; I thought there could be no reasonable objection to it, not even from the Dissenters, as the bishops proposed were to have no jurisdiction but over the clergy of their own church, and no more over them than should enable them to see the pastoral office duly performed. And as to New England, where the dissenters are so numerous, it never was proposed to settle a Bishop in the country. You are, probably, no stranger to the manner in which the news of this proposal was received in New England; if you are, I

will only say that they used all their influence to obstruct the settling Bishops in the Episcopal Church there. Was this consistent even with a spirit of toleration? would they think themselves tolerated if they were debarred the right of appointing ministers among themselves, and were obliged to send all their candidates to Geneva or Scotland for orders? At the same time that they gave this opposition they set up a mission of their own for Virginia, a country entirely episcopal, by authority of their synod. And in their own country, where they have the power, they have prosecuted and imprisoned several members of our Church for not paying towards supporting the dissenting preachers, though no such charge can, by any colour of law, be imposed on them: this has been the case in New England. I am sorry to add, that some here, for whose characters and abilities I have due esteem, have not, upon this occasion, given signs of the temper and moderation that were expected from them.

I do not willingly enter into these complaints, even to you, who, I am confident, will make no ill use of them; I wish there was no occasion for them: in this wish I am sure of your concurrence, from the love you bear to our common christianity.

I am, Sir,

Your affectionate Friend and very humble Servant,

THO. LONDON.\*

\* *Extract from a Letter from Virginia, dated July 27, 1750.*

“ *Seven Meeting Houses, situated in five counties, have been licensed by the General Court for Mr. Samuel Davies. In these counties there are eight ministers of the Established Church. The Justices of New Kent county lately granted him a license to have a meeting house in St. Peter’s parish. But their order has been superseded by the General Court, it being judged that this affair is not within the jurisdiction of county courts. The instruction alluded to in the answer of Peyton Randolph, Esq., Attorney General of Virginia, to the first question, is as follows: ‘ You are to permit a liberty of conscience to all persons except Papists,*

TO THE REV. SAMUEL WOOD, D. D.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Sudbury, June 20, 1751.

HARDLY any disappointment of the kind ever hung heavier upon me than that of not seeing you here ; the expectation of which, with the hope of an interview with good Mr. Frost, gave me resolution to break through the strong importunity of my friends in London ; and through the discouragements arising from a very bad cold, which such a journey was likely to increase, that I might once more see and embrace him who has so much of my heart, that I think, if love could inscribe a name there, yours would be found on mine when it beats no more. But a regard to duty keeps you at home, and therefore I ought to love you the better for it. I was the more earnestly desirous of

so they be contented with a quiet and peaceable enjoyment of the same, not giving offence or scandal to the government.'

"I earnestly request the favour of your lordship's opinion, whether, in licensing so many houses for one teacher, they have not granted him greater indulgence than either the King's instruction, or the Act of Toleration intended. It is not to be dissembled, that several of the laity, as well as clergy, are uneasy, on account of the countenance and encouragement he has met with. And I cannot forbear expressing my own concern to see schism spreading itself through a colony which *has been famous for uniformity of religion*. I had almost forgot to mention his holding forth on *working days* to great numbers of poor people, who, generally, are his only followers. This, certainly, is inconsistent with the religion of labour, whereby they are obliged to maintain themselves and families : and their neglect of this duty, if not seasonably prevented, may, in process of time, be sensibly felt by the government."

*Extract from the Bishop of London's Letter, in Answer to the foregoing, dated December 25, 1750.*

"As to Davies's case, as far as I can judge, your Attorney General is quite in the right, for the Act of Toleration confines the preachers to a particular place to be certified and entered, and so the practice here has been ; and it was so far admitted to be the case, that the dissenters obtained a clause, in the 10 Q. Anne to empower any dissenting teacher to preach *occasionally* in any other county but that where he was licensed.

seeing you, as I had several things to talk over with you of great importance. A restless night, or rather many restless hours in it, in connexion with the view of labour before me this day, for which I am but ill qualified, has detained me in bed so long that I have now but a few minutes to write to you. As to Colonel Williams's scheme for the Indian school, I shall refer you partly to Mr. Frost, who will inform you of what passes in reference to it, and partly to some future letter, if God permit, in which I will furnish you with the memorial of this important affair, which the good colonel sent me by the last post; and, perhaps, I may also send you a copy of the Bishop of London's letter to me, in reference to Mr. Davies's affair in Virginia. I paid in your noble donation to Mr. Wilson for the church of Breslaw last week, a sacrifice of a sweet smelling savour. Go on vigorously with the youth's

I observe that in one of the licenses (a copy of which you sent me) Davies is permitted to *assemble*, &c. at several meeting houses to be erected on the lands of Joseph Skelton, &c. Now the Act of Uniformity requires that the places of meeting shall be certified and registered; but how houses that are not in being can be certified and registered I cannot understand.

The Act of Toleration was intended to permit the dissenters to worship in their own way, and to exempt them from penalties, but it was never intended to permit them to set up itinerant preachers, to gather congregations where there were none before. They are by the Act of W. and M. to qualify in the county *where they live*, and how Davies can be said to live in five different counties they who granted the license must explain.

In the Act of W. and M. the *justices* of the *peace* can admit of the teacher's qualification, which is the reason, I suppose, of your justices acting in the present case. If this power be lodged with the Governor, as your Attorney General takes it to be, I do not see how the justices can interfere, unless they suppose that they can do whatever the justices in England can do under the special authority of an Act of Parliament, which in many cases would be an absurd claim.

Since I received yours I have been confined at home, and as the ships are soon going out, I have not time to gain advice upon this subject; and therefore what I have said must be taken only as my private opinion, but as this case concerns the Church abroad very much, I will soon learn the opinion of our lawyers here.



scheme. It is our sheet anchor, and I see congregations falling so fast into wretched lay-hands, or utterly perishing for want of supplies, that I am more than ever solicitous that it may be extended as far as possible.

The frequent returns of my cough alarm my friends, and those in town say I am grown many years older since they saw me last. I leave the event with God; but for my own part apprehend no immediate danger, unless it be that of being obliged to allow myself more rest than suits either with my inclination or the demands of my business. My second daughter was ill when I heard last from home. Pray for her, and continue your prayers for him who is more than he can express,

Your affectionate Friend, and obliged humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

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TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST, From Col. Williams's Lodgings, June 29, 1751.

IF there be any consideration in the world, next to the honour of God, and the edification of the church, which could make me wish to see many future years, it is that I may enjoy your delightful friendship, and repay it by every act of gratitude, and expression of tenderness. I know not how sufficiently to thank you for the charming letter which I received from you last night; and, I think, I have been better ever since. The extreme lightness and dampness of the air yesterday, when it rained almost from morning to night, did indeed affect me a good deal, irritating my cough, and making me very low spirited, and extremely weary all over. I dined at Mr. Cruttenden's, however, very heartily on a fine rump of beef, drank tea, in good time, at Mr. Jackson's, and spent the evening with that great lover of us, at

Northampton, good Mrs. Jennings, returned in good time, and had a pretty comfortable night. I have been pure well all the day, and my cough has been very civil ; it hardly disturbed me at all during the two hours which I spent this morning with the good Archbishop of Canterbury, who treated me with very great kindness, and looks most charmingly well ; I think several years younger than when I first saw him, as, perhaps, your Methuselah may do some years hence. Mr. Pott does not prohibit my riding, and, I believe, it is like to do me good ; but whether it will not be rather too much for me to ride in one day from St. Albans to Northampton, especially as I have not been on horseback so long.

Excuse me to Miss Ekins for not having written to her. I suppose she is going to Daventry. Assure her that I shall do every thing the tenderest love and most faithful care can do for her happiness. Due salutations to my Northampton friends, and the dear children, in whose continued health I rejoice. My dearest, farewell ; and believe me to be

Your ever faithful and affectionate

P. DODDRIDGE.

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TO MISS DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAR CHILD,

Salop, July 24, 1751.

THROUGH the good hand of Divine Providence we got well hither on Lord's day about noon ; the violent rain which fell on Saturday hindering us from completing our journey, though we got within seven miles of this place before dinner. We had the pleasure to find Mr. Orton and our other friends well ; and they do all they can towards making our abode here agreeable, and subservient to the purposes of our visit.

Pray tell Dr. Stonhouse that, according to the advice of Mr. Jones, I have been let blood. The Doctor would have been astonished to have seen how extremely my blood was inflamed. There was what he calls a *buff* upon it half an inch thick. I began yesterday morning with asses' milk, and it agrees very well with me. I hardly eat any thing but vegetables; and I do not drink the quantity of a glass of wine in a day. My cough is rather better than worse; but I got so terrible a hoarseness at the ordination at Bewdley that it is no virtue in me not to preach, or so much as pray in the family, for, really, I do not think I should be capable of it; but I hope to mend; and I promise myself that I shall do it the faster for the prayers of my dear children, as well as of my other Northampton friends, to any of whom you will present my proper salutations as you have opportunity.

Recommending you, my dear, and all friends to the Divine blessing and care, I subscribe myself

Your ever affectionate Papa,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.\*

August 5, 1751.

LEESINGHAM, Neal, and Barker, are too nearly interested in that precious life, which now appears in danger of being cut off in the midst of its days, to hear of its waste and languishment without great concern and fervent prayer to

\* "Dr. Doddridge," says Mr. Stedman, "was at Shrewsbury for the benefit of air, exercise, and an entire recess from business and company, when he received this letter: and Mr. Orton tells us, that he was so affected, and melted into tears of gratitude and joy, with the friendship expressed in it, and the divine consolations which it administered, that he was apprehensive his tender frame would have sunk under the emotion."

God. How your letter affected my heart in public your friends are witness; but what I felt for my dear brother, and the Ministers and Churches of Christ, God and myself only know.

I will not now say, Why did you not spare yourself a little sooner? I will rather heartily thank you, that you use all the means you can to repair your frame, and restore and prolong your usefulness. It is the kindest thing you can do, and the highest instance of friendship you can now show us; and I acknowledge your goodness to us in this point with tears of joy. Consent and choose to stay with us a while longer, my dear friend, if it please God. This is not only needful to Northampton, and its adjacent towns and villages, but desirable to us all, and beneficial to our whole interest. Stay, *Doddridge*, Oh, stay, and strengthen our hands, whose shadows grow long. Fifty is but the height of vigour, usefulness, and honour. Do not take leave abruptly. Providence hath not yet directed thee on whom to drop thy mantle. Who shall instruct our Youth, fill our vacant Churches, animate our Associations, and diffuse a spirit of piety, moderation, candour, and charity through our villages and churches, and a spirit of prayer and supplication into our towns and cities, when thou art removed from us? especially, who shall unfold the sacred oracles, teach us the meaning and use of our Bibles, rescue us from the bondage of systems, party-opinions, empty, useless speculations, and fashionable forms and phrases, and point out the simple, intelligible, consistent religion of our Lord and Saviour? who shall—but I am silenced by the voice of Him who says, “ Shall I not do what I will with my own?—Is it not my prerogative to take and leave, as seemeth me good?—I demand the liberty of disposing of my own servants at my own pleasure. He hath laboured more abundantly. His times are in my hand. He hath not slept as do others. He hath risen to

nobler heights than things below. He hopes to inherit glory. He hath laboured for that which endureth to eternal life; labour, which the more it abounds, the more it exalts and magnifies, and the more effectually answers and secures its end.—It is yours to wait and trust, mine to dispose and govern.—On me be the care of ministers and of churches.—With me is the residue of the Spirit.—Both the vineyard and the labourers are mine.—I set them to work, and, when I please, I call them and give them their hire.” With these thoughts my passions subside, my mind is softened and satisfied,—I resign thee, myself, and all, to God, saying, “Thy will be done!”

But now for the wings of faith and contemplation. Let me take thy hand, my dear brother, and walk a turn or two in yonder spacious regions. Yes, it is so: we read it in the book of God, that word of truth and gospel of our salvation, “that as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.” The one ruined his posterity by sin, the other raised his seed to immortality! The first poisoned the dart and inflamed the wound of death; but Jesus Christ redeemed us from this captivity. See, thou *Christian* minister, thou friend of my bosom and faithful servant of God, see the important period, when the surprising signs and descending inhabitants of heaven proclaim the second coming of our divine Saviour! the heavens open and disclose his radiant glory.—Hear the awakening trump. See, the dead in Christ arise glorious and immortal;—leave corruption, weakness, and dishonour behind them, and behold their Lord, and head, seated on his throne of judgment, attended and surrounded with the ministers of his power, and shining in all the fulness of celestial glory;—and not only see, but share his victory, and partake of his image and influence. And behold the demolished fabric reared again, stately, illustrious, and permanent, to demonstrate how entirely Death is vanquished, its ruins repaired,

and what was once meat for worms become the companion of angels: for when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality, every eye will be fastened on the mighty Conqueror, and every voice and harp be tuned for that transporting song, Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, Grave, where is thy victory? Yes, *Doddridge*, it is so. The fruit of our Redeemer's sufferings and victory is the entire, the eternal destruction of Sin and Death. And is it not a glorious destruction? a blessed ruin? No enemy so formidable, no tyranny so bitter, no fetters so heavy and galling, no prison so dark and dismal; but they are vanquished and disarmed: the unerring dart is blunted and broken, the prison pulled down, and our Lord is risen as the first fruits of them that slept!

How glad should I be to hear that God is pleased to prolong your life on earth to declare these glorious truths, and teach us to improve them! In this your friends, with you and many more in every place, join, and make it their common petition to the Great Disposer of all events. Use every means you can for the recovery of your health, for the sake of your friends, among whom is

Your faithful and affectionate

J. BARKER.

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FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

August 6, 1751.

I DID not receive your favour till Saturday, when it met me at Clapham. The next morning, being Sunday, I communicated the contents, as far as they related to the state of your health and spirits, to Mr. Barker, before he went into the pulpit. You may be sure that we are all greatly

affected with the danger that threatens a life so universally desirable, and to us so peculiarly endeared; and our invaluable friend dissolved not only us, but great part of his numerous audience into tears, by the almost inspired eloquence with which he offered up strong pleas and cries for your support and revival to Him who is able to deliver from death! God grant our supplications may be effectual, as they are unfeigned and continual: and if the mercy be delayed, may divine consolations in the meantime descend upon you. I trust in God they may be heard, and that many years will yet be added to so important a life. To this end, my dear friend, I beseech you not to think of returning to Northampton, even though you should receive all imaginable benefit at Shrewsbury, in the ensuing fortnight, till you have visited Bristol; and in preparing for that expedition, I conceive no time should be lost, as the season for the waters, as well as of the year, is so far advanced. I should tremble for your return to Northampton at present, notwithstanding some encouraging symptoms; for a relapse could hardly fail being fatal, and in such a circumstance would be almost certain, considering your various engagements and active temper. The examination is not worth a thought, and, if my advice might be offered, I should wish it turned into a day of prayer for your recovery. However that may be, Mr. Clark, I am persuaded, is able to do what is fully sufficient; and I should much rather hear the Academy was disbanded, than that you should read a single lecture between this and Michaelmas. In one word, your whole duty to God, and man, is comprehended in the care of your health.

The cheerfulness of your mind will afford great satisfaction to your friends, and do honour to religion; and I consider Mrs. Doddridge's confirmed health, whereby she is capable of ministering unto you under your infirmities, as a matter of great thankfulness. May she receive the best

direction and support! I rejoice that she has with her so faithful and able a friend as Mr. Orton, to whom I beg the tender of my best respects.

We all salute you with the tenderest affection, considering ourselves also as on the borders of eternity, and referring it to divine wisdom, whether we are to learn to die by the gentler lessons of your repeated instruction, or, once for all, by your great example.

I am, reverend and dear Sir,

With the tenderest sympathy, Mrs. Doddridge's and yours,

N. NEAL.

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FROM THE REV. THOMAS YEOMAN.\*

Northampton, August 7, 1751.

MY DEAR, HONOURED, AND REV. FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter with sorrow of heart, and assisted your people in an evening of prayer upon your account last night; and, indeed, it was a sorrowful assembly. I hope the presence of God was with us; and you may depend upon an interest in the prayers of all your dear friends here, so long as there is hope, and that is as long as there is life; for the Lord killeth and maketh alive, and he often baffles all human means that he may have the glory of the salvation. I humbly hope that this will be the case with

\* "While he continued at Bristol," says Mr. Orton, "some of the principal persons of his congregation came to visit him, with an affection not to be expressed: they brought him an assurance of the highest esteem and tender sympathy of his people, and informed him that prayer was made for him by that church three evenings in every week, and that some other churches were engaged in the same work on his account. This afforded him great satisfaction and refreshment. He knew their prayers would not be, upon the whole, in vain, though he considered his own



you, although you give me so little hope. But if the blessed God hath otherwise ordained, praised be his holy name for the comfortable support you have already enjoyed in your severe affliction, and I heartily pray that it may continue with you until the end; and although I know not how to part with you, yet, should your work be done, and the decree gone forth, I need not tell you that you will be far happier than your Christian friends who are left in the wilderness. I need not tell you that you will join your dear friends Some, Watts, and Clark, who are triumphantly singing the song of redeeming love: but what am I writing? you will join the whole assembled church of the first born; and what adds the crown of joy of every Christian, you will have, the full enjoyment of your ever blessed Redeemer; he who once in vision came to you, but only to the door, will come in and sup with you.\*

I heartily pray that good Mrs. Doddridge may be supported under so severe a dispensation; and that her will may be wholly bowed to the Divine. Let not one anxious thought of your dear children abide with you. Your God and Father, *the Guide of your own youth*, will provide for them. I am,

Dear and reverend Sir,

Your affectionate Friend and humble Servant,

THOMAS YEOMAN.

case as desperate, and said, that unless God should interpose in such an extraordinary manner as he had no reason to expect, he could not long continue in the land of the living. He ascribed to the efficacy of the prayers of his friends the composure and joy he felt in his own soul, and the preservation of Mrs. Doddridge's health, amidst incessant fatigue and anxiety."

\* An allusion to the dream given at page 354 of the fourth volume.

## TO MISS DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAR POLLY,      Salop, Aug. 12, 1751. Monday Morning.

YOUR pious and affectionate letter was a great pleasure and comfort to us both. We are much obliged to you and our kind friends at Northampton for the solicitous concern expressed for us, and the fervent prayers offered: offered, as I hope and trust, not in vain: for, through the great goodness of God, I have found a great alteration for the better in the state of my health since the season of prayer on Tuesday night, for I observed myself better on Wednesday, and have been rather mending ever since. And this I desire you will let Mr. Browne and Mr. Francis Butlin know, with my most affectionate thanks, and desire them to return thanks solemnly to God;—and to make my most cordial and respectful acknowledgments to my praying friends on this occasion. Nevertheless, though I am greatly better within these six days, my cough and hoarseness is such, that it is judged advisable that we should try Bristol, which has, sometimes, been wonderfully serviceable in such cases; and we have, on much deliberation, judged that the trial should be made; and accordingly, I desire you would, with my best services and thanks, inform good Dr. Stonehouse, Miss Ekins, if she be not gone, and my other friends, that we shall, if God permit, leave this hospitable abode to-morrow morning, and set out for Bristol in a chariot and four, and four days' journey it will be.\* So many hazards

\* It appears that Dr. Doddridge made the journey from Shrewsbury to Bristol without much inconvenience. On his arrival he was gratified by finding that his old friend Dr. Maddox, the Bishop of Worcester, was then there. Another pleasing circumstance was, that a clergyman of the Establishment, "with whom he had before only a slight acquaintance, entertained him in the most hospitable manner, and with a fraternal affection, till he could be accommodated with a lodging near the Wells."

will attend it, though you see we do our utmost to take the safest way; we shall particularly need prayer at that season, and so tell our friends.

And now, my dear, farewell. It is so late that I must

The pulmonary derangement had, however, proceeded with such rapidity, that even at this period his weakness was so great that the little walk to the pump-room was too fatiguing, and he gladly availed himself of Dr. Maddox's kind offer of taking him thither in his carriage. No amendment arising from the use of the waters, he desired his physicians to give him their judgment faithfully, and "he received their report of the great hazard of his case with that fortitude, resignation, and cheerfulness, which never forsook him to the last, in any place, or on any occasion." Of this serene and happy state of mind the following extracts, also selected from Mr. Orton's Memoirs, are characteristic and instructive proofs: "While the *outward* man was so sensibly decaying, that he used to say to his friends, '*I die daily,*' yet the *inward* man was renewed day by day. The warmth of his devotion, zeal, and friendship was maintained and increased; his physicians had directed him to speak and write as little as possible, but he could not satisfy himself without sometimes writing a few lines to some of his friends whom he could address in shorthand, without much fatigue; and the frame of his heart in the views of death will appear by the following extracts from them: 'I bless God I have the powerful supports of christianity; nor is it any grievance of heart to me, but, on the contrary, an unspeakable pleasure, that I have spent my life among the Protestant Dissenters, and sacrificed to Honour, Liberty, and Conscience those considerations which persons devoted to avarice and ambition think great and irresistible.' To another friend he writes, 'I see, indeed, no hope of recovery, yet *my heart rejoiceth* in my God, and in my Saviour; and I can call Him under this failure of every thing else *its strength* and everlasting portion. I must now thank you for your heart-reviving letter to strengthen my faith, to comfort my soul, and assist me in *swallowing up death in victory!* God hath, indeed, been wonderfully good to me; but I am less than the least of his mercies, less than the least hope of his children. Adored be his grace for whatever it hath wrought by me; and blessed be you of the Lord, for the strong consolations you have been the instrument of administering; let me desire you to write again, and to pour out your heart freely with all its strong cordial sentiments of christianity; nothing will give me greater joy;—what a friend you will be in heaven! how glad shall I be to welcome you there, after a long, and glorious course of service, to increase the lustre of your crown! May you long shine, with your light, warmth, and influence like a sun upon the earth, when there remains not any united particles of that poor wasting, sinking frame, which enables this immortal Spirit to call itself your Friend in everlasting bonds,'

"P. Doddridge."

only add our kindest salutations to you all. Grace and peace be with you. I made shift, this morning, to pray in the family; and it was only the third time I had done so. It must be long ere I can expect to be restored to a capacity of pulpit service, if I am restored at all; but I desire to commit to God my usefulness and my life, and to await the decisions of his wise and gracious will, with all humble resignation.

I am, my dear Child,

Your ever affectionate Papa,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, ESQ.\*

DEAR MADAM,

August 30, 1751.

IN the present distracted situation of my mind I am absolutely at a loss how to address you, or, indeed, whether I ought to write at all, as I am sensible you are as little fit to read as I am to indite an epistle on the melancholy subject which must constitute this: but as I am so unhappy as to have nobody near my dying friend with whom I can consult on a resolution which, though I long to execute it, must entirely depend on your approbation, you will forgive a direct application to yourself. Persons at ease may consult propriety, and act by forms, but that, alas, is far from being my case; my soul, in its present state of doubt and uncertainty, feels an anguish words were never made to describe.

I long to see him once more before he puts on his robes of immortality, and from the best, the dearest of men, commences a perfect spirit. Oh, could I have thought, when I took my leave of him at St. Albans, that it was to

\* To Mrs. Doddridge.

be the last time I should ever see my dear, my honoured friend, I should have better employed the hours we were alone in our journey thither. Now, Madam, all I want is your leave to wait on him once more; I long to receive his dying blessing; but would not purchase that satisfaction by giving him one uneasy moment, or hastening a loss which I think I could sacrifice my own worthless life to prevent. He loved me, Madam, though I know not why; and perhaps my name is not quite a stranger to his dying bed. Amidst the glories that are opening upon him, perhaps he still pities the distress of those he leaves behind; and surely, if distress can excite compassion, not one of all his numerous friends has a stronger claim.

How fast is Providence stripping me of all my comforts here! a few friends were all my worldly treasure, and I desired no more, but, alas, how do they drop away: poor Mr. Andrews is gone; and it is not many days ago that I expected Mr. Harvy would have had no more complaints to make of a crazy tabernacle, in which he groans earnestly for deliverance. Yesterday I took leave of Mr. Whitfield, who is embarked for America, with little prospect, as his constitution is quite worn out with labour, of my ever seeing him any more: and now I am every day waiting for a loss yet more distressing, in proportion to my friend's more extended usefulness.

Teach me, gracious God, the lessons thou wouldst have me learn by such awful dispensations. Perhaps they have done their work, and are, therefore, gone, or going to their Master's rest; if so, by the grace of God I will endeavour, by greater diligence to finish mine, to get a dismissal too.

Pardon me, Madam, that my thoughts thus ramble; and give me leave to return to all I proposed in this letter; which was only to know your sentiments, whether I may be permitted to wait on him once more.

I dare not write directly to him, lest I should tempt his dear trembling hands to waste any of their little strength

in attempting an answer; and I shall leave it entirely to you whether to own the receipt of this, as I shall await your directions, which, dear Madam, will absolutely determine the resolution of him who is, with the truest sympathy, a sharer in your distress, and

Your most obliged, most obedient Servant,

R. CRUTTENDEN.

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FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Tunbridge Wells, Sept. 1, 1751.

I FEEL a struggle in my breast whilst I deliberate whether, considering the feeble state of your health, I should break or keep silence; but such is the officiousness of friendship, anxious, though impotent, to afford relief, that inquiry must be made after an afflicted friend, though at some hazard of disturbing his slumbers.

How affected we all were (in which number I include Mr. Barker and his lady, for in our love, and in our distress for you, we are all one) with those various events which befel you in your progress to, and on your arrival at Bristol, I choose not to mention; yet I trust in God, it will be seen in the issue, that it was the kind hand of his providence that conducted you thither, as to the waters of life: for though to you it were a matter of choice, not to revive at all, till you obtain a part in the better resurrection, yet, in compassion to us, in compassion to the world, it is my daily prayer (Oh, forgive me this wrong!) that you may not yet increase the number, and inhance the triumphs of the blessed.

I persuade myself, my dear friend, that you have left all your cares as well as all your business at Northampton, and that you will be inaccessible to every uninvited guest.

Ceremony is the bane of solitude; and even the draught of pious or cheerful converse should be taken in measure, where the appetite of the soul is so eager, and every kind of exercise has been found so fatal.

I presume you know before this time that the examination of your pupils on Monday last (as far as was consistent with your absence) proceeded with signal honour to Mr. Clark, and satisfaction to the trustees, of which Mr. Price has, by letter, since his return, given me a most obliging account. But whence have you your remittances to Bristol? The settling accounts is a trouble of which you should now be eased: I desire, therefore, that either you or Mrs. Doddridge will draw on me for any sum you want, without any other ceremony than advising me of it by a line; or if you can devise any other method to prove my friendship, it will be a kind relief to one who is oppressed under a sense of his inability, in this season of difficulty, to do you service.

And now, my dear friend, though I am no advocate for the sleeping of the soul, yet methinks I could wish that you, who are *all soul*, having so nearly worn out the frail vehicle in its service, could for a while suspend the thinking power, that the body might have time to revive. We all submit to deny ourselves the expectation of hearing from you, that the time a letter would cost you may be devoted to rest. A line from any hand will satisfy us, if you are better; and, if otherwise, a word will be more than we can well support. Compliments are vain whilst you possess our hearts; and as for Mrs. Doddridge, while as ministering to you she shares the office, may she partake of the refreshment of angels!

Adieu. Be God ever with you; which is the most comprehensive good that can be wished you by

Your most affectionate Friend and humble Servant,

N. NEAL.

FROM THE HON. MRS. SCAWEN.

Maidwell, September 1, 1751.

THE concern I have been in for my dear friend's illness is not to be expressed. I never thought I had so great a value for you as when I had some forebodings of losing you. Many prayers and tears have I poured out for your recovery; and, to use your own expression, in a letter to my mother\* when she lay on her dying bed, at Reading, "if the most importunate prayers can keep you out of heaven, you must live, you might dread to think how long."

I have commenced an epistolary correspondence with your eldest daughter, and had a letter last Friday from her, which acquainted me that the waters agreed with her dear Papa, and I hope the same healing qualities will continue, and restore you to your health and usefulness. But pray do not hurry away from Bristol too soon, which I fear may be the case, before the cure is perfected.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Doddridge, and remain, with sincerity, good Dr. Doddridge's most affectionate sympathising friend and humble servant,

T. SCAWEN.

P. S. Mr. Scawen and my daughter present their compliments.

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FROM MR. WILLIAMS.†

Kidderminster, Sept. 2, 1751.

DEAR, AND MUCH HONOURED SIR,  
 WHITHER you are going perhaps I shall not follow you just now, but I trust, through the riches of adorable Grace, I shall follow you hereafter. I am grieved for myself and for many dear friends, for the church militant, and particu-

\* Lady Russell.

† Of Kidderminster.



larly for your own dear charge, and most sensibly of all for dear Mrs. Doddridge and your children. But I dare to congratulate you, dear saint, that having fought a good fight, you are so near the end of your course, and will quickly receive a glorious crown. I rejoice that your evening sun has no cloud! God is faithful! Those who know his name will put their trust in him. Jesus, our almighty friend, is full of compassion, is afflicted in all your affliction, and will not fail to succour you in the darkest hour. Human nature, perhaps, cannot be quite fearless of approaching dissolution; but Faith will obtain the victory. God sees fit to hold his dear children in a state of dependence to the last; but the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is sufficient for you, and will be ever near. You have had many a Pisgah view; and if it be best, you shall have another, a clearer than ever yet, before you pass Jordan. And doubt not, my dear Sir, but He who cut off the waters from before the ark, and caused his chosen people to pass dry shod into *Canaan*, can do as much for you.

It will be the joy of my heart to hear you had a triumphant passage into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It will also be the joy of my heart if I may have opportunity and ability any way to serve and promote the interests of your dear surviving relatives. And it shall be my daily prayer that your faith may not fail. But I am a poor intercessor. It is well you have many many others, and One that is infinitely better.

I am deeply sensible, dearest Sir, that I can add nothing to you; yet I had a mind to give you this renewed testimony of how much I am, with the tenderest respect,

Dear Sir,

Your sympathising Friend

And greatly obliged humble Servant,

JOS. WILLIAMS.

FROM THE REV. W. WARBURTON, D. D.

DEAR SIR,

Prior Park, Sept. 2, 1751.

YOUR kind letter gave me, and will give Mr. Allen great concern ; but for ourselves, not you. Death, whenever it happens, in a life spent like yours, is to be envied, not pitied ; and you will have the prayers of your friends, as conquerors have the shouts of the crowd. God preserve you ; if he continues you here, to go on in his service ; if he takes you to himself, to be crowned with glory.

Be assured the memory of our friendship will be as durable as my life. I order an inquiry to be made of your health from time to time ; but if you fatigue yourself any more in writing, it will prevent me that satisfaction. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Friend and Brother,

W. WARBURTON.

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TO MISS DODDRIDGE.

Bristol Wells, Sept. 4, 1751.

I THANK my dear Polly for her affectionate letter and prudent care of my affairs ; and I thank God that I have such a daughter. I can write but little, but I give you the pleasure of telling you that I am really and certainly a little better, and that I have great hopes that God will hear the many prayers offered, and conduct me home, in due time, with joy. In the mean while let us leave ourselves with God,—submit to his providence, and hope in his mercy.

Present my most affectionate love to your dear Brother, and dear Mercy, and Cælia, in which your mamma joins. I cannot say with what endearments I am yours,

P. DODDRIDGE.

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FROM THE REV. C. ASHWORTH, D. D.

DEAR MADAM,

London, Sept. 10, 1751.

I HAVE been near a fortnight in town, and have scarcely heard any news inquired for but "*How is Dr. Doddridge?*" You will believe I have been not a little pleased with the concern that every person I have met with, and even some whom I suspected of being too indifferent, have discovered. It was, indeed, a very sensible satisfaction to me, not only as a proof of respect to a person so deservedly dear to me, but also as it gave encouragement to hope that God would hear those prayers which his people seemed disposed so universally to offer on this account. God did not surely design to give that shock to our faith in the benefit of prayer, which the denial of those addresses would have been, which he had put it into our hearts to present! I say *which he had put into our hearts*; for, though we could never part with Dr. Doddridge without great reluctance, I do verily believe there was much of God's influence in that earnestness which we found ourselves inclined to use upon the occasion.

The fatigues and fears which you, Madam, must have had, and the awful prospect before you, have awakened a very tender sympathy, and excited the utmost fervour of prayer. I had intended this very post to have sent you a letter of condolence; in which it had been my design to suggest some of those consolations of the gospel which alone can support the mind under such a bereavement, as the frequent discouraging accounts we received gave us

too much reason to fear you were going to suffer; and I had therein designed to acquaint you with the design I had formed of coming to Bristol the next week, to have paid my respects to a person to whom I am under unspeakable obligations, and for whom I think I may modestly, and I am sure I can justly say, I have a proportionable value.

But, blessed be God! your letter to Mr. Cruttenden has, I hope, rendered my journey needless, and changed the subject of my letter. I congratulate you, Madam, on the favourable symptoms you relate, which I hope will be the opening of a complete deliverance. I bow my knee to the Father of Mercies in the most sincere and affectionate gratitude for his goodness to you, to your family, to me, to the Doctor's friends, and to the church, in giving us ground to hope that we may still enjoy a life so peculiarly precious.

And for you, dear Madam, may the eternal God be your support, and give you proportionable strength under all the sympathy you feel, the labours you are called to undertake, and the fears you may at any time have occasion to entertain. These are prayers daily offered up with unfeigned importunity; and which, I trust, it will endear the methods of providence to me to find answered.

I beg my cordial salutations to the Doctor, and that you will tell him I was scarcely ever more desirous to see my own father, and that I conceive great joy in the hope of meeting him at Northampton, and of joining my brethren in praising God on his account, with a fervency equal to that with which we united in pouring forth our hearts in prayer for him.

I am, Madam,

Your very obliged humble Servant,

CALEB ASHWORTH.

FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Tunbridge Wells, Sept. 11, 1751.

MR. JOHNSON came into Mr. Barker's lodgings with your letter whilst I was there to-day with my family at dinner, and after the contents of it had been read and considered, I was desired to put our united opinion (which you know, where a consultation has been held, is the province of the youngest) into writing.

We all agree, that the single point which must determine the expedience of your making trial of a warmer climate, is the probability of its restoring your health, of which your physicians are the only competent judges. The accounts you have had of its success in like cases is undoubtedly a strong testimony in favour of their judgment; and Mr. Barker mentioned it to me last Sunday, as what he apprehended might prove the most probable means of your speedy and perfect recovery.

The objections arising in your mind, from your connexions with your Academy, Church, or Family, must not be suffered to deter or perplex you. If we cannot supply your place for six months, how shall we supply it if you go to the place from which there is no return? Be assured, my dear friend, that so far from being dismayed, we spring forward in the hope of being instrumental in keeping alive the many precious interests that lie near your heart, till you return, and cherish them again under your own tender wing.

May God Almighty (the alone all-sufficient friend and counsellor) inspire you and your dear lady with wisdom and magnanimity equal to every emergency; and be assured that, whilst we have any heart or breath remaining, our

prayers and our affections will follow you, though you should remove to the ends of the earth. I am, my dear and worthy Friend, faithfully and entirely yours,

N. NEAL.

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FROM LADY ERSKINE.

SIR,

Houghton Park, Sept. 17, 1751.

I RECEIVED your obliging letter, for which I return you many thanks. I have read over the Discourse and Dialogues with so much pleasure that I could not forbear sending them directly to my children. I hope the same hand will oblige the world with a continuation of the Dialogues; and I no less wish that *you, Sir*, may have leisure to accomplish your design of the *Scripture Prints, with Proper Dialogues to each*, for I know of few things likely to do so much good; for, as far as I have had occasion to observe, both pictures and dialogues take the fancy of children most. I found Mr. Basnage's prints of great use to my children some years ago, and I wish I had gone on longer with them; but the explanations are too tedious for children, at least I found them so with mine, when they were last at home.

But I beg pardon, Sir, for taking up so much of your time, though I know you will excuse it, as also my asking you what commentary of the Old Testament you would recommend to me for my own reading. I believe I asked you this question once before, but I am ashamed to say I have lost the memorandum I then took of your answer.

My mother is not quite well, but better than she has been. Lady Kintore went to Scotland with her father six weeks ago, when they were both well. I beg my compliments to Mrs. Doddridge, and am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

F. ERSKINE.

FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Million Bank, Sept. 21, 1751.

I PRAY God the measure advised by so great a body of the College may be as successful as, with such a sanction, it was apparently irresistable.

Your provision for the Academy, I can already assure you, is very satisfactory to Dr. Jennings, Mr. Price, and myself, and I have no doubt will be so to Dr. Guyse, to whom I shall communicate it the first opportunity. We had a meeting on the day before your last letter arrived ; at which the trustees unanimously, and with the warmest affection, agreed to desire your acceptance of thirty guineas, as a present towards your expenses at Lisbon, and in your voyage thither.

And now, my dear friend, I cheerfully accept the office of your banker and steward ; and though I undertake for nothing more, yet, from the generous ardour many of your friends express towards you, do not despair of receiving your stock entire, if it be the will of God that you return to us again. You go with a full gale of prayer, and I trust we shall stand ready on the shore to receive you back with shouts of praise. But it becomes us also to be prepared for a more awful event ; and I think it needful to desire you to tell Mrs. Doddridge (though, God forbid the hand should wound that fain would heal) that we, as it were, forget you, I had almost said forget ourselves, whilst we think of her : that she is heir to every heart that is yet yours ; above all, that she is sure of an interest in that God, whose arms are everlasting, whose presence is universal, and whose compassions never fail. He is the creator of the ends of the earth, who fainteth not, neither is weary, and there is no searching his understanding. Oh, Sir, the time is hastening, when these ways of his, which are now so unsearchable, shall appear to have been

marked out by the counsels of infinite wisdom ; and we, who may be left longest to lean upon, and support one another by turns in this weary land, shall fix our feet on those everlasting hills, where our joys shall never leave us, nor our vigour ever fail ! There, my dear friend, may we be one in that union which cannot be dissolved ! In this blessed hope I am affectionately yours,

NATH. NEAL.

P. S. I cannot enumerate the solicitous inquiries that are daily made concerning you. Pray be sure that Mrs. Doddridge has some suitable companion with her, that may be a solace and support to her in any event. I take it for granted that some person knows where your will is deposited.

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FROM SIR GEORGE LYTTTELTON.\*

DEAR SIR,

Hagley, Oct. 5, 1751.

MY concern was so great on the account I received from the Bishop of Worcester of the ill state of your health, that in the midst of my grief for the death of my father,

\* Of Sir George (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton an interesting account has been given by Dr. Johnson (in his *Lives of the Poets*), from which I have subtracted the few following particulars. "George Lyttelton, the son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, of Hagley, in Worcestershire, was born in 1709. He was educated at Eaton, where he was so much distinguished that his exercises were recommended as models to his school-fellows."—"From Eaton he went to Christ Church, where he retained the same reputation of superiority."—"His '*Progress of Love*,' and his '*Persian Letters*,' were both written when he was very young."—"In 1728 he began his travels, and saw France and Italy. When he returned, he obtained a seat in parliament, and soon distinguished himself among the most eager opponents of Sir Robert Walpole."—"The Prince of Wales, being (1737) driven from St. James's, kept a separate court. Mr. Lyttelton was made secretary, and was supposed to have great influence in the direction of his conduct. Mallet was made under secretary, and Thomson had a pension."—"He married (1741) Miss Lucy Fortescue, of Devonshire, by whom he had a son, the late Lord Lyttelton, and two daughters, and with whom he appears to have lived in the highest degree of connubial felicity: but human pleasures are short; she died in child-bed about five years afterwards, and he solaced his grief by writing a



when I had scarce performed my last duties to him, I wrote to you at Bristol; which letter, I find, you never received. Indeed, my dear friend, there are few losses I should more sensibly feel than yours, if it should please God to take you from me; but, I trust, he will be so gracious to your family and your friends as to prolong your life, and defer your reward for some time longer; and I am persuaded no human means can be found better than those which have been prescribed to you of removing to Lisbon, and passing the winter in that mild climate; only let me entreat you to lay by all studies while you are there, for too much application (and a very little in your state is too much) would frustrate the benefit which we may hope from the change of air. The complying with this injunction will be the best recompense you can make Mrs. Doddridge for all the obligations you have to her; and if I have any authority with you, as I flatter myself I have, I would employ it all to enforce this upon you, for I do verily think your life may depend on it. You have brought on your distemper by too continual study and

long poem to her memory.”—“At length, after a long struggle, Walpole gave way, and honour and profit were distributed among his conquerors. Lyttelton was made (1744) one of the Lords of the Treasury.”—“Politics did not, however, so much engage him as to withhold his thoughts from things of more importance.”—“He found that religion was true, and what he had learnt he endeavoured to teach (1747) by ‘*Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul*,’ a treatise to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer.”—“1751, by the death of his father, he inherited a baronet’s title, with a large estate; which, though perhaps he did not augment, he was careful to adorn by a house of great elegance and expense, and by great attention to the decoration of his park.”—“As he continued his exertions in parliament, he was gradually advancing his claim to profit and preferment, and accordingly was made in time (1754) cofferer, and privy counsellor; this place he exchanged next year for the great office of chancellor of the exchequer.”—“About this time (1755) Lyttelton published his ‘*Dialogues of the Dead*.’”—“The inauspicious commencement of the war made the dissolution of the ministry unavoidable, Sir George Lyttelton losing his employment with the rest, was recompensed with a peerage.”—“His last literary production was his ‘*History of Henry the Second*,’ elaborated by the researches and deliberations of twenty years.”—Lord Lyttelton died August 22, 1773.

labour in your spiritual functions ; and an entire remission of mind is absolutely necessary for your recovery. I therefore request it of you not to write the Preface to Bower's Book ; it will do more harm to you than good to him : the merit of the work will bear it up against all these attacks ; and as to the ridiculous story of my having discarded him, the intimate friendship in which we continue to live will be a sufficient answer to that, and better than any testimony formally given.

My poor father met death with so noble a firmness, and so assured a hope of a blessed immortality, that it has raised our thoughts above our grief, and fixed them much more on the example he has left us, than on the loss we have sustained. It is also a comfort to us, that, upon his body being opened, as he ordered it should be, we found the cause of his violent pains was of such a nature as death alone could remove or relieve.

Let me know by every mail how you do, and depend upon it, that if providence shall call you away to the crown prepared for you, nothing in my power shall be wanting, as long as I live, to show the affection I had for you in my regard to your widow and family ; but I hope your life will be preserved for their sake, to be an ornament to the Christian Church, and a support of religion in these bad times. May God Almighty grant it, and may we meet again with the pleasure which friends restored to each other feel after so alarming a parting. But if that be denied, may we meet in the next world to part no more, through his power, who will, I trust, blot out my offences, and make me worthy to be a partaker with you of his heavenly kingdom.

My wife desires me to assure you of her sincere and affectionate concern for you, and so do all your other acquaintances here. I am, with the tenderest regard and affection, dear Sir, your most faithful Friend and Servant,

GEORGE LYTTELTON.

## SECTION II.

Voyage to Lisbon, and Decease of Dr. Doddridge, with an Introduction to his Diary.

THE late pathetic letters have indicated the rapid progress of the consumptive disease under which Dr. Doddridge suffered, and little now remains but to trace the few domestic incidents which attended the close of his valuable life.

The visit to Bristol had not been productive of any alleviation of symptoms ; and yet, in deference to the advice of his physicians, and to the wishes of his friends, and with that lingering hope which, in this too fatal malady, is, perhaps, in mercy given to the patient, he resolved to seek the advantages of a milder climate. This last resource was not without its difficulties ; and he, whose benevolence had extended succour to every surrounding child of sorrow, had thought so little of himself, that Prudence almost forbade a step on which his only chance for life appeared to depend. When speaking of this crisis, Mr. Orton says : “ While he was deliberating on the scheme of going to Lisbon, his principle objection to it was the great expense that must necessarily attend it. He doubted in his own mind whether, with so precarious a hope of its being beneficial to him, he should pursue it ; when his family, which, in case

of his disease, would be but slenderly provided for, would suffer so much by the expense of the voyage. It will, I hope, appear to every considerate reader a glorious circumstance in the Doctor's life, that it was sacrificed to the disinterested service of his Great Master, and benevolence to mankind; that, with the advantages of a genius and qualifications equal to the highest advancement in the Establishment, and without being chargeable with want of economy, he should find himself under the necessity of preserving the little remainder of his life, by an expense disproportionate to the provision made for his family, dear to him as his own life."

The cause of this demur was no sooner discovered, than it was most handsomely intimated to him, that his friends would supply any loss which might occur from a measure in which they felt so deep an interest. Accordingly, on the 17th of September, Dr. Doddridge left Bristol, and after a journey of ten days, which unfavourable weather, bad roads, and his increasing weakness, rendered most fatiguing, he arrived at Falmouth. He had been introduced by his former medical attendants to Dr. Turner, of that place, who very kindly insisted upon his becoming his guest until his embarkation. Of the state of his mind at this period, the following extracts from a letter, written at Falmouth, give a delightful picture: "I am, upon the whole, better than could be expected after such a journey. Let us thank God, and take courage. We may yet know many cheerful days. We shall at least know (why do I say *at least*) one joyful one, which shall be *eternal*."—"I have trespassed a great deal on your time, and a little on my own strength. I say a *little*, for when writing to such a friend, as I seem less absent from him, it soothes my mind agreeably. Oh! when shall we meet in *that world* where we shall have nothing to lament, and nothing to

fear for ourselves, or each other, or any dear to us ! Let us think of this as a momentary state, and aspire more ardently after the blessings of that. If I survive my voyage, a line shall tell you how I bear it—if not, all will be well ; and (as good Mr. How says) I hope I shall embrace the wave, which, when I intended *Lisbon*, would land me in heaven ! I am more afraid of doing what is wrong than of dying.”

The cheerful hopes expressed in the first of these extracts were soon dissipated ; Mr. Orton writes : “ His most painful and threatening symptoms had been suspended during his journey and stay at Falmouth, but returned with greater violence the night before he sailed ; so that Mrs. Doddridge thought it necessary to propose, that he should either return home, or stay a while longer there ; to which, having some hope from a change of climate, he returned this short answer : ‘ The die is cast, and I choose to go.’ It showed no small degree of faith and courage in him to venture, amidst such weakness and through so many perils, on such a voyage, especially into so bigoted a country as Portugal ; where, if his profession was known, and his writings had been seen by any of the Romish priests (as they probably might, being in several hands at Lisbon), it might have been attended with deplorable consequences to himself and to his friends.”

The 29th of September, 1751, being the sabbath, was the last day Dr. Doddridge spent in England. On the following morning, after an affectionate farewell to his friends, he went aboard the packet, and commenced the voyage ; during which he had the advantage of the exclusive use of the captain’s cabin, who did not go to sea on that occasion, in consequence of the influence which had been kindly used by Dr. Warburton and Mr. Allen, at the Post Office.

The fond regrets and solemn thoughts which the fast fading shores of a land, for which he had cherished the love of a patriot and of a Christian, were gradually lulled in the fresh emotions the scene around excited. The ‘multitudinous ocean,’ that emblem of the might and majesty of God, with its waste of heaving waters, rekindled his drooping imagination, and his spirit seemed to regain its buoyancy under the free breezes of an unbroken horizon. His strength in some degree appeared even to return, which enabled him, in a great measure, to do without those cares which Mrs. Doddridge and her attendant could at first with difficulty fulfil, from the indisposition they suffered. The greater part of his time, during the voyage, was spent in an easy chair in the cabin; and, as study was forbidden, his religious contemplations had full scope. Here, in a solitude only broken by the tender assiduities of his anxious and devoted wife, he felt the power of those holy consolations which he had so often extended to others. On such occasions he frequently said to Mrs. Doddridge; “I cannot express to you what a morning I have had: such delightful and transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with, as no words can express.” The sacred calm and glow of gratitude which, at such times, appeared in his countenance, Mrs. Doddridge described as reminding her of those pathetic lines in one of his hymns:

“When Death o’er Nature shall prevail,  
And all the powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the Thanks I cannot speak.”

This little interval of amendment was soon past, and as the vessel was unhappily becalmed in the Bay of Biscay, while the weather was intensely hot, his colliquative perspirations returned with faintness, and respiration, so labo-

rious that his dissolution appeared approaching. A gentle gale, however, arose, and these sufferings were so far alleviated that, as the vessel glided up the Tagus, he was sufficiently revived to enjoy the magnificent view of Lisbon, as it raises its gay amphitheatre of gardens, palaces, and churches above the bosom of the water. "The fineness of the day, the softness of the air, and the delightful prospects that surrounded him (says Mr. Orton), gave him a fresh flow of strength and spirits. He went on deck and stayed about two hours, which afforded him such sensible refreshment as raised a flattering hope of his recovery."—"He landed at Lisbon on Lord's day, October 13th. The next day he wrote to his assistant at Northampton, and gave him a short account of his voyage; the magnificent appearance of Lisbon from the sea, and what he observed in passing through it; which showed the great composure and cheerfulness of his mind. After mentioning his great weakness and danger, he adds: 'Nevertheless, I bless God the most undisturbed serenity continues in my mind, and my *strength* holds proportion to my *day*. I still hope and trust in God, and joyfully acquiesce in all he may do with me. When you see my dear friends of the congregation, inform them of my circumstances, and assure them that I cheerfully submit myself to God. If I desire life may be restored, it is chiefly that it may be employed in serving Christ among them; and that I am enabled by faith to look upon death as an *enemy—that shall be destroyed*; and that I can cheerfully leave my dear Mrs. Doddridge a widow in this strange land, if such be the appointment of our heavenly Father. I hope I have done my duty, *and the Lord do as seemeth good in his sight.*'"

"At Lisbon he was kindly received and entertained at the house of Mr. David King, an English merchant. His mother was one of the congregation at Northampton, and

he had now an opportunity, which he little expected, but cheerfully embraced, of repaying the many services which the Doctor had done for his relations in England. In this worthy family he found the most cordial friendship, and every accommodation. Here he met with Dr. Watts's Treatise, '*On the Happiness of separate Spirits,*' and told Mrs. Doddridge with the greatest joy that he had unexpectedly found 'that blessed book;' and in reading that book, Dr. Watts's Hymns, and especially the sacred volume, he used to employ himself as much as his strength would admit. Still his mind enjoyed a delightful calm, full of joy and thankfulness, which was often expressed by his words and always by his looks. Here he found a family related to Mrs. Doddridge, and other kind friends, who, having heard of his character, and received letters of recommendation, sent, unknown to him, by his friends in England, showed him all the civility in their power, and seemed to strive who should discover the most assiduous regard."—"About a week after his arrival, on Monday, October 21st, he was removed into the country, a few miles from Lisbon, by the advice of his physician, Dr. Cantley."—"The rainy season, which, in that climate, usually sets in about the end of October, coming on with uncommon violence, cut off every hope his friends had entertained, from air and exercise; and, by the manner in which it affected him, seemed the appointed instrument of Providence to cut short his few remaining days."—"On Thursday, October 24th, a colliquative diarrhoea seized him, and soon exhausted his little strength. This night, which seemed the last of rational Life, his mind continued in the same Vigour, Calmness, and Joy which it had felt and expressed during his whole illness. Mrs. Doddridge still attended him; and he said to her that he had been making it his humble and earnest request, that God would support and comfort her; that it had been his Desire, if it were



the divine will, to stay a little longer upon the earth to promote the honour and interest of his beloved Lord and Master; but that now the only pain he felt in the thought of dying, was his fear of the Distress and Grief which would come upon her, in case of his removal. After a short pause, he added, 'but I am sure my heavenly Father will be with you.—It is a joy to me to think how many friends and comforts you are returning to.—So sure am I that God will be with you, and comfort you, that I think my death will be a greater blessing to you than my life hath ever been.' He desired her to remember him in the most affectionate manner to his dear Children, his Flock, and all his Friends; and to tell them of the gratitude his heart felt, and the blessings he wished for them all, on account of their kindness to him; nor was the family where he lodged, nor even his own servant, forgotten in these expressions of his pious benevolence. Many devout sentiments and aspirations he uttered; but her heart was too much affected with his approaching change to be able to recollect them. After lying still some time, and being supposed asleep, he told her that he had been renewing his *covenant engagements* with GOD, and that he had a cheerful well grounded Hope, through the Redeemer, of being received to his *everlasting Mercy*. He lay in a gentle dose the following day, and continued so till about an hour before he died; in the last moments he appeared restless, fetched several deep sighs, and quickly after obtained his release from the burthen of the flesh, on Saturday, October 26th, O. S. about three o'clock in the morning, his soul mounting to that felicity to which he had been long aspiring; and the prospect of which had given him such strong consolation during his illness and decay."—"It was a circumstance which afforded much satisfaction to Mrs. Doddridge, and her friends at Lisbon, that he was not molested in these last scenes, as they feared a person of his profession

and character would have been, by any officious priests of the Church of Rome; who, it is well known, are fond of intruding on such occasions, and had been the means of adding to the distress of many protestant families in Lisbon and its environs, during the sickness, and at the death of their relations.”—“When his body was opened (*as by his own desire it was*), his lungs were found in so ulcerated a state, that it appeared wonderful to the physician, that both speaking and breathing were not more difficult and painful to him, and that he suffered so little acute pain to the last.”—“He had often expressed a desire of being buried in his Meeting-place, at Northampton, with his children, and so many of his people and friends. But during his illness he spoke of it as a matter quite indifferent to him, and desired to be buried wherever he should die, as he would not increase the distress of his afflicted consort. As it was found, upon inquiry, that removing the body to England would have been attended with a very great expense, it was judged most prudent to decline it. Accordingly his remains were interred in the buryingground belonging to the British Factory, at Lisbon. Most of the gentlemen of the Factory attended his funeral, and did him honour at his death. On the following Lord’s day Mr. Williamson, their chaplain, preached a funeral sermon for him from 1 Timothy, iv. 8, ‘*Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.*’ He gave him a high and honourable character, founded on what he had heard from many of his worth, and seen of it during the opportunities he had had of conversing with him. A handsome monument was erected to his memory, in his meeting-place, at Northampton, at the expense of the congregation (who also made a generous present to his widow), and the following epitaph was inscribed upon it, drawn up by his much esteemed friend, Gilbert West, Esq. L. L. D.”

To the Memory of

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

Twenty-one years Pastor of this Church,  
 Director of a flourishing Academy,  
 And Author of many excellent Writings ;  
 By which  
 His pious, benevolent, and indefatigable zeal  
 To make men wise, good, and happy,  
 Will far better be made known,  
 And perpetuated much longer,  
 Than by this obscure and perishable marble ;  
 The humble monument, not of his praise,  
 But of their esteem, affection, and regret,  
 Who knew him, lov'd him, and lament him,  
 And who are desirous of recording,  
 In this inscription,  
 Their friendly but faithful testimony  
 To the many amiable and christian virtues  
 That adorned his more private character ;  
 By which, tho' dead, he yet speaketh,  
 And still present in remembrance,  
 Forcibly, tho' silently, admonisheth  
 His once beloved and ever grateful flock.  
 He was born June 26, 1702,  
 And died October 26, 1751,  
 Aged 50.

“Though Mrs. Doddridge returned without a friend, and in these destitute and melancholy circumstances, yet she preserved the fortitude and serenity of her mind ; and was through the voyage and upon her return to her family strengthened and supported beyond what could have been expected. Her friends could not but see and adore that kind providence, which these scenes, especially the last, occasioned.”\*

\* The following pious and excellent letter, written by Mrs. Doddridge to her children on this trying occasion, cannot but be read with a feeling of that sorrow which maketh the heart better.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, Lisbon, October, 1751.  
 How shall I address you under this awful and melancholy providence !  
 I would fain say something to comfort you, and I hope God will enable

“It was an addition to her’ affliction, that by his dying abroad she lost a considerable annuity, which he had provided for her in case of widowhood, and to which she would otherwise have been entitled. It was happy that he never knew that this would be the consequence, or it would have increased his embarrassment.” It was not to be imagined that the numerous and wealthy friends of Dr. Doddridge would

me to suggest what may, in some measure, alleviate your deep distress. I went out in a firm dependance, that if Infinite Wisdom pleased to call me out to duties and trials as yet unknown, he would grant me those superior aids of strength that would support and keep me from fainting under them; persuaded that there was no distress nor sorrow into which he could lead me, under which his gracious and all-sufficient arm could not support me. He has not disappointed me, nor suffered the eyes and heart directed to him to fail. *God all-sufficient, and my only hope*, is my motto; let it be yours. Such I have, indeed, found him, and such I verily believe you will find him, in this time of deep distress. O, my dear children, help me to praise him! such supports, such consolations as he granted to one of the meanest and most unworthy of his creatures, that my mind is at times held in perfect astonishment, and is ready under its exquisite distress to burst out into songs of praise. As to outward comforts, he has withheld no good thing from me, but has given me all the supports that the tenderest friendship was capable of affording me, in this time of great extremity, and which, I think, my dear Northampton friends could hardly have exceeded. Their prayers are not lost, and I doubt not but that I am reaping the benefit of them, and I hope my dear children will do the same. Such a solicitude of friendship was scarcely ever known as I meet with here; I have more offers of kind service than I can employ, and it seems a real concern to many that they can find out no way to serve me. These are great honours conferred on the dear deceased, and great comforts to me. It is impossible to say how much these mercies are endeared, by coming in such an immediate manner from the Divine hand. To his name be the praise and glory of all! And now, my dear children, what shall I say to you—ours is no common loss; I mourn the best of husbands and of friends, removed from our world of sin and sorrow to the regions of immortal life and glory. What a mercy is it that my thoughts are enabled with joy to pursue him thither! You have lost, my dear children, the dearest and the best of parents, the guide of your youth, and whose pleasure it would have been to have introduced you with advantage into the world. Great, indeed, is *our* loss, and yet I really think the loss the public has sustained is still greater. I am ready to say the glory is departed;—but God will never want instruments to carry on his work. Let us be thankful that God ever gave us such a friend, and that he continued him so long, though every

suffer his widow to become the victim of her own generous conduct, and that in an instance where she had acted in accordance with their own advice. Accordingly a subscription was opened among them, which, under the zealous care of Mr. Neal, amounted to a sum more than equivalent to the annuity lost, although it was principally confined to London.

hour and day has only tended the more to endear him to us. Indeed, had we been to judge, we should have thought that neither we nor the world could ever less have spared him than at the present time. But I see the hand of Heaven, the appointment of his wise providence in every step of this awful dispensation. It is his hand that has put into ours this bitter cup, and what does he now expect from us? a meek, humble, and entire submission to his will; we know this is our duty, let us pray for those aids of his grace, which may enable us to attain it. A father of the fatherless is God in his holy habitation; as such may our eyes be directed to him, he will support and comfort you; that he may, is not only my daily, but my hourly prayer; we have never deserved so great a good as that which we have lost, and let us remember that the best respect we can pay to his memory, is to endeavour, as far as we can, to follow his example, and to cultivate those lovely qualities which rendered him so justly dear to us, and so much esteemed in the world.

It is impossible for me to say how tenderly my heart feels for you all, how much I long to be with you, to comfort and assist you. Indeed, this is the only inducement I have now left to wish for life, that I may do what little lies in my power to form and guide your tender youth. For this purpose I take all possible care of my health, eat, drink, sleep, and converse at times with tolerable cheerfulness. You, my dear children, as the best return you can make, will do the same, that I may not have sorrow upon sorrow. The many kind friends you have around you will not, I am sure, be wanting in giving you all the assistance and comfort in their power. My kindest salutations attend them all. I hope to leave this place in about fourteen or twenty days, but fear that I cannot reach Northampton in less than six weeks or two months; may God be with you, and give us, though, it must be a mournful, yet a comfortable meeting. For your sakes I trust my life will be spared; and I bless God, my mind is under no painful anxiety, as to the difficulties and dangers of the voyage before me. The winds and the waves are in his hands, to whom I cheerfully resign myself, and all that is dearest to me. I know I shall have your prayers, and those of my dear friends with you. Farewell, my dear children,

Your afflicted, but most sincere Friend, and ever affectionate Mother,  
MERCY DODDRIDGE.

Mr. Orton observes that " his pupils remained together till the next vacation, when the Academy was removed to Daventry under the care of the Rev. Caleb Ashworth, D.D. whom the Doctor in his *Will* had expressly recommended to succeed him, and (as he there expressed it) ' to perpetuate those schemes which I had formed for the public service, the success of which is far dearer to me than my life.' "

To the able and interesting chapter from which these extracts have been made Mr. Orton has prefixed a poem of very considerable merit, which was written to the Memory of Dr. Doddridge by his late pupil the Rev. Henry Moore, whose elegant *Fables* have been justly admired. The whole poem would occupy too large a space, and the following lines are quoted as a fair, and pleasing specimen :

" Who to the Temple of eternal Truth  
 Shall guide with skilful care our wandering Youth,  
 O'er darken'd Science shed unclouded day,  
 And strew with flowery sweets her thorny way ?  
 Quench'd is our *prophet's* fire ;—those lips no more  
 Religion's pure and sacred treasures pour ;  
 To holy rapture wake the languid frame,  
 And through the breast impart celestial flame.  
 No more o'er guilty minds he shakes the rod,  
 Arm'd with the awful terrors of his God ;  
 While chill'd with horror starts the conscious soul,  
 And hears appalled th' avenging thunder roll ;  
 Sees visionary lightnings round her glow,  
 And trembles o'er the gulf that burns below."

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OF Dr. Doddridge's Diary, to which the reader is about to proceed; I have to observe, that the original short-hand MS., in the first instance, passed into the hands of Mr. Orton, together with the Sermons and other MSS. intended for the press, and was afterwards returned, with the rest of the family papers, by him to the Doctor's widow, and by her lent to Mr. Stedman, who took the

opportunity of transcribing it into long-hand, with that studious accuracy and faithful care for which he was remarkable.\* From this MS. (which is beautifully written, and forms a handsome volume) it is here printed with only such little verbal corrections as are always required in the typographical process.

It has been observed, in the preface, that this Diary is not that daily record which the name implies. It contains, in the first instance, Memoranda of Remarkable Incidents in the life of Dr. Doddridge; and in the second, his Sacramental Meditations. Of the latter devout reflections no difference of opinion can exist, they are full of that holy fervour and deep humility for which their pious author was so preeminently distinguished.

Of the Memoranda it may be desirable to speak a little more at large; they are narratives of what Dr. Doddridge considered the especial dealings of Providence, with regard to himself and some persons of his acquaintance. The reader is already aware that he believed not only in the constant superintendance of God, in the course of natural events, but also in an occasional direct interference of the divine power, in consequence of prayer, and on other occasions, and he will learn from a perusal of this Diary that Dr. Doddridge thought he had reason to suspect that this interference sometimes assumes a supernatural character.

I am perfectly aware of the shallow sarcasms with which it is the fashion to meet every idea of this nature. On metaphysical subjects men too often reason from theories as if they were facts, and consequently become positive without being sure. Mental habit has much to do in these

\* Since this work has been in the press, the Rev. S. Wood, B. A. has favoured the public with a very accurate and beautiful edition of "*Riche's Short-Hand as improved by Dr. Doddridge.*" The great advantage of this system is, that it is always capable of being *literally* transcribed, a characteristic which will maintain its reputation with literary men.

matters; mathematicians, and other students of the more perfect sciences, draw the magical circle of *system* according to their preconceived ideas, and forget that Nature has a world beyond it. My own attention has been principally devoted to physiological inquiries, where, as I find, in the animal organization, some of the most essential principles inexplicable, I am ready to admit all positive results in action unquestioned. On the same grounds I am willing to confess that I view the matter of supernatural agency as depending solely upon *evidence*, and as one in which, all we can do is to scrutinize supposed facts.

A belief in a preternatural influence from God was almost universal in the times of Dr. Doddridge. Many celebrated names might be referred to in support of this assertion; I will only mention two or three. Dr. Watts believed that miracles had not ceased. I have in my possession a very curious little book, relating three apparently miraculous cures. The first is a MS. in the hand of Dr. Watts, who has also added notes, confirming the second, and has written in the fly-leaf of the book, "Modern Miracles, confirming the Gospel and the power of Christ." It may be proper to add, that the more recent advance of science affords an explanation in these instances, which could not be before obtained, so that the belief of Dr. Watts was not credulity.\* Bishop Warburton had faith in a modern power

\* The contents of this little volume are as follows: First, "This Manuscript gives a more full and particular Account of the Miraculous Conversion and Cure of David Wright Shepherd of Offley, near Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, who had been many years greatly diseased with the king's evil, extracted out of the letters printed on that occasion." (*This MS. is in the hand of Dr. Watts.*) Secondly, "A True Relation of the Wonderful Cure of Mary Maillard (lame almost ever since she was born), on Sunday, 26th of Nov. 1693," &c. &c. London: printed 1694. Thirdly, "A Narration of the late extraordinary cure wrought in an instant upon Mrs. Elizabeth Savage (lame from her birth), without using any natural means," &c. &c. London: printed 1694.

On the cover is written, "P. Doddridge of Northampton."—"If it be lost by accident, let it be carefully restored, and if lent to any friend



of prophecy. This fact is shown by his acute and striking observations on the *circumstantial* predictions of Rice Evans, at the time of the death of Charles the First, relative to the restoration of the Monarchy, and the second Revolution. Dr. Johnson's opinion on the matter in question is well known; I will, however, quote his expressions, as given by Boswell. The family ghost of the Wesleys had been mentioned, when the Doctor observed: "I am sorry John did not take more pains to inquire into the evidence for it. Miss Seward (with an incredulous smile), "What! Sir, about a ghost?" Johnson (with solemn vehemence), "Yes, madam; this is a question which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided; a question, whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human understanding." Dr. Jortin, the learned author of the "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History," may be also quoted on this occasion. After speaking of magicians, he says, "Setting aside these sorts of divination as extremely suspicious, there remain predictions by dreams, and by sudden impulses upon persons who were not of the fraternity of impostors; these were allowed to be preternatural by many of the learned pagans, and cannot, I think, be disproved, and should not be totally rejected. If it be asked whether these dreams and impulses were caused by the immediate inspiration of God, or by the mediation of good or evil spirits, we must confess our own ignorance and incapacity to resolve the question."

"There is a history in the Acts of the Apostles, which seems to determine the point in favour of divination. 'A certain damsel' (*says St. Luke*), 'possessed with a spirit of divination, met us, which brought her masters much gain by soothsaying: the same followed Paul and us, and cried,

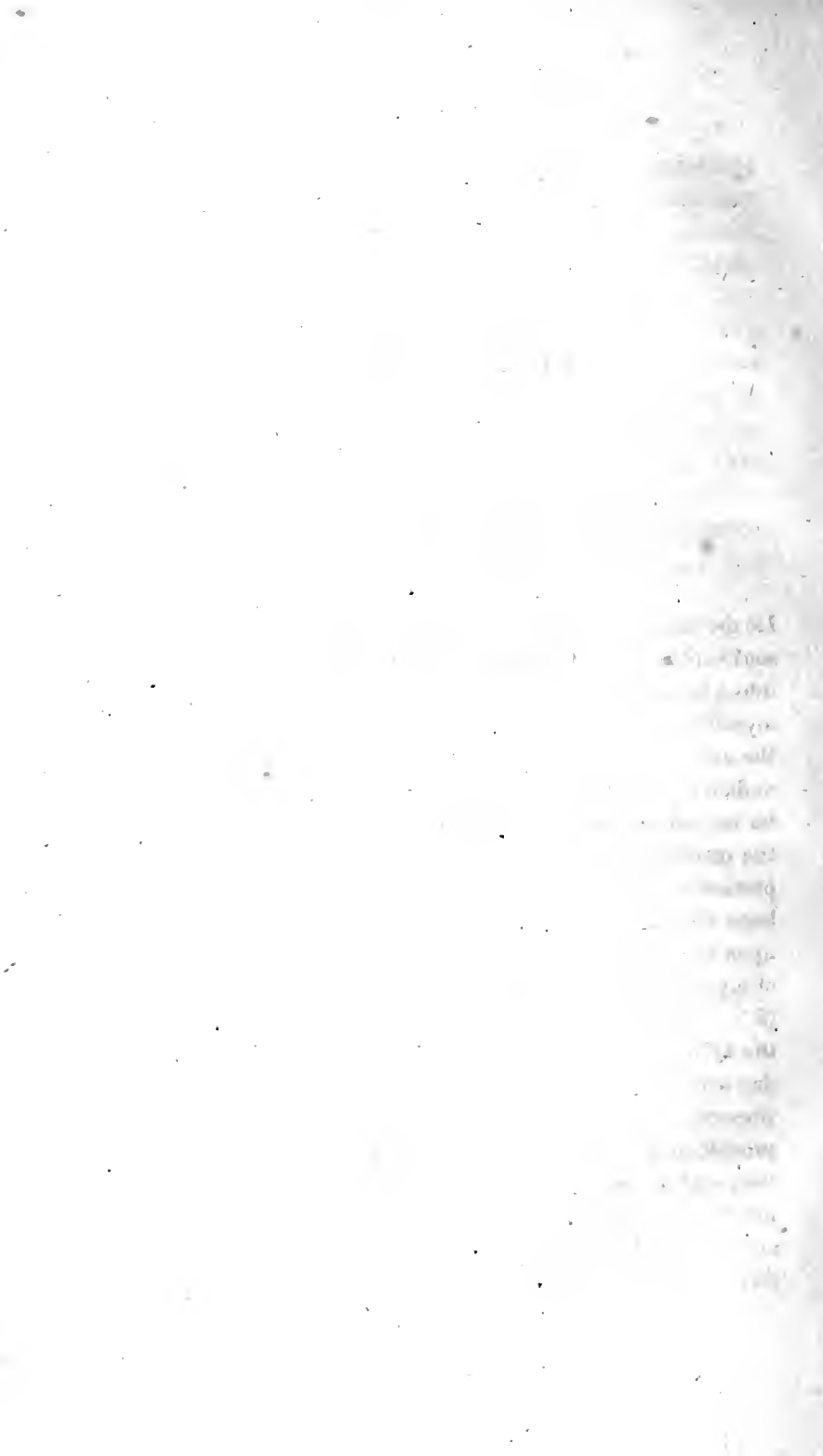
let it be sent back to me in a week's time." On the other side, "I. Watts, 1695.—I value this book at a guinea, being quite out of print, 1738, and the first part is my own manuscript."

saying, 'These men are the servants of the most high God, which show unto us the way of salvation. And this she did many days; but Paul being grieved, turned and said to the spirit, I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ, to come out of her. And he came out the same hour.'"

These instances are sufficient to show how very generally such ideas of Providence were then entertained; and even in the present day, that sometimes prejudiced, but highly talented and manly writer. Dr. Southey remarks, in his late work,\* "My serious belief amounts to this; that preternatural impressions are sometimes communicated to us for wise purposes: and that departed spirits are sometimes permitted to manifest themselves."

\* Sir Thomas More, &c. p. 11.

**THE DIARY.**



## THE DIARY.

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### A GENERAL MODEL FOR DEVOTION,

ILLUSTRATED UNDER THE FOLLOWING NUMBERS: 1, 2, 3.

IN the morning, after I have endeavoured to possess my soul with a sense of the divine presence, and to work it up into a frame suitable for communion with God, I will apply myself to devotion. And here (1.) I will in general invoke the aid of the Divine Spirit, under a sense of my own insufficiency. (2.) I will begin with praise to God for what he is, and for what he hath been to me; acknowledging the mercies of my former life, and particularly those of the preceeding night; but above all for Jesus Christ; for any hope of pardon by him, and for any influence of his grace upon my heart. I will then solemnly renew my dedication of myself to his service as under a sense of his many favours. (3.) I will particularly pray that I may be in the fear of the Lord all the day long, and that, as I have begun the day with him, I may fulfill every action of it, as under his presence; and regard him, in devotion, business, recreation, providential occurrences, in watchfulness against temptation, and as depending upon his influence in the government of my thoughts in solitude, and of my discourse in company. (4.) Concluding with a desire of ending the day well, I will particularly pray for success in my studies,

scriptural, theological, philological, and entertaining; particularly for a blessing on the three great designs of Commentary, Academy, and Sermons.

At noon I will begin with an acknowledgment of the mercies and sins of the morning, and renew self-dedication. (2.) I will pray over the four great subjects, and endeavour to impress them on my soul. (3.) I will intercede for others, public and private, this family, my relatives, sister, and cousin. And here I will mention any particular case that lies upon my mind. (4.) I will commemorate sacramental engagements.

In the evening as a review. (1.) I will repeat an act of humiliation and gratitude like that of the morning. (2.) I will more particularly confess and bewail the sins of my past life, and renew my applications for an interest in redeeming blood. (3.) I will acknowledge the uncertainty of life, and solemnly warn myself to prepare for my great dissolution, which must be very near.

On the Lord's day I will set apart some peculiar time for begging a blessing on my ministerial labours, and for prayer for the general success of the gospel. (2.) I will have a prayer for the revival of a spirit of piety, when it begins to decay. (3.) One of solemn penitence when I have fallen into any aggravated sin. God grant I may never have occasion to use it! (4.) Of solemn dedication to God, when I have gone through any work for the public.

I verily believe, that an exactness in these particulars will be attended with very good consequences. Yet I would not absolutely confine myself to this method. Nor when I do attend to it would I consider it as the whole of my duty; but rather would remember that *practical religion* is to be the end of this solemnity, and the means of promoting it in my soul. God grant that it may!

August 10, 1728.

## No. 1.—A MODEL OF DEVOTION FOR THE MORNING.

*A general invocation of the aids of divine grace for my assistance in this, and the other duties of the day.*

O GOD, I am now going to perform an exercise of great importance and of great difficulty. The external form may be easily dispatched; but it is exceedingly hard for a creature so inconsistent to fix its thoughts on so spiritual an object, and to attend upon thee without distraction. In vain do I attempt the preparation of my own heart, if thy Divine Spirit does not add efficacy to my endeavour. I own, that the numberless errors of my life would abundantly justify the equity of his proceeding should he abandon me with disdain, and leave me entirely cold and unaffected, or sealed up under such obstinate hardness, as even the very externals of devotion should be wholly omitted. But I entreat his gracious return, and continual and more lively influences. Quicken me, O Lord, to call upon thy name! Enlarge my heart, that I may run in this sacred course with delight. And may the present service be advantageous, as well as pleasant, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

*A general act of praise, and of self-dedication.*

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord God! Thou art great, and thou art greatly to be praised. Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord? Who can show forth all his praise. I own myself utterly incapable of doing it, and admire thy boundless condescension, that thou wilt incline thy gracious ear to so mean and so sinful a creature, when surrounded with the humblest adorations and rapturous services of all the shining inhabitants of heaven. Worthy art thou, O God, to receive all the homage and adoration they pay thee, and more excellent homage and adoration than that;—for thou art the greatest and the best of beings. From everlasting to everlasting thou art God, and thy years fail not; thou

art the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. I praise thee as the source and Lord of universal nature ; by whom were all things created, and by whom they are supported and governed. And that as the whole creation displays an irresistible power, it contains equally apparent marks of consummate wisdom, and inexhaustible goodness. I acknowledge the unspotted holiness of thy nature, the invariable truth of thy declarations and engagements, and the unequalled equity of all thine administrations. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, O thou king of saints. But while I celebrate thy justice, I must humbly acknowledge that, with regard to me, thou hast not exercised it with a strict severity ; I should then have been sunk far from the footstool of a throne of grace into the lowest regions of misery and despair. But thou art the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and slow to anger. Under these characters, O God, do I praise thee, and rejoice in thee with all my soul. I thank thee, that thou hast spared my guilty life through so many months and years of provocation and rebellion. I thank thee, that thou hast preserved me in my going out and my coming in : that thou hast graciously provided for my returning necessities, and hast not only given me my food and my raiment, but surrounded me with so many bounties of thy providence, which make life pleasant and delightful. I thank thee for all my days of health, cheerfulness, and plenty ; and for all my nights of security and repose. I particularly praise thee for the rest of the last night : that I had a quiet and a comfortable habitation to repose myself in ; that I laid me down in peace and slept ; that I have been preserved from danger, and preserved from sin, and behold the light of the morning with redoubled pleasure. I thank thee, that I now find myself in health, and fit for the services of life that are before me. But above all, would I praise thee, for that great Redeemer, without whom



health and life were but inconsiderable blessings, and would prove only, but a short respite from the agonies of the second death. I praise thee with all the united powers and faculties of my soul, for that amazing dispensation of wisdom and of grace, which is opened to me in thine everlasting gospel. I praise thee, that thou didst send thine own beloved and only begotten son to assume a mortal form, and to dwell upon the earth, and to die on the cross for sinful men. And that thou hast sent to me the tidings of this great salvation, and inclined my soul to attend to it, and I hope, through grace, sincerely to accept it. I thank thee, that by him the forgiveness of sin is offered, and thy spirit imparted. And I particularly praise thee for those emotions of thy spirit on my heart, which engage me now to direct my eyes and my soul to thee as the God of my life, and the father of my mercies, while so many of my fellow-creatures are stupidly neglecting thee, and I myself am so strongly inclined to do so. I thank thee for the prospect of everlasting glory, which thou hast set before me in thy sacred word. I thank thee for the dear transporting hope, of an eternal abode with thee, in purity, in vigour, and in joy, when this mortal body shall moulder into dust, and when all this lower world shall sink into dissolution. I own myself unworthy of this blessed hope, and I earnestly entreat the influences of thy grace, whereby I may be made meet to possess it. And under a lively, overflowing sense of my infinite obligations to thee I do now, O God, humbly renew the dedication of myself to thy service, and call thee to record upon my soul, that with the entirest consent, I choose thee for my God in and by a redeemer; and I resign myself to thee as thine in the bonds of an everlasting covenant. I determine, by the assistance of thy grace, from this time forward, to deny all ungodliness, and every worldly lust, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world, to employ all the faculties of my

soul, all the members of my body, all my time, all my possessions, and all my influence on others for thy cause and interest. And this is what I particularly resolve for the ensuing day; beseeching thee to confirm this resolution, and to accept my poor and imperfect attempts, through the merits and mediation of thy dearly beloved son, the Lord Jesus Christ, my righteousness and strength, to whom with thee and the Holy Spirit be everlasting glory. Amen.

*A Prayer that I may be in the fear of the Lord all the day long.*

I PRAISE thee, O God, that, by the influence of thy grace, thou hast engaged me to begin this day with thee. May I continue in thy fear all the day long. May all the devotions of this day be conducted with the greatest seriousness and fervency, whether public, domestic, or secret. May I read and pray, and join in singing thy praises with a heart full of the most ardent affection to thee, and be earnestly solicitous to approve myself in thy sight. May I engage in these sacred exercises with due preparation. May I diligently watch over my own heart in them; and may none of them be passed over without pleasure and advantage. In the business of the day may I be faithful to thee, and to my own soul. May I endeavour to redeem my time for it, to pursue it with an intention for thy glory, and in an humble dependance upon thine assistance. And as for recreation, may it be well chosen, the time prudently moderate; and may every relaxation of nature be used in subordination to the great design of its being for the more important services of life. May I observe thine hand in every providential occurrence. May every mercy of this day lead me to the return of gratitude and love. May I see thy goodness in the refreshments of my table, the conversation of my friends, the entertainment of my books, the continuance of my health, the serenity and cheerfulness

of my mind. And if in any instances thou shalt exercise me with affliction, may I quietly submit; acknowledging thy justice, depending upon thy goodness, and discerning thine interposition in every disagreeable accident of small import, as well as in events of more considerable moment. May I be prudent to foresee the temptations I am surrounded with, and diligently upon my guard against them. And in every circumstance of the day may I be sensible of my entire dependance upon thee, and be lifting up my heart to thee, for that powerful influence, which is absolutely necessary to enable me to mortify corruption, to oppose temptation, to improve my enjoyments, to bear my afflictions, and to discharge my duties. When I am in conversation with others, may I endeavour to give the discourse a turn that may be both entertaining and improving. And when I am in solitude, and my thoughts are not necessarily engaged another way, may they be directed towards thee; and may I be delighting myself in the Lord. Thus may the day pass over my head, a day of innocence and of peace, of pleasure and of usefulness; and in the evening, may I review my actions with devout care, and conclude it in thy fear, and under a sense of thy favour, through Jesus Christ, in whose name and words I humbly call upon thee. "Our Father," &c.

*A Collect for the assistance of God in my studies.*

O GOD, I would humbly thank thee for that most favourable and indulgent interposition of providence, which has fixed me in the employments of a student, and a minister. As I would devote all my studies to thee, I beg thou wilt direct and assist me in them. Do thou, O God, give me a solid judgment, and a comprehensive understanding, a lively imagination, and a tenacious memory. Whether I read thy word, or examine the records of former ages, or study the writings of the moderns, for my edification in practical religion, or for my improvement in human litera-

ture, may I plainly perceive that thou art with me by the prosperous success of all my undertakings. Particularly grant, if it be thy blessed will, that the three great engagements of a Preacher, an Expositor, and a Tutor, which I have in prospect for the remainder of my life, may be all considerably advanced by the studies of this day; that glory may redound to thee, and benefit to the world, as well as entertainment to my own mind by what I am now about to engage in, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

No. 2.—OFFICES FOR DEVOTION AT THE BEGINNING  
OF THE AFTERNOON.

O LORD GOD, thou most holy and just, thou most faithful and powerful, most wise and most gracious of beings! I humbly approach thee to renew my daily adorations, and to offer thee my praises for the mercies of the day thus far; and to humble myself before thee for the particular sins of it. I would again repeat the act of self-dedication, which my morning devotions were attended with. I would humbly resolve, by the assistance of thy grace, that I will endeavour to act more faithfully upon it. That I may do so, I beg thou wilt revive upon my soul such important thoughts, as have the greatest tendency to awaken me from sinful security, and to animate my soul to a diligent discharge of my duty.

May I always remember that, wherever I am, thou, O God, art with me; that thy presence surrounds me, and that thine eye observes me. May I remember my obligations to redeeming love, and consider how it becomes me to act, for whom Christ, thine eternal and ever blessed Son, descended from heaven and died upon the cross; and for whom he is now appearing in the presence of God, and using his interest in the court of heaven. May I remember that I am an ambassador for Christ, and a steward of the mysteries of God, that I may act with a dignity and

sanctity answerable to a relation so honourable, and so important. And to enforce all, may I seriously consider, that it is but a little time, and I must give an account of my stewardship. May I remember that Death is approaching upon me, and will quickly transport me into thine immediate presence, to undergo a strict trial, and to have my condition unalterably fixed for eternity itself. May I seriously reflect, that within a few years, and, perhaps, within a few days, I shall infallibly find myself either in heaven or in hell, surrounded with infinite transport, or with everlasting despair. And since the determination of this important concern depends upon my behaviour in this mortal life, may I manage with the most exact caution and prudence, and never, for any consideration of a temporal nature, hazard my hope of heavenly felicity, and expose myself to the danger of so dreadful a destruction. And as it is impossible, that any of the most serious thoughts should operate upon my mind any farther than thou, O God, art pleased to enforce them, I earnestly entreat that thou wilt command upon me the constant influence of thy grace; and that thou wilt help me to maintain a continued dependance on thy Sacred Spirit, as to be communicated through the hands of the great Redeemer. Now to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be everlasting praises. Amen.

*An Intercession for others, public and private.*

O LORD, I thank thee, that thou wilt allow me the privilege of interceding with thee, on the account of others, as well as for myself; and I humble myself before thee, that my secret prayers have not been animated by a more public spirit.

I entreat thee to remember my relatives, and my friends; those that are allied to me in the bonds of nature, or of love, and those that are committed to my ministerial care.

May my dear sister, and the companion of her life, walk

together as heirs of the grace of life, in favour with God and man. And do thou make gracious provision for the supply of their wants. Continue their health, and bring me at a proper time to see them again with mutual cause of satisfaction and joy. May the unhappy wanderer from God, and his duty, be reclaimed by the influence of thy power, and taught to behave with sobriety and decency, and in a manner that will give some encouragement to hope that he will be happy for time and for eternity. May all my dear friends in this family be remembered by thee. And particularly may thine handmaid at the head of it, be spared to many years of usefulness and of comfort. And may every one of her children be brought into the bonds of thy covenant, and be a comfort to her, and a blessing to the world. So far as I am concerned in their education, do thou give a blessing to my care, that I may repay some part of that debt which I owe to the friendship of their pious mother, and to the memory of thy dear and excellent servant, whom for wise, though unknown reasons, thou wert pleased to remove by so early and so lamentable a stroke.

Remember all those of my generous benefactors, who are now within the reach of prayer; and may all that they have imparted to me be repaid into their bosoms a hundred fold, in the bounties of thy providence, the influences of thy grace, and the consolations of God, that are not small.

May the dear flock, that is committed to my care, be happy with the influences of thy spirit, as well as the instructions of thy word. May unconverted sinners be awakened and regenerated; and may the many among them, whom, through thy great goodness, we have reason to look upon as sincere christians, be carried on in their way, rejoicing. May those that are declining be restored. May those that are mourning be comforted. And may those that are going on with cheerfulness and vigour be still supported, and carried forward in new attainments.

And may every opportunity that we have of worshipping thee together, concur to the improvement both of minister and of people; that they may have reason to bless God upon my account; and thus may be a foundation laid of an eternal friendship.

May all that are in affliction be mercifully remembered. Relieve the necessitous; heal the sick; succour the tempted; be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow, O God, in thy holy habitation. And give me a heart tenderly touched with the sorrows of my fellow creatures, and make me solicitous to do my utmost for their relief.

May thy priests, O God, be clothed with righteousness, that thy chosen people may be joyful. May those that appear under the character of ministers answer the obligation of such a relation by zeal, fidelity, and exemplary holiness. And do thou add efficacy to their pious care, that there may be a revival of thy work in the midst of these years.

May our national tranquillity and happiness be continued, our health, our peace, and our plenty. May those that govern us be directed by thee, to the most proper administration, and animated with a concern to contribute their utmost to the happiness and prosperity of their country. In particular, do thou bless the sacred person of our King. May he act under the influence of piety, as well as of generosity and honour. And may he have the pleasure to see that thou art making him a glorious Prince over a happy people. May the Queen be long continued, as an ornament to the throne, and a blessing to the kingdom. And may their lovely branches be the defence and the glory of future generations, as they are the ornaments and delight of this. And do thou, O God, pour out more and more, of a spirit and holiness, and of a spirit of peace, upon all professing orders of christians among us, that animosity and wickedness may not involve us in a common destruction.

May all Christian Churches be protected by thee, so far

as they are built upon the apostolical model. And may all the corrupt additions of weak, or of wicked men, be taken out of the way. May anti-christ be dethroned, that Christ's religion may shine forth in its native purity and glory; and so may it charm the eyes of those who are now its avowed enemies. May the Jews be recalled, and may pagans and mahometans be convinced of their errors, and engaged to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus, that the Lord may be one, and his name one; that a religion so glorious to God, and beneficial to mankind, may be universally known, embraced, and obeyed. Hasten, O God, that happy time, and engage us all in our respective places, to do our utmost to subserve a work so glorious and so happy. Hear these, my weak and imperfect intercessions, for the sake of that great Intercessor, into whose hand I would humbly commend my person and my services; and to whom, with thee and the Holy Spirit, be everlasting glory. Amen.

*A serious recollection of my sacramental engagements.*

O GOD, I am thine by ten thousand obligations; and I would now particularly set myself to recollect how frequently I have sworn to observe thy covenant by the solemn memorial of a blessed Redeemer. It is my crime and my shame, that I have remembered it no more. And I own, thou mightest punish me with a destruction answerable to the dignity of that blood which I have trampled under my feet, and the awful solemnity of that oath which I have violated. But as I humbly entreat the pardon of my former prevarications, and as I am well aware, that the obligations of each do still remain in their full force, I now seriously renew them; and I charge it upon my soul in the most solemn manner. I declare by that body that was broken, and that blood which was shed for the satisfaction of thy justice and the redemption of my soul, that I will renounce every sin, and that I will make thy service the



business of my life; depending upon it, that thou wilt, with regard to that great atonement, forgive all my numberless and aggravated offences; that thou wilt take me under the conduct of thy spirit now, and receive me, at length, to thine heavenly kingdom. Amen, for Jesus' sake.

A MODEL OF DEVOTION FOR THE EVENING.

1. *General praise for the mercies of the day, and humiliation for the sins of it. To follow immediately after self-examination.*

O MY GOD, thou art ever merciful and gracious. Thou causest the outgoing of the morning, and the return of the evening to rejoice with me. I now offer thee my repeated tribute of praise. May my prayer come before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as an evening sacrifice.

I heartily thank thee, that my forfeited life hath been lengthened out another day; and that every period, and every moment of it, has been crowned with the instances of thy care, and thy bounty. I thank thee for my food and raiment. I thank thee for my health, for the enjoyment of my friends, for the success of my studies; and, above all, for opportunities of conversing with thee, and of offering thee my humble services, though I acknowledge them infinitely beneath thy regard.

I earnestly entreat thy gracious forgiveness with regard to all the sins which I have this day been chargeable with. Innumerable evils compass me about. And in the most innocent, and most faithful days of my life, I see abundant need to forfeit thy favour, and to awaken thy displeasure. May the blood of Christ Jesus be sprinkled upon my soul, to cleanse me from this new guilt which I have contracted, as well as from all I have formerly contracted. For his sake continue thy gracious protection this night. Deliver me from all dangers and temptations. Give me speedy, sound, and refreshing sleep; and awake me in due time, fitted and

determined for the duties of the day. And never leave me nor forsake me till thou hast brought me to that happy world, where these revolutions of nature shall be known no more; but where there shall be one everlasting day of glory and of joy, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

2. *A deep humiliation from the recollection of former guilt.*

O MOST holy, holy, holy, Lord God, the reflections I have been making upon the irregularities and follies of this day may naturally lead me to reflect upon those innumerable evils, which have compassed me about in the former part of my foolish, wicked, and abused life: and though I have humbled myself in thy presence upon the account of them, and humbly hope that I have obtained forgiveness, yet would I remember them to my shame and confusion, and renew my lamentations and my prayers for forgiveness.

It is with amazement and astonishment, as well as with regret, that I seriously think what I have been doing for so many years in life. Thou hast given me the knowledge of thy word, and hast made it my peculiar business to study it: so that few have had more clear notions of duty, and of the obligations to the performance of it. Thou hast surrounded me with innumerable mercies, both of a temporal and a spiritual nature. Thou hast sometimes visited me with afflictive providences. Thou hast striven with me by the operations of my conscience, and of thy blessed spirit.\*

ON THE FINAL DETERMINATION OF THE AFFAIR AT NOTTINGHAM, AND THE FIRST PROPOSAL OF MY IMMEDIATE ENTRANCE ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF A TUTOR.

LAST night I wrote a letter to my dear and most obliging friends at the castle-gate meeting at Nottingham, in which I gave them my final answer in the negative. There were many delightful and recommending circumstances in the

\* This article appears to have been left in an imperfect state.

prospect I had there; but these particulars brought me to this determination. (1.) Many of their places wanted filling, and had they continued empty, it would have been a discouragement to me, and would have given those who are my enemies in that town some occasion of insulting me. Had they been filled from the high-pavement, that would have provoked the resentment of Mr. Hughes, who triumphs in a persuasion to the contrary; and I must have lived in perpetual broils, which would have impaired the pleasure, and perhaps the usefulness of my life. (2.) Mr. Some had hinted some uneasiness at the free declaration I had made of my *catholic* sentiments on the head of the Trinity; which I am afraid would have given some further disgust. Had I been suspected on that head, it would have been a fatal entanglement, and might have ended in the loss of all the interest I have among my Independent friends; and the Presbyterians would not perhaps have had it in their power to have done me much service, as to a settlement in a congregational church—this thought impressed Mr. Some so much, that he earnestly dissuaded me from going. Whether I were right or not, I cannot certainly tell; but I hope that I acted in the sincerity of my heart, and I should have been ready to have exposed myself to any uneasiness had I been convinced that duty required it. I committed the affair to God. He gave that sudden turn to Mr. Some's mind, of whom I asked advice. If I have done wrong, I hope God will forgive me; and I most tenderly recommend to his pastoral care that truly amiable and valuable flock.

In the process of this affair, another proposal was made, viz. that I should immediately begin the work of a Tutor, with Mr. Saunders's two brothers and some other young gentlemen. I pleaded my own incapacity for the present. Mr. Some did not allow the plea, and thought that I might improve my time in this retirement to greater advantage,

when engaged in such a work with them than I could otherwise have done. I do, indeed, believe, that it will be the means of keeping me at home, of fixing me down to a regular course of labour, and of cutting me off from many vanities and impertinences, which I then insensibly fell into. And I am willing to hope, that it may not be a loss of time to my pupils, if God should bring any of my younger brethren into that relation. But I humbly refer it to him, and am heartily willing that this scheme should be disappointed, if it be not consistent with the greater purposes of his glory, and will not be remarkably subservient to them. I would, according to my own directions, this day, humbly refer this event to God. I would depend on him for direction and success in it, if I undertake it, and would refer the issue entirely to his determination. However, I would seriously and deliberately resolve, by the divine assistance, that I will set myself more diligently to my business; and as to-morrow is the vernal equinox, I would learn from that time to rise earlier to my studies than I have yet done, and would review the rules I have laid down to myself in some former instances for the regulation of my future conduct.

Sunday, March 9, 1728.

ON LAYING A MORE PARTICULAR SCHEME TILL  
CHRISTMAS, 1729.

I HAVE now reason to reflect upon myself with grief and with shame for renewed instances of a careless and irregular behaviour. I have again relapsed into all my former faults; many of which I have been humbling myself for, and resolving against. More than ten years, as appears by some papers, which I have lately seen of a longer date than that, it has often been a snare to me to defer my reformation till some remarkable period of time occurred, and particularly till the beginning of a new year. To prevent this, I have been laying a very accurate scheme of business.

to be done, during the remainder of this year ; in which I have allotted a proper share to every week. I am resolved, if possible, to abide by that scheme : and that I may do it the more effectually, I propose, (1.) To rise every morning at five o'clock, and not to lie dreaming awake as I have often done. (2.) To watch over my own spirit, to prevent the intrusion of any improper thought, and to consecrate to God the beginning of the day. (3.) I propose taking a survey of my behaviour at proper seasons and periods at home or abroad. (4.) To humble myself deeply before God for the first beginning of a revolt. (5.) To keep the record of my actions very exactly, and besides all the other memorandums which I make, to write some reflections here every Saturday night, concerning my conduct during the preceding week. May God arm me with all might and power in the inner man, that these resolutions may be as efficacious as most of the rest have been frail and unprofitable.

Saturday, November 15, 1729.

#### ON MY REMOVAL TO NORTHAMPTON.

IT is too sad an instance of my negligence and folly, that I have written no memorandums in this book since last November ; though not only another year is ended and began, but although the most important occurrences of my life have happened since that time. I little thought when I dated my last, among my dear friends at Harborough, how few days would lead me to a determination to remove from them. But Providence had its own secret designs at that time, which were invisible to me. I went to Northampton the last Lord's day in November, with an intent, as I expressed it, to lay down my good friends there as gently as I could, and preached two sermons to dispose them to submit to the will of God, in events which might be most contrary to their views and their inclinations. In the even-

ing I happened to be in company with Mr. Bunyan, who engaged me to promise to preach his father's funeral sermon, on timely notice after his father's death. We did not then imagine it to have been so near. But God removed him that very night, which kept me in town till Wednesday morning. Going to some places, where I had been before a stranger, and receiving visits from others, whom I had not so much as heard of, I was convinced; beyond all dispute, of the earnest desire of my friends here, to have me settled among them; and I saw those appearances of a serious spirit which were very affecting to me. Several from different churches came among us to attend the funeral, and expressed the greatest satisfaction in my labours, in which I had very extraordinary divine assistance. On Wednesday, before I went away, the young people came to me in a body, and earnestly entreated my coming among them, promising to submit to all such methods of instruction as I should think proper. Upon the whole, I was persuaded in my conscience, that it was my duty to remove and accept the invitation they gave me. And God is my witness, that when I did accept it, which was the Saturday night after, it was with the utmost reluctance, and I should have rejoiced from my soul to have seen a convenient way of coming off. Nothing ever went nearer me in my life. But I thought there would be an eminent prospect of doing good at Northampton, as much as I could ever hope to have as a minister; and I was much afraid, that if I declined it, the congregation would be broken to pieces, or at least much injured. Besides that, there were some steps in the leadings of Providence, which appeared to me exceedingly remarkable, so that I could not tell how to refuse them without offering the most apparent injury to my own conscience. I did indeed go almost without the advice of any of my friends, and directly contrary to that of some of them for whom I had a very high regard; but I

thought I was obliged in conscience to act according to my own views, as it is certain that I must answer for myself another day. When I had given my consent, and so was engaged too far to retreat, I was in the greatest anxiety that could be. I never was so near being utterly distracted. Mrs. Jennings accused me of having served her basely.\* Miss Jennings looked upon me with a silent scorn and indifference, which pierced me deeper than any reproaches could have done, for she was then incomparably the dearest object that I had in life. Mr. Some and Mr. Saunders blamed me exceedingly; and the latter said a thousand most discouraging things relating to the success of my undertakings, both as a minister and a tutor. This hurried me so, that I could take no comfort in any thing; and in a kind of wild distraction, instead of going nearer to God, I fled farther from him than I had ever done. I never spent any days in my life in such deep, bitter, uninterrupted anguish, as those which preceded my removal from Harborough; only I happily took shelter at Welford for two days, and had a little more tranquillity and self-enjoyment than before. My favourite scheme for removing Mrs. Jennings along with me could not be brought to bear, and I am now sensible, it was the mercy of God that disappointed it. Had she brought Miss Jennings along with her, with that irreconcilable aversion to me and excessive fondness for Mr. Grew, which I am persuaded she had, I had been the most unhappy creature upon the earth. I came to Northampton for a week about the 17th of December; but quite removed my books and self from Harborough, the 24th; and just before that day I had a most severe struggle which almost broke my heart. We talked over that dear affair, in which my whole soul was then so deeply engaged. Nothing could be more steadily

\* The pecuniary loss which Mrs. Jennings anticipated, by the removal of Dr. Doddridge and his pupils from her house, was guarded against by the congregation at Northampton.—See vol. 3, section 1.

and composedly cruel than Miss Jennings's behaviour. I went away overwhelmed with distress, and whatever respite I might have for a few moments, my heart was, as it were, eat up with fervent anguish, and pining with a self-consuming sorrow. I had little rest for several nights, through my excessive concern on account of her, who of all creatures upon earth least deserved so much as one friendly thought from me. And which was the necessary consequence of such an idolatrous passion? my heart was entirely alienated from God, and I had hardly any regard to him. I made a journey for about a week after the new year began, which was commenced without any of its usual solemnity, not so much as one memorandum of my religious reflections and purposes being made. In that journey my sorrows were renewed, and towards the close of it, they were something increased from another quarter; for I saw the dear excellent creature who is in almost all respects the reverse of Miss Jennings, but was incensed to the highest degree at my regard for her. She intimated that she thought of marrying very quickly, and that if she were ruined she would charge it upon me. I then came to Northampton, where I had not been a long while: and the Monday afterwards, which was about the 13th of January, began housekeeping. I came to lodge at home on the Wednesday after, and the Wednesday following, January 21, I took possession of that chamber in which I hope to spend most of the remaining studious hours of my life. As it was evident, that religion had been very much on the decline, and I resolved upon taking one method for the revival of it that I had never yet done. The account of which I shall throw into the next article, having already drawn out this to so great a length.



## A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF MY FIRST PRIVATE FAST.

A PRIVATE fast had often been recommended to me by others ; and I resolved for once to make an experiment of it. It was a thing I was entirely unaccustomed to ; and accordingly I went very awkwardly about it. I took but little care in preparation the night before. I went to bed late, and waked late too, and so lost some of the most sprightly moments of the morning. I had a great deal of other business to do ; particularly the morning's exposition to prepare, and a sermon to get ready for the afternoon. When I first got up, I spent some time in prayer for the presence and blessing of God ; but did not implore it so particularly as I ought, for the various particular circumstances of the day. I then read my usual lesson, and prepared an exposition for it ; whereas, methinks, it might have been better to have read something more peculiarly seasonable to the purpose of the day. I eat something at breakfast, when I think it might have been better only to have drank two or three dishes of tea. I meditated partly before breakfast, and partly after upon my late conduct. I find many things very much amiss, which I shall take notice of in the next article. I humbled myself before God for them again and again, but it was in a poor broken manner. I read some penitential cries and some of Mason's hymns ; but I did not select either of them so properly as I might have done. I gave my pupils a lecture on self-examination, and I managed it much to my satisfaction. My heart was apparently in it, and I hope that God was with us. Immediately after dinner time I went to the Meeting, and there preached of the regard which Christians ought to maintain towards the Lord's Supper, even when they cannot have an opportunity of attending upon it, from Psalm xlii. 6. *O my God,*

*my soul is cast down within me ; therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites from the hill Mizar ;* but not with a great deal of spirit, and it was wrong to fix on a day for this extraordinary secret devotion, in which the former part was to be employed in preaching to my pupils, and the latter in such a public service. In the afternoon I went to see Mr. —, which was wrong ; because it was not a family where I could take so much freedom of religious discourse, as I might conveniently have done at some other places. And then I went to sup with Mr. —, where I did not take a becoming care to improve my discourse. Besides, I staid out so late, that some of the family missed the opportunity of being present at family prayer ; the fault of which was in part chargeable upon myself. This likewise threw me so late into the evening, that I was forced to dispatch family prayer at home in a very hasty manner, and to sit up abundantly too late for secret devotion, which was dispatched something better than usual, but not entirely with a becoming care. From these indiscretions in the management of this day, which yet, as I hope, answered some valuable end, I would learn the following.

*Rules for the better observance of a secret fast.*

I GENERALLY propose, for the time to come, to observe the Saturday immediately preceding the sacrament as a day of extraordinary secret devotion. On the Friday night I will endeavour to have dispatched whatever is necessary for my preparation for it ; particularly will have read over all my diary, and what other memorandums may be of use to me in the fast itself. I will rise in moderate time, neither excessively early nor remarkably late ; I suppose generally about six o'clock. I will endeavour to fix upon my mind a sense of my own unworthiness while rising : and then

will solemnly address God for his assistance in all the particular services of the day, of which I will have a plan more particularly than this drawn up. I will then read, and afterwards expound in the family some portion of Scripture, which is more peculiarly suitable to such an occasion as this, and will take care to make a collection of such lessons. After having prayed it over, and seriously read some suitable psalms, I will set myself as seriously as I can to review the memoirs of my past conduct; and especially from the last monthly day of this kind. I will put such questions to myself as those I used yesterday, and will record my sins with their peculiar aggravations, that I may humble myself before God for them; and my mercies, with the circumstances that set them off, that I may return solemn thanks to God for them. Having made a catalogue of hints on both these subjects, I will then go into the presence of God, and particularly confess my sins, owning the demerit of them. After I have spent some time in previous meditation upon them, I will read some sacred poems, which may properly speak the language of that godly sorrow. I will then solemnly renounce them in the Divine presence, and renew my covenant again, and consider what methods it is proper to take, that I may avoid them for the time to come. I suppose a devotional lecture with my pupils will come in as a part of the work of this day, and an important part it will certainly be, and which I shall endeavour to dispatch as diligently as I can. I will afterwards generally spend some time in prayer to God for them and my people and family. The remainder of my work shall be praise, with which I think I ought to conclude even humiliation days; though sometimes I shall allot a larger and sometimes a smaller share to it, as peculiar circumstances of time and place require. I will then, perhaps, about three o'clock, take a little refreshment, but it shall not be too

much. I will perhaps employ a little time in talking with my pupils about inward religion ; which I may possibly do with peculiar advantage, after I have been lecturing to them on such a subject, and praying for them in so particular a manner. The evening I will spend in the grave conversation of some pious friends, with whom I can use great freedom, as to the state of their souls, and I will take care neither to eat nor drink too freely at supper, nor to hurry over family or secret devotion, and will keep in this book an account of——

[The continuation of this article is wanting in the MS.]

NORTHAMPTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1730.

My relish for the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel has been too low and small. I have very often been talking of them, never more frequently than of late, but God and my own conscience know how little I have been affected with them. O that God would give me a deeper sense of my own guilt and of my own weakness, which hardly any body upon earth has more reason to be sensible of, that Christ and the Spirit might be dearer to my soul !

On the whole, I cannot apprehend that I have improved in religion the last year, nor that I have made any considerable improvement even since my removal hither, though I promised myself great matters from it. However, I hope, by Divine grace, it is not yet too late, and I do now solemnly renew those resolutions which I yesterday repeated again and again in the presence of God, and I will endeavour to search and try my ways, and to turn my feet to his commandments. May the fulness of his Divine grace add efficacy to these resolutions, and prevent a relapse, which, after what passed yesterday, will be attended with peculiar aggravation.

AN IMPERFECT SCHEME OF BUSINESS FOR THE NEXT  
HALF YEAR, THAT IS, TILL THE VACATION.

I AM now to consider myself in the treble view, of a Pastor, a Tutor, and a Student; and my scheme must be laid with a regard to the duties of each.

I am sensible it will be difficult to unite them all. I apprehend my course in general must be this: I will usually rise at about five o'clock, and study till the time of morning prayer, which will be half-past eight. The forenoon will generally be employed in lectures. If I dine very moderately, I may secure a little time before I go out in the afternoon; but the business from two till six will be to attend upon my people. I shall generally read a lecture in the evening, and will retire as early as I can; but will take care to give the family prayer so soon, as to have a little retirement between that and bedtime. On this scheme I proceed as follows:

1. As a Tutor, I propose generally to read about ten lectures in a week; allowing one morning and one afternoon vacant. And accordingly, for geometry, I propose to proceed with the first geometrical class to the end of the 12th Book of Wetstein's Euclid; and perhaps to enter them a little on Archimedes. With the other class to carry them through the first four Books of Euclid and algebra.

2. For Hebrew, I hope to go through some little part of Genesis, select prophecies, and a sentence at the end of Robertson; besides the paradigms of the verses, and the index of those roots, which occur more than twenty times in the grammar.

3. I hope to end our oratory, and to have some exercises of reading and speaking. And to go over a short scheme of logick, as preparatory to Mr. Jennings's, which will be the work of the next half year.

4. I propose to end geography, and to proceed about six

lectures in civil history, reserving the rest to the next half year, perhaps we may attend to ancient geography, consulting Wells on that subject.

5. I propose to spend some time every day in reading the classics, the Latin one day, and the Greek the next. We shall probably be employed in reviewing some satires of Horace and Juvenal, with select passages from Virgil, Pliny, and perhaps of Plautus, Sallust of the Jugurthian war, and if possible, the rest of Persius. For the Greek, the select passages in *Dilectus Tabularum*, and perhaps a little of Homer, and, at least, one oration of Isocrates.

6. For academical exercises, translations of some scenes in Terence, of Tully's Book of Friendship, some select orations in Sallust, and epistles from Pliny, with some passages in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, to be turned into Latin.

7. Devotional lectures every month.

II. As a Pastor, I will visit my people, both in town and country, throughout the whole congregation, allowing, as I before said, the afternoon for that purpose, and generally going into the country on Thursdays. I will have a peculiar regard to the young people, for whom I propose to draw up a catechism; I will expound on Friday nights at the vestry; perhaps I may also expound before the morning service, and catechise before that of the afternoon. I cannot ascertain all the subjects I shall touch upon: but I propose to go over some of those concerning the knowledge of Christ, which I laid a scheme for at Nottingham. It may be reckoned as a part of this work, that I am to draw up my Thesis and Confession of Faith.

III. As a private Student, I must be making some preparations for the lectures of the next half year; particularly by reading over Watts's Logic, and Locke, besides attending to Mr. Jennings's Logic. I must also complete the Hebrew vocabulary, and read some of the classics by myself,

particularly, if it be possible, Lucan's and Plato's Dialogues. For divinity, I hope to end Cradock on the Old Testament, and make some pretty good progress on Beza on the New, and to be every day reading some little portion of a practical writer, though I am sensible it can be but little. Besides others, I hope to dispatch Mr. Philip Henry's Life; Dr. Owen on the Mortification of Sin in Believers; Tillotson to page 620; Howe's Carnality of Religious Contention, and Discourses of Union among Protestants, and the other tracts in his works to the end of his Reformation Sermon; Baxter of making light of Christ; of Faith and Judgment; of Repentance, and Right Rejoicing; besides the review of his Gildas Salvianus; Burnet's Pastoral Care; Chrysostom on the Priesthood; and Bark's Pastor Evangelicus. To these I may perhaps add Lucas's Sermons, and some other little tracts that I do not just now recollect; besides Dr. Bates's Miscellaneous Sermons, and that on the Death of Queen Mary, and Dr. Manton's. Add to these Clarke's Sermons.

#### ON THE FIRST SACRAMENT DAY AT NORTHAMPTON.

I AM now going to approach to Christ at his table, and I never appeared before him under a burthen of deeper and more aggravated guilt; and, consequently, I never came with a greater need of his assistance. He has been multiplying my engagements to a life of strict and exact holiness, and since my last approach to him, some of the most important circumstances of my life have happened. I have been removed from my dear friends at Harborough, and brought to settle here at Northampton; I have been solemnly devoted to God in the work of the ministry: and since that time, I have been visited with a great illness, which seemed to threaten the destruction of my life: and yet by all these awful and melting engagements, my soul has been too little impressed. How many sins and follies

have I fallen into since I was last at the Lord's Supper at St. Albans; all the long train of distracted and extravagant passion to Clarinda; all the undue concern for quitting Harborough; all the forgetfulness of God in my new settlement at Northampton. The same sins have been committed here as elsewhere, in all their circumstances. What reason have I to wonder, that I am suffered to live; that I am alive to continue in the ministry; that I am enabled to officiate in public; and that I am called this day, not only to receive, but to distribute the Bread of Life! Methinks I am almost ashamed to present myself at that solemnity. Lord, I do verily believe, that there is none who less deserve thy favour; no one who has more exposed himself to thy wrath. Yet I hope thou wilt still pardon me. Grace that abounds to the chief of sinners, and freely flowing from the bleeding heart of a Redeemer, will, I hope, be my refuge. At his feet would I lay myself. On his merit and righteousness would I repose my hope. To Him would I devote my life, and refer the continuance of it, and the disposal of all my concerns. Lord, it is my earnest expectation and my hope, that thou mayest in all things be glorified in me, whether by my life, or by my death; that yet to me, to live may be Christ, and to die unspeakable gain. I renew my resolutions for thy service, under the character of a minister, and of a tutor, and beg thou wilt make me useful in both; and in both wilt enable me to discharge my duty to thee, and to those who are immediately committed to my care. I resolve, by thy grace, to mortify all inordinate desires, to abound in the performance of secret duties with greater constancy, in which of late I have been extremely deficient, to study the improvement of morning and evening time, as well as that in the advance of the day. And upon the whole, what I know not, I desire thou wilt teach me, and whatever I can discover to be displeasing to thee, I will on the one hand



endeavour to avoid, as on the other, whatever I apprehend thou requirest of me, that will I do and be obedient. This I resolve in thy strength, and humbly hope that thou wilt admit me once more to renew a covenant which, by the assistance of thy grace, I will never more wilfully and deliberately break. Amen. For Jesus Christ's sake.

Sunday, April 12, 1730.

I HAD a sweet flow of thoughts from those words, *it is finished*. Our Lord Jesus could then say so with regard to his sufferings. And for almost seventeen hundred years he has never known one moment's anxiety or pain. But the time will come, when we shall say so too. We may already say it with regard to covenant transactions with God, *it is finished*. The affair is concluded. We have opened our mouth to the Lord, and we cannot go back. And in a little time more, God will help us to say it in another sense, when we are brought to Heaven. Yet there, of our eternal glory, we shall never say *it is finished*; throughout all the rising and succeeding ages of eternity it will still be but as if it were beginning. These were all affecting thoughts. But how little does it signify to be as I was affected with them in a transient manner, when there is no abiding sense of them upon the soul. God only knows, whether I shall ever be spared to see another sacrament day. But I must record it for my humiliation and shame, that he is just, if he bring me to hell before the return of it.

SOME REFLECTIONS MADE AT THE BEGINNING OF  
JUNE, 1730.

How lamentable a thing is it that I should have perpetual reason to complain of myself, and should, with all that capacity which some so highly admire and extol, be ever learning, yet never able to come to the knowledge of the most easy and obvious truths, never able practically to know and regard them. I have been extremely negligent

in my conduct of late, never more formal in devotion, never more indisposed not only to secret, but to family and public worship. The Bible has been to me as a sealed book. I have seen no beauty, I have felt no energy in it; and all the respect I have paid to it has been a form rather than a reality. I have been under great temptation to doubt the truth of Christianity itself, and even the first foundations of moral good and evil, and the divine government. My passions have been exorbitant; and I have ventured to live as idly and unprofitably as would consist with any tolerable care of the congregation and of my pupils. Nor can I yet say, that I find any impression of ingenuous sorrow. The Spirit of God seems to have deserted me, and to have left me under blindness and hardness. I know I have acted a very unworthy part. I condemn myself for it. I resolve against it. But these are operations of the understanding rather than of the heart; and with regard to any lively, sensible impression of Divine things, I am like a block or a stone. Lord, I am weary of such a frame. O that my heart were enlarged! O that it were melted under a sense of sin! O that it were drawn out in desires after thee! I resolve, by divine grace, to spend this vacation well. But, alas! I suspect the force of this resolution. I much fear that I shall trifle it away. However, I have been laying a scheme for business. I began with rising at five this morning, and if I can go on to do so every morning, it will be a considerable step gained. Reading the Scriptures I resolve to attend to: and I will seek the assistance of the Divine Spirit in the exertion of my own industry. I will particularly attend to self-examination, and be careful in keeping my memorandums, and setting things in order. O God, assist me in these resolutions, and make them effectual to answer these ends, and to be a means of keeping myself closer to thee.

Monday, June 1, 1730.

MEDITATIONS ON THE THIRD SACRAMENT, THAT IS  
THAT OF JUNE THE 7TH, 1730.

I KNOW not that I have spent a Sabbath at Northampton in public duties with less pleasure to myself. Yet I hope it was not entirely useless to those that attended with me. I preached two sermons on the Sufferings of Christ, answerable to the occasion of the day: but, alas! my heart was little affected with them. I spoke of Christ's dying love; but I felt no more of it at my heart, than if I had known it was all a well contrived tale, except one tear or two of humanity that I shed when speaking of Peter's ingratitude, and of the goodness of Christ to the dying thief. At the Lord's supper I discoursed on the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. I confessed my sins largely before God, and mentioned some circumstances of aggravation, but felt little melting of soul upon account of them. I believe it was in a great measure owing to a neglect of a due preparation: and I must indeed observe, that it was a just token of the displeasure of God against those sins which I have lately committed. I have no reason to wonder that the blessed Spirit deserts me, and has deserted me for so long a time, but much more if he ever returns. Two or three observations I made at the Lord's table which were something affecting to me. The one was, that the greatness of the salvation was so far from making it incredible, that it was the more credible upon that very account, since it is not to be thought that Christ would have died on any light occasion. Another on those words, *I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.* Lord, I take it as the cup of salvation. I bless thee for it. I plead it with thee, and entreat that thou wilt make it a cup of salvation to me. It might have been a cup of trembling. I likewise addressed myself, with some life and spirit, to the spectators. Are there any of you that are unconcerned?

If there be any that believe not the truth of Christianity, he has nothing to do at this table. If there be any that dare deliberately reject this atonement, he has nothing to do here: but every one that believes Christ able and willing to save, if he is desirous of being saved by him, he will be as welcome as any soul here. I heartily wish that I may remember the engagements of this day much better than those of the last month, otherwise I am confidently sure that I had better have been any where else than at the table of the Lord.

A SCHEME OF BUSINESS FOR THE ENSUING HALF  
YEAR.

I HAVE been projecting my scheme as accurately as I conveniently could, but I fear I shall find myself mistaken, as I did the last half year, in which I failed of a very considerable part of what I intended to do; though, by the goodness of God, I was enabled to go through a good deal of it.

I. That for my business as a Tutor I shall be principally employed on the following articles. Monday and Wednesday mornings I shall lecture on geometry, algebra, and trigonometry. Tuesday and Friday, on logic. Saturday, short hand and civil history. Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings, French. Tuesday and Friday, Hebrew, and a little of the classics every night: so that of geometry, algebra, and trigonometry we shall have about forty-two lectures, of logic forty-two, of French sixty-three, of Hebrew forty-two, of civil history twenty-one, and of the classics eighty-four, in all about one hundred and sixty-eight.

For geometry, I hope, with the upper class to go through all Euclid, and with all but the last book with the second. To end algebra with both. For trigonometry, I propose to use either Keil or Eamer, I cannot certainly tell which. For logic, to go over Mr. Jennings's Logic, with some con-

siderable improvements, and some additional lectures, in particular about syllogisms.

For French, I believe we shall only get through the grammar, for we shall have an opportunity of reading but little of Telemachus. I shall be glad if the Dialogues are well understood.

As to Hebrew, I propose their learning all the rest of their vocabulary, and much of the \* \* \*, besides the sentences at the end of Robertson, as perfect as possible.

For civil history, we will go over Tallint's Tables. But it will be, at present, a very imperfect survey.

I cannot exactly determine which of the classics I shall begin with, but I think to read some select passages of Horace, a little of Juvenal, Virgil's Account of Eneas, and some other entertaining episodes; especially the Death of Dido; Terence's *Adelphi*, and perhaps some of Pliny's *Epistles*. And for the Greek, one oration of Isocrates, and perhaps a little of Homer and Anacreon. I have a little question whether we shall read Tully's *Discourses of Old Age*, or *Friendship*.

The exercises will still be principally translations out of English into Latin, and perhaps composing some orations and translations from Hebrew into Greek, with criticisms upon translations of the classics.

With Jennings, I propose to read Cornelius Nepos, and part of Cæsar's *Commentaries*, and to keep him every day to the business of translating English into Latin till he has finished Clarke's *Exemplis*; and then Latin into English, and Wilmot's *Particles*. I shall give all my pupils devotional lectures, on the improvement of time and some other moral subjects.

II. As a Pastor, I propose first a general visitation. To inquire particularly after servants, young people, children, and those under serious impressions, that I may improve my catalogue of catechumens and intended communicants. I also intend to catechise about once in a fortnight in the

vestry, and besides occasional sermons, to enter upon two courses, one on the knowledge of Christ, the other the scheme of Christianity.

In my private studies I fear I shall not be able to dispatch all the business I intend. However, if I have time, I propose to read something more in the classics than I have yet done, or shall do with my pupils; and shall attempt, if possible, to read at least two tragedies of Sophocles, and the three first books of Zenophon; and for Latin, perhaps Lucan's Pharsalia, with the rest of Plato and Dionysius.

For practical divinity, besides Beza and Cradock, I propose to read over Baxter to page 328, that is, his Discourse on Union among Protestants; Man created in a Holy but Mutable State; Love of God; Enemies and Reconciliation; and his Reformation and Thanksgiving Sermons; Tillotson to page 608; Bates's Funeral Sermon for Queen Mary; and Baxter's Death, Judgment, and Repentance; Life of Faith, and Faith in Death.

For Miscellanies, Prideaux's Connection, and Rapin's Dissertations, Burnet's Archæologia, May's Travels, Hoadly's Tracts, and Translation of Zenophon's Life of Cyrus, and some other society books. In order to finish my logical lectures with greater advantage, I intend to end Locke's Essay, to read Malbranche's Inquiry after Truth, and if I can Oldfield's Improvement of Human Reason; and Longius. And I intend that these books should be some of my first employment.

June 26, 1730, Friday.

#### BEFORE MY FOURTH SACRAMENT, JULY 5, 1730.

As I am preparing for the table of the Lord, and my intended journey, I would seriously think of my business with God in regard to each. I come to the sacred table humbly to receive a renewed pardon for my renewed and aggravated transgressions. I come to seal those sacred engage-

ments into which I have entered myself on my birthday. I come to get a lively view of Christ by faith, that having him crucified and set forth before me, I may thereby be engaged to obey the truth, according to the exhortations I am giving to others; which I earnestly pray God to seal home upon my own soul. I come to refer to him all the future concerns of my life, and particularly the continuance of it, and of my health and capacity for usefulness. I come to ask his assistance in the cultivation of the several branches of learning which lie before me, and in that great design for the defence and improvement of Christianity, which has been the subject of so many late thoughts. I come to commit myself to his care in this journey; to beg preservation from all the snares and temptations of it, and a continued adherence of soul to him. And I come to ask his direction in the great concern, the choice of a companion for life. May he preserve me from being misled by any of those foolish passions to which I know I am naturally so exceedingly obnoxious. I would solemnly engage myself to a care in secret devotion, to be watchful over my thoughts, my heart, my appetites, my words; and I humbly depend upon him to lead me and guide me, to prosper my way before me, and to make such provision for the supply of my wants as he knows I need. He is my covenant, father, and friend, may he never leave me nor forsake me! may I never depart from him!

SOME IMPERFECT ACCOUNT OF WHAT PASSED AT THE  
LORD'S TABLE THIS DAY.

GOD favoured me with very uncommon enlargement of soul; which I desire to mention to the glory of his grace. I began with that question of God to Elijah, *What dost thou here?* and observed how careful we should be to be able to answer it in every circumstance of life; and with what peculiar pleasure and cheerfulness we might answer

it here; since we come to eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of God; that flesh which is meat indeed, and that blood which is drink indeed. And then from these words I proceeded to consider, that having briefly explained what it was, with what expectations, and with what resolutions we should feed upon this divine banquet. For the expectations, they may be founded on the promises connected with that passage of scripture, where Christ tells us, that if any man thus eat and drink, *I will dwell in him, and he in me*: which signifies the most intimate union and delightful communion. It is a pleasure on both sides. Christ will dwell in that soul! To have been visited by Christ in the days of his flesh, how great an honour! Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof; but if thou wilt come, no prince shall be so welcome. Now he comes; and comes not like a wayfaring man, that turns in but for a night, but as a constant inhabitant. And he adds, *and he in me*, I do not only give him a transient look; entertain a kind thought of him in the hour of my conversion, or at the time of my entrance on the world of spirits, but he has a constant possession of my soul. He *dwells in me*, even while I dwell in glory. How delightful a thought, to think we are at this moment dwelling in Christ! Again,—*I will give him eternal life!* Life eternal! How vast the import! Not one day's, one year's one age's enjoyment; but an immortality of happiness! It is true the body must die. These bodies that are now going to receive this sacred food shall soon fall into ruin, undistinguished from that of those who never knew a Redeemer; undistinguished from that of those who despised him. As the Israelites eat manna in the wilderness and are dead, so shall we be who are eating this bread of life. Yet it deserves that name, for the soul shall *live*—live and look down without terror, without sorrow, on the mouldering clay, especially



when it is secure of a glorious resurrection! For that follows,—*I will raise him up at the last day!* In consequence of this blessed promise, we, when feeding upon Christ by faith, may apply to ourselves all the great and illustrious things which scripture says of the resurrection. We shall bear the image of the heavenly Adam! We shall be raised incorruptible! This mortal shall put on immortality, and these vile bodies shall be changed. And it surely increases the pleasure of the prospect, that *Christ* shall effect it. *I will raise him up!* Well then may He say, my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed: as if there were nothing else that deserved to be called meat and drink in comparison. With these expectations should we eat; and these expectations may instruct us in correspondent resolutions. Let us come with resolutions of maintaining this union; of delighting in it; of using the faculties of our souls, and the members of our bodies, like what are to be glorious for ever with God in heaven. As for the returns of gratitude and of love they are natural. Would Christ dispense with them, and give us a liberty of sinning, the holy soul would decline it with horror. While breaking the bread, I discoursed of the free love of Christ. What could deserve all this? I appealed to Conscience in pouring out the wine. Had we shed the blood of Jesus, what self-resentment would have attended it! what the guilt of having drawn down such agonies on the Son of God! Let us not increase it by trampling it under foot. When taking the cup I observed: Shall I be ashamed of a public engagement? No. Were the whole world of men and angels assembled, I would glory in it; that I am the disciple of a crucified Jesus; and that I receive this sacred cup in token of my sincere resolution of devoting to him all I am and have, of being his for time, and his for eternity.

REFLECTIONS ON OUR FIFTH SACRAMENT, AFTER A  
JOURNEY TO LONDON.

I CANNOT recollect that there ever was a journey I made from these parts to London in which I received more remarkable favours from God, and made more ungrateful returns to him. I have been obliged to his protecting providence for taking care of me in my going out and coming in; so that, in the midst of a great variety of journeys, I have met with no fatal accident. . And though my horse threw me as I was riding through Stratford, and fell upon me in such a manner as to endanger my being crushed to pieces, and struck me with his heel on the side of my head, so as to occasion a violent swelling, yet I received no considerable damage. I have been remarkably assisted in my public ministrations, and never preached better than in my last journey; especially in some places, on which much of my public character depended. I met with remarkable kindness and respect among my friends; greater than I ever found before. I have got some new acquaintance, particularly in the agreeable family of good Mr. Waters, who has treated me with all imaginable friendship. The people at Dr. Evans's intimated their purpose of inviting me; which was certainly doing me a very great honour. Mr. — made me a handsome present, which defrayed a considerable part of the charges of my journey. And what, indeed, pleased me as much as any of the rest, my friends thought well of "*The most proper Methods to be taken for the Revival of the Dissenting Interest,*" which, indeed, has met with the most favourable reception that could be among persons of very different parties and sentiments. On the whole, I apprehend my character has risen much of late, and stands fairer and brighter than it ever did. But surely if many of those that now hold me in the

greatest esteem knew what I am in secret, if they had seen what the eye of God has seen, with what horror, with what contempt would they behold me. I have lived a most trifling, foolish life; have taken little care to dispose my business, to redeem my time, to manage my expenses. I have been extremely negligent in reading the scripture, and in attending to the exercises of secret devotion. I have not a heart to lament it. The spirit of God has justly deserted me, and left me under the conviction of the most aggravated guilt, without the least emotion of tender sorrow. O, God, I most humbly own that thou art just, and will be so if I am hardened in this world, and condemned in the next.

Sunday, August 2, 1730.

#### HINTS OF SOME MEDITATIONS AT THE TABLE OF THE LORD.

I HAVE so long neglected to write the hints of this discourse, that I have almost forgot it. I know I began with the words of *Zechariah*: "They shall look on him whom they have pierced." I recommended to our consideration the person pierced; and who we are that have done it. How deeply we have pierced him; and how often we have pierced him. We have looked upon him and pierced him; and then looked upon him again, and pierced him again. He might have pierced us: yet he is looking upon us as upon *Peter*. O may our hearts feel that look! Let us now look upon him with a resolution of piercing him no more, but rather of bringing forward his murderers, and of slaying them before him. In breaking the bread, I used these words: "Behold, here is the wood, and the fire, but where is the lamb for a burnt sacrifice? The sacrifices of God are a broken heart; here are materials to set it on fire, but where is the heart? Lord, send down fire from heaven, or this will not catch. How cold are our hearts to

thee ! Then shall we offer, as we hope, a sacrifice acceptable through Christ." Several things were added, which I have forgotten, and I must take more care for the future to note them in time.

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE SIXTH SACRAMENT.

I PURPOSE to make weekly resolutions, or indeed to reflect daily upon my conduct. But now I would get time for it from one sacrament to another. I have been very careless in recording, and much more careless in conducting the actions of the last month. I have done little for God ; I have enjoyed little of him ; I have sinned frequently against him ; and have, on the whole, gone on much as I did before, only rather with less remorse, when I have fallen into some shameful instances of self-indulgence. I have now the Lord's supper again in view. Oh, that I might be brought thither with a broken heart, and offer the sacrifice of a contrite spirit for my many and deeply aggravated sins ! I have been lately reading of the life of faith. I want more of that blessed principle, and then it would excite repentance. O blessed Spirit ! graciously descend on my polluted heart. Strike the flint, O thou almighty arm of the Lord, that the waters may flow forth. I come to humble myself before God ; I come to renew my resolutions against sin ; I come to refer my concerns to him ; I come to seal my engagements to be the Lord's, and to prosecute with greater vigour the duties of a Pastor, a Tutor, a Student, and a Friend. Lord, do thou instruct me in them : Lord, do thou animate me to them. O thou searcher of hearts, I appeal to thee. Have I a wish so predominant in my soul as this, that I may be thy faithful servant ? Would I not ten thousand times rather be free from the corruptions of my own heart than from all the calamities of this mortal life ? Would I not rather live in the warmest exercise of holy love, in the most vigorous prosecution of

thy service, than live in a round of sensual indulgences, or in the pursuit of the most curious, speculative amusements, though I were sure that I should be ever so successful in them now, and be brought to no reckoning for them at last? My God! when thou renewest the least taste of thy love, when I find, though but for a few hasty interrupted moments, the pleasure of conversing with thee, I say, it is good for me to be here. Here, O Lord, would I pitch my tabernacle; and rather dwell in the meanest cottage with thee, than in the most stately palace without thee. May I not hope there is room, and that thou hast not yet forsaken me. Oh, return to me in love; visit me this day at thine house, and at thy table, and for thy namesake continue to lead me and to guide me. Rescue me when I am beginning to wander; awaken me when I slumber; strengthen me when I faint; and let not all my prayers, my sermons, my private exhortations, my secret and public transactions with thee, issue at last in my aggravated ruin. Let me, if it be thy will, be separated from all that is dearest to me here; but O my dear, my compassionate, and forgiving father, let me never, never, be separated from thee. Amen.

Sunday, Sept. 6, 1730.

#### HINTS OF SOME MEDITATIONS AT THE TABLE OF THE LORD.

THE principal part of my discourse at the table of the Lord this evening was a meditation on these words, *Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.* He is the Lamb. He is the Lamb of God; sent, appointed, approved by Him. And he takes away sin;—not only some little slight offences, *but all sin*: he has merit enough to take away those of the whole world! Behold him with a sense of the malignity of that sin, which it needed the blood of such a lamb to expiate. Behold it, with an ap-

prehension of the goodness of God in appointing him for a sacrifice; with a becoming regard to the Lord Jesus Christ, who submitted himself to death for us; and with an entire dependance upon him. Lord, I lay my sins on the head of this great sacrifice; content to lie for ever under them, if there be not merit enough in him to expiate them all. Behold Him with a resolution to maintain becoming regards to him for the future; and in the expectation of seeing the Lamb upon his throne, and of ascribing eternal adorations to him.

In breaking the bread, I observed the goodness of God in frequently repeating this solemnity. In pouring out the wine, I said, suppose we had been present at the consultation in Heaven for the recovery of fallen man, and had seen the Lord Jesus Christ in his effulgent glory, could we have had the confidence to have proposed that he should descend and die for us! In the prayer, I considered it as an engagement to live and die to the Lord; and as an encouragement to hope that we shall be the Lord's both in life and in death; declaring our dependance upon God, that he would perform his part of the covenant, and upon his grace that we might perform ours.

Sunday, September 6, 1730.

#### A SCHEME OF BUSINESS AGAINST THE NEXT SACRAMENT DAY.

I HAVE just been devoting myself to God; and I have now been contriving what I shall do for him the next month, as a Pastor, a Tutor, and a Student.

Under the character of a Pastor, I propose preaching of the child of light walking in darkness; and perhaps beginning a set of discourses on the knowledge of Christ: and, in a private way, to visit all the people of my charge in the town, and to complete, if possible, my list of those

whom I intend for catechumens, and of those whom I hope are serious Christians, and to propose for an attendance upon the Lord's supper.

As a Tutor, I hope to end trigonometry with the first class, and to read a little of mechanics; with the second to end algebra, and enter upon the second or perhaps the third book of Euclid; with both to read a few lectures of \* \* \* Logic, and some of the French Grammar, i. e. the examples of the verbs, the rest of the vocabulary, and a little of the dialogues. For the Hebrew, I hope to read some of the sentences in Robertson, to enter them in the vocabulary, which I will, if possible, complete. In the classics we shall read part of the Story of Dido, and of Terence's *Adelphi*, for Latin: and for Greek a little more of Homer's three last books. With Jennings, I hope to proceed in Cornelius Nepos to the Life of Hannibal, and to go on with his translations every day from Latin and English. I design to read one devotional lecture of our obligation to improve time, especially as students. And for exercises to put them on writing short hand, and the translating of English into Latin.

As a private student, I very much question whether I shall have time to read *Ajax* in Sophocles or not. Yet it is what I propose if I can. However, I question not but that I may make an end of \* \* \* Logic, may read, at least, one volume of Malbranche's *Inquiry into Truth*, may end the *Literary Journal*, and Wilkins, and, perhaps, also some of Slackford's *Connexion*, and work on *Dying by Faith*.

For divinity, I shall proceed with Owen to page 204, read Howe, of *Man as Created in a Holy but Mutable State*, Bates's *Funeral Sermon for Queen Mary*, Baxter's *Death and Judgment*, and, if I can, a few Sermons of Tillotson's on the *Miracles wrought in Favour of Christianity* to page 514. If I can accomplish all this work, I think I shall

employ my time well ; and yet when I have done it, I shall not have despatched half what I proposed in this half year.\* So does the negligence of one month lay a burthen upon the remainder. May my heart be near to God ! May I approve the integrity of my soul to him in all that I do, that the time I spend in those studies may not be lost to any spiritual account. Amen.

Sunday, September 6, 1730.

ON THE FAST DAY, PREPARATORY TO THE  
SACRAMENT OF OCTOBER, 1730.

THIS was the second day that I ever spent in solemn fasting and prayer before God in private ; and I would record some circumstances of the manner of employing it, which may be for my future advantage. I awaked in a good frame, and arose in pretty good time ; but by a faulty negligence the night before I had a letter to write to Mr. Saunders, which I despatched before I proceeded to the religious duties of the day. I then by solemn prayer invoked the Divine assistance ; after which I read with some attentive meditation the Fifty-first Psalm, on which I made some profitable reflections, and afterwards repeated it in the family in a manner which, I hope, was to the edification of others as well as myself. I read several of Browne's Penitential Poems, and humbled myself deeply before the sight of God under a sense of sin ; yet I must confess that I found but little inward melting of soul. I reviewed the particulars of my late conduct, and found many things grossly amiss, especially a forgetfulness of God, the omission of self-examination, and prayer. All these things I afterwards more particularly confessed, and read some forms of devotion in Patrick ;—not finding my heart much impressed with a sense of them, nor much in a capacity to

\* The reader will observe that the particulars mentioned in these schemes of business were generally additions to the Doctor's ordinary employments.



represent them before the Lord, I was greatly straitened in spirit, and found myself justly deserted by that sacred agent whom I have so often grieved. Besides that, bodily indisposition, on account of a cold, added to my deadness, and concurred to deprive me of much of that pleasure I might otherwise have hoped for. I then prayed for further grace, and referred to God that dear and important concern which will speedily be determined, and with it, in all probability, much of my future views of happiness in life. I then read some excellent things in Baxter, about conquering the fear of death, with which I was more affected than by any thing that had passed before in the day. I concluded with a prayer for others, and a thanksgiving to God; after which I went and made some visits; prayed I know not how many times abroad with my sick friends, and spent the evening in writing a letter to Mrs. Clark, expounded in the family, and attended to secret devotion. I gave my pupils a devotional lecture about the improvement of time; but had no discourse with them in the afternoon about inward religion, which perhaps would have been the most proper way in which I could have employed myself, for my visits were too late. I breakfasted, which was a fault; I eat too much, and was disturbed by the conversation of my pupils. I have considered of my affairs, and am come to a determination, in the Divine strength, resolutely to attempt the reformation of all that hath been amiss. I am sensible that I deserve to be deserted of God; but I fly to him for his name's sake, for his mercy's sake, and I hope that he will magnify the riches of his grace in my pardon and salvation.

I find myself at present very much indisposed with a cold, and would humbly entreat that he would strengthen me both in the outward, and in the inward man, that my ministration in the house of God may be edifying and refreshing to his people. Amen.

Sunday, October 4, 1730.

MEDITATIONS AT THE TABLE OF THE LORD ON THE  
EIGHTH SACRAMENT DAY, OCT. 4, 1730.

MY seventh sacrament I celebrated at —— with much less satisfaction than I had ever attended that ordinance either at home or abroad, for all I then said at the table of the Lord was very defective.

This day, under great disorder, I had much more lively communion with God; yet not near so much as I could have wished. I had in the pulpit been insisting on these words, *Lord, we would see Jesus*. And God enabled me to discourse from them in a very serious and affectionate manner. At the Lord's table I principally fixed on these words: *the sacrifices of God, are a broken heart; a broken and a contrite spirit, O God, thou wilt not despise*. I observed how reasonable it was, that we should approach God at all times with brokenness of heart on account of sin, of such aggravated sins as ours. I insisted on our obligations to God, as the God of nature. Had we used a human benefactor as we had used him, confusion would cover us. Were he the most necessary friend we had upon the earth, we should not choose to live at a perpetual distance from him: but it is not so with regard to the great God,—we *cannot live* without him. We must return. Let it be with penitent sorrow; especially considering, that we by our sins have pierced Christ, and have injured the known and acknowledged riches of redeeming blood. Let us bless God, that the sacrifice of a broken heart may be accepted, and acknowledge, that it owes its efficacy to the blood of the Lamb of God, else our hearts had been broken as thousands more are by the strokes of Divine vengeance, and we had been plunged low into the pit of everlasting destruction. In breaking the bread I remarked, when the angels saw this act, though they had no immediate concern in it, yet, surely, they were filled with admiration and love, and perhaps might reflect, "How will the children of men be

touched by it! Henceforward heaven will be peopled apace! For the love of a dying Redeemer must surely conquer the hardest heart." Blessed angels! how were you mistaken! we can behold it with little concern, or, if touched with it at all, shall perhaps in a few hours forget it. In distributing the wine, I said, let not such a thought arise in any heart as this—"my sins are so great, that I fear Christ will not forgive them, or that his blood cannot cleanse them." God forbid! Make but a believing application to it, and Thy sins are forgiven thee, let them be ever so great. In the prayer I observed, shall we offend thee, O God, if after all that is past we presume to call thee our reconciled Father? Shall we not rather offend thee, if we do not call thee so? If we doubt whether the blood of thy Son has merit enough to restore us to thy favour?

I solemnly renewed my covenant against all sin, especially that which most easily besets me. I engaged to a greater diligence in self-examination; to greater constancy, especially in evening prayer; to greater attention in singing God's praises. And I humbly referred to the divine disposal that important event on which so much of the happiness and the usefulness of my future life depends.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE BUSINESS DESPATCHED SINCE  
LAST SACRAMENT DAY, AND OF THAT WHICH I PRO-  
POSE BEFORE THE NEXT.

THOUGH I met with a great many interruptions this month, especially from journeys, besides occasional visits made in the neighbouring villages, yet I must acknowledge that my academical business has gone on pretty well, even though it was hindered in part by the horserace, while I was at home. We have ended trigonometry, and made some considerable progress in mechanics. We have begun logic; though in that we have read but one lecture. With the lower class I have ended algebra, and most of the

two books of Euclid; I have read with them some of Isocrates in Greek, and of Virgil's Georgics in Latin. I have given them a devotional lecture on the Improvement of Time.

In the congregation I have visited the sick with diligence; but have despatched little of the review which I proposed to take for a catalogue of the children and servants. I will visit my people as regularly as I can, and will particularly endeavour to take more time for it than I have of late done, getting out for that purpose something earlier in an afternoon.

As a student, with a view of improving my lectures, I will review Wilkins and Wells; I will also read Oldfield's Essay on Human Reason, and Browne on the Extent of the Human Understanding; I will finish my Vocabulary in Hebrew, contract the logical references, and write out the first twelve sentences in Hebrew; and if I possibly can, I hope also to read Shackford's Connexion, making proper extracts from it, and the rest of the Ajax of Sophocles. And for devotional writers, besides Pearson's Exposition, about forty pages of Cradock; Owen, to p. 320; Baxter of Judgment; Tillotson of Truth and Error; Bates's Funeral Sermon for Queen Mary, and of the Love and the Blessing of God. I fear I shall hardly accomplish all this; I am sure I shall not if I do not exert greater resolution than I have this morning shown in laying aside unnecessary and impertinent study.

Monday, Oct. 5, 1730.

MEDITATIONS ON THE NINTH SACRAMENT DAY,  
NOVEMBER, 1730.

THE first subject of meditation was, *Blessed are they that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God.* In every sense they are blessed. After taking the bread I observed, blessed are they who live in the Gospel day, and receive

the common entertainments of life as subjects of the Redeemer's kingdom. Blessed are they who are called to the table of the Lord to eat the flesh of the Son of God, and to drink his blood. Blessed above all are they that feed upon it above in another manner, and that dwell for ever with God there. Their enjoyments are not interrupted like ours with worldly cares, and by the working of inbred corruption. How many of our friends, once with us at this table, are now there. Let us rejoice in it, and be longing to follow them. Do this in remembrance of Christ. [*When breaking the bread*—Lord, we hope we can appeal to thee, we would remember thee, and enjoy ourselves most when we remember thee most. Would God grant us our request, it should be this, that we might live in the constant remembrance of Christ. *Eat it with bitter herbs.* The sacrifices of God are broken hearts. He gives it, therefore we will accept it. [*Before filling the cup*—would we retract our engagement, if God would give it us back again? In the prayer I adored God for all his blessings, for Himself, his Son, his Spirit, and Heaven, and cheerfully engaged to covenant duties. Thus we should commemorate the death of Christ, but remember him as a risen Redeemer.

A SCHEME OF BUSINESS FOR THOSE WEEKS IMMEDIATELY PRECEDING THE VACATION AT CHRISTMAS, 1730.

A SUMMONS, which I have just received from my Uncle Hankins requires my attendance at Upton about three weeks hence. I have been laying a scheme for the business I am to endeavour to despatch in the meantime. And it stands as follows :

With my pupils of the upper class I propose to end conic sections. With those of the lower, to the end of the fourth, and, if possible, of the fifth book of Euclid. With both I will end the first book of Logic; and, if I have one morning to spare, I will in that give them a devotional lecture.

Jennings shall go on in Cæsar's Commentaries; and I will endeavour to clear as far as I can all arrears in his Latin, and some of his short-hand, which are yet behind.

In my private studies, I propose to read over the remainder of Ward's Conic Sections, and Mr. Eames and Mr. H. to study and contract the rest of the logical references. To read Oldfield's Essay on Human Reason, and Hallet of the Study of the Scriptures, and to finish the Hebrew Vocabulary, and the solution of those sentences which are at the end of Robertson.

For devotion, I will read Baxter on Repentance, Howe's Reformation Sermon, Bates's Funeral Sermon for Mr. Manton, the three volumes of Dr. Clarke's Sermons, and the rest of Owen to the end of the third book, *i. e.* p. 320.

I have a great many letters to write, which I will dispatch as soon as I conveniently can.

I intend a general visit round all the congregation, and I will take occasion by the way to inquire into the characters of the servants and children wherever I come; and will, beforehand, make particular memorandums of the business intended with each.

I am very well aware that I have cut out a good month's work for three weeks; I would, therefore, resolve upon the following particulars: 1. I will never be in bed, if I can well help it, after five o'clock, except on Lord's day mornings, nor up after eleven at night. 2. I will keep up self-examination at the four seasons of the day. 3. I will exactly set down how I spend my time. 4. I will not make myself a slave to any of my friends, so as to throw away my time out of mere ceremony, especially not to those who are most intimately and frequently with me. 5. I will not, without necessity, do any thing different from what I have here proposed to do. 6. I will keep up a lively intercourse with God by prayer, and humbly seek his assistance to carry me pleasantly through this business.

Saturday, Nov. 21, 1730.

## MEDITATIONS ON THE TWELFTH SACRAMENT DAY.

I INTRODUCED the discourse with these words—*Take heed, lest there be in you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God.* Is the caution unnecessary? Do we not find in us the remainder of this evil heart? Do not we depart from God, in our thoughts, affections, and actions? Have ye not since the last sacrament day? Well, here is comfort. Though we come to God in our sins, yet the blood of Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin. It is a credible, and it is a comfortable promise. It is a credible promise, for it is blood of infinite value. Think but whose blood it is, and you will see that; and see reason to hope every thing from it. It has atoned to the justice of God. Do not entertain the least thought that your sins therefore are too great to be atoned by it. He has purchased the Spirit to sanctify you; and is not that Spirit almighty? What can oppose his sacred influences? And is not this a comfortable truth? How cheerfully then may we draw near to God, though our sins be great. Do not we desire to be pardoned? If we do not, it alters the case. Let that soul dread the sacrament that can say I love sin, and I would keep it; but every soul that can say, Lord, I desire to be washed from it in thy blood, if he says it sincerely, is welcome to approach. If he wash us not, we have no part in him; but if we desire he should thus wash us, we shall be entirely clean. Let us then apply to this blood; let us humbly plead it with God.

In breaking the bread I observed, Lord, who knows the power of thine anger? and who knows the power of thy love, which supported thee under all those calamities? We are bold to enter into the holiest, by the blood of Jesus. We are now in a sense, though, blessed be God, I hope not in every sense, outward court-worshippers; but there is a most holy place. We have a confident hope of enter-

ing thither; of seeing the mercy-seat, the cherubim, the shachinah. And how? By the blood of Jesus. This has introduced thousands, who were once below in such circumstances as we are. This will introduce us. Let us trust in it. And now approach the holy place by faith, as those that hope shortly to make a more intimate, more sensible, and more delightful approach.

When God confirmed his covenant with Abraham, Abraham added, *Oh that Ishmael might live before thee!* So will we, and while we rejoice in the privilege granted to ourselves and Christian friends, we would bear our unconverted relatives on our hearts before God in prayer.

Sunday, March 6, 1731.

MEDITATIONS ON THE THIRTEENTH SACRAMENT DAY,  
APRIL 18, 1731.

I BEGAN with introductory remarks on these words of the apostle: Heb. x. 4, &c. *It is impossible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sin. As it is written, burnt offerings and sin offerings thou didst not require. Then he said, Lo, I come!*—The words lead us into some affecting views of God and ourselves and of the blessed Redeemer. We see ourselves as condemned creatures, in the presence of a holy God; and we see the divine justice rigorous in its demands. It must have blood. Helpless in ourselves, we had no atoning blood to offer. In this sense, Lebanon would not have been sufficient to burn, nor all the beasts thereof for a burnt offering. And how dreadful must our case have been, had it rested there, and had we continued in the circumstances of those for whom there is no sacrifice for sin? But God has provided a lamb. *Then he said, Lo, I come!*—It is affecting to think to what purpose and with what temper he came. With what purpose did he come? He might have uttered these



words in another view. Had God declared from his awful throne, Man, ungrateful Man is risen up in rebellion against me, and I will make him the monument of my wrath, even as the fallen angels are, and who of all the inhabitants of this blessed world will rise up for me against these workers of iniquity?—into whose hand shall I put the flaming sword, which is to be bathed in their blood, and the poison of which is to drink up their spirits. In this sense might our Lord have answered, *Lo, I come!*—Father, I undertake the work. But it was not so. He sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. A design directly contrary to that which our guilt might have taught us to fear. He came to deliver us, and that at a very expensive rate, even at the price of his own life. Amazing goodness! more than can be uttered! more than can be conceived! And how did he come? With cheerfulness, and even with eagerness. *Then said he, Lo, I come. I delight to do thy will, O God, and thy law is within my heart.* It was wonderful that he should ever say, Father, I consent to do it. “Yet if it must be so, if the demands of thy justice be so inflexible, and so that it seems good in thy sight, then I submit.” Had he said, as afterwards in the days of feeble flesh, and under the struggles of human nature, “O, my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me:”—But, behold, he came with pleasure, “leaping on the mountains, and skipping on the hills.” He triumphed in a view that seemed so full of horror, and doubled that favour by the cheerful air with which he bestowed it. *Lo, I come!*—Be the work ever so painful, the consequence is so glorious! the scheme is so full of compassion, so merciful to Man, so honourable to Thee, that I long to accomplish it; as afterwards he said, *I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished?* With such a strong desire I have desired to eat this passover. Many a passover had he

eaten before, in the thirty years of his abode upon the earth. Some had he before eaten with his disciples; but none on which his heart was so set as on this, because this was that at which he was to enter upon his sufferings, and to fulfill the great, the glorious design for the redemption of fallen man! It is delightful in this view to look on this delight of Christ in such an undertaking; and it is delightful to see the consequences. "By which will," says the apostle, "ye are sanctified." He might have said, by which *will* ye are saved: by which *will* ye are justified. But he says, by which ye are sanctified; and let us not imagine this to be less comfortable, for by a most inseparable consequence it implies the rest, and so intimates them in a more affecting manner than if they had been further expressed. Such is the connexion between holiness and glory; between sanctification in this world and complete salvation in the next, that when I have observed that the offer of Christ is sufficient to accomplish the one, I need not add that it will infallibly fulfill the other. How joyful a reflection is this to those that find by divine grace that they are already sanctified through this offering up of the body of Christ once for all. A glorious work, without which it would never have been accomplished. The design was so great, so wonderful, it may well be introduced with that mark of attention, *Lo, I come!*—Let us behold it, and let us behold it with wonder. And do thou behold it, O my heavenly Father. Nor did the all-comprehending eye of God ever see a sight more worthy its regard. *Lo, I come!*—Ought it not, my friends, to excite some correspondent emotions in our hearts; and should not our souls echo back this gracious language? Methinks we should be putting ourselves in a waiting posture; looking to God, and to our blessed Redeemer for every intimation of his pleasure with regard to what he would have us to do or to bear; and that when he is as it were beckoning with his

hand, and pointing out the way, we should answer, with a triumphant pleasure, "Lo, I come. I delight to do thy will, O God, and thy law is within my heart." May the ordinance we now attend be subservient to these pious resolutions, and be the means of bestowing that grace, whereby alone they can be rendered effectual.

In breaking the bread I said, thus was the body of Christ broken! As it is said, the Lord is risen, he is risen indeed: so the Lord was crucified, he was crucified indeed. As sure as this bread was broken, so sure was the body of Christ extended, and his blood poured out on the cross. And is this a sight to be seen with indifference? Was it thus that the Lord of Life was used? One would have imagined that he should have met with the most thankful reception, and that after his appearing in the world all the contentions among the children of men should have been who should have done him the greatest honour; who should have offered him the most valuable tribute. And was he insulted and reviled? was he tortured and murdered? was he used like a villain, and like a slave, with every circumstance of cruelty and of contempt? And shall our hearts behold this sight without some emotion? especially when we add, he thus loved us, and gave up himself for us? Why have we the power of remembrance, if not to remember Christ? why have we hearts susceptible of humanity and generosity, if not to be employed here? why have we tears to shed, if they are not to be poured out on such an occasion? Better, O blessed Jesus, a thousand times better, were it that we had neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor tongues to speak, nor power to breathe, than that our hearts should not be filled with love to thee, our tongues employed in thy praises, and all our powers both of soul and of body for ever devoted to thy service.

*In pouring out the cup* I said, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world!" If we were the

first sinners that had ever ventured upon his grace, here would be encouragement to do it, when we consider who this Lamb of God is. But we are treading in a beaten way. Oh, if the world of glory were thrown open to our survey, what a surprising sight would it be! We should there see thousands of splendid and glorious creatures, concerning whom, if the Divine revelation did not assure us of it, we could never have imagined that they ever dwelt in clay; so bright, so glorious, so like to the angels, so like to God! One could hardly imagine that they were once struggling, mourning, weeping, and trembling as we are. And when we wish to inquire into their change, let us ask the blessed angels; and they will tell us, "*they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*" Let us ask them, and they will reply, Christ has loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood. And is there not then the greatest reason most cheerfully to repose ourselves upon him?

We are now conversing with that God who knows the heart and searches the reins! There is something awful and delightful in the thought. Let every creature in the assembly consider it. He knows the heart! how awful a thought to the careless sinner! He knows that I am here present in his house without any serious regard to him or desire after him. The Lord knows that all the solemnities of a sacrament day cannot warm and melt my frozen stony heart. He knows that I prefer the amusement of every vain thought to all those contemplations which might delightfully employ the mind of an angel! But to the pious soul it is a thought of comfort. My beloved, when we have lively views of the Redeemer's love I am persuaded that sentiments arise in our souls too great for the most emphatical language to express, and we are forced to adopt the words of David, *And now, Lord, what should thy servant say unto thee?* How delightful is it to add, as he does, *But*

*thou, Lord, knowest the heart of thy servant*, and seest those lively workings of gratitude, love, and duty, which no language can speak.

*When the communion was over, observing some of the elements remain.*—This is an emblem of the provisions of the Gospel. Here is bread and wine enough and to spare. Enough for all; enough for more than are here; and if any perish, it is not for want of a sufficiency of grace, but for want of a heart to use it. *In giving at the collection.*—It is pleasant to think this is not merely to defray necessary charges, but that it is an offering to Christ's poor members. We have devoted ourselves, our all to him. I hope it is a pleasant thought. It may add a relish to the meanest offerings as it adds a worth to them in the sight of God. Lord, I give thee this in token that I am ready, according to my engagements, actually to give thee *all* when thou shalt demand it of me.

Sunday, April 18, 1731.

A SCHEME OF BUSINESS TO BE DESPATCHED, IF  
POSSIBLE, BEFORE MY BIRTHDAY.

I HAVE a great variety of business before me, and have need to use much greater diligence than I have done in order to despatch it.

With my pupils, having already ended logic, I propose to finish civil history, and then to enter upon Rohault's Physics, reading about twelve lectures in them, which I hope may be to the end of the twelfth chapter. I shall probably conclude with Mr. Wilkinson's class, and hope to make some progress in Archimedes. Not having dear Jennings with me to pursue Cæsar's Commentaries, I shall, however, do something at the Greek with my new pupil Henton; and as for Hebrew, we must, by all means, read the sentences and learn the vocabulary. In the clas-

sics, we shall only read Tully and Plautus of Latin, and Xenophon of Greek.

In my own study I shall have employment enough no doubt; for I intend to read over both volumes of Rohault's Physics, Le-Clerc's Logic and Physics, the second volume of Saurin, and the first volume of St. Evremond's Works. And for divinity, shall end Owen on the Spirit, on Prayer, Apostacy, &c. to page 202; Tillotson to page 614; Howe to page 356; Bates to page 370; Baxter to page 846. I also intend to make references to civil law, and Hebrew sentences and the vocabulary; to finish conic sections, compose a Sermon on God's Watering his Church, and to transcribe that which I preached yesterday to young people, and to contract the references to the remaining lectures on logic.

I hope to take a survey of the state of the congregation, at least in town, and to write some account of it. After this I will select some catechumens from among the young people, and have a catechetical lecture at least once a fortnight. If I can perform all this business in about nine weeks, I shall have a great deal of reason to reflect upon it with pleasure, and to own the Divine goodness in carrying me through it; but I much fear that a great deal of it will be the employment of the next half year.

SOME MEMORANDUMS OF WHAT PASSED AT THE FOURTEENTH SACRAMENT, ADMINISTERED MAY 16, 1731.

I INTRODUCED the discourse with acknowledging that evil heart of unbelief which attends us at all times, and follows us even to the table of the Lord. This hinders us from profiting by providential occurrences, by ordinances, even those of a sacramental nature. Let us endeavour to conquer our unbelief by having recourse to the promises. Observe how free; how full, how suitable they are. I par-

ticularly directed my hearers to the blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin. We have brought then to the table of the Lord a multitude of sins, many committed since the last time we came hither. These sins need expiation; these pollutions need cleansing. We are sensible of the pollution of them, and therefore are unwilling that others should be conscious to them; had rather be caught in the greatest disorder, in the foulest as well as the meanest dress, than that all our sins, in all their circumstances, should be exposed to each other; much more should we be ashamed of them in the presence of the *holy* God. And it becomes us at this time to loathe and abhor ourselves, and to repent as in dust and ashes. But the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and procures not only pardon, but the sanctifying Spirit, and by serious reflections upon it as a moral means, our hearts are purified. Let none then dread the sacrament because they are sinners: for our very coming implies a confession that we are so, otherwise we should have no business here. The only question is, do we desire cleansing? If we do not, we have indeed no business at it, and can receive no benefit by it. In this instance Christ does in effect say to every one of us, "*If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.*" But I hope we can appeal to him, that it is our desire that he would wash our feet, hands, head, and heart, that we may be entirely purified. And if this be indeed our desire, then we are welcome guests to the table of the Lord. Let us go into his presence, and plead this blood in the hope of being purified and accepted by it.

In breaking the bread, such reflections as these arose in my mind: "Lord," says the Psalmist, "who knoweth the power of thine anger?" It is known but to the damned in hell! They completely know it. Yet something we know of it in other instances, especially in the humiliation and death of Christ. But is there not reason, on the contrary, to say, "Lord, who knoweth the power of thy love?" we

know much of it here ; but shall only completely know it above.

In pouring out the wine the meditations were as follow :— We have boldness to enter into the most holy place by the blood of Jesus. We are now, in comparison, but outer court worshipers. I hope not so in every sense ; but we are undoubtedly in some. Yet blessed be the name of God ! we have a hope of coming nearer, and have a confident assurance of entering. Some of those that were once worshipping with us are already entered. We hope to go to them by the same way. They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. So we hope to wash ours. Lord, I would receive this sacred cup as a token of my admittance to behold thee on the mercy seat, not merely with an eye of faith, but in a more sensible and illustrious manner.

I remarked afterwards, that when God conversed with Abraham he mentioned two kind things he intended to do for Isaac. He rejoiced no doubt in them. But he prayed for poor Ishmael ; methinks we should do so too. Some of our friends are now partaking. It is delightful to think that they, as well as we, are interested in the blessings. Oh, that all were interested !

Written Sunday, August 1, 1731.

SOME REMARKS ON WHAT PASSED AT THE FIFTEENTH SACRAMENT, ADMINISTERED JUNE 19, 1731.

I BEGAN with observing, that when God called the people of Israel to appear before him at the Feast of Tabernacles, he appointed them humbly to commemorate their meanness and unworthiness ; and particularly to mention the stock from whence they were descended. (*“A Syrian ready to perish was my Father, &c.”*) So in our approaches to God, we should consider what we were both by nature, as well as what we are made by grace. We have heard that



Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost. Let us seriously reflect upon this.

Consider what we *were*. We were lost; lost to God; lost to ourselves; lost to all well grounded hope of a blessed eternity; and the Son of man came to seek us. Whence did he come? Whither did he come from? Whom did he come to seek? What obscure, and what guilty creatures! How far had we wandered! How often had we wandered! With what difficulty were we brought home! Yet his love conquered all. He came to seek us—and that in order to save us. What a salvation is this! Look upon a poor, guilty, ignorant, sensual creature, and think such were we. Look, in imagination, on the damned in hell, and think such should we have been: and then consider how high this salvation rises. It reaches to heaven itself. Think what you now feel. Think what we should feel, if all our corruptions were mortified, all our doubts scattered, all our graces confirmed: and much more than these will be our eternal portion. What a transporting thought! What an abundant cause of gratitude, wonder, and love.

*In breaking the bread.*—Christ commands us to do this in remembrance of him. But, alas, how little do we remember him. Strange that we should need a memorial; but how much stranger that we should forget him with it! Nay, sometimes, that we should be ready to forget him at his table; or remember him there in a manner little better than forgetfulness: yet he remembers us in heaven itself. Blessed Jesus, may thy kindness to us, as it shames our unkindness and ingratitude to thee, so cure it.

*In giving the cup.*—It is the cup of blessing—the cup of blessings. O, what a variety of blessings! Here is pardon; and strength; and grace; and the foretaste of glory! We bless it. May God bless it. So let us bless God that gives us this cup, and humbly pray that it may be indeed a cup of blessing to us. May the taste of it refresh us! and may the memory of it refresh us too!

## REFLECTIONS ON MY LAST JOURNEY TO LONDON.

IN this journey, as in the last, the hand of my God hath been upon me for good ; I have been preserved in my going out and coming in ; and my dear wife, in my absence, has been the object of the divine care, and my love and respect for her has been increased rather than diminished by this journey. I have met with many kind friends, and with some handsome presents to my library ; and it was with great pleasure that I conversed with many, whom before I was very little acquainted with. But, notwithstanding all this, my conduct has been very ungrateful and thoughtless. I must confess that, in one respect, I have been more cautious than usual, for I have read a chapter in the New Testament every morning and evening. I have preached several times, and now and then with some spirit, though generally ill. But as to keeping up a lively sense of God upon my spirit, I must confess that I have exceedingly failed, and that my soul has been strangely sunk into carnality. I am ashamed to think how much I have been attached to flesh and sense ; in how irregular a manner I have indulged my inclinations and passions ; and how total a neglect there has been of inward communion with God. Since my return home, I have most shamefully trifled away my time by lying in bed by far too late, by meddling with books in which I had no concern, by neglecting self-examination, and making proper memorandums. And even now, in the reflection upon these things, my heart is strangely cold and unaffected. The Lord mercifully forgive me, and pour forth something of his grieved and forfeited Spirit to cause me this day to approach to him in his worship, and to enjoy communion with him, which is a thing I now seldom taste, and only know by report and by remembrance.

BRIEF MEMORANDUMS OF WHAT PASSED AT THE  
SIXTEENTH SACRAMENT, AUGUST 1, 1731.

I CAN give very little account of what passed at this ordinance, not having, as I certainly ought to have done, immediately taken any notes of it. I only remember that, as we have solemnly excommunicated William Watts for his scandalous behaviour, the discourse was peculiarly suited to that circumstance; directing them with regard to those so separated from us, that we should pity them, and pray for them, and encourage all appearance of repentance in them. And then, as to ourselves, that we should bless God who has preserved us, and not made us the reproach of the foolish; and renew our caution, not being high minded, but fearing. As for the thoughts that prevailed, when breaking the bread and pouring out the wine, or in any other circumstance of that solemnity, I have unhappily forgotten them; and which is much more melancholy, have forgotten much of the solemnity itself. After this ordinance, I observed a day of fasting and prayer, preparatory to the next; but most of it was taken up in employments of no importance to the peculiar view of the day. I hope I shall be for the future more upon my guard, and more careful to maintain a becoming temper in such solemnities.

SOME ACCOUNT OF WHAT PASSED AT THE SEVEN-  
TEENTH SACRAMENT, SEPTEMBER 5, 1731.

I BEGAN the discourse with some meditations on these words, "*O how marvellous is thy lovingkindness, which thou hast laid up for them that seek thee; which thou hast prepared for them that trust in thee before the children of men.*" I observed that here is a kindness immediately prepared; and a further lovingkindness laid up for them. It is as at this table. Here is goodness prepared in this feast of love, to which the words of David may be applied, *thou hast pre-*

*pared a table*:—It is prepared in the presence of our enemies. The malignant host of hell see this remedy, and that grace offered to us which was never vouchsafed to them! And it is intended to strengthen us against our enemies, especially those of our own household, the corruptions of nature, and the allurements of the world. And I hope we have found it successful in each. God has anointed our head with oil. Here he pours out his spirit upon us. Here he regards us as a father, and fills us with joy and peace in believing. I hope we can say, through grace, *Let us see thee, as we have seen thee in the sanctuary.* Here our cup runs over. This feast that is given to us is an abundant supply. Here is enough—more than enough for us—there is enough for the whole world. O delightful thought!

But besides all this, here is rich mercy laid up for them that hope in him. Our sacramental opportunities are coming to an end. But all our enjoyments of God are not to end with them. O, my friends, whenever God shall say unto us in his providence, that we shall drink no more of this fruit of the vine, may we rejoice in this, that we shall then drink it new with Christ in his Father's kingdom! And what, therefore, if he were now to say so to us? How joyfully would the tidings be received by some of us! To think this is the last solemnity of this kind I should attend—but where shall I be before another? When my brethren are meeting around this table here, I shall be in my Father's presence above. When they see my Saviour through these obscure typical representations, I shall see him face to face. My sorrows, my fears, my complaints, my trials, all would be come to an eternal period, and my soul overflowing with eternal joy and triumph! Well, Christian, be comforted. It is near, even at the door. It is but a few moments, and you receive this bread and this wine. And it is at most but a few years, and God will give you a call to

the eternal world, and will put into your hand that cup of complete salvation. And to a creature, conscious of eternal duration, what so great difference is there between a few years and a few moments? Methinks, in the view of this, our thoughts, as well as words, are swallowed up, and nothing remains but to lift up our adoring hands and eyes to heaven, and to say, "*Oh, how wonderful is thy lovingkindness:*"—Let it be our care to secure to ourselves the evidence of our interest in it, and to live like those that fear him, and hope in him.

The first prayer was taken up in going over these thoughts. And, when breaking the bread, I repeated my address to the spectators from these words, *is it nothing to you?*—Is not your salvation concerned? Is it not your duty to remember Christ? And are not you undone without an interest in him? But I persuade myself it is something to some of you. And to those of us who have turned aside to see this great sight, let me entreat you to think how nearly you are concerned in it. There were all our hopes suspended—there was our eternal fate concerned in the atonement and death which we here commemorate. Should not our hearts then be filled with reverence, inspired with love, gratitude, and joy, and established in the firmest exercise of faith.

When I came to pour out the wine, I particularly discoursed of it as the seal of the covenant, by which we give ourselves to God; and prayed over what I had said in the pulpit of giving up ourselves, our lives, our possessions, to him. And, Lord, if thou seest fit that these frail bodies should not only be used, but worn out for thee, thy will be done. We hope, when the frail machine of flesh and blood is dissolved, that the immortal inhabitant, the spirit, will spring with joy into the presence of God. And we may say, "*Into thy hands we commend it, for thou hast redeemed it.*" I particularly received it with this profession, and added

something of our dependance on Divine Grace to add efficacy to these purposes. The blood of God's covenant is awful ; but much more when it is the blood of his Son too. It is pleasant to think that God knows all the secret language of our hearts, and with pleasure hears what no other creature is witness to.

MEMORANDUMS OF WHAT PASSED AT THE EIGHTEENTH SACRAMENT.

I BEGAN with some reflections on these words, "*I am the bread of life, that came down from heaven.*" I observed what a resemblance there is between Christ and the manna which the Israelites eat in the wilderness. That bread came down from heaven ; so does Christ ; it was nourishing, and they lived on that when they had nothing else ; it was sufficient to support life ; it was delicious bread ; how sweet is Christ to the soul ; it was their only bread, without it they had perished. But in this it differed ; that bread was lost with God's displeasure ; but if we feed on Christ by faith, God is ever well pleased with us. They died who eat of that bread ; but those that feed on Christ shall live for ever. But it may be objected ;—Did not many of those so eat who now are dead ? Our fathers, where are they, who loved and served him better than we—the prophets, who spent their lives in studying Christ themselves, and recommending him to others, where are they ? Do they live for ever ? Yea, even so ! and it would be an injury, and almost add grief to their blessed spirits, to speak of them as an exception to the truth of this important assertion. They are rather an everlasting demonstration of it, for by feeding on this bread do they not live for ever ? that if we feed upon it we may meet death with comfort. O death, thou mayst strike me, but thou canst not hurt me. Greater is He that is with me than thou and all mine enemies. " O, death, where is thy

sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?" Let us adore the goodness of God in giving us this bread—in giving it us in a double portion on the sabbath, and in calling us now to receive it. Lord, evermore give us this bread. In breaking the bread, I alluded, as I had formerly done, to those words of Mephibosheth to David, What am I, that thou shouldest look on such a dead dog? a dog—a dead dog; an impure creature. How low an image, if he said so to King David; how much more may we to the king of glory. The vilest animal is not so contemptible compared with David as we with the blessed God. We who are naturally dead in trespasses and sins, who did not deserve to be set with the dogs of his flock to gather up the crumbs that are under his table. We are brought to feast at it, and feed with his children! When I came to pour out the cup, my meditations principally dwelt on these words, *who has redeemed us*;—It is remarkable, it is said, who has redeemed us to God by his blood—not merely redeemed us from hell—redeemed us for heaven—but bought us for the service of God, that is the heaven of heaven to a Christian. And it is with his blood. He assumed a body with blood, that he might shed it for our sakes. And, it follows, *has made us priests and kings to God*. It is not ministers alone that are *priests*, but every Christian. And if there be a pleasure now in presenting spiritual sacrifices, how much more above. We are *kings*, and that to reign for ever and ever. As for the princes of this world, they are mortal creatures, as their subjects are; although it is said of them they are gods, and all of them the children of the Most High, yet they shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes; but the children of God shall never die nor fall.

Sunday, Oct. 3, 1731.

## OF WHAT PASSED AT THE NINETEENTH SACRAMENT.

I INTRODUCED it with some short meditations on being absent from the body and present with the Lord ; many of which hints were taken from Mr. Baxter's funeral sermon ; and then were added some thoughts between the several actions, which I do not now distinctly remember. I am sensible I was much to blame in neglecting immediately to make memorandums of them, and of many other things which then happened. Mr. Allen sat down with us, and I bless God it was a comfortable day.

## MEMOIRS OF THE TWENTIETH SACRAMENT.

I BEGAN with some reflections upon Moses going up to Mount Pisgah ; and observed, our prospect is vastly more entertaining than his. The country we survey is more excellent, and our own interest in it more important. Moses saw Canaan, an agreeable sight, the stream of Jordan, the plain of Jericho ; rich pastures, painted meadows, fruitful fields, beautiful cities ; but what are these to the view of the heavenly Canaan ? Had he seen this, all the beauty and grandeur of Jerusalem, as in David's time, all the sacred and solemn magnificence of the temple, as recorded by Solomon, what had it been to the heavenly Jerusalem, to the temple of God above, which, through his unmerited grace, is our prospect. He saw a city then possessed by an enemy, where was once the home of some of his pious forefathers. But we see a city possessed by our best friend, the kingdom of our God. He saw a city where the Israel of God were to have but a transient settlement, which they might lose, as they now have done ; but we see that everlasting abode where they shall never die, whence they shall never be expelled. Once more ; he saw a country on which he was never to enter. God said to him, *thou shalt not go over to possess it ;* but he says not the like to us. How should we delight in the assu-



rance! How should we cherish the reviving thought! And how cheerfully should we go up to the top of Pisgah to view it! How cheerfully should we die to enter upon it. There is Jordan between, and the passage may be cold and difficult; but there is the God of Israel before us; he leads us, and his right arm upholds us. After the prayer I considered this as the Christian passover, and as such applied to it. Lord, I come to be more completely rescued from nature's dark bondage; I come to be delivered from the stroke of the avenging angel through this blood sprinkled on my soul. I come, that every idol in my heart may fall down, and that I may be led onward in my way to the heavenly Canaan. Lord, we would eat our passover with unleavened bread, with bitter herbs, with loins girded and our staves in our hands, ready to remove when thou givest us the dismissal. Speaking of seeing Jesus, I quoted Trail, and spoke of Christians once commemorating this ordinance with us, and now with Christ above. And how do they wonder their hearts were no more inflamed with love? Is this the Saviour I loved so coldly—I served so weakly?—Now the King of Glory says, Behold, I stand at the door and knock. Come in, thou beloved of my heart! Let the door be open—let the wall be broken down rather than he excluded; rather let me die to admit Christ than live without him in my heart. Addressing myself to those young people that were spectators, I observed, If you ask the meaning of this service, we tell you that we commemorate a dying Lord: that we were once in bondage, and that He delivered us. He saved us from wrath; He is leading us to Canaan; we come hither for refreshment by the way; is it not a noble, a reasonable, an important service? ought not you to pray that you may have a right to it, and then a share in it!

## A FRAGMENT.

—We come hither by appointment. This ordinance is an institution of Christ; and I verily believe that our attendance upon it will not be in vain. Let us come then that we may obtain mercy: we need it every sacrament; we bring new guilt. But let not that discourage us. It seems Christ was peculiarly concerned for our encouragement on this head, when he said, “Take, eat, this is my body which was broken for you: this cup is the new covenant of my blood, which was shed for the remission of sins.” And let us come for grace to help in every time of need. Your necessities are various; you find yourselves weak, your duties difficult, your trials heavy. Well, grace will be an all-sufficient remedy, apply to it; earnestly seek it of God. Let us now do this. After prayer I alluded, in breaking the bread, to those words, *we would see Jesus*. Not so much by an eye of sense—many did so see him that rejected him—but by an eye of faith. Blessed is the womb that bare thee: nay, rather they that hear the word of God, and keep it. Let us look to Jesus with an appropriate view: my Lord and my God. (*In pouring forth the cup.*) Precious blood of the son of God—the Lamb without blemish—fit for a sacrifice—what transcendent love! How should we give ourselves up to him! My Lord and my God!

REFLECTIONS ON THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW  
YEAR, 1732.

I SET apart the first day of the year to some purposes of extraordinary devotion, but did not prosecute them with sufficient resolution, in which undoubtedly I was much to blame. I found abundant matter of thanksgiving, and abundant cause of humiliation; nor was there any thing that lay upon my mind with greater weight than my neglect of the due attendance to secret devotion, on which so much

of the life and power of religion depends. I have solemnly devoted myself to God for the ensuing year: and I have renewed my resolutions, in the divine strength, of supplying what has been defective, and regulating what has been faulty; and proposed to be more careful in self-examination, and in writing proper memoirs, as what may be very subservient to other things of great importance. I have not laid any very accurate scheme of business for the next half year; but, according to the transient survey I have taken of what lies before me, it is thus:

I intend, by the divine assistance, to read three lectures of Pneumatology to my pupils every week, and two lectures of Anatomy till I have gone through it; and then will proceed to Mr. Jennings's Chronology; and after that to Jewish Antiquities. I propose to contract all the references in Pneumatology as I go along, but shall not end that this half year. We shall pursue the Greek, and French, and Latin lectures as usual; perhaps reading one play of Sophocles; with Seneca, and Pliny's Panegyrick upon Trajan.

With Mr. Farmer I will go on in Hebrew, teaching him the sentences, which, therefore, I will endeavour to finish; and going through Algebra with Mr. Palmer and Mr. Wilkinson, I shall end Conic Sections and Mechanics.

In the congregation, I propose to go on with my Sermons on Faith; and after that of the Knowledge of Christ. Besides other occasional discourses, I will prepare for the press my Sermons on Education, which will be a considerable piece of work; and will prevent my reading what perhaps I might otherwise despatch. However, I hope to read over Tully's Tusculan Questions, to end Chemenais's Works, to read Witsius's *Egyptiaca*, Stevenson on Miracles, Watts's Historical Catechism, Clarke's Discourses on the Being and Attributes of God, the fourth

and fifth volume of Clarke's Sermons, first and second volume of Antiquities, the rest of Tillotson, all the Funeral Sermons of Howe and Bates, the rest of Baxter's Practical Works, with Allen's Reflections upon Scripture, and Rolins's Ancient History. I will throw my congregation into something of an order, and visit the chief of them in town every month; and in the country, if possible, every quarter. I propose to go on catechising the children every week while the lectures continue, and every fortnight when they are laid aside. As for Italian, I shall probably end the Testament, and perhaps read a little of the Grammar, or some very easy author, that I may not forget that which I have already learned. With Jennings I hope to end Justian, to proceed in the Greek Testament, and to read some of Ovid's Epistles. If to these I can add The Minute Religious Philosopher, and Pembroke's View of the Newtonian Scheme, I think I shall have done a great deal, and shall much exceed my present expectations. May I approve myself to the eye of my great Master in all, and in all receive a blessing from him!

Saturday, Jan. 1, 1732.

#### MEDITATIONS PREVIOUS TO THE TWENTY-FIFTH SACRAMENT.

IT is a very dissolute way of living into which I have fallen for some months; and an instance of it is, that I have kept no memoirs of what has passed between God and my soul; nor so much as a diary of my life, which I had not before neglected for at least fourteen years. I spent some, though too little, time yesterday in recollection; and I find that, besides this cause of complaint, I have very much neglected self-examination, secret prayer, religious discourse, and visiting my people in a pastoral view; and likewise that serious converse with my servants and my pupils that might

have been expected. I would humble myself before God on these accounts; and as I am now going to the table of the Lord, I would renew my resolutions of new and better obedience, and of greater caution with regard to each of these heads. The Lord grant that I may be established in this determination, and may with full purpose of heart cleave unto him. O Lord, I would be found waiting for thy salvation. When wilt thou come unto me?

MEDITATIONS AT THE SACRAMENT, OCTOBER 1, 1732.

THOUGH my violent cold hindered me from speaking this day at the table with my usual freedom, yet, I bless God, it was a very comfortable ordinance; and in the midst of the weakness, and even the distress of nature, I had some delightful views of my everlasting rest. Having discoursed on the *abundance of mercy* in a strain which was very comfortable to myself in the preparation, and I hope in some measure to my hearers in the delivery, I proceeded at the table to some meditations on these words, "*He that has wrought us to the selfsame thing is God.*" That is, it was the work of a God to bring us to it—he is God—none but he could have done it—to work us to it—to such a thing as a meetness for what we were naturally so very unfit for. O, think what it is we are wrought to—think who we are—what opposition God found—how few are wrought to it—all may awaken our admiration as well as our joy. In breaking the bread there were some believing views of Christ; and in receiving the cup a deep submission to the determinations of Divine providence, and a readiness to receive any cup from the hand of God, since, through grace, I am well persuaded it cannot be a cup of wrath; therefore, O my God, I rejoice in saying *thy will be done*. I apprehended something of the beginning of a fever, and recollecting it might

be fatal, yet I cannot say that I thought of it with any terror, but rather found a sweet willingness to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, which is far better than this present life. I adore God for it as his own work. Behold, O Lord, I am in thy hands. I would be waiting for thy salvation, and doing thy commands.

October 1, 1732.

MEDITATIONS AT THE LORD'S TABLE, WHICH WAS, I  
THINK, THE THIRTY-THIRD SACRAMENT.

It has been a sad instance of my negligence and folly, that I have taken no more notice of what has passed between God and my soul on such occasions as this for many months; as well as that I have totally neglected my Diary for a considerable time. I began to be a little more careful towards the beginning of the year; and I plainly find that the time I have since saved from those memorandums has been lost in that carelessness consequent upon such instances of remissness and folly. I was this day at the table of the Lord, and I introduced the ordinance by some meditation on those words, "He that spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all, how should he not with him freely give us all things." I observed the title given to Christ, *his own Son*. I hope we are the children of God, else we have no business here. But he was so in a peculiar and eminent sense, such as no creature was, yet God did *not spare him*. He was so far from being excused that he was not favoured, that the cup might not pass away from him.

Behold his severity as well as his goodness. He *delivered him up*. It was not merely a thing that happened in the common course of human events; but he was by the determined counsel and foreknowledge of God given up; there was the order of God in it; there was the act of God in it; and he was sent into the world on purpose that he

might become a sacrifice for sin. And God delivered him *up for us*, mean and worthless creatures as we are; *for all*, even the meanest and the vilest of us; gave him up to all that heavy load of punishment and wrath for you and me. How amazing was it! Not because he needed us; Christ was in the enjoyment of eternal happiness and glory: though ten thousand creatures are sentenced to everlasting destruction; and what, if we had been in their number, had he not been still the same; but God gave him for us, and if so, shall *he not with him freely give us all things?* temporal blessings, so far as we need them; above all, the blessings of his covenant. If he has given Christ to purchase them for us, shall they be purchased in vain; if reconciled by his death, shall we not be saved by his life. Let us come with boldness to receive these blessings. God will give them. And let us come and give up ourselves to him; shall we not freely and faithfully give up ourselves to that God who has given us so much? In breaking the bread, I particularly considered how, in this dispensation, sin appeared exceeding sinful. Few have just notions of it. It is the great design of the devil to represent it as no very considerable evil, that sinners may be easily drawn into it, and kept from repentance of it. But here God has contrived a method to show how malignant it is. We must have low thoughts of Christ, or we cannot have low thoughts of sin. Could it have pleased the Lord to wound him, and put him to grief, had not such an atonement been fit, and, if fit, necessary? How odious and hateful must we appear to ourselves in this view, as polluted with that which the soul of God hated, and which the blood of Christ expiated. *In pouring out the cup*—God prepared him a body on purpose that he might suffer in it—that he might have something to offer. I have lost many other serious and good thoughts for want of a timely recollection of them after I

came home; yet I remember to have pressed a renunciation of all sin. The Lord grant I may act according to the tenor of that discourse.

Northampton, March 4, 1733.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE THIRTY-FOURTH SACRAMENT.

THIS has been a delightful day. God gave me freedom and boldness in delivering his word from the pulpit, and sweet enjoyment in meditation at his table on those words, "He that hath begun a good work in you will carry it on till the day of the Lord." I observed the view given us of the nature of religion; it was a good work in its nature, and good in its consequences. It makes the soul good, and makes it happy. We have also a view of its author; God begins it. He prevents, awakens, enlightens, subdues, and he carries it on, and perfects it: that is, every step you take in the ways of God, you take it by a divine influence; every gradual ascent towards the mountain is as supported by him. He also gives us the view of the security of it, being confident he will carry it on, nor forsake the work of his own hands; and this till the day of Christ; to that it is referred. So may we here take our eyes from the table of the Lord, and look on to his day. Oh, what a difference in our appearance! yet having this good work begun is a pledge to us of all the rest: that we shall appear without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. Delightful thought!

In breaking the bread I represented the devil as accusing; and the soul as taking shelter in that thought; *it is God that justifies, who is he that condemns? It is Christ that died.*

In pouring out the cup I said, Would you separate what God has joined, and take the saving influence of Christ's blood without its sanctifying influence? If you would not, you have an interest in both.

Sunday, April 1, 1733.



## MEDITATIONS ON THE THIRTY-SEVENTH SACRAMENT.

I SET apart last Thursday for meditation, fasting, and prayer; and I hope I can say, that in the midst of many interruptions and avocations I had something of the delightful presence of God with me in preparatory duties. I saw the deepest reason to humble myself before my heavenly Father, on account of many late negligences and follies, particularly the omission, or trifling performance of secret prayer, and reading the Scriptures, in many instances the interruption and neglect of my proper studies, while I have been eagerly set on some mathematical inquiries, in which God has been pleased very justly to deny me success. My fault was aggravated in all these instances by the repeated opportunities I have lately had of attending the Lord's table now four times within six weeks between our own sacrament days. For all this I took shame to myself in the divine presence. I felt the liveliest self-resentment, and formed humble and serious resolutions for a more regular conduct in future, which I hope and trust God will confirm. I did on this occasion particularly recommend to the divine regard the case of my dear wife, in daily expectation of an hour of sorrow, and of the young gentlemen in my family, who have lately entered into some stricter rules for maintaining and promoting religion in their own souls, and among others.

This day I preached from the story of Joseph's discovering himself to his brethren; and at the Lord's supper my meditations were fixed again on those words, "Go, tell my brethren I am risen from the dead, and say unto you, I ascend," &c. I observed the different style of Christ and of the angel. The angel says, "Go, tell his disciples:" Christ says, "Go, tell *my* brethren;" graciously owning the relation, lest they should fear, as the brethren of Joseph did, considering the manner in which they had treated

him. Tell them I live, but am not to live here; nor let their hearts be swallowed up with grief upon that account: tell them I ascend; let them rejoice for me, let them rejoice for themselves. Now God is, through me, their God and their Father: we share the same relation, though not in an equal degree; and the purpose for which I go thither is not only most happy and delightful to myself, but most happy to them.

I forgot to consecrate the bread in prayer, but afterwards set it apart. In breaking it I talked of famine, the terror which many have been driven to by it, the infinitely greater value of the bread of life. In pouring out the wine I had some lively meditations, which I cannot now particularly recollect, and found my heart much drawn out in love to my people, and in prayer for them while they were receiving the elements. May a sense of the blessed enjoyment of this day still remain upon my soul; for I think it has been one of the most delightful sabbaths of my life.

May 6, 1733.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE FORTIETH SACRAMENT.

I OPENED the ordinance with some brief reflections on these words: "If one died for all, then all were dead;" &c. and observed, we have in them a view of the state in which we naturally were: we were dead, dead in trespasses and sins, dead under the condemning sentence of the law of God, and under the power of our own corruptions. But we are redeemed; we live; our lives are reprieved; they are given to us, and we are inspired with a principle of new life; and this is by the death of Christ, which engages us not to live to ourselves, to make ourselves the end of life, but to him that died for us and rose again. I hope it is the temper, sentiment, and desire we have brought with us to the table of the Lord in our various capacities and relations of life. When breaking the bread I said, Our

fathers are dead, yet those that eat this only live for ever; death to such is not to be called death. *In pouring out the cup*—"My blood was shed not only for you, but for many:" that is a joyful thought. Many other reflections I have forgotten, but these were the substance.

August 9, 1733.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE FORTY-FIRST SACRAMENT.

I DESIRE thankfully to own it, that I have been enabled to keep closer to God for some time towards the close of the last month than ordinary. Yesterday was a season of sweet communion with God. I found it good for my soul to draw near to him, and to converse with him by fasting and prayer. This day I have been endeavouring to promote the interests of practical godliness by my preaching and exhortation from those words, "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." At the table of the Lord my meditations were fixed on those words of *Isaiah*, "I will pour out water on him that is weary, and floods on the dry ground," &c. I observed the persons to whom the promise was made. It represents naturally what we are, *dry ground*; what we are by grace, *thirsty*; longing for gracious assistance and spiritual communications. And God's spirit is represented by *water*, to signify how refreshing and how fructifying it is; and for the effects, it was to make them grow as the grass, and even as willows by the water courses, the flourishing of which is very remarkable. I referred to the promise also to the rising generation, and recommended fervent application to God through prayer. In breaking the bread, I particularly insisted on the obligations we are under to depart from all iniquity. And oh, how contemptible and vile does the dearest lust and corruption seem when compared with the Lord Jesus Christ! In pouring out the wine, I spoke particularly of resolution for Christ, and that we should look around in our various circumstances to find opportunities of serving him. And

just before I received, I had such views of approaching glory as I have seldom known; so that I even longed to lay down my head in the bosom of Christ, and to die there. I record it, admiring the riches of divine grace therein to so vile a creature. God has lately owned my ministry to the conversion of several souls; and now he meets me in ordinances, and gives me more than ordinary communion with him. The Lord grant that I may not be high-minded, but fear, and may quietly wait for the salvation of God. I am sure if I ever performed any action of life with a full consent of soul, it was that by which I this day gave up my soul unto the Lord; and it is that with which I now record my humble resolution in his strength of being invariably and eternally his. Amen.

Written at Northampton, Sept. 2, 1733.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE FORTY-FOURTH SACRAMENT.

THE many inconveniences which I have found to arise from omitting the reflections of what has passed at the table of the Lord, as well as of laying aside my Diary, have determined me to resume both.

I opened the ordinance with some meditations on those words, "God forbid that I should glory in any thing save the cross of Christ."—I observed the apostle's temper with respect to the cross of Christ, and the reason of this regard to it. His temper was that he gloried in it. To be sure he had been often upbraided with it: "this babbler, thou art beside thyself," &c.; yet he was not ashamed to own himself the disciple of a crucified Redeemer; very far from that. I hope we are not ashamed of that cause. If every friend present were the most keen and inveterate enemy to the gospel, I hope I should not be ashamed to administer the ordinance or to receive it. Rather we glory in that, and in nothing else; not in ourselves, our wisdom, learning, reasoning powers, morality; in nothing inconsistent with coming as a naked, trembling, guilty creature,

to shelter ourselves under the cross; which, though to those that perish foolishness (*as I had been showing this day from the pulpit*), is to the believing soul, Christ the power and the wisdom of God. The effect follows. Oh, that it may be found in us. *Whereby the world was crucified to me, and I to the world*; that is, when I consider a suffering Redeemer, methinks the world is as nothing. I am dead to it, and it to me. It can no more relieve, help, delight, and save me than a dying man. I have no more desire after it than one expiring upon the cross; but I live to him that died for me. After deep humiliation, I proceeded to break the bread, and in breaking it spoke of the love of Christ. How affecting, if a friend had interposed between us and one that came to assault us and destroy us, and had only received a wound, how would it have impressed our hearts, much more to die for us; to die when it was in his own power to have prevented it, which he took care to show, by striking those to the ground that came to apprehend him. See, too, the hardness and obstinacy of your hearts, that they would still persist in that attempt, yet when our Lord had given this testimony of his power, he submitted himself, as if he had been quite weak and vanquished. Admire his goodness. In pouring out the cup, I mentioned the prophecy, "He shall see his seed." How comfortable the thought! It is fulfilled in us, and shall be accomplished in those that come after. Christ shall have a seed to serve him when we are in our graves, and we and they shall, at the consummation of all things, be taken up with the enjoyment of him, and drink new wine in our Father's kingdom. I bless God I had a very delightful day; my tears flowed, I hope of love, as this fountain of my heart was unutterably revived with a sense of my covenant interest in God.

Sunday, Dec. 2, 1733.

## MEDITATIONS ON THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR.

I TOOK some time for extraordinary meditation and prayer yesterday ; in which I endeavoured to consider myself as the steward of God, and as shortly to give up an account of that stewardship. I charged myself before him with the many talents which I have received from his hands, and humbled myself before him for the misimprovement of them, particularly the powers of my soul—that my understanding has been no more cultivated and employed in the contemplation, in the highest and noblest objects, that my memory has been stored with so many trifles, that my affections have been so wretchedly disordered, fixed in the fondest manner upon things seen and temporal, but cold and dead to my Father and my God, to my dear Redeemer; and to that eternal state of glory, which is so well worthy my most ardent desires and most vigorous pursuits, and that my *conscience* has been no more revered and consulted *as the vicegerent of God*, and that its dictates have in so many instances been overborne. As to my bodily powers and faculties, I humbled myself before God, that my body has been so much indulged, and that the senses have been no more the means of leading me to admire that God that formed their organs in so wise and surprising a manner; and has so suitably adapted them to the external objects with which I am surrounded; that my eyes have seen, my ears heard, and my hands acted, and my feet walked no more for him ; especially that my tongue has been so often silent where his glory and the instruction of others have been concerned. I lamented that my possessions had not been more regarded as coming from God, and that I had not been more careful to regulate my expenses to his honour and service. And as to my influence and authority over others, that I had no more endeavoured to improve them for his glory and their benefit. I lamented the misspending of

my time, especially by lying in bed, and by trifling below, where I had no business, no pleasure in view of any importance; and was deeply humbled under a sense of the many extraordinary as well as common advantages I have enjoyed for doing and receiving good; yet God knows many of them have been as a price put into the hands of a fool, ordinances, providences, and mercies in delivering me from death, in preserving me from the power of my enemies and persecutors. I have also reason to own the divine goodness in many gracious visits in ordinances, both in preaching and at the table of the Lord; and his goodness in succeeding my endeavours in academical education so well, that most of my young men that are coming out meet with great acceptance, and most of the rest of them seem very promising. Several have also been added to the church this year, many more than have been removed by death, in all sixteen. May God forgive me, that this should have impressed me no more. Yet I bless God, I have had a comfortable reflection on many days, and many duties, in which I hope God accepted my labours. It is my desire to return to him from all my wanderings, and my humble resolution in his strength to give up myself more faithfully to his service. And the communion I have had with him in reading, and in secret prayer, and other duties of this day, and especially in public worship, is a sweet token for good. As such I accept it; and as such I humbly adore the name of God for it.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE FORTY-FIFTH SACRAMENT.

It is matter of humiliation and mournful reflection that, though I had something of the presence of God in his house and my own secret retirements, I found but little of it at his table. My spirits were hardly composed—far from being tenderly touched or enlarged. Perhaps it might

be a rebuke for the too confident expectation I had; considering that I had enjoyed so much of God the week before, I was ready to say, especially yesterday, the morrow shall not only be as this day, but much more abundant. And I was too remiss in my particular preparation, in my prayer, and in my discourse just before it. For this God justly rebuked me, and left me to a very unprofitable frame. I introduced the ordinances with a few hints from those words, "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings." Hear our Father's voice. He calls us. We have backslidden the last year, the last month, how often, how sinfully; but he says, return. Return. Hear the voice. The ordinance calls. We profess that we are returning. Well, what do we expect? Why, that he will heal. This implies that we have a distemper, a wound. We find it so. Let faith then look up for healing; for there is balm in Gilead; the blood of Christ shall heal. Let each of us say, Lord, I come. We come to thee—come that we may be healed. Oh, draw us—oh, accept us, thou art our hope. Surely in vain is salvation hoped for from the hills and mountains, in vain we expect happiness from creatures—from ourselves. It is in the Lord our God, in him is the 'salvation of Israel. Salvation for the whole church, therefore for me, if I am one of it, one of the church of the first born. Many of these thoughts presented themselves in transcribing, which makes me think it might be proper to do it before waiting at the Lord's table. When breaking the bread, I remember little more than general reflections. If a friend were to feed us and clothe us we should love him. How much more when we eat the bread of Christ; how should we abhor the thought of lifting up our heel against him.

Before taking the cup, I discoursed largely concerning good got in the ordinance. What though we are sinners, God, though provoked, will attend, and as for our trans-



gressions, he will purge them away. What though he afflicts, he is still our God; afflictions cannot break his covenant—nay, they come in the covenant. After solemnly devoting myself to God, I received the cup myself, and appointed next Tuesday for a day of public fasting and prayer.

Sunday, January 6, 1743.

MEDITATIONS ON THE FORTY-EIGHTH SACRAMENT,

MAY 5, 1734.

As I had preached from those words, Isaiah, i. 18, “Though your sins be as scarlet,” &c. I opened the ordinance with some meditations on these, “Who is like unto the Lord, who pardons iniquity, and passes by the transgressions of the remnant of thine heritage, because thou delightest in mercy.” Great discoveries of divine grace are made in these few words. God is described here by an illustrious title, yet he pardons iniquity, agreeably to the proclamation that he made of his name to Moses; to which perhaps here may be some reference. It is added, “the transgression of the remnant of thine heritage;” perhaps referring to a desolation formerly brought upon the Jews, which had reduced them to a remnant, and so rendered their transgressions so much the more aggravated. Yet these were forgiven, because God delighted in mercy; for it is to his free mercy and grace that we are to trust. If we ask, why God forgives sin? we may indeed answer, because Christ made an atonement for it. But if we go on to ask, why he was appointed to such a work? I answer plainly, for God has mercy, because he will have mercy. It could not be in hope of an equivalent. It is worth millions of us, if we shrink into nothing; when we compare ourselves, and all our most valuable services with the rich blessings of the everlasting gospel; then how much more when we compare them with the Lord Jesus Christ: yet grace gave Christ for a ransom. For ever blessed

be the name of God that it did. And now he calls us his heritage. What a glorious title ! it is amazing, that we may say, the Lord is my portion. How much more that God should say, his portion is his people : as if we were some valuable treasure ; therefore called his jewels, and a diadem of glory in his hand. Just reason is there to say, who is like unto thee. Surely, there is no such goodness among the children of men, nor among the benevolent spirits of the upper world. Lord, the glory is entirely thine own ; and thou art as much the best as thou art the greatest ; as much the most merciful as the most powerful of beings. This was cheerfully acknowledged in the prayer before breaking the bread, with a large address to Christ and the Spirit. And in breaking the bread, mention was made of the sufferings of Christ ; what he suffered in the flesh from the inhumanity of his enemies, and much more in the spirit from God. And why, blessed Jesus, wast thou arrayed in that purple robe, but that by the sacred tincture of thy blood thou mightest take out the stains of our souls ; and that by the redness of thine apparel thou mightest prepare white raiment for us. Before taking the cup, in prayer I considered the Lord's supper as a covenant renewed, a solemn dedication to Christ ; henceforth to receive such a cup, addressed myself to Christ as taking it from his hand, resolved to yield myself to him, and expressed my readiness to die for him, to live where he pleases to appoint ; all this was done with a peculiar reference to the circumstances into which I am now brought with regard to the proposal from Walthamstow, yet in suspense. I have this day solemnly left the matter with God. I have cast that burden upon the Lord, and I hope and trust that he will graciously sustain it. My spirits were very low, but I hope I was sincere in the ordinance, especially in self-dedication, and leaving my affair with God. But I had very little melting of soul, though I said many very lively things. I observed some vacation of thought

and distraction arising from some passages in Burnet's History that I had read, accidentally taking up the book between the services of the day.

Sunday Evening, May 5, 1734.

MEDITATIONS ON THE FIFTY-SECOND SACRAMENT.

WITH what sufficient expressions of gratitude shall I record it, that this was one of the most comfortable days of my life? I had such views of Jesus Christ at his table as even transported my soul. Perhaps some uncommon trial is coming upon me; if it be so, may God prepare me for it. The introduction was from these words, "If any man love me he will keep my words." It is to be hoped that at this table we all love Christ, else doubly should we deserve the *anathema maran-atha* that was pronounced on those that did not love him. But how should we show it? *Let him keep my words.* Therefore I charge it upon you, Christians, make the word of Christ familiar, keep it in your hearts, keep it in your discourse, especially in your lives, and then the Father will love you. Yes, the Father will love you too: the love of God is a delightful thing. Lord, if all my pious friends were to die, and the whole world were to rise up in enmity against me, if thou lovest me, my soul would still rejoice; I were safe and honourable and happy. We will come unto him in secret, and in family prayer in the services of the house and the table of the Lord; and not make transient visits, as a wayfaring man, but make our abode—make our body the temple of the Holy Ghost; and thereby secure its resurrection and glory, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' saith the Lord! In breaking the bread, I remarked, Isaiah the prophet says, "He was wounded for our transgressions," could an evangelist have spoken more plainly? our friends die, we eat this bread in remembrance of a better friend. What were the resurrection of all our friends

at once, compared with that of Christ. Now we and they are risen with him; and we and they are made to sit in heavenly places. In filling the cup I said, you see it is the blood of Christ. Were a friend to shed his blood to save us from danger, with what grateful regard and pious sorrow should we have seen it. I concluded, after short hints of drinking into one spirit, and of the expectation of drinking new wine with Christ above.

Oct. 6, 1734.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE FIFTY-THIRD SACRAMENT.

HAVING preached from those words, "For their sake I sanctify myself," I introduced the ordinance from those, "He that sanctifies, and they who are sanctified are all of one," that is, belong to one family, are related to one father, wherefore Christ is not ashamed to call them his brethren. On this occasion I observed, what reason we had to enjoy the comfort, and to give God the glory. What an honour, what an advantage to be the brethren of Christ! In token of it to be brought to his table. Behold Christ the guardian of the family. He supports, he advises, he delivers, his Father and our Father, his God and our God. Admire the condescension of Christ, that in token of this we are sanctified. Admire the goodness of God, why we rather than others. Attend to the instructions of it. Let it teach us zeal for Christ, love to God, and to each other. I recollect no remarkable meditations in breaking the bread; except that Christ, when he gave himself for us, knew all the instances in which we should forsake him. Nor in pouring out the wine, but that I adored God's goodness in this extraordinary sign. Had we seen an appearance as Abraham did, God passing between the passover and the sacrifice, what joy and wonder would have been produced. God is as really dwelling with us.

Taking the cup I said, Welcome the promises of the

covenant, welcome the tokens of God's love, and signs of my devotedness to him, welcome every duty, welcome every affliction in life, with the pleasing hope of drinking it new with Christ in his Father's kingdom! Two resolutions I solemnly recorded before God in the silence of the ordinance. (1.) That I would endeavour to visit twenty heads of families this next month: (2.) to talk with each of my pupils about inward religion, before next sacrament day.

#### REFLECTIONS FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1735.

THE disorder of the last night hindered my rising so soon as I could have wished, and prevented some sweet exercises of devotion; and I sometimes fear lest the composing the hymn, just when I did it, was a snare rather than an advantage. Yet, through grace, I can say I have had some sweet communion with God this day, both in that sermon in which I commemorated his crowning the year with his goodness, and in conversation, and prayer for all my friends; and by reflecting in my own mind on the divine goodness when I came into my house. How much delightful enjoyment of God have I lost by neglecting occasional meditation. I have renewed my engagements to be the Lord's; and the chief things I would in the divine strength attend to are early rising, evening prayer, visits, religious conversation, and habitual meditation. As a scholar, chiefly philosophy and Greek, besides stated lectures. But the main scheme, I refer to another memorandum, and conclude this with renewed engagements to endeavour to walk more carefully with God than I have done in former years.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE FIFTY-FIFTH SACRAMENT.

As I was this day employed in meditations on Christ's compassion to tempted souls, I introduced this sacrament with some contemplations on those words, "He has spoiled principalities and powers, and made a show of them openly."

Our danger from the powers of hell was great, they foiled our first parents, even in Paradise: and if such things were done in the green tree, what would have been done in the dry? No doubt the devil triumphed in that victory. He looked on mankind as his prey: but Christ took the spoil out of the hands of the mighty. Little did the devil think how his devices would end. Little did he think how God would overrule them to his own glory, and to the advanced happiness of his people: "how out of the eater there should come forth meat, and out of the strong sweetness." As little did he think, when he was tempting and triumphing over Christ on the cross, that he was wounding his own cause, and destroying his own kingdom; but there Christ despoiled him, there he covered him with confusion and shame. For there he recovered his people out of his hands, "he bound the strong man armed, and spoiled his goods." Then he led captivity captive, ascended in triumph, and having broken the head of the dragon, gave him, as it were, to be meat to his people inhabiting the wilderness. Now the victory is begun; ere long it shall be completed, and the God of peace, he who though Christ became so, shall shortly bruise Satan under our feet. Yet a little while, and we shall trample upon him; not only as a wounded, but as a destroyed enemy: for by death Christ has destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil. Oh let us celebrate the victory. In breaking the bread, I had some reflections on the manner of Christ's making himself known to his people, in the riches of his dying love, the power of his resurrection, the prevalence of his intercession, the stability of his covenant, and the glory of his kingdom. Oh, how happy to see Jesus! We rejoice to receive a letter from a friend. But how much more do we rejoice to meet that friend; to converse with him. What will our meeting above be, should this be the last sacrament. Before pouring out the wine, I said, By the cross of Christ the world is

crucified to us, and we to the world. It makes us indifferent to it, by filling our minds with other thoughts. When John stood before the cross of Christ, as his soul was possessed with the idea of his crucified master, how little was he impressed with earthly things. Surely, it would have been much the same, whether he had been to return to a palace or a cottage. It also encourages our dependence upon God for what is necessary. If he spreads such a table, will he not spread our own? If my Prince allows and invites me to come monthly and to sit down with him at his own table, will he see me starve on other days? Will he not one way or another find bread for me and my family? How unworthy a suspicion! After the prayer, just before I received the cup, I fell into a pleasing reflection on these words, "They all drank from the same rock," the apostles, the martyrs, our remote ancestors, our fathers, our former companions in the ways of God. They came to this ordinance, and were refreshed by it. Future Christians shall arise and partake of it, when our places are empty. We are related to all! Methinks we should look back, look around, look forward with delight, and make, as it were, the joy of the whole church our own. But oh, that better assembly where we shall all unite, all meet triumphantly around the board of our Heavenly Father, and share in much nobler entertainments. In the prayer I had a pleasing view of God as one without whom we should not know what to do, but be even a burden to ourselves.

Sunday, January 5, 1735.

#### THE FIFTY-SIXTH SACRAMENT.

THIS sabbath was very remarkable on account of the extraordinary pleasure that I had in attending both on the sermon in the morning, and the Lord's supper in the evening; nor can I forbear observing the connexion between them. Mr. Wilkinson preached in the morning, perhaps the best

sermon I ever heard, undoubtedly one of the best on the duties and privileges of the children of God: a subject from which I had preached a sermon, that I thought laboured: but when I saw the vast disproportion between the two discourses, and the great advantage on his side, and indeed considered how much superior it was to almost any thing I ever produced, it shamed and humbled me; and yet I bless God it did not grieve me. If any stirrings of envy moved, they were immediately suppressed. And as soon as I came home I solemnly returned my acknowledgments to God for having raised up such a light in his church, for having honoured me with his education, and recommended him to the divine blessing with meltings of the tenderest affection, leaving myself in the hand of God, acquiescing in the thought of being eclipsed, of being neglected if God should so appoint;—at the same time adoring him, that with capacities inferior to a multitude of others, I had been led into services superior to many of those in comparison with whom my knowledge and learning is but as that of a child.

In the prayer I had much communion with God, in the sermon little or none, but so much in the sacrament that my very heart was almost swallowed up. A variety of plain, solid, and natural thoughts sprung in upon my mind like water from a fountain, and gave unutterable pleasure. Many of them are vanished away, some few remain; the substance of which is as follows.

I introduced the ordinance with some meditations on these words, “He has ascended on high, he has led captivity captive, he has received gifts for men.” We are met to commemorate the death of Christ, but not only his death. There was a sacred pleasure, after his resurrection, in beholding the place where the Lord lay. But had he never risen what a grief would it have been. On the fourth day to have seen Christ lying there—in succeeding days and



ages; what a reproach to Christians, if Christians had risen in succeeding ages, to have said to them, behold the sepulchre of your Lord!—But now the reproach of the cross and of the tomb is ceased. He is risen, and that is a pleasant thought. He is ascended on high, and that is much more delightful. Had he risen and dwelt on earth, we might have rejoiced and glorified in him, though we had seen him in the same humble form in which he appeared to Mary Magdalene, or to the disciples on the way to Emmaus. But he is gone into heaven, and is at the right hand of God. Let us look after him. When Elijah was taken away, Elisha smote his hands and said, “Alas, my master, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!” But is there reason thus to lament an ascended Saviour? we should rather rejoice. The disciples stood gazing up into heaven; but wherefore; one would have thought, they should have recollected it as a matter of joy, on principles of gratitude and interest. Gratitude! how pleasant to think of the triumph of our friends. If a kind generous friend had exposed his life for us, and instead of perishing in the attempt had found his own advancement in it, surely it would give us peculiar joy; perhaps even greater than our own preferment could have done. It is matter of congratulation that Christ is ascended on high, and sat down at the right hand of God; especially when we consider how our interest is concerned, both as he has led captivity captive, and given gifts to men. He has led captivity captive, that is, triumphed over those who would have triumphed over us. Over our enemy, when he thought to have the greatest advantage. Even on the cross he triumphed over death, so that he has abolished it, and quickly it will be swallowed up in victory. We view death here as a conqueror; he has made late depredations, for within ten days two of our members have died (that is, Mrs. Manning and Mrs. Cook); but yet we triumph over him

by faith in Christ. Arise, arise, and lead captivity captive, O Son of God!—we should raise our hosannas to thee from earth. Especially considering the gifts received for men; the extraordinary endowments of the apostles and evangelists, the benefits of which we now receive, and other spiritual gifts which are given us in conversion, in quickening, in carrying us on thus far. Why have we not fallen by former difficulties? We had never got thus far without support. Had we seen them we should not perhaps have had the courage to encounter them. And he will impart more comforts, so that we may now consider ourselves as risen and ascended with him. In the meantime, let us go to the throne of grace.

In breaking the bread, I remarked, how highly should we have thought ourselves indebted to Christ, if in the days of his flesh he had invited us to sup with him: Lord, if thou hast given me a crumb of bread, a cup of cold water, as a token of thy love, it had been better to me than wine; better than a feast of fat things. Thou givest me this bread: thou comest to sup with me, and invitest me to sup with thee.

In pouring out the wine, I added, Christ suffered the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God. It is not said to heaven, but to God: to intimate that those who share in salvation by Christ are reconciled to God; reinstated in his favour; his love is shed abroad in your souls, and they shall be brought to the eternal enjoyment of him. In the mean time, in this dependence let us go to God. To Him that has loved us. Pleasing gradation! Loved me—gave himself for me. But when I look around me at his table, what then; could I then see all Sion, an assembly of all men, in every nation, kindred, and language; above all, could I look within the veil? O what a joyful universal hosanna will rise when all are assembled together!

Such as these were the workings of my heart at this most

delightful and edifying ordinance. Oh that it may not prove only a transient blaze of spirits ; but that the happy consequences of it may go along with me into all the devotions and all the services that lie before me this month, and that I may be prepared for all the will of God.

February 2, 1735.

#### THE FIFTY-SEVENTH SACRAMENT.

THIS like yesterday has been a day of unmerited, unbounded goodness. I can hardly express the sweet communion with God, which I had in his house and at his table. I had been discoursing on communion with him, and through grace I have felt it. A sermon composed under great deadness, which when I composed it I thought very meanly of, was delivered with great seriousness, spirit, and pleasure. It was the language not merely of my tongue, but of my heart. I had communion with God as my compassionate, wise, almighty, bountiful Friend ; with Christ as my atonement, righteousness, intercessor, head, and forerunner ; and adored the divine grace for such manifestations to so guilty and wretched a creature. I opened the ordinance of the Lord's supper with some meditations upon the women weeping as they followed Christ. They did not know all the ends of his death. They mourned a kind and generous friend ; we mourn a Redeemer ; for the Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all ; he laid on him mine iniquity ; perhaps mine alone might have sunk him as deep ; at least mine were added to the weight. He died for me ; if I by my folly had occasioned the death of a dear and valuable friend, how would it have wounded my soul ; and if I had seen his picture, how would it have revived my sorrows ; and if when dying he had sent me some kind token of his forgiveness and his love, how would my heart have bled when I had seen that token. Behold, it is here ! this is the token that our dying Saviour sends to us, to tell us that he heartily

forgives our folly and wickedness, and died that it might be forgiven. What return shall I make? Lord, I will love thee. But it is a poor return; but if I had more to give thee, I would do it cheerfully. If I were the highest angel in heaven thou shouldst have all my heart. In the meantime, blessed be thy name, that I can say I love thee; thou that knowest all things; as Peter when he could not appeal to his actions, as he could have wished, appealed to his heart, and to him that knew it." "Lord, I wish I could say, thou mayest see by my conduct that I have loved thee: that I have adhered to thee when all have forsaken thee: and though I have been brought into danger of dying with thee, yet that I have not denied thee." But in the failure of this he appeals to Christ. "Lord, though I cannot clear it up as I could wish to men, I hope I can clear it up to thee."

In breaking the bread, I said, Is it nothing to us? Why, it is something to all around us. How much more to us. Lord, I grieve I can grieve no more. I appeal to thee, I would love thee; and if my love might grow as affliction grows, I would bear as much as ever I could.

This I wrote as soon as I came home; but, interrupting the memorandums here, forgot what followed in pouring out the wine, and only remember that it was on the whole a blessed day.

March 2, 1735.

#### THE FIFTY-EIGHTH SACRAMENT.

I HAD been preaching on the humility with which Mephibosheth bowed down to David on receiving his favours; and introduced this sacrament with a discourse on these words of the virgin, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word." I observed that our obligations were in some instances greater than hers; as they that hear the word of God and do it are, in some sense, more blessed than she who bore Christ merely considered

as his mother. We should therefore say this, as words of ardent desire; cheerful expectation; humble obedience; ardent desire; "may it be unto me according to thy word;" set me at thy table; give me this heavenly inheritance; Lord, I give up other things; what are they between thee and us? give me a child's portion, however I may be treated in other respects. Cheerful expectation; thou wilt do it, though it seemed an incredible thing, this pious virgin believed it, when Zecharias doubted; perhaps, she might draw an argument even from the strangeness of the event; as it was fit that where the most extraordinary person was to be introduced, it should be in the most extraordinary way. So we, regarding gospel blessings as the purchase of Christ's blood, may expect them to be very great; were any little temporal blessings given me as all that was to be bestowed in this view it would shock my faith yet more. With humble obedience, as the servants of the Lord, such we would approve ourselves. Lord, it would lie heavy upon our hearts to receive all this from thee, and to do nothing for thee. For ever blessed be thy name, that we have opportunities; that we have hearts for it. Continue it, O gracious Lord, at all times upon the imagination of the thoughts of our hearts.

In breaking the bread, I spoke of the compassion of Christ; he knew what a tendency it would have to impress us; and have we not found it so. God has smitten the rock, and waters have flown forth; he that fed hungry multitude has fed us. Oh may we never lift up our heel against him. When pouring out the wine, I said, Lord, hadst thou only shed one tear for me, it had been more than I could ever have repayed by all my tears, by all my blood. And didst thou not only weep, but die for me; not only die, but in so dreadful a manner for me and for all thine.

Seeing my dear friend, Mr. Wilkinson, in whose preaching I had this morning unutterable pleasure, sitting at the

table, I could not forbear saying, Lord, hadst thou not died for me, but only for some one dear friend, whom I cordially love, to deliver him from death and eternal ruin, and raised him as a useful instrument for thy glory, how dearly should I have loved thee; how highly should I have thought myself obliged to thee; much more when thou didst die for all the most valuable of my friends, for thousands as yet unknown, and also for me. Oh, how cheerfully would I give myself to thee; how thankfully receive the pledges of thy dying love.

April 6, 1735.

MEMORABLE PASSAGES IN PROVIDENTIAL OCCURRENCES  
RELATING TO THE WILLS OF PISFORD, AS I COLLECTED  
THEM FROM THEIR CONVERSATION AND UNITED TESTI-  
MONY.\*

THIS day I visited this pious, though poor and afflicted family, and I heard the following narrations, which I thought so remarkable that I could not forbear setting them down as circumstantially as I could recollect them.

Mary Wills was converted in an extraordinary manner. Having determined to hear no more at the meeting, and even stopped her ears against the word, an occasion happened which obliged her to put her hand into her pocket, and at that moment a word came which reached her heart, and was the blessed means of bringing her home to God.

\* I regret that it is not in my power to lay before the reader any circumstantial account of the Wills family. From the allusions to *Mary*, which occur in the letters of Colonel Gardiner, Lord Leven, Dr. Watts, and Lady Huntingdon, it may be inferred that she was the most eminent in a family which were universally considered as singularly pious. Of the *extravagant* accounts in the text the reader will judge for himself; I would, however, observe that, so far as delusion might exist, these poor people were doubtless deceived by their own imaginations, and that the attention of Dr. Doddridge, in this instance, was excited by his previous knowledge of some really extraordinary *facts* connected with these persons, and of which the reader will be enabled to judge, as they are related in another part of the Diary.

Some time after, a person, jealous of the regard which a young person in the neighbourhood had for her, attempted to poison her, by putting poison into some beer which she was going to drink. In a moment she found the use of her arm taken away, when she would have lifted the beer to her head; and having attempted in vain to give it to the hogs, she threw it down into the sink. Some time afterwards Mrs. Spencer told her that the party whom she suspected had confessed to her the design of poisoning her, and that the attempt was made as above.

Some time afterwards she lived in the house of a profligate fellow, who having locked her in, attempted her chastity by violence. She prayed earnestly, and had those words given in her mind, "*only believe, and thou shalt see the glory of God!*" and immediately the ravisher fell down with an oath in his mouth, and lay as dead, all night. She had extraordinary communion with God all that night and the next day; but the wretch thus struck down in the very act of his sin continued hardened, and waxed worse and worse.

Being once under some doubt as to her spiritual state, she begged that God would afflict her with some sudden judgment as a token of his love. Immediately she was seized with a violent pain, and lost the use of one arm, in which she greatly rejoiced. In the night she lost the use of one side, and being brought home on horseback the next day, lay many weeks so helpless that she could scarcely turn herself in her bed, and they expected that every day would be her last. On a sudden, while her sister was standing by her, and apprehended her to be almost dying, she confessed the rashness of her former prayer, entreated the Divine favour, and begged an immediate cure in great confidence of faith. Immediately all her bones cracked as if they had been put in place again, and she rose up cheerfully, and in two or three sabbaths more was able to walk

to Northampton, being then cured in a moment. Her sister declared she was present when this happened, and her mother was in the house during the whole progress of the affair.

The family was once reduced so low that they had nothing left but a crust of bread and a little flour. The two sisters prayed for supplies, and both of them felt a strong persuasion that a brother of theirs, who lived ten miles off, would that day come to their assistance; accordingly Mary determined to make a pudding for him, but having nothing but flour, declared herself persuaded that some assistance would come for making it. Immediately after a neighbour brought in milk, and another eggs, and before the pudding was baked the brother came in bringing corn and other presents, and declared he was so uneasy about them that he could not forbear coming that very day, although he had heard nothing of their difficulties, and had particular business to engage him at home. (A lamb caught in a thicket in answer to prayer; the ewe brought a lamb every year after it.)

A while after, her sister continued ill, who could think of eating nothing with pleasure but a pigeon. She went to all the persons that kept dove houses in the town, but could get none. Returning home with a heavy heart, a pigeon flew into the house before her, which they took up and killed as a supply sent immediately from heaven. This both the sisters and the mother also attested.

As they were coming one day from Northampton, after her sister was but just recovered from a fit of dangerous sickness, they saw a cloud gathered about them, a thunder shower came, and they were in expectation of being wet to the skin, which might have been attended with the most fatal consequences to Catharine, as being then in so bad a state of health. Mary earnestly prayed to God that he would appear for them. A wind came and broke the cloud



over their heads, so that part went on the right and part on the left; it rained violently all round them, but they, to the amazement of the neighbourhood, came in dry. The mother assured me that she warmed clothes for them, expecting that they would be wet through, and saw them come home perfectly dry, when it had rained almost all around.

In their late illness, which happened this winter, they were assisted in an extraordinary manner. Mary, who is a poor weakly creature, sat up with her sister seven weeks, without any sleep but on the Saturday night, and continued perfectly well; and, which is very extraordinary, their drink and their wheat, when they had but enough to last for six weeks in the winter, lasted them six months, though they eat and drank nearly as much as usual; and the miller that ground it taking notice of their having so much more than they had bought of him, strongly suspected their dealing with some other person. In the account of this they all agreed as positively as could be, as well as in all the rest in which there was any room for their testimony.

I confess I heard their stories with the utmost amazement. The persons by whom they were told are all people of eminent devotion, and of a very extraordinary life. They live retired, are continually employed in prayer, praise, and religious converse, and have, upon the whole, as much of heaven among them as I ever saw in any persons whom I have known. What shall we say to these things? or, rather, why should we be so much astonished, considering what God has done for his people in times past, and that his power is still the same?

April 23, 1735.

## MEDITATIONS AT THE FIFTY-NINTH SACRAMENT.

I OPENED the ordinance with some meditations on these words: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, as he had chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that therefore we should be holy, and walk without blame before him in love." Let us bless God at all times, especially after such meditations as we have been engaged in, that we who were afar off are brought nigh. It is fulfilled in this very approach to the Lord's supper, where the blood of Christ, which brought us nigh, is in so peculiar a manner to be commemorated. We have reason to bless God who herein has blessed us with all spiritual blessings. There is a chain, and a connexion; those that are blessed with one spiritual blessing are blessed with all; and they are the blessings which the Christian is most effected with, because in themselves so noble, and because there is such a connexion between them and heavenly things, for whom he predestinated, he called, justified, and glorified. It is because he has chosen us in him that all those favours are bestowed upon us. God does nothing without design; known to him are all his works from the foundation of the world: and it is a pleasing thought, that we lay upon the heart of Christ before the world was. God gave us to him by the covenant of redemption, when he chose us. It was of his free grace that he chose us all in him; and whatever favour he proposed doing he did on his account; and this was that we might be not only morally virtuous, but holy and religious, upon Scriptural principles, and also that we might be without blame; cutting off occasion from those who might seek to speak evil of us and religion; and all this in love, which must be the principle of our obedience; love to

God, love to each other ; love the blessed abridgement of all piety, which this ordinance has a most apparent tendency to promote. In prayer we humbled ourselves deeply before God, particularly reflecting that we could not have believed the last sacrament day, that we should thus have forsaken him before the return of this. When we came to break the bread we observed, that God and the devil are represented as carrying on the work of bruising Christ, though with most different aims and purposes, the one full of grace, the other of malignity. Here he took the cunning in his own craftiness, and “out of the eater came forth meat.” Instead of deterring us from trusting in Christ by what he has suffered we are engaged to trust in him the more. Blessed Lord, we commit ourselves to thee who wert thus reviled to bring us to glory, and seek our lives from thee who didst die. Before filling the cup I mentioned our having access to the most holy place by the blood of Christ ; in token of which the veil of the temple, though thick with embroidery, was rent asunder. Let us by faith look inward to that which is within it, and draw nigh in a full assurance of faith. Surely if we have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, we may have some peculiar ardour when drawing near to God in this blessed and holy ordinance ; and in this part of it, accordingly, the prayer was principally taken up in pleading promises of pardon, sanctification, conduct, direction, support, imparting every good thing, perseverance, and glory ; and afterwards I said, why should we doubt them ? because we are sinners ? those promises are many of them such that they could be made only to sinful creatures. I know not when I have remembered our concerns as a Church with more pleasure than at this ordinance. On the whole it was a season of some comfort, especially in the advance of it, though my mind was greatly distracted at the beginning.

Many acknowledged the presence of God with them in the duties of the day: may all the praise be ascribed to Him!

May 4, 1735.

MEMORANDUMS OF THE SIXTY-FOURTH SACRAMENT.

THE ordinance was introduced with some reflections on those words, "In him all the promises of God are yea, and in him amen." I had been discoursing on the struggle between faith and unbelief in a precious soul, and thought this a proper sequel. The promises of God may be said to be yea and amen in Christ, as through him they are all made. Whatever security they give us is to be ascribed to him, because we had otherwise been treated as heirs of wrath; and that he takes it upon himself to see to the performance of them, being exalted by God for that very purpose. And though nothing can be a greater security than the Divine fidelity, yet it sometimes suits our infirmities, and helps our faith to see such a step taken towards performing the Divine promises, that such a gracious instrument should be raised up and endued with such extraordinary power. Therefore our faith may justly take its rise from hence, and we may encourage ourselves to hope for those blessings concerning which else we might have been most ready to doubt. Though my sins be ever so great when I look on Christ's blood, I can believe they may be pardoned. Whatever difficulties arise, his power and his grace can support me; and his wisdom can turn to good whatever calamities I now endure. Where was any thing over which one would have been more tempted to suspect that Providence had slept, than this great scene of Christ's death and sufferings, accomplished by the determined counsel and foreknowledge of God, and overruled to the most gracious purposes. And, surely, when we consider the promise of eternal glory, as sealed in the blood of Christ,

it is so noble a price, that we may expect the purchase will indeed be glorious; and unworthy as we are ourselves, we may hope for heaven in the worthiness of Jesus Christ.

In breaking the bread I remarked: "*He was wounded for our iniquities, and bruised for our transgressions.*" Should not the thought grieve us. When Christ came into our world, and behaved in such a manner in it, we might have expected he would have been received with the utmost affection; that when the eye saw him the voice should have blessed him, and that if there had been one mouth that could have reviled him, one hand that could have struck or wounded him, it had been grievous; much more that he should have been slain, though it had been but by one person, how much more so when such vast multitudes were so concerned that every one made it his own act to have killed the Prince of Life. Vast multitudes indeed were the occasion of that crime, and we are of the number yet! and yet he spoke in mercy to those who were his betrayers and murderers; the word of this salvation by him was even sent to them. Think of our own concern in his death; had the earth been only the scene of his sufferings, and had he died here for another order of beings, it would have well become us to have thought often on so wonderful a transaction, how much more so when it was that he might redeem us by his own blood!

When pouring out the wine, I observed, that had a malefactor been executed as Christ was for the murder of the dearest and best of our friends, or the most horrible treason against our country, we could hardly have borne to have seen some circumstances of the rage and cruelty with which he was treated; it would have turned even justice into gall and hemlock; but if we had seen an innocent person, if we had seen a friend thus handled, what indignation, what distress would have arisen in our minds. Surely, if a person of a very dissolute and abandoned character

had; in a fit of intoxication, been drawn in to have been a party in such a case, he must have been exceedingly shocked in the review. Here then let our tears flow; here let our indignation arise, and that against ourselves!

I concluded this ordinance with an exhortation to the greatest care that we may live as under the influence of the dying love of Christ; and that it is our duty to recollect the particular frailties and temptations of our more serious relations in life, that we may be armed with correspondent resolutions and engagements. Here the exhortation was warm; and speaking of the concern with which ministers should declare these things, I mentioned the zeal of the apostles when they came to preach a crucified, yet risen, Redeemer; and prayed earnestly that the like impressions might by the same spirit be made upon our hearts.

Sunday, Sept. 7, 1735.

#### MEMORANDUM OF THE SIXTY-FIFTH SACRAMENT.

I OPENED the ordinance with some meditations on these words, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies!" Here is a table spread, a table of provisions, which may, indeed, to an eye of sense, seem of little value, but to the believing eye of faith, in connexion with the purposes for which they are appointed, the value of them is inestimably great, as that of parchment and wax becomes in being made the conveyance of some vast estate. God has prepared this table; to spread it was not a sudden thing, the work of an hour, or a day; known unto God are all his works from the foundation of the world, and all seem to have centred in this; therefore, was the way prepared by so many prophecies, by so many types; but, through the singular goodness of God, the dearest discoveries are reserved for us. Never did God say concerning the passover, this is the representation of my son, who is to be made a sacrifice for sin; this seals to you the

covenant of grace to be established in the blood of that immaculate Lamb, the most excellent dispenser of this most valuable covenant, which was happily reserved for us to whom the ends of the earth shall come. And this table is prepared for us in the presence of our enemies; scripture represents a band of formidable spirits as engaged for our ruin; they urged on the death of Christ, but found their own disappointment and defeat in it; and, no doubt, they look with envy and rage on the work of our redemption, and all the memorials of it. God anoints our head with oil in this ordinance; we receive the effusion of that blessed spirit from Christ our head, of which it may be said, it is like the oil poured out on the head of Aaron, which ran down to his beard, and from thence to the skirts of his garment. And we may truly say, that our cup runs over; God bestows upon us not only a sufficiency, but a superfluity of blessings. We might have had eternal reason to have adored his goodness had he done much less than this; had he continued us in this present life free from the decays and calamities of it, and favoured us with an eternal duration of those pleasures of friendship and devotion which we here enjoy, it would have been matter of grateful acknowledgment; much more had he given us the entertainments of holy separate spirits, though the body had been lost in the grave; but he graciously adds the happiness of that to the happiness of the soul, and makes our whole person completely blessed. How reasonably may we then conclude, that surely goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our lives; for what can we imagine so valuable, that God would compare it with, or prefer it to his Son? Should our days be gloomy, afflicted, unprofitable, and useless, still shall mercy and goodness follow them; and which is best of all, we shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. It would be a great favour to be allowed every day to spend an hour in God's house with

such delight as we have sometimes, and I hope this day done; much better than a great estate, or than any of the delights of sense. But God will bring his children home, and they shall dwell there for ever;—reviving thought! we may arise from the table of the Lord with satisfaction, nay, in this view we might take our last leave of it with pleasure; with far greater and more reasonable pleasure than the Jews took their leave of the Mosaic tabernacle that they might go and worship God in his temple at Jerusalem.

In breaking the bread, I said, Blessed Jesus, had we only seen thee in a mortal form, at a table with the children of men, though it had been under a golden canopy, and every thing of the luxury of Ahasuerus' feast had been renewed, though the children of princes had been waiting upon thee, and all the kings and emperors on the earth had been sitting with thee, though the greatest delicacies of animal nature had been exhausted for thine entertainment, what a condescension had it been; especially, if thou hadst here instructed them in a way of virtue and of happiness: but how much more at a paschal table, when telling thy disciples of thy body broken, and thy blood shed. How important must the case be! an angel would not have descended from heaven, nor dwelt one day in a mortal form on earth upon any mean and low occasion, how much less, the Lord of angels.

In pouring out the wine, I said, We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus. To think of the blood of Jesus poured out is wonderful; to think of it in this connexion, and that without it we might have had no boldness. Had we arrived at the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem, we might have stopped short, as some poor naked beggar at the door of the presence chamber of a king; but now we are encouraged to make our approach as those that may hope to worship there.



In taking the cup, I remarked, We commemorate thy death, blessed Jesus, nor would we be ashamed or afraid to do it if we were surrounded with thy blasphemous and persecuting enemies, and might be led out to share thy cross, for we are ready to take it with thy crown. I addressed the spectators with an expostulation on the folly of continuing irresolute, and without due cause of absenting themselves from the table of the Lord. I bless God I had some comfortable communion with God this day, and could say it was good for me to be there.

Oct. 5, 1735.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE SIXTY-EIGHTH SACRAMENT.

*“If any man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.”* Christians, you will observe that we are not surveying the duties and privileges of the most eminent and distinguished saints, but those of every christian. It is his character who will keep the words of Christ, who will receive them, who will retain them, who will reflect upon them, who will act in humble subjection to them; and this very thought, that they are the words of Christ, will be enough for him; a divine power will attend them, and humble obedience will immediately be produced. I hope we know what this character means, if we do, happy are we: *“If any man love me, and keep my word, the Father will love him;”* amazing condescension, that the great eternal Father should love a poor sinful worm! but this he will do, love him in such a manner as to become his invariable friend; and oh, what a happiness! Though some slight me, though others censure me, though others hate me, even though all the rage of earth and hell unite against me, yet if God loves me it is enough; how much more if he dwells with me, and Christ likewise! Yet this is the promise, *we will come to him*; I hope it is fulfilled; I hope Christ has come to us this day in meditation, re-

tirement, and prayer, and is coming to his table; and "*we will come unto him, and make our abode with him!*" O this crowns all, to have God, not as a transient visitor, but to have him as our constant friend; what a blessed boon does it give us! And has not God for some time made his abode in our hearts? surely, if he had not, we had drooped and perished long ago, we may hope that he will dwell there for ever; and oh, what a delight it should be to us! we are ready to say, "Lord, they were happy to whom thou didst come in the days of thy flesh; with whom thou didst make thine abode." How should we have rejoiced in that happiness! and loved the very house where thou didst dwell, the very room where we had converse with thee. But, upon the whole, Christ might answer to us, as he did to the woman that fondly cried out, "Blessed be the womb that bare thee, and the paps that gave thee suck; nay, but rather blessed be those that *hear the word of God and keep it.*"

In breaking the bread, I observed, among many other things, the emphasis of those words, "*by his stripes we are healed.*" The cure is already begun in every gracious soul; and it is the pledge of an entire cure. Yet a little while and all the remaining diseases of the soul shall entirely be done away; and all imperfection and sorrow shall give way to the complete manifestation of the sons of God, in a world of everlasting glory and of joy.

Other meditations were added, but being interrupted when writing this, and not having made any other memorandums of them, they have now slipped from my memory.

Sunday, November 2, 1735.

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE SIXTY-NINTH SACRAMENT.

THIS was the last Sacrament day in which my dear friend and brother, Mr. Isaac Wilkinson, of whom the world is not worthy, continued with me, under the relation of an assistant. He preached in the morning from these words,

“We rejoice in Christ Jesus.” And I preached in the afternoon of “God being glorified by Christ:” I introduced the ordinance of the supper with some reflections on those words in John, “*Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me, where I am;*” I observed the language by which Christians are described, *those whom the Father has given him*; thereby probably referring to the covenant of election. How happy a thought is it, if we are interested therein. Christ prays, that they may be with him where he is. To be with Christ in any circumstances must appear delightful; how much more so in heaven! His faith was so strong that he considered himself as already there, and overlooked all the distance, all the darkness, and all the sufferings that interposed. Amiable example for our faith to follow, which the apostle assists, when he speaks of us as raised up together with him, and set in heavenly places, that we may behold the glory of Christ. It was not merely out of ostentation, but as he knew the happiness it would carry along with it, to see the Holy One in our own nature, our great benefactor, and our almighty guardian; on account of which we should look upon it as the pledge and security of our own glory. With regard to this he speaks in the most positive terms, and yet very consistently with the most perfect submission, “*Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am;*” I do not only pray it, but I claim it; I humbly enter my demand on this head. Blessed souls, to whom this promise is sealed! gracious Saviour, that offered such a petition!

In breaking the bread, I observed, Christ instituted this ordinance that we might remember him; I hope we know the pleasure of remembering him, and how our remembrance of him has been assisted at it; our faith has thus been helped, and all our other graces proportionably strengthened.

I particularly insisted, in drinking from the cup, on our

putting ourselves and all our concerns into the hands of Christ; our covenant engagement is to serve Christ, our covenant hope is to enjoy him; but whether it be in this world or another is a matter not worth contesting between such lovers and such friends.

Sunday, December 6, 1735.

#### THE SEVENTIETH SACRAMENT.

I HAD discoursed in the pulpit from Rom. xii. 1, "*I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God!*" I introduced this ordinance with some meditations on David's reflection: "*Who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer thus willingly, for all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee?*" Who am I, that I should have any thing to offer? whatever we are, and whatever we have, we owe it to God; and all endowments of genius, and capacities for usefulness are as much to be ascribed to him as any thing in our external form or circumstances; and whatever we have is chiefly to be rejoiced in and acknowledged, as it may be an instrument of his service. It is of God also that we have hearts to offer; the willing mind proceeds from him; how many are alienating themselves from God, that have as great capacities, that have as many calls; even this day how many have heard that call in vain, and will go away and be as far from him as ever. How many are abusing extraordinary gifts for his dishonour; while we offer them to him, let us not then arrogate any thing to ourselves, but let us give him the glory of all, and then we may take the comfort that we are yielded to the Lord; we are now his, and his people, and he as such styles us, "*my flock, my friends;*" and as such what a blessed change will be made in each of us.

My spirits were so exhausted with the warmth of my exhortation in the afternoon, that I was too dead at the

table, and especially in what followed the introduction, nor did any remarkable thought arise that I can remember to deserve a place here.

January 4, 1736.

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR CHILD, AND  
MANY MOURNFUL PROVIDENCES ATTENDING IT.

I HAVE a great deal of reason to condemn my own negligence and folly, that for so many months I have entered no memorandums of what has passed between God and my soul, though some of the transactions were very remarkable, as well as some things which I have heard concerning others; but the subject of this article is the most melancholy of any. We lost my dear and reverend brother and friend Mr. Saunders on the 31st of July last; the 1st of September Lady Russel, that invaluable friend, died at Reading on her road from Bath; and on Friday, the 1st of October, God was pleased by a most awful stroke to take away my eldest, dearest child, my lovely Betsey. She was formed to strike my affection in the most powerful manner; such a person, genius, and temper, as I admired even beyond their real importance, so that indeed I doted upon her, and was for many months before her death in a great degree of bondage upon her account. She was taken ill at Newport about the middle of June, and from thence to the day of her death she was my continual thought, and almost uninterrupted care. God only knows with what earnestness and importunity I prostrated myself before him to beg her life, which I would have been willing almost to have purchased with my own. When reduced to the lowest degree of languishment by a consumption, I could not forbear looking in upon her almost every hour. I saw her with the strongest mixture of anguish and delight; no chemist ever watched his crucible with greater care, when he expected the production of the philosophers' stone, than I watched

her in all the various turns of her distemper, which at last grew utterly hopeless, and then no language can express the agony into which it threw me. One remarkable circumstance I cannot but recollect: in praying most affectionately, perhaps too earnestly for her life, these words came into my mind with great power, "*Speak no more to me of this matter;*" I was unwilling to take them, and went into the chamber to see my dear lamb, when instead of receiving me with her usual tenderness, she looked upon me with a stern air, and said with a very remarkable determination of voice, "*I have no more to say to you,*" and I think from that time, though she lived at least ten days, she seldom looked upon me with pleasure, or cared to suffer me to come near her. But that I might feel all the bitterness of the affliction, Providence so ordered it, that I came in when her sharpest agonies were upon her, and those words, "*O dear, O dear, what shall I do?*" rung in my ears for succeeding hours and days. But God delivered her; and she, without any violent pang in the article of her dissolution, quietly and sweetly fell asleep, as, I hope, in Jesus, about ten at night, I being then at Maidwell. When I came home, my mind was under a dark cloud relating to her eternal state, but God was pleased graciously to remove it, and gave me comfortable hope, after having felt the most heart-rending sorrow. My dear wife bore the affliction in the most glorious manner, and discovered more wisdom, and piety, and steadiness of temper in a few days, than I had ever in six years an opportunity of observing before. O, my soul, God has blasted thy gourd; thy greatest earthly delight is gone; seek it in heaven, where I hope this dear babe is; where I am sure my Saviour is, and where I trust, through grace, notwithstanding all this irregularity of temper, and of heart, I shall shortly be.

Sunday, Oct. 3, 1736.

## REFLECTIONS AT THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH SACRAMENT.

## DEAR BETSEY DEAD.

I HAD preached in the bitterness of my heart from these words: "*Is it well with thy husband and the child? and she said, It is well.*" I endeavoured to show the reason there was to say this; but surely there was never any dispensation of Providence in which I found it so hard, for my very soul had been overwhelmed within me. Indeed some hard thoughts of God were ready to arise; and the apprehension of his heavy displeasure, and the fear of my child's future state, added fuel to the fire. Upon the whole, my mind was in the most painful situation; but it pleased God that, in composing the sermon, my mind became quieted, and I was brought into a more silent, and cordial submission to the divine will.

At the table I discoursed on these words: "Although my house be not so with God," &c. I observed domestic calamities may befall good men in their journey through life, and particularly in relation to their children; but that they have a refuge in God's covenant; it is everlasting, it is sure, it is well ordered; every provision is made according to our necessities, and it shall be all our salvation, as it is the object of our most affectionate regard.

One further circumstance I must record; and that is, that I here solemnly recollected that I had, in a former sacrament, taken the cup with these words: "Lord, I take this cup as a public and solemn token that I will refuse no other cup which thou shalt put into my hand." I mentioned this recollection, and charged it publicly on myself and my Christian friends. God has taken me at my word, but I do not retract it; I repeat it again with regard to every future cup.

I am just come from the coffin of my dear child, who seems to be sweetly asleep there, with a serene, composed,

delightful countenance, once how animated with double life. There, lo! oh my soul! lo! there is thine idol laid still in death;—the creature which stood next to God in thine heart, to whom it was opened with a fond and flattering delight. Methinks I would learn to be dead with her—dead to the world. Oh that I could be dead with her! not any farther than that her dear memory may promote my living to God.\*

I had a great deal of very edifying conversation last night and this morning with my wife, whose wisdom does indeed make her face to shine under this affliction. She is supported and animated with a courage which seems not at all natural to her; talks with the utmost freedom, and has really said many of the most useful things that ever were said to me by any person upon the earth, both as to consolation and admonition. Had the best things I have read on the subject been collected together, they could hardly have been better conceived or better expressed. This is to me very surprising, when I consider her usual reserve. I have all imaginable reason to believe that God will make this affliction a great blessing to her, and I hope it may prove so to me. There was a fond delight and complacence which I took in Betsey beyond any thing living. Although she had not a tenth part of that rational, manly love, which I pay to her mamma and many surviving friends; yet it leaves a peculiar pain upon my heart, and it is almost as if my very gall were poured out upon the earth! Yet much sweetness mingles itself with this bitter potion, chiefly in the views and hope of my speedy removal to the eternal world. May not this be the beauty of this providence:—instead of her living many years upon the earth, may not God have taken away my child that I might

\* “I think I have heard that the doctor wrote his funeral sermon for his daughter, or a part of it, upon her coffin.”—The above note is written in the margin by the Reverend Thomas Stedman.



be fitted for and reconciled to my own dissolution, perhaps nearly approaching? I verily believe I shall meet her there, and enjoy much more of her in heaven than I should have done had she survived me on earth. Lord, thy will be done! may my life be used for thy service while continued, and then put thou a period to it whenever thou pleasest.

October 3, 1736.

FURTHER REFLECTIONS AFTER THE FUNERAL OF MY  
DEAR BETSEY.

I HAVE now been laying the delight of my eyes in the dust, and it is for ever hidden from them. My heart was too full to weep much. We had a suitable sermon from these words: "*Doest thou well to be angry because of the gourd?*" I hope God knows that I am not angry, but sorrowful he surely allows me to be. I could have wished that more had been said concerning the hope we may have of our child; and it was a great disappointment to me that nothing of that kind should be said by one that loved her so well as my brother Hunt did. Yet I bless God I have my hopes that she is lodged in the arms of Christ. And there was an occurrence that I took much notice of: I was most earnestly praying that God would be pleased to give me some further encouragement on this head, by letting in some new light, or by directing me to some further thoughts upon the subject. Soon after, as I came into my wife's chamber, she told me that our maid Betty, who had indeed the affection of a parent for my dear girl, had just before assured her that on the sabbath day evening Betsy would be repeating to herself some things of what she had heard in my prayers and in my preaching, but did not care to talk of it to others; and my wife assured me that she solemnly recommended herself to God in the words that I had taught her a little before she died. Blessed God, hast

thou not received her? I trust that thou hast, and pardoned the infirmities of her poor, short, childish, afflicted life. I hope, in some measure out of love to me, as thy servant, thou hast done it for Christ's sake; and I would consider the very hope as an engagement to thy future service. Lord, I love those who were kind to my child, and those that wept with me for her; shall I not much more love thee, who I hope art at this moment taking care of her, and opening her infant faculties for the duties and blessedness of heaven.

Lord, I would consider myself as a dying creature. My firstborn is gone;—my beloved child is laid in bed before me. I have often followed her to her bed in a literal sense, and shortly shall follow her to that, where we shall lie down together; and our rest shall be together in the dust. In a literal sense, the grave is ready for me. My grave is made—I have looked into it—a dear part of myself is already there; and when I stood at the Lord's table I stood directly over it. It is some pleasure to me to think that my dust will be lodged near that of my dear lamb, how much more to hope that my soul will rest with hers, and rejoice in her for ever. But, oh, let me not centre my thoughts even here; it is a rest with and in God that is my ultimate hope. Lord, may thy grace secure it to me! and in the meantime give me some holy acquiescence of soul in thee; and though my gourd be withered, yet shelter me under the shadow of thy wings!

October 4, 1736.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF SOME THINGS REMARKABLE IN  
THE CONVERSATION OF MARY WILLS.

I OUGHT long ago to have made these memorandums, though one thing and another prevented me. She made me a visit the first sabbath day in August, which I think was also the first day of the month, in which she appeared

under some extraordinary impressions of a tender and serious spirit; and she then gave me an account of a very odd scene which had passed, as I suppose, in her imagination.

One morning, when engaged in her secret devotions, she thought a person came to her in the common dress of a plain countryman, but of a grave and sweet aspect, and seemingly advanced in years. He gave her great comfort in his discourses as to the state of her own soul, and dropped hints which have ever since been exceedingly useful and delightful to her. He talked of something concerning some very eminent professors; and particularly told her that a person who now lives at Pisford, and whose name is Matthews, though an eminent professor then, should prove an apostate, which accordingly he has done; and added, that he should come to miserable poverty and die in great distress; but hitherto he has continued in flourishing circumstances, which have grown better rather than worse since he has thrown off prayer and every thing else but going to the parish church, which yet he seldom does. He also warned her not to set her affections too much on Mr. Tingey, then her minister, for that he would leave them, and die quickly after, which accordingly he did. But she assured me, that he added, I will send one among you, who is yet a young man, and not fully entered upon the ministry; but he shall come when you are vacant, and this shall be a sign to you that he shall preach upon those words, "*By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?*" By him will I revive my work among you! I could not but take particular notice of this circumstance, not only as it relates so particularly to myself, but as I recollected two other circumstances to lead me to believe it as extraordinary as it seems. The one is, that just about the time when the affair of my removal hither was thought of by some persons, though indeed not at all by myself, when I came to preach occasionally among them, and had brought other

sermons, my mind was in an extraordinary manner impressed with those words, "*By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?*" and I preached from two or three imperfect hints, although before so large a congregation, neglecting other sermons which were written at large. The other particular was, that Mr. King told me that there was a very pious young woman in that neighbourhood who told him expressly that she was confident I would come among them; and continued in a steadfast persuasion of it against all imaginable appearance of probability, and when she was almost alone in the opinion. To which I may add the following circumstance, which greatly confirms my belief in the rest.

On Friday, October 15, I called upon her again, and she asked me whether Mr. Some had not been under some extraordinary struggles and afflictions of one kind or another? I asked her why she imagined it; and she gave me the following account. The very morning in which she had visited me before, that was, August 1, she was praying for me and my family; not knowing at that time that dear Betsey was at all dangerously ill, when an impression was made on her mind as if a voice had spoken to her, "*pray for him that he may be supported under the affliction: for I will take the child to myself. And pray also for him who is his chief fellow in the ministry, for an hour of sore distress is coming upon him!*" Now it is certain that this has been remarkably fulfilled to Mr. Some, not only in the death of Mr. Saunders the day before, of which she knew nothing, and of Lady Russell on the first of September following; but also in the sad scene which was immediately after opened, and about which Mr. Some that very day had sent for me and my wife, and had opened it to us, and which but five or six people besides in the whole world knew of, none of whom could possibly discover it to her, nor were there any others from whom she could learn it. And it was further remark-

able, that both her mother and sister, a pious girl then in a languishing illness, and as I believe a consumption, assured me, that immediately after she declared to them very confidently, that my child would die; and that she has been talking of some great trouble to come upon me and Mr. Some, about which she has been praying for us daily for these ten weeks and more.

I own this is wonderful to me; and I cannot but think, that God designed to humble me, by letting me see what discoveries he sometimes makes to meaner Christians; and also to comfort me, by showing me what gracious purposes he had concerning me in the former instance, and what gracious care he takes of me in the latter. Nor has it been any little encouragement to me with regard to the state of my dear Betsey; who I hope and believe is taken away from the evil to come, and taken to a better Father's house, though the dear lovely tabernacle of clay is indeed mouldering in the dust.

I cannot forbear observing, that these words have often been deeply impressed upon my mind of late, "*Thou hast showed me that I must shortly put off this tabernacle.*" Which when I mentioned it to her, she startled, and looked as if she had some secret intimation that it would be so; at least she intimated nothing to the contrary. May I also be ready; and then I shall cordially acquiesce in the will of God.

October 22, 1736.

**SOME REMARKABLE PASSAGES WHICH OCCURRED TO ME  
IN CONVERSING WITH MRS. GOODWIN AND MR. BUNYAN.**

WHEN talking with Mrs. Goodwin concerning Mrs. Thomas, once of Petworth, my correspondent and friend, though personally unknown. She gave me such an account of her and her family as then struck my mind, though some particulars have escaped it.

She said, that she never knew a more eminent Christian, and yet that for sixteen years together she never saw her one quarter of a year free from affliction.

She added, that among other afflictions, she lost an excellent son, just entered upon the ministry; from whom the world had the highest hopes, as a second John Janeway, whom, so far as I can remember, both in temper and in circumstances, he greatly resembled. He had a great friendship with Mrs. Goodwin and Mr. Griffith of Wells, into whose heart God has lately put it to set up an Academy there, for which I desire to be very thankful. Mr. Thomas expressed his desire that these two friends might be with him when he died, if it were the will of God; and without any previous appointment they happened both to meet at his mother's house the day before, and continued there, I think, until his funeral was over. His last words were, "*The glorious hour is come.*" And his pious mother standing by him, closed his eyes with a steady countenance, and said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;—blessed be the name of the Lord."

There was a daughter of this Mrs. Thomas, who was once carried to Bath upon account of a lameness; in which the physicians discouraged her, telling her that neither the water nor any method they knew of could help her. The child retired one day alone into the parlour, being then about twelve; and resting on her crutches, she thought something said, "*Throw away your crutches;*" which she did, and immediately was enabled to go without them; and I think from that time was perfectly well. But this is a story into which I would gladly inquire further.

Mr. Bunyan on this occasion told me another, which I cannot forbear recording, as having so great a resemblance to it. He has an uncle belonging to Mr. Hunt's congregation, and a very pious man, who with his family make lace. He had a fine child, that at six years old was struck

with a disorder in her foot, which not only rendered her utterly incapable of setting it to the ground, but disordered the whole nervous system, so as to quite take away her understanding, so that she could neither read nor work, nor did she know even her most intimate friends, nor the way to her father's house, if she had crept out of doors in the broad day. This continued for three years; and she was at length given up by all the physicians and surgeons, after great application to them. The matter was referred to prayer. Many meetings were on that account kept; and at last the child, standing on her crutches by her mother, said on a sudden, with a cheerful countenance, "*Mother, I can stand without my crutches.*" And immediately after, "*Mother, I can walk.*" And in a few minutes after, "*Mother, I believe I can read.*" And in a few after that, "*Mother, I believe I can make lace.*" Accordingly she tried at both; read a lesson very well; went to the place where her pillow stood, then indeed mouldy and much out of order, and went to work as well as the disorder of the materials would give leave. Thus she was cured in a moment; and to this day continues perfectly well. What greatly increases the wonder to me is, that this happened but about three years and a half ago, that is, since my settlement here, and that I never heard Mr. B. speak a word of it; though, upon inquiry into it, I find all imaginable reason to believe it to be true: and Mr. B. thought he had told it me. I ascribe the mistake to my being at London at the time it happened.

#### REFLECTIONS UPON THE ORDINATION OF MR. P.

THIS day we had a meeting of ministers at F. upon a very solemn occasion; the setting apart to the work of the ministry the pious Mr. P. He opened the work of the day with a short prayer: then Mr. Drake prayed. I preached from Heb. xiii. 17. "*They watch for your souls,*" &c. A

plain, serious, awakening sermon, followed by a hymn, which I composed on that subject. Then Mr. Some took the ordination vows, confession of faith, and prayed. Mr. Morris preached from these words, "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Then Mr. Hunt concluded with prayer. It was a very solemn, and I hope also a very useful day, and left some deep impressions on my heart; improved by the preservation received in our dark and dangerous journey home.

I would remember, that teaching others, I teach myself. I have many cares as a tutor, and an author. The Lord forgive me, that in these I am so apt to forget those of a pastor. I watch for souls; therefore I would resolve, 1. To take a more particular account of the souls committed to my care. For which end I propose to look over the church-book, and the book in which the subscription is contained, and to keep an additional register of such persons as come among us. 2. I will very quickly take a tour over the whole congregation, to learn more particularly the characters and circumstances of them, their children, and their servants. 3. I will make a list of unconverted, of unawaked, and converted, and those fit for communion as well as actually in it. 4. When I hear any thing particular relating to the circumstances of my people, I will visit them and talk with them. 5. I will visit the sick more carefully than I have of late done. 6. For this purpose, I will generally contrive to get out quickly after dinner, that I may not be caught and detained by business at home. O my soul! thy account is great! It is high time that it be got into a better order. Lord, I hope thou knowest, I am desirous of approving myself a faithful servant of thee and of souls. O, watch over me, that I may watch over them, and then all will be well. Continue these things on the imagination of my own heart, that my own sermon may not another day rise up in judgment against me. Friday, October 22,



1736. Memorandum. I will use inspection over those under my own roof, that I may with the greater freedom urge other heads of families to the like care.

October 22, 1736.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SEVENTY-FIFTH SACRAMENT.

I APPROACHED this ordinance with solemn importunate prayer for the divine presence in it. And I desire thankfully to record it, that this prayer was not in vain. Perhaps I may say, I never knew what it was to enjoy more of God than I this day enjoyed. Perhaps more of heaven is not to be brought down upon the earth. I write it with some amazement, that I stood upon the grave of my dear Betsey, and thought of that lovely creature that was once, next to God, on the throne of my heart, with very little emotion. The loss of so amiable a child seemed hardly worth mentioning between God and my soul; when I saw before my eyes the memorials of a Redeemer's dying love; when I looked forward towards that heavenly world to which I verily believe God is conducting me, to which I apprehend he will shortly bring me;—and I heartily subscribe my Amen to it.

Having discoursed in the pulpit on Christ, as the fountain opened, in which to wash from sin, and from uncleanness, I introduced the ordinance with some reflections on that petition of the leper, "*Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.*" I observed that he was sensible of his malady, apprehended himself polluted; and the best souls will apprehend it most. He applied therefore to Christ with a full persuasion of his power: though it were professedly the work of a God to do it. It is of great importance to approach this ordinance, believing that Christ can do it, and believing that he will do it. In the dying hour, then he will lay his hand upon us and say, "I will thou be perfectly clean, for ever clean." Blessed expectation!

Happy hour! how well is it worth our while to pass through every trial and agony in our way to it, that we may leave these polluted garments of flesh in the grave, and arise Holy and immortal into the Heavenly Presence.

When breaking the bread, I reflected that how, without that breaking of Christ's body, we had been crushed with the weight of the Divine vengeance. What was his love in instituting the ordinance? perhaps particularly foreseeing our pleasure in it, at least, seeing and causing it now, and rejoicing in our joy. We are pleased to see our friends cheerful at our table, pleased with our entertainment; much more is Christ so: therefore is he represented with amazing condescension, rejoicing as a bridegroom over his bride, and as joying over us with singing.

When taking the cup, I particularly insisted on being made free by Christ from the devil, from worldly entanglements, corrupted affections, and the everlasting curse of God. We have, perhaps, a warm sense of liberty, what liberty can be compared with this? "*Lord, the desire of our souls is to the remembrance of thy name;*" it is the great thing that we would desire to have; a more affectionate remembrance of thee. Were I to choose a text for my last sermon, it should be this, that "*Whether present or absent, may we be accepted of him.*" Delightful thought! that this labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

November 7, 1736.

#### REFLECTIONS ON A VISIT RECEIVED FROM MR. JONES.

THIS day I enjoyed a great deal of the company of my pious and worthy friend, Mr. Jones, of Abbots-Ripton, a clergyman for whom I have the most sincere and tender respect. He showed me several papers, especially relating to Lady Price, which I read with pleasure and with confusion, when I observed her shining and eminent piety, which I think as conspicuous as any I have ever seen;

her daily and nightly devotions, watching over her family as a guardian-angel while they slept; referring, as it were, all her other passions into the love of God and her husband, passing through the world as a stranger in it, always tending homeward. What also I heard of Mr. ———, of Mr. Bunbury, Sir John Price, and many other persons of the Established Church, relating to their real goodness and zeal for the glory of God, and the salvation of their own souls, put me to the greatest shame, when I compared it with my own unprofitable life; particularly what I saw of some hints which Mr. Jones had drawn up for self-examination, which contained so much elevated and spiritual devotion, and betokened a mind so thoroughly devoted to the glory of God, and the good of mankind, that I thought I had never seen any thing of the kind that equalled them. On this, I began to consider from whence I had fallen; which was the more impressed upon my mind by some wise and good, as well as very prudent, gentle, and respectful admonitions which my wife gave me, as to that indolence of temper which grief has in part brought upon me, and which has been increased by the unusual burden I have been under upon account of the Brixworth affair; that of Lady Russell, and many others. This has, indeed, produced a most shameful neglect of visiting the sick, and much more the rest of my people, or the promoting of family religion among them, or taking any account of the young persons, or of much conversation with my pupils about inward religion; nor have I made any considerable progress in my Family Expositor, or in any kind of public business. The reasons are too plain; lying long in bed; passing over secret devotion in a hasty way; omitting the Scriptures or other books, except what were just necessary to prepare the family expositions; trifling below stairs after dinner and supper; spending the afternoons in visits of pleasure and amusement, rather than of pastoral duty;

and the evenings too often abroad at entertainments, and that sometimes at public places; as well as lately with Mr. Spence; all these things have had their influence upon this occasion, and have prevented my behaving in many instances as a minister and a tutor, distinguished by so many eminent and peculiar obligations. May God, through Christ, forgive all, as I, through grace, determine that all shall be reformed, and that immediately, without waiting for another year or month, another day or hour.

Thursday, Nov. 9, 1736.

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE EIGHTIETH SACRAMENT.

I HAD discoursed from the pulpit at the desire of a very agreeable and amiable friend, Miss West, on confession and pardon, from Psalm xxxii. 5. “*I said, I will confess my transgression to thee, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.*” I was interrupted between the services by the warming of a little wine, which I drank before I went to the table. If this was a help to animal nature, it was a much greater hindrance to the inward man, and I found a great deal of reason to repent it; for I have seldom found less composure, or less affection, than in the former part of the ordinance: yet in that my good friend Samuel —— told me that he found most. The subject of the discourse was these words, “*The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanses from all sin.*” I observed, that it was wonderful to think that the Son of God appeared among us at all; especially to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, and to shed his blood for it. This evidently led to such reflections as these: See our natural misery, that we need to be thus cleansed. How deep the stain! how aggravated the guilt! which nothing but the blood of the Son of God could atone. Learn how rich the grace of God! how wonderful the love of the Redeemer, that did not deny even this! See the reasonableness of applying to God through this blood, which

to neglect must be a great affront to it. See also the encouragement to apply to it, since it cleanses from all sins ; which is an answer to the severest things that conscience can say of our own hearts. In breaking the bread, I said— Reflect upon the love of Christ. Had he secured such comfort for us upon any terms, though by only speaking a word ; what then, in the present case, when such blessings were procured, not merely by care and intercession, but by blood ! I had sweet communion with God in the prayer ; and especially afterwards, in devoting and submitting all to him. Perhaps some great breach is speedily to be made upon me. Lord, here am I ; thy will be done.

December 5, 1736.

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE BEGINNING OF A NEW YEAR.

I AM just now come to the period of that which has undoubtedly been the most afflicted year of my whole life ; but I subscribe to the wisdom and goodness of God in all those afflictions. I am come to the beginning of another, which I am ready to believe will be the last. The Lord grant, that whether it be so or not, it may be the best that I ever spent ; a year of constant communion with God, of steady devotedness of soul to him. I have been renewing my covenant transactions with him this morning in secret, though, alas ! in too cold a manner. But I must record it to my shame, when I opened that treasure, of which my heart is so fond, the book which contains the countenance of my dear Betsey, as it was taken off from the poor corpse when it lay in its coffin, then my passions were touched ; then I found a flow of them, which I endeavoured to turn at least into a right channel ; and after near and sweet communion with God, in the exercise of love to him and my fellow creatures, I resolved to renew the following rules of life, and to endeavour to despatch the following articles of business with the divine assistance. 1. To rise at six o'clock,

winter and summer, unless urgent occasion prevent. 2. To begin the day on my knees wherever I am, and whatever I have to do. 3. To read some portion of Scripture, and if possible to write some of my Family Expositor every morning. 4. To read something of a book of practical devotion. 5. To despatch at least one letter every day, and to be more careful in answering my correspondents. 6. To talk at least to one pupil a day, when with them, about the affairs of his soul, more or less publicly or privately. 7. To visit as often as I can, especially from three in the afternoon, beyond which I would seldom be at home without great necessity. 8. To keep a more exact account of my expenses, and to lay out as much as I can in charity. 9. To eat more moderately, especially at supper, than I have for some time of late done, and to be less solicitous about the kind of my food. 10. To promote religious discourse, more. 11. To read some Latin and Greek, if possible, every day. 12. To read the Scriptures in an evening, at least what I had wrote in the morning. 13. To examine myself. 14. To keep memorandums. 15. To lie down in a good frame, and endeavour to rise with God. 16. To endeavour, as much as I can, to live by rule. 17. To expect death every day.

January 1, 1737.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE EIGHTY-FIRST SACRAMENT.

AFTER some comfortable communion with God in the preceding duties of the day; I opened the ordinance with these words, strongly impressed as I was with them when approaching to the table, "*I will go the altar of God, to God my exceeding great joy.*" I considered an approach to this ordinance as coming to God, and also as being a commemoration of the great sacrifice! Let us own we needed a sacrifice. Let us own the sufficiency of this which God has provided; and let us by faith apply to it,

and apply it to our souls, and so draw near to God by it, to God as seated on a *mercy seat*, therefore, to God our joy, our great joy, our exceeding great joy ! to God, whose mercy is our hope and confidence, whose attributes are now ours, and what can we wish for more. Let not any affliction and sorrow prevent it. Return to thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord has dealt bountifully with thee. In breaking the bread, I considered Christ as broken to be the food of our souls ; and told the story of Ignatius being ground in the teeth of the wild beasts to be flour for Christ's table. The enemies of Christ beset him around to make him food for us. Before taking the cup, I mentioned entire self-dedication, saying, I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, especially in Christ, his incarnation, life, death, resurrection, ascension, glorification, and sending of the Spirit, that ye yield your bodies, your whole selves entirely to him. If you are not willing to do this, do not receive the cup, pass it by to a fitter hand. You receive not Christ if you are not willing to give all to him ; not a part, but the whole of ourselves, all we are, and all we have. I concluded with strongly enforcing charity. Would we not be glad if God would direct us how to lay out every farthing of our possessions ? How much more then should we obey him in this instance ?

January 2, 1737.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE EIGHTY-SECOND SACRAMENT.

I OPENED the ordinance with some reflections on those words, "*Come, see the place where the Lord lay.*" Look into the grave of Christ. See how low the justice of God laid him ! Amazing sight, that the Lord of Life should thus become a dead corpse. Think how he lay in the abasement of the tomb. This his lowest humiliation ; this the lowest state in which the human creature ever appears till putrefaction takes place. To this an eye of sense would have thought he had been tending ; but see from whence

the faithfulness of God exalted him. He broke the bonds of death, by which it was impossible that he should long be held. Vain were the impotent attempts of sealing the sepulchre, and setting a watch. The angel broke the tomb, and dissipated the astonished guard, the sleeping conqueror arose! Arose to return no more to death. Not like Lazarus, therefore, coming forth in the dress of the dead; but, on the contrary, clothed with immortal life and vigour. He lives! He reigns! and has the keys of death and of the unseen world. Delightful thought! See the place where we must lie. Be it so. Death has no terror. The grave has lost its darkest gloom since Christ was laid in it. He left a perfume behind him, which instead of the prison of the divine justice, makes it an easy bed to the believer. Well may we be willing to lie down in it, for he will surely bring us up again. He rose as a public signal; and when we have lain refining a while in it, he will surely bring us up again. This table has often changed its guests; many are fallen asleep in Christ, but they are not therefore perished. God is their God, though they lie in the dust, and will appear to be so. O blessed assembly and congregation! Thus shall the risen saint look down upon the grave like Israel on the red sea. Come, see the place where the people of Christ lay. See how entirely all the spoils are recovered, and not a fragment left behind. In breaking the bread, I mentioned those words, "He has abolished death." He has made it as nothing. Compare the death of the saint, and the sinner. See the sinner trembling like Cardinal Beaufort, who when he died did not lift up his hand to express any hope;—with what we have seen, and I hope shall feel of the saints' triumphing over death, and rejoicing in Christ, when breathing out their souls into his hands, and saying, "*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.*"

February 6, 1737.



## ON THE EIGHTY-THIRD SACRAMENT.

THE subject of my discourse was, “*I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.*” and the subject of my meditation at the Lord’s table was, “*Gather my saints unto me, even those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice.*” I observed, that the people of God are represented as saints. This is an instructive thought; they are separated from the pollutions and vanities of the world, and entirely set apart to God, that they may be for him alone, and not for another; they are consecrated to him. They have made a covenant with him; a covenant in which they take him for their covenant God, give up other expectations and dependencies, and give themselves to him as his covenant people. They make a covenant with him by sacrifice; that is, they join themselves to him by the sacrifice of his Son. It is their very business at the table of the Lord, which is to be considered as a feast on a sacrifice. God will gather us together. He does it now; and it is a comfort much greater than to eat and drink these elements in secret would be. But then it is to be remembered, that there is another general assembly. Lord, gather not my soul with sinners. There a particular scrutiny will be made. May our souls be bound up in the bundle of life. With what joy shall we then appear together, when not one soul will be wanting. In breaking the bread, I observed, *Draw me, that I may run after thee.* May the Spirit sanctify, and support us. On the whole, I found my heart too dead in much of this service. And I said few things in it which I can recollect as deserving a place here. Lord, forgive me. Lord, reform me. Lord, raise me to thyself; and fit me for thy ordinances on the earth, and for a state above the want of them!

A remarkable accident happened the other day. Mary Wills told me that she was afraid I was out of the way of

my duty in some thing about a child's picture, discovered to her about two months ago. She then thought she said to me, *The grave is a forgetful place. These things are pleasant, but bury them out of sight.* What amazing correspondence! For here was a secret of my life utterly unknown to her, relating to the image of my dear Betsey. I look upon this in two united views. The one as a rebuke of Providence for the too great tenderness with which I have viewed and adored that image. The other as a confirmation of the truth of some strange stories which I have heard from that good woman.

May 8, 1737.

#### BRIEF MEDITATIONS ON MY BIRTHDAY.

GOD has now brought me to a day which I never expected to have seen, the conclusion of my thirty-fifth year, which I thought would have been my last. Most awful things he has shown me since my last birthday; such indeed as that all the years of my life can hardly equal it. Four such deaths, that I question whether the whole sum of my remaining comforts could furnish out such another field of slaughter, all things considered. First, good Mr. Saunders died on the 31st of last July; then on the 1st of September Lady Russell; on the 1st of October my dear and long lamented Betsey; and, to close the sad scene, on the 30th of last May, my most honoured and beloved friend, Mr. Some, than whom I had none upon the earth more dear and more useful. My hands are indeed weak this day, and have long been so. God has pulled down the pillars of the building. How soon he may add me to the number of my fathers and brethren, and mingle my dust with that of my dear child, he only knows! I thankfully own, that I am not solicitous about it. I trust, through his grace, that I have in the sincerity of my soul devoted myself and my labours to him. Him do I honour and love above all, and

it is the joy of my soul to serve him with my spirit in the gospel of his Son. I endeavoured this day to improve the occasion by that discourse from Psalm cxxxix. 17. "*How precious are thy thoughts to me!*" &c. It led me into some seasonable meditations on the divine goodness, in which indeed God was pleased to favour me with in extraordinary instances; bringing to my mind a variety of delightful meditations with a readiness and cheerfulness that even surprised me. I hope that He that searches all hearts, knows that it was with a sincere desire to promote his glory that I made such a commemoration of his favours. O, that a sense of his love may be more and more shed abroad upon my soul by his Spirit given to me. I this evening renewed my dedication to God and my resolutions for his service. And should the years of my life be doubled, I desire they may all be spent in his service; nor am I at all unwilling to be removed, as I very probably may be before another birthday, if I may find mercy of the Lord unto eternal life.

Sunday, June 26, 1737.

#### A MEDITATION ON THE EIGHTY-SEVENTH SACRAMENT.

FEW days of my life have been crowned with greater mercies than this, if I may reckon the preservation of my wife, the birth of a child, and what is infinitely more than either, the communication of the most delightful consolations of God's presence, in the number of mercies.

I was much indisposed in the morning, yet not altogether without suitable supplies of strength and comfort. This evening I attended the Lord's table, and introduced the ordinance with those words of Christ, "*My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed:*" which in a literal sense would be perfectly absurd, but in a spiritual, contain the most excellent and important truth. Christ speaks of objects as appearing in the light not of sense, but of faith;

and therefore represents all other kinds of meat and drink as nothing when compared with this. It is the most excellent meat and drink. A man had better want any kind of food than this. Does it appear thus welcome to us? Let us bless God that he gives us this food, and that he gives us that communication of his Spirit whereby we should be engaged to feed upon it with delight. Do we owe our thanks to God for our daily bread? How much more then for this! What if we had been present, and almost dying with a parching thirst when Moses brought water from the rock, would not that have affected us? It would have become us to have owned the divine goodness in that respect; but oh, how much more in the present. Imagine yourselves standing around the rock. How would it have impressed you, that God should have given you that drink, much more may this. Nor is the way less wonderful of this drink, that revives the soul. It was more probable he should thus have smitten the rock than that he should have smitten his own Son! Who would at such a cost have manifested his love? Would we have fed a perishing friend with our flesh? should we part even with a limb, it would be great proof of love. Would we open the vital sluice of our blood to give him drink? Perhaps we might. But for whom? Surely only for one of a thousand, and that the dearest and most amiable creature. But Christ did this for us, when enemies, and rebels, that he might give life to our souls, that we might not die. Yet our fathers are dead that eat this bread, as well as those that eat the manna in the wilderness. True. But yet they all live to God; and the Last Day will make it appear that the blood of Christ has not lost its efficacy with regard to any one of them. In breaking the bread, I spoke of the pleasure of meeting Christ. When a friend has done us a kind office, we rejoice to thank him; but oh, what are all the kind offices of our earthly friends to those we

receive from Christ; *let us thank him*, let us adore *his goodness*. O blessed day when we shall see him! Nay, but even now we may do it as well. We, and all our sentiments and actions, are as open to the eye and observation of Christ now as they will ever be; let us then lift up our hearts immediately to him, and breathe out all the grateful sentiments of our souls before him. At taking the cup I observed, There is something moving in the sight of human blood, but how much more of the blood of a friend who had been slain by treachery and cruelty; and did we come to the place, and see his blood lying there, would it not penetrate our hearts? We should perhaps, in a transport of tenderness, dip our handkerchief in the precious remains, and bequeath it as a rich legacy to our children; but here is the blood of Christ! ought it not to be dearer, infinitely dearer?

Sunday, July 3, 1737.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH SACRAMENT.

I INTRODUCED the ordinance with some scattered thoughts on those words, "*Ye shall leave me alone; but I am not alone, the Father is with me.*" I began with observing the uncertainty of human friendship. The disciples of Christ, although under so many engagements to defend him, dispersed. They left him alone. So may we fall. I then observed the support of Christ—" *My Father is with me.*" Here was great faith, to believe the Father invariably present, and to rejoice in him as sufficient, although deserted by human friends; so let us fix our hope in God, and place our happiness in a converse with him. May He ever be with us, especially in solitude; then shall we never be less forsaken than when we are alone. Among some other meditations in breaking the bread, this was one: If a Prince were not only to send a pardon to a traitor, but to take him to his table; and not only so, but to admit him into his

family to drink with him, and to add, “ *I will make thee my child,*” it would be amazing, it would be almost incredible; yet this the Lord does! Let it melt our hearts. How little does it signify what we lose, if we retain God, and his favour.

It was no small affliction to me to resign the society of that dear and amiable friend\* who for now almost fourteen months has been the ornament and delight of my family, and in every circumstance during that time has behaved with a tenderness of friendship almost unparalleled, as well as with a strict and constant piety, from which the most confirmed Christian might have learnt some useful lessons; but I have this day been enabled to resign her to God, owning his goodness in having enjoyed her converse here so long, and referring it to him whether our next meeting shall be at Northampton, in Yorkshire, or in heaven.

August 7, 1737.

ON A CONVERSATION WITH A WORTHY CLERGYMAN,  
ONE OF THE BEST MEN I HAVE KNOWN, CONCERNING  
THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD IN GEORGIA, AND THE  
POURING OUT OF HIS SPIRIT.

I HAD this day the great pleasure of beginning an acquaintance with Mr. ———, † a clergyman of the church of England, in whom I think I saw as much of God as in any person that in the whole period of my life I have ever known. He was one of those who went over into Georgia to propagate the gospel there. He gave me a most edifying account of the state of things there in many particulars, more than I can now recollect. He told me particularly of a company of Moravians there, who came from the Church

\* Miss Wilkinson.

† A blank is left in the MS. here, but the reader will readily discover that the “ *Clergyman*” in question could be no other than the celebrated John Wesley.

of Herrnhuth in Germany, and who have a Bishop among them who is a carpenter. The Herrnhuth Church whence they came was strangely raised; it consisted of a few Protestants, who fled from persecution into the territories of Count Zinzendorf, who having, by his fidelity and integrity, thrown himself out of the Court, and settled in his hereditary estate, discovered them in a little hut they had built in some of his grounds; and entering into discourse with them, formed such an intimacy as ended in the settlement of a Church in their way of worship, which is now multiplied to above a thousand. The King of Poland intended to have cut them all off, but died in less than ten days after he had signed the order, and before it could be executed. Their discipline is extraordinary. They have among them a Bishop, Presbyters, Deacons, and Deaconesses; they educate the children as *the children of the church*; have adult Christians, and Catechumens, and the Illuminated. They have no system of doctrine, no decrees, &c. among them, yet strict discipline; and they remove from the sacrament those who behave in any respect amiss, the Bishop taking an extraordinary cognizance of the souls committed to his care. This gentleman told me of a baptist he met with in Pennsylvania, who was a very holy man; who, after having been eighteen years under the hidings of God's face, had a miraculous vision of a stream of light sent down on his breast, not much unlike that of good Mr. Howe; was raised to an extraordinary nearness to God, and lived often many days and nights without sleep, having such extraordinary refreshments from inward communion with him. He told me also that God was beginning his work not only at Oxford, where it was advanced, but likewise in many other parts; and indeed expressed such a sense of divine things in his own heart, such dependence upon the Spirit, such deep and experimental religion, that it was almost unparalleled. We both prayed with our friends before we

parted; and I must say, I hardly know any conversation, or any occurrence, that has brought my soul nearer to God, or has made me more fit for my everlasting rest.

This dear brother in Christ afterwards told me another story: that the Moravians had excommunicated a person who was then seized with violent agony of mind and body, which was removed upon the removal of that sentence. That in another Society a person receiving the sacrament was seized with convulsions of the mouth, and cried out "Spiritual pride!" upon which he died. Another being made at by an alligator, had an impression made upon his mind that he should go and lay his hand upon his head, which accordingly he did, and frightened the alligator so that he sunk down. He mentions some among them that have the gift of healing, and added some remarkable circumstances in his own story of the wonderful manner in which God had inclined his heart to undertake that work among the Americans, in which I verily believe God will make him as an apostle; and may the blessing of God go along with him.

September 10, 1737.

THE NINETIETH SACRAMENT. DEAR MISS BLISS DYING.

THE wise and gracious, though mysterious providence of God, has so ordered it in many instances, that some of the greatest trials of my life have preceded a sacrament day: the death of Mr. Saunders, Lady Russell, my dear Betsey, and the yet dearer Mr. Some; and now, behold, a fifth blow this day falls upon me. The flattering hope I had conceived of the recovery of my dear friend and companion, I may say, of my *sister* Miss Bliss, for no sister could be fonder of, or dearer to a brother, is taken away, and this sorrowful day, October 2, at the distance of a year, has shown me two of the saddest sights my eyes ever beheld—the burial of my dear child, and the life's blood



of my dear friend, in whose kind arms she departed. My heart has this day been almost torn in pieces with sorrow; yet, blessed be God, not a hopeless, not a repining sorrow; but one so softened and so sweetened, that with all its distress, I number this among the best days of my life, if that be good which teaches us faith and love, and which cherishes the sentiments of benevolence and of piety. I desire very thankfully to acknowledge that days of the sharpest trial have often been, to me, days of singular comfort. This day, at the table of the Lord, I insisted a little on those words, "Can we drink of the cup, and refuse the cross?" putting it to my fellow Christians thus: You come to arm yourselves here; but boast not. Can you bear losses? can you bear to be separated from your friends? can you leave life, even though in a violent manner? We would not immediately say, Lord, we are able; *but thy will be done.* "We can do all things through Christ that strengthens us." Lead whither thou wilt, only let thine arm support us, and make our trials subservient to our eternal advantage.

I afterwards dropped some hints from those words: "*If any man,*" whoever he be, "*loves me, he will keep my words.*" Lord, we desire to do so; speak, for thy servant hears. We come hither with a desire, not only to know, but to fulfil thy commands. "*My Father will love him.*" Oh, to love God, and to be beloved by him, how desirable. "*And we will come.*" Welcome, blessed Jesus! come into our very souls. "Come unto him," and make our stated and constant "abode with him;" not being as a wayfaring man that turns in for a night. Lord, if thou wilt dwell with us, it signifies little with whom we dwell; thy friendship, thy love, can make up the want of human friendship in its sweetest endearments.

In pouring out the cup, reflecting on what I had seen, I observed, That Christ died a bloody death to impress our hearts; because we are apt to be impressed with the sight

of a friend's blood if he be wounded. How did the remembrance of that sad scene which the morning presented cut me even to the heart. Why should not the blood of a Saviour impress me more? but such is the difference between sense and faith. I hope the remembrance of what I have seen and felt this day will long abide by me. My heart was, and is, full of divine consolation; and the supporting views of my dear, I fear dying, friend, with whom I have prayed three times this day, have comforted, rather than dejected me. May the glory be his from whom the grace comes; who has wrought these good things in her, and sealed both of us with his grace, as those that are to be companions in eternal glory. A thought which now has a relish which nothing can exceed, which nothing can equal.

October 2, 1737.

#### THE HUNDRED AND FOURTH SACRAMENT.

I SEE it with some surprise, that I have not written any of the memoirs of what passed at the Lord's table since this time twelvemonth. It is impossible in a little space to recount what singular scenes of providence I have passed through since that time: but God has caused me in all to sing of mercy rather than of judgment: and I record it with all thankfulness.

This day I had been preaching, and, I bless God, with great enlargement, from these words, "Although thy house be not so with God," &c. The subject of my meditations at the Table was, "*Gather my saints together unto me,*" &c. I observed, that God's people were saints; they were those who made a covenant with him by sacrifice. It was our purpose in that covenant to devote ourselves to his service, to submit ourselves to his disposal; we are now gathered together to do it. There is another gathering together yet more important at the Great Day; and we hope yet another

in his Heavenly Presence. It is pleasant now to assemble, how much more will it be so then? It is disagreeable to part with a dear friend who has been a while in our house; and how comfortable to think that there we shall never part. In breaking the bread, I observed, This is bread from heaven. How should we have been touched, if, being lost in a desert, God had sent down bread from heaven of the coarsest sort; and here is angel's food! Who are the creatures for whom this is done? Is it for us? For such poor sinners as we are? I remember not particularly what passed in distributing the wine, only an exhortation to the spectators. Are you *all* strangers? Are you *all* enemies? In making the collection I said, How much better to live on alms than not to have a heart to give. God was with me this day by the most evident tokens of his presence.

October 1, 1738.

MEDITATIONS ON THE HUNDRED AND SIXTH  
SACRAMENT.

I AM very sensible, that the want of regular retirement in the evening has been a great detriment to my soul in many respects, and particularly in this, that I have thereby lost opportunities of recording the experience of my sabbaths and sacrament days. The death of my dear and valuable friends Miss Bliss and Mrs. Wingate, since the sacrament in October, mentioned above, made a deep impression on my heart. God is in an awful manner contending with us. And the unhappy manner in which some of my pupils are coming out, and the opposition to the Gospel which is made among them, increase both my sorrows and my fears. I had, however, this day some comfortable intercourse with God at his table, after having discoursed on the protection of God, from Psalm xviii. 2. "*The Lord is my strength and my fortress,*" &c. I opened the ordinance of the Lord's Supper with some meditations on the parable of the Pro-

digal Son, especially his deep confession, "*Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight.*" He saw his sin against his father, and against his God: was sensible of his demerit, that he might be shut out of his family, or taken into the lowest place of it. Do not the like sentiments become us? We are like this prodigal, received with love, and yet rambling again; yea, how many times. But what says the father? As one full of tenderness he speaks to his servants, "*bring forth the best robe,*" not only something to clothe him, but the best in the house; dress him up in an elegant manner; put on him a ring in token of honour, and shoes in token of liberty. O God! all this, and more than this, dost thou say to thy returning children. Thou hast given up thy Son as a sacrifice; hast clothed us in his righteousness; hast cleansed us with the grace of his Spirit, hast brought us to this his table. Now, Lord, what shall we do? Shall we wander again? Oh, never! We yield ourselves to thee. Father, we would delight to do thy will.

I have forgotten the particular observations which attended the dispensation of the elements. I think with the cup they turned on the blessings coming along with it, and the conscious desert of a cup of trembling. Towards the close I urged thankfulness. What was it that transported the apostles? not their peculiar miraculous powers. In this they rejoiced not; but that their names were written in heaven, begotten again to a lively hope. Oh, that there might be among us the same triumphant temper and joyful sentiment of soul!

December 10, 1738.

#### A MEDITATION ON THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTH SACRAMENT.

THERE have not been many public days of my life which have been more varied and mingled than this; I began it seriously; and, indeed, considering the extraordinary time

that I spent in the devotions of the fast day and yesterday, as well as that it was the first sabbath in the year, and that I had a very experimental and useful subject assigned me by my good friend, Mr. Browne, that is, Psalm xxvii. 14. I expected something considerable; and perhaps that was one reason why I succeeded no better. Another was, that I permitted myself to write some letters in the morning, which, though in the main serious, were not necessary, and thereby contracted the time of preparation in too great a presumption on some late enlargements. The consequence on the whole was, that my spirits were very much straitened, and I preached to my own apprehension very ill, though it pleased God to render it in the main acceptable and useful to several that heard me.

The subject of my meditations at the table of the Lord was, "*The Lord will give strength to his people: The Lord will bless his people with peace.*" His people have peculiar reason to expect strength. I hope we find it given. Here is an additional promise worthy our contemplation: "*The Lord will bless his people with peace;*" that is, *peace in life*, calmness and serenity in their own consciences, as reconciled to themselves, when they can look inward, and see a pardoned, sanctified, quickened spirit. *Peace with God*, and a sense of peace. Whereas he might long ago have said, "what hast thou to do with peace?" *And peace at death.* Many of our dear friends (I particularly referred to Miss Bliss and Mrs. Wingate) had in a remarkable manner a sweet calm and serenity in that awful hour which might throw nature into so much commotion and distress. *And peace to all eternity;* so that we should then enter into peace: no more war, no more alarm, no more sorrow. Christ is our peace; in him we have it, and that even while we have tribulation in the world.

In breaking the bread I said, "*Herein is the love of God manifested:*" this is the most glorious display of it. Let

the Pagan, let the Mahometan say, what has on their principles been done for them comparable to it. Let the Jew boast that he calls Abraham father, that he delivered his fathers from Egypt, settled them in Canaan, wrought out wonderful deliverances there, sent them Moses and the prophets, and gave them his laws. Nay, but he gives his Son to live, to die for us! He raised him to his own right hand, and has seated him in glory, and made him head over all things.

Then I mentioned that text in pouring out the cup, "*We are come to the blood of sprinkling.*" Do we not come to it? Do not our souls apply to it, and desire to be washed in it? It "*speaks better things than the blood of Abel.*" And in consequence of it, we "*are come to the general assembly and church of the first-born.*" It is delightful to think, that we are come to a church on earth; to look round on such an assembly. O how much more important to look on "*an innumerable company of angels!*" To have seen one would be a pleasant thing, but to converse with them without any danger of idolatry; yea, to be numbered among their society, made equal to angels, and "*The spirits of just men made perfect.*" It was delightful to converse with many saints now in glory, in the midst of all their imperfections and sorrows; but now they are complete in holiness and glory, what admiration and joy will it give "*To God the judge of all.*" We may now think with pleasure of coming even to God as a Judge, because his righteousness and justice are engaged to accept us through Christ.

Just before I took the cup I said, "*Thanks be to God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ,*" and turns the greatest terror into comfort; witness those three most dreadful words to an impenitent sinner, *Death—Judgment—Eternity.* Oh, what a source of pleasure! *Death*—to get rid of sin and sorrow, to fall asleep in the arms of Christ. *Judgment*—to appear to be rewarded and applauded. *Eter-*

*nity*—to dwell for ever, for ever with God, and Christ, and holy angels, and saints. O blessed words! Death, Judgment, Eternity! They are so because the savour of Christ has been spread abroad upon our hearts.

I concluded with the mention of one lively thing, which I said in the sincerity of my heart. Were there a hundred of the most polite and most accomplished persons in a carnal state, I could be content, putting their guilt out of the question, by the earnestness of my importunity to make myself the scorn of the ninety nine to be but the means of converting only one of the hundred.

January 7, 1739.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE HUNDRED AND EIGHTH SACRAMENT.

THE leading subject of our meditation was that text in Micah (having been preaching on God's promise of giving to his sheep eternal life), "He shall stand and feed in the strength of the Lord, in the majesty of the name of the Lord his God; and they shall abide: for now shall he be great unto the ends of the earth." In which words I observed—1. *A view of the diligence and piety of the Redeemer.* He shall stand and feed: intimating, he shall be a watchful shepherd, and take care of his flock; and he shall do it in the strength of the Lord, and the majesty of the name of his God; implying a dependence on divine assistance. This Christ showed in all his ministration. *I honour my Father;—I seek not my own glory, but his that sent me;—the works which my Father has given me to do;—this command received I from my Father, &c.*—2. *The glorious display of the divine power in him.* "He shall stand in the majesty of the name of his God." Christ's works were very majestic; much of God appeared in them. Were a man to cure one blind or lame person, to raise one dead body to life, what a glory would it reflect upon him.

The miracles of Christ, for number, for excellence, were unparalleled.—3. The *perpetuity of his* interest. They shall abide: that is, in Christ and his flock in all ages. Accordingly, it is so. In vain the terrors, in vain the learning and wit of the world, are armed against it. It is observable that most of the writers against Christianity have been left to dishonour themselves by vile immoralities.—4. *The extent of it.* He is great to the ends of the earth. Accordingly, we see it. We live in a country then almost unheard of, yet he is great among us. Perhaps idolatrous worship was paid on the very spot of ground on which we now are; yet we honour him; and we are gathered as into his fold. He makes us to lie down in green pastures. Blessed be his name that we are not in dry and withered pastures, under dead ordinances; we lie down by the still waters, and are not troubled by persecutors; not obliged, as our fathers were, to disguise our sacred table with common meat, that, in case of a sudden surprise, it might not be known. In breaking the bread I observed, Lord, we are unworthy of a thought, a word, a tear of thine, much more a drop of thy blood; yet all is given for us! Let us then be deeply humbled before thee.

On drinking of the wine I said, Christ our forerunner is entered within the veil. Joyful news, on his own account; but not only on that, he entered for us, entered as our forerunner, intimating our quickly entering; therefore shall we be raised up, and made to sit together in heavenly places. I congratulate you. Look up to Christ your head, enlarge your desires for the propagation of his kingdom. Would you not receive the cup which is the communion of the blood of Christ? Have you not need of it? Would you not thankfully submit yourselves to it, and to that way of saving grace in the gospel?

February 4, 1739.



MEDITATIONS ON THE HUNDRED AND NINTH  
SACRAMENT.

I INTRODUCED the ordinance with a meditation on those words in the Revelation, chap. vii. verse 9 and 10: "*After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.*"—Let us observe who this blessed company were, how they were situated, and how they were employed. 1. They were a vast multitude. Though Christ's fold on earth is little, and the gate straight, yet in heaven it is great, because it takes in infants. How many little creatures, having a little while borne the image of the earthly Adam, bear that of the heavenly. And in the latter days many shall be brought in; the way shall be wider, and many shall say, Come, let us walk in it. It is a various society, not confined to Jews, but of all nations and kingdoms; our own, through grace, is eminently distinguished. Let us acknowledge the goodness of God therein; and that in our language a multitude of holy souls being dead, yet speak. 2. In what a situation: clothed in bright robes of purity, victory, and joy; with palms in their hands, as conquerors over sin, satan, the world, and death. How joyful that triumph, and how completely secured by salvation appointed as its walls and bulwarks. 3. How they are employed: in humble worship, ascribing salvation (not wishing it) to him that sitteth upon the throne, to their God. They consider him as on the throne; they see how lofty, how radiant, how firm; and this God is *our God*. The bands of nature are often broken, but those that ally him to us shall never be broken. They also ascribe salvation to the Lamb, remembering the obligation of suffering

love. How is humility mingling itself with all the honour and joy of the heavenly world ; the Lamb feeds them, takes them to the fountains of living water. In breaking the bread, my meditations turned on the Lamb of God. How wonderful, that His Son should ever be so represented. And when this Lamb suffered, it was to take away the sin of the world, to take away our sin. In pouring out the cup, I alluded to the Jewish benediction: "Blessed be God, who has created the fruit of the vine." What a vine is ours ! how refreshing its shade, how sweet its fruit, how strong its root ! No wind shall blast, no worm corrode it ; we shall sit under its shadow for ever. I met with very much of God this day, and my soul has been greatly established.

March 4, 1739.

MEDITATIONS UPON THE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH  
SACRAMENT.

JUST as I went in to the ordinance, those words accidentally, or rather providentially, occurred to me: *Zephaniah* iii. 14, 15, "*Sing, O daughter of Zion; shout, O Israel; be glad and rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem! the Lord hath taken away thy judgments, he hath cast out thine enemy; the King of Israel, even the Lord, is in the midst of thee; thou shalt not see evil any more.*" I observed, The exhortation, and the ground of it; the exhortation to joy, and that of an extraordinary nature, "To sing, to shout, to be glad with all the heart." Our joys in this world are allayed, there is a great mixture of sorrow in them all; a speedy end of the things we rejoice in. There is little reason to be glad with all the heart; here rather a prudent reserve should be maintained. But it is not so now; here we may dilate our souls, we may sweetly open our hearts wide to joy, if we have this foundation for it. Addressing himself to the believers, it is said,

“He has taken away thy judgments.” Not thine afflictions, they continue; but the sting is taken out, because the sentence of destruction is reversed; and then if no condemnation, how light may other things sit. O Lord, correct me, but not in thine anger. “He has cast out thine enemy.” I know not, and I am not very solicitous to know, to what enemy this immediately refers; the great enemy is expelled, Satan, falling like lightning from heaven, the accuser of the brethren is cast out. “The King of Israel, even the Lord, is in the midst of thee.” God is become our king. Pleasant thought! “The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice.” He is still in the midst of thee; he dwells with thee, thy great Sovereign evermore. It was a great privilege to dwell in Zion, where God visibly resided: his special presence is of far greater importance; separate that, and the cloud had been but a vapour. “Thou shalt not see evil any more;” not unmingled evil, not such as thou hast formerly seen—no more return to that condemnation, to that captivity; and thou shalt ere long be raised above the sight of all evil whether of sin, or of punishment. Look around and see what evil pains thy heart, and wounds thine eyes, it shall then be entirely, and for ever done away: let us encourage ourselves in the Lord our God, believe this, reviewing the promises again and again with greater confidence and joy. In breaking the bread, I remarked, The covenant how sure! if you had promised me a thing, I should think it safe: can Christ forget to remember? can he want power and faithfulness? I addressed myself to God before the cup, as in self-dedication, and then to the spectators: is there not one of you that loves Christ? is there not one that desires him? not one that would devote himself to him? yes, there are surely many, come then, and welcome.

Sunday, June 3, 1739.

## SOME MEDITATIONS ON MY BIRTHDAY.

HAVING now, through the amazing mercy of my God completed my thirty seventh year, I have been taking a little time to recollect the goodness of my God to me. But O, how shall I express it, how shall I excite the sense I ought to have of it. Blessed, for ever blessed be the name of the Lord; in his name would I rejoice all the day long, and set up my banners of faith with unutterable pleasure.

I have been praising, and I would praise him that made me a man, a Christian, and a minister; an author and a tutor; and has heaped numberless blessings on me under all these characters; and as a husband, a father, and a friend. Late mercies, by no means to be forgotten, are great assistances in the ministry; wonderful communications of light and love have been made to my soul, in some instances of secret meditation far beyond what I have commonly known. The carrying me on thus far with my Family Expositor, and that so, that if he spares me to the end of the year, I hope to have completed the second volume of it; and the giving such uncommon acceptance to the first, the raising up some of the most hopeful youths I ever sent out, who are just now appearing in the world, particularly the unparalleled Mr. Orton:\* giving me another

\* Mr. Orton was a nonconformist of the old school, and although conscientiously firm in the first particular, yet so free from sectarian prejudice, that his remains were laid by his own desire in the burial ground of St. Chads, Shrewsbury; the service being performed by his highly valued friend the late Rev. Thomas Stedman, then vicar of that church. The "Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Doddridge," the "Sermons for the Aged," and his "Exposition of the Old Testament," have given Mr. Orton a lasting reputation as a practical divine. In the varied relations of private life, his labours were equally valuable, as the following extract from a letter written by the late Dr. Johnstone, then an eminent physician of Worcester, to Mr. Stedman, will evince:

"Dear Sir,

February 26, 1786.

"Lord Bacon reckons it a great deficiency in biography, that it is for the most part confined to the actions of kings and princes, and a few per-

son: continuing the life of my dear wife, and making her dearer unto me daily; increasing my substance this year far more, so far as I can recollect, than in any former year; adding to me the friendship of some excellent persons, among whom I must mention Mr. Whitfield and Colonel Gardiner; and giving me to see the prosperity of the Gospel in some remarkable instances, both at home and abroad. These things impress my heart, Oh, may they melt it more and more! My God, I own thy goodness; I record it that I am thine; and thou that knowest my heart, knowest that thy service is the delight of my days. Whom have I in

sons of high rank; while the memory of men distinguished for worth and goodness in the lower ranks of life has been only preserved by tradition. I rejoice, therefore, that you have undertaken to collect memoirs of the late Rev. Job Orton, one of those excellent persons, who was as industrious in concealing that worth which was so conspicuous to all who knew him, as he was earnest and skilful in applying it to the best and most benevolent purposes. Indeed, my friend, we shall not see his like again: we shall not see knowledge so extensive joined with such humility: such wisdom and discernment of the human character, and of human life, so determinately employed in doing good to all around him, and in diffusing happiness to the large circle of human society. He truly had the wisdom of the serpent, and the innocence of the dove. Of the seventeen years which he passed in Kidderminster, I spent daily many hours in his company, most usefully and happily: his counsel, always skilful, was faithful and benevolent; I felt the advantage of it, and regret the irreparable loss I have sustained. I do not remember that I ever spent ten minutes in his company without being witness to some benevolent design, or some benevolent action. He comforted and advised the opulent, he visited the widow, and the fatherless, the sick, and the poor, in their afflictions. He applied his fortune in relieving their wants; and a mind, still more rich in resources, than his fortune was in abundance, in contrivances, as well as incitements to others, to administer relief. To such as needed, he gave with that generous address, and that delicate skill, in which I think he surpassed most persons I have ever known. I repeat it, I never was in his company without perceiving that he was carrying on some useful design, either of a public or private nature; doing good himself, and impelling others to concur with him in executing some charitable work, or some plan to relieve indigence, to alleviate pain, to inform ignorance, or to check and reform vice. In arbitrating and settling differences, which had any where taken place among his friends or acquaintance, he possessed great influence, showed great address, and always gave satisfac-

heaven but Thee? and what on earth do I desire in comparison with Thee? eternal praises to thy name for it. My times are in thy hand, and all the circumstances of my life are at thy disposal. To thee do I refer it, whether I shall end the year that I now begin in thy service on earth, or in thy presence in heaven. I leave myself with Thee through Christ; and surely when I have done that, I can find no difficulty in committing all my temporal interests to thee, and intrusting thee with all my relative concerns.

Since my last birthday God has taken away dear Mrs. Wingate and Miss Bliss; but I think no other consider-

tion by his interference. He possessed a happy manner of engaging the affections and confidence of young persons, and he gave them advice in such a manner as had generally a happy influence in forming their characters to habits of virtue and religion. His ability, and his zeal, as a Minister, I do not presume to mention; his worth as a Man, his sincerity as a Christian, need no such feeble testimony as mine. It is indeed an injury to so high a character to offer any testimony. But I cannot forbear calling to your recollection, that though he was zealous as a Christian, *yet he possessed no warmth of zeal to any thing but real religion.* A protestant Dissenter he was upon principle, but he entertained the most liberal communication with many individuals belonging to the Establishment, distinguished like himself by worth and talents; and he had the most generous and charitable sentiments concerning parties and persons of different societies and persuasions in religion in every part of Europe.\*

I need not inform you, that a bad state of health brought him to Kidderminster; and that I had the honour to be confided in, as his physician.† His complaints were of the nervous and melancholy kind; they often

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\* "It hath always been my endeavour and my happiness to be upon good terms with all my brethren, whether conformists, nonconformists, Calvinists, Arminians, &c. *I valued them according to their real worth,* and endeavoured to serve them; and we were always social and friendly. This affords me some satisfaction in the decline of life. Do you think our great Master will blame me for such a conduct?"

*Extracted from a letter from the Rev. Job Orton to the Rev. Thomas Stedman.*

† "I left Shrewsbury and came to Kidderminster (says Mr. Orton), that I might have the advice of a very able and skilful physician (Dr. Johnstone), who hath always proved himself a faithful and tender friend; to whose care as a physician I, under God, owe my life, and to whose friendship I am indebted for some of the greatest comforts of it."

able breaches have been made either upon me, or our society; but that of a late instance, in which my God has humbled me, by the sad and shameful miscarriage both of some of my pupils, and what is yet more grievous, by that of some of my flock, especially James \* \* \* \* \*, whose name I must record as a thorn in my heart. O God, prevent the spread of iniquity, and direct us how we may put it away!

June 26, 1739.

interrupted his ease and his usefulness; but were prevented from confining him entirely to the house till the month of June, 1783. He had often complained of failure of memory; but yet, in particular instances, very constantly gave proofs of his possessing it with unusual accuracy and extent. At length, however, the defect which he perceived appeared to others, now and then in expressing an improper word, and in making a pause before he pronounced the intended one. He complained of pain and a growing confusion in the head. About a week before his death, that confusion became apparent and complete. He knew every person, but could not express what he intended. In three or four days more he became lethargic, and died apoplectic the 19th of July, 1783, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

Thus lived, and thus died this servant of God;—this good man;—dear to and revered by all: this counsellor and friend, whose loss we must ever deplore. But, my friend, let us no longer view our loss. How singular was our advantage! He was our counsellor and comforter while alive: his memory ever dear to us, and present with us, will still sustain and protect us. If at any time malediction shall persecute us living or dead—it will be replied, “No—this cannot be true, the most honest and worthy of men was their friend.” In books of piety, and in the lives of pious men, we see the effect which Religion ought to have; those who knew Mr. Orton saw the influence it had, they saw its spirit and precepts exemplified in his temper, and in his conduct.”

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Mr. Stedman remarks, “Were it necessary to add to the above, it would be easy to produce the testimonies of a Kennicott, an Adams, a Tucker, with several others giving by eminent men both of the Establishment and among the Dissenters: for, to use the language of the apostle, *‘he had a good report of all men, and of the truth itself.’*”

Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus,  
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.—VIRGIL.

MEMORANDUMS OF A CONVERSATION WITH COLONEL GARDINER, AND HIS EXTRAORDINARY STORY.\*

I HAVE this evening (August 14, 1739) been conversing with the ingenious, polite, judicious, and eminently pious Colonel Gardiner; and have again been receiving from his own mouth the extraordinary story of his conversion; and therefore think it proper while it continues fresh in my memory to write it down for further reflection, with all the exactness of which I am capable.

This worthy gentleman, and brave soldier, was the son of a very religious mother, and educated with great care; but soon outgrew all the influence of a religious education, and lived from his childhood to the thirty first year of his age, which I think was about the year 1719, without reading the word of God, without prayer, abandoned to all the most profligate vices, and to every kind of debauchery and wickedness consistent with a goodnatured temper, which he always had; and some grateful sense of human friends, when most insensible of divine favours.

He had, before his conversion, been distinguished by two most remarkable deliverances. The one was at the battle of Ramilies, when, as he was planting his colours and swearing violently at his men, he received a shot into his mouth, which came out at his neck, and laid him apparently among the dead; where he lay two nights, and part

\* The reader will observe, that whether the impressions here related arose from that irregular action of the imagination which constitutes a *waking dream*, or were actually a vision; their influence in a providential point of view on the mind, and consequently on the conduct of the Colonel, was the same. To the force of his understanding, and to the general healthy state of his reasoning faculties, the following evidence is borne by Dr. Doddridge: "No man was farther from pretending to predict future events, except it were from the moral prognostications of causes naturally tending to produce them; in tracing which he had, indeed, an admirable sagacity, as I have seen in some very remarkable instances. Neither was



of three days. From the time he received this wound he thought there was something miraculous in his surviving it; and while he lay among the dead he was persuaded that God would complete his deliverance, yet even then, he had no sense of duty, gratitude, or penitence.

About the year mentioned above, going over in the packet back to France, when Lord Stair was Ambassador there, a violent storm arose, which tossed the vessel from sea to sea, and from coast to coast, till the captain came and told him, that they must inevitably be lost if the wind did not immediately fall. Upon this he prayed; and on his doing it, even while he was so employed, the wind fell, and turned into a favourable gale, which carried them into Calais; but instead of having any sense of the hand of God in that deliverance, he only made a jest of it, and said he prayed, because it was twelve at night, and so he knew that his good mother was asleep.

From Calais he went to Paris, where he continued some time in the Earl of Stair's family, and had an acquaintance with all the gayest and most illustrious men in the court of France; and here, as well as elsewhere, he passed, on account of the extraordinary vivacity of his temper, for one of the happiest of mortals, while at the same time he sometimes felt those inward agonies of *conscience*, which made him once say within himself, on the sight of a dog, "Oh, that I were that brute!" yet still he went on without any thought of a return to God; and when pleased with a fine poem on gratitude, he attempted to praise God once or twice, he was

he at all inclinable to govern himself by secret impulses upon his mind, leading him to things for which he could assign no reason but the impulse itself. Had he ventured in a presumption on such secret agitations of mind, to teach, or to do, any thing not warranted by the dictates of sound sense, and the word of God, I should readily have acknowledged him to have been an enthusiast, unless he could have produced some other evidence than his own persuasion to have supported the authority of them."

See "*Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel Gardiner*," page 48.

so conscious that he did not desire to serve him, that from a mere innate abhorrence of hypocrisy he left off prayer. Among many other very irregular dispositions, the love of women was his ruling passion, of which he has sometimes said, that he thought the divine being himself could not root it out of his constitution. He had one night an appointment with another gentleman's wife, and was to go to her chamber at twelve o'clock;—breaking up from some company at eleven, he retired into his chamber, and looking among his books for something to amuse him, till what he wretchedly called the happy moment came, he took down what a pious aunt had, without his knowledge, put into his chest, Watson's "*Heaven Taken by Storm*;" he took up this book merely to make a jest of it; but while he had it in his hand, he found himself struck on a sudden, as by an unusual lustre, and lifting up his eyes, he solemnly declared to me, that he being then broad awake, if ever in his life, he apprehended that he saw clearly and distinctly Jesus Christ himself on the cross, with a strong impression on his mind of these words, "*O sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these thy returns?*" The consequence was, that he was struck into such confusion, that he sunk down in his chair, and on his recovering himself a little, had such views of the holiness, justice, and glory of God, as threw him into the utmost confusion and abasement; and from that moment, the whole tenour of his heart was changed, and divine grace took such a possession of his soul, as he assures me, has never been lost, and rendered him the very contrary to what he was naturally before. He did indeed look upon himself as so great a sinner, that he had no hope; and apprehended, that the honour of divine justice would require that he should be consigned over to eternal destruction; yet even then, he resolutely broke off from all his sins, and set himself to defend the Gospel, by which he apprehended himself to be condemned. Several instances

of his encountering and confounding infidels, and especially Mrs. Hammond, widow to one of that name, who was speaker to the House of Commons, he added, but I have not time to mention them at length. He received comfort from those words, "He is just, and the justifier of him that believes in Jesus." The result of which was, that he was enabled by faith to venture his soul upon Christ, and he then received such extraordinary communications of divine love and joy, as kept him in a kind of continued rapture for seven years, excepting the time necessarily devoted to the business of life, and the recruits of animal nature. The consequence was, that he found all that strong propensity to women, which had been the reigning passion, and had made fornication and adultery the grand business of his life, utterly mortified; so that though he had struggles with many other corruptions of nature, he had none with this, but hated those lusts more than he had ever loved and indulged them; which seems the most affecting comment on the apostle's phrase of being *sanctified in the whole body*, that I ever remember to have met with: and having put his hand to the plough, he never looked back, but broke through the trials of cruel mockings, as well as many others; and he appears now to have attained to a most confirmed state of piety, and seems on the whole, one of the most loving and affectionate Christians that, in my life, I have ever known: and when I consider all the marvellous things he has told me, I must reckon my acquaintance with him, and my share in his friendship, among the most eminent and distinguished blessings of my life.

N. B. I have written this account with all the exactness I am capable of, and could safely take an oath as to the truth of it, to the best of my memory, in every circumstance. I must add to all this, that he spoke of himself to me with the deepest self-abhorrence, that he was no more affected with the goodness of God to him, and he seemed

ashamed and grieved beyond expression, that his heart was not hourly ascending to God in flames of love, and that he did not maintain at all times an uninterrupted sense of his presence and zeal to his glory, as the one and the only business of his life.

Tuesday, August 14, 1739.

SOME MEMORANDUMS, AS TO IMPRESSIONS MADE ON THE MINDS OF SOME PIOUS PERSONS, WHICH THE PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES OF AFFAIRS, THIS AUGUST, OF 1739, OCCASION ME TO RECOLLECT.

I HAVE been exceedingly cautious of listening to predictions of future events, and especially in talking of them in such a view as might carry in it any reflections upon the conduct of our civil government: yet I cannot forbear mentioning two cases which have occurred to my observation, concerning which I pronounce nothing; but I choose to have them recorded, that I may observe the event.

Mr. Some assured Mr. and Mrs. Paul, that he knew a pious clergyman, who was discoursing with him about ten years ago of some future event, which he pretended to prognosticate, not from prophecy, or inward impression, but from the moral appearance of things, who told him, that he thought that before long France and Spain would erect a kingdom in Italy, consisting of dominions there then in the emperor's power; and that we, growing gradually into contempt as they strengthened by peace, should at length feel the weight of their superior power; and that probably about the end of 1739, or beginning of 1741, things would ripen so far, that the French and Spaniards would join in invading England, which should bring the protestant religion to a great crisis; but that, nevertheless, God would so appear for it as to protect it in its extreme danger, and that there should come more prosperous times than had ever been hitherto seen.

Mary Wills has often told me, and that some years ago,

the same person whom she saw in that extraordinary circumstance mentioned before, assured her that after some events which have been accomplished, our king then reigning, should be deceived, and greatly injured by trusting to a foreign prince, I think she said the king of Spain; and that the consequence should be, that England should be in great danger and distress; but that God would save it, and especially his own people; that a scourge should indeed come, by which great numbers should be swept away; but that on the whole God would appear for us, and that though the trial should be sharp, it should be but short: that ministers should earnestly pray that it might be prevented or shortened; and that it might not be in harvest time, nor on the sabbath day. And many other intimations have been given her that this great and dangerous trial should be by the sword.

#### MEMORANDUMS OF THE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH SACRAMENT.

QUICKLY after the date of the above article it pleased God to afflict me with a violent fever, which assaulted me in such a manner, that had he not been pleased to put a stop to its fury, it must quickly have ended in my death. I have been detained from my public work two Lord's days by it; the last of them indeed by the importunity of my friends rather than by any real incapacity. This day I preached the sermon I intended then to have delivered from *Psalm* cxviii. 17, 18. "The Lord hath chastened me sore, but he hath not given me over unto death. Open to me the gates of righteousness, and I will go in unto them, and I will praise the Lord." I did then in a very solemn manner commemorate the goodness of God to me; and I endeavoured to lead my people into a proper improvement of the late instructive and affecting dispensation.

I introduced the Lord's supper with some meditations on these words, "*Fear not, little flock, it is your father's good pleasure to give you his kingdom.*" I observed, Christ both commands down our fears, and argues them down: he commands them down. *Fear not*, it implies, they were ready to fear as to what they might want, or to what they might suffer. But these fears were displeasing to him; he would therefore have them endeavour to conquer them. And he puts the best weapons into their hand: he calls them "*his flock*:" he had declared this before: he is a shepherd to them; and do we think he is such a shepherd, that he will see us destroyed? or do we think that he is absent? had Christ been on earth, how courageous should we have been; though he had led us through deserts and the sea, we should not have feared winds or waves, serpents or lions. His call would have answered our protection. Shall we not rejoice in his spiritual presence? especially as he adds, that God is our *father*. Will that father see us worried and destroyed? will he see us perishing with want? will he see us die unpitied and unassisted. Judge by his final purpose. *It is his good pleasure to give us a kingdom.* There is a heavenly kingdom intended. And oh, what are all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them, in comparison with that. How transitory! what slaves do they leave their possessors! and how soon do they leave them helpless! whose are the kingdoms of the earth now? lately one of them perished! all shall perish! fifty years hence, and where shall their Princes be. But here is an everlasting kingdom, which it is our father's good pleasure to give us. It is his sovereign will, though we are very unworthy of it. But he will magnify his own grace. *Go thy way, they are chosen vessels.* And how should this knowledge operate upon our minds? surely in producing love and service, and when receiving a kingdom which cannot be

moved, we should at least have grace to serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear.

In breaking the bread, I spake of Christ's delivering his people from death. He has done it with respect to our departed friends. O, what a difference between meeting them under a sentence of wrath, and a welcome of love! Before giving the cup, I mentioned our having now boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus; let us then draw near to God by this blood.

September 2, 1739.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH SACRAMENT.

GOD has been pleased to meet my soul this day in ordinances in an uncommon degree. As I was going to the house of God I passed by my dear children, Polly and Mercy, Phil. and Celia, and was lifting up my heart to God for them, that they might every one of them be the support and ornament of religion, when, I know not how, there darted into my mind, with a peculiar energy, as if spoken to me, those words, which I knew were originally spoken to my great Lord, in comparison of whom I am as dust and ashes, "*Thou shalt see thy seed; thou shalt prolong thy days; and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in thine hand.*" What these words peculiarly intend I know not, neither would I absolutely conclude from them that I shall live many years, or see my children planted in the church: but of this, through grace, I am well persuaded, that I shall see my spiritual seed; that I shall prolong eternal days of joy and glory in heaven; and that God will make the good pleasure of his grace in the conversion and establishment of his chosen people prosperous in my hand, both while I live, and when I am dead, by what I shall leave behind me, written, I hope, in the spirit of the Gospel; written, I am sure, with an undissembled zeal for

his honour and interest, which he that searches my heart, and sees all its secret workings, assuredly knows.

I preached on these words; "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you:" and I introduced the ordinance with the following words: "*Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but ye shall see me, and because I live ye shall live also. Then shall ye know that I am in the Father, and you in me, and I in you.*" I observed that the true Christian sees Christ when invisible to the world. The sight of him for a small part of forty days was comparatively little; the words rather refer to the vision of his grace in heaven. Many of us know what they mean, looking through his word, through his providence; we know what it is, through his ordinances, to see Christ, we rejoice in the sight already given, and we are breathing after that yet to be bestowed. "*Because I live, ye shall live also.*" This sight of Christ, as a living Redeemer, gives us a derived life from him sure as his own. While he lives, while he has grace and glory at his disposal, no true believer shall fail of either. O, blessed hope! when it enters the soul, how does it raise our thoughts of Christ! When we feel divine vigour communicated from him, then do we know that he is in the Father: then do we possess his participation of divine honours, and know that as he is in us by the power of his grace, we also are in him; our names are written upon his heart, and we are interested in him as our covenant head, and our sure Redeemer.

Many comfortable though plain thoughts arose in breaking the bread and in pouring forth the wine, especially those of triumph in the text mentioned above, "*Christ shall see his seed.*" I hope this applies to us among the rest, and that with us his days shall be prolonged to eternal ages, and his cause go on successfully. Oh, that what I have this day been saying and doing in the house of God may confirm this. I have devoted myself to God in the



bonds of his covenant. May I ever retain it upon the imagination of the thoughts of my heart. I mentioned at the collection, the case of the Heathen Emperor, that is, of Titus, who accounted *the day lost in which he had done no good!* May I never more see that lost day! but either in spirituals or temporals, or rather, if it be the good will of my God, in both, may I be *doing good* every day. This was the birthday of my dear eldest daughter Betsey, whose name continues written perhaps too deeply on my heart. But blessed be God that gave her, and that hath taken her away. I adore his love, as well as his justice, in the loss I so much lamented, and rejoice in the cheerful hope that I have of meeting her in a world of eternal glory. Amen. Even so come Lord Jesus.

Sunday, October 7, 1739.

A DEVOUT MEDITATION IN WHICH MY SOUL WAS  
BREATHING AFTER GOD.

O, MY God, thou art my hope, and my help; my glory, and the lifter up of my head. My heart rejoices in thy salvation. When I set myself to converse with thee under the influence of thine Holy Spirit, a thousand delightful thoughts spring up at once; a thousand sources of pleasure are unsealed, and flow in upon my soul with such refreshment and joy, that they seem to crowd into every moment, the happiness of hours, of days, and of weeks. I praise thee, O Lord, for this soul of mine which thou hast created, and which thou hast taught to say, and I hope to purpose, *Where is God my maker?* I bless thee for the knowledge with which thou hast adorned it. I bless thee for that grace with which I may, with humble wonder, say *thou hast sanctified it*; although, alas! the celestial plant be fixed in too barren a soil, and does not flourish to the degree I could wish. I praise thee, my God, for that body which thou hast given me, and which thou preservest as

yet in its strength and vigour, capable not merely of relishing those entertainments which thou grantest to each of its senses, but what is, I hope, to me far more valuable, capable of acting with some vigour in thy service. I bless thee for the ease and freedom with which these limbs of mine move themselves, and obey the dictates of my spirit, I hope, as guided by thine. I bless thee that the *keepers of the house* do not yet tremble, nor the *strong men* bow themselves; that *those who look out at the windows* are not darkened, nor the *daughters of music* or the instruments of speech brought low. I bless thee, O Lord, my God, that the *silver cords* are not loosened, nor the *golden bowl* broken; for it is thine hand that braces all my nerves, and thine infinite skill which prepareth those spirits that flow in so freely, and when exhausted are recruited so soon and so plentifully. I praise thee for that royal munificence with which thou providest for my daily support; for that various table which thou spreadest before me, and for the overflowing cup which thou puttest into my hands. And I praise thee that these bounties of thy providence do not serve, as it were, to upbraid a disabled appetite, and are not like messes of meat set before the dead. That no relaxation of the nerves weakens my strength, so as to render it incapable of digesting my food, nor cankers torture my mouth, so as to render it incapable of receiving it. I bless thee that I eat not my morsel alone, but share it with so many agreeable friends; that my affectionate wife and my lovely children, and my hopeful and grateful pupils are with me like olive plants set around my table. And I thank thee for so many friends who are capable of serving me, and so many whom I am capable of serving; and by conversing with whom, through the liberality of the former, I know how much more blessed it is to give than to receive. I thank thee for a heart that can feel the sorrows of the necessitous, and a mind that can, as in this day, make it

my earliest care and morning refreshment to contrive for their relief. For this also cometh forth from the Lord of Hosts. Thou awakenest my spirit to seek the way; thou graciously pointest it out, and I humbly hope that thou wilt crown it with success.

And now, Oh, my God, what shall I say? what, but that I love thee above all in the power of language to express. While I feel thy sacred spirit breathing upon my heart, and exciting these fervours of love to thee, I cannot doubt of its influence any more than I can doubt of the truth of this animal life while I exert the acts of it. Surely, if ever I knew the appetite of hunger,—my soul hungers after righteousness, and longs for a greater conformity to thy blessed nature and will. If ever my palate felt thirst,—my soul thirsts for God, even the living God! and for a more abundant communication of his favour. If ever my weary body knew what it was to wish for the refreshment of my bed, and longed for rest,—even so my soul, with sweet acquiescence, rests upon thy gracious bosom, O my heavenly Father, and returns to its repose in the embraces of its God, who has dealt so bountifully with it. And if ever I saw the face of a beloved friend or child with complaisancy and joy,—so I rejoice in beholding thy mercy, O Lord, and in calling thee my Father in Christ. Such thou art, and such thou wilt be for time, and for eternity. What have I more to do but to commit myself to thee for both, and leave thee to choose my inheritance, and order my affairs for me, while all my business is to serve thee, and all my delight to praise thee. My soul follows hard after my God, because his right hand supports me. Let it still bear me up, and I shall still press forward. Amen.

Friday, November 2, 1739.

## SOME HINTS OF MEDITATIONS ON THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEENTH SACRAMENT.

THIS has been a most delightful day. I had hardly ever more sensible pleasure than in hearing my dear pupil, friend, and fellow labourer, Mr. Orton, from these words, "Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ." He spoke indeed like a person of that character, and his words penetrated my very heart.

In the afternoon I preached from those words of David: "*Remember thy word unto thy servant, in which thou hast caused me to hope.*" And I bless God, I found my heart in a very powerful manner impressed with a relish and savour of divine things; and that I was enabled to speak as one that had tasted that the Lord is gracious; and as feeding upon the promises in my own soul, while I was recommending them to the faith of others.

At the table of the Lord I had, also, especially towards the ending of the ordinance, much of his gracious presence. I began with those words, which were most sweetly brought not merely to my memory, but to my heart this morning: "*I have waited for thy salvation.*" There is salvation brought to poor sinners. We were miserable; we needed salvation, and it comes; and comes in an extraordinary way: a great salvation is already begun to us, and much is done to lay a foundation for it; but it is not yet completed; salvation is nearer than when we first believed; but even this intimates that it is still future. Your redemption however draweth nigh. Great things are already enjoyed which may incline us to say, *it is good to be here.* Yet as if these things were nothing, salvation is spoken of as at a distance. We must hope and long for it, and breathe after it, though in these tabernacles being burthened. And we are also to be willing to wait for it, for God knows best when to bestow it. Afterwards I mentioned those words:

*“ My salvation is near, and my righteousness to be revealed.”*  
 Yet a little while, and it will come, not only to the aged saint, but to the youngest among us. So come, Lord Jesus!

When breaking the bread, I discoursed of the dying love of Christ, and of his agony. I could not see you; you could not see me suffer such things without the deepest remorse;—yet all this did the Son of God endure for us.

November 4.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH SACRAMENT.

NEVER have I been so frequently at the table of the Lord within so short a period. I have now been four times there within five sabbaths; having administered the ordinance at Newport, and Welford, since the last time at Northampton; and I bless God, at both places with some pleasure, and I hope with some improvement.

This day I heard dear Mr. Orton preach one of the best sermons that ever was preached, of the service of Christ, with unutterable pleasure. Blessed be God, who has given him such gifts and graces! My sermon was a very poor thing in comparison to it. But I speak in the sincerity of my heart, and in the sincerity of my heart have praised the God of all grace, that the disciple was so much above his master. May the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit be multiplied ten thousand fold upon him, and may thousands yet unborn have reason to call him blessed!

I introduced the ordinance with some meditations on those words: *“ Who being the brightness of his Father’s glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding, &c. when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down at the right hand of the majesty on high.”* I had been preaching of Christ giving himself for us, to redeem us from all iniquity, and to sanctify to himself a peculiar people, zealous

of good works. And this seemed well connected with that text. It gives us a view of the grandeur of Christ's person; and of the happy success of his undertaking. The grandeur of his person! he was the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person; that is, the being who of all others bore most of the image of God. Much indeed is reflected from good men here, and much more from glorified spirits above, and more especially from the angels. But oh, all these stars disappear in the presence of the Sun of Righteousness! He is the very effulgence of his Father's glory, and as if none but he bore his image. And He having created all things, does also by the word of his power uphold them. He spake, and we existed. To what purpose is he mentioned? Even to this, that he by himself has purged us from our sins. He did not assign the office to any other; he did not consign it over to any meaner person; he did not say to the brightest cherub, "Go, and become incarnate, and submit to death for the redemption of sinful man. Go, and give thy back to the smiters; stretch out thine arms on the cross." No. He did not substitute another, but he endured it himself, to purge us from evil, and expiate our sins. And the consummation is, he has sat down at the right hand of God, which speaks the Father's acceptance of the atonement he has made; else he would never have released him from the tomb, much less would he have set him down at his own right hand. And it also speaks his honour and glory. The Majesty on high has received him there. His human nature is instated in a place of supreme dignity and glory, of supreme joy and happiness. And thither he is gone as our forerunner. *Where he is, we shall be also*; that is, at the right hand of God! And there is fulness of joy, and there are pleasures for evermore.

Dec. 2, 1739.

HINTS OF SOME MEDITATIONS ON THE HUNDRED AND  
TWENTY-FIRST SACRAMENT.

THIS was the very day that my dear friend, Mr. Palk, died, which was indeed a very sorrowful exercise to me, and my fears of the approaching calamity were painful; yet I bless God that I had some comfortable impressions at his table from those words in *Psalms* xxii. 26: "*The meek shall eat and be satisfied: they shall praise the Lord that seek him: your heart shall live for ever.*" I observed, that this united in one express view the character and happiness of the true christian. The character:—they are those that are meek on earth, and that seek the Lord. They are meek under provocation; and this not through a meanness of soul, but through true greatness. They do not think so highly of provocation as many do. Self-interest they give up; and they see so much to pity in the offender, that they are more ready to forgive the offence; and that even where the injury is greatest. And the view of their great Master promotes this. They remember, how *he was brought as a lamb to the slaughter*. They think of his dying words, "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!*" And they carry this meekness so far as not only to pardon, but to love, and pray, for their enemy. Think, Christians, are there any that have injured and offended you? May the Lord forgive them: may the Lord bless them with spiritual blessings. What do I wish more, than for the conversion, reformation, and salvation of my greatest enemy: and that not for the satisfaction of seeing him humbled before me. Lord, if I were sure he would forget that he had ever injured me I should rejoice in the sight. Considering meekness in general as humility, it is the Christian's character; he quiets himself before God, and his soul is as a weaned child, that if it cannot have the breast, soon grows quiet without it, and reconciles itself to such food as it may

have. A deep sense of meanness and of guilt before God humbles the soul. And when is it more humbled than at this ordinance, when it sees itself at table with the King of Heaven, and looks forward to its complete felicity? Delightful, yet abasing thought! and delightful because abasing. Who am I, O Lord, and what is my service, that thou hast brought me hither? They seek God through Christ; they seek God; they see how desirable his favour is, and they long for it above all things; they have a certain nobleness and generosity of soul which engages them to long, to pray, to cry for the divine presence, which they expect through Christ; they see grace dwelling in him, dwelling with men for his sake; they therefore seek an interest in Christ with the greatest ardour, with none but Christ; and they are seeking him continually, well knowing what the presence of Christ means. Then consider his blessing, "*They shall eat, and be satisfied*" with the provision of their own table; and their own loaf; their table is blessed; wherever it be, how mean soever their lot, they have what God has sent; they are in the condition which he has chosen, which is always vastly better than we have deserved; it is his great goodness, they say, to choose thus; and to choose nothing for the present greater. Prosperity might have destroyed me. Oh, sweet to think, that all comes from the hand of my God. In this sense, the little, that a righteous man has, is better than the abundance of many wicked; yea, sweet is a dinner of herbs with his love. The Christian is satisfied still more with the provision of God's table. Royal fare! yet what to an eye of sense? who has not every day better—a morsel of bread, a little sup of wine, who would purchase it by the time spent here. Lord, but thy loving kindness is infinitely better than food. To feed by faith upon Christ; oh, how tasteful is this heavenly manna! Oh, how reviving in this sense is his blood! This is meat indeed, and this drink indeed. How often are his hopes so



enlightened, and his soul so nourished, that he rises in the strength of its expectation, and goes many days' journey to the house of his God. They shall praise the Lord; and how pleasant is that; where the heart overflows with love, it even revives our animal nature, and is, as it were, an anticipation of heaven! *Your heart shall live for ever.* Short words, but oh, how comprehensive, when the soul bears forward in its ideas, and launches into the ocean of eternity; when it presses forward through the immensity of space; when it measures its duration no more by days, by years, by centuries, by ages, or by millions of ages, but finds itself encircled, as it were, in the omnipresence of the eternal God. When I fall into such contemplations as these, I see these opening scenes, I think I am still with thee, that still thou art my God, that still I shall praise thee: then ever living, my heart shall beat high as it were with everlasting joy, and its motion never ceasing, its pulse shall never tremble nor grow faint, but spring on with everlasting vigour. Delightful thought! let this heart that shall thus live for ever, now ascend in a flame of holy love to its God and Father, and pour itself out in lively prayers to him. The meditation and exhortation which followed I cannot recollect, not having written this memorandum till long after the time.

January 7, 1740.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRAMENT OF MARCH 1, 1741.

I AM sensible that it was a great instance of carelessness to neglect writing down any of my sacramental meditations for more than a year, though in some of them I had as much of the divine presence as perhaps in any of the former; and many circumstances happened, particularly in the last year, which are worthy to have been had by me in everlasting remembrance. But a cold, indolent spirit, both in religion and in other things, often prevailed; and

my absence from home in the summer brought me into a bad habit in this respect, which has not to this day been thoroughly reformed.

Nevertheless, I must with great thankfulness acknowledge the goodness of God to me, in that he has lately been restoring my soul, and is, I hope, still leading me in the paths of righteousness.

This day my meditation was upon those words in Acts, "*Of a truth against thine holy child Jesus,*" &c. I observed, the view given us of Christ, He is God's child, his own glorious Son, his holy child, glorious in holiness: holy in his Father's image, holy in his conception, holy in his holy temper and life, without any, even the least spot, which is a great glory to our Christian profession, and a powerful engagement upon us to endeavour to perfect our holiness in his fear. We are also God's anointed; he being anointed by the abundant effusion of the Spirit, to his prophetic, priestly, and royal office, the Spirit of God being without measure poured out upon him, from him it flows down to us. Happy souls that receive it! We see also the combination formed against him. Herod, a Jewish prince, treated him with injustice, which to every ingenuous spirit is very painful; and with the most outrageous contempt. Pilate condemned him, and that against his conscience, to avoid the accusation of the Jews. The Gentiles, that is, the Roman soldiers; and the people of the Jews, were all confederated against him. Strange, that so excellent a person should be so opposed: but it teaches us not to lay too much stress upon popular sentiments and affections, nor to wonder if the cry of the multitude turn against his servants, when Christ himself suffered so much! Yet, I added, it was all in subservience to the Divine designs. The Son of man suffered, as it was predetermined concerning him, yet without violating the free agency of those concerned, for woe to him by whom he was betrayed. So be assured,

God will fulfill the things appointed for us; but the depth of his counsels being unfathomable, it does not become us to judge of any thing before the time. In breaking the bread this thought occurred; that we ought to behold Christ with adoration and love, even though we had ourselves no concern in the redemption he wrought out. Had God seen fit to redeem the fallen angels by this means, and Adam in innocency had learnt the history of it, such a display of benevolence and grace to another order of beings would have impressed him deeply, and perhaps much more alas than our own redemption impresses us. In pouring out the wine, I remarked, His love is better than life; witness John xvii. 14; *Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am*,—Father, I know thou hearest Him always, therefore his will shall take effect; I shall be with him where he is. In the conclusion I said, do you believe that Christ would impose upon us? and if you do not believe this, you need not doubt of his presence among us even now; for he has said, where two or three are met together in his name there will he be in the midst of them. You need not then say in your hearts, who shall go up to heaven for us? nor who shall carry up our petition to him? for God is ever nigh.

N. B. This was, through the divine goodness, as comfortable a sacramental opportunity as I ever enjoyed, although my preceding discourse did not impress me as it ought, but left me in too dull and indolent a frame; yet even there, I hope the sincerity of my heart was approved to God, though I had not a usual command, either of thought, or of words.

#### SOME MEMORANDUMS OF POOR CONNELL'S AFFAIR.

AT our assizes last month, one Bryan Connell, an Irish papist, was convicted of the murder of Richard Brymley of Weedon, which was committed about two years ago; and the evidence against him seemed at his trial very full and

strong; but yet it chiefly depended on the credit of an infamous woman, who owned that she had been his companion in adultery for some years. The evidence was circumstantially confirmed by that of one G—, living at Dunchurch, who swore that the prisoner was at his house the evening before the murder was committed. The story as told in court had many remarkable circumstances, in which I thought that the providence of God was wonderfully apparent. The prisoner told a long story of himself; but it was so ill supported, that I believe no one person in court believed it. Out of mere compassion to him, though I had the greatest indignation against him, and the greatest joy in his conviction that I ever knew on such an occasion; I visited him the Monday after; when, to my great surprise, I found he solemnly denied the fact. He continued to deny it the next day, with such solemn appeals to God, and such earnest cries, that God would inspire some one with the belief of his innocence, that I was much impressed. And as he desired to leave with me after his death a paper, in which he would give an account of the places where, and the persons with whom he was when the murder was committed, I was so struck with the affair, that I desired time of the under-sheriff to make inquiry, and sent good Mr. Fawcett to Whitchurch, and to West Chester, to examine the evidence he appealed to; and to my great surprise I found every circumstance he had asserted *proved*; and that on the concurrent testimony of five credible persons, who all joined to prove, that it was impossible that he should have committed the murder. These facts I laid before Mr. Justice Parker, by whom he had been condemned, in the plainest and most solemn manner, and repeated my solicitations to him for the deliverance of what in my conscience I believed, and do still believe, to have been *innocent blood*. But I found him inconvincibly persuaded of Connell's guilt, and absolutely fixed on his execution; and accord-

ingly the poor injured creature was, to my unspeakable surprise and grief, executed on Friday, April 3, which was the very day two years after the time of the murder, and concerning which such clear proofs of his being at Whitchurch were made out. I had laboured with unwearied pains and zeal, both for the deliverance of his life, and for the salvation of his soul. But I did not see the success that I had desired, and which I had sought of God with an importunity of prayer which he himself seemed to have put into my heart, and which I have seldom felt on any other such occasion. What made the case to me the more piercing was, that nothing could be more tender than the poor creature's expressions of gratitude, and nothing more cheerful than his hopes of deliverance had been. Among other things I remember he said, "*Every drop of blood in my heart thanks you, for you have had compassion upon every drop of it:*" and he wished that he might before he died have leave to kneel down at the threshold of my door to pray for me and mine; which indeed in the most earnest manner he did on his knees just before he was taken out to execution. "You," said he, "are my redeemer in one sense," (a poor, weak, impotent redeemer) "and you have a right to me if I live. I am your property, and I will be a faithful subject." The manner in which he talked of what he had promised himself from my friendship, if he had been spared, was also exceedingly natural and touching; and, upon the whole, I never passed through a more striking scene in my life; and it has left an impression upon my spirit I fear rather too deep. But I desire that it may teach me, 1. To adore the awful justice of God in causing this poor creature thus infamously to fall by her, with whom he had so scandalously sinned, having lived in adultery with her for two years, to the ruin of a very loving and virtuous wife. Thus hath God made his own law effectual, that the adulterer should die. 2. To acknowledge the depths of the

divine counsels, which, when I think on all the circumstances in this affair, are to me impenetrable. 3. To continue resolute in well doing, though I should be, as in this instance I have been, reviled and reproached for it. Some having said, that I am in heart an Irish papist, while others have used very contemptuous language, and thrown out base censures. 4. May I learn gratitude to Him who has redeemed and delivered me; in which, alas! how far do I fall short of this poor creature. 5. I would learn how little the most awful providences and tender addresses can do towards converting the heart if God does not by his Spirit work upon it.

#### BRIEF MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRAMENT OF APRIL 5, 1741.

I HAD been preaching upon a melancholy subject, 2 Cor. xii. 20, 21, "*For I fear,*" &c. "*that my God will humble me among you,*" &c. And indeed there is great reason to fear it from the present circumstances. Oh, that I may be prepared for whatever lies before me. I read at the table of the Lord a letter from our elders and deacons to the church, setting forth the necessity of removing from among us those who are scandalous persons. And then I offered a few meditations on those words, "*Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price.*" I observed the foundation of the claim, and the claim consequent on that foundation. *You are not your own*: to be sure we are not; we are God's creatures, continually supported, and continually blessed by him. But moreover, we are *bought with a price*: We were ruined and condemned; execution would soon have been done upon us; and God gave his own Son to purchase us, is not it reasonable that we should own the purchase, unless we think the price not great enough for us. What should be the consequence? To glorify God with our souls and bodies, by thinking, speaking, and acting for him; to make it our whole business to honour him

who has thus graciously been pleased to honour us. Admire this honour among the rest, that he has called us to his table. The case of poor Connell, as mentioned in the last article, furnished out many moving thoughts. How eagerly did he receive the news of a reprieve for a few days. How tenderly did he express his gratitude, that he should be mine, and that I might do what I pleased with him; I had bought him: how he spoke of the delight with which he would see me and serve me, and that he should be glad if he might never go out of my sight: that he “would come from one end of the kingdom to the other to see me, at least once a year.” Oh, why do not our hearts overflow with such sentiments on an occasion infinitely greater? We were all as dead men; and he has redeemed us to God with his blood. We are not merely reprieved, but pardoned. Not merely pardoned, but adopted, heirs of eternal glory, and near the borders of it. The hints that were given at breaking the bread and pouring out the wine were nothing more than obvious, and such as frequently occur on all such blessed occasions.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME THINGS SAID AT A FORMER  
SACRAMENT. THE DATE FORGOTTEN.

I SPOKE from these words, “*The Lord of hosts shall make unto all nations upon this holy mountain, a feast.*” Consider whose feast it is, and for whom it was made; it exceeds that of Ahasuerus, though that was made by an Emperor. It is God’s feast, and indeed none but he could make it. The entertainments are satisfying, delicious, and refined; *fat things*, therefore *full of marrow*; *wine upon the lees well refined*. Is it not so? Must not you, who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, own that it is? Do you not now taste them, and is the taste transient like that which affects the palate? Is it not enjoyed by reflection like Plato’s banquet, which left an agreeable relish the next morning? It is made for all nations; for the heathens,

else we sinners of the Gentiles had never been called to it. In due time it shall appear to be made for all the heathen, in a further sense. Those who never heard of it shall be called to taste it, and they shall obey the call. Oh, let us pray that the time may be hastened; and since the provisions are so ample, that the table, large as it is, may be furnished with guests. Were the nations perishing for hunger, and we had corn enough for ourselves and them, could we bear to keep it in our own hands, and see them dying around us? Lord, scatter down this heavenly bread: make windows in heaven, and pour it forth. Give success to those generous souls—(here I particularly intended the Moravians)—who have quitted their easy pleasant situation, and have put their lives in their hands to carry the blessed invitation. In the meantime, now will I, now should the Christian say, sit down with the Great Master of it. He says, eat; eat, O my friends. Lord, to eat with thee, not as a stranger, but as a friend, delights me. A dry morsel, and love therewith, would be pleasant. How pleasant the love of God, with the feast of his Grace. The meek shall eat, and shall be satisfied, and delight themselves in the abundance of peace. Only let us remember, that in this sense we live not by bread alone, but by the blessing of God upon it; therefore, let us look up to God for a blessing upon it, as we are taught by Christ to do.

SOME BRIEF MEMOIRS OF MY INTERVIEW WITH COUNT  
ZINZINDORF.\*

IN the company of good Mr. Dixon, whom the providence of God brought to Northampton the preceding day, I went from Northampton to St. Albans on the day mentioned

\* From the observations which occur at page 268 of the third volume, the reader is already aware of the favourable anticipations which were entertained by Archbishop Potter, and many other pious and learned men of that period, relative to the religious character, and missionary



above, when I had the pleasure of meeting that celebrated and faithful servant of Christ, Count Zinzendorf, and with him the pious and honourable Baron Wattevil, as also Mr. Spanindorf, once professor of the university of Hall, and a most extraordinary person upon many accounts, with whom I had very pleasant conversation this evening and the next morning. I learnt a great deal of the progress of religion abroad; and was particularly informed by the Count, that no less than eighty French Protestant churches have put themselves under their protection. I have also heard much of the progress of the gospel in Greenland, and St. Thomas's Island, and New York, and various other places; in some of which the missionaries of it have been in very great extremities, and yet have persevered with invincible resolution for God. I have several letters before me which give an account of these things; and, therefore, I shall only add, that the Count himself is a gentleman of a most graceful person, a sweet majestic aspect, perfectly well bred, and exceedingly agreeable in his manner and converse. He has an exceeding great regard for Christ, and thinks our business is much more with him than with

exertions of Count Zinzendorf. The incorrect and dangerous views which he propagated were, however, soon discovered; and among others Dr. Doddridge strongly expostulated with the Count, and otherwise strove to check the errors of his system.

In the interview to which the above Memorandum relates, it appears that the Count advanced some opinions which were *totally opposite* to those of Dr. Doddridge, although the latter has not here made any remarks upon them. It may indeed be proper to observe, that in a variety of instances, matters mentioned in this Diary appear to have been introduced merely as notes for future consideration; and that such narrations were evidently written down at the moment, under the glow of first impressions, and would have changed their aspect on more mature consideration.

This explanation to the *attentive* reader may appear unnecessary; but after the absurdities into which some of the periodicals have fallen with regard to this work,—as, for instance, the Monthly Review, where, to support some unfounded conceits of the writer, in a notice of the third volume, poor Mrs. (*Miss*) Hannah Clark, who never was married, is at once transformed into a *widow!* I feel it right “to make assurance doubly sure.”

the Father: that he is our God;\* and that his Father has given him this world as his property. He thinks the excellency of the bible is, that it is the lowest and meanest of all books, as to the manner of its composition; and that God will generally make use of the lowest and meanest instruments to propagat the gospel, that it may evidently appear to be his own work. The account that he gives of the banishment of Christ from the Christian world abroad shews, that other countries are growing much like our own in that respect; and if just, is indeed lamentable. He treated me with all imaginable respect; and when we parted, it was with these words: *Sit hoc symbolum mysterium, ama Christum.* Baron Wattevil seems a very benevolent man. He was ruined by the stocks; and may God make the shipwreck of his immense fortune a means of saving his soul! Both he and the good professor Spanin-dorf are exceedingly zealous for God, and I had great pleasure in their company, and think that I have ever since felt my heart the better. I have especially been growing in simplicity of spirit, and deeper humility before God, than I ever felt before. Those are the men, that in the midst of many infirmities will build up the Church of God, and carry his name to the Gentiles: and I am full of thought, what I may do to be a labourer together with them, though providence does not call me to leave my present settlement to join them in their travels.

Sept. 7, 1741.

BRIEF RECOLLECTIONS OF WHAT PASSED AT THE  
LORD'S TABLE, OCTOBER, 1741.

THIS day was lamentably remarkable to me on one account, though most pleasantly so on another. This day was the last sabbath that I spent with my dear and delightful friend, Mr. Orton, who preached in the morning from those words, "*I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.*" I, in

\* The reader will observe that the word *God* is not used here, as synonymous with *JEHOVAH*.

harmony with him, discoursed at the table from these, "*Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world. Amen.*" I considered in what circumstances the words were spoken, and what they contained. They were spoken by Christ, when he was leaving the disciples, and they were grieved that his bodily presence, which no doubt was very delightful, was to be with them no more. They were spoken when he was but recently and triumphantly risen from the grave, and was going into the presence of his heavenly Father. His apostles were going out into the world under many difficulties; but he intimates, his presence in spirit should be sufficient; as if he had said, I will be with you—with me you can fear nothing. "Lord, if it be thou," says Peter, "command me to come to thee upon the water." 'I can tread this stormy sea, if thou wilt lead, and if thou wilt support me.' I am with you, says our great Leader, to strengthen and succeed you in your work. O, what delight did it give to the apostles, when he added, even to the end of the world: Amen. But did he mean his apostles alone? Why should he mean that? Would not the same principle that engaged him to be tender to them, lead him also to a gracious care of us? Undoubtedly it would. Then he speaks it even now: *Lo! behold it! attend to it; reflect upon it with wonder, that Christ, by a divine and spiritual presence, will still be with every Minister, and that for the sake of the Church; which shows his love to every Christian. Let us be bold in this; put our amen to it, and say, the Lord is my helper; I will not fear labour nor suffering, nor the loss of my dearest friends: he will support me; he will be with me in life; and after my death, he will be with succeeding Christians and ministers; yes, and with me too,—with me, in a literal sense, to the end of the world:—with me, till this scheme of salvation on earth be accomplished; and at the end of the world he will reanimate me, and receive me to glory, confessing me*

before men, and giving me an abundant entrance into his heavenly kingdom. O delightful view! O blessed hope! Let me, then, be ever with him, and do all in my power to exert myself for his service; and let me make myself easy as to the support of his Church in the world; for whatever may rise up against it, *Lo! he is with us always*, and then greater is he that is with us, than all those that are against us. That which can destroy the head shall destroy the members; but while he lives and reigns he will support them.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WHAT PASSED AT THE LORD'S  
TABLE, \* \* \* 1741.

THE subject of my meditation was those remarkable words of Isaiah, li. 16, which I considered as spoken by the Father to Christ: "*I have put my words into thy mouth. I have hid thee in the hollow of my hand, that I may plant the heavens, and lay the foundations of the earth, and say unto Sion, thou art my people.*"\* Observe the regard God expressed to our Lord, and the purposes for which he designed him. The regard expressed to him, "*I have put my words into thy mouth.*" God gave him plenary inspiration in the highest sense. The words he spoke were not his own, but the Father's which sent him. He gave not the Spirit by measure unto him, but anointed him with the oil of gladness above his fellows. He therefore brought the most perfect revelation of God to men, and opened the most glorious scheme of salvation. He indeed brought good tidings, and published peace, and said unto Sion, thy God reigns. And God covered him *in the hollow of his hand*: that is, he reserved him till the proper time, the fulness of time, in which he was to be exhibited; and then

\* Dr. Doddridge appears to have introduced a new reading here. In the common version the verse runs thus: "*I have put my words in thy mouth, and have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand.*"

he protected him in the midst of danger by his secret but ever watchful power, till the time came when he was delivered for our offences; watching over him, even when he continued among the dead, and at length raising him for our justification. And what were the glorious purposes for which all was accomplished. The immediate purpose was, *to say unto Sion, thou art my people*; but more remotely, *to establish the earth, and to plant the heavens*. By him God gathers a Church in the world. He raises that sacred edifice on Mount Sion; chooses to himself a people in Christ, and declares to them the happy relation in which they stand; gives them the promises, and the seals of his covenant; and even by these ordinances says, *thou art my people*; admitting us into a degree of intimacy and freedom of divine communion unknown in the institutions of Moses. The high priest went within the veil but once a year; none but the priest within the house, none but the Levites within the courts. But now, the way to the holiest of all is laid open by the blood of Jesus; and the *foundations of the earth are laid*, or rather established. God would not have maintained this earth to have been only the habitation of accursed and ruined creatures; therefore, that scheme which insured to him a people, established it. All things are done for the elect's sake. For them, he is made head over all; and might say, with infinitely greater propriety than David, all the foundations of the earth are out of place; I bear up the pillars thereof. And it is indeed his Spirit, which supports all that piety which there is in the world, and has been through all the past ages of his people. In which respect he may possibly say to some, as he did to Cyrus, I have girded thee, though thou hast not known me. And all this is, that he *may plant the heavens*; that he may conduct thither a colony from earth, and fill those vacant seats which the rebel angels left. All this is, that

he may raise from this nursery here below, planted by his hand, and watered by his word, ordinances, and spirit, young plants to set in the heavenly world, where they shall for ever flourish near the streams of the water of life. For ever adored be divine grace, which has thus honoured us, who deserved long since to have been rooted out of the earth; to have been cast out of his garden with dishonour as noisome weeds; to have been cut down as cumberers of the ground. Yet with us will he plant the heavens. He will cause us to shine as the firmament; and as I trust, many of us will be instrumental in turning many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever. Nay, the meanest and weakest Christian may say more than that, as the views of the gospel rise on those of the prophets; for our Lord tells us, *they shall shine forth like the sun in their Father's kingdom!*

In breaking the bread, I mentioned the text of sitting down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, &c. in the kingdom of God. It would have been delightful to have conversed with good old Jacob; to have seen him even on his dying bed, acknowledging that God had fed him all his life long to that moment; delightful to have been with him at Bethel, when in his prosperity there he recognised the divine faithfulness, and accomplished his vows: delightful to have known pious Isaac, who, as a type of our blessed Redeemer, so willingly surrendered himself to God, and his father, and was stretched out with all the meekness of a lamb, when appointed to be a burnt offering. And who would not have been delighted to have had an interview with *Abraham*, the father of us all; that holy man, to whom God has done that signal honour, that all believers of every age and nation should be looked upon as his seed; that holy man, who walked before God, and was perfect, and is now a guest of distinguished glory at the table

above, as he had once the honour to entertain some of the inhabitants of heaven at his hospitable board below.

To sit down, and not only with these holy patriarchs, but with all the apostles of the Lamb, with those illustrious soldiers and leaders in the army of Christ, to whom the whole Christian world has been so much indebted, and to whom we in particular have had such great obligations on account of those memoirs of Christ, and that history of his gospel which they have given us. And with *John*, who leaned on the Redeemer's bosom, and whose benevolent soul will find a place for each of his master's brethren. With *Paul*, whose divine epistles we have so often read with rapture, and something of whose spirit I hope we have sometimes caught. It would have been delightful to have met with any one of these in their travels, and to have joined with them in breaking bread when they administered this ordinance. But their knowledge of the mysteries of the kingdom is now infinitely increased; their manner of communicating them will be unspeakably more advantageous. Then they saw through a glass darkly; then they spoke with trembling accents. Now they see face to face, and have learnt the language of heaven. But O, let our souls remember it with holy joy, and a fervent growing desire of that blessed interview;—we shall there behold not only the apostles of the Lamb, but the Lamb himself. Yea, it is said, the Lamb himself *shall feed them, and lead them to fountains of living water*. How delightful will the relish of this water be, which he shall give us! How reviving the wine, which we shall drink with him in his kingdom! It will then be no grievance of heart to us, that we have, according to his appointment, paid this humble honour to his cross upon earth, and have devoted ourselves to him as his covenant people in this holy rite of his own institution. I then addressed myself to the spectators, expressing my hope that they had communion with us, and in good wishes

that they might have more. I mentioned my own experience before I sat down at the Lord's table, and my cheerful hope that God would draw them with a victorious sweetness of correction.

SOME ACCOUNT OF WHAT PASSED AT THE SACRAMENT,  
DECEMBER 6, 1741.

I OPENED the ordinance with some meditations on that text: "*Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness,*" (having preached from those: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," &c.) Having mentioned the introduction, I observed, we may consider it as a parable taken up by our Samson, that is, our Lord Jesus Christ, in allusion to his conquest over death. What is sweeter than honey? what is stronger than a lion? Yes, blessed Jesus! the eater that assaulted thee was strong; and the blessings thou broughtest out of him far sweeter. I observed, Death is a savage devourer; that Christ met and conquered him, and that he feeds his people with his spoils. Death is a savage devourer, how plain? He has swallowed up all preceding generations; not one of their myriads is left. None that are conquered by him recover their liberty. In many instances their memorials are perished with them. The memorials of others are indeed but the testimonies to the victory of Death. He has devoured the mighty tyrants of the earth, who were like young lions. He has spread all around a terrible carnage. O Death! where is not thy sting? O Grave! where is not thy victory? But Christ met and subdued him. He roared, rejoiced over our blessed Lord; our Lord fell before him. Humanly speaking, he seemed to have been but a morsel for this devourer; his sacred corpse was not to be distinguished from others, but by ghastly wounds and inhuman bruises, which left upon it those livid marks which might make it the more likely



to corrupt than most others. Yet, like Jonas, who, though devoured, was cast up again. He proved a terrible captive. He arose, and bore away the gates and bars of captivity; he vanquished Death, and him that had the power of it. He arose with infinite might, as one that awakens out of sleep with new spirits, with immortal vigour, and never more to return under the power of death. He tore the lion, as the lion rends a kid. He extracted spoils from him, by which he nourished, and nourishes his people. "Thou gavest him," that is, the leviathan "to be meat to a people inhabiting the wilderness." He also fed them with honey, and by their privations gave them an opportunity of honouring God more than they could otherwise have done; and this will lay a foundation for their triumph in the day of resurrection, and all the eternal honour and joy that will succeed to it. Let us also praise our great deliverer, and take a view of Death with the aspect which it wears as under his conquest, influence, and command.

SOME ACCOUNT OF WHAT PASSED AT THE SACRAMENT,  
JANUARY 3, 1742.

THE subject of my meditation at the table of the Lord was those words: Isaiah lvii. 19. "*I create the fruit of the lips: Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord; and I will heal him.*" We are now in a circumstance of praise, which is *the fruit of the lips*. I observed with what majesty God claims to be the creator of these fruits that were offered to him. It may indeed be said, *of thine own have we given thee*. It is a new creation of his own. He has given the matter and the heart for it; especially in these instances. The Lord Jesus Christ had redeemed his church with his blood; this was the gift of the divine bounty; redemption by him was the contrivance of the Divine Grace, and so is a disposition of soul to accept this salvation, and to pray to God for it. Why are

we not like the mad herd that call themselves the wise men of this world, despising this gracious Redeemer? or why are we rejoicing in his salvation, and not mourning and lamenting, and fetching our arguments of sorrow and distress from the very message that Christ has brought? It is God that has created this fruit of praise. He has caused the wilderness to bloom with this plant of Paradise; and all the solemn desert, where no sound, but doleful notes of sorrow and despair might have been heard, to resound with anthems of social joy! The blessed God condescends to reckon this up as it were among his royal prerogatives, and places the fruit of the human lips among the tributes in which he particularly delights. Yea, he utters it with a kind of sacred triumph, and repeats it to express the certainty of the fact, and to express the delight with which he publishes the tidings of it. "Peace! peace! unhappy creatures as you are, you have been at war with me, but I grant you peace. I not only send you the tidings of it, but I bring it myself; now I see you humbled in my presence, in the breaking of your soul," for to such the context speaks. "I assure you I am willing to be at peace with you; willing to give you all the joys of prosperity. Believe it from my own lips. Believe it, and echo it back with a sacred pleasure; and let this be the first fruit of your lips, Peace, peace! I speak it to him that is afar off, and to him that is near; to Jews and Gentiles, to all the world that will receive it." Peace is actually granted to him that is come near. Peace is proposed to him that is yet at a distance. This blessed peace is proclaimed to you who have approached this table in the sincerity of your hearts, to you that surround it, and to you who do not partake of the ordinance, if you seek that Lord whom we here commemorate, and do not absent yourself in contempt; though surely it will be your wisdom as soon as possible more solemnly to declare your acceptance of his

grace. "I will heal him," saith the Lord (that is, the afflicted humble soul, be he who he may). "My wounds were the wounds of a friend, not those of an enemy. And as I have wounded, so will I heal; as I have broken, so will I bind up." For all this let us return our praises; let us renew this covenant of *peace*; let us devote ourselves to God's service with greater determination than ever. Let us, according to the free access which is given us, enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by that new and living way which he has consecrated. May the Holy Spirit in this ordinance take of the things of Christ, and show them unto us, a blessing for which the ancient church used especially to pray at this holy ordinance.

MEDITATIONS AT THE SACRAMENT, SUNDAY, APRIL 11,  
1792.

God was pleased in a very particular manner to indulge me in all the duties of this day, drawing out my soul in earnest desires after him, and melting me to sentiments of uncommon gratitude in prayer and in the preaching of his word; when the approach of the day of Death and Judgment was urged with great life and zeal, as an engagement to activity in good works and a holy conversation. Adored be divine grace, that I then most deeply felt what I spoke, and every word came from the soul.

At the table of the Lord my meditations were, by a conversation with Mary Wills, directed to those words, "*Times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.*" I observed, that times of refreshing in a natural sense had come, by the plentiful rain which God had just been pouring out upon the ground; but that nobler refreshment was to be expected by the intercourse which the holy soul has with God, when extraordinary communications of his spirit are poured out upon his Church, and much more, when he shall in his time send Jesus Christ

his Son from heaven at the day of the resurrection. Inter-course with God in ordinances is refreshing. His love manifested to the soul is like a cloud of the latter rain; therefore he says, I will be as the dew to Israel. See how the earth opens, and seems to breathe forth and to pant for refreshing showers; so does the pious soul long for God, and his grace. The cool refreshing delights of his favour nourish the soul, and the heart rejoices: like a bright shining after rain, when the flowers open their sweets; so, then, every ornament of piety grows more visible, and your soul shall be like a watered garden. It is not by ordinances alone that this is effected; they are at best but streams of water flowing near a garden, till he, as it were, by his own hand pours them upon it; or rather till he rains down the refreshing influences of his grace from heaven.

There shall be times of refreshment, when the interest of God shall be revived. The world is a barren wilderness: "*But I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods on the dry ground,*" saith the Lord. It will be refreshing, if this be upon our barren spot at home; if God pours out his spirit upon our seed, and his blessing upon our offspring. And if he extends it round about us; if he thus waters this island of ours—a garden cultivated indeed, but which, alas! wants rain! If he pours it forth upon remote portions of the world, and causes the wilderness to blossom like a rose! On whom does not his sun arise? and on whom does not his rain descend? Oh, that it may be thus with regard to gospel ordinances and the influences of his grace! Oh, that his people might be made willing in the day of his power! that so he might have the youth for his heritage, and that in number the young converts might be like the drops of dew, born from the womb of the morning. This would be a delightful prospect. This would give our souls unutterable pleasure. This would, indeed, teach us to exclaim, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

But there is another time, and one of yet nobler refreshment, which shall undoubtedly come from the presence of the Lord, and in which we shall each of us have our own part; when Christ, whom the heavens are to retain till the time of the restitution of all things, shall come to set all things in order. Great disorder there seems to be, and it seems a mystery, that so many millions of his servants should die, and turn to dust. But he will roll away that reproach. He will make their death the everlasting monument of his power, and his grace. How finely is this expressed in Isaiah; "*Thy dead men shall live,*" (speaking to the Church), "*even as my dead body shall they revive. Awake therefore and sing, ye that dwell in the dust:*" Awake, and tune your new made tongues to anthems of immortal joy and thankfulness; "*for your dew is as the dew of herbs;*" that is, a plentiful dew shall fall upon you, whose bones have been scattered like chips of wood upon the borders of the grave. A copious dew from the Lord shall descend upon you, and the earth shall cast forth her dead; a sumptuous and a glorious harvest shall suddenly cover the face of the earth! O how delightful a view! How refreshing to behold! How much more to partake of this triumph! Some have thought, that those who were raised out of their graves at the resurrection of Christ ascended to heaven with him. Suppose it had been so, that they had all been assembled with him around the Mount, and ascended to heaven in his train, what a pleasing sight to his disciples! How much more glorious a spectacle shall this be, which we shall not only behold but share! O my friends, in the view of it we feel a refreshment, and we may well believe it, for we see some things before our faces containing the memorial of a past fact, far more wonderful than this. The wonder is, that Christ should be incarnate and die! not that he should rise and ascend! and that having died for his people, he should yet leave them for a

while under the power of Death! not that he should at length redeem them from it! Let us then commemorate that great transaction, which throws so beautiful a light upon the other, and lays so glorious a foundation for our expectation of it.

At the Lord's table I urged grateful returns; put in my claim, in the name of Christ, to urge upon them the love and service—the constant, faithful, zealous service, of all that would indeed believe in him. What have you done for him since last at the Lord's table? What will you do for him in the interval of time before the next? What can you contrive to do for his interest?

(*Memorandum.*) After this ordinance I thought of an expedient—to write a letter to Dissenting Ministers, to be delivered after my death to those for the time being, the places to be mentioned in a codicil to my will.

#### MEDITATIONS AT THE LORD'S TABLE, AUGUST 15, 1742.

THIS was the first sacrament after my return from that long journey which I made this year through the southern and western counties, in which I was present at the ordination of Mr. Fawcett, Mr. R. Johnston, and Mr. John Jennings, as well as at the opening of the new meeting place at Rochford in Essex, where I preached the first sermon. There was a remarkable hand of providence upon me for good, during the whole journey, but I have great reason to be humbled under the many sins and follies of it; especially that sad estrangedness of heart from God, and attachment to animal enjoyments, which was too ready to prevail in the midst of so many mercies. God was pleased to rebuke this by several bitter afflictions: the death of Mrs. Francis B. once my servant; then that of Mr. G. that useful man, from whom we had great, and, humbly speaking, very just expectations for many years; the foolish marriage of Mr. Blanch; all concurring to afflict me in my absence from

home; together with the illness of Mr. and Mrs. Evans, and of Mrs. B.; and (which pierced me yet deeper than any thing else) the dangerous illness of my dear wife, who miscarried on the Wednesday before my return, and was in such an extremity, that some about her thought she would have died, which, if it had happened just as I was returning to her with too fond an affection, and too eager an expectation, would, I fear, have proved fatal to me; at least it would have been a wound never to have been healed. Nor could I be so insensible of the former impressions of the most tender and endearing friendship, with which both our hearts were too fondly possessed, as not to be struck with the news which I received of the death of poor dear Kitty,\* who, while I am writing this, is carrying out to the grave: but I doubt not but that her triumphant spirit is with God in glory, and sharing those sublime pleasures to which I once taught her to aspire; though, alas! I was the means too of dragging her down to some inordinances of affection, which proved the very occasion of its own disappointment, and planted painful daggers in both our hearts. God grant, that the interview and endearments of the heavenly world may at length counterbalance all the vanity and vexation of spirit into which we were, through an unbounded mutual passion, the means of leading each other.

With the pressure upon my mind, which this concurrence of circumstances so naturally excited, I came to the table of the Lord; and having preached from Jeremiah xxix. 11, "*I know the thoughts which I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end;*" I introduced this solemnity with those in Isaiah: "*Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to*

\* Then the late Mrs. Sharp.

*them that have no might he increaseth strength.*" God speaks to Israel when weary and weak ; speaks as if it were news to them, that there was an almighty being, as if they had not known it—and surely experience might have taught them—as if they had not heard before, the most distant report, that an eternal, self-existent being is also self-sufficient ; that He who created the whole world supports the ends of the earth, and creation, in its utmost limits, fainteth not : he cannot have exhausted all his power—cannot have acted till he is grown weary, and so must sink under his work, and remain incapable of supporting and taking care of the creatures which he himself has made. Yet we cannot say, whether we do not too frequently behave as if this were the case ; as if there were no God, and we had no interest in him ; or as if he were weak and wearied out. *Neither is there any searching of his understanding.* What, wilt thou dare to arraign his conduct ? What is that but saying, I have examined, and I find in this or that instance my understanding superior to his ; in this or that particular he has failed, has not done so wisely and so well as I could have wished, and as he might have done. But who has made that inquiry ? Who has sounded that unfathomable sea, that he should say, thus far it reaches ? But know, O mistaken and inconsiderate creature, knowest thou not, that God has not only strength for himself, but that he is the fountain of all strength to all created nature ! He gives strength to the feeble, and can make the feeblest as strong as he pleases. He can speak strength into them by one breath of his spirit, and diffuse an unknown energy. Whence the strength of the angels ? They were brought out of nothing ; and if they have any strength, it is that of God working in them ; and if God makes a mortal man as strong as an angel, it shall be. We may derive from hence a kind of omnipotence, so as to be able to say, in faith, *I can do all things. I am sufficient for all things, through*



*him that strengthens me*; can perform every labour, and bear every affliction! Let us therefore go to him. Alas! we do not ourselves know what difficulties may lie before us. Perhaps, before another month, God may take away the desire of our eyes with the stroke of his power. He may send as heavy afflictions on us, as those which the hearts of our dear brethren are labouring under. But he gives *strength to the feeble*. Let us, then, make God our strength in the duties of life. I am returning to the labours of a Pastor, and a Tutor. It is a great work: but his promise is not grown ineffectual; it has not lost its energy by the many thousand years it has continued in the bible. "*As thy day is, so shall thy strength be;*" thy day, O Christian, whoever thou art; and therefore I will say, as my day is, so shall my strength be also. All this is to be derived from Christ; from him as our great head; and we are cemented to him by his blood, and nourished by that. To that therefore let us come. The meditations at the distribution of the elements were not peculiar, but consisted of lively addresses to the spectators, and prayer for the communicants; which may God answer and succeed.

MEDITATIONS AT THE LORD'S TABLE, OCTOBER 3, 1742.

I MUST number this day, among the most pleasant of my life, so far as the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was concerned. My meditations were turned upon those words, "*Thou art my servant, O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten by me. I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins. Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.*" In these words, God owns Israel in the relation of a servant; and oh, what a happiness to be thus honoured! What title, but that of a child of God, so near as his servant? *Moses my servant; My servant Job;* and here, *Israel my servant*. He looks on all his people in that view; he speaks of them all by that title.

While he commemorates their sins, he assures them he had forgiven them. *I will blot out as a cloud thy transgressions, and as a thick cloud thy sins.* They were as a cloud, which hid the face of heaven, obscured the lustre of the sun; such a cloud that thunder and lightning, death and destruction, might break forth from it. Thine iniquities have separated between thee and thy God, and caused him to cover himself with a cloud, so that his sun shall not pass through. But here is consolation: *I have blotted them out,* caused them all to vanish, cleared them away. The sun never yet shone upon that cloud, which was so thick, that it did not at length disperse it, and get the better of all, and in a little time break forth again with renewed splendour. In consequence of this, he declares a constant affectionate remembrance; thou shalt not be forgotten of me; *I have redeemed thee;* and when thou considerest how I have redeemed thee, thou mayest be sure I will not forget thee. It is much more easy to imagine, that having been redeemed I should be remembered, than that I should have been redeemed. Thou shalt not be forgotten by me in the poorest and most afflicted circumstances; when forsaken and forgotten of men; of thy best friends. Thou shalt not be forgotten by me in thy dying moments! Thou shalt not be forgotten, when a separate spirit! He will say to his angels, take care of that soul, it is one of my redeemed ones; conduct it to my presence, for there I have determined it shall be for ever fixed. I will have it in my sight, and in my arms. Well may he, in consequence of all this, call them to return to himself. *Return to me, for I have redeemed thee:* if thou hast forgotten me, and wandered from my service and my love, come, I have surely paid a sufficient price and ransom for thee. What wouldst thou more? I have redeemed thee with the blood of my own son. Thou art mine, come back, and I will receive thee; come back, and serve me more faithfully and more resolutely than ever.

In breaking the bread, I urged a constant and growing zeal for Christ, lest he should say, O my dear servant, why didst thou loiter? why did thy love and zeal flag? didst thou discover any unwillingness in me, any thing to lessen thy esteem for me, or hast thou found any new charms in the world? In prayer before the wine I was exceedingly enlarged in self dedication, referring life, and all its concerns to God, and expressing a willingness to lie upon a bed of sickness as long as he pleased, as well as for his sake to leave the most pleasurable scenes of mortal life. God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of his Son, that my soul was this day filled as with joy unspeakable and full of glory; nor have I often known more of heaven than I knew at this time. Oh, that it may continue, impressed upon the imagination of my heart, and bear me through whatever trials may lie before me. For I confess this great enlargement made me apprehensive of some trial; and my hearing nothing from my dear wife, now at Bath, by this post, after the silence of the two former, makes me the more solicitous: but I would not be afraid of evil tidings, since there is so much reason that my heart should be fixed and trusting in God.

MEDITATIONS AT THE LORD'S TABLE, OCT. 31, 1742.

THIS was a delightful day; in the morning both in my retirement and in my attendance on public worship, I had soul-ravishing communion with God. Mr. B. preached an excellent sermon from being justified freely through *his grace by the redemption that is in Christ Jesus*. That hymn of Dr. Watts's, "Blood has a voice to pierce to skies," gave me great encouragement. I preached upon the happiness of Israel; and connected a meditation at the Lord's table from those words, "*O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help.*" Israel is here described as destroyed,

self-destroyed, but helped by the Lord. As destroyed terribly. Destruction from God may well be a terror; as under a sentence of condemnation of wrath, alienated from God, in the way to misery. What the world calls being ruined is nothing in comparison with that; to be impoverished, to be condemned: and this by ourselves. It is not merely another's work, but I myself sold my own soul:—O for what vile trifles! So foolish have I been. I have been as a beast before thee, much worse; a beast is incapable of such folly. Verily it is the madness of a rational creature. Yet are we to lie down under this sentence of destruction? No. Blessed be God! there is help. Help in God for the greatest sinner. There could be no other help. I was sunk so low, no other arm could save me. I was under a sentence that none else could reverse. But God says, *in me is thy help*. Who but God could have helped in such a way? who but he could have said to Jesus, descend and die? We come now to commemorate this help, and to praise God for it, and to give ourselves to him, as self-destroyed sinners, whom he has recovered and saved. When breaking the bread, I said we sometimes wish to see Christ, and to make our acknowledgments to him. Though I know not what we should say or do, save only to cast ourselves down at his feet, and weep. I know of nothing more. But we may now speak to him in the language of the heart. He is here: our thoughts need not utterance, in order to be known to him. He sees them in the secret recesses of the soul. Speak then to Christ, and say, Lord, I believe: help my unbelief! That thou shouldst die, and purchase heaven for me with thy blood, (strange!) but I believe it. I cannot judge of thee by myself. As heaven is high above the earth, so are thy ways above mine. Lo, I see it here above all. Earnest addresses were then made to the spectators, as undone; and they were called to apply to Christ for help. I had reason here to

bles God for his goodness to my dear wife, of whom I have had comfortable accounts lately; and also for his wonderful mercy, in visiting me with the light of his countenance so much as he did in the preceding parts of the day, and in the course of the last month. For I know not that ever I lived a month in greater nearness to God than this. Adored be his grace to one of the most unworthy of his creatures. Lord, continue thy loving kindness.

MEDITATIONS AT THE SACRAMENT, DECEMBER 5, 1742.

THIS, through the divine goodness, has been a delightful day, though nature was so much fatigued in the evening that I could hardly go through with the work of it. In the morning I enjoyed so much of the divine presence and love, that I was but just able to bear up under it, especially when contemplating the resurrection of Christ, and the tenderness he expressed for his disciples. Never did I find more ardent transports of love to him since I have known his dear and gracious name, which is indeed like ointment poured out. I had a pleasant morning, when Mr. Sowden preached of the pastoral care; and though the public ordinances of the afternoon were not animated to the degree they have sometimes been, yet when I came to the table of the Lord, there indeed I did enjoy him, and rejoice in him; so that the shadows of the evening came upon me before I was aware, and found me in a state of spirit, which I could with great delight have exhausted for future hours in his service. The subject of my meditations at the table of the Lord was, "*This is he who came by water and by blood;*" not by water alone, but by water and by blood. It plainly alludes to the sight of Christ upon the cross, when John saw the soldier piercing his side, and that "there came forth blood and water." He came by water; and the apostle saw the water distinctly, which was an extraordinary cir-

cumstance, and signifying that it was the fountain opened, in which we were to be washed. He sanctifies his people; and in this sense, if he does not wash us we have no part in him. But it was not by water alone. There was blood too, to intimate that it was not enough that we were sanctified: there was still a bar in the way to our justification; and indeed God would never have sanctified those whom he had made no provision to justify, for he would never cast into hell a soul that loves him. Christ came by blood. Justice demanded blood. And thus it was that he became obedient to death, even to this death of the cross. And the Spirit testifies this. And how do we receive this testimony? Do not we desire to come to Christ in this view, as he himself came, by water and by blood? Let us then draw near with a pure heart, and in full assurance of faith; having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience in this blood, by which we have boldness to enter into the holy place; and having also our bodies washed with pure water, as he came both by water and by blood. What followed I do not particularly remember.

#### SOME MEMORANDUMS OF NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1743.

I HAVE this morning been calling upon God. I have been renewing the dedication of myself to him, with as entire a consent of heart as I think myself capable of feeling, and with that calm acquiescence of soul in him as my portion and my happiness, which I would not resign for ten thousand worlds. And indeed I have great reason to hope that he is come to take up his residence in my soul by his Holy Spirit, and that he will shed abroad more and more of the effusions of his grace upon my heart.

I have in the last year received many favours from him. It was a year of health, which suffered very little interruption, except about the beginning of February, the time

when good Mr. Lowe died, of whom I still retain an affectionate remembrance. This year I have enjoyed many and great opportunities of usefulness, partly by writing, partly by preaching, and partly by visiting. I have written the third volume of my Family Expositor in the rough draft; and also Mr. Jennings's Charge, which I have published; and the Sermon preached at Crediton; and Mr. Steff's Life, and I have corrected his Sermons; and prepared two Letters to the author of 'Christianity not founded on Argument;' and some of The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul; besides a great number of sermons, and more letters, and more important proposals than in any one year of my life. I have also had many opportunities of preaching besides those statedly in my own Meeting; several in the west of England, and in London, as usual, where, I bless God, I find my labours exceedingly well received and attended. I have also been engaged in preaching a set of lectures upon the Influence of the Spirit, and a great many other lectures in the country, which have been heard, I hope, with some degree of eagerness. I have been enabled, by divine grace, to take greater care of my family and of my congregation, especially since the vacation, than I have perhaps ever before done. And God has given me as much encouragement in my ministry, and as great additions to my church as I have ever known in any year. With these many and great mercies have been intermingled afflictions, which I must call mercies too, for such indeed they have been to me, though some of them very painful. In the beginning of the year indeed my heart was too much alienated from God, and so it was yet more in the vacation. My dear wife has been afflicted far more than in any former year. I returned to her indeed, over desirous of seeing and meeting her after my journey, and alas! I found her exceedingly ill. Soon after I was obliged to part with her

to Bath, where she has continued above fourteen weeks, and I do not certainly know how much longer she may stay. This to be sure has been an expense of near a hundred pounds, illness, and hindrance of business and domestic cares included. Many of my servants have proved unfaithful and ungrateful; and, above all, some of my pupils, who have risen up against me, and endeavoured far and near to destroy my reputation; in so much, that I have been represented as treating them barbarously, and have been told by one of them to my face that ten thousand people in this kingdom have entertained a very ill opinion of me. But God has sanctified all these things to me; he has made me more humble, more watchful, more mortified by far to this vain world, and its interests and enjoyments than I remember ever before to have found myself; and he has visited me from time to time both in public and in private with such strong consolations, and such delightful effusions of his love and grace, that I am his debtor for all those afflictions. In this connexion, and from this growing experience of his goodness, I am encouraged, and determined to leave myself with him; desirous to have no will, no interest of my own as separate from his. He is graciously recovering my delightful companion in life, that dearest, tenderest, and best of human friends, on whom may the richest blessings of his providence and grace descend. And he is giving me to see more and more of the charms of her character, in proportion to the degree in which she is exercised with affliction. I also see my dearest eldest children growing in an acquaintance with religion, which gives me great hope concerning them. And I see my Academy in a far more hopeful state with regard to religion than I have ever yet seen it. In consequence of all these instances of the Divine goodness I rejoice; and I hereby renew the dedication of myself to my gracious



Father, whose goodness to me is so various and so marvellous. I desire to be waiting for his salvation, and doing his commands. And I hereby leave it under my hand before him, that I am his property, and that my great ambition is to be like a little child in his hands, to be carried out and brought in, laid down and taken up, just as he pleases; to be silent till he commands me to speak, to watch his eye and hand for every intimation of his will, and to do it as far as my little strength will carry me, waiting for further strength in proportion to renewed difficulties. And all my interests and concerns I do most cordially lodge in his hands, and leave myself and them at his wise and gracious disposal.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRAMENT, JANUARY 2, 1743.

TO-DAY I pursued the subject of *redeeming time*, which I entered upon yesterday, attended with this awful circumstance, that a person known to me, who was well last night at five o'clock, died this morning before nine. This quickened me to struggle with my indisposition, which was partly the effect of walking in the wind, and walking too fast. Nevertheless, I bless God, that towards the latter end of the discourse I found my heart much warmed, when addressing my exhortation to those who were under peculiar engagements. These I further urged by the consideration of the dying love of Christ, at the table of the Lord, and insisted upon this text, "*Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God with your bodies and with your spirits, which are the Lord's.*" I observed the claim entered, *ye are not your own*. We might advance that claim in the name of God upon the angels, if they are present in the assembly! We say it, and their hearts echo it back. "True, we are His! His that made us, and hath made us happy; his that has preserved us so long, and continued to us those songs which we began when

the foundations of the earth were laid." But to them we could not add, as in the following words, *ye are bought with a price*. To us it is applicable. The apostle says not *with what a price*. He needed not. Surely, it must be in the mind of every Christian here. *But ye are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the blood of the Son of God, as a lamb without blemish and without spot*. Christ is the price sufficient and adequate to the claim. As in Zechariah, God commissioned his prophet to demand a price. The price given was that of a slave. And he speaks with indignation: "a goodly price at which I was valued by these wretches!"\* So in present circumstances, it is a goodly price indeed. Do you refuse it, when Christ says, 'Poor creature! know that thou wert undone: thou wast sold to be a bond slave: thou wert a dead man before the Lord, and I redeemed thee: I gave my blood for thee: thou mayst remember what I suffered for thee. What have I deserved?' Would any of you say, 'Lord, thou hast deserved something from me, and something I will render. Thou hast deserved I should consecrate to thee some of my time, some of my possessions; that I should give up for thee some of my corrupt affections, and observe some of thy precepts.' Christ will not have such divided service. You must be entirely his, or he will not own you to be his at all. 'Well, Lord,' would some of us say, 'I avow thy claim; in humble contrition I am thine. I am astonished at thy grace: I know not what to say; only receive me. Do me this honour; add this further favour to all the rest, to take me, and to dispose of me as thy property; use me for thy glory as thou pleasest. I will labour for thee; I will suffer for thee, if it be for thine honour. I will submit to what may be more painful in some respects than labour or suffering;

\* The common version reads thus: "*A goodly price that I was prized at of them.*" Chap. xi. v. 12.

to be laid aside as a vessel in which there is no pleasure. It imports not, if I may be thine, though I may seem for the present a broken vessel.' This is reasonable. Well then, while God continues your abilities and capacities of service, glorify him with your bodies and your spirits, which are the Lord's. Body and spirit are his. He gave his body to be a sacrifice: his soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. Thus has he purchased thy soul and body. Let the faculties of the mind, the members of the body be employed for him. And let this be your concern, that *Christ may in all things be glorified in you, whether by life or by death.* Let the circumstances of both be the great Lord's of life and death. Dost thou wish it, Christian? If thou consentest, it shall undoubtedly be so. He will accept the tribute which thou bringest him, humble as it is, and worthless as it may seem. Thou shalt have the honour and pleasure of glorifying God now in a certain degree, and ere long thou shalt be glorified with him. Amen. 'Gracious Lord,' will the Christian say, 'and in token that I desire it shall be so, and hope and expect that it will, I now come to thy table.' This sentiment was expressed in a very lively and affectionate prayer. But when I came to break the bread, I was taken exceedingly ill, and rendered by faintness and a pain in my stomach in a great measure unfit to proceed. Indeed, I was not without some thoughts, but that I might have taken my flight from the table of Christ upon earth to his presence above. Cold clammy sweats were upon me: but if a mortal paleness seemed fixed upon my cheek, as some said, I hope I can say that glory was in my soul. I revived a little, and felt an unutterable sweetness in singing the hymn on good old Simeon, as rendered by dear Dr. Watts; and I must say, that all the pleasure which I might have had in a better state of health and spirits in the after part of the ordinance was far overbalanced by that unutterable

delight that I had in consequence of being so interrupted. I cannot but think, that it was in some measure owing to the great fervour of my spirit in the former duties of the day, that this failure now happened, and I humbly hope I may say that I was in some degree consumed with the love of God. Gracious Lord, I thank thee for the visitation, and for the support under it. I thank thee that I am thine, in life, or in death. And I humbly renew the solemn dedication of myself unto thee, as in a holy tranquillity of soul and undissembled readiness to be disposed of as thou pleasest in this world or in a better.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRAMENT, IN FEBRUARY, 1743.

I HAD been preaching from those words in Ephesians, "*Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might cleanse and sanctify it, and present it a glorious church,*" &c. Agreeably to this I spoke to-day from a scripture which I believe has been the subject of my meditation before, but I am not quite sure. It was *Isaiah xxxv. 10.* "*And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness: and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.*" When the Church is perfectly saved this shall be fulfilled. Observe under what character God's people are described, whither they shall be brought, and in what manner, and how this great transaction shall end. *Under what character God's people are described. The redeemed of the Lord. Those whom he has ransomed and bought.* Are we not so? This is a feast of his ransomed ones, in which the price for the ransom is commemorated. Nor would any one who did not apprehend himself in this view have any business here. It is sinners that were once enslaved and condemned, then bought by the Son of God, who are to seek their places at this board, their part in this ordinance. Into thy hand I commend

my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God! *They shall return*: return from their captivity in the grave. He will say in another world, Return, ye children of God. And they shall *come to Zion*; to the new Jerusalem, to the city of our God. Now we are travelling towards it. Now we are incorporated with that society. We have our freedom, but not our habitation there, being no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God. It is that Jerusalem from above, which is the mother of us all. It is pleasant to come to Zion below, our Lord loves it. But oh, how much more do we love those heavenly gates. They shall *come with singing*; making a grand procession with anthems in their mouths. What melody in each! What harmony in all! How pleasant to think of them, not singing with sorrowful and broken voices, but in a full harmonious quire. Who would not wish to have seen Moses and Aaron leading on the Israelites from Egypt with that sacred song of triumph? to have heard the poor slaves, untaught in music, unless by inspiration, and used rather to groans than songs; yet on so sublime an occasion as the deliverance of Israel and the destruction of Pharaoh, their tongues were filled with notes of triumph; it had been pleasant. But those songs of Moses and the Lamb shall be in quite another strain. Oh, that we could catch a little of the echo now! And *how shall it end?* They shall march on to heaven. *Lift up your heads, ye gates, and be lift up, ye everlasting doors*: everlasting joy is upon their heads. God pours out the oil of gladness, and its fragrance is immortal. Sorrow and sighing were once familiar, but now they are fled away, for ever discomfited and defeated by the great Captain of our salvation and his triumphant legions; they dare not look him in the face, dare not invade his followers for a moment. How grand, and how delightful an image! And now, Lord, lead me not forth with the workers of iniquity, but with

this thy people. Methinks, thou hast this day begun to fulfill this promise. I number myself among thy redeemed ones. I come to thy Zion here; come with pleasure and delight: joy is in my heart; a song is in my mouth. Let sorrow and sighing retire, at least for a while, and give way to that joy that becomes such a feast. And thou, sacred Spirit, shed abroad a new effusion of faith, of hope, of love, and joy in my soul. Come, Lord, for I wait on thee with expectation and delight.

MEDITATIONS ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR,  
1744.

MY soul was employed early this morning in aspirations after God, and I felt much of his delightful presence with me when setting out to the duties of the day. I begun them with humble applications to the throne of grace, in which my soul breathed after God, and I hope I may say, that I found communion with him: I then set myself in a solemn manner to reflect, 1. Upon the mercies of the past year, temporal and spiritual. In temporal mercies, I reckoned first my safety and preservation in a variety of journeys, in particular that to Gloucester, to London, to Worcester; and I particularly recollected with delight the seasonable interposition of providence on the 30th of August last, in preserving me, my wife, and daughter from being crushed by a waggon, which we met in the chair as we were coming into Birmingham. I then reflected on my health, which has suffered but little interruptions, and those short ones. The recovery from that illness in the beginning of the last year claims an especial acknowledgment; and that also of the middle of July. God has also been pleased to smile upon my temporal affairs, so that they are in a better situation than I could have expected, considering the expense of my dear wife's journey to Bath. I recollected also my relative mercies, especially in my wife's

recovery from so extreme and dangerous an illness ; in the continued life and health of all my dear children ; in the establishment of my Academy, notwithstanding so much opposition of various kinds ; and particularly the accession of nine pupils, some of them very considerable on account of the persons to whom they are allied, as well as remarkably amiable and delightful.

In the list of spiritual mercies, I am grateful for revived opportunities for religious improvement ; communion with God ; a growing love to him ; submission to his will ; and upon the whole a more prosperous state of soul than has commonly been known by me in former years ; with an indifference to all worldly views, when compared with those of building up the Church and glorifying the name of God. I then reflected on the opportunities of usefulness which I have enjoyed, that I have preached so many sermons, I think more than a hundred and forty, considerably more than I remember to have preached in any former year ; that I have written several things, particularly the two last Letters in answer to ' Christianity not founded on Argument ;' the Verses for Children ; and a great deal of The Rise and Progress of Religion ; and also my Hospital Sermon ; together with some opportunities of doing good in that charity. May I not also reckon in the number of my mercies the opposition I have met with, I think very undeservedly, in things well intended ; and, as I verily believe, for bearing a faithful testimony to the truths of the gospel, which has occasioned me many enemies, and will, I doubt not, prove an occasion of verifying my Master's words, *great is your reward in heaven.* I ought also in this place to mention my encouragement in my Church, to which God has added thirty members, and where I am well aware there are not a few under very serious impressions ; the greatest I have known in any year since I have been a pastor.

In reflecting upon the returns I had made to the goodness of God this year, I found as constantly great cause for humiliation; especially in three respects; that my conversation had been no better improved on many occasions; that I had been no more diligent in visiting and inspecting my flock; and also, that I had been no more exact in my evening devotions. I also found reason to blame myself for too long intermissions of religious instruction to the children, and sometimes of particular instruction to the pupils; but I was perhaps never in any year more frequent with regard to some of these things. I still greatly want much more of the love of God in my heart to set these things right. And I desire now to repeat my believing application to the blood of Jesus for a renewed pardon of these things. Many other particulars passed in the secret devotions of this season; to which also was added a pathetic meditation at the table of the Lord on those words, "*looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ to eternal life,*" in which I considered eternal life as the object of expectation. Life—Eternal life! how much in each word. This is looked for. It is expected. And the eye of the soul is kept upon it as a great expectation. And this is expected as mercy, as the mercy of Christ to poor sinners who deserved Death,—Eternal Death! But not writing these memorandums so soon as I should have done, many of the particular views passed out of my mind. Yet they were unutterably sweet, and I must reckon that among the best days of my life.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRAMENT, MARCH 11, 1744.

HAVING preached of the power of faith in our coming to God, I fixed my meditations at the Lord's table on those words in Peter: "*To whom coming, as to a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious, ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an*



*holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God through Jesus Christ.*" I here observed the view we have of Christ. As looked upon by the generality of mankind, *he is disallowed.* They slight him. Many openly reject his gospel, and oppose it: others concern not themselves about it. They do not make him the foundation of their hopes. Either they have no foundation at all, no evidences for eternity, or it is some other foundation, and not Christ. But *he is chosen of God.* So chosen, that the great God has passed a decree, that if ever any sinful creature obtains salvation, it should be through Christ, and as sought by him. If ever the gospel comes to a man, Christ must be acceptable, or he shall not have eternal life. Every other foundation shall undoubtedly fail, and the hail shall sweep it away as a refuge of lies. He is also precious in the sight of God. In this view, "*My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.*" It is pleasant to view Christ as the foundation of his Church: in this view also the eyes of the Lord are upon him. He is also precious to every believer, incomparably so. And they come to him as for something that passes between Christ and the real Christian. He speaks to his Lord, speaks to him from the heart. And is built up as *a spiritual house*, and as *lively stones*. This of natural buildings would be absurd, not so in spiritual. The building of the Father of Spirits is a *spiritual building*. Spirits are active in it. It is their language! 'Lord, let me be laid as a stone in thine house, and be one of those whom thou wilt condescend to inhabit as thy temple.' The simile is then changed, and Christians are represented as a holy priesthood in this house, to offer up spiritual sacrifices to God through Christ. They are priests. They shall be so above. They are so now, and as such holy; they desire to separate themselves from all impurities of flesh and spirit. And they attend to offer prayers, praises, and alms-deeds. They are spiritual in

all; all is done in the name and fear of God, from a true spiritual principle which engages the heart. And they are acceptable to God; but it is all through Christ. He is the Aaron, the representative of the whole body. And they are chosen in him. And they shall at length be made priests to keep God's charge, for he will, as in the promise to Joshua, *give them a place among them that stand by.* Glorious hope! In the mean time, let us offer the sacrifice of praise, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks in his name; and commemorate that great priestly act of our Lord Jesus Christ, by which we are consecrated; and that blood through which we have boldness to enter into the holy place.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRAMENT, APRIL 8, 1744.

HAVING preached on those words in Jeremiah, "*How shall I put thee among the children,*" &c. I introduced the ordinance with a meditation on these: "*As often as ye eat this bread, &c. ye show forth the Lord's death till he come,*" in which I mentioned two leading thoughts. There is a showing forth of the death of Christ to ourselves, to affect our own hearts, and to the world, both enemies and friends. To ourselves: we represent it before our own eyes, that our thoughts may be fixed upon it and affected with it; that Christ died, and that he died thus: that his body was broken, that his blood was poured out. So miserable were we as to need it. So merciful was our God as to contrive it. So gracious was our blessed Redeemer as to submit to it. Thus were we ransomed: thus our best services were purchased: thus a lasting obligation was laid upon us, an everlasting obligation, which we shall never outlive in this world or in the next. We show it to ourselves in this connexion, because we desire to answer this obligation. We show it forth to others; to all, to the greatest enemies of Christ. We are not ashamed of his cross. We do not

desire that his death should be forgotten. It is the language of this action, that Christ died, and we would show it forth in the midst of Jews and Mahometans, though they should deride it. We show it forth to his friends, hoping it will strike their hearts. We call you, who are present, to look up to it, and to consider it. This was our Saviour; and not ours alone, but we trust yours too. Do you not believe it? Do you not consider it? We also show forth this death till he come. It is an ordinance always to be continued in the Church; and the thought of his coming is to be connected with it. It is an ordinance always to continue in the Church. It has continued a great many ages; was instituted probably before the sabbath, before at least that illustrious one, when the Holy Ghost descended from heaven. It will continue to the end. If it be rooted out in one church and nation, it will continue in another till the Lord's day before Christ's appearance. The last day of the Son of Man upon earth! And oh, what a circumstance will that be for Christians not aware of so sudden a change! Having been at the Lord's supper on the preceding sabbath, to see, before the next, our Lord Jesus Christ descending in the clouds of heaven, and to be caught up to meet him. Surely the pleasure of that interview will be augmented by the communion they have had with him on such an occasion as this. We are also to consider this ordinance in connexion with the view of his coming. He will surely and quickly come! Many of our fellow communicants he has come to take to himself. Their places are empty; or rather, we fill them. So will ours be emptied, and filled up, I trust, by successors. Oh, that there may here still be a seed to serve Christ, when you and I are in our graves. Our Lord Jesus Christ will come to judgment, and we shall be "gathered up together to him." It will perhaps be thirteen or fourteen hundred years or more before the mil-

lennium probably will be ;—but Christ will then remember us, and remember his servants who have already been dead almost two thousand years ; nay, the people of God that have been dead much longer. He will lose none, but raise up all. Christ cannot forget, though our names be forgotten in the church below, they with him shall live. O blessed day ! In the expectation of this, let us, in obedience to his command, do our part this day towards worthily transmitting this blessed memorial. I had many addresses to the spectators, praying for the absent, especially for those who were either confined at home, or in foreign lands.

MEDITATIONS ON THE OPENING THE NEW YEAR, 1745.

It was some concern to see how long these meditations have been interrupted, and that I now find myself so straitened for time, considering the other businesses before me, and my delay of rising till the bell rung, that I have not time to pursue that which I have been this morning entering upon in the manner I should have desired. But I have this morning been meditating on the divine goodness to me during the past year ; in which I observed the following particulars. God has this year preserved me in an extraordinary state of health, so that my public services have been interrupted but one Lord's day in the whole series of it, and that not by any extreme illness. God has enabled me to go through many acceptable labours. I apprehend that I have preached more than a hundred and twenty times this year. I have also finished my work on *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, and a good deal of the third volume of the *Family Expositor*. I have had some opportunities of improving in some branches of knowledge this year ; and I have received extraordinary tokens of respect from many worthy persons both at home and abroad, particularly from our Established clergy, which

I thankfully acknowledge. God has also preserved my family unbroken by death. I mean that my wife and children have been preserved; for as to my pupils, God has visited me in a most awful manner, taking away those dear and amiable youths, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Gibbs, and Mr. W. besides others who had finished their preparatory studies, all of whom, had they been alive, would have been with me. Mr. — is also a fourth, having left me after a few days' stay, and another who would have come is dead; so that my diminished family is five the less by death with respect to the number of my pupils. God has however blessed me in my worldly affairs, so that I think I have, so far as I can judge, even with a smaller family than usual, advanced more in them than in any former year that occurs to my remembrance. I have also been reflecting on the conduct I have maintained towards God in the midst of so many mercies. And I find reason especially to charge myself with two faults; remissness in his worship both secret and social, as to the temper of my heart, though God has been wonderfully gracious to me in visiting me by his Spirit, and that sometimes in an extraordinary manner, in experiences worthy of having been more particularly recorded; and also in negligence as to visits among my people both in town and country, of which the effects have been too apparent. I have been under rebukes both as to my Academy, in its great diminution, so that now I think I have but about twenty-four, which is less by almost one-third than it has generally been; and also with respect to our Church; as the number of its communicants has been little if at all increased this year; fewer indeed having been added than in most years since I have known Northampton, and some agreeable persons taken away by death or other removals; in that respect therefore I think we decline rather than advance; yet the auditories continue generally in a promising state, and our lectures at College Lane seem to

be attended with some success. I have had reason to acknowledge the neglect of self-examination, and of corresponding with my friends abroad in such a manner as politeness would have required, and indeed justice and prudence in some respects might dictate. I have been humbling myself before God upon these accounts, and I have been renewing my purposes of new and better obedience, in an humble dependance upon divine strength, longing earnestly to improve in grace, and advance more eminently in religion than ever. Oh, that I may indeed be steadfast and immovable, and always abound in the work of the Lord, since I have such undoubted assurance that my labour in the Lord shall not be in vain.

P. S. I must not forget, in reviewing the mercies of the last year, that sweet and joyful experience which I had on Sunday, December 2, when I was meditating alone in the morning before I set to any other business. Breathing out my soul in love to God;—I then waited a while as it were to hear from him, and remained in a kind of silent, but lively ecstatic expectation, when these words came down, as it were from heaven to my soul, in such a manner as almost to overwhelm me with delight. *“Because he has set his love upon me, I will deliver him. I will set him on high, because he has known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him. I will be with him in trouble. I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.”*

#### REFLECTIONS ON A SACRAMENT ALMOST TWO YEARS AFTER THE FORMER.

AFTER a long interval, in which nevertheless some of the most important events I have ever known have passed; after the rise of the Rebellion; the death of my invaluable friend, Colonel Gardiner; the deliverance gained by the ever memorable victory at Culloden; the first of which

happened on the 21st of September, 1745, the other on the 16th of April following, and also just after the death of my other most amiable friend, Mr. Scott, of Norwich; and after a variety of other varying, and some of them very memorable scenes, both in public and private; in personal and relative; in civil and religious life; after various journeys, deliverances, afflictions, reproaches, applauses, straitnesses, and enlargements; which, though deeply felt and attentively revolved in my mind, have, though I know not any cause for the neglect, been omitted here; at length I sit down to make some little memoirs of what passed this day at the Lord's table.

I had preached in the morning a farewell to the soldiery, from John's discourse to them, and in the afternoon of profaning the altar. My subject of meditation at the table of the Lord was *Psalm xxvi. 11.* "*I will walk in my integrity: redeem me, and be merciful unto me.*" I observed the psalmist's resolution and his plea, as suitable to every Christian in such circumstances. His resolution: *I will walk in my integrity.* And indeed, where can the resolution be more suitable than at the table of the Lord, in whatever view we consider it? I will keep a conscience void of offence, since here I commemorate the sacrifice offered for my offences, and here also renew my obligations to God. And what are these obligations? How can I make good my dedication of myself to God, but by walking in my uprightness? And, O Lord, redeem me, and be merciful to me. I look to thee as my Redeemer. I wait for thy mercy, O Lord! Living and dying I cast myself upon *mercy*; and I expect nothing but from that. Oh impart thy mercy, and I will celebrate it for ever.

In breaking the bread, I exclaimed, "O happy Christian, who hast such a Saviour! Happy, though thou dost carry all thou hast about thee; though thou hadst nothing but the clothes on thy back, and after this morsel of bread

didst not know when thou shouldst obtain the next. O gracious Redeemer! who makest such provision. Ye are come to the general assembly of the first born of the kingdom of Heaven. Strange! What are ye? What! and can such then as we are, come to such an assembly, come to angels;—come to God;—to the Judge of the whole earth, with any comfort? Behold what unveils the mystery. Ye are come also to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant, to the blood of sprinkling. Do you now come to it? Perhaps a soul may say, ‘O that I were assured that he gave himself for me.’ The resolution of that depends on another question. ‘Dost thou give thyself to him.’—I bless God, this has on the whole been a very delightful day.

December 7, 1746.

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1747.

VARIOUS, indeed, and very important have been the mercies of God to me this year. The public deliverances which God gave us from the power of our rebellious enemies will, I hope, never be forgotten. To these many private mercies have been added, which I desire to remember as long as I live. Nothing more sensibly affects me in this review than the favourable interposition of Providence for the preservation of my dear and valuable wife, when she was in such great extremity, falling into labour of two children, one of them a cross birth, ten weeks before her time, and with a fever upon her. God also was pleased to deliver me from a dangerous fever in June. Various journeys, some of them through the extremities of bad weather, have been safe to me. God graciously restored my wife’s health, by his blessing upon the waters of Bath; and my good friend Mr. B.’s place is filled up by Mr. Robinson, who is a most excellent person; and Providence has graciously given me some accession to my worldly circumstances, by the death of my good aunt Pool, for whom, nevertheless, had it been



the will of God, I should have most sincerely desired a much longer life.

God has also made my ministry very acceptable; and has given me the satisfaction of receiving from Holland a translation of my Sermons upon Regeneration into the Dutch language, with a preface speaking of the high respect borne to me by some very worthy persons. God has also supplied most of the breaches made upon my Academy the last year in a comfortable manner, and gives me very encouraging hopes, that several pupils now under my care will prove eminent lights in his Church. He has also given me not only to publish a sermon on the suppression of the rebellion, calculated, I hope, for some service, though not so much taken notice of as I thought there was some reason to expect, but he has also given me to finish the third volume of the Family Expositor, now just ready to be published; and also to finish the first copy of good Colonel Gardiner's Life, and to transcribe about a third part of it, that is fifty pages; and I hope that many as yet unborn will have reason to bless God for it. God has also been pleased to give me some tokens of uncommon respect from persons of rank and distinction, particularly the good Bishops of Gloucester and Bristol, some other clergymen of the establishment, Lord Halifax, and some of our gentlemen in these parts; besides several letters which I have received, giving me an account of the blessing which he has been pleased in several instances to bestow upon my writings, and especially upon the Rise and Progress of Religion. Nor must I reckon among the smallest of my mercies the opportunities I have had of seeing how eminently he has blessed the labours of good Mr. Fawcett, and with what abundant anointing of the Holy Spirit, God has been pleased to honour him; in consequence of which I can truly say, I should think all my labours, as a tutor, well repayed to have been instrumental in raising up but one

such person to the service of the sanctuary; for all these things I praise and adore a gracious God, and desire to erect a monument of humble thankfulness.

On the other hand, there are instances in which God has in this year deeply afflicted me, though I confess in all these things much less than my iniquities have deserved; in my temporal affairs, in my reputation, and what I particularly lament, in the success of some of my labours, which is far from having been such as I could have wished.

As to my temporal affairs, not to mention one fit of illness of my own, my wife's languishing and expensive illness all the first five months of the year, is not by any means to be forgotten, which was the occasion of her journey to Bath; nor the loss of those two children which God gave me, but took away in the very first dawning of life. Nor am I to forget my having at present fewer pupils and boarders than I remember to have had since I came into this house, insomuch that one table serves us for dinner, when we have sometimes had two full. Some small losses have likewise been sustained by bad debts, though providence has generally been remarkably good to me in that particular.

God has suffered a greater number of enemies to arise, and to persecute me this year than I have commonly known, at least I have traced more of the effects of this evil. My brethren have dealt most deceitfully and unjustly with me, and have been far more solicitous to blast my name, and to ruin my capacity of usefulness than to do any kind of good: they have so far succeeded, that some other Academies have flourished, not so much for their merit as from their opposition to mine; and some hopeful youths have been by the credulity of parents, and slanderous tongues, deprived of the benefit they might have found by instructions here, as well as that I have been deprived of the pleasure and credit of training them up.

Mr. L., alas ! of whom I had once good hopes, is now gone into secular life. Mr. T's foul miscarriages I must reckon among my academical sorrows ; and the death of that excellent person Mr. Shepherd ; to which has been added the defection of Mr. Parminter, who when formed for eminent usefulness, has been unhappily perverted by the Moravian errors so far that all the prospects of his services among the Dissenters is lost. I have also been lately under considerable discouragement in the Congregation. We are not so well attended as formerly ; several places appear empty on a Lord's day (though the lectures are generally pretty full ; ) and which greatly troubles me ; we have had very few additions to our church, only thirteen in all the last year, and we lost twelve members, eight by removals ; as indeed several then left us to live in London or elsewhere, and none came in their room ; so that upon the whole, I think it evident, that our interest declines, notwithstanding a great deal that I have certainly done to promote its increase.

To all this is to be added the great lukewarmness and indifference of most professors, especially in any considerable stations, and the scandalous behaviour of some. My good friend Mrs. K \*\*\* has given me cause of grief by her conduct ; and that most detestable wicked wretch John C\*\*\*\*\*, by enormities of which I have lately heard, even this day. Mr. E \*\*\*\* 's having forsaken his place so generally among us, is also another lamentable circumstance ; and so it is, that of those who have fallen and been cut off, there is no return, though they have been solemnly called to it. These things are matter of great grief to me : oh, that I might bemoan sin more frequently before the Lord ; and might go unto him with greater earnestness, who is able to remove our captivity, and to make his Jerusalem a joy and a praise ! The main things in which I find myself deficient are, that I have prayed no more ; and that I have

visited no more: and that I have been no more careful to keep a particular account of these things; all which, by divine assistance, I purpose to remedy this year.

A SCHEME OF BUSINESS WHICH, BY THE DIVINE ASSISTANCE, I PURPOSE TO DO DURING THE NEXT YEAR.

I DESIRE to form all my schemes with an humble sense of the great uncertainty of life; I have been cautioning my hearers against laying schemes in dependence upon a year to come; but I desire to form the present plan, with a sense of my dependence upon the God of my life, and with humble resignation to his will should he please to cut short the residue of my days in their midst;—whenever to his infinite wisdom it shall seem meet; only I desire, that while I am continued here I may be found employed as the purposes of his glory and my own usefulness may require.

My work as a Tutor is already projected, only I determine, by Divine Grace, to abound more and more in it; so far especially as relates to inspection, and to give earnest and affectionate exhortations to those that are placed under my care.

My work as a Pastor I cannot project, as to the sermons I shall preach, only that I will, if God permit, go on with the *Parables*; that I will end the course *On God manifested in the flesh*; that I will endeavour to study some on the *Promises*; and I will also promote some associations among my people, and attempt to form the Society of the young men in particular; I will endeavour to visit more diligently, and will, if possible, before the long vacation, write the history of the Congregation entirely, and with some memoirs of the alterations made in it since the survey taken in 1741, which will I am sure be a very humbling scene; for God has in that time made very great and melancholy changes in its state. I purpose also to apply to the heads of families at least, as to some of the souls

under their care, with those exhortations and advices which I have projected in my pocket-book.

As for my writings, I hope that I may be able to finish *Colonel Gardiner's Life*: it is possible, also, that I may write my *Dissertation upon Proselytes*. I have, yesterday, begun the fourth volume of my *Expositor*, and I fully purpose, by the divine assistance, to write something upon it every day when I am at home, and generally a few verses when abroad, while God is pleased to spare my health, so as to be capable to take pen in hand: and this scheme I purpose to pursue till the whole is finished.

These are the projects I form; I form them for God: I desire to live only for his glory; and I heartily consent to die this day, or this hour, if he so determines, and thereby declares he has nothing further for me to do. May he mercifully forgive my former trifling. May he graciously accept my sincere purposes for his service; and whenever he is pleased to take me away, may he raise up some more valuable instrument for the honour of his Name and Gospel among men, who may outdo even my schemes, as much as they too frequently have outdone my execution.

Friday, January 2, 1747.

HINTS OF A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE, APRIL 5, 1747,  
WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF WHAT PASSED AFTERWARDS.

THE last week, especially towards the latter part of it, was a week of uncommon deadness; and most of all did that deadness prevail yesterday, insomuch that I was hardly able to keep myself awake in the service of God, or to feel any one thought of lively devotion. This morning as soon as I was up, which was rather before six, I did apply myself with some earnestness to the throne of grace to entreat the communication of the Spirit to quicken me: and I bless God that I felt some strong stirrings of spiritual life. And while I was praying, was directed to mention

those words, "*I am come, that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly;*" which accordingly I chose for the scripture of the day. After a short prayer, I returned to my secret devotions, and pleaded for the pouring out of the spirit of God upon his Ministers and his Ordinances; when it came into my heart, I know not how, to beg that as a token of it, God would shed abroad something sensible and peculiar upon me this day; particularly exciting in my heart some powerful sentiments of his love; and yet more particularly speaking to me before I arose from my knees in some encouraging language that might reach my heart. I feared I had displeased God in this petition; for after it, instead of finding my frame better, it grew worse; and I felt myself in a sort of mental entanglement, fearing that I had offended in a petition so very circumstantial, as I had seldom allowed: nevertheless, I was determined I would lay there waiting upon God, and crying to him till I was called away by providence to some other necessary duty. And I had hardly formed the determination before those words of God to Joshua came strongly into my mind, "*Wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face? Israel has sinned; up and sanctify the people.*" Words which had the greater weight with me, as Mr. John Cooper's most unhappy and scandalous affair, which has given, I may say, an unequalled degree of offence, is this day to be determined by the church. On this it seemed to be my duty quickly to arise and to return to other services; but yet I thought I felt my soul inclined to remain a few moments before the Lord, and behold the scene suddenly changed; many sweet promises were on a sudden brought to my mind, and particularly that "*light is sown for the righteous; him that overcometh I will make a pillar.*" Promises so long sealed had a new sweetness; and above all these two, *Son, thou art ever with me:* And then when I seemed to ask for something yet more personal,

*“In that day I will take thee, O Zerabbabel, my servant, saith the Lord, I will make thee as a signet; for I have chosen thee, saith the Lord of hosts.”* And now I durst ask no more; for, indeed, I had no more to ask. I arose with tears of joy; and though I found an hour had passed in this address, I did not think it lost, but added a little more to the account by writing down an experience so remarkable and so sweet.

REMARKS ON WHAT PASSED ON A SACRAMENT DAY,  
SEPTEMBER 13, 1747.

I MUST record this day as one of the most blessed of my life. God was pleased to meet me in my secret retirement in the morning, and poured into my soul such a flood of consolation in the exercise of faith and love, as I was hardly able to contain. It would have been a relief to me to have been able even to have uttered strong cries of joy. Oh, how did I then wish for a melodious voice, and how gladly could I have made earth and heaven re-echo with praise! Family devotion was unutterably sweet; and though the pleasure of my sermon was much interrupted by an accidental disorder that happened in my throat while I was speaking, yet I bless God, the sacramental attendance, and the evening services were all beyond expression sweet. My soul was full of God, and of heaven.

The scripture on which the meditation turned was that in 1 *Pet.* iii. 18. *“Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the spirit.”* I cannot express the view which was given me of the infinite love and grace of Christ in suffering for our cause *the just for the unjust*, which I was enabled to own before God with great brokenness of heart and unfeigned humility. This view I had of the sufferings of Christ, who himself was perfectly just, for us; the righteous instead of the unright-

teous ; putting himself between the sword of the divine justice and our souls. I then related the story of the poor negro woman who saved captain Falconer, then her husband, by putting herself before him and the weapon of his enemy, and receiving the blow at the expense of her own life, which appeared to me very affecting.

That we might be introduced to God, he thus suffered ; God will not see us, will not have any intercourse with us, till Christ undertakes to introduce us ; then we are welcome—then the Father smiles : and this is actually done. Now we that were once afar off are brought nigh ; are near him as his children, are the objects of his love, and brought near to be separated no more. *What shall separate us from the love of God?* nothing can but sin. The rebels were put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit : his divine nature raised his human from the grave, and now he ever lives and reigns.

In breaking the bread, I had many sweet meditations, and particularly on those words, “ *I will raise him up at the last day.*” And I will raise him up at the last day. And once more in the compass of a few verses, *I will raise him up at the last day.* Oh how delightful ! our resurrection is secure ; we shall be raised up with, and like our Lord : he shall present us together with himself. My soul was even transported with the hope. This is the promise that was sealed to me so powerfully in my secret retirement, that it seemed as if I were just going to receive the full extent of the blessing, and almost as if the Day of the Lord were come.

My heart was strongly drawn out in prayer to God for my fellow communicants and for the spectators ; as it was also in repeating a very affectionate sermon from Christ’s invitation, “ *Come unto me,*” &c. I hope God blessed it as the means of good to some persons ; and I was particularly desirous that it might be so to Miss Saunders, the amiable



daughter of my once honoured and beloved friend, for whom I had the highest regard. Providence has brought her for awhile under my roof, in circumstances which demand my peculiar concern; as she has fallen into a sad negligence with regard to religion. My design is, if possible, to draw her to Christ; and I am in great hopes that God will favour me so far as to make me the means of some good to her soul.

There is one token for good, which is that perhaps I have hardly ever enjoyed more of the presence of God, especially in family prayer, than I have done since she came into the family. I would humbly hope also that God is beginning to work, in some degree, upon the hearts of some of my younger pupils intended for secular life: on the whole, though I have a great many circumstances to lament in the congregation, I have a secret hope that God, who thus quickens my heart, will in due time quicken his work; and that when he has exercised my faith a while longer, he will appear to build up our ruins, and renew the face of the Church, as he has in some measure done that of the Academy, by an accession of several new pupils, and those very promising and delightful. At least, I hope he will revive religion more and more in my heart; and though I have not been without some melancholy forebodings as to some future trials that may come upon me, I desire to leave myself entirely in his hands; and confident of his gracious support, would fear none of the things that I may suffer.

September 14, 1747.

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR, 1749.

IT was too sure a proof of the disorderly situation in which my mind was the last new year's day, that I did not write down any memorandums of it, according to that profitable custom I have so long maintained. Indeed, too much company, though that very agreeable to me, but especially the

company of one friend, to whom it was difficult not to give too much of my time and regard, led me to neglect that and many other duties, and turned that, in which I so much rejoiced, as a very pleasing circumstance, into a mischief rather than a benefit. I then insensibly lost ground in religion, which I hope I have, in some measure, been since recovering. Oh, that I may recover it more and more! I took this day some large time for recollection, though certainly had I been resolute to command an hour or two of yesterday morning, I should have found myself less embarrassed to day with the multitude of engagements which a new year's day, a sabbath, and a sacrament, bring along with them; especially considering my preaching this day a funeral sermon for Dr. Watts, in a manner obliged me also to make a hymn, which demanded more time than in these circumstances I could conveniently afford.

In reflecting upon the events of the last year, though it opened in some respects less comfortable, especially in some very tender articles of friendship. I have found great reason on the whole to acknowledge the wonderful goodness of God to me in various respects. As to my person, in the continuance of my health to such a degree, that since this day two years, when I begun the Family Expositor on Romans, I have, through the divine goodness, been enabled every day to do something at that great and important work; so that most exactly, according to my computation, I finished it last night, that is, finished the first copy of the translation, paraphrase, and improvement, and have proceeded in the notes as far as Ephesians. I have also this year been enabled to publish the third volume of the Family Expositor, besides Mr. Shepherd's Funeral Sermon, my sermon on Christ's Invitation, not now to mention Colonel Gardiner's Memoirs, which came out since the date of my last article. The acceptance which it has pleased God to give to my labours at home

and abroad demands my particular thanksgiving, especially as manifested in the great run of my two Letters for Holland. The translation of Colonel Gardiner's Memoirs into the Dutch, French, and German languages; of the Sermons on Regeneration, the Rise and Progress, and the Ten Sermons, into the low Dutch; the Rise and Progress also, of the good effects of which I have heard, into French; and the design of turning all the three abovementioned books into the German language, is such an instance of the goodness of God to me in this respect, as quite shames and astonishes me. Oh, that my heart may give God the glory of it, with that deep humility and self-abasement which becomes me.

The great mercy of God in sparing the lives of my four children, and giving us both growing comfort in them, and in carrying my dear and valuable wife so safely through her confinement, and raising her up to such a state of health, as through the divine goodness she enjoys, affected me also very much. And indeed, God makes me every day more and more happy, both in that dear love and in my children. The number of my pupils has been increased rather than diminished since the last year began; Mr. B. Clayton, G. Taylor, G. K. B., and Offley, and a ninth, that is, Mr. C. is now coming. I have also had great satisfaction in the behaviour of many of them; and think upon the whole that there is reason to believe the interest of religion and learning both are considerably advanced in the Academy within the last year, of which the analysis of the first classes is an agreeable proof.

I ought before this to have mentioned the wonderful instance of the Divine goodness in preserving me from drowning on Monday, July 25th, as I was attempting to pass under Westminster Bridge, when the wind set contrary, and blew so violently, that we were in danger of

being borne violently against the side of the bridge and dashed to pieces.

The accession of several valuable friends to balance the loss of some few by death, is also to be gratefully remembered; particularly my Lady Huntingdon, Mr. Edwin, and Colonel Gardiner. Nor is good Mr. Williams to be forgotten, nor Mr. West, with whom I have formed a much more intimate acquaintance than before. My introduction to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and some other considerable persons in the Establishment this year, I would acknowledge as from God. May it answer some valuable end!

Some steadiness that God has given me, especially of late, in pursuing my schemes of service I also now reflected upon with pleasure.

I reflected likewise on some afflictive circumstances which Providence has appointed to me; particularly the loss of my dear little boy, born this year, for whom I felt a very great fondness; disappointment in the expected settlement of some agreeable friends at Northampton, particularly Mr. Oliver Cromwell, taken away by death; and above all, the prevalence of Moravianism, by which several persons have been drawn aside from our communion, particularly Mr. and Mrs. Maud, Mr. and Mrs. Agur, as Mr. Evans has been alienated another way; the decay of the Church, by the loss of many more members than have been admitted; for only ten have been taken in, and at least sixteen if not eighteen lost; the want of zeal in many, of whom I have reason to believe that they are sincere Christians, and who ought to appear much more strenuously for the support of religion than they do. I have had reason also greatly to lament the coldness I have often felt in my own soul, especially in the exercises of devotion in the evening; the mispence of evening time in general, and the neglect of a becoming care in visiting and personal inspec-

tion of those committed to my charge; though there has not been a total neglect of this, yet there has not by any means been all the zeal, fidelity, and activity which my public engagements, and which my private devotions have required.

I have this day been renewing my solemn resolutions for the service of God; and particularly of greater activity where I have been most deficient; and greater vigilance where I have been most careless. I hope and trust God will continue it upon the imagination of the thoughts of my heart. I have also this day made a solemn vow to God, in my secret evening's devotions, that I would devote a tenth part of the income of my estate, of my salary, and of my income by my pupils, to charitable uses, and one eighth of all that shall this year come in by my books or presents, unless any circumstances arise that lead me in my conscience to believe that it will be injurious to others to do it.

My head and heart are full of schemes and projects for God. Full, I hope I may truly say, of most affectionate desires for promoting the honour and interest of my dear Redeemer. And to the guardianship of my covenant God in Christ I have this day solemnly committed myself, and all that is dearest to me. And I doubt not but that he will deal well with his servant according to his word.

P. S. I ought to have mentioned the pouring out something of a spirit of prayer on myself and on several of my people, and the attendance of several young people, so that the galleries are generally pretty well filled; and the assistance that God has given me in my public labours, which afford matters of praise this year; and I note them, that if God spares me to the end of it, I may see how far these encouraging symptoms are answered.

SOME SCHEMES FOR THE SERVICE OF THE FUTURE YEAR,  
IF GOD SHOULD BE PLEASED TO CONTINUE MY LIFE  
THROUGH IT.

I TRUST God is witness to my sincere desire of dedicating this year, and the whole of my life to him. The employments of it I cannot very particularly sketch out; but I purpose to go on with the notes of my Family Expositor, and I am not without hope but that I may this year prepare them, or the greater part at least of the remainder of that work. I propose likewise to publish a Sermon for Children, the Letter on Family Prayer, and perhaps one on the Peace. I propose also taking a more accurate survey of the state of religion in the congregation, pursuant to that review I have taken of the congregation itself; and of abounding more than ever in the discharge of the pastoral duties in all the private exercises of it. For books, I purpose reading Maclaurin of the Newtonian Philosophy, and Arrian's Epictetus. I may also, perhaps, attempt a little Essay on Sacrifices, and to make some provision for that on Proselytes. I think also to draw up the Sermon I preached to Children in order to its being published. I intend also, by the divine assistance, to talk apart to each of my pupils about religion, at least twice every year; and also to endeavour to manage my correspondence with more care and exactness than I have in time past; labouring to keep up better with my friends in answering their letters, and endeavouring to avoid improper length in mine to them, and labouring to give some serious and useful turn to what I write. Some hints of Meditations at the Sacrament I will write out when I can; and I propose preaching as much as I conveniently may without notes, as I really find that method in the main most edifying and affecting to the people to whom I address myself. I intend to get into a

better plan with regard to the visitation of our families, and especially first to those that have children; and where I have matter of moment depending with regard to any, would always recommend it to God in prayer before I make any attempt whatever.

HINTS OF MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRAMENT,  
IN FEBRUARY, 1749.

THE subject of my meditation was, “*What is thy petition and request?*” We are at the banquet of wine of a king, and imagine him to be addressing that question to each—should we be at a loss for an answer? “*Lord that our sins may be forgiven, all of them; those since we first entered into covenant with thee, and those since our last covenant engagements.*” God answers, “*I will be merciful to your unrighteousness, your sin and iniquity I will remember no more!*” And what further? “*Lord, that remaining sin may be rooted out, not only from our actions and words, but from our thoughts.*” He will subdue iniquities, he will cast sin into the depth of the sea. “*Sin shall not have dominion over you, for you are not under the law, but under grace.*” And what further? “*Lord, that our souls may be animated in thy service, that we may have wisdom, and courage, and perseverance.*” *I will strengthen them in the Lord, and they shall walk up and down in his name, saith the Lord.* And any thing further? “*That we may be enabled to bear up under the burthens and afflictions of life; not dismayed and terrified, but calm and composed.*” “*When thou passest through the fire and water I will be with thee.*” Let not our Lord be angry, and we will speak but once more. “*That thou wilt support us in death, and receive us to glory.*” This is the great promise, that after passing through the dark valley, he will give unto us eternal life. All the rest have a reference to this. *Begotten again to a lively hope, &c.* which God that cannot lie has

promised. Lord, I have no more to ask for myself, but for others I have. "*Oh, that Ishmael may live before thee!*" my companions, my children, every one of them from the eldest to the youngest. I cannot say it is an absolute promise; but he hath said, "*I will be a God to thee and thy seed.*" Confirm, O Lord, the pleasing hope, and accept my grateful vows for the honour of thy name." O Lord, extend thy gospel here, though perhaps not immediately more among those which yet we are most concerned for: Yet, surely, upon the whole, we have that comfortable promise, *the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth—a seed shall remain to serve him.* Lord, we believe thou hast granted our petitions: we will turn them into praise: we will go away as those that have this cheerful and comfortable hope. Invitations to the aged and the young were then given. Here are seasons now of gathering, for the fruit is ripe! and of hope, for others are coming forward with the favourable gale of youth, may they steer into this peaceful harbour.

#### HINTS OF THE SACRAMENT, IN MARCH, 1749.

HAVING preached on God's gathering together in one all things in Jesus Christ, I added a meditation on these words, *that we might be to the praise of his glory.* I considered how we might be so. By celebrating his praise with our voice—and by showing forth his praise in our lives. I touched in the former on the error of those who deny singing, and pressed the allowing a proper proportion of praise in public worship at all times, especially on sabbath days and sacrament days. O that God would give more of his Spirit to excite praise! I then insisted on showing it forth by an inoffensive, exemplary, and useful conversation. Inoffensive: observe what it is that gives offence and occasions reproach. Intemperance, being absent from ordinances, covetousness, pride, censoriousness.



I then urged an exemplary behaviour, so that men may learn by us, and so that if we were in a country where our language could not be understood, yet that by our good behaviour they might learn how they should behave themselves to us. Endeavour to be useful; do good by diffusive bounty. Many poor want assistance. Give it to them. *Do not indulge temptations of a sophistical nature, and so, instead of relieving the poor, find out artful reasons why they should not be relieved.* Think of good to be done to the souls of companions, of children, of servants, of friends. Abound in this work. Remember that your opportunities lie but within a little space.

I said little, particularly in breaking the bread. Before giving the cup, I urged them to lift up their hearts to God, that if he offered it they might see it as offered by his hand, and might take it. May the mercy of the Lord pardon those who neglect his grace.

This was but a low day. My animal spirits were exceedingly weak, and scarcely one vigorous sentiment of devotion arose in the whole day. Memorandum.—Yesterday I began a paper, called the History of my own Heart, which see more of this day.

#### HINTS OF THE SACRAMENT IN APRIL, 1749.

I HAD some remarkable enjoyment yesterday and this morning, and a charming season in attending Mr. Robinson, after preaching from *Isaiah*, xliii. 1, 2. “Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob,” &c. I introduced the Lord’s Supper with *Isaiah*, xlix. 13. “*Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains: for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted.*” The words express a most affectionate rapture; and as if the prophet were not himself sufficiently able to express his joy, he calls upon inanimate nature. Let the mountains reecho it downwards

to the earth and upwards to heaven, and thus let it excite our songs. Let celestial music in all its charms be employed to celebrate it; to celebrate what? the deliverance from Babylon. If it were so, how poor to our triumph. To come back to an earthly Canaan, where some of their fathers, some of their grandfathers lived, where so many risks were to be run, and so many conveniences were to be resigned, that the greater part, when they had liberty to do it, chose still to reside at Babylon. But these, if they had found occasion to weep the diminished glory of their temple, how much more cause have we. The Lord has comforted his people. He has a people; and if he sees them in places that need comfort, he provides it. Who else could have comforted but the Lord? Had we understood our true case, we might have derived grief from every circumstance that had given us affliction. Was it bodily pain, gout, or stone; could it be scarcely endured only a few days. Oh, what would it be to endure such anguish and agony for ever? If it be grievous to support the distress of a wounded spirit but for a little while, what are the agonies of eternal despair? If the loss of a friend be grievous, what must the everlasting loss and absence of God be? If I grieve to see a dear child in pain, what must it be to behold all that are dear to me in torment? Oh, what must the situation of my mind be, if I can behold this with a strange kind of pleasure, rather than sympathy? If the insult of enemies in any degree be grievous, what must the scorn and insult of infernal spirits be, wherewith they shall seize me as their helpless prey, and cry, "there shall be no deliverer?" Thus might we have argued, had not Redemption taken place; and what then should comfort us? But now, *I, even I am he, saith the Lord, that comforteth you. I speak forgiveness and peace; and then who shall give trouble?* He speaks it through Christ, and by this memorial of that Saviour's

love, he will have mercy on his afflicted servants. His people may be afflicted, as in my text, they may pass through the fire and the water; but still he has mercy, He will support them, and that wonderfully. *To the upright there ariseth light out of darkness.* Have we not experienced it? Have we not found the blessed interposition, when he has commanded it;—when bewildered in midnight obscurity, we have perceived a sudden light arise in the mind, we knew not when or how, and as if day was born from the womb of the night! He will deliver them certainly, and speedily;—deliver from Death; for what is human life, and how many years can remain of it? He will deliver them from all their afflictions, he will wipe off every tear; he will not merely put off their sackcloth, in which they lay down in the dress of death, but he will gird them with gladness. Therefore, O Sion, sing of his goodness. Say not, my God has forsaken me. Say rather, he will never forsake me. He will multiply his comforts, till he completes my deliverance. In the administration of the elements, I observed, what if Christ were here in person, and said, “Let all that love me, all that trust me, all that believe in me, and obey me, come down and take these meats at the table, and let the rest stay.” What would you say? Perhaps, “Lord, I desire to love thee. Lord, take away every thing in my heart that opposes.” Well, all shall be well. That desire shows that thou art his, and that thou hast a right to be here, whatever thou mayst conceive of the matter. This was the substance.

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1749.

LODGING at Maidwell on Friday night, I took some time yesterday morning for a review of the past year; and I have this evening been looking over what I wrote at the beginning of it. Many thoughts collected abroad are marked down on the beginning for reflection; but I think

it proper to insert some of them here, lest they be lost or mislaid, if I should desire to review them hereafter, and particularly at the close of the opening year, if that should happen, though I think of it with a deep sense of the uncertainty of such an event; and I hope, with an entire submission to God, as wishing to live only for his glory.

I find the mercies of this year to have been many and great; I am particularly struck with the thoughts of that uninterrupted state of health which God has given me; so that I think I have not been one Lord's day through the whole year entirely silent, and seldom prevented once from preaching by any indisposition; and I have actually written some of my Family Expositor every day this year, having been urged to it by a solicitation to print much earlier than I intended. I have not only ended all the other notes, but a few on the last chapter of the Revelations; and I have also transcribed, since the end of the vacation, the whole Epistle to the Romans, and the six first chapters of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. I have also this year composed and published a Thanksgiving Sermon on the Peace, and have transcribed and sent to the press, though after immense hindrances, which I thought would have defeated the purpose, my Letter to Heads of Families on the important subject of Family Religion. I have also prepared, but not transcribed, a Letter to Count Zinzendorf, *whose enormous errors and enthusiasm have filled the whole Protestant world with wonder and with horror.* God has this year given me many choice and happy opportunities of speaking in his name, insomuch that I have found upon a review, that besides repetitions which have been thronged, I have preached a hundred and fifty times, and our auditory has been generally as full as it has been for some time, though I cannot say that many new families or persons known to me have been added. Yet I bless God, that twenty-two persons have been ad-

mited into communion; but as twenty-two have either died or removed, the number is the same; but blessed be God, if we do not decline. There is a comfortable prospect with regard to the young persons in particular; and I think the meetings on Lord's day mornings at the vestry was never better attended; and I am told by young Mr. B. that there was never a greater number under serious impressions. It is much satisfaction to me to learn, that some societies have been formed among the young people, who have sometimes been ready to form societies of a very different kind; and that some who were despisers of the gospel are now much attached to it. This I ascribe to the riches and freedom of divine grace, and to that be all the glory.

I have this year received increasing tokens of the acceptance of my works abroad. As the translation of my *Rise and Progress* into French has met with great encouragement from the Prince and Princess of Orange, and most of the Dutch nobility and gentry, and from many in Switzerland and Germany, so the providence of God has engaged that pious and elegant writer, M. Vernade, to go through the work, which would else have been undertaken in the hands of M. Castlegony; and the Abbot Steinmetz has engaged M. Rambach to translate the *Family Expositor* into High Dutch. But as some opposition was made to it by the Lutheran clergy, it gave an opportunity of translating the *Sermons on Regeneration* into that language, the moderation of which quieted much opposition. Two eminent German divines, one of Hanover, the other a son-in-law of the celebrated Schoepling, have undertaken the translation of the *Rise and Progress* into that language; and application has been made to me for my picture by several persons. This is but a little circumstance, but it is produced by others of much greater importance, in which I desire humbly to acknowledge the divine goodness. I

think it is since the above year that I received the Sermons on the Power and Grace of Christ in Low Dutch.

God has been pleased this year to make the largest accession of students to my Academy than it has ever received in any one year, I think fifteen in number; Cappe, Cutler, Mercer, Gillebrand, Bradfoot, White, More, Rocquet, Walker, Beman, De Hondt, Murray, Rose, Brown. Three of these, Rocquet, Beman, and De Hondt come from Holland, from whence I hope there is a prospect of a further accession, which may by the divine blessing be of considerable service. And the two last are remarkable on another account: Mr. Murray being likely to rise to a seat in the House of Lords, as Earl of Dunmore, and Mr. Rose, his private tutor, is an excellent man. I see much of the hand of Providence in this, and so much the more, as there have been several removes; notwithstanding which my Academy is more numerous than it has been for a long time. I think upwards of thirty pupils. At present thirty-three, besides Mr. Clark.

I bless God, I have been lately delivered from the extraordinary fear I had of losing my dear daughter Mary, who has been extremely ill, but is I hope in a way of recovery. I solemnly put her, and all my other comforts, for the continuance of which I would be humbly thankful, into the hands of my father and my God; and particularly I commend the dear, but now much afflicted youths, Clayton and K. to his gracious care, protection, and favour.

God has been pleased to give me some steadiness in pursuing my schemes, but not equal to what I could wish, and I find many just causes of humiliation; especially that my evening time has not been filled up, and my evening duties performed as I could have desired. Neither have I been so careful of late in talking and praying with my pupils and servants as I might and ought to have been.

I have it further to add, that whereas I did at the beginning of the last year make a solemn surrender of a tenth of my ordinary, and an eighth of my extraordinary income to the service of God, I find upon a review that upwards of twenty guineas have been this way employed; whereas the income of my people and estate, presents included, has not been above a hundred and fifty pounds more than by pupils, of which more than one-tenth has been given in the education of four of my pupils, Walker, B. Strange, Mercer, and White. So that I judge myself to have acquitted all due on that engagement, in which God has so blessed me, that I hereby renew it for the ensuing year. This account was taken, and it was the last written article of the old year. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW  
YEAR, 1750.

I HAVE this day been solemnly renewing the dedication of myself to God, and my heart has been warmed with a great desire to serve him. I have been considering how I am to employ myself for him. And on the whole have determined, by the divine assistance, to go on doing something every day in my Expositor; hoping that I may before the end of the year, if God should spare my life, have transcribed at least to the end of Ephesians, with the notes, in which I propose to read Lefant chiefly in the evening, and to finish for the press, the whole on the Romans. If I can also publish a Sermon on Brotherly Love, and the account of Zinzendorf, it will be well. For I plainly see that these things rid very slow with the pressure of so much business, and there are many letters upon my hands. Nor can I persuade myself by any means to neglect my people, so that I must not confide in reading many books or doing much other business, while the Family Expositor is in hand, about the accuracy of which I grow more solicitous,

as I have so much reason to believe that it will go through a considerable part of Europe. I must also attend to the interest of religion among my pupils, and have more conferences with them, especially in the evening, than I have had of late. I shall also probably end Rollin, and perhaps may get an opportunity of reading a little of Tacitus, with Gordon's translation, of which I hear so many good things. But I fear I shall neither publish *Sacramental Meditations* nor *Hymns*;\* yet I may perhaps do something towards getting them in some forwardness.

I would fain hope that the evenings will be more carefully redeemed, and the beginnings of the afternoons saved, which have so often been unaccountably lavished away. I would at least secure four hours a week, to be set down as to a cash account; and would devote to God the like proportion of my substance as last year, keeping the account carefully; and would secure a little time for devout meditation at least once a week; and guard against excess at supper.

In the prospect of being much pressed with letters, I would consider what my debts of that nature are, and what I may get dispatched by other hands, either dictating, or getting them set down in short hand, to be transcribed. I would keep an attentive eye on the growth or declension of the church, and would resolve to intercede more fervently with God both on public and private accounts, as I find my prayers have been too selfish. I will also bend my preaching with the most fervent application to the purpose of bringing sinners to Christ, and of advancing believers in holiness.

I propose to keep my diary as constantly as I can; to set down memorandums in time, and not to throw the accounts of one day into another, when I can conveniently

\* The Hymns alluded to were published by the Rev. Job Orton, after the death of Dr. Doddridge.



prevent it, which often has occasioned the omission of many useful hints, and introduces a bad habit in other things as well as that.

The tender state of my dear daughter's health this year has thrown me into some anxiety. God knows how near she lies to my heart. I earnestly beg that, if it be his blessed will, he would favour me in preserving her life, and that of poor Mr. Clayton for the ministry.

The lower class not having been very closely superintended, it has occurred to me not to spend any time between breakfast and dinner below, except so as to dress myself, and if I have finished my lectures before dinner, to call the juniors to spend some time in examining them. I also would attend sometimes at Mr. Hopkins's society, and on my own family evening prayer. These things I propose, by the divine assistance; and I desire to leave all my affairs with God, waiting on him, and keeping his way.

#### MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRAMENT, MARCH 4, 1750.

AFTER a very affectionate sermon on God's not sparing his own Son, but delivering him up for us all, I delivered some remarks on those words, "*O send forth the lights of thy truth; let them lead me; let them guide me to thine holy hill.*" Whatever sense these words had in the mouth of David, they refer to heaven, as used by a Christian, at such a time. It is a hill. It is an ascent in every sense. We must labour as in ascending a hill. But the pleasure of the view from the summit will well reward the difficulties of the way. It is not only to the wise a way to the life above, but it is to depart from hell beneath. It is a *holy hill*: there it is holiness in the abstract. Is it not desired in that view. Am I so unhappy as to be surrounded with those who are not holy, and who do not desire to be so? Lord, thou knowest I long for the perfection of holiness,

to get rid of these remaining burthens of pollution. But it is to be remembered, that we need God's light and truth to be sent out for this purpose. His light. Lord, shine out upon me, shed knowledge and vigour into my soul; O shed thy light upon me both to guide and cheer me; lest I wander, lest I droop. A ray from God shot forth into the soul is indeed delightful. And thy *truth*. Teach me to depend upon it. Give me a sense of its excellency. Let my soul rest upon thy promises, and be assured of a performing God. Let me do an honour to them, by being persuaded of their reality, and so embracing them. These thoughts are especially proper at the table of the Lord. We have been guided to Sion in one sense; but there is a better Sion in expectation. May we not hope that from hence God will send forth his rays, his light, and his truth, considering all the promises as here sealed. Yea, and amen. Can we not say, as we have seen thee in the sanctuary.

MEDITATION ON THE SACRAMENT, APRIL 8, 1750.

I INTRODUCED the ordinance with these words, "*Nevertheless I have something against thee.*" *I.—Who?* Our Lord *Jesus Christ*, who holds the stars in his right hand, who walks among the seven golden candlesticks. *He had something against them;* though their labour, patience, and zeal are so honourably commemorated. We may emulate them, and say, O that it were with us as with them; yet Christ had something against them! Then we should surely inquire, whether he has not something *against us?* and what can we imagine it to be? is it with regard to secret devotion? not that we omit it; but then it is carelessly performed, hurried into hasty moments; is it in our family? not that we are guilty of the great wickedness of omitting prayer, but then it is degenerated into a form; is it that we have little concern about the souls committed to our

care, children, *servants*, or friends? is it that we are wanting in charity? whether in candour, finding fault with the characters of others, and presuming to censure them, when perhaps they are better than ourselves? or that we want charity to the bodies of others? have not set apart a portion of our substance, as many do? that we do not look into their cases—do not care to hear of their sorrows, but are *ingenious to find out excuses for blaming*, instead of pitying and relieving them. Is it attachment to this world, either its honours, profits, or pleasures? is it the loss of our first love? how unreasonable! why should we love Christ less than we did, when he first formed an acquaintance with our souls? has he not rather bestowed more and greater favours upon us? well then, let us own, that whatever he has against us we are inexcusable: and to you, spectators, has he not something *against you*? even this single circumstance, that you attend not upon his table: though you have had so many engagements and invitations, though so many have testified to the refreshments they have received, which testimony we now repeat. What then is to be done? if thy brother has ought against thee, go and be reconciled, much more is it to be reconciled here; but you need not go, for lo he is here! pour out your hearts before him, and say, blessed Jesus, I repent, forgive me. Give me grace for the future to walk more consistently with thee; if thou hast any thing more against me, Lord make me know it, and I will gladly renounce it. Lord, I can relish nothing while thou hast ought against me.

## MEDITATIONS ON A SACRAMENT, MAY 6, 1750.

PERHAPS I have seldom in my whole life seen any sacrament from which I had less expectation than from the present; in some measure on account of my bodily indisposition, for a violent cold had seized my lungs, which kept me from preaching either parts of the day, though in the

afternoon much against my will; and besides, that I think I never was in so languid a frame as to religion. I have hardly enjoyed any thing of God, either in secret or the family, during the preceding week; my soul might, if ever, be said to cleave to the dust. Some of the time which I should this morning have spent in meditation, and this afternoon in prayer, I spent in sleep; and this from a real persuasion, that in the state of animal nature, from which I suffered, it was the best way I could employ my time. Yet it pleased God to give me some wonderful enlargement at the table of the Lord from those words, "*we are no more strangers and foreigners.*"—The state in which Christians are, and the manner in which they came into it, furnished matter of much sweet meditation. We are of God's household: witness our sitting at his table; how honourable and how happy a condition! blessed to be servants; but we are children; fellow-citizens with the saints; enrolled in the catalogue of those who belong to the New Jerusalem. What if diseases and devils were subject to us, it were not such matter of joy, as that our names should be written in heaven. How pleasant to think that we are brought into God's family, whereas once strangers. It is by Christ we have access to him—by his blood. This shows at what a dreadful distance we were. This gives us cause to rejoice in our present privileges with trembling. It is a privilege purchased by the blood of his own Son: the agency of the Spirit was also concerned. There was a certain dress in which we were to be introduced; not merely a habit of ceremony, but one necessary to our own case and happiness. The Spirit's interposition was necessary. I then mentioned the circumstances of Christ's blood being shed for many; for *all* the pious dead. Let us rejoice and congratulate each other it was also for us, for many unborn. O blessed society! rejoice and bless God for each; for all that have been, and that shall be. It was quite astonishing and

very delightful to me, that so dark a morning should end in so bright an evening. Nor did I find animal nature fatigued; but rather on the whole refreshed by the labours of the day.

MEMORANDUMS RELATING TO JUNE 2, 1750, A DAY SPENT  
IN SOLEMN FASTING AND PRAYER.

BEING much affected with many things I have lately read in the journal of that faithful and zealous servant of Christ, Mr. David Brainerd, and observing particularly that he abounded much more than most men of his day in the duty of secret fasting and prayer, I determined, by the divine assistance, to attempt the exercise of the former long neglected duty. I fixed upon this day for that purpose, and in my secret retirements intreated the divine assistance in the prosecution of the design; that I might have the more time to command in the forenoon, I delivered a devotional lecture in the family before breakfast time on those words, *draw near to God and he will draw near to you*, and I had some enlargement of heart and tender touches in the prosecution of that duty, though not the greatest readiness and liberty of expression. Then, after a very slender breakfast, which I thought might prevent my being unfit for duty, I retired to the vestry, but finding some people at work in the meeting, I walked out and meditated and prepared further materials. I returned to my retirement in the vestry quickly after eleven, when I solemnly endeavoured to prepare my soul, and had a most cheerful hope that it would be a blessed opportunity. I spent a quarter of an hour in earnestly imploring the divine assistance; then for more than half an hour I reviewed my late conduct, and struggled hard to humble myself deeply before God, which, blessed be his name, I did. I reviewed also the dealings of God with my soul. For three quarters of an hour more, that is, until past one, I confessed my sins before God, and earnestly

desired the warmer exercises of divine love. Then for about twenty minutes I renewed, with great sincerity, the entire surrender of myself to God, and thought, with unutterable delight, on the counterpart of the covenant, that he is my God, and resolved in his strength, rather to die, than to deal unfaithfully with him; neither life nor heaven appeared desirable, but as for his sake, and as to serve him and enjoy his presence; I felt great fervour and delightful outgoings of soul after God; I read hymns and passages of Scripture, especially the end of Romans viii. I then spent about half an hour in praying for temporal and spiritual blessings on myself; and a whole hour in earnest intercession for my dear flock, and for each of my pupils, and children, and select friends by name; I especially intreated that God would do me the honour to accept my son as a minister, and inspire him with a desire after that office. I also interceded with growing fervour for the propagation of the gospel abroad, and the advancement of it in my own country. I spread the affair of my journey before God, and intreated his protection and assistance; especially in carrying on my design for the promoting missionaries, and the education of young ministers, and lads intended for that office. About a quarter of an hour more was spent in projecting some further schemes for the divine honour; when I thought of visiting some heads of families to inquire as to the success of my Letter on Family Prayer, and the Letter to Count Zinzendorf, which, with the Sermon on Candour, I recommended to the Divine blessing. A storm of thunder then arising, I had some sweet views in reading the twenty-ninth psalm; and I then set myself to a solemn act of thanksgiving, with which I concluded these acts of retired devotions about a quarter before four. And I must record it to the honour of divine grace, that I never enjoyed more of God within the compass of five hours that I can remember in my whole life. Oh, how wanting

have I been to myself, that I have no more sought such feasts as these. The violent thunder and rain detained me in some thing of an uneasy waiting for above half an hour after my plan was finished, and kept me in such a situation, that the devotions with which my mind was then entertained were very much interrupted. And afterwards I found that cares lay in ambush for me at home, from which I had great reason to rejoice that I had so long escaped.

MEDITATIONS ATTENDING THE SACRAMENT, JUNE 3, 1750.

THE effects of those humble supplications I was yesterday presenting were, indeed, powerfully felt this day, which was one of the most blessed days of my whole life: it was a circle of sacred joy from morning till evening. At the Lord's table I discoursed on *the feast of fat things*, &c. I bore testimony to God, that he has made this holy feast. Is it not sweet? Even thus to remember God on this side heaven. Oh this *wine of the new covenant*! How well refined! These sacred pleasures are pure indeed: and God made this feast for all nations. For heathens as well as Jews—and thus we of the Gentiles are brought into it. Oh, that it may be every where spread, and every where frequented. God has taken off the veil of sin from our faces in some measure—once all was darkness; now there is light. Oh may he take it off yet more completely. Go on, my soul, to contemplate the day when God will swallow up Death in victory: no trace of it shall then be seen, *and God will then wipe away all tears.\** Then the rebuke shall cease, and scorn shall be no more. The Lord has spoken it. Let us anticipate. Let us say with dying Mr. Sanderson, *This is our God, we have waited for him.* Oh, had it been longer, it had been worth our while;

\* “This one scripture bore up a dying friend, that was Mr. Hopkins, through more than three tedious months of confinement on a dying bed.” This note is written on the margin of the MS.

for he will save us. What reason have we to be glad, if he will rejoice. He feasts us here, and that is but an earnest of our eating bread in the kingdom of God. Ordinances shall soon be superseded, and we shall drink no more of the fruit of this vine! At the collection, I said: You shall witness for me before God, that I have not taught you a religion consistent with the neglect of doing good.

MEMORANDUMS RELATING TO SEPTEMBER 1, 1750, A DAY SPENT AT THE VESTRY IN SECRET FASTING, HUMILIATION, AND PRAYER.

I HAD long expected and wished for this day, in the humble hopes that it might be a good day to my soul. I laboured an hour in secret in preparing my heart, though with too little sensible success. I then spent more than another hour in family prayer, and a discourse from the concluding words in Ecclesiastes, to my young people, in all of which I was sincere, but had very little holy enlargement. It was half an hour past ten before I could get to the vestry, being obliged to go round for the key, and when I began I found my thoughts too much dissipated. I laboured pretty much with my heart to get it in a proper frame; then I intreated divine assistance suitable to the plan. In humbling myself before God, I renewed my covenant, and committed my affairs, public and private, to him, and formed schemes for his service. This employed about twenty minutes. Then for about thirty minutes more I humbled myself before God, confessing my sins, mourning over them, owning my demerit, but felt too little of the divine purity, or of my own wretchedness, nor could I shed a tear. I particularly called to mind the sins of my journey—indevotion, neglect of scripture, sensuality, barrenness, aggravated by the extraordinary mercies of it; of which see afterwards. But about this time my



heart grew more insensible ; I was weary of this necessary work, and felt a sudden drowsiness seize me ; and hoping that it might a little refresh my feeble spirits, and invigorate animal nature, after having the night before slept but indifferently, I indulged it for a few minutes. After this I spent an hour with much more spirit in confession, reading psalms and hymns subservient to the service, and in recollecting the mercies of my journey, my interview with Lady Huntingdon, and deliverance from fire. In these duties I found sweet minglings of gratitude and humiliation ; and then till near one, I was employed in renewing the dedication of my soul to God, and my solemn covenant with him through the blood of his son, and rejoicing in it, and desiring to impress my soul with the recollection that it was in virtue of the efficacy of Christ's blood that this blessed privilege was allowed me. Till almost two was employed in prayer for the interests of religion in the world, the propagation of the gospel, and a blessing on our own land. I lamented the sins of the public with some affection, and prayed with some zeal for the revival of religion, and the averting deserved judgments. But when I came to pray for the church committed to my own care, I was strangely confounded. The debates that happened at the last church meeting ruffled my spirits and dissipated my thoughts ; and my devotion was much interrupted by a reverie of thought concerning past facts and future probabilities, though certainly the present difficulties should have awakened devotion rather than thus have disturbed it. Yet the succeeding half hour was more comfortably spent in intreating God for the church and for my pupils : and going into the meeting, my heart was enlarged, that the place might be filled with the presence and blessing of God. Till past three I prayed for the children, and recommended cases of particular friends to God. I then surveyed the schemes of usefulness which I

had formerly planned, and selected some for more immediate execution, preparing in part some of those catalogues which may direct me in future applications; and then praying them over, I concluded with thanks to God, and intreaties for his blessing upon me. I ended a few minutes before four; and though this day was very unlike the 4th of June, I bless God that it has been observed, as I hope it may promote further humiliation, which the enlargement of that day in one view may do as I have, alas! so soon forgotten that God, who then so remarkably manifested himself to me, and made me so happy.

Written at the Vestry, Sept. 1, 1750.

These retirements certainly increase my engagement to holy diligence in my ministerial duties, and in walking with God, in the care of my pupils, and people, and children, and servants. Added to all this, there was one twenty minutes which was beyond all comparison the sweetest of all, and equal to any thing in the happy day referred to above, that God drew and I followed after; nor were my cries for his holy Spirit in vain.

MEMORANDUMS OF THE SACRAMENT, SEPT. 2, 1750.

HAVING preached with great pleasure and enlargement from those words of Paul, "*If I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labours,*" I spoke at the table of the Lord from those words, "*Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price,*" &c. Were I addressing myself to heathens, I might say, *ye are not your own*; not to act as if you were subject to no account; you are not self-existent, self-sufficient beings, and therefore you must expect to account for your Creator's benefits. But how much more as Christians, and in the view of the Lord's table? *Ye are bought with a price.* What price? If I were to ask, not only the least instructed communicant, but a child, he would tell

me, *with the blood of Christ*. But who considers it? What does it mean, that Christ has by his blood delivered and saved us? We were ruined. Pity entered his heart. He was desirous to deliver, to secure pardon and peace, to take us under his protection, and to conduct us to glory. But here was an awful condescension, and not as I suppose unnecessary: it could only be accomplished by death. Well, even at this rate, oh, astonishing grace! he condescended: so he bought us, and so we became his property; and therefore not our own—and we are to glorify God. For he redeemed us to God by his blood. He has no separate interest and property from the Father. *All mine are thine, and thine are mine*. We are now required to glorify God in body and soul, for Christ has redeemed both; redeemed our soul, yea, and our body, although the meanest part of our nature. He leaves it, indeed, to pass by death into a deplorable state, as abominable to the senses as the body of a dead brute; but he will deliver it at the last day. We must therefore give him body and soul. The body without the soul in outward acts of religion were abominable hypocrisy. The soul without the body is impossible, while the soul dwells in the body. The actions of the body will in the main follow the dictates of the soul; it is not, therefore, a sanctified soul that dwells in a body, whose members are used to profane, intemperate purposes. Both are the Lord's. Is it not reasonable? Does Christ demand too much? Is it only a part of us that he ought to have? No. Lord, were the faculties of our souls a thousand times nobler, and the members of our bodies a thousand times stronger, yea, were we to live a thousand years, all were too little to give to thee. We are ashamed, but they are such as we have; and we trust that thou wilt at length make them nobler and better, and in token of this we now come to thee.

MEMORANDUMS RELATING TO A SEASON OF SOLEMN  
PRAYER, OCT. 5, 1750.

WITH great relish did I think of this day before its approach. I was, indeed, hindered in my secret preparation for it last night and this morning by Mr. Lucas's and Mr. Proctor's visit, which made it a matter of duty to take the season for a conversation with both, on matters which I knew not how to postpone. But I spent more than an hour and a half in prayer with, and preaching to my family from Psalm cxix. 9. "*Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way,*" &c. Through unavoidable hindrances, I could not get to my asylum, the vestry, till a quarter before eleven. I then began with general actions of devotion, by imploring Divine assistance, and reviewing the memorandums of the last month; in which, indeed, I found much cause for thanksgiving, mingled with humiliation, especially for the presence of God in secret, and family prayer in a morning, and assistance in my public labours, which, through grace, have this month been animated and pleasant. But I had reason to be humbled, that I had been very careless in the evening, and that, through so many interruptions, I had dispatched much less business in my study than I could wish to have done. There has also been too great a neglect as to the private care of my congregation; for which I humbled myself before God, while I acknowledged his mercy. I then cheerfully renewed the dedication of myself to God, rejoiced greatly in him, and earnestly begged larger degrees of sanctifying grace. I found particular reason to bless God for the increase of my Academy this month, by the accession of several charming and promising pupils, particularly Rolleston, Scholfield, Holland, Robins, my son, and Smith, with the prospect of some others. For the prospect of success in the youth's scheme; for pointing out Mr. Lucas, when,

I was disappointed in Mr. Rose as a tutor. I solemnly referred to God the youth's scheme, the Academy, and Family Expositor, the subscription to which is soon to be opened. On all these accounts, I felt a cheerful joy in God; but above all in the views of heaven, and in the hope of appearing with acceptance and a blessing in the presence of my great Judge at last. These meditations and prayers, intermingled, employed me till twenty minutes past one, and left me but one hour more for intercessions, for public and for particular cases, social or personal. With great fervency of spirit did I spend a whole hour in this delightful exercise, pouring out my soul before God, for the World and the Church; losing what was particular in what was general, upon truly Christian and Catholic principles, as God is witness. Yet I was enabled to cry earnestly for God's blessing on my labours, and the church under my care, and on every friend named in my list, whose particular circumstances I spread before God. And now my time was ended; and I saw it with regret. I left the feast with an appetite, and my soul said, it is good to be here. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from henceforth, even for ever. Amen.

Vestry, Oct. 6, 1750.

HINTS OF MEDITATIONS AT THE SACRAMENT,  
OCTOBER 7, 1750.

I INTRODUCED the ordinance with a meditation on Jer. l. 20. "*The iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none: and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found; for I will pardon them whom I reserve.*" A promise relating to the readmission of the Israelites into the charter, therefore common to Christians. God will pardon them more fully. It implies, if sin were sought for, there shall be no trace found. This may refer to the mark of the curse upon them, when the blood of Christ lay on them and their

children. God would do it entirely away; and so he does with respect to all believers. As yet we see not all things put under his feet, though it is said they shall be. We see not all the sins of Judah and Israel done away—or of God's people—they are under some remaining token of sin; and of these are all distempers—all the deaths of children, and all other calamities. Yet soon shall their separate spirits be dismissed; and then, with regard to them, there will not be a mark of sin remaining! God never joined a rational soul to a body for a punishment: it was a token of his favour to bestow instruments of action and of happiness. Death never came otherwise than as the wages of sin, actual or imputed; therefore we must consider souls in separate abodes, even in abodes of glory, as under some remembrance of sin, that is only to be done away by the resurrection. Never did any sinful creature appear in the likeness of such bodies; we are not then as servants of Christ, in the likeness of sinful, but of sinless flesh. Death and sin shall then be swallowed up in victory. And God says, *I will pardon those whom I reserve*; intimating, that it was in consequence of his reserve that they were pardoned. He reserves them as a little remnant from destruction: except the Lord had chosen them they would have been cut off as Sodom, where there was no remnant. He preserves them as a remnant remaining according to the election of grace. We are a remnant. We might have been cut off unconverted. God has spared, has reserved us. Adore his name, and trust in him to abolish all remaining memorials of sin. And, oh, rejoice in the pardon. *Blessed is the man whose iniquity is pardoned*. Is not ours? Are we not receiving the pardon? Let us trust in Christ. And, oh, let us rejoice! After breaking the bread, in which I repeated the heads of the sermon, I had an affecting representation of my heart's desire, and prayed for every one of my people, and for each of my hearers.

MEMORANDUMS RELATING TO A DEVOTIONAL DAY,  
OBSERVED NOVEMBER 3, 1750.

THE day began well with ardent aspirations after God in secret and family prayer, and the devotional lecture. My frame varied much. My voice was so much out of order when I began, chiefly from taking too much hartshorn last night, that I could scarcely speak; but my heart was so much moved in discoursing on that subject, *how we ought to walk to please God*, that I spoke freely, and have seldom delivered any discourse with more pleasure. Quickly after ten I was coming to the meeting, but was prevented by Mr. ——'s coming to settle accounts with Miss Ekins, which employed me till past eleven. It was then a full half hour past when I reached my asylum in the vestry, where I began with pouring out my heart before God for his blessing with much seriousness and ardour of soul. I then reviewed the memorandums of the last season, and reviewed an account of my conduct, in which I had much reason for humiliation, especially that no more had been done in the evening devotions, and in the care of the congregation, pursuant to a scheme I had laid this day month; I then read my solemn acknowledgments to God for several particular mercies; and an addition to the Academy, that of Henderson, the prospect of Mason and another youth; and for success thus far in the youth's scheme, in which several of my people appear heartily to concur; and the rise of a Society, from which I have received a present of Bibles and Catechisms for the poor; the probability of further encouragement to my Academy from London, and the prevention of some party schemes from taking place there; the serious impressions under which Mrs. Shelton appears; the delightful interview I have had with those kind, faithful, and flaming servants of Christ, Whitfield, Hartly, and Rowland; and some enlargement of heart which God has

lately given me in public service. In consideration of these mercies, I renewed my covenant with God, and rejoiced triumphantly in it. I was then earnest with God for a further blessing and more abundant assistance in my ministerial work, in my characters as a tutor and a writer; I recommended my people and pupils to God, and my writings already dispatched to his more abundant blessing. I then interceded largely for my particular friends by name, and this employed me till fifteen minutes past two. But my spirits towards the end began to flag, and the rather as it grew extremely cold. Then, till nearly three o'clock, I interceded with God for the church and world, and was taken up in admiring and adoring redeeming love, and in blessing God for that communion which I enjoyed with Him this day, though not altogether uninterrupted. But God has been with me of a truth. He has heard the language of my heart as well as my voice. And I leave it upon record, that I expect his blessing, and hope to have new matter of praise as to special manifestations of divine love, and some as to ministerial success before another of these days' returns. Amen, Lord, Amen.

MEMORANDUMS OF THE SACRAMENT, NOV. 4, 1750.

I HAVE seldom had less sensible enjoyment in the public duties of a Sacrament day. I arose late, through the monitor's fault. I was sincere, but not lively, in my morning's devotions; attentive and comfortable in the forenoon, when Mr. Clark preached an excellent Sermon from these words, *God is love*. In the afternoon I preached an old sermon on these words, *The King's daughter is all glorious within*. And as it was all ready, I took too little care to impress my heart with it; as I was a little out of breath in going to the place of public worship, my voice was bad, and my thoughts dissipated, and my heart, though sincere and



honest, cold as a stone. I had very little enjoyment at the Sacrament, at which very few were present. The Scripture was, "*You who were once alienated and enemies in your minds by wicked works, hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh through death, that he may present you holy and blameless, and unreprouvable in his sight, if ye continue in the faith, rooted and grounded, and be not moved from the hope of the gospel.*" My meditation was very short. I took up each of the thoughts; represented our natural state; our reconciliation by Christ's death; the view of blameless presentation; and the necessary precaution to be taken, that if we desire it, we must retain faith and hope; and on that I grounded a suitable exhortation, but I had little enlargement or sensible consolation. In the evening I was something better. I visited some of my people and prayed with them, both with some enlargement and tenderness. Coming home, I found a most affectionate enlargement in secret prayer; I never breathed more cordially and sincerely after God; I gave up every thing to him; prayed for more grace, and more nearness to him; and consented to be any how abased, humbled, afflicted, bereaved, or tortured if for his glory. It was a bright, though transient ray.

MEMORANDUMS RELATING TO A DEVOTIONAL DAY,  
DECEMBER 1, 1750.

MY heart was, I trust, upright with God in the duties of the morning, both in secret and in the family, when I gave a discourse on those words, "*Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free.*" But as my voice was much out of order, in consequence of a cold got last night, it damped my spirit and hindered the service from being so delightful as it often is. I got to the vestry a quarter

before eleven, and made it my first business to pour out my soul before God, which I did with great freedom and enlargement, ardently longing for more of the Spirit to sanctify and quicken me, and humbly renewing the dedication of myself to God. On reviewing the last memorandums, and reflecting, as well as I could, on what has passed since the beginning of the last month, the following reflections occurred. I have had less communion with God in secret than often at other times; yet in the main my heart has been right with God. I have had great enlargement in public worship, especially last Lord's day night, when speaking on those words, *I would make supplication to my Judge*. Drowsiness has interrupted me sometimes, particularly in our days of prayer, on account of the distemper among the horses, and on account of the smallpox, which has broke out at Harpole and in the neighbouring places. I have seen but little of the effects of my ministry according to my hopes; God rather threatening to diminish my auditory. Yet, besides evident tokens of God's presence in my ministry, as to my own frame, there has been great attention, larger auditories than I could have expected, considering all things; the young men's society seeming to go on very well. I have heard of two pupils who promise well; and, blessed be God, things go on prosperously as to the regularity of the Academy, and Mr. Lucas proves to my satisfaction. These are mercies which I would acknowledge in the midst of some discouragements and sorrows. These things I acknowledged before God; and before I entered on what was peculiar to the design of the day, I set myself to contemplate a little on the sufferings of Christ. I found unbelief working strongly for a while, and could not realize them at first; but at length my heart melted. I had a sweet survey, and was enabled to rejoice in his triumph and glory, and to devote myself to him, as not being my own, but as having

been bought with such a price. I then found my heart inflamed with an earnest desire of acting for this Saviour, and asked of God wisdom and resolution for that purpose, in the hope that I shall attain it. This employed me till twenty minutes past twelve. I then employed some considerable time in praying for my friends and relatives, and in recommending to God largely and earnestly those for whom I often intercede by name; but especially the afflicted family at Harpole, for whom I poured out a large and earnest intercession. I was then seized a little with heaviness; but about one renewed my petitions relating to my Family Expositor, which I in a very solemn manner committed to God, and had a secret intimation, as I thought, that some suitable Scripture would be given in as a token that God heard and answered, when this came into my thoughts, "*Blessed is the man, whose delight is in the law of the Lord.—His leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.*" But I was on a sudden interrupted, while thinking on this, with a secret suspicion, concerning the bank-bill which Mr. B. gave me for Mr. Robins, not recollecting any account of it in what Mr. Neal sent me last night. But I endeavoured to compose my spirit as well as I could upon that occasion, only charging it seriously upon myself as a providential admonition, to be more careful for the time to come, in noting down any thing which may hereafter occur, in a matter of such great importance. I concluded with a very fervent prayer to God for his interest in general, and for the prosperity of his Church. Herein particularly I found my heart unaccountably drawn out in prayer for a backslider among my people; indeed in such a manner, that I hardly knew what to think, whether it were not an intimation that God would appear by his Almighty power in this strange event, for such assuredly it would be. But I left it with him, as I do every thing else, waiting upon God and desiring to keep his way; but

surely he will make it apparent that these earnest supplications have not been in all respects in vain. I closed the exercise at about half past two.

HINTS OF MEDITATIONS AT THE LORD'S SUPPER,

DECEMBER 2, 1750.

I PREACHED very seriously on those words, "*I will declare thy righteousness, that it shall not profit;*" and humbly acknowledged the deficiency of my best deeds, especially of my ministerial services, with great affection. It was in every respect a good day to me. And though I had little time at the table of the Lord, upon account of the shortness of the days, yet, I bless God, I had some tolerable degree of comfort. My Scripture was in Hebrews: "*For the joy that was set before him he endured the cross,*" &c. In the preface I observed, how dear a view it gave of our Lord's humiliation and exaltation. *Humility*—he endured the cross and despised the shame. Here was the ignominy and the agony of crucifixion, yet Christ made little of it, when (*αυτι*) it was considered as set against the joy proposed as a price, for so the word signifies. And what was this? His own exaltation and glory and personal advantage? No. It was not a matter of bargain and sale, but liberal, compassionate love. It was that he might have the benevolent pleasure of redeeming us. This was the great end, and it was one worthy of Christ, and worthy of our praise and admiration. But we leave him not on the cross. He sees us congratulating his sitting down at the right hand of the Majesty on high. There he reigns, and will in due time appoint us also a throne. But it is well for us that we do not particularly know the glory of heaven. Stephen saw it at the hour of death, else he would not have endured to live. *I will be to you a God.*—Delightful thought! universal cordial! Oppose it to every human evil; sickness, poverty, the loss of friends, the near view of death. Yes. But

*I will be to you a God!*—that balances all. I adore the divine goodness in making this so blessed and joyful a day. God has this day answered part of my prayers, and I hope and trust he will answer the rest.

Yesterday I omitted to make a memorandum of Lady Huntingdon's apprehended dangerous illness. I hope in part there is a prospect of her recovery through my means in sending over Mr. Jones. To have done any thing towards the preserving of that angelic life would be one of the greatest felicities that could attend mine.

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1750.

GOD has lengthened out my too unprofitable life another year, and I hope through his grace I can say that it has been a year of some service, I am sure that it has been a year crowned with many mercies, and worthy of being particularly celebrated; perhaps never any one year of my life was distinguished by more, for which I desire humbly to adore him. It has been a year of almost uninterrupted and high health. I know not that I have been kept out of the pulpit by illness any one whole sabbath. I have now, through the fourth year, been enabled every day to write some of my Family Expositor, and have not only finished my notes on the Revelation, but transcribed from the sixth chapter of the First of Corinthians to the end of the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, except only part of the notes on Corinthians. I have also had an opportunity of publishing my Sermon on Candour, and that of the Guilt and Doom of Capernaum, and that upon account of the Earthquake, together with Mr. Some's Discourse upon Inoculation, which I hope, by the divine blessing, may be a means of preserving some lives. I have also had an opportunity of preparing a New Translation of the Minor Prophets, in order to an Exposition upon them; and I have proceeded since the 1st of October from the beginning

of Hosea to the end of Micah. I have had many opportunities of preaching to large auditories, I think about one hundred and forty-five Sermons, besides Repetitions and Devotional Lectures this year. I know not that many new families have been added to our auditory; several persons whom I may mention below have been taken off; and yet, I thank God, we are in the main as well attended as last year, though the smallpox in the neighbouring villages must have been some disadvantage to our communion; indeed no more than thirteen have been added, some who were proposed not having been accepted. The prospect among the young persons grows instead of declining, and perhaps it was hardly ever better since I came to Northampton than it now is. The Societies go on well, and the number of them and their members rather increases than lessens. As for the reception of my works abroad, a vexatious accident has happened in the publication of the translation of my Rise and Progress into French; but I hope Mr. V. who has been at so great a distance a long time, will soon undertake to finish it; but it is actually published in High German, translated by Mr. M. of Hanover, as the Family Expositor has been at Magdeburg by R. and my Letter on Family Prayer is also published in Low Dutch.

My Academy continues in a flourishing state, and there are circumstances which seem to promise its further establishment. There have been added to it, Messrs. Scholfield, Robins, Holland, Taylor, Henderson, Rolleston, to which may be added my son and Mr. Procter, in all eight. God has inspired Mr. Neal and Mr. Barker with a very kind thought in our favour; in consequence of which a subscription of forty pounds per annum, I know not how, is made for the support of a second tutor; which has introduced a face of greater order than before into my family, and may I suppose in its consequences bring in some who

may be added to the thirty, of which we already consist. By means of this, I am enabled to bring into execution a scheme I have some time since laid for the education of lads in grammar learning; and I have now in that view the six following, Mr. Bennet, a serious lad lately arrived, and who is subsisted by an exhibition of ten guineas yearly from Lady Huntingdon, Messrs. Howe, Brooks, Robotham, Cole, and Smith; three of whom come from a distance; and I hope they will many of them prove a seed to serve the Lord, who shall be accounted to him for a generation. The number of pupils, and lads altogether, is now thirty-six; and I hope a subscription will be raised for this good purpose. My dear Polly's life was threatened again in the spring; but God had mercy upon me, and has graciously raised her, and confirmed her health. She has been absent from us ever since Midsummer, but, in the family where she has been, was in the way of improvement; and, I bless God, I have growing comfort in all my children.

With some afflictions God has been pleased to exercise me. Nearly sixty have died or removed from the congregation during the course of the closing year. Some young ones we have lost by the smallpox, of whose usefulness we had hopes, and fifteen church members are either dead or removed, (on the whole, forty-three dead, and ten removed) so that we are declined by about two this year; but, I bless God, we have not lost any number of important persons. The death of my dear friend Dr. Clark, who died suddenly the 4th instant, is a providence long to be remembered; indeed never to be forgotten. The mercies of my journey I would solemnly acknowledge; the wonderful preservation of my study from fire, and the preservation and growing friendship of Lady Huntingdon.

I know not exactly how the charitable account of the last year stood, the book being burned; but I suppose, including the book which I gave away so largely, I mean

the Letter on Family Prayer, the whole was discharged. I renew the like resolution for this year; and desire to observe how God prospers me, that I may do in proportion to it. Too many of the complaints of last year continue. I have reason for humiliation. But adored be his goodness, it is intermingled with some causes of rejoicing. This memorandum, though written something late, I date

Monday, Dec. 31, 1750.

REFLECTIONS AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR, 1751.

THIS day have I very solemnly renewed my covenant engagements to God in secret, and spoken with great enlargement of his mercies from *Psalm* cxxxvi. 1. O that my life may speak my sense of them! In considerations of what I should do for God, it occurred to my mind, that I will still go on with my Family Expositor, the publication of which I shall look upon as the great work of some ensuing years, and shall be very happy if I can transcribe at least the paraphrase and improvements, as far as the end of the Second of Peter. Whether I shall be able to publish any of my Hymns, or whether my Letter to Count Zinzendorf should be published, I know not; but the Sermon on the death of my honoured friend, Dr. Clark, cannot be excused. I intend to finish the Translation of the Minor Prophets, and now and then to write out a Sacramental Meditation for the press, and perhaps to transcribe a few Hymns, but I can expect to do little of either, as I am extremely in debt as to letters to persons of importance, and here I must exert myself.

I thank God, my Diary has been useful this year, and my retirements in the vestry especially, so that I will pursue them; sometimes I will talk with servants, and pupils, whom I have much neglected as to conversation with them on religious topics. My own family prayer and exposition of the New Testament have been strangely



neglected; which I would endeavour to reform; and would study to make visits in the congregation more useful. I know not that I ever in my life felt a stronger resolution for God than I have felt this day. I pray God it may not be the occasion of showing my weakness, and the treachery of my own heart. Amen.

A SEASON OF RETIREMENT FOR PRAYER AT THE  
VESTRY, JANUARY 5, 1751.

I WAS much perplexed with business before I came, and interrupted so, that I went through family duty very heavily, several of my young people being absent; the sermon, which I repeated, was from those words, "*O taste and see that the Lord is good.*" I was then quite lethargic; but came hither soon after eleven. I was very earnest in the introductory prayer, and spent a good deal of time in reviewing the memorandums with which the preceding year was introduced, and in writing reflections on the past, and some meditations on the present season; struck with what I had noted of the breaches made on the congregation and church not being fully made up. I was very large and very earnest in intreating that God would revive it, and that he would give me some token for good very speedily; and indeed such was the unusual earnestness with which my heart was drawn out after God, that I could not but hope that it would be so. It was nearly two when these devotions were concluded. I then renewed delightfully the solemn dedication of my soul to God, with warm resolutions for his service; then interceded largely and particularly for the Academy, and the new school, in which every particular pupil, and lad, with his circumstances, was mentioned at large. All my select friends in the ministry and others had their share in my intercession; my works were also committed to God; and several thoughts started relative to future service; and of the consecration

to charity; of a tenth of my clear income from the congregation; pupils and books; estate in land or money; and the eighth of extraordinary presents in money. It also occurred to me to engage Messrs. Clark and Lucas to talk with their lads about religion; to endeavour to awaken the zeal of senior pupils; to think of a discourse upon zeal; to endeavour to animate poor Mr. — to set up his standard for Christ; to preach on the atonement of Christ ere long as the *justifier of him that believes*; and to think of Cole's Inoculation. These thoughts occurring to me while I was thus praying, I set them down to be recollected this day month, if God should spare me so long. My afflicted friends were largely remembered; and on the whole my heart was so drawn out in prayer on public and private accounts, and so delighted with this approach to God that it was nearer four than three, when I left the place. Adored be the condescending God, who gave me such a meeting in it! Oh, when shall I come, and appear again before him.

There were two or three particulars which I forgot to insert. I purpose to have the next day of prayer particularly devoted for requesting the bringing in of members to communion; another for the conversion of the unconverted, and the restoration of the fallen. And I desire to engage the elders to spend some time each of them in secret prayer on these two accounts; but to conceal the latter till the former be dispatched.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SEASON OF RETIREMENT AT THE  
VESTRY, MARCH 2, 1751.

THE last day of this sort I was confined by illness, which hindered me from coming out two Lord's days; and has indeed been a great impediment to various kinds of business and to devotion too; so that I have reason to fear, that I am gone considerably backward. I was extremely languid in the duties of the family this morning. I gave an unpre-

pared, honest, but heavy devotional lecture from 2 *Chron.* xv. 2: "*The Lord is with you, while you are with him,*" &c. It was past eleven before I got hither; I then implored the divine presence and assistance, and reviewed the memorandums of the last day of this kind, in which I found I had forgotten some articles, and particularly that I had omitted talking with Mr. Lucas and Clark, to endeavour to animate their zeal in addressing my pupils, especially the seniors, which I propose to endeavour to do in the evening. I then set myself till fifty-six minutes after eleven to deep humiliation, and had very abasing thoughts of myself. I did in some measure loath and abhor myself, and repent, as in dust and ashes, before God; arising from my knees, I continued till about a quarter past twelve, with solemn self-renunciation; I then spent an hour in thanksgiving for a variety of mercies, among which, the chief particularly mentioned, were the extraordinary enjoyment of God which I had at the last sacrament; my recovery from that stubborn cough by which I had been so long confined; and the great goodness of God in sparing the dear and excellent Lady Huntingdon, and poor Miss Ekins. I acknowledged the Divine goodness also in adding seven to our communion since the last sacrament, as that in February was omitted; viz. Mr. Bennet, Mrs. Pitts, and Hodgskins, and now Mrs. Allistone and her son, Joseph Green, and Mr. Stafford from Leicester; besides which, Mr. Holland and Mr. Proctor are proposed. There is also a comfortable prospect as to . . . . which I thought myself obliged solemnly to acknowledge; as also the increase of my Academy and the subordinate school society by the addition of Messrs. Hunt, Mason, and Stafford. Two great mercies showed in the relief of Mrs. Allistone, who was in such great distress, the comfortable news from Virginia by Mr. Davies's letter, and the prospect of missionaries being sent into New York. And to this is added, the encouragement of the subscription for the

Family Expositor from the Lord Chancellor and several of the bishops and clergy, and the raising up some unexpected friends to it. These mercies of God engaged me to devote myself to him; and I was taken up till twenty minutes past one, including the time occupied in making the memorandums. I then devoted myself to God under all my characters; I laid all my comforts at his feet. Then, till nearly two, I recommended my flock, pupils, and children by name to God. I prayed for each of the children and their dear mother; interceding particularly for Polly, who is so weak and ill; I then recommended the affair of my subscription, which rises very heavily; and the augmentation of my temporal circumstances to the divine care, and intreated providential direction in the choice of a schoolmaster, and an assistant, having received repeated disappointments. And I would now leave all these cases with God, hoping for his merciful interposition; and that, before many of these days recur, I shall have cause of thankfulness on all these accounts. The rest of the time was spent in prayer for yet more general concerns; for our Country, the Protestant interest, the Jews, and Gentiles; and in conclusion, I adored God for the enjoyment of the day, registering the following purposes;—of visiting in the congregation as much as I can, keeping some history of it; of talking on practical religion with as many of my pupils as I can in an evening, and with the servants; as also that I will more frequently pray before I write letters; that I will select some of the most important of those that have long been neglected and dispatch them by this day month; that I will endeavour to prepare by suitable memorandums for the next of these days, and for my devotional lecture, on being zealously affected in a good cause. My next devotional day shall have a particular reference to additions to the church in its members, and I will endeavour to collect some scripture promises relating to the increase of the church,

which may animate my faith and my prayers. Thus I left the place at nearly half an hour past two, with some cheerful persuasion that my prayers were heard, and that I shall see the outgoings of my God and king in the sanctuary.

A SEASON OF RETIREMENT, APRIL 6, 1751.

As my cough is returned with some violence, I was under the necessity of lying in bed much longer than I should have chosen, and was detained by Mr. ——. But I thank God, that I had a comfortable time in the devotional lecture, on *Rev. iii. 3.* “*Remember how thou hast heard and received,*” &c. I came to the vestry before eleven, and after charging a sense of the Divine Presence upon my soul, I spent most of the first hour in prayer, humiliation, and self-dedication, on the whole very comfortably; I was much affected with the beginning of the 14th of John, especially with those words, *the way ye know.* I saw Christ as the way to the anticipation of heaven in a very particular and striking manner. I then reviewed the last memorandums, and reflected on the conduct of God towards me, and of mine before him, for the last month. Among the divine mercies, I found reason to reckon the addition of that very promising youth, Mr. Alexander, to the list of my pupils, and the prospect there is with regard to Mr. —, who has declared his readiness to go as a missionary to New York, though his mother and Thomas Howe oppose it; such is the weakness of their faith and love. I hope I can truly say, that should God put it into the heart of my son to go under that character, I could willingly part with him, though I were to see him no more. What are the views of a family, or of a name, when compared with a regard to the extending of the Redeemer’s kingdom and gaining souls to Christ? Mr. F’s generous scheme of carrying on the interest of Christ by an augmentation of the second tutor’s salary has encouraged me so far, that Mr. Urwick

has been engaged to take Mr. Lucas's place in some measure, and that I have some uncertain prospect of a school-master coming among us; that my dear Polly is better; that Messrs. Proctor and Holland were added last sacrament, and Robins and Ward proposed now, these are all matters of thanksgiving; and that I have discovered in Mr. H. some appearance of good, and in Mr. Johnston continued hope, and that several Christians have been much refreshed, particularly good Mrs. Hopkins. Afflictive providences demanded my thoughts, particularly the terrible stroke on the nation in the death of our promising Prince of Wales, on the 20th of the last month, and about the same time the death of Mrs. Walker, and now Mrs. Avery. I have also reason to lament, that I have failed in several of the good resolutions recorded last time. I have visited and registered but little, and although I have selected letters to be dispatched, yet I have made but very little progress in them. Till near one, I addressed myself to God in suitable thanksgivings, humiliations, and confessions, alluding to these things; then nearly three quarters of an hour was spent in prayer for the increase of the church; in pleading many select promises before God, and interceding for my brethren and their Societies, as well as for my own; nor shall it I trust be altogether in vain. Then till twenty minutes past two, I drew up some maxims agreeably to what I had intended to think of in relation to my daily conduct in general, and as to my behaviour as a husband, father, master, tutor, pastor, and correspondent, and some miscellaneous purposes, which then I turned into prayer, beseeching of God resolution and prudence; and concluded by recommending to him the labours of to-morrow. *Memorandum.*—To review these maxims on the next day of this kind.

AN ACCOUNT OF SEVERAL OF THOSE MAXIMS, UPON WHICH I PROPOSE TO PROCEED IN FUTURE LIFE, UNDER THE FOLLOWING VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

1. *As to the conduct of every day.*—To breathe out my heart to God before I rise; to pray while dressing; to make prayer the first work if possible before I read one word; to make the Scriptures the first book; to do something every morning at monthly letters before breakfast; to begin every lecture in time, with the watch before me, and not to run on so far as to preclude those of the junior class; to get out soon in afternoons; to be at home at evening prayer: to expound when I can; not to exceed a limited time at a place; to be animated in conversation, providing useful materials for that purpose; to take notice of children; to keep a register of my visits; to relate religious remarks then made to the elders; to write before supper; to prepare social entertainment, and demand it; to sup moderately; to go to bed before eleven when I can; if the prayer be slightly passed over in the morning, to introduce it again in the evening; never to acquiesce merely in praying with my wife, without some fervent, though short petitions alone; to get a little time for meditation on Friday evenings.

2. *As a Husband.*—To be more careful to keep up the spirit of religion in conversing with my wife; to avoid pettishness; to make great allowance for the tenderness of her constitution; to reflect often on her distinguished wisdom and goodness; blessing God for her; recommending her to the divine blessing, and begging the continuance of her life, as one of the greatest blessings that life can afford, and that on which, under God, most of my own depend.

3. *As a Parent.*—To intercede for my children daily; to converse more or less about religion with each, weekly; to pray with them once a fortnight, and endeavour to dis-

pose them for communion; to endeavour to oblige them; to drop short hints, when there is not room for long discourse; also to speak on religious subjects to the servants, at least once a fortnight.

4. *As a Tutor.*—To maintain a strict inspection; to inquire after each from his respective tutor; to have expositions, prayers, and devotional lectures, as suitable as may be; to exhort and pray with each before the vacation, where it has not yet been done; to get a society of lads established if I can.

5. *As a Pastor.*—To review the state of my flock if possible, at least in town before the vacation; to visit, exhort, and inquire into family religion, &c.; to inquire after every village; referring to the last visit in the catalogue; to pursue a plan for monthly sermons, keeping four schemes beforehand in the book of such papers.

6. *As a Correspondent.*—To be exact in the catalogue of letters with regard to dates; to review that catalogue to determine when, and in what order to write; to guard against excessive length; to use as many assistants as I can, to get clear before vacation as far as possible.

7. *Miscellaneous matters.*—To draw up a scheme for every week, and then for every day, to be reviewed the next; to make my will; to adjust the account of the lads' society, and to fix on thirty letters at the beginning of the month, to which one hour a day, if possible, is to be given: to read over these maxims once a month.

#### SOME ACCOUNT OF A SEASON FOR RETIREMENT IN THE VESTRY, MAY 4, 1751.

I HAD, in the retirement of the morning, written out the maxims recorded in the preceding page, and given a devotional lecture on those words, "*God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, and has committed to us the word of reconciliation.*" I admonished with great solemnity, and



prayed fervently; then, about a quarter before eleven, I came to the vestry, intreating the divine assistance, but being something indisposed for devotion. I looked into the preceding part of this book to search after a plan for a day of fasting and prayer. While I was searching after it, I found and read many remarkable events at Harborough, in that sad, inconstant state in which I was during the years 27 and 28. And, upon this, I took some time, more solemnly to humble myself before God, confessing those and all other sins, intreating the mercy of God to pardon what is passed, and the sanctifying influence of his grace more fully to renew my soul. This was the chief of my employment till forty minutes past twelve. I was much affected to think, that yet notwithstanding those inexcusable transgressions, God should honour me as the instrument of so much usefulness. I was enabled to cry earnestly for pardon; and then reviewed late mercies, in which view I found cause to reckon the happy death of dear Mrs. Billingham, the steady, ardent faith of Mrs. —, the patience of good old Mr. Mason, and the addition of Mrs. Ward to the church; the proposal of my dear Mercy, and the hopeful religious state of Mrs. Johnstone. I then renewed the solemn dedication of myself to God, and was earnest in praying that I might be honoured as an instrument of usefulness. After this, till three quarters past one, I reviewed the memorandums of the visits of the former month, blessing God that I had been enabled to be so faithful in that part of my scheme, and praying for every family and person I had visited as their circumstances required. I then recommended to God, my family, children, and pupils, by name, and all in the list of my friends with true affection. I particularly prayed for dying Christians; and for my son; and intreated for myself, the spirit of prayer, and a heart more constantly devoted to God: I then offered a few petitions for the Public, and proposed to make a cata-

logue of the servants in the congregation, which I do not know that I have before taken; I had some thoughts also of writing a letter to Dr. Stonhouse relating to humiliation for past sins, and on subduing the present pride of his heart; but I would refer the determination of that affair to the leading of some future providence. I propose also on the next occasion of this kind to enlarge on the Divine Perfections, and on the prayer for the christian temper, in my Rise and Progress. I broke off unwillingly at nearly half past two, comforted in the review of my work, having been in prayer, solemn, deliberate, sincere, and collected; though the whole period was not attended with such fervent devotion as I have sometimes felt at such seasons.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A DAY OF RETIREMENT IN THE  
VESTRY, JUNE 1, 1751.

HAVING had more than ordinary work for some late days, and less sleep than usual, I was prevailed upon by the importunity of kind advice, to lie in bed much longer than usual this morning, which proved a great inconvenience to me as I awaked rather fatigued than refreshed. After having been so extremely low that I was not able to deliver my devotional lecture, I therefore read my sermon on a conversation in heaven, instead of it in the family. I met with continued interruptions till nearly three quarters past eleven, when at last breaking through them, I escaped to the vestry. I began with imploring Divine assistance, and then reviewed the memorandums of several of these seasons since this time twelve months; and upon the whole found so much cause of thankfulness, that I purpose by the divine grace to continue this practice as long as I have life, health, and ability. This perusal with some reflections arising from the abovementioned review, employed me until half past twelve. I then engaged in a course of devotional exercises until nearly three; but they were strangely

mingled and sadly interrupted, and upon the whole this was one of the most melancholy days of the kind that I ever spent; and such a day that in reflecting upon the progress of it, I was under a temptation to think of spending no more such days lest my time should be less profitably employed in this retirement, than in the usual business of my family and Academy. God seemed very much to desert me: I fear this was the awful consequence of my having been more dissipated and negligent than usual in my devotions and conduct. I have interrupted my Diary. I have been careless in reading the word of God in secret. Truly, secret devotion has suffered, amidst the many cares and hurries, the unseasonable hours, the visits and company of late days: and it seems just in God thus to disappoint my expectations, that I may learn caution in the scenes through which I am going to pass. I laboured much to affect my heart with a sense of the Divine Presence and perfections, but my conceptions of them were very low. I laboured to excite a self-abhorrence before God for my sins, and in that I succeeded rather better. I was indeed burdened and ashamed. I cried earnestly for pardon. I set myself to renew, but alas! too coldly, my covenant with God, and the consecration of myself to his service. I set myself to pray for the presence of God in my journey, but so coldly that my thoughts were distracted more than once. As my spirits were much out of order, I endeavoured to relieve them by slumbering for a few minutes, but it availed little, and even while I was recording these memorandums of my own stupidity, I grew still more stupid, and felt depressed with a heaviness and a wandering of thought I scarcely ever experienced before.\* I had reason for hu-

\* Nothing can be more evident than that the mental prostration, under which Dr. Doddridge suffered, in this and other instances, was solely to be ascribed to the state of his health, which was frequently more seriously deranged than he appears to have imagined. The origin of his fatal ill-

miliation, that God has taken away Mr. Mason; and reason for thanksgiving, that he gives me the encouragement of seeing my dear daughter Mercy taken into the Church, beside Mr. H., and three others proposed. I had particular mercies to ask in reference to my journey, as well as to the present situation of my affairs, besides many prayers to present for vacant congregations, pupils going out, &c.; yet I had a heart for none of these things. I felt a barrenness and deadness of spirit as if all these things were nothing to me. I offered some petitions suitable to these cases; but really they were so unlike the prayers I have sometimes offered with all my heart, and with all my soul, that I hardly knew how to call them prayers. These were my lamentations and struggle till about three, and then the duties of the day concluded with a bright hour, when committing my family, Academy, and Church to God, and interceding for my Friends and the Public. My petitions were then warm and lively, and I believe were heard of God.

ness was, by his family, dated from a violent cold, caught when performing the last affecting rites for his venerated friend Dr. Clark. In the *Sacramental Meditations* of May 6th, 1750, we find Dr. Doddridge observes, that *a violent cold had seized his lungs*; and there can be no doubt but that his circulation during the two last years of his life was often in that irregular state in which the animal spirits sympathize; and a hurried vivacity, a cheerless depression, or a drowsy apathy are more or less present in accordance with the natural habitude of mind.

Trifling changes in atmospheric gravity, its relative electricity, warmth, and dryness, are, under such circumstances, sufficient to awaken unpleasant sensations, or to incapacitate the mind for exertion; and it may be observed that a melancholy depression, and a dreaming indolence are in many instances diseases of the body, rather than of the mind. In consumptive persons these unsuspected impulses are most potent. Some curious illustrations of this fact might be mentioned; they would, however, occasion too great a digression, and I would refer the reader, who may feel inclined to pursue the subject, to my little Treatise recently published, entitled, "*Remarks on a New Remedy in Consumptive Diseases,*" &c. In addition to the original practical observations and scientific deductions there given, an analysis of the effects of climate, and of the late investigations relative to tubercles, will be found.

## MEDITATIONS AT THE SACRAMENT, JUNE 2, 1751.\*

HAVING preached from these words, in Hebrews, "Ye are come to the general assembly," &c. I introduced the Lord's Supper with *Isaiah* xliv. 3, 5. "*For I will pour out water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring.*" "*One shall say I am the Lord's, and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand to the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel.*" Concerning this, I observed, the general character of believers, and the particular circumstances of those to whom the promise is made. It is given to Christians, saying, *I am the Lord's*; to those who confess that they are his property, and that at his disposal they are willing entirely and absolutely to be. "*I am the Lord's*:" I, and all I have; every possession, every relative hope, every concern; *not as I will, but as thou wilt.* Another shall call himself by the name of Jacob.—What! though it be a despised remnant, though there should not be one rich, polite, or learned person belonging to it, yet are they God's people; they are the seed of those that love and serve him, and delight themselves in him. A third shall *subscribe with his hand to the Lord.* This some then present actually did. It signifies giving a public token of devotedness to God, and we do the same thing when we come to the Lord's table. In breaking the bread, I observed, here is the effect of the sacrifice. What was the cause? the pouring forth of the Spirit and the blessing, for all things are of God. Let us own the cause wherever we see the effect, and look to the cause whenever we desire to see it. Be more earnest with God for the pouring out of his Spirit. Consider this text as especially illustrated

\* Dr. Doddridge died, Oct. 27, 1751.

in reference to those who are the seed and offspring of the Church, for among them generally the seed of the future Church is to be found, which may be an encouragement to parents, and children, and ministers. Let us thank God wherever we see it, and bless God that he has thus far heard our prayers, and has succeeded our pious cares. And where we do not as yet see it, let us wait and hope; and renew our supplications in favour of our remaining seed, and for each other; and especially for those who have not yet seen any thing of this kind, which must to them be a source of great grief. But let us here give a solemn charge that all walk *suitably*. At the conclusion, I spoke of the shedding of the blood of Christ; and before taking the cup, I gave a solemn address to him *as walking among the golden candlesticks*.

END OF THE DIARY.

“ Finished transcribing this Manuscript,  
Thursday, July 10, 1794. Laus Deo!”

“ THOMAS STEDMAN.”

## SECTION III.

Particulars relative to the Family of Dr. Doddridge : His Will : List of Gentlemen educated under his Care, &c.

As it is natural that the reader may feel desirous of learning something of the future welfare of a family of whose domestic felicity these pages have presented so charming a picture, I have thrown together the following brief particulars :

At the decease of Dr. Doddridge, the family consisted of the widow, son, and three daughters.\*

It is related that, with the playful tenderness which so strongly marked his character, he was wont to term the three latter, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*. Not that either was deficient in those amiable qualities, but because the meek

\* In the following memoranda Dr. Doddridge has noted the births of all his children :—

“ My dear eldest child, Elizabeth Doddridge, was born on Thursday, Oct. 7, 1731, and, to my unutterable grief, died on Friday, Oct. 1, 1736, and was buried by good Mr. Hunt, Oct. 4, by whom the dear babe had been baptized, Nov. 5, 1731.—My second daughter, Mary, was born Monday, May 7, 1733, at six in the morning.—My third daughter, Mercy, was born on Lord’s day, Aug. 26, 1734, at near twelve at night.—My son, Philip Doddridge, was born on Wednesday, Aug. 6, 1735, at eight in the morning.—My fourth daughter, Anna Cecilia Doddridge, was born on Lord’s day, July 3, 1737, at six in the evening.—My second son, Samuel Doddridge, was born on Monday, April 30, 1737, he died March 14, 1740.—My fifth and sixth daughters, Sarah, and Jane Doddridge, were born on Tuesday, April 22, 1746, at between eleven and twelve at night, and both died on Thursday following, April 24.—My third son, William Doddridge, was born on Saturday, Nov. 5, 1748, at three in the morning, and died on Friday following, Nov. 11.”

piety of the eldest, the frank cheerfulness of the second, and the unwearied kindness of the youngest, rendered the appellations singularly appropriate. The successful progress which their brother made in his studies has been indicated by several passages in this Correspondence, and a further evidence of this fact will be found in the following extract from an unpublished letter of Dr. Doddridge's, dated 1749. "She (*speaking of his wife*) has done her part with great and successful care in the wise and pious education of our four surviving children, of whom three are daughters, between the ages of seventeen and twelve. Our only son, who bears my own name, is about fourteen, and has made very uncommon attainments in Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, under the instruction of his worthy master, the Rev. Mr. Aiken,\* of Kibworth, once my pupil, and after that my assistant."

At the period to which I am now alluding, Mr. Doddridge was sixteen, and after about two years spent in study under the direction of the pious Dr. Ashworth, to whom Dr. Doddridge had confided the care of the Academy, he was articled as a student of law with persons of legal skill and eminence, first at St. Albans, and afterwards in London. In the meantime, Miss Doddridge having been married to John Humphreys, Esq., of Tewkesbury, an attorney, then in high reputation and extensive practice,† Mrs. Doddridge was induced to remove to that town with her two remaining daughters, for the sake of reuniting the family so far as a near residence to her eldest child would allow. Here for some years she en-

\* Afterwards the Rev. John Aiken, D. D. and tutor at Warrington.

† My grandfather Humphreys was then a widower, having previously married Elizabeth, the only daughter of Ebenezer Hankins, Esq. (*See* vol. iii. p. 72.) The father of the Mr. Humphreys here mentioned was also a lawyer in large practice at Tewkesbury, but came originally from Upton upon Severn, in Worcestershire, in the neighbourhood of which the family had estates.



joyed the felicity of witnessing the domestic happiness of her family, and the advance of her grandchildren in the paths of piety and useful learning.

As long as her health permitted, Mrs. Doddridge continued to correspond with many of the valuable friends of her former life; and when growing infirmities obliged her to resign this pleasing employment entirely to her daughters, she was still actively alive to the duties of piety and charity, and continued to keep a diary for the better regulation of her time. It is to be regretted that, after an interval of so many tranquil years, her resignation to the afflictive hand of Providence was again, in the evening of her life, to be called into exercise. The domestic sorrows alluded to were, first, the ruined fortunes of her son-in-law, and shortly afterwards the death of her son. The former event arose from losses sustained by extensive speculations in land, the value of which was then suddenly deteriorated by the American war; and so total was the wreck that her daughter returned to the parental protection. The latter, although a more trying affliction, was not so sudden. Mr. Doddridge having for some years suffered from ill health, had, therefore, retired to Tewkesbury, where he took some share in the business of his brother-in-law. The immediate cause of his death was a strangury, which occurred in the forty-seventh year of his age. After these afflictions Mrs. Doddridge survived about five years, under much bodily suffering, supported with cheerfulness of temper, and accompanied with that holy serenity of spirit, and confidence in God, which rendered her death a welcome transition to herself,—and to her children, a sorrow sanctified by the consolations of religion. Her decease occurred April 7, 1790, at the age of eighty-two.

In the simple round of domestic avocation, piety, charity, and literary leisure, which best enshrine the female character, there is little to describe. And in the future lives

of the Misses Doddridge, and their sister, Mrs. Humphreys (then a widow), there did not arise any event of general interest. The gentle virtues which adorned the character of Mrs. Humphreys have been slightly sketched on a previous occasion in these pages; and of her maiden sisters the following particulars may not prove uninteresting: Mercy, the eldest, possessed great comprehension of mind and solidity of judgment, and consequently evinced a total freedom from prejudice, and extensive information, qualities which rendered her society highly instructive and pleasing. She had many literary friends, among whom was the late Miss Hamilton. Cecilia, the youngest, with equal piety, but, perhaps, less mental activity than her sisters, had an affectionate cheerfulness of manner which deeply endeared her to her friends. The eldest and the youngest were buried in the ground attached to the Presbyterian Chapel of Tewkesbury, the decease of Mrs. Humphreys having taken place June 8, 1799, at the age of sixty-six; and that of Mrs. Anna Cecilia Doddridge, Aug. 3, 1811, at the age of seventy-four.\* The death of Mrs. Mercy Doddridge occurred when she was at Bath on account of her health, October 20, 1809, at the age of seventy-five.

Of the three surviving children of Mrs. Humphreys, my late father was the eldest. He was bred to the law; and

\* In the interesting and able "*History of Tewkesbury*," with which Mr. Bennet has recently favoured the public, the following passage occurs in allusion to the residence of part of the Doddridge family in that town. "After the Doctor's decease, which happened at Lisbon in 1751, his widow, son, and two maiden daughters, resided at Tewkesbury, in great respectability and esteem."—"On a raised tomb, enclosed with iron railings (*in the burial ground at the back of the Presbyterian Chapel*), are these inscriptions:"

"*Memoriæ sacrum Elizabethæ Humphreys, Johannis Humphreys, gen. uxoris, quæ vixit annos 26. ob. Maii die nono 1752.*

"*Charlotta Elizabetha, prædicti Johannis Humphreys et Mariæ uxoris ejus secundæ filia. - Obijt 18, die Augusti, 1765, natali die, anno ætatis suæ quarto.*

"*Josephus filius Johannis et Mariæ Humphreys. Vixit septimanas*

after the usual education at a classical school, studied for some years at the Warrington Academy, then under the able superintendance of Doctors Aiken and Enfield. He afterwards passed through the ordinary professional course, was admitted, &c. These steps were hardly taken, and some advantageous prospects opened for his settlement in Town (having then recently married my excellent mother), when repeated attacks of paralysis rendered him incapable of any active exertion, and obliged him to retire into the country, where he led the secluded life of an invalid until his decease, December 3, 1813, at the age of fifty-three. Happily in his case the mental faculties remained unimpaired, and although he was subject to spasms, so painful as frequently to prevent sleep, he bore these sufferings not only without complaint, but with an unwearied cheerfulness. In him fortitude and integrity were blended with great tenderness of mind; his piety was free from prejudice, and his nonconformity compatible with the most cordial religious candour. Although unable to pursue the common objects of life, he was constantly exerting himself in offices of benevolence; and his leisure was devoted to the benefit of his children and the pursuits of literature. I have said "his children;" but, alas! he was afflicted with the loss of one just as her opening faculties promised richly for the future; and he who now pays this little

decem. Obiit 10, die Octobris, 1766. Phi. Doddridge, gen. Ob. 13 Mar. 1785, ætat suæ 47.

"Mercy Doddridge, Philippi Doddridge, S.T.P. vidua. Obiit vi-  
cessima die Aprilis, anno Domini 1790, ætatis 82.

"Mary Humphreys, Johannis Humphreys, vidua necon predicti P.  
Doddridge filia. Obiit die Junii octava, anno Domini 1799, ætatis 66.

"Anna Cecilia Doddridge, postrema superstes filia predicti Philippi  
Doddridge. Ob. 3 die Augusti, A. D. 1811, ætatis suæ 74.

"Maria sola charissima filia Johannis Doddridge Humphreys et Mariæ  
uxoris ejus. Ob. 27 die Novembris, A. D. 1811, ætatis suæ 14.

"Memoriæ sacrum Johannis Doddridge Humphreys, Gen. Obiit 3 die  
Dec. A. D. 1813, ætatis suæ 53."— See *History of Tewkesbury*, page 239.

tribute to filial affection, has not the opportunity of expressing half his obligations to so valuable a parent.

The other grandchildren of Dr. Doddridge are the Rev. Philip Humphreys, educated at Oxford, and Rector of Portland, Jamaica: and Harriet Mercy,—relict of the Rev. Robert Knight, A.M.\* late Vicar of Tewkesbury.

Of the great-grandchildren of Dr. Doddridge, there are surviving, besides myself, the two Miss Knights; the Rev. Henry Hay Knight, A.M. Vicar of Neath, Glamorganshire, and Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and Mr. Edward Doddridge Knight, of Exeter College, Oxford. Of the descendants of Dr. Doddridge in the fourth degree, besides my own children, are the two infant sons of the Rev. John Blackmore, by his late pious and amiable wife, who was the second Miss Knight. Of the four children here mentioned, two, my own son, and one of Mr. Blackmore's, bear the name of Doddridge; and may they, and all his descendants remember that the high reputation which that good man enjoyed, and the sincere respect with which his memory is cherished, are alone to be ascribed to the catholicism of his religious sentiments, the great example of his unaffected piety, the ardour with which he devoted himself to the pursuits of useful learning—to those works, “by which although dead he yet speaketh;”—and to that cordial warmth, and that charity, which made him the friend, or the benefactor, of all with whom he communicated.

\* “The Rev. Robert Knight died on the 23rd of July, 1819, aged 53, at Trevenon, near Landrindod Wells, Radnorshire, shortly after his arrival there for change of air. He had previously resided for some years at Newton, Glamorganshire, and was brother of the late Colonel Knight, of Tythegston Hall, in that county. Mr. Knight was a man of strict integrity, and was possessed of considerable literary attainments: in addition to several smaller works, he published, in 1818, ‘*A cursory Disquisition on the Conventual Church of Tewkesbury and its Antiquities.*’”—See History of Tewkesbury, page 193.

## THE WILL.

THIS IS THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF PHILIP DODDRIDGE Doctor in Divinity of the Town and County of Northampton. Whereas it is customary on these occasions to begin with commending the soul into the hands of God through Christ, I do it, not in mere form but with sincerity and joy, esteeming it my greatest happiness that I am taught and encouraged to do it by that glorious Gospel which, having most assuredly believed, I have spent my life in preaching to others, and esteem an infinitely greater Treasure, than all my little worldly store, or possessions ten thousand times greater than mine.

As for my Body, wherever I dye, it is my desire that it may be buried, at as moderate an Expence as decency will allow, in the Grave which I have prepared in the Meeting Place at Northampton, where I have spent the most delightful hours of my life in assisting the Devotions of as serious, as grateful, and as deserving a People, as perhaps any Minister had ever the Honour and Happiness to serve; chearfully perswading myself that when I am Dead, they will hear me speaking in my Writings with all due regard, and making it my last request to them, that those of them, who have, or can borrow my Family Expositor, will read it over in their Families, once at least, beginning it the Lord's day after my Funeral: And that they would also read over in their Families on Lord's day Evenings, all my Sermons which they have, or can borrow, especially those on Regeneration, those on the Glory and Grace of Christ, the Sermons to Young Persons, And that on The One Thing Needful. And I desire that every Parent that can procure them, would read in their Retirements my Sermons on the Education of Children, within one Quarter of a Year at least after my Death. And as I make this request from an affectionate desire for the edification and Salvation of Souls,

and an humble hope that in consequence of it, I may glorify God, even when I am laid in the Dust. I desire that this Clause of my Will may be read in the Congregation, the Lord's day after I am buried, and mentioned also in my Funeral Sermon, which I desire my dear Friend Mr. Orton would preach from these Words 1 Cor. xv. 54—57. "Death is swallowed up in Victory" &c: "Thanks be to God who giveth us the Victory through Jesus Christ our Lord."

As a small token of my Respect to a Congregation on many Accounts so dear to me, I leave the sum of £20 to be distributed at the discretion of the Deacons of the Church for the time being, in no smaller sum than 5s: and no greater than 20s: to each person among such poor Christians as stately attend Ordinances amongst us, desiring their prayers (which living I have greatly esteemed) may be continued for the afflicted Remains of my dear Family, which will not I am perswaded be upon the whole the poorer for this little Kindness to those whom I hope they will consider as the Friends of Christ, and will delight as they can, in doing them good.

To each of the Elders of the Church for the time being, I leave a Guinea for a Ring, and to each of the Deacons for the time being, such a Volume of my Sermons as they shall choose, handsomely bound in Black Calf and lettered; intreating each of these my valuable Friends to accept this little token of my cordial Love, and to continue that Prudent and generous Care of the Church, and that mutual affection to each other, for which they have hitherto been so happily remarkable.

To the Rev. Mr. Job Orton, I give my Clarks Bible, my interleaved Testament, and such of my Manuscripts, as he shall select, The Family Expositor excepted, only desiring that if the Theological Lectures be printed, as I am very willing they should, it may be done in a handsome manner and for the benefit of my Family, and that they may be attended with my Lectures on Preaching and the Pastoral

Care. One copy of which last in sheets, I give to each Pupil who shall be with me at the time of my death designed for the Ministry, with a solemn Charge, as before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, that they seriously attend to the Contents of them, and form their preaching and conduct upon them, so far as they are in their Consciences convinced of the agreeableness of those Advices to Reason, and to the Word of God. I also desire that Four Octavo Volumes of my Sermons may be printed by Subscription for the benefit of my Family (which I would not appoint if I did not also hope it might be yet more for the benefit of the World, and that Fruit may thereby abound to me at the day of the Lord) I desire Mr. Orton who is the best Judge of this will select such as he judges most fit to be published. I desire also that those that are already transcribed in long hand may be incerted. To the Rev. Mr. Goodwin of London who I doubt not will correct the Press I leave one Sett of them bound in Turkey Leather and gilt. And I hereby make it my Request to my several Friends in different parts of the Kingdom, to whose Prudence and Care I was so much obliged in the Affair of my Family Expositor, that they will endeavour to manage this Subscription in a manner which may turn to some Account: Since I have thought it my Duty to lay up but very little for my own Children, while I have seen so many of the Children of God, and some of them most excellent persons in necessity: And as I have the most intire confidence in the Prudence and Fidelity of Mr. Waugh's Advice who printed my Family Expositor I hope he will with due regard be consulted in the Affair.\*

\* Some peculiar circumstances attending the recent publication of the admirable Sermons here mentioned are related in the First Section of this volume. Of the high estimation in which they were held by the late Dr. Kippis, and other eminent individuals who read them in manuscript, some notice has also been taken in the course of this work; and I cannot but reflect with satisfaction on having been the means of bringing before the world a work which its pious author deemed of so much importance.

I leave my whole Library, excepting 100 English Books, of which Setts are to be reckoned but as one, which my Wife shall choose for herself and Children (out of those not given by other persons for the Use of the Academy) together with my whole Apparatus to the Trustees of the Charity of William Coward Esq. for the time being and to their successors in that Trust for ever for the Use of an Academy in Northampton or some place within four miles of it under such a Tutor as they in Concurrence with the Neighbouring Ministers shall approve: And I do hereby declare that so far as I can judge no man living will be more fit for the office since the removal of my dear Friend and Associate Mr. Job Orton, than the Rev. Mr. Caleb Ashworth of Daventry, and if it should so happen as I think it very probably may, that the Congregation should also desire to put themselves under his Ministerial Care, I do hereby make my dying Request to him that he would accept the united Charge, and thereby perpetuate those schemes which he knows I am forming for the publick Service, the success of which is far dearer to me than my own life.

As for the Estate with which it has pleased God to bless me, the Ground rent in London I leave to my Son Philip Doddridge, according to the Tenour of my Uncle Philip Doddridge's Will; but as for the Land in Hounslow held of the Manor of Twickenham in Middlesex in consequence of a Surrender of the said Land made in that Court to the use of this my last Will and Testament, I do hereby direct that the said Land be sold within a Year after my Decease desiring by the Way that if the Right Honourable the Earl of Hay continue Tenant for it till the time of my Death he may have the first refusal of it. And my farther Will is, that, the money arising from such Sale be paid into the hands of my dear Wife hereinafter named as my sole Executrix, by her to be equally settled upon my Younger Children who shall survive me, when they attain respectively



the age of 21 years, or on the day of their Marriage, if they should marry sooner provided it be with their Mother's Consent And if any of them should dye unmarried before that age, I do hereby direct, that the said sum shall be divided between the remaining Younger Children in the same manner as I have directed.

I also will, that a Sett of my Works (at least so many of them as are not out of Print), bound in Calf be given to the Academical Library at Northampton: And another Sett to the Library in Red Cross Street London founded by the late Rev. Dr. Williams.

I also give to Eliza Bagnal the sum of £5, as a Token of the Remembrance I retain of the Affectionate Care she took of my dear eldest Child during her last Illness: A Tender Circumstance which it is not possible for me ever to forget. I also Give to each of those Servants which shall live with me at the time of my Death, one Guinea as a Legacy, desiring that if any of them have not a compleat Bible they would lay out a part of this money in the purchase of that invaluable Treasure. To my Cousin Mary Doddridge £5 and to Mr. John Nettleton my Watch and £5.

And all the rest of my Goods, Chattels, and Worldly Possessions, I give and bequeath, to my Dear Wife Mercy Doddridge, whom I hereby constitute and appoint the sole Executrix of this my last Will and Testament, desiring my worthy Friends Mr. Job Orton abovementioned, and Mr. Nathaniel Neal (to whom I leave my Topaz Ring as a little Token of my grateful Sense of his Friendship) that they will by their prudent Advice, assist my Dear Wife in the many Difficulties which she must of course meet with in her Affairs. And I hereby most affectionately recommend her to the Divine supporting Presence and Care during that short separation which her great Love to me will I fear render too painful to her, praying earnestly that God may

succeed her pious cares in the Education of our dear Children, that they may be happy for Time and Eternity. To this as my last Will and Testament, I have set my hand and Seal this 11th day of June in the Year of our Lord 1741 hereby revoking all former Wills made by me

P DODDRIDGE.

Signed and sealed the day and year above-mentioned, and delivered as his last Will and Testament by the said Testator Philip Doddridge in the presence of us

JOHN HOLDSWORTH

SAMUEL SMALLEY

RICHARD DANIELL

On farther Consideration I have thought it proper to annex this Codicil to my last Will and Testament above written abrogating such parts of it as shall be inconsistent with this, and those parts only. I give the Estate in Hounslow to my Son Philip Doddridge on his attaining the age of 21 years subject nevertheless to the payment of a clear Annuity or Rent charge of £10 a year to my dear Wife during the time of her natural life by equal half yearly payments with power of Distress in case of Non-payment. Nevertheless the first half yearly payment of the said Annuity not to commence till the first day of the usual payment of the rent of the said Estate, that shall happen next after the expiration of one year, from the time of my decease. And in case my death should happen before my said Son Philip shall have attained his age of 21 years, then my Will is, that my said Son Philip shall be admitted thereto by his Mother as his Guardian, and that she shall receive the rents and profits thereof during his minority, that she may lay out the same or such part of them as she shall think fit in his Maintenance and Education, without

being accountable for the same, or for any Surplus and Savings to him when of Age, or any claiming under him. Item, I Give unto my said Dear Wife and her heirs all that my undivided Moiety of a piece or parcel of Ground and the rent arising out of the same and payable in respect thereof lying and being in White Lyon Alley near Birchin Lane London whereon divers Houses lately stood which were burnt down by the late fire Upon Trust, that she or they sell and dispose of such Moiety at the best price that can be conveniently got for the same. And until such Sale that the said Mercy Doddridge receive the Rents Issues and Profits thereof for her own Use, And immediately upon and after such Sale lay out the money arising thereby in the purchase of some publick Stocks and Securities the Interest or Dividend of which Stocks and Securities when purchased I Give to the said Mercy Doddridge for her own Use and benefit, and for and towards the Education and Maintenance of our Children during her natural life or so long as she continues a Widow. And such is my Confidence in her prudence and goodness in case of a second Marriage that I lay her under no particular restraint but leave it to her to concert such measures with and by the Advice of my worthy Friends Nathaniel Neal Esq. and Mr. Job Orton as may most effectually secure the Possession or Reversion of what shall so arise for the benefit of our younger Children among whom I desire her living or dying to distribute it in such a manner as she shall see good, hoping they will all continue to behave so as equally to deserve her favour, which if they do, I question not, but the Distribution will upon the whole be equal, unless any Circumstances peculiarly afflictive should really make it advisable in the Judgment of such Wise and Tender Friends that one should be preferred to another. I Give to the County Hospital at Northampton 5 Guineas. And as the Providence of God hath been pleased to give me a particular Interest in the Friend-

ship of the truly Honourable George Lyttleton Esq. I beg he would please to accept 5 Guineas to buy him a Ring which I desire him to wear at least 10 days every year from the 19th of January (that ever memorable day) in memory of the unfeigned Affection which has subsisted between us. And as I desire that those two valuable and excellent persons Nathaniel Neal Esq. and the Rev. Mr. Job Orton of Salop, would assist my Executrix in the management of her Affairs with their Counsel and Inspection I leave to each, 3 Guineas to buy a Ring; and I intreat them to consult with the said Mr. Lyttleton in any Scheme they may set on Foot for the Publication of any of my Papers, confident that he will readily join with them in doing what he may have a convenient opportunity to do for promoting of my Usefulness, or the assistance of my Family after my Decease. And I desire that the Rev. Mr. John Barker, Dr. Samuel Clarke, Doctor David Jennings, Dr. John Guyse, and Miss Hannah Neal, would each of them be pleased to accept of a Guinea, to buy them a Ring, in Memory of one who has been so much indebted to their Friendship. And I do hereby declare this as Codicil to this my last Will and Testament this fourth day of July one thousand seven hundred and forty nine.

P DODDRIDGE.

Signed sealed and delivered and declared by the above named Testator as a Codicil to his last Will and Testament the said 4th day of July 1749 in the presence of us

JABEZ HIRONS

JOHN HEAP

THOMAS URWICK

As since the Date of my Will I have finished the Copy of the Family Expositor in short hand I desire that Mr.

Orton, and Mr. Ashworth, would get it transcribed under their Direction, And that it may be published by a Subscription to be opened as soon as possible after my death: And I desire that a due acknowledgment may be made them for their trouble.

I make it my request to my dear Wife, that she would in case of Widowhood make her Will as soon as possible, and would constitute Mr. Neal, and Mr. Orton, the Guardians of my Children, And I solemnly charge those of them who may be in their Minority, that if God should join me and their dear Mama in our deaths so that she should not have an opportunity of making a Will after my Decease, that they would choose those two most prudent faithful and amiable Friends their Guardians if they please to accept the office; And that they govern themselves constantly by their Advice

P. DODDRIDGE. July 4, 1749.

NAMES, RESIDENCES, ETC. OF GENTLEMEN WHO FINISHED  
THEIR EDUCATION UNDER THE CARE OF THE REV. PHILIP  
DODDRIDGE, D. D.\*

“ So great was his reputation as a Tutor, that the number of his Pupils was large; *communibus annis*, thirty-four. He had sustained this office about *twenty-two* years, and during that time had about *two hundred* young men under his care; of whom *one hundred and twenty*, as far as I can learn, entered upon the *ministry*, and several intended for it died while under his instructions. He had several Pupils from Scotland and Holland. One person who was intended for the Ministry in the *Church of England* chose to spend a year or two under his instructions before he went to the University. Others, whose parents were of that church, were placed in his Family, and they were readily admitted as Pupils, and allowed to attend the *Established worship*; for the constitution of his Academy was *perfectly CATHOLIC*. Some young Divines from Scotland, who had studied and taken the usual degrees in the Universities there, and had begun to preach, came to attend his Divinity Lectures, and receive his Instructions, before they settled with *Parishes* in their native country. During their residence with him they preached occasionally in the dissenting congregations of that town and neighbourhood, and two of them were ordained there.”—See *Orton's Memoirs of the Life, &c. of Dr. Doddridge*, page 120.

\* The following list is printed from that given by the Rev. Job Orton, in his commonplace-book: it has been collated with the original account books of the Academy, but is probably still imperfect; at least more of the gentlemen must have sustained the pastoral office than are so marked.

## THE LIST.

1729.

John Grew . . . . . *Trade* . . . . . Leicester.  
 Joseph Saunders . . . . . *Minister* . . . . . Stamford.  
 William Worcester . . . . . *Tutor* . . . . . Academy, West Haddon.  
 George Pembroke . . . . . *Barrister* . . . . . St. Albans.

1730.

Joseph Paul . . . . . Blackdown, Dorsetshire.  
 Charlton Palmer . . . . . *Lawyer* . . . . . London.  
 Tim. St. Nicholas, *Esq.*  
 Joseph Walters . . . . . *Lawyer* . . . . . London.  
 Thomas Olive.  
 John Maylin, *Esq.* . . . . . *Army*.

1731.

Henry St. Nicholas, *Esq.*  
 Isaac Wilkinson . . . . . *Minister* . . . . . Kibworth.  
 Hugh Farmer . . . . . *Minister* . . . . . Walthamstow.  
 William Johnston . . . . . Tunbridge.

1732.

William Hextal . . . . . *Minister* . . . . . Northampton.  
 John Aiken, D. D. . . . . *Tutor* . . . . . Warrington.  
 Simon Reader . . . . . Wareham.  
 William Martin . . . . . Hull.  
 Samuel Wilcox . . . . . *Minister* . . . . . Hull.  
 Joseph Hulme, *M. D.* . . . . . Leeds.  
 John Hulm . . . . . *Trade* . . . . . Leeds.  
 Rowland Cotton . . . . . Wilton.

1733.

Joseph Wilkinson . . . . . Birmingham.  
 James Devis . . . . . *Conformed* . . . . . Sandwich.  
 John Pigott.

1734.

Samuel Mérrivale . . . . . *Tutor* . . . . . Exeter.  
 Samuel Morris . . . . . Salop.  
 S. Lucas Killingworth . . . . . *Trade* . . . . . Birmingham.  
 Sam. Lessingham, *Esq.* . . . . . London.

Benjamin Boyce . . . . . Kettering.  
 Job Orton . . . . . *Minister* . . . Salop.  
 William Lister . . . . . *Minister* . . . Ware.  
 Thomas Steffe . . . . . *Minister* . . . Taunton.  
 John Jennings . . . . . *Minister* . . . St. Ives.  
 John Prothero . . . . . Atherstone.

## 1735.

Benjamin Wainman . . *Conformed* . . Skipton.  
 Risdon Darracott . . . *Minister* . . . Wellington.  
 Abraham Tozer . . . . . *Minister* . . . Exeter.  
 John Steffe . . . . . *Conformed* . . Baddow.

## 1736.

John Firth, *M. D.* . . . . . Yorkshire.  
 Moses Carter.  
 Coriol Coplestone . . . *Conformed* . . Risborough.  
 John Bryant . . . . . Beminster, Dorsetshire.  
 Richard Clarke, *Esq.* . . . . . Devonshire.  
 Charles Bulkely . . . . . London.  
 Henry Kendall . . . . . *Trade* . . . Lancashire.  
 Samuel Wilson . . . . . New York.  
 Samuel Wood . . . . . *Minister* . . Framlingham.—Norwich.  
 Edward Godwyn . . . . . *Methodist*.  
 John Hubbard . . . . . *Trade* . . . London.

## 1737.

Samuel Smalley . . . . . *Minister* . . . Harborough.  
 John Brogden . . . . . *Trade* . . . London.  
 Gilbert Robertson . . . *Professor* . . Edinburgh.  
 Silv. Wadsworth, *Esq.* . . . . . Sheffield.  
 Thomas Towgood . . . . . *Minister*.  
 Jeremiah Gill . . . . . Gainsborough.  
 John Reynell . . . . . Totness.  
 Robert Atkinson . . . . . Coventry.  
 William Falk.  
 Jenkin Jones . . . . . Haverford.  
 Ebenezer Johnston . . . . . Lewes.  
 John Taylor . . . . . London.  
 James Foot.  
 Chard Bradford.  
 John Roebuck, *M. D.* . . . . . Birmingham.



## 1738.

Benjamin Fawcett . . . *Minister* . . . Kidderminster.  
 John Holdsworth . . . . . Chelmsford.  
 Samuel Brookes, *Esq.* returned *M. P.*  
 Thomas Webb . . . . . Broadway, Somersetshire.  
 John Grundy, *Esq.*  
 Samuel Dyer, *Esq.* . . . . . London.  
 John Sedgley . . . . . *Minister.*  
 George Webb . . . . . *Trade.*

## 1739.

John Wilson . . . . . Bolsover, Derbyshire.  
 Philip Holland . . . . . *Minister* . . . Bolton.  
 Thomas Ellis . . . . . *Conformed* . . Cave, Yorkshire.  
 Herbert Greensmith, *Esq.*  
 Caleb Ashworth, *D. D. Tutor* . . . . Daventry.  
 Thomas Small . . . . . *Trade.*  
 John Hanchett, *Esq.*  
 James Hewett . . . . . *Lawyer* . . . Coventry.  
 Benjamin Hewson . . . . . Kibworth  
 John Walrond . . . . . *Trade* . . . . Devonshire.  
 James Quarrell.  
 Samuel Beasley . . . . . *Baptist* . . . Abingdon.

## 1740.

Richard Daniell . . . . . *Minister* . . . Truro.  
 Joseph Wilkinson . . . . . Shields.  
 John Olding . . . . . Deptford.  
 James Campbell, *Esq. Army:*  
 Benjamin Sowdon . . . . . Holland.  
 John French . . . . . Wellingborough.  
 Thomas Hancock . . . . . Totness.  
 John Hanmer . . . . . Plymouth.  
 Thomas Copleston . . . *Trade.*  
 Robert Balch, *Esq.* . . returned *M. P.*  
 Samuel Fenton . . . . . *Trade* . . . . Leeds.  
 John Spilsbury Witton.  
 Thomas Drew . . . . . London.  
 Andrew Parminster . . . *Moravian.*  
 John West . . . . . Ashley.  
 James Shepherd . . . . . Braintree.

Thomas Greaves . . . . . Rotterdam, Holland.  
 Thomas Brabant . . . *Assist. Tutor*, Bloxham.

1741.

Tho. Bageholt Gillespie, *Scotch Divine*.  
 John Lowe . . . . . *Minister*.  
 Philip Blinch.  
 John Gibbs.  
 Thomas Ashworth . . . . . Yorkshire.  
 Timothy Laughner . . . . . Hackney.  
 Daniel Baker . . . . . *Trade* . . . . . Kettering.  
 David Dickson . . . . . *Trade* . . . . . Edinburgh.  
 Joseph Marshall.  
 John Tylston, *M. D.*  
 Samuel Berry . . . . . Crediton.  
 Robert Braithwaite . . *Conformed*.  
 Andrew Kippis, *D. D.* . . . . . London.  
 Thomas Tyndall . . . . . Kingswood.  
 John Gardner . . . . . Berwick.  
 Richard Gardner . . . . . Hampstead.  
 David Gardiner, *Esq.* . *Army*.  
 Thomas Clarke . . . . . *Trade*.  
 William Warburton . . . . . Creaton.  
 Jeremiah Rudsell . . *Trade* . . . . Northampton.

1743.

Thomas Morison, (*Shot.*)  
 Malachi Blake . . . . . Witney.  
 Humfrey Marshall . . *Conformed*.  
 John Godwyn . . . . . *Minister* . . . . Wisbeach.  
 Thomas Parsons.  
 John England, *M. D.* . . . . . Bristol.  
 Samuel Lyde . . . . . *Trade*.  
 John Dunkley . . . . . *Minister* . . . . Kirkstead.  
 Thomas Bingham . . . . . Nottingham.  
 Benjamin Wills . . . . . Appledore.  
 Peter Fabyan . . . . . *Minister* . . . . Newton—Bushel.  
 John Ferguson, *Esq.* . *Army*.

1744.

John Holland . . . . . *Conformed*.  
 Edward Medlicote, *Esq.*

Edward Penryn . . . . *Conformed* . . Kent.  
 Thos. Watson . . . . . Bridgewater, Somersetshire.

## 1745.

William Holman . . . . *Trade*.  
 John Cogan . . . . . *Trade*.  
 William Lincoln . . . . . Beccles.  
 Samuel Clark . . . . . *Minister* . . . Birmingham.  
 Jabez Hiron . . . . . *Minister* . . . Harborough.  
 Thomas Hiron . . . . . *Minister* . . . St. Albans.  
 John Coplestone . . . . *Trade*.  
 Richard Simpson . . . . . Westmoreland.  
 Richard Jones . . . . . Cambridge.  
 James Robertson, *Assistant Tutor*, afterwards *Professor*, Edinburgh.

## 1746.

Hugh Somerville, *Esq.* . . . . . Scotland.  
 Davenant Hankins, *Esq.* . . . . . Tewkesbury.  
 Josiah Follet . . . . . Bury.  
 David Graham . . . . . *Minister* . . . Tewkesbury.—Yeovil.  
 Steven Addington . . . . . Harborough.  
 Jeremiah Tidcomb . . . . *Conformed*.  
 Sir Henry Hoghton.

## 1747.

William Renkine, *Esq.* *Army*.  
 David Kennedy.  
 William Farr, *M. D.*  
 John Affleck . . . . . Middleburgh, Holland.  
 Richard Denny . . . . . *Minister* . . . Buckby.  
 John Houghton . . . . . Nantwich, Yorkshire.  
 Joseph Birch . . . . . *Trade*.  
 John Williamson.  
 William Boughton . . . . . Buckingham.  
 Thomas Strange . . . . . Kilsby.  
 Thomas Urwick . . . . . *Minister* . . . Worcester.—Clapton.  
 John Heap . . . . . *Minister* . . . Chichester.

## 1748.

William Beasley . . . . . Clement Glynn.  
 Nicholas Clayton . . . . *Minister* . . . Liverpool.  
 James Taylor, *Esq.*

William Semple, *Esq.*  
 Wadsworth Busk, *Esq.* . . . . . Derbyshire.  
 Edmund Offley, *Esq.*  
 Ebenezer Ratcliff . . . *Minister* . . . London.

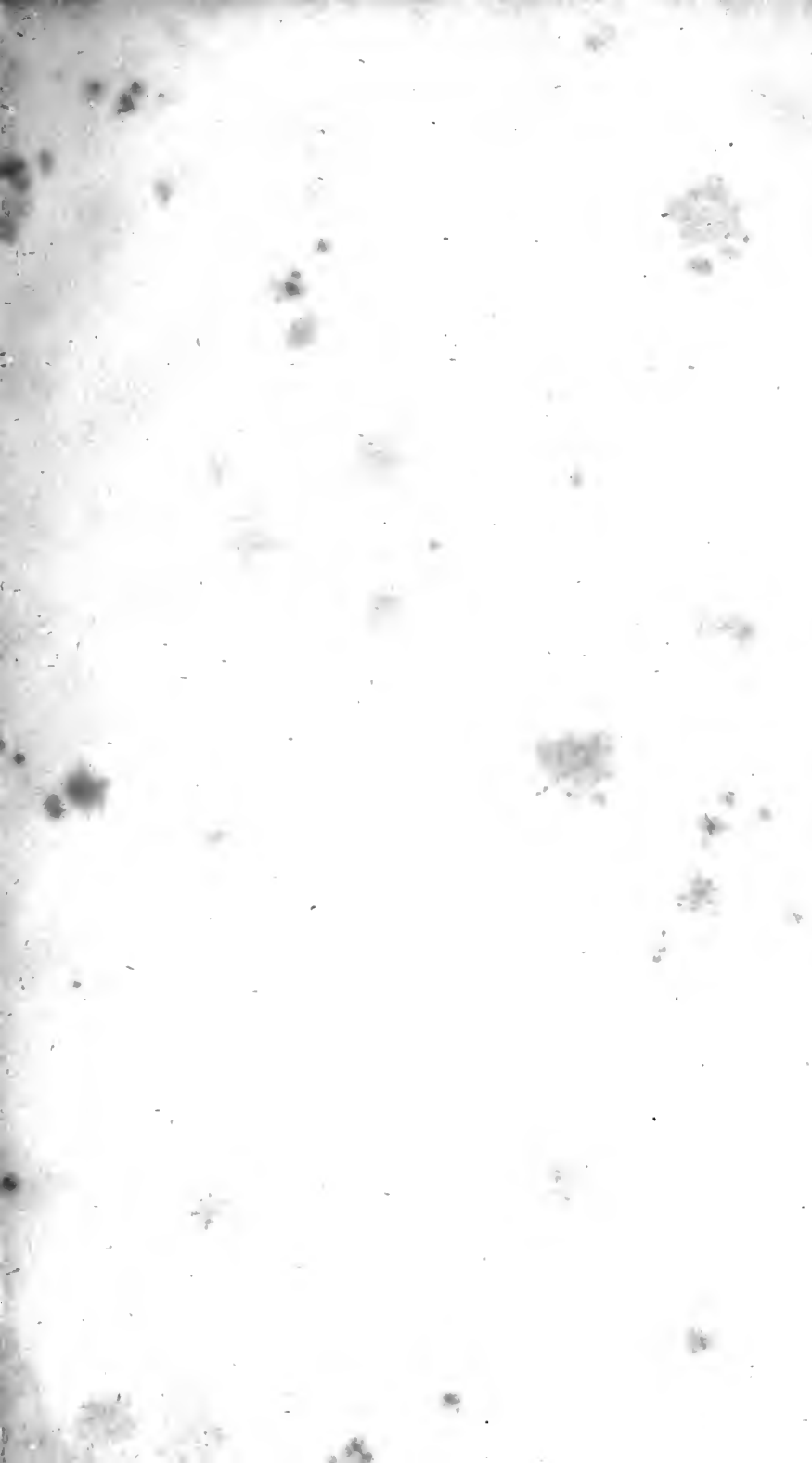
1749.

Henry Cutler . . . . . *Minister.*  
 John Bradfoot.  
 John Mercer . . . . . Lancashire.  
 Joseph Browne . . . . . Coventry.  
 Nathaniel White . . . . . Hinckley.—Leeds.  
 Newcome Capp . . . *Minister* . . . York.  
 Thomas Blake . . . . . Croscrake, Westmorland.  
 Joseph Gillebrand . . . . . Tottenham.  
 Henry Moore . . . . *Minister* . . . West Modbury.  
 John Walker . . . . *Minister* . . . Framlingham, Suffolk.  
 Peter Roquette . . . *Trade* . . . Holland.  
 William Henderson.  
 William Rose . . . . *Tutor.*  
 Andrew Beman . . . *Trade* . . . Holland.  
 Peter De Hondt . . . *Bookseller* . . London.  
 The Earl of Dunmore . . . . . Scotland.

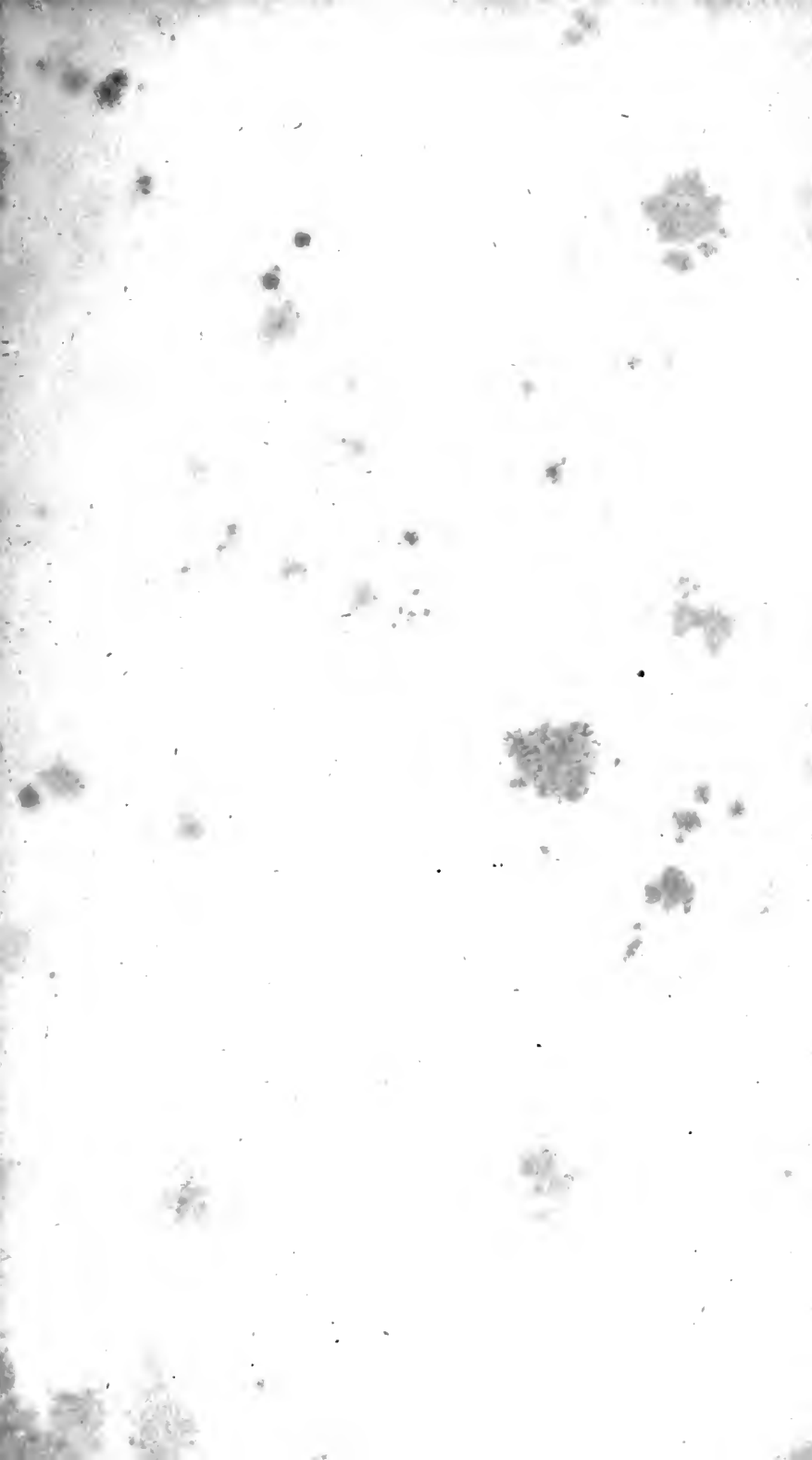
1750.

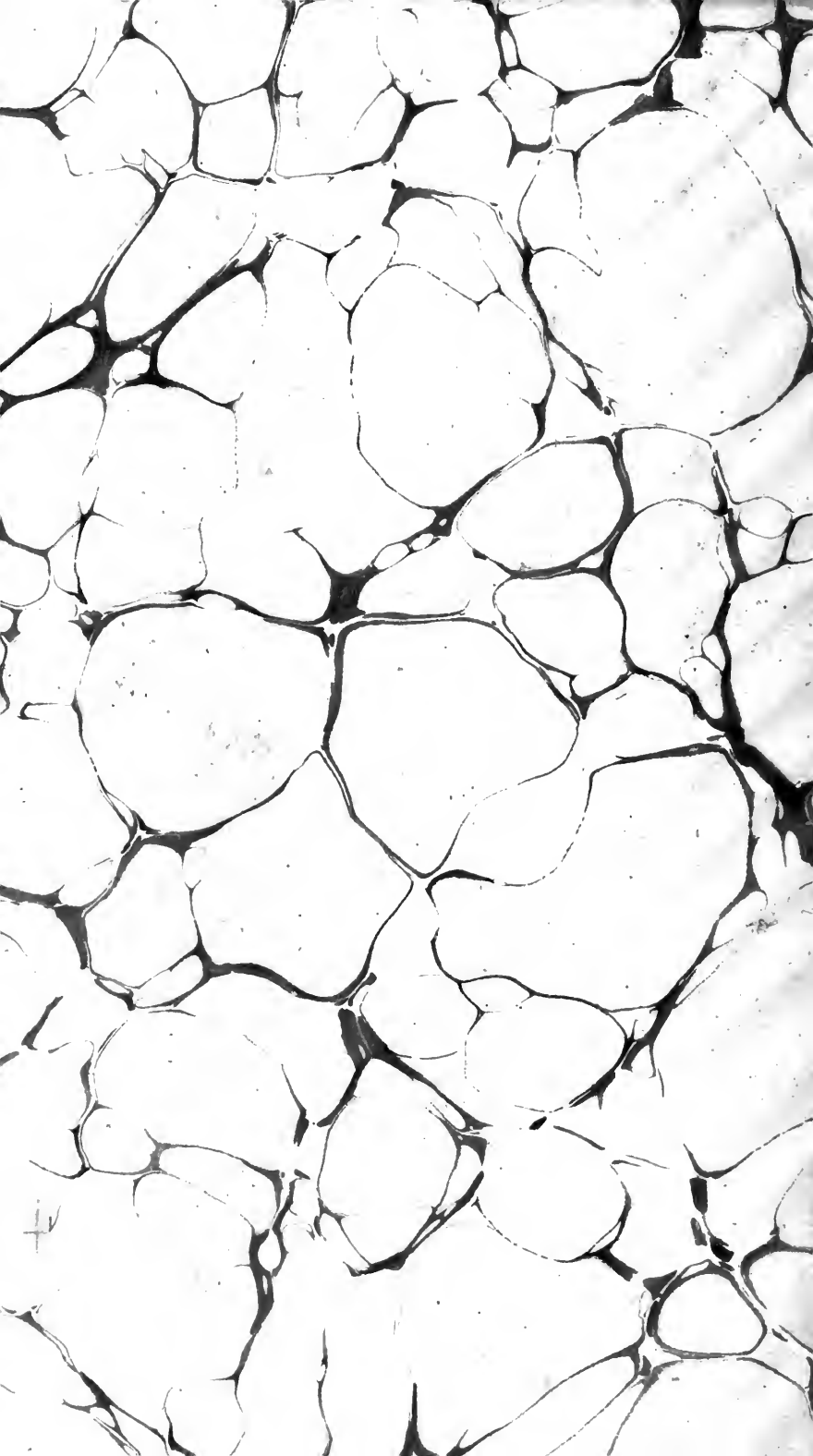
Ratcliffe Scholefield . . . . . Whitehaven.  
 Thomas Robins . . . . . Bromwich.  
 H. Holland . . . . . Prescot.  
 Matt. Rolleston, *M. D.*  
 William Proctor . . . . . Stamford.  
 John Alexander . . . . . Norwich.  
 Thomas Taylor . . . *Minister* . . . London.  
 William Howe . . . *Minister* . . . Essex.  
 William Jackson . . . . . Coventry.  
 William Bolton . . . *Baptist* . . . Dublin.

THE END.











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