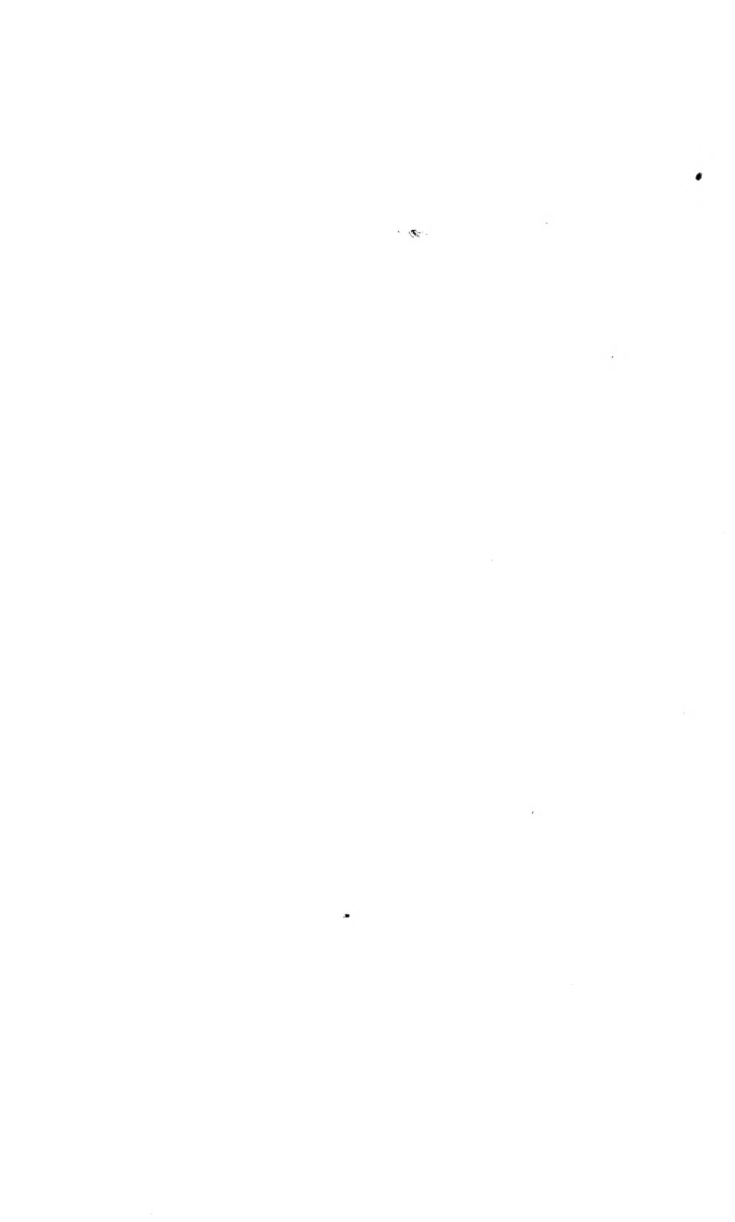




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Visits of mercy; or, The journals of the F  
Ezra stiles Ely,





# VISITS OF MERCY;

OR THE

## JOURNALS

OF THE

REV. EZRA STILES ELY, D. D.

WRITTEN WHILE HE WAS STATED PREACHER TO THE HOSPITAL AND  
ALMS-HOUSE, IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

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VOL. II.

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SIXTH EDITION—REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
SAMUEL F. BRADFORD.

JESPER HARDING, PRINTER.

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1829

*Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit :*

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\* BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-eighth  
\* day of January, in the fifty-third year of the Independence  
\* SEAL. \* of the United States of America, A. D. 1829, the  
\* \*\*\*\*\*

REV. EZRA STILES ELY, D. D.

of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

“Visits of Mercy; or the Journals of the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D. D. Written while he was stated preacher to the hospital and alms-house, in the city of New York.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, “An act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.” And also to the act, entitled, “An act supplementary to an act, entitled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,” and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

D. CALDWELL,

*Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.*

## PREFACE

### TO THE SECOND JOURNAL.

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THERE are subjects of vital importance to the young people of our cities, and to strangers who visit them, upon which parents rarely speak, and public teachers never preach. Shall no warning be given, where it is indispensably necessary, because it cannot be given from the pulpit? Many laws are essential to the well-being of the state, which could not with propriety be read to a promiscuous society. Should they for this reason be abrogated, or unwritten? Many parts of the Bible are of unspeakable use to individuals, which it is best, generally, to read in private.

From the highest authority, the author of this volume has taken an example, and hereby sends an admonition to young men, who are on the brink of ruin; and to females, who have almost passed, for some favourite individual, the boundaries of decorum; with the hope that it will present sufficient interest to secure a perusal, and truth enough to make them tremble.

The reader will meet with nothing fictitious in the following pages, excepting some initials, which are designed to conceal the true names of the persons of whom I write; while they afford an opportunity of tracing, from time to time, the history of the same individual.

For some descriptions, with which the curious will meet, if any apology be deemed necessary, I can only say, that they are faithful exhibitions of depraved human nature,

in the condition in which I have found it; and such exhibitions as are deemed necessary by many of the wise and good, for the promotion of virtue.

I have heard, indeed, ‘that a very genteel lady, of one of the most respectable families, said, concerning my former publication, “*I wonder if Mr. Ely thinks that a religious book which is nothing but a history of \*\*\*\*\* and beggars?*”’ To this *extremely delicate* person, and to all who correspond with her in sentiment, LORD BYRON may say,

“——Gayer insects fluttering by,  
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die.  
And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own;  
And every wo a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame.”

Let those who imagine that they stand, take heed lest they fall; and let all sinners have compassion on such as are out of the way; yes, let us all be grateful, who enjoy the pleasures of a good conscience, of reputation, and abundance; for who hath made us to differ?

That this little volume may give no offence to reasonable and candid men; may furnish in many cases a practical application of scriptural doctrine; may warn the wicked; and encourage those who show unto sinners the way of salvation, is the sincere wish of the reader's friend,

EZRA STILES ELY.



# VISITS OF MERCY,

OR THE

## SECOND JOURNAL.

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*January 1, 1813.*

“It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting.”—ECCLESIASTES vii. 2.

DURING the year of our Lord 1812, I continued to preach and visit in the hospital and alms-house, as I had done the year before, but kept no Journal, because I was weary with writing the history of human miseries. The suggestion, however, that those who contribute to my support, will expect some account of my future services, and the counsel of my friends, have constrained me to resume the pen. If any thing may be recorded by it, which will contribute to the edification of the saints, or which will prove a solemn warning to the wicked, the writer will be abundantly compensated for his labour, and will have additional cause for gratitude to that God who “careth for us.”

It will be a matter of course for the writer to preach in the hospital once, and in the alms-house twice, weekly, and therefore the reader need not expect any particular

notice upon this subject. He will also visit these places weekly, and some sketches which appear most interesting will occupy the following pages.

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*January 6th.*

“Hope deferred maketh the heart sick: but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life.”—PROVERBS xiii. 12.

EACH of these cases the writer may say that he understands from experience. Long, indeed, has he hoped for the formation of a society which should support the gospel among the poor in this city. It certainly is a matter of more immediate moment to this metropolis, than any institution which has been organized, or could be founded, for the propagation of Christianity in foreign regions of the globe; for, if any religious community, or evangelized city, provides not the bread of life for the indigent members of its own family, it has denied the faith, and exhibits the worst kind of practical infidelity. But the *desire* has come, and “it is a tree of life.” Yes, “the desire accomplished, is sweet to the soul.” Should any one say, that my rejoicing is the effect of selfishness, I can only say, that it would gratify me more to resign my place to some one who would attend to its duties, than to retain it: but as circumstances are, I bless God that he has induced many of his friends to unite themselves in a “*SOCIETY for supporting the Gospel among the Poor in the City of New York;*” and that they have thought fit to employ me as one of their stated preachers. Any man, who deserves the name of Christian, must desire a comfortable maintainance, and the encouragement of pious friends. The few struggles which I have endured from my own

pride, and from involuntary indigence, are more than compensated by the assurance, that I shall be enabled in future, while I preach to the poor, to live without being constantly under pecuniary obligations to some benevolent individual! It is a source of much felicitation, also, that some provision has been made for the Rev. JOHN STANFORD by the same society. He has laboured, in the estimation of the world, in vain, because he has preached without any pecuniary compensation, at least one sabbath in each month, at the State's prison; but God has given him an abundant reward in the spiritual welfare of some "prisoners of hope."

It seems that the Lord is pleased, in various ways, to make provision for my wants of a temporal nature, while I am attempting to administer to the necessities of some of the poor saints, and of others that remain miserable sinners. To-day a letter came to hand, which I record with my best thanks to the venerable writer, of which the following is a

COPY.

*"January 4th, 1813.*

"REV. SIR,

"Having read your Journal, while preaching and visiting at the hospital and alms-house in the city of New York; and being informed that you have not been reasonably supported in this very important labour of love to the souls of the depraved and miserable of our race; permit me, sir, to cast in my mite towards your support, that you may not be discouraged in a work, which, though unprofitable in this world, will, most assuredly, produce you inconceivable riches in the world to come. Remember that he who counts the hairs of your head, and without whom

a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, will never suffer you to want, while engaged in so glorious a cause. You are in the service of the best of Masters; I pray you, therefore, hold out to the end. If you have, ere this, been reasonably provided for by a stated provision, you may devote this to the common cause, in the way that you think best.

“Be so good as to draw on the Cashier of the bank of Newark, in your own name, for fifty dollars. I have taken care that it shall be duly honoured.

“I am, Rev. Sir, with the most ardent wishes and prayers for your success in the Gospel,

“Yours, most affectionately,

“SENEX.

“*Rev. E. S. Ely.*”

The letter contained the post-mark of Burlington, in New-Jersey. Before I consigned it to my file of honour, the back of it was endorsed with the following

NOTE.

“When I opened this letter, not recognising the hand, I expected an insult, like many which I have received on the subject of **THE CONTRAST**; but, behold! the Lord has given me another benefactor. I know by experience, and have often rejoiced in the truth, that *none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.* Psalm xxxiv. 22.”

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*January 9th.*

IN compliance with the order of Senex, I drew a check on the bank of Newark, and gave it to a gentleman, to whom I communicated the reason of my drawing it, that he might forward it for acceptance. He presented it to the Merchants' Bank of this city, with his own name on

the back of it, and received the money, which he paid into my hands. Yesterday the check was presented at Newark, and the Cashier returned it with his protest, and a written declaration that I had no authority for drawing it.

Thus I stand, at present, impeached before two banks, with the intention of gaining money by fraudulent measures. The letter of Senex I have enclosed to the president of the bank of Newark, that he may clear my character of the unhappy imputation, which for a moment rests upon it. Still I believe with equal confidence, that *none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.*

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*January 10th.*

ON the 8th instant two athletic men were brought into the hospital, who were taken sick five days before, at the same hour. They lay beside each other for two days, and this morning died within five minutes of each other. It was a solemn lecture from the king of terrors, especially to those who were occupants of the same ward. One who witnessed the scene is a catholic, who was a short time since in the hourly expectation of death from the rupture of a blood-vessel. This man deserves the name which I have given him; for although of the Romish religion, yet he is so *catholic* as to believe, in spite of his former prejudices, that all who are in Christ Jesus, of every denomination, shall be saved. When I saw him, the other day, he was spitting blood profusely, and after I had prayed with him, he lifted up his hands to heaven, and uttered in the presence of all, a very solemn and affecting address to the Saviour of sinners. Not far from his side lay, at that time, one of the same persuasion, who had often turned

away his ear from me, because I had no lighted candles and wafers; but he was finally disposed to listen, and even desired me to pray for him. He too is now gone "to dust and silence, darkness and the tomb."

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*January 11th.*

"Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, let the Lord be glorified: but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed."—ISAIAH LXVI. 5.

WHAT will finally result from the letter of Senex, it is impossible to say. If the Lord intends a favour by it, he must intend also to humble me, that I may be prepared for the reception of it. The cry seems almost breaking from the lips of some, who must misconstrue the circumstances, "Stop thief! Stop thief!" It will yet be well, (but how I know not,) and enemies shall not triumph over the cause which I would seek to honour. Dr. Samuel Miller was so kind as to call on me to-day, and present the following communication:

*"New-York, January 11th, 1813.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"I have this moment received a letter from Mr. Richards, of Newark, which, among other things, contains the following paragraph. I hasten to communicate it to you.

"A circumstance occurred in the Newark bank, yesterday, which has caused some speculation. A check drawn upon this bank by *Ezra Stiles Ely*, for fifty dollars, and which, at the recommendation of *Jesse Baldwin*, had been paid to Mr. Ely by one of the banks in your city, was presented here for payment. The check was not good; and

the cashier of the bank assured me that Mr. Ely never had any dealings with the bank, nor yet with the State bank, newly established in this town. I should like to know whether Mr. Ely is yet in the city. If he is, probably he will be able to give an explanation, which will relieve the feelings of some people in this place. I rely on your prudence to keep this statement where it ought to be."

"I have not imparted, and do not intend to impart, the above, to any human being but yourself.

"I am, sir, your fellow-labourer in the  
"Vineyard of Christ,

"SAMUEL MILLER.

"*Rev. Mr. Ely.*"

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*January 12th.*

HERE COMES the explanation, and with it the donation of fifty dollars. Surely, I had something in bank, upon which I could draw!

EXTRACT

*Of a Letter from the President of the Bank.*

"I had received on Wednesday morning, notice of your being authorized to draw for the fifty dollars. I immediately went to the bank, left the check for that sum drawn in your favour; but as it was not to be used until your order came, the cashier laid it on one side; and when your draft came, in the multiplicity of business, he had forgotten the name, until I sent to him this morning. He exceedingly regrets the mistake, but I hope no injury has resulted to you from it.

"I am, rev. sir,

"Your most obt. servt.

"ELISHA BOUDINOT."

The cashier took the trouble to send to the State bank, and inquire if the writer had any account there, and then proclaimed what, if true, would have proved me a swindler; when he alone, by his negligence, was the author of all my trouble, and his own future mortification!\*

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*January 17th.*

“Her heavy eyes are half closed; the blood pours from her side. *Son of Morni*, she said, prepare the narrow tomb. Sleep comes, like a cloud, on my soul. The eyes of Oithona are dim. O had I dwelt at Duvranna, in the bright beam of my fame! then had my years come on with joy; and the virgins would bless my steps. But I fall in youth, son of Morni, and my father shall blush in his hall!”

OSSIAN'S OITHONA.

MANY young men, like the son of Morni, have directed the fatal arrow to the heart of Oithona; but none of them can console themselves with the reflection, that they were ignorant of what they did. Let me lead them to the hospital, and I will show them the victims of their murderous seductions! There one lies in the agonies of death, who is young, and who five years ago was ignorant of their devices. Then she was beautiful, and the object of parental solicitude. She was of a genteel family in Baltimore; was addressed by a young Englishman of fortune; and in an unguarded moment, by the promise and expectation of marriage, was deceived. To retrace her steps, and recall the past, was impossible.

“Time’s a tell-tale!”

Her infant child was received and caressed by her pa-

\* At the time of the above transaction, I knew nothing of my benefactor; but I have since had reason to believe that Senex was the Hon. Elias Boudinot, LL. D. first President of the American Bible Society.



rents; but with cold disdain the erring daughter was driven from the mansion which she had fondly thought her HOME. The unrelenting severity of those who were accessory to her life, induced despair. With her deceiver she fled to New York, and for a considerable time was under his "protection." His promises, however, were soon out of date, and he left the mother of his offspring, still young and beautiful, to the mercy of—the merciless world.

About this time one of the nurses, now in the hospital, saw her; who observes, that "she was a perfect doll in beauty." The nurse then exhorted her to turn from her evil way of life; but she replied, "I have never been taught to do any kind of work; I have no friends that will receive me; and I must proceed, or perish with hunger."

"If won, to equal ills betrayed,  
 Wo waits the insect and the maid;  
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
 From infant's play, and man's caprice:  
 The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,  
 Has lost its charm by being caught,  
 For every touch that woo'd its stay,  
 Has brush'd its brightest hues away;  
 Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,  
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone."—BYRON.

Now she is as destitute of mind as the bed on which she reclines, is covered with putrefaction, and must sink down a loathsome, unfriended object, to the grave!

But thy parents were sinners too! Should they not have pitied and rescued thee, lost female?

Could her soul communicate any thoughts to her unhappy companions; could her tongue move, methinks her

language would be—"Why did I not pass away in secret, like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unseen, and strews its withered leaves on the blast? I pass away in my youth, and my name shall not be heard. Or it will be heard with sorrow, and the tears of Nuäth will fall. Thou wilt be sad, son of Morni, for the fallen fame of Oithona. But she shall sleep in the narrow tomb, far from the voice of the mourner."

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*January 20th.*

THE Rev. ———,\* a minister sound in doctrine and chaste in style, preached for me, in the alms-house, this evening. After public worship, I visited a dying woman, who felt herself to be a lost sinner, and wished to know how she could be saved. Her room was full of dirty, ragged, miserable beings, but they all paid attention to the instruction afforded their dying companion.

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*January 21st.*

EARLY this morning, a sick man, W. F. sent for me to call at the alms-house, and pray with him. Repeatedly I have visited him, but he is never weary of hearing the Gospel, and of uniting in prayer. This man, when young, was extravagantly fond of the theatre, and associated with lewd people there, so long, that he lost his health, and, by the virulence of disease, his eyes. After he was thus visited for iniquity, the present place of his residence be-

\* His name, alas! I must blot out of my book: but may God in his mercy wash it in the blood of atonement, and let it stand in the Lamb's book of life.

came his only home. Here he married one of the paupers, by whom he has a large family of children. He expresses much gratitude for my attentions to the welfare of his soul, and declares, that he desires complete sanctification from his sins, while his sole confidence for justification is reposed in Jesus Christ. This man I would not reproach with the past, which he deplures, but to the reader I must say, that attachment to theatrical amusements took this person from all serious business, exposed him to strong temptations, and, in the issue, not only deprived him of sight, but made him the father of a numerous race of paupers. He was a man of no mean mental powers; but now he reposes in one of the lowest wards of the alms-house, wears a long beard, is exposed to vermin, and is surrounded by every thing which is calculated to offend his remaining senses, and annihilate all hope for the present life.

In the same room an old woman reclined on the floor, before the fire, who was violently affected with an ague. She was brought in from the street, yesterday, and has undoubtedly destroyed herself by inebriation. I spake to her of death, judgment, and eternity; of salvation by Christ, and damnation by sin. She could not reply; but she shed one solitary tear, shook her head, and uttered lamentable groans.

In the hospital I have had a long conversation with a yellow man, who was taught to read by the society of Friends. They gave him a Bible, which he highly esteems, and which he has read abundantly. He was reading it when I entered the room, and expressed a wish that the patients might all be made wise by their afflictions. He united in my desire, he said; but added, that

it was a difficult thing. He had lived, he informed me, with all sorts of people, and had found that nothing but the Bible was the thing. *“It is my strongest desire to abide by that,”* he said, *“but how to do it, is the difficulty. It tells me that no unrighteous man shall enter heaven, and I cannot get clear from all sin yet. I strive to be holy, and I know that by the help of God I must make myself perfectly holy before I die, or I am lost.”*

*“You cannot make yourself holy by your own unassisted exertions,”* I said; *“and will never be perfectly free from sin while you live; yet, if you are a Christian, you will nevertheless seek for perfect purity; but not as the ground of your acceptance with God.”*

*“Why, now, I will tell you what I think. I can do nothing without help; but by God’s help I hope to get perfect before I die, that I may be received to glory; and I’ll tell you, one passage troubles me much, for it says, if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? That shows it’s hard work to be saved, and I find it so.”*

Never have I conversed with any one who appeared more sincerely to seek perfection as the ground of his own salvation. The doctrine of acceptance on account of the righteousness of Christ was, as the reader might expect, urged upon his consideration. It seemed a new doctrine of righteousness, for which he could hardly relinquish his previous scheme of a righteousness, which he supposed the Spirit of Christ should co-operate with him in effecting, for his justification.

Finally, I asked, if he could live without prayer. *“Well, now, I will tell you fairly, I do pray; but when I a’n’t sincere, I know that I gain nothing by it; and I must tell you*

*that I find it hard to pray for my enemies as I would for my friends."*

"Do you wish to injure those who injure you? Perhaps you feel a strong inclination to double up that great fist, and knock your adversary down. Our old nature not unfrequently excites such a disposition, especially in men of your frame of body, and situation in life."

*"Well, then, I'll be honest here too. When I see a man whom I do not like, I pass straight by him, without taking any notice of him; and I wish he may be a better man. That's all; for I know that if I do not forgive my enemies, I shall not be forgiven. But, as I said before, when I pray, I feel it hard to pray for my enemies as for my friends."*

There is something in this person's mind and manner, which appears superior to any thing which I have ever found in one of his complexion. It shall be my endeavour to instruct him more perfectly in the doctrines of Christ.

To-day my gratitude to God has been renewedly excited, and I have additional evidence that God will not send a soldier of the cross on an expedition at his own charges. Many, on the publication of my first Journal, expressed their astonishment, that, in such a benevolent city as this, any preacher to the poor should fail of receiving maintainance. The truth is, that the reputation which the pious people of this metropolis have for liberality, is well-founded; but my situation was not generally known. It was supposed by many that I received a competence; and others, (few, however, in number,) from some doctrinal differences, wished that penury might drive me from the city. The following is an extract from the minutes of the Board of Trustees of the Society for

Supporting the Gospel among the Poor in the City of New York, at a meeting held on the 20th of January, 1813.

“Whereas, it has become known to this board that the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely is indebted to the amount of two hundred dollars, in consequence of the very small compensation received for his past services as stated preacher of the hospital and alms-house;

“Resolved, That the Treasurer pay to Mr. Ely two hundred dollars as a donation from this society, to enable him to discharge that debt.

“JOHN E. CALDWELL, *Sec'ry.*”

Once more then, I can say, that I “owe no man any thing, but love.”

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*January 24th.*

WITHIN the last twelve hours I have preached four discourses, besides performing all the other usual services of public worship. In the last exercise I stood between two rooms in the alms-house, and preached to an unusual number. Some of the paupers were much affected, and particularly a young woman, S. A. E—, of lovely countenance, who lay beside my table, sick of a fever. After sermon, I conversed with her, but her language was in whispers and tears. She knew that she was a great sinner, she said, but could not doubt Christ's ability to save even herself.

In the hospital the yellow man was eagerly attentive to the doctrine of the believer's union to Christ, by which he is constituted a righteous person. I am weary indeed, but not with the gospel, which I have been proclaiming to four attentive audiences.

To-day the old woman who lay on the floor of the almshouse cellar on the 21st instant, departed this life. A drunken life ends in a dreadful death.

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*January 25th.*

W— F— sent for me again, to hear more of Christ, and was anxious to have me speak loud, that all the poor people in the room might hear. He says that he can understand my doctrine better than any which he has heard, and does not desire any other earthly teacher. In the hospital, I prayed in a ward appropriated to depraved females, in which are, at present, four or five very young and delicate lost ones. When I first began to exhort them, I could see the smile of the abandoned playing around the lips of several of them; but in a few moments, when I reminded them of the premature death of a multitude of their companions, they became solemn.

The evening was spent with a small praying society, which has existed for many years, (I believe for about twenty,) without intermission. This can be said of few establishments of the kind, for Christians in general are too prone to become weary in well-doing, and fluctuate from zeal to lamentable stupidity. Something new is then requisite, to excite their sluggish spirits, and hence religious associations, founded on the best principles, rise and fall. Not unfrequently one or two zealous and discreet persons will preserve, for a long time, the life of piety in their little company, and therefore the few who are capable of leading in social worship, should be punctual and constant.

*January 26th.*

THIS morning, at the request of Mrs. Levi Coit, I visited a young man, Mr. C——, who is on the verge of the grave with the consumption. He has been in the hospital twice, with the desire of gaining relief, but his case is beyond the physician's skill. His mother has a little room in the third story of an old house, in which she attends to her sick son, and schools eight or ten children. The floor was carpeted, and every thing was neat. The son seems to have some knowledge of the nature of faith, without any skill in describing it. He has been a wild youth; but for a few years past his present disorder, preying on his lungs, has made him thoughtful. I asked him in what manner a sinner became interested in the Lord Jesus Christ? and he answered, "by praying to him, seeking him, loving him, and keeping his commandments." He had, therefore, no idea of any but a practical faith in Christ.

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*January 27th.*

W— F— is still very sick. I found him in bed with his wife and some of their children. His gratitude for a little religious attention is very great. W— R—, the blind boy, has rarely failed of repeating one hymn, after public worship, weekly, for more than six months. A few moments before going to the alms-house this evening, I composed the following stanzas, which were sung by BLIND GEORGE and his followers.

HYMN. C. M.

1. BEHOLD, the poor, the lame, the blind,  
The sick, the wretched meet,



Where beggars royal favour find,  
E'en at the mercy seat.

2. With all our poverty and pain,  
With all our weight of sin,  
We come, not wishing to complain,  
But Christ himself to win.
3. O may the Son of David hear  
The humble prayer we raise,  
That he would dry the widow's tear,  
And fill her heart with praise.
4. Remember, Lord, the fatherless,  
And bid the drooping rise,  
Remember age in deep distress,  
And make the dying wise.
5. Thou blessed Jesus, come and dwell  
Within each trembling breast;  
Deliver us from sin and hell,  
And give us, sinners, rest.

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*January 28th.*

“WHEN I was in the hospital,” said the young man, Mr. C——r, whom I visited on the 26th, and again to-day, “I did not much regard your preaching, but I have had much time for reflection, and now the same things seem of infinite consequence. I would not for all the gold I could lift, return to my past sins.” Many similar things he said, and assured me, that his hope of eternal happiness, through Jesus Christ, is so strong that he is willing to die.

In the hospital I conversed with a Scotch-Irish woman, who was brought in by one of the Dorcas Society. She was found in a miserable condition, but for many weeks

has been made as comfortable as her diseases will permit. Like most of her country-women, she speaks of doctrinal subjects with more propriety than is usual with people of other nations. Of the heart of this woman I cannot judge, but you will never hear her speak of acceptance with God, on any other ground than that of the righteousness of Christ.

The yellow man pleases me. "*Sir, I was thinking,*" he said, "*just now, that if it were not for religion, we should have no hospital, and no such good provision for us.*" All charitable institutions of this kind have certainly sprung from the benign influence of Christianity.

Of Christ he said, "*Well, now, I think he did all he could for us, for he died for us, and we must do the best we can, and look to him, for if the truth was known, I think he is now in heaven praying for us, poor sinners.*" With the sermon last sabbath, he professes to have been pleased and instructed. The rheumatism may prove his spiritual good. God grant it.

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*January 31st.*

MR. L. BLEEKER, a distinguished member of the Baptist church, was with me this evening at the alms-house, offered a prayer after sermon, and made a few serious and pertinent remarks. While I was speaking, a drunkard, with a bloated face, sat beside me. I fixed my eyes sternly on him, and said, "The man who is dead in trespasses and sins, will give abundant evidence of it, by following the sins to which he is addicted. If the love of intemperate drinking is his besetting sin, he will become intoxicated when he has the opportunity. Do you believe this?"

The drunkard looked at me full in the face, and nodded his head. I continued to fix my countenance on him, and said, "it is not so difficult, then, as some imagine, to ascertain whether men are dead in sin, or alive to God. Will not the person who is quickened by the Holy Ghost, give as good evidence that he is alive, as the drunkard that he is attached to his cups?"

Here the drunkard's fire kindled into new flames, a tear stood in each eye, for a second, but nature had become so degraded, that he immediately after smiled, and nodded assent again.

Instantaneously I quoted, "wo unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep." At this his countenance was fallen, and I turned from him, that he might not be exasperated, while I continued to press the same subject home on his mind, by similar allusions.

When Mr. Bleeker began to speak, he said, "I dare say that many of you do not believe a word of what you have heard; but it is all solemn truth." Then looking on this same drunkard, he asked, "Do you believe that you are dead in trespasses and sins; that you are without divine and spiritual life?" The half-intoxicated man answered, "Yes, I do believe it, and think we have had a very fine sermon."

*Mr. Bleeker.* "No, you do not believe it; for if you did, you could not lead such a life as you do."

*Drunkard.* "Why, yes, I do believe that I am a sinner, and that all are sinners."

*Mr. Bleeker.* "If you believed in your heart that you was dead in sin, you could not act, and feel, as you do; but it is an easy thing to affirm that we believe."

The poor wretch got up, and staggered away five or six

paces to another seat; and Mr. Bleeker, in continuance of his discourse, said, "I must tell you plainly, from the evidence of my own senses, that I think some who are here, are intoxicated now, and are habitually intemperate; and these persons are certainly dead in sins. Except they are born again, they must certainly be damned!"

An evil course of conduct is undoubtedly conclusive against any man, who asserts that he possesses faith. Let it be a settled principle that a miser loves money; let me inform him that a certain field, which is for sale, contains a pearl of immense value; and if he does not take measures to secure that field, it must be in consequence of his not believing my testimony. Should he say, "sir, I am eager for wealth, and I believe what you affirm, but shall take no measures to secure that pearl, which you say is within my reach;" I should feel at liberty to rejoin, "the truth is not in you." In like manner, if sinners affirm that they believe the Gospel, and do not act conformably to the spirit of faith, they deceive themselves, or they are liars who would delude others.

We descended into the filthy apartment of W— F—. "Well, William, how are you to-night? Do you find any thing to comfort you?"

"Thank you, Mr. Ely; I'm no better, but I trust in the Lord Jesus Christ."

Mr. Bleeker. "But what encourages you to trust in him, my friend?"

W. F. "His word. I pray to him for mercy."

Mr. Bleeker. "But you must not trust to your prayers. Do you think that you know God; and how long have you known him?"

W. F. "Not till lately; since I was blind."

*Mr. Bleeker.* "What makes you think that you have an interest in Christ?"

*W. F.* "HIS SPIRIT TOUCHES MINE; *I feel it; and he applies the precious blood of Christ to my conscience.*"

This answer evinces that most of this blind man's notions are derived from the faculty of *feeling*. How forcibly the expression, "His Spirit touches mine!" Much similar language I have heard from him.

We ascended to one of the hospital wards, and here I heard S. A. E——, the young woman whom I addressed on the 24th instant, utter in whispers many sentiments suitable to her situation. She is mild and calm, and full of prayer, in the intervals of her frequently recurring fits. Her whisper to Christ affected me, and especially the expression of her gratitude, for my first attempt to exhibit his salvation, for her acceptance. Really, she has a beautiful face, a countenance that speaks, and I cannot but wonder what should have brought her to this abode of misery.

In one day last week the superintendent of the almshouse relieved a thousand poor families, without the walls of the institution. In this severity of cold, how many are the sufferers in this wide city!

GREAT GOD! how terrible thy frost!  
 Before its progress who could stand?  
 Continue it, and all are lost;  
 An icy death pervades the land.

Thou, who hast form'd the drops of dew,  
 And art the Father of the rain,  
 At whose command the white winds blew,  
 And cover'd all the rocky plain;

Regard the children of distress,  
 And banish these congealing pains;  
 Let not stern Winter long oppress  
 The thousands who have felt his chains.

O bid the secret south wind rise,  
 With power to melt the rigid foe;  
 Then ev'ry storm, reluctant, flies,  
 And all the streams of comfort flow.

But chiefly, to the frozen heart,  
 O may the Spirit's quick'ning breath,  
 Such penetrating warmth impart,  
 As saves it from the second death.

Let Spring return to polar skies,  
 Which once have felt the cheering light;  
 And Christ illumine the sinner's eyes,  
 Long winters clos'd in dismal night.

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*February 2nd.*

YOUNG C——r, the son of a poor widow, seems to enjoy a calm and heavenly frame of mind. The love of Christ appears to engross his feeble powers, and at times confound them. “*He wonders that so soon as Christ died for sinners, all men who heard of it, did not leave off sinning, and become perfectly holy. They ought to have done it, and I wonder they did not.*”

“But have you become perfectly holy since you believed in Jesus for your own salvation?”

“*Oh, no! I am a poor unworthy creature.*”

“Does it not astonish you to think, that Christ died for such an offender as you are?”

“*Yes, sir; but it more astonishes me, that when Christ once died for sinners, he should be willing to do it again.*”

“ I do not understand your meaning.”

“ *I mean, that if you had died for me, and I wou'dn't thank you for it, and should reject you, it would be most astonishing if you would offer yourself to me again.*”

Christ certainly does urge himself again and again, upon many sinners, who long slight his proffers of peace, pardon, and sanctification. Yea, he persuades, and enables the sinner to receive him by faith; and this shows us that salvation from beginning to end is an unmerited gift.”

“ *I feel that I have nothing to give him in return.*”

“ True, my young friend, you have nothing to give but a sinful and broken heart. You can never make any payment to God, nor does he require it. If all should perish, it would be by justice; but if any are saved, it is by grace. Justice damns men, but grace saves men. You ought to be thankful, and bless God with your dying lips, for revealing Jesus to you; but when God requires you to be happy, and makes you holy, that you may enjoy him, you do not thereby merit any thing.”

“ *Oh, sir, he is a kind and just God.*”

“ Yes, he is **THE JUST GOD AND SAVIOUR.**”

To this object of faith and love we then addressed our prayers; while the little school, and the mistress, the mother of the dying youth, bended their knees before the God of the widow, and Father of the fatherless.

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*February 3d.*

THE catholic, whom I saw on the 10th of January, has experienced much relief for some time past, and I have invariably found him respectful and grateful. Now he has

a relapse, is raising offensive matter from his lungs profusely, but still appears the same in mind. He united in prayer very devoutly. An Irishman I found, with a Bible at his head, and said, "Friend, you have the word of God near you."

"Yes, sir," he replied; "many persons have the best things near them of which they make little or no use." The remainder of his observations breathed the same spirit.

All the patients are still and attentive, when I enter a room, and testify their respect for that religion of which I am a minister. Sickness seems to amalgamate all denominations, and make any teacher of religion, who honours his MASTER, the object of their veneration.

My audience this evening was very full and attentive; and with all the severity which I can justify in the language of a messenger of grace to guilty men, I attempted to expose, that I might reprove, the peculiar transgressions of my hearers. The depravity of man consists in his being dead in trespasses and sins to every thing which is holy, and in being alive to all manner of moral evil, so as to regulate his conduct by the course of this world, the temptations of the prince of the power of the air, and the lusts of the flesh.

But what have the paupers to do with the alluring world from which they seem excluded? Ay, there is a world within the alms-house, which has its principles, fashions, and evil courses; but what the paupers are deficient in the sins of high life, they more than make up by the lusts of the flesh. If the population of the city were to remain the same, and children were not born and educated in the alms-house for the devil, I do verily believe that in ten years the number of persons dependent on this institution



would be less by half than it now is. Drunkenness and lewdness are the common vices of the place; and of the paupers, which are not foreigners, much the greater portion is the offspring of the house. The evil will extend, and the miserable will procreate children of misery, until the new establishment is completed, in which the sexes will be separated, and into which, it is to be hoped, ardent spirits will not find their way, except it be to the apothecary's shop.

With W— F— prayer was offered, and he tells me, that he does cheerfully resign himself into the Lord's hands, to be disposed of by him, for time and eternity, as he shall deem best.

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*February 5th.*

THE young woman, S. A. E—, with whom I conversed on the 24th and 31st days of last month, is recovering. She appears to be very grateful to God for prolonging her space for repentance.

This afternoon I have, in three rooms of the alms-house, prayed with at least thirty women of the baser sort. Among them was Amy W—n, the stolen country-girl, whose history is given in my former Journal, who is still bedrid, and who has never had the use of her limbs since I have been acquainted with her. She has been visited by her mother; but poverty, and the care of her other children, prevented her from removing her daughter. Amy W—n, was affected at my discourse; the tears, which she could not suppress, arose in her eyes, and she said, "I have no hope from this world;—I must live and die here."

"And in a miserable place, too," I said: "but have you

any hope of finally entering into everlasting life? Do you pray to the Lord Jesus Christ every day, and often?"

"O yes, sir, in my heart, as well as I know how."

Another young woman sat on her bed, sewing, to whom I gave some months ago, from Mr. Benjamin Allen's liberality, Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*. She had been thoughtful for some time, and was glad to be instructed. Poor thing! she has been unable to get off her bed for two years, and must remain in this situation, until death shall release her spirit, from the wretchedly abused frame.

To one bloated, and full of blotches, I directed my discourse, and she *attempted to cry*, but could not succeed. Another conducted in a very different manner. She must be thirty years of age, and has many remains of beauty. From her parched lips, and extremely emaciated body, I perceived that she could not live long, and therefore, bowing my head over the staff of my umbrella, said, "My fellow-sinner, you must soon die, and"—"*And I don't care how soon!*" she interposed; and rolling up her penetrating eyes, gave a sad sigh!

"*The sooner I die the better.*"

"Do you think yourself prepared, by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and repentance for sin, to appear before God?"

"*I ha'n't studied that point.*"

"Are you willing, then, to be removed from this wretched place, to a worse?"

"*This is bad enough! I've had nothing but misery here.*"

"And are likely to have nothing but misery in the world to come: for you are by nature dead in trespasses and sins. You are a child of wrath. God has afflicted you here, and if you die in your present state, you must sink down to hell, to become the companion of devils and damned men."

“ *I have not thought much about these things.*”

“It is high time that you had, for you are drawing near to the grave; and after death, it will be for ever too late to think of seeking heaven. While in this world you must be reconciled to God, or be damned in the next. Now can you tell me how it is possible for you to be saved?”

“ *I a’n’t LARN’D in these things; but I hope I sha’n’t go to a worse world than this.*”

Such are the persons with whom I have to deal concerning their immortal souls, in the name of HIM, who is the Saviour of sinners. Of all the disagreeable places which I have ever seen, none are to be compared with some wards in this institution, for the pollution of every kind which infects their occupants.

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*February 7th.*

A DETAIL of the events of this sabbath, and particularly of this evening, would occupy pages, if I had sufficient strength to record them. A few hints must suffice. During public worship, the woman with whom I held a discourse on the 5th instant, was attentive. On her bed sat a tall country-girl, M— M—, who five or six months ago returned, voluntarily, to her mother in the country; but her mother is poor, and the girl’s health is so miserable that she is not able to earn her food. Her old disease has never been wholly eradicated; and before she went home her physician told me, that he did not think it ever could be. She soon came back, therefore, because she could not have suitable medical attendance in the country; and because our alms-house is the grand receptacle of blasted,

withered, dying females. While George sung, "Mercy, O thou Son of David," this forlorn creature wept abundantly.

"After sermon W— R— repeated a hymn, and Mr. B——r distributed many tracts, for which most of the hearers were eager. We then passed into the opposite room. I stood between two very sick women, of the looser sort, who could not be younger than forty. They both confessed themselves to be exceedingly vile; and when I asked one, for what I should particularly pray, she replied, "that I may have an interest in heaven, so that, should I suddenly be called away, I may not be rejected." When I had offered prayer with her, I passed to a woman no better than either of these, who was calmly contending with Mr. B——r, that she always had a good heart.

"Are you not a sinner?" I demanded.

"*No. My heart is good by nature; I never saw a distressed person but I wished to help them, and did all in my power. I've done all I could, and behaved as well as I knew how, and therefore expect that God won't be very strict with me.*"

"Have you done no evil? Or, granting even that, which is not true, for I find you in a bad place; have you not come short of the glory of God? How came you here if you are not a sinner?"

With a solemn face and much earnestness, she still maintained her integrity of heart, when, to cut the matter short, I asked,

"Do you think yourself better than the apostle Paul?"

"*Why, no, I can't say I am better.*"

"Know, then, that he confessed himself a sinner, and after his conversation could say, 'O wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'"

If, then, you are not *better* than Paul was, you have a wicked heart; but if you are better, you are welcome to contend for a higher seat in heaven. Remember, however, that if you are as much of a sinner as Paul was, and do not repent, you must be accursed for ever."

This is a true picture of the self-righteousness of an unprincipled woman. O what a proud rebel is fallen, degraded, abandoned, man!

With two ladies, and Mr. B——r, who came to attend on divine worship with us, I descended into W— F—'s room. He is much weaker, but appears to have gained some knowledge. He quoted a part of the twenty-third Psalm very appropriately, saying, that he remembered the verse from having heard good old Dr. Rogers preach from it, when he could himself see, and when he was a very wicked young man. I spoke of his having followed plays, and similar follies; but I could easily perceive that he is truly ashamed of those unprofitable works.

An old, deformed woman, who lay on the next bed, turned over and said, with a very coarse voice, "Poor William is very sick, and I offered to say prayers to him, but he did nae like 'em. But I think he may'n't get better ones for a' that. I offered to sing to him, too, a hymn about Jesus, but he did nae like that neither, and so I sang on, nothing minded him a bit."

"Do you really, then, pray?" I asked, and she rejoined, "Ay, to be shaure, and why should'n't I do that."

"Certainly you ought to pray; but do you love Jesus Christ?"

"Ay, to be shaure I do; and why should'n't I do that? I know I do."

"Why do you love him?"

“Because he died to help us do good works, to be shaure; and charity, you know, covers a multitude of sins. You can’t deny that!”

“Do you expect to be saved by Christ?”

“Yes, to be shaure I do; by Christ and my own good works together.”

“What makes you think that you shall be saved?”

“Because I belong to the holy Catholic church, and Christ died for his church, to help them to be charitable.”

“You may belong to any external church, and yet be damned. Forms cannot save you, if they be the best forms.”

“Ay, but I know he’ll save me, for he gave himself for the Catholic church.”

Here one of the ladies, who was clothed in black, asked, “but do you confess your sins to Christ?”

“What is that to you? Are you my father confessor?”

This was her spirit; but no one ever seemed more confident of salvation. While I was praying, at William’s request, I confessed that our good works could not save us, and entreated God that no one might be left to trust in outward ceremonies. The old woman was so much enraged at this as to cry out, “Christ died to help us do good works, I say; he died for the holy Catholic church.” After this she was silent, and when I had concluded the address to the throne of grace, I attempted to show her more perfectly the WAY OF LIFE. She covered her face, however, and would not answer a syllable; principally, I suppose, because I said, that the *holy* Catholic church includes all who sincerely believe on Christ, and none else.

One thing must be very evident to my readers. The same sort of pride and bigotry which infects the polite

and fashionable unbelievers, has its residence in the breasts of the most abandoned wretches. It seems that even an old hag, with her red face, can seriously insist on having a good heart by nature. Yes, she can ask, "Why, what evil have I done?" *Such is the way of an adulterous woman; she eateth, and wipeth her mouth, and saith, I have done no wickedness.* PROV. xxx. 20. Another, covered with rags, can talk about securing salvation by her good works of charity. Let the most benevolent, who have no better ground of confidence towards God than their own beneficence, hear this woman talk, and they must be disgusted with that, which they allow in themselves. It really requires much grace, shed abroad in the heart, to make the sinner acknowledge with gratitude, that *by grace we are saved, through faith; and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God.*

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*February 10th.*

"With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,  
 Ah! where shall either victim rest?  
 Can this with faded pinion soar  
 From rose to tulip as before?  
 Or beauty, blighted in an hour,  
 Find joy within her broken bower?"—BYRON.

THIS morning I visited the two wards in the hospital which contain lewd men, and left Doddridge's Rise and Progress in each, which they promised to read. They were attentive to all which I said, and were pleased to have me call on them. Indeed, they had previously intimated to one of the nurses, that if I did not *visit* them, they should absent themselves from my public discourses. In another ward I visited a sick Italian, and my Roman Catholic

friend; who lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, prayed in loud whispers, and said, "O! I need Christ to save me, enough, indeed! that I do: may God be merciful to me a sinner." This man has no objection to the true doctrine of confession to Christ, and not to a priest, and of the remission of sins through the Redeemer alone.

In the evening I preached in a ward of lost females, in the alms-house, in which public worship has never before been attended; and then visited two other rooms, containing persons of the same sex and character. M—B—, of my former journal, still lives, and appears to be a Christian; but she must be contented to remain on the bed of death. In the same room a young woman lies, who has been a public professor of religion, and a prostitute at the same time. There I saw another woman of about thirty years of age, who was one year in the hospital, and who has been nearly the same time in the alms-house. She is almost gone, and she said of two young things, not more than sixteen years of age, who sat at the foot of her bed, mending some old rags to cover their naked, weather-beaten dying bosoms, "O that they would take warning from me!" The professor of religion, who is a common courtesan, seemed quite insensible; while two or three, who had never acted the part of hypocrites, were much affected.

This proves that an unrenewed, nominal Christian, who has had many fits, swoons, and fevers of devotion, without any saving knowledge or faith, may be worse than many abandoned persons, who never made any pretensions to religion.

W—F— declines, but he can nod his meaning, just as well as if he spake it. Every thing he resigns into the hands of the Redeemer, whose soul *touches* his.



Good night to the hundred poor, to whom I have preached; good night to the thirty devotees of Succoth Benoth, with whom I afterwards prayed. "Lord, what is man!—poor—feeble man!"

Mercy! mercy! mercy on us! son of David.

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*February 14th.*

BESIDES attending church once, I have preached three times to-day, and prayed in three wards of the alms-house, and, in short, have gone through a scene so similar to that of the last sabbath, that it is useless to enlarge this article.

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*February 15th.*

THIS morning I have visited three wards of the hospital, and prayed with three dying men who were solicitous of instruction.

One said, "*I am almost as low as I can be.*"

"Yes, friend," I replied, "and perhaps you will die soon."

"*I hope not,*" he responded, and drew back with much horror in his countenance.

He had not, indeed, calculated on dissolution, and it was my unpleasant duty to convince him that the cold hand of death was on his heart. Before I left him, he appeared to be more reconciled to the thought of speedily departing from this life.

My Roman Catholic friend was truly glad to see me, and assured me that death had become by far less terrible than it was, before he knew the grace of our Lord Jesus

Christ. He said, "I am waiting for the last moment." To see his pale, and white, and red, full face, lifted up to heaven, with eyes full of tears, would affect any spectator, if it would not convince him of the reality of vital religion.

Another man I approached on the bed of sickness; but what shall I say of him? On the Sabbath but one before the last, in this same room, a man died, a few moments after I had concluded my sermon, and two have since resigned their bodies to the power of the grave; but all this is nothing to the callous heart. From his furrowed face, and gray locks, which hung upon his shoulders, I might have expected to hear him say, "I remember the days of my youth with sorrow, when I feel the weakness of my arm. I have beheld the tombs of my friends, and now darkness comes on my soul."

Nothing like this escaped him. "You are aged, sir, as well as sick," said the writer.

"*Yes, I am a good old dog yet,*" he said, and turned his antiquated frame like Goliah of Gath; "*a good old dog, that may live many days.*"

"I could wish you some higher destiny than that of a dog which shall perish."

"*I have no doubt but that every good man wishes the same; but my sins are as innumerable as the sands on the sea-shore, and I can spend my time much better than to be praying for their pardon!*" This was uttered with such a countenance and air, that I confess I knew not what to say to him. He appeared to defy the living God. A few things, nevertheless, I suggested for his consideration, and he closed his eyes, telling me that he wished to go to sleep. "You must sleep, soon," I said, "the sleep of death; and may God grant that you do not awake in hell."

*February 16th.*

“ Though wearied virtue oft this soul forsake,  
 Heroic ardour burning in his breast  
 Resolv'd, unvanquish'd, to sustain the test.  
 For great and fair it seem'd, to undertake  
 Stern virtue's fiery conflict, great and fair  
 The wish to conquer, and the heart to dare——  
 How glorious, then, to gain th' unrivall'd prize!  
 But, ah! when more oppos'd, more strongly rise  
 The foe's resistless pow'rs, hope sinks in deep despair.”

OBEBON.

AT the request of Mrs. Mudge, who, without wealth, does much good, I renewed my visits to the sister of Miss H——, the sick soldier's female friend, of whom I gave some account in my Journal for 1811. The aged and withered survivor, who was born before her departed sister, still occupies the same cellar, which, to use her own words, “is homely, but neat.” A neighbour, a poor woman, who appears to be thoughtful, had come to make her a visit, and they two were actually within the chimney, over a few sticks which had been kindled to boil the pot.

“ You have almost forgotten me, I suppose; but you once knew me.”

“ *O, it's Mr. Ely! I'm glad to see you once more. How do you do? You look healthy; much more so than you did.*”

“ And you can remember better days, and tell of changing scenes.”

“ *Yes, sir; I can well remember when I had the honour of dining in company with that reverend man of God, Mr. George Whitefield, and with eight or ten clergymen at the same time.*” She then repeated their names to me, which I have forgotten.

*“But it is the Lord, who has brought me low, and I must submit. Blessed be his name, for he deals mercifully with me.”*

“Have you suffered much since I saw you last? Or have you been provided for?”

*“Once last summer I arose on the Sabbath, and had nothing but a crust of bread, and one drawing of tea in the house, and so I went to the church fasting, and there I was fed, so that I was completely satisfied.”*

“Did any one give you temporal food there?”

*“Oh, no; but I was refreshed with the word of God, and returned to this place, and was as well satisfied, as if the room had been lined with provisions. His word is meat indeed. But I was very weak, and went to bed. In the evening I thought that I ought to go to my meeting again, and not lie down in sadness; so I went, and the next day I got some work to supply my craving appetite.”*

“I perceive, that the poorest are not the most unhappy people in the world, and the Lord appears to comfort you in your sorrows. He brings down many, and raises others up.”

*“I have seen many grow rich; but I think America has become great without being thankful. I think the people have become proud and high in their notions. To be high and rich is the ruling passion in our land.”*

The writer thought her remarks correct, but was grateful for the fact, that many people in the midst of us are exemplary in their piety.

“True,” she said, “and there seems to be more than a common stir in this city; but if all PROFESSORS were POSSESSORS of religion, this city would be a very different place.”

This quaint, but pungent speech, may have been origi-

nal with her, or it may have been quoted from the fathers. I did not inquire how she came by it, and since she spoke without any apparent disaffection with the affluent, yea, without the least manifestation of discontent with her own situation, I could not but yield the humiliating assent. The present of a copy of my Journal, gave her great delight.

From this subterranean abode of contentment, I went to the house of one of my poor, bereaved friends, who is sick from hard work. She received three copies of my Journal, for which a neighbour is to give her two dollars. It is a great consolation, that if I have a few bitter enemies among the rich, I have none among the poor, so far as I can learn, in any of the places in which I have sojourned.

My presence was desired in this last place, principally as a casuist. The widow's eldest son, who is a handsome young fellow, and a good mechanic, has married a young woman, who has never obtained a legal divorce from her former husband. This troubles the tender conscience of the mother, and has contributed, with the cause above stated, to make her sick. With the young man I had a conversation before his marriage, and attempted to dissuade him from forming the connexion which he proposed, until the proper civil authority should give her permission to enter the matrimonial relation again.

Since many such cases exist in large cities among poor people, I will give an account of this young couple, and suggest such remarks as were made by myself, with the hope of influencing their conduct; that possibly some who may read, may in future understand the divine law on this subject.

THE facts are these. Not many years since, a young man, of comely person, who was then a clerk in a store, courted a worthy young woman, who was every way his equal, who had some little property, and such charms as do not fall to the lot of half the female race. She knew nothing against his character, and because she loved him, she married him. Soon after she found, to her inexpressible sorrow, that he had lately seduced a young woman, who was likely to become a mother by him. This victim was taken sick; but the tender wife so far forgave her husband's previous misconduct, as to visit and assist the dying female.

After the miserable exit of this deluded thing, it came to the knowledge of the wife, that her husband had induced the person of his criminal pleasures, to take some medicine for the destruction of her unborn progeny, which proved the death, not only of the babe, but also of herself.

This rendered the young man so obnoxious, that he was dismissed from his clerkship, and rejected from the society which had previously thought him its ornament. To support himself, he enlisted in the theatrical band, met with applause, and insisted upon making his newly married wife an actress. She positively declined, and he as positively assured her, that if she would not consent, he would never live with her as his wife. Thus, in a few weeks after they were married, they were separated, and the wife, having abundant evidence of his illicit intercourse, was very willing to receive a written certificate, which he called a divorce, of his having abandoned her for ever.

Many months after this separation, she became acquainted with the widow's son. They were long pleased

with each other, and were disposed to be united in wedlock. Indeed, they were well calculated to be happy in such a union. I advised the young man to assist her in getting a legal divorce, or else never to marry her. It was my expectation, from what he said, that he would have taken my advice. But he was poor; he found the forms of law expensive; she heard, more than a year ago, that her first husband was dead, of which, however, she was not certain; and supposing that a divorce could not be granted without the consent of this absconding husband, who is probably in Canada, they were put together by some clerical person of obscure fame.

If the young man had possessed a good education and fortune, he might have married into any of the most respectable families in this city. To stand well at the bank, is every thing with many rich parents; and his fine face, genteel form, and amiable manners, would have captivated the young ladies.

No wonder, then, that this irregularly divorced young woman, and this attractive artisan, should have come together.

To the record of these facts I subjoin the following  
**REMARKS.**

Marriage is constituted by a mutual covenant between a male and female to become husband and wife, and to perform, in relation to each other, the various duties of the connubial state, to the utter exclusion of all intercourse with others, until the union shall be dissolved by the death of one of the partners. Whenever a man and woman voluntarily enter into this covenant engagement, they are married by their own consent; and if this cove-

nant can be proved by witnesses, the marriage is valid in civil law.

In the patriarchal ages, all marriage connexions were formed in this manner. When Isaac took Rebecca to be his wife, and she took him to be her husband, the bands of wedlock were knotted. It is an erroneous notion that any two are married by the act of a third person, instead of their own mutual covenant.

Had civil law interposed no regulations, a simple covenant of marriage before witnesses would constitute a marriage between competent persons, and such a marriage as the Holy Scriptures pronounce honourable. But, to prevent clandestine intercourse, under pretence of a lawful covenant, most civilized communities have required, that the parties shall appear before some minister of the Gospel, some justice of the peace, or some other public officer, and in his presence take each other "for better or for worse." This is a wise ordinance of man, to which, as to a human law, the members of a community are bound to submit. If they covenant before other witnesses, who are not appointed to take cognizance of such connexions, I do not say that they sin against the divine institution of wedlock, but they violate the divine injunction, binding on all members of a community, to "submit to every *lawful* ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake."

The divine law admits of divorce, in only one case; and human law ought never to justify it in any other. If partners quarrel, and one departs, the other cannot be bound to live with the absentee; but neither, for any cruelty, can be so divorced as to have scriptural permission to marry again. The language of our Lord on this subject, is definite, and ought to give law to every Christian people.



The ground of divorce, which Christ declares to be sufficient, either for the husband or the wife, is *unchastity*. Consult *Matthew* v. 32. and xix. 9. The word, rendered in these passages *fornication*, signifies any actual violation of the nuptial couch.

According to the civil law of the Jews, some public testimony of a divorce was requisite; and most communities since have required some legal process before separation can be deemed justifiable. It ought not to be left to the discretion of the parties, who may be jealous, to decide, whether there is sufficient cause for the dissolution of their contract, or not. They are incompetent judges in their own case; and any who design to be divorced, but will not seek to comply with the wholesome regulations of civil government, discover a depraved disposition, which justly renders their title to a divorce suspected.

It is evident that the young woman whose history I have given, had good, scriptural, and legal cause for separation from her husband. Both before and after marriage to her, he cohabited with others. Had she, therefore, been divorced, according to the forms of law in the State of New-York, she would have been at perfect liberty to have married her present partner.

The circumstances of the case extenuate, but do not perfectly justify the parties. Her former husband had given her a certificate of his renouncing her, and it would have taken all the property of the present couple, to have gone through the tedious forms of lingering justice.

Still they offended against a good civil institution, and I relate the story, that some plain people, who may peruse my Journal, may not be hasty in forming connexions which are not easily broken up, even when there is good reason

for disunion. “*Therefore, take heed to your spirit; and let none deal treacherously with the wife of his youth. For the Lord, the God of Israel, saith, that he hateth putting away: for one covereth violence with his garment, saith the Lord of hosts; therefore, take heed to your spirit, that ye deal not treacherously.*” MALACHI ii. 15.

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*February 17th.*

THREE ladies accompanied me this morning to the alms-house, who presented George with some apparel for the Sabbath, from the Dorcas Society. He was requested to sing.

“I have a cold,” he said, not because he had learned to make such excuses from the fashionable, “but I will try;” and the ladies were charmed with his performance.

We saw the blind boy, W— R—. He stood by a window, with the Bible in his hand, just like one who could see, and was reading to himself some portion, which I presume had lately been read to him:

“Come, William, read a chapter to these ladies.” After a little hesitation, he said, “*If you will turn me to the eighth chapter of Matthew, I will.*” I found the place for him, he took the book, and when one who could see would have turned the leaf over, he turned it, and read the chapter as fluently as any boy of his age could have done. He can tell all his acquaintance by the sound of the voice, as easily as others can by sight; and so soon as he heard me enter the room, he apologized for not repeating a hymn to me on the evening of the last Sabbath. It was an uncommon thing for him to fail, but I remember now that he was not then present.

We visited, and prayed with, many, and particularly with those whom I saw on the evenings of the 7th and of the 10th of the present month.

“Are you not convinced,” I asked one, “that you have a bad heart?” It was the same old pander of whom I have previously written.

*“No, I am not. You wish to mock me. I am no worse than others; and I’ll not confess, for any man, that I have a bad heart; for I always wish to relieve those that I see afflicted.”*

“I do not say that you are worse than others; but these three ladies have, by nature, very wicked hearts.”

*“How do you know? Did they ever confess that to you?”*

The visitors then confessed themselves sinners, and naturally wicked in heart; but the old, self-righteous creature insisted upon it, that “no one was the better for going to church, and no priests should ever make up a mess of stuff, to convince her that her heart was wicked, when she knew better.”

“Why,” said the nurse of the room, “they call me a Deist in this house; but I am not, for I was bred up to the Church of England, and I’ll confess that I sin more or less every day.” So much as this the poor, blinded wretch would not acknowledge, and I am confident that no sober, moral, and exemplary person, who is without evangelical faith and repentance, was ever more confident of the native goodness of his heart.

M— B— said she had some hope of becoming a hale woman yet; “and O, if I do, I am so grateful to you, that I would come and be your servant, all your days.” It was in vain to protest that I had merited nothing, and desired nothing but her salvation. “I am a poor sinner, Mary, and deserve

hell as well as yourself." "*It is,*" she said, "*a great blessing to you if you feel that; but I hope God will reward you.*"

While I was conversing with another dying female, the woman's countenance who was stretched on the next bed, became red as scarlet, and she burst into tears. She covered her face with her clothes, when I turned to her, but she sobbed aloud.

The girl who has made a profession of religion, is beautiful, and excited much emotion in the minds of my companions. She was exhorted to seek a better religion than that which she had supposed herself to possess. Her passions had been moved, at a Methodist church, and she was told that she was converted, without having any scriptural knowledge of the way of salvation, or evidence that she had passed from death to life. When I argued from what her past prospects must have been, she appeared to feel a little; but no colour came over her interesting face, no tears bedewed her fine eyes.

Poor, miserable creature, man!

This evening I went to the alms-house to preach, very reluctantly, and quite indisposed, but I went to a room which has not been the place of public worship before. It was crowded; and at the door I was requested particularly to pray for a young woman, who would lie on the right of my table. She has been afflicted, for a long time, with nervous affections. Her appearance was prepossessing; but in the midst of the first singing she swooned. Four or five old nurses were much engaged to restore her, for they "*sot great store by the poor, nice gal.*" Their anxiety for her, and her diligent attention to hear, made me breathe out the gospel, as I think of it in the closet, with all plainness and simplicity. Before the sermon was

concluded, she went into hysterical fits, which lasted for some time; but so soon as the convulsions were over, she gave renewed attention.

On the whole, I am thankful that I went; but the air of the room was horrible, and I seem to feel the flying down of it in my throat, while I write. How desirable will be the chapel in the new alms-house, for my successor! But still, he must itinerate through the sick rooms.

This fainting girl told me, that she could understand me, most of the time; and a poor lady by her side, whom I found to be her mother, with tears requested me to call on her again.

Good night to *their* afflictions! and, oh! that I could say, "good night to all *my* sorrows."

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*February 19th.*

IN the alms-house I called on the young woman of nervous affections. She was sitting up in her bed, and had a fine camel's hair shawl, with a small figure, about her neck. From this circumstance, one may easily judge what has been her past course of conduct; for if a person comes into the abodes of disease and death with such fragments of gentility about her neck, she may be set down in the calendar "of those who are not so good as they should be;" or of those who (to use the serious expression of a black man, who was himself in that predicament) are afflicted with "the *gentleman's* complaint." Still, in spite of the shawl, and a muslin night-cap, and a fine cravat about her neck, I pitied her. Her face was already highly coloured with a fever, but when I began to speak of repentance for all past sin, it assumed a deeper hue.

In the hospital, six wards this afternoon received me, as a messenger of my Master. The man whom I saw on the 15th instant, who could not think he must die, is gone to the eternal world.

The man who calls himself "an old dog," was asleep, and perhaps will soon be drowned, with the dropsy, to awake no more, until in hell he shall lift up his eyes, being in torment. One, with whom I then conversed and prayed, has died before his eyes, and I saw him dissected to promote the healing art.

I found a young man, H—H—, of fine form and countenance, sick with the "spotted fever," who confessed, with deep emotion, that he was not prepared to die. He must be some young man of more than common parts, for every article of his dress, and every word of his language, indicates him to be of a respectable family and education.

With a good woman, who knows that she must soon die, but who is unwilling to die in the hospital, I laboured, and prayed, that she might learn to depart from any place which God shall deem expedient; and, until the time of her release, remain contented. It is easy to teach the duty of contentment to the affluent, but to the poor—  
*"who wants to die in the hospital?"*

"Still, still, good woman, it is as near heaven as yonder palace; and pray, where could you, who are without a home, die so well?"

"*I expect that I shall be saved,*" said a sick black woman, "*if I put all my trust in Jesus Christ, and serve him in spirit and in truth.*"

A very aged Dutch woman said to me, "*I no right to complain met his dealings met me, for I a great sinner; but*

*I hope he give me grace to wait met patience, till he please to come to me."*

"Could you hear the gospel when I preached here last?"

*"O yes, to my great joy; for what else can a sinner do? I nothing else to satisfy me met hope."*

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*February 20th.*

"Proud minds and guilty, whom their crimes oppress,  
Fly to new crimes for comfort and redress."—CRABBE.

TO-DAY an excellent seaman, who held some office on board the frigate "*United States*," and who was much esteemed for his bravery by the gallant commodore Decatur, was brought into the hospital with his throat cut, to the very bone of his neck. The young man had been drinking to excess, and became crazy. When the fumes of the liquor subsided, a dejection of spirits which is very common ensued, and in this situation, while at a house of ill-fame, he applied the instrument of death to his own throat. A messmate found him sitting up in his bed, and the blood becoming cold on the floor; but, by stretching his neck back, when he performed the horrid deed, the jugular veins were preserved entire, so that his life was preserved until this evening. He could assign no reason for this transaction; and the only reason probably was, that intemperance and lust produced the madness of melancholy.

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*February 21st.*

AFTER discoursing to a full room in the hospital, this morning, I went to pray with my Catholic friend, and

the young man sick of the *spotted fever*. The former can utter very appropriate sentiments, with a smile of hope on his dying face; and the latter wishes to live, that he may be prepared for death. It is my earnest prayer that he may, to know Jesus Christ in spirit, and in power.

In the evening Mr. B——r and Mr. F——r, with several ladies, attended public worship in the alms-house. After the usual services, these gentlemen offered prayers in different rooms, which we visited, and the ladies distributed some fruits, and other refreshments, to some of the most afflicted females.

Poor W— F— seemed a little deranged, through extreme debility, and was very urgent like a man half-starved, in begging that some little niceties might be sent to him. He said that he had once been accustomed to comforts, and he now rejected from his stomach almost every thing. He would not have been in want, I think, had not his wife, who is a coarse, unfeeling woman, appropriated some of the presents of my female friends to her own use. The blind man gave abundant evidence, that in some sicknesses, that delicate organ, the stomach, may reject brown bread and molasses, while the hunger of the sufferer may engross all his thoughts, and almost incapacitate him for serious reflection.

The aged Dutch woman talked much “*met her wisiters*,” to their great satisfaction; and the *nervous girl* appeared sad and humble.

With some young persons who were not too far gone to blush, I held a serious discourse, when a courtesan of about thirty years, a Scotch-Irish woman, who is a little deranged in mind, stretched forth her hand to me, which I declined taking, lest she should hold me too fast.



But, reader, mark what force education has, even on a polluted mind partially insane.

“I believe, sir,” she said, “that we are of the same sentiment.” This she uttered, when I was attempting to convince a woman that she is a sinner, who would not acknowledge it.

“Come a little nearer to me,” she continued, “I do not like to talk loud.”

In something of an animated tone I asked, “Are you not a sinner?”

“*Hush! hush! how can I deny that? Why do you ask me such a question? I was bred up in Ireland by the Rev. Mr. ——. Perhaps you might know him. He was of the same sentiment with Dr. M’LEOD of this city; and I think you are soond too, mon; and therefore I wish to have you talk to me. I’ve heard you preach twa sermons since I have been in this house.*”

She then stated very accurately, the subjects on which she had heard me discourse, and the texts of Scripture on which my sermons were founded.

“*When I came in here, because I had been a little without reason, once, and my friends could not pay for my board in the hospital, I thought I might not hear any preaching, because I could not know that it would be soond, but I want to hear you again.*”

“You ought to believe the truth when you hear it, whoever may be the preacher; but your orthodoxy will not save you. Do you believe and feel what you heard? Did it convince you of sin?”

“*Why, as I was saying, I thought I might not hear you; but you are soond in the faith, and I want to hear you again.*”

Here Mr. F——r asked her a practical question, and, as he is a Scotchman, I thought he might be the best

soldier to attack a woman intrenched behind the rampart of orthodoxy, which induced me to turn to others. She did not know, however, that he was *soon'd too*, although connected with the REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH, instead of the REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN, and for this reason, probably, declined all further conversation.

A little bigotry and orthodoxy having been deeply impressed in youth, are thus retained, even in a state of immorality and derangement. Why should she have been afraid to hear one, who was not of the church in which she was educated? Why should she have felt as if she was doing evil, while she was listening to me, until, from my doctrine, she thought that I was of the genuine Scotch Church? I love many of the Scotch for their intellect, and evangelical purity of doctrine and discipline; but if bigotry must exist, I am willing that it should be in the minds of the insane, rather than in the brethren whom I fondly cherish, as the active and intelligent disciples of Jesus.

A little girl repeated a hymn. W— R— did the same, and read to us the greater part of a long chapter in Matthew's Gospel.

For my consolation, I can remember, that the Lord was visibly present with us this evening, and that some of his people were refreshed. Mrs. Mudge also informs me, that a lady who came with her a few evenings since, to hear me preach to the poor, was brought into a state of very deep conviction and self-abhorrence, by that sermon which was principally directed to persons widely different from herself in education and temporal circumstances. The gospel is, indeed, but one; yet the manner of exhibiting it is various: and if I have any talent, it consists in the power of making the principal doctrines of

grace intelligible to the understanding of the meanest person. Yet God can sanctify that manner of promulgating the gospel, which seems best calculated to edify the poor, to the minds of the rich and the refined. The plain truth, and not any refinement of style, (although I abhor bad taste and bad grammar, in any sermon,) is the power of God unto salvation.

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*February 23d.*

IN all my past visitations to the hospital, I have met with no scenes which have exceeded in solemnity those of this morning. My Romish friend, H— O'N— was sitting up on his bed, with a cheerful countenance, and said, "Although I don't expect to live long, yet I thank God that he spares me, and I feel quite happy." He was eating a piece of dried beef, with a cracker, and added, "I am thankful, that for a little while I am so much better than I was, and that I have a relish for this food."

It is really a pleasure to visit such a dying man, particularly because all his bigotry is gone, no more, I trust, to return.

Of the young man's life, who is sick in the same room with the spotted fever, there is some hope; but in two other wards, I visited four who were very low, indeed, with the same complaint. One of them, a sailor, when I entered his room, was sitting up, with one foot off his bed. The cold dews of death were trickling down from his nose and hair, but I did not think his dissolution to be immediately at hand. A conversation, therefore, ensued, with the person who calls himself a "good old dog" of a man, and who was now seated by the stove.

“You seem a little better, sir, than when I saw you last; but the physicians tell me that you have the dropsy. Your old age, if you had no disease, should forbid you to expect the long continuance of life.”

“Yes, sir, I am old, but I hope to live many years yet. Still I know that the period of life must come, and that we must all pay the debt of nature.”

“Do you think yourself prepared for death?”

“That’s not a fair question.”

“Far be it from me to treat you with incivility; but I think it a very fair and important question. I would not, however, urge conversation.”

“Nor would I be uncivil in declining it. There is a time and manner which is not disagreeable; and frequently I have spent hours in conversation with ministers, when it amused me; and there are times when it would be a perfect hell to spend an hour in such company.”

“How important, then, is it for your own happiness, that you should be prepared to spend an eternity in holy society? If the society of the good torments you now, and you die in this state, what must be your condition through eternity?”

“God will take care of that matter. All I have to do in this world is to act according to the dictates of nature. It will be of no use for me to trouble myself about my destiny, which is in his hands.”

“Does not your reason teach you, that if there is a God, you ought to seek his favour? Are you not convinced, that if God governs, you are still free, and accountable? If you are a sinner, does not reason teach you, that you ought to repent?”

“I will tell you what I think,” said he, and pulled off his

woollen cap, to scratch his gray head; “*I will tell you my opinion. A young rake in Philadelphia, of my acquaintance, by the name of Bell, was met by a very pious Quaker. Bell had been religiously educated, and was a fellow of fine parts, but lived a very licentious life. The Quaker reproved him with a good deal of asperity, when he should have remembered that the vilest dog has some delicacy of feeling, and will not be benefitted by rough severity. He reproached him for his immoral life, and was very urgent to proselyte him. Bell was rude in return, and asked him, ‘Pray, friend, what makes you a good man, while I am a bad man, when my understanding and education in religious things have been equal to yours?’ The Quaker answered, ‘the grace of God.’ ‘Well, then,’ replied Bell, ‘it is no thanks to you, nor to the devil, that you are not as wicked as I am; for one who is constrained by the grace of God, cannot help being holy.’ Now I am of Bell’s opinion; for I have attempted to pray, when I was upon my bed, many a time, and I never could make my heart any better. All my prayers are like pouring water upon a drowned rat, as the saying is.”*

“Have you no distress on account of your situation? Are you willing to live and die, in such obduracy?”

“*When a man died here again, this morning, I wanted to feel, but my heart was as hard as a rock.*”

“Remember that you must soon enter upon a state of perfect happiness or misery.”

“*Immediately after I die, do you think? I cannot believe it; for God made man after his own image, his noblest work, and God will not suffer him to be eternally marred. It is contrary to reason to think, that God should lose his labour, in creating us for his glory.*”

“He may be glorified in our condemnation. But, tell

me, what reason have you to think that all will be saved? Do you believe the Bible?"

*"I believe some part of it, because it is agreeable to me, and we are apt to believe what we wish; but I do not believe one word about the unquenchable fire, the never-dying worm, and the eternity of hell-torments."*

"Have you not the same reason for believing one part of the Bible as the other; and does not common sense teach you, that since the evidence is the same for the whole, as for any part, you ought to reject the whole, or none?"

Here I perceived, that if ever I had the opportunity of speaking to the youth, who first attracted my attention on entering the room, it must be immediately. He had just reclined for the last time. The last rays of life were retreating. It was twilight but a few moments before the darkness of death.

"You are very sick, young man."

He gasped, "Yes."

"You are even dying, and do you know that you are a sinner?"

"Yes."

"Know, also, that there is a Saviour for sinners, who died for them. To him you should pray, for he is able and willing to save a dying rebel."

*"Give me your hand."*

I complied; his red cap and handkerchief fell from it to be resumed no more.

"Pull it a little," he said, and was assisted in turning himself. He made a motion for some drink, and after a few words of instruction were added, the question was asked, "Shall I pray with you in your last moments?"

He could not answer. I prayed, however, and in a few moments after I had concluded, the nurse closed his eyes.

This sailor was yesterday *absolved* by his priest, from all his sins; but last night spent much of his time in cursing the winds, which disturbed him, and kept his nurse awake by horrid oaths. Not half an hour before he expired, he used his brief and dying respiration, to imprecate curses. He had an American protection, and was received at the hospital as a native of New Jersey. He pretended to describe his birth-place, and his friends; but a letter was found at his decease, which proved him to have been discharged from an English frigate on account of his declining health.

How melancholy is the thought, that thousands perish without instruction, and think that the burning of a few candles around their couch, a little oil applied to their bodies, and a wafer bound to the feet, can save an impenitent swearer from hell! This I acknowledge, however, that I have found some, much attached to the sign of the cross, who could be more easily taught, when they consented to listen, the true doctrine of propitiation, than those who have confided in their own good works, never performed, for justification. The former have been in the habit of thinking that Christ holds some conspicuous place in religion, and is the sole foundation of it; while the latter have hardly imagined that Christ is essential to the gospel of pardon. The papist is nearer heaven than any Socinian.

A WAKE, I understand, is to be kept this evening, over the dead body. Some of my readers may not understand the nature of this ceremony. I will explain it. When the body might remain in the "dead house" of the hos-

pital, or might be buried to-day as well as to-morrow, it is taken to the house of some friend, and kept during the night in a large company of drinking friends, who, between examination of the corse, and the accumulation of glasses, usually become very merry. They pray also, or pretend to pray, for the deliverance of the soul of the deceased from purgatory; and if they find that the body has undergone surgical examination after death, they are outrageous against that Institution which cures multitudes of their countrymen, because they imagine that every drop of blood, or piece of flesh, lost after the extinction of the animal life, will detain the soul a definite time longer in the papal limbo. Such doctrines, I should hope, were not indigenous plants of this land of religious liberty, but imported from the dark regions of the old world. Let us not deride, but pity the deluded, and pray that the Sun of Righteousness may chase away that fog and smoke, which ascended from Tophet, some ages since, and covered the nations with thick darkness. O may the glory of God shine from the face of Jesus Christ, into every benighted sinner, to illuminate his understanding, and to warm his heart.

Another dying man, who thankfully listened to the counsels of peace, was a spectator of the whole. The "old dog" of a Universalist, as he calls himself, stood also by the bed, and seemed as unmoved as thrice-hardened steel.

Another man, in another room, sick with the same "spotted fever," wept abundantly, and said, "*I hope God will yet stretch out his arm to help me. It is strong.*"

He confessed that he had been a great sinner; had offended against a strict, Presbyterian education, and was



afraid that he should too easily think well of his situation. When I had prayed, he raised his head from the bed, with great effort to bow to me, and fell back overwhelmed, apparently, with contrition.

An old captain in the late American revolution, attracted my attention, and said, "I can still read the Bible, and that is all my consolation;" but, alas! the fever of rum and brandy still boils in his veins. In this same room, not long since, died a person of genteel manners, as well as figure, who was once affluent, and who always went by the title of count. I was astonished to find one there in a fine linen shirt, the relic of his former estate; and I learned that, until very lately, he had frequented the first companies of gay people, both in Europe and America. Without any affectation of manner, he said to me, "*to be prepared for death, sir, is the SUMMUM BONUM.*"

In the same ward I have also frequently visited one, who was at first a congregational minister, then a Presbyterian pastor, and finally a physician. He was reduced in circumstances, and the apoplexy cut off his speech. Still he could walk about. One day finding him very uneasy, I preached Christ to him, as I do to the most ignorant. It quieted him. He sat down, pressed my hand, and cried like a child. Often after this, in the hospital, in which other ministers of the Gospel may yet be found,\*

\* On September 9th, 1815, the Rev. ROBERT LOTHIAN, who died in the 85th year of his age, was buried from the alms-house in the city of Philadelphia. He was formerly a presbyterian minister, of the established church in Scotland; and stately preached in Glasgow, with almost universal applause. He was a candidate for the place occupied by Mr. Balfour. But, alas! this popular preacher, having lived about thirty years unnoticed, and unknown, except to a few

I administered to him in things pertaining to God and his soul. Counts and clergymen, lawyers, physicians, sailors, and harlots, meet here, as the fable states them to have done in the ferry-house at the river Styx.

The body of the sailor who cut his throat, was yesterday called for by his companions, who “damned him for dying like a fool, and not living to die like a man, in some engagement.” The matron reproved them for their profane talk; and one of them cried, “Be still, boys, you must not swear here, for I believe they are all Methodists!” This was a very honourable testimony to this denomination of Christians. Perhaps the sailors had not been accustomed to hear familiar reproofs from the pious, who too often think they would be in vain.

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*February 24th.*

ONE, who was the spectator of death yesterday, with whom I then conversed, and whom I designed to have seen to-day, was carried out in his coffin, while I was present in the hospital; so that three patients have died in one ward within twenty-four hours. In the same ward I paid some attention this afternoon to a German, who will probably follow his companion soon. He said that

Free-masons, expired in the house of public charity. Yet he was not, so far as we can learn, a heretic nor immoral. We can only say, it was the will of God, that the exaltation and the humiliation which he experienced, should remind those who live in the applause and friendship of their people, that they too, should they not hear the same people cry, “crucify them!” may be poor, and forsaken, and forgotten, in the day of death, by every being but the covenant-keeping

JEHOVAH.

he was "a high sinner," and added, from ignorance, that he had *always trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ*. He intended, that he had always been taught the name of Jesus, and the nature of his mission. The German Bible was open on his pillow, and seemed to be the object of much affection. "*Me hope,*" he said, "*the Lord Jesus pray for me, and pardon me.*"

"I hope he will," I said, "and prepare you for death."

"*Hoh! me ready to meet met death, for he stretch out his strong arm to me. You know, de man run away from he's fader. He say, when he come to his self, what a fool! He's fader have many servants, and no want him; but he say, make me one of de lowest of dem.*"

"Yes, the vilest prodigal may return, and God is willing to receive him. You must go to your heavenly Father, in the character of a miserable prodigal, and ask of him acceptance, that he may be glorified in pardoning great iniquity."

The old captain, of whom I wrote yesterday, has a soldier's face, but he comforts himself with the assurance, which he made to me, that HE HAD ALWAYS BEEN A STRICT OBSERVER OF RELIGIOUS ORDINANCES. It was my labour to *attempt* to show him the proper use of ordinances. They are means of good, but no suitable object of a sinner's confidence, no reason for his justification.

The presbyterian youth, who desired help from the strong arm of the Lord, is yet alive, and as tender as he was yesterday. His pocket Bible was open before his weeping eyes. After some religious discourse, I asked if he felt anxious about his friends. This touched a tender spot. He did, he said, "*but they are better prepared for death than I am.*"

“Perhaps, then, your present religious anxiety is sent by God, in answer to the prayers of pious parents and friends.”

This was too much for him, and I desisted for a time; but afterwards called his attention to the history of the prodigal's return. The young man has probably absconded from his friends, has been captured, and then shipwrecked. Last of all, this malignant spotted fever has seized him; but——

“All's for the best!”

Yesterday and to-day, I have watched for an opportunity to speak to a young man, who must die soon with the consumption; but he continued in too deep a sleep to regard my voice. I fear he will sleep the sleep of death before he thinks of danger.

In the ward of decent females I prayed, and one, who was discontented when I saw her last, said, that she could now submit herself entirely to the Lord's hands, for life and for death.

Reader, are you not fatigued with going over the same ground repeatedly? If you are not, I am weary with leading you, for thus I twice visit the dying and the dead. But if you may learn to die I will proceed.

Know, then, that this evening I preached in the almshouse, in a ward which has not been previously visited by the public ministration of the word. It contained, in connexion with the adjoining ward, which was open, that the sick might hear, no less than thirty bed-ridden women of ill fame: so that I may consider myself as having erected the standard of the Gospel behind the scenes in the theatre of that wretched goddess, Venus. I have seen her patch-work faces, and all the art which she uses to gild

the foulest debauchery with the tinsel of sentiment. The room was full, almost to suffocation, but after I became alive to my subject, nothing impeded me but the faint cries of a sick babe, at a young female's breast, and the dying groans of an expiring prostitute.

A woman by the name of Donally, in another ward, was visited. She has been in the alms-house, perfectly blind, about five years. For four or five months she has been sick, and although confined to the bed, yet patient. I have visited her often, without hearing a complaint. All she desires is the favour of God, and to-night she prayed, repeatedly saying, "Lord, have mercy on my soul; hear me; accept me, sanctify me, give me patience, and save me, for Christ's sake." It is better to be in this woman's condition than to sway the sceptre of the ungodly over the prostrate world. Let me die her death, and let my last end be like hers, if it should even be in the alms-house.

"But is there any hope of the wretched ——?"

Some of them are very young; many of them, before they entered their present abode, never had a kind invitation to return; and several, who never will be sound in body, appear to be renovated in soul. But if they all perish, let them not sink into perdition without hearing the sound of the Gospel. I can only say that most of them were attentive, to-night; many were very solemn, and some wept. Most of them have been miserably seduced and forsaken.

"Fred'rick, first cool, became ere long severe,  
Then curs'd his pride, and then her flowing tear,  
Then with a look would sometimes pass her door,  
Then rarely came, and finally, no more."

*February 26th.*

THIS afternoon I have visited two families of poor people, and three wards in the hospital. The sleeping youth whom I sought opportunity to address, will open his eyes no more until the resurrection. Two young men who were very sick are recovering. One was reading the Bible. and the other, H— H—, has made “a strong resolution never to turn again to his sins.” The writer exhorted him to repose confidence in the Lord Jesus, and not in his own purposes; but he said, “I feel confident that I shall never live such a wicked life in future, as I have done.” IT IS BETTER TO PRAY THAN TO PROMISE.

The German said to me, “*It make no tifference to me, if he make me life, or he make me die. Me looks to de plessed Lord Jesus Christ. He suffer more as all de world. He’s sweat trop blood to de ground.*”

“Yes, *his sweat was as it were great drops of blood: and none of his sufferings were for himself.*”

“*Tat ish what I would say. He no suffer for he’s own life. My plessed Lord not afraid for he’s self: he suffer for de sinner. Does’n’t you preach in the church in——?*”

“No, I preach in the German Calvinist Church, and in the alms-house.”

“*Well, it’s no tifference, for there is one Lord Jesus Christ, and I hope to come up to see him soon.*”

In this frame of mind it is probable that he will soon die. Perhaps I may see him in the morning. Another man is taken, with the same spotted fever, who makes the eighth patient that has been attacked in the same ward within a few days.

The following lines were presented to me in one of the

abodes of the poor. They were written by a young woman, whose opportunities for acquiring knowledge have been few. Neither the imperfection of the measure, nor the want of rhyme in a few cases, nor the use of the little *i* in writing, could render the performance unacceptable. I publish them in honour of the writer.

“ *Lines occasioned by reading Ely’s Journal.*”

“ Who can forbear to drop a tear  
 On scenes of wo recorded here!—  
 The Maniac’s fancies, strangely wild;  
 The Orphan’s cry, misfortune’s child;  
 The Widow’s tears; the wretch’s wo,  
 Bereft of every joy below,  
 Save that which springs from death’s release:  
 The soul then wash’d and sav’d by grace,  
 Ascends to dwell before the throne,  
 And shouts, ‘ Oh, what hath Jesus done!’

Here sinners, brought by sovereign grace,  
 The glorious Gospel to embrace,  
 Resign with confidence their mortal breath,  
 And rise superior to the fears of death.

Here Infidelity’s deluded prey,  
 Drawn from Religion’s arms away,  
 Usurps a power exclusively God’s own,  
 And rashly ventures on a world unknown:

Betrayed youth laments her follies past,  
 Her fame and prospects levell’d with the dust;  
 With penitential tears her guilt she mourns,  
 Or to the arms of Infamy returns.

Proud human Nature! art thou sunk so low?  
 Where is thy boasted pride, thy glory, now?

\* The First JOURNAL, for 1811.

Good Heavens, avert that fate from those i love,  
And guard them by thy influence from above.

Go on, blest Herald of the Cross! proclaim  
To dying sinners the sweet Saviour's name:  
A crown of life, the heavenly prize,  
Ere long shall greet your ardent eyes,  
While angels bid you welcome home,  
To the great supper of the Lamb."

May God animate me to the performance of duty, by the kind approbation of those, who are none of the mighty of this world!

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*February 27th.*

THE German, whom the physicians thought would die last night, smiled to see me early this morning, and appears happy in the faith of God his Saviour. Last night he expected to die, but expressed to all around him, great affection for the Lord Jesus Christ, and ardent gratitude to God. He praised his Redeemer in audible words, and attempted to do it in a midnight song. The nurse found a remarkable contrast between this believer and the sailor who spent his last night in cursing the winds, which whistled around the chamber of death. None of these things, however, seem to move the obdurate Universalist. He treats me with respect, but he appears to feel like a devil. In coming out of the gate, I met the Presbyterian clergyman, a patient, going in. He saunters about, half bereft of reason, and is incapable of speaking in any tone much louder than that of a whisper. A little conversation ensued, and he was unwilling to part with me; but his ghastly eyes, his decent garments, still of clerical fashion,



his long and hoary beard, his wasted face, and trembling form, made his presence sickening to my soul. Often I think, but more seriously when I see this Dr. B——, that I too may be a palsied old man, and die in some hospital.

Well, if I do, let Jesus still be my just God and Saviour!

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*February 28th.*

WE were all erroneous in our opinion yesterday, that the German would live. This morning he was alive, but it seems certain that he cannot continue. After sermon I took three young gentlemen, who were present, to see a believer triumph over the king of terrors. I asked him, “What is your hope now?”

He answered, with firmness, “*The Lord Jesus Christ.*”

“Are you still willing to depart?”

He bowed his head.

“Would you not prefer to live?”

He shook his head, and gasping, said, “*I wish I was gone.*”

We prayed with him for the last time, and bade him adieu, for ever. He said, “for twelve hour—I—,” but could not proceed for want of breath. He took his hand out of bed, however, lifted it up, as one in supplication, and bowed his head. A young man, I believe his son, we left with him, reading the German Bible to his expiring father.

This evening four rooms in the alms-house were visited, besides the one in which I preached, and in two of them prayers were offered by my Christian friends, Mr. Bleeker, and Mr. John Steel. The latter gentleman heard the blind W— R— read a part of a chapter, and attended to several

children, who repeated hymns, and were well compensated by his liberality.

I went to the bed of W— F—; but he was gone, and blessed be the Lord who took him away. Now his eyes, which were sealed in natural blindness for twenty-seven years, through the excess of lust, will no more prevent the light from shining into his soul. There is good reason to believe that he went from the cellar of the alms-house, to glory.

An aged woman, Mrs. G— H—, requested to be remembered in our public prayers, and was visited with personal instruction.

“You are sick and aged,” I said.

“Yes, and that a’n’t the worst of it; I’m good for nothing.” This she said, snarling at herself.

“All which you say is very true.”

“I have a hard heart: I am a poor, wretched sinner, in great distress; I’m so wicked that I’m afraid Christ will not receive me.”

“If you are wicked you need a Saviour, and if your heart is hard, he can soften it.”

“Ay, but how shall I get it softened? I’ve pray’d a great while, that Christ would make me feel. O I wish he would!”

“Christ is more willing to make you holy than you are to be made holy. You need not say that there is any reluctance on his part.”

“Dear gentleman, you must know more about the blessed Saviour than I do; but I wish that he would have mercy on me, and give me a new heart. I want to trust in him, and love him.”

Here I remembered in what manner my friend, Dr.

M'Leod, addressed a pious woman on a similar occasion, and therefore I demanded,

“Pray tell me, what have you got against the Lord Jesus Christ?”

She lifted up both hands and eyes in great astonishment, and with the strongest expression of horror said,

“*Got against him! Got against him! Why, nothing! He came into the world to save poor sinners, and I have nobody but him to look to!*”

“Oh! then it seems that you have much to say in his favour. Do you believe that he will lie?”

“*No, no, never!*”

“Believe, then, that he is able and willing to save you, and, hard as your heart is, give yourself into his hands.”

Great, indeed, is her humility and fervour; but she has been looking to her polluted heart for consolation, and thought Jesus would reject her for the very reason that she is so vile as to need his pardoning love.

Poor blind Donally is a pattern of patience and faith. She wants nothing but the pardoning and sanctifying love of her dear Redeemer.

Last of all, we visited a cellar full of the vilest of black people; but one of them appeared to think and feel, and I should have entertained some hope of her experimental knowledge, had she not introduced something about “the strange visions which she saw long ago.” Visions should not come in place of the word of God; fancies should not be mistaken for a rational, as well as spiritual, faith in Jesus.

I am sorry to state, that in many instances I have met with poor people, who knew none of the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, but verily believed themselves pious, be-

cause they had seen in some Church, remarkable sights. Some have attempted to persuade me, that they have verily seen a glorious personage, whom they took to be the Lord Jesus. Granting, however, that all these wonderful forms have passed before the mental vision of a swooning person; what then?

“He that believeth not shall be damned.”

Actually to see Christ in the flesh would not renew and sanctify the heart. A vision of myriads of angels would not produce saving faith. Prophetic dreams would not constitute a covenant union between the sinner and the Lord of life. “Be not deceived.” “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”

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*March 1st.*

“I said to my soul, thy evening shall be calm, and thy departure like a fading light.”

At six o'clock this morning, while seated in a chair, in the perfect possession of his reason, and full of the hope of immortality, departed the German of whom I wrote yesterday, to enter into the immediate presence of his Lord.

Not long since, after Mr. John Stanford had preached in the State's Prison, a lawyer, a prisoner, requested, and obtained leave, to ask publicly, a doctrinal question.

Beside Mr. Stanford stood several persons, who were lately professional gentlemen, and one who had been professor of the learned languages in a University. All were prisoners.

“Pray,” said the lawyer, NED CRAIG, “how can you reconcile the general invitations of the Gospel, with the doctrine of a particular election?”

Before the whole audience, Mr. Stanford turned to the learned part of his hearers, and said, “these gentlemen know, that it is not customary to teach children abstruse doctrines in any science, until they have first learned their grammar. I am no polemic, and preach to you the plain Gospel; but you must learn the A, B, C of divinity, before I attempt to explain the subject of your inquiry.”

The prisoners, generally, resented Ned’s impertinence, for they considered him as intending to embarrass their favourite teacher. One of them, an old lawyer, who has been incarcerated two or three times, wrote, in the style of Bunyan and Hudibras, the following lines, on this occasion.

GOSPEL DOCTRINE TRIUMPHANT;

*Or, Satan and Ned Craig vanquished.*

“WHILE Stanford preached the Gospel pure,  
Which does to Christ our hearts allure,  
The *Devil* felt it such a plague,  
He enter’d into poor Ned Craig.

Poor Neddy, prompt with hellish pride,  
And ignorance too, in rolling tide,  
With meagre looks, and visage thin,  
Satan without, and hell within,

Advanc’d towards the sacred desk,  
(Ignorance and pride were all his risk,)  
And did our parson there attack,  
With Satan’s message, Neddy’s clack.

The parson answer’d, all discreet,  
That he polemics did not meet,

And wish'd poor Ned to stop his clamour,  
And study close the school-boy's grammar.

Our rev'rend parson did o'erthrow  
Satan and Neddy, thus in Co.:  
And thus to Satan and Ned Craig,  
Christ's doctrine is an endless plague.

Poor Ned, sans sense, sans Gospel light,  
Loaded by Satan, challeng'd fight  
With him who's fill'd with Gospel lore,  
And riches, an eternal store.

Good Stanford's doctrines he can't shock;  
They're built on an eternal rock;  
But Neddy's are but hay and stubble,  
Just like himself—old Satan's bubble.

O, Lucifer! receive your son!  
You've loaded him as your pop-gun,  
And now you're out of ammunition,  
You're both consign'd unto perdition!

By the politeness of Mr. Stanford, I am permitted to present the reader with a copy of the Latin address, of which the author's translation was published in my former Journal. That a prisoner, without books, should thus elegantly write, will certainly surprise most of our English Latinists.

“ ANNI NOVI DONUM;

*Reverendissimo JOHANNI STANFORD, Artium Magistro, Theologiæ Doctori, hominumque amico,*

*Cum diffidentia,*

*Dedicatum est.*

“ SI liceat, me miserum, in carcere clausum, et ignominia circumtectum, te salutare; memor anni præteriti,

multorumque tuorum laborum ad illuminandas nostrum mentes imperitas, tibi beneficia divina rogo. Tui conatus, in consolandis mœrentibus, trahendisque animis ad peccantium Servatorem, gratias poscunt. Non mihi verba sunt, quibus mentis mei cogitata enuntiare. Non blanditias, sed verum loquor. Est tibi suavitas in modo loquendi, quæ miserimos solatur, et benignitatem dicentis perspicue indicat. Dum Corpus dolore languescit, animum cum evangelii alimento nutritis.

“ Ut cera dura igne calefacta sit, ita tuis sermonibus corda obstinata ad accipienda veritatis divinæ vestigia parata sunt; atque, dum mens in dubio errat, viam ad felicitatem æternam monstras.

“ Pro tuis officiis benignis, quibus sæpissime politus sumus, prosperitatem tuam, hoc anno novo augeri, ætatemque longam in terris te conterere, precor; atque, quando vitam mortalem relinques, Deus ad superos te accipiat; ubi, adjunctus beatis, Dei Agnique laudes in æternum modulari.

“ Ita precatur,

“ O. PARKER.

“ Januarii primo die, annoque Domini 1812.

“ *Nota bene* In linea ultima, pro *Dei, ejus lege.*”

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*March 2nd.*

THREE wards of the hospital were visited this afternoon; but I have nothing worthy of record, except the opinion of a captain of one of the gun-boats, “ that upon the whole he has done very well, that he has sinned but little, and that he has done more than good deeds enough to balance all the criminality of swearing a little, when

he could not help it." A thousand forms self-righteousness assumes, to allure us to perdition!

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*March 3d.*

To complain of most offensive breath in the alms-house, would be a matter of course, if it could answer any valuable purpose; but since the evil is irremediable, I have only to say, that a pain seated in the right lobe of my lungs, made my sermon short, and prevented me afterwards from visiting more than one sick person.

How many are the tears of the poor! Mrs. X. Y. was in bed with her children, and her thin face was the picture of distress.

"How many children have you?"

"*Oh dear sir,*" clasping her hands, she said, "*I have three.*"

"Have they no father living?"

"*Yes, sir, a father living, and no father, as one may say.*"

This is often the case, for vicious habits are more powerful than all natural feelings. Of this I have had abundant evidence in the course of this week. On the first day of the week, an old man, of respectable standing in society, who has several children living, and whose wife, with one child and a servant, were a few years since consumed in the flames of his dwelling, was committed to the tomb. Not a fortnight ago he consulted a quack in medicine, that he might expel the most ignominious poison from his system. The companion whom he kept, died not long before him. Not all his natural affection for his lost wife, and living children; no, not hoary hairs, nor visibly approaching death, could restrain his lusts.



You were not too delicate to read Sterne's writings, gentle reader. Then read on; but read to yourself alone.

Yes, and I have moreover had evidence, that the habit of promiscuous concubinage can annihilate maternal tenderness, to such a degree, that a young and tender female, as well as one old in debauchery, will hazard her own life, to destroy the unconscious witness of her infamy. This sin of murder, (for it is nothing less,) deserves the most severe reprobation. We may not preach upon such subjects: but should the wicked never be warned? I thus write, because some of the baser sort may read this Journal, as I am sure some have read my former; and because I know that multitudes in this city, and some deemed genteel, but *unfortunate* persons, obtain the diabolical assistance of unprincipled monsters, who destroy incipient life. How can such guilty females, and quack accomplices, excuse their conduct? The cry ought to be raised, of "MURDER! MURDER!" and the offenders ought to fear a gallows.

But let us return to the sick woman.

"Are you prepared to die?"

"*Oh! no! no! I am not.*"

"It is of infinite importance, then, that you should be; for this sickness may be unto death. Do you wish to be ready for your last change?"

"*Indeed I do, sir;*" was the answer of her lips, but her tears spoke more effectually than any articulate sounds.

"Know, then, that preparation for death consists in faith and repentance. In order to the exercise of faith, you must know that you are a sinner. You are a poor, miserable offender, polluted in heart and life. Do you believe that you have offended God; that you are under

condemnation; and that the Lord would do you no wrong, if he should send you to hell?"

"*Indeed I know, sir, that I am a great sinner, and that God would be right to —— to ——.*"

"Yes, he would be just, were he to punish you with everlasting misery: but if you know that you are a sinner, the next thing is to learn, that Jesus Christ is the Saviour of sinners. God testifies, that he so loved the world as to give his dear Son to die for sinners, that every one who believes on him, so as thankfully to accept him, may be saved. Now God has sent me to offer you the Lord Jesus for your Saviour. God is willing to bestow this "unspeakable gift." In his name I declare to you, that he is able, and willing, to save you from all your iniquities, and from the damnation of hell. Do you believe the testimony of God? Do you believe what Christ says by his minister?"

"*O yes, I do, as well as I can: may God be merciful to me a sinner.*"

"That is a very good prayer. Shall I pray with you?"

"*I wish you would.*"

We united in supplication; and then she said,

"*Oh come and see me again; do, sir.*"

"If we live. May God bless you. Good night."

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*March 7th.*

"The people are like the waves of ocean: like the leaves of woody Morven, they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads."—OSSIAN.

THIS is true of the people of my charge, in a peculiar manner, for I am the pastor of a diseased flock. Not a

single goat after which I am obliged to look, not a single sheep which it is my delight to feed, is sound in body, or comfortable in worldly circumstances. To render the matter still more unpleasant, I have felt a pain in my side, which has convinced me that I cannot preach perpetually in the atmosphere of death. Since the 3d instant, the poor have been deserted by the writer, but to-day the Lord has enabled him to preach three times, as he has done for many months, on the sabbath, and pray in four sick rooms, with not less than one hundred persons who could not attend public worship. During the delivery of one sermon, a man who was beside himself, forced his way into the room, and created much disturbance. The preacher was describing those persons who possess the filial fear of the Lord, and said, "let none who treat the name of God with disrespect, imagine that they belong to this class."

*'That's very clear,'* muttered the crazy fellow.

"Again, let none suppose that they fear the Lord, if they do not diligently seek to avoid temptation, to turn away from every thing which is displeasing to HIS HOLINESS, and to perform those duties which require active obedience to his laws. You have no filial fear of God if you do not fear to offend him, either by negligence or transgression."

*"He is a fool,"* said the insane man, *"who does not feel and know that."*

I could not refrain from the remark, that many lunatics are much more rational in their inferences, than thousands of sinners, who hear the words of life without conviction, and still think themselves sound in understanding. The interruption which this wild man caused, was extremely

unpleasant, for the time, but it gave occasion for an exhortation to employ aright the moments of our sanity, which many seemed to feel. A lady of distinction sat before me, during this application of the incidents of the evening, who, not long since, was in a state of derangement: but I did not while speaking recollect the event. I perceived in her uncommon perturbation, and can now account for it. Well, well, I did not design to wound afresh a stricken heart, and may the Lord sanctify my application for her spiritual prosperity.

After praying with patient, pious, blind Donally, we sought, and found, in one of the hospital wards of the alms-house, which contain none but sick persons, Mrs. X. Y. the afflicted mother, with whom the writer conversed on the third day of the month. She is separated from her children, and is extremely feeble, but says that her chief anxiety is about the welfare of her immortal soul.

*“I want nothing so much as that God should please to pardon my sins.”*

*“Do you think that you are now prepared to die?”*

*“I fear I am not, sir, but I pray as well as I can, that God would prepare me.”*

The same old woman, Mrs. G. H. who was visited on the 28th of February, said, *“I think I have a little faith; but it is weak. I don’t pray in faith, I’m afraid. I keep mad at myself for my own wicked, unbelieving heart.”*

*“It is hard work to be patient, poor woman. Don’t you find it so?”*

*“That I do, sir; but he must make me willing to suffer and die.”*

*“Now tell me, candidly, if you don’t want a snug par-*

lour, and good accommodations, and kind friends, more than any thing else?"

*"No indeed, dear gentleman, I don't. I want my hard heart taken away more than any thing else. The favour of God, and the pardon of sins, is all the elegant parlour and fine things that I want. But still, I'll tell you, that I hope to get better, and get out of here, to die in some other place, before long."*

"No one can blame you for desiring a place of more peace and comfort; but may you be prepared for a better world. Shall I pray with you?"

*"Oh do, sir, for that's what I like."*

From the wards of forlorn hope, one whom I sought had departed; but she gave as much evidence of a renewed heart, as one in her circumstances could present. For about two years she has lingered with the fatal poison, and been bed-rid, under my religious care, without intermission, either in the hospital or alms-house. She affectionately warned others, but her place is already filled by two; and in many other instances, we saw them stowed in as thick as they could lie, upon the narrow beds. Two were compelled to occupy the place designed for one. The tall, modest country girl, M—M—, of whom some account may be found under the date of February 7th, is in danger of losing her eyes. Alas! she was seduced, and for more than a year has acted such an humble part, that the hardened wretches around her seem to feel compassion for her, more than for themselves. The Magdalen Society would have taken charge of her, had they possessed any funds for the support of apparently penitent incurables.

"Do you pray?" I asked.

“*I attempt it,*” she replied, in a faltering voice, “*but I fear that I do not pray aright.*”

“Do you hate your past sins?”

“*Oh! I would never return to them!*”

“The grace of God alone could keep you from a return, with returning health; but you will probably never be well. Are you solicitous about preparation for death?”

“*I have no expectation of being well, and I do wish the pardon of my soul, and preparation for my last change.*”

“That preparation consists in repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.”

In this manner the writer continued to inculcate such doctrines as his readers cannot wish him to repeat and re-repeat, unless they can sympathize with this humble sinner. Not all her tears, not a year of pain, and exquisite shame, can restore her to the happy condition from which she was enticed: no, not the power of medicine, nothing but a miracle can save her from obliterated sight, and ulcerated flesh and bones. “The flower hangs its heavy head, waving, at times, to the gale. ‘Why dost thou awake me, O gale?’ it seems to say, ‘I am covered with the drops of heaven. The time of my fading is near, and the blasts that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow the traveller shall come; he that saw me in my beauty shall come; his eyes will search the field, but they will not find me!’”

Many children repeated hymns; Mr. B——r assisted in prayer, and took the charge of visiting several rooms; while Mrs. M— and Mrs. G——r humanely accompanied me, to deal out, with a liberal hand, some palatable nutriment to the most afflicted. The kindness of these ladies I doubt not, conciliates in my favour, as well as their own, the particular attention and affection of some; for kind-

ness to the suffering body not unfrequently opens the mind of the person relieved, to receive instruction from the almoner. While nothing is due to me in this case, I think it a happiness to designate the most proper objects of favour. Let me say, however, that I verily believe some spiritual good has resulted from the attention which I gained, by presenting, on the first of January, *a cooky*, “a genuine Knickerbocker,” to each of the *ruin’d ones* in two wards. Gain the good will of a dog, and you may teach him: kick him, and he will bite you.

The room in which W— F— died I entered in haste, for a moment, and a poor woman, Mrs. V—, who has lost the use of her extremities by the rheumatism, raised herself to say, in plaintive voice, “*Don’t forget to come and see me, and pray with me. I was afraid you had forgotten me. Do come.*”

“To-morrow, if I can!” Poor believer! she is covered with rags, and her face is the face of wo.

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*March 8th.*

TO-MORROW came, and I fulfilled my promise to Mrs. V.

“Accept a few apples, they may do you good.”

“*I thank you, sir, but it was only yourself that I wanted.*”

She shed a tear or two, and said, “*It makes me feel quite happy to see any of the Lord’s people, and hear them converse. It makes no odds to me who they are, if they are christians.*”

“All the people of God mutually love one another, for every thing which they discover in each other, that is like Christ. This fellowship of soul is one of the plainest, and most satisfactory evidences, that those who possess a share in it, have passed from death to life.”

The Apostle John delighted to dwell on this proof of regeneration. "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light." "*We know* that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth. And hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before him." "Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." This love regards not the natural, but the spiritual qualifications, of a child of God; for the wicked may delight in some of the constitutional excellencies of the good, while they hate their piety. And here let it be remembered too, that every good man has many things in his complex character, which every good man ought to hate; for the most upright in our miserable world have much sinful imperfection. The natural disposition of a renewed person may be austere and bitter; while the constitutional temperament of an unbeliever may be amiable; in which case, the Christian should hate the natural evil which adheres to the first, and love the native amability of the latter.

Love every thing which resembles Christ, and hate every thing which is like the devil.

"*But I often ask myself,*" continued the good woman, "*how shall I know that I am a child of God? I cannot read, and I know but little. Oh, if I could read the Bible!*"

"If you love God and Christ, as well as good people, you may know that you are of Christ, by the Spirit which he has given you. Once you had no such feelings, and you did not produce them in yourself. Now you must know that God does not give his enemies the disposi-



tion of children. Tell me, do you not hate your past sins?"

*"I do abhor myself, when I think of my former wicked ways; and now I say to myself, 'am I a child of God?' Then, 'he chastens every child whom he loveth.' Then I think, 'well, if I may be a child, let him afflict me still more, and as long as he pleases.' And that comforts me."*

"How long have you been here? and how long have your hands been drawn up into such knots?" They scarcely resembled any thing human.

*"I have been in the alms-house five years, but I have been so bad as to be helpless only four years. I sometimes ask, 'how long, dear Lord, must I suffer here?' and then I say, 'if he loves me, it is enough.' If I could read, I think some of my hours would pass pleasantly away, but I must depend on what I hear."*

I repeated a part of the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel, and asked if others did not read for her. Her eldest girl could read a little, she said, but could not make it out very well, and sometimes one of her fellow-sufferers attempted to read for her, but there was so much noise in the room that she often lost the sense. Figure to yourselves, readers, a room almost full of Roman Catholics, smoking, talking, washing, patching old rags, walking from one end of the room to the other, counting and repeating "pater nosters" as they go; imagine twenty children present, doing all things, as they have occasion, even before the writer; and then ask, how could a poor old woman, bolstered up in bed, understand the Bible, when miserably read by a child, or some old matron almost as ignorant as herself? Yet, in such a situation, this woman resigns herself to the divine will, and seems better ac-

quainted with the word of God than the greater part of persons, who can read for themselves, at leisure. The principal cause of distress to this poor woman is the situation of her children. One is bound out in a pious family. This she stated as a great source of consolation, and said she was satisfied, "for, sir, the family is religious and moral." Her eldest child, a daughter of about fourteen years, sat on her bed.

*"It is for this one I am troubled. I wish she was put out into a good family, where she could have a home; but then, I should have no one to assist me, for I am helpless."*

Here the tears followed each other in quick succession.

*"Oh! it is a great blessing, sir, to be in a religious family, and I wish nothing in this life but to see my children well provided for."*

Alas! this woman has a husband, and these children a father; but what can bind an unfeeling man, devoid of principle, to a wife who cannot administer to his brutal pleasures? Marriage vows are but cobweb-ligaments to such a wretch. Such husbands, such fathers, there are, and not among the poor alone!

A throng of poor people from the city, were waiting at the door of the office of the alms-house, for relief. What do you think of the charity of this city, reader? Is it small? In the course of one week THREE THOUSAND FAMILIES have been comforted by wood, potatoes, meal, or meat, from this establishment. It is only in a christian land that the public, as well as individuals, supply food to the hungry and clothing to the naked. Should they be left to starve? God causes his sun to rise on the unjust, the negligent, the ungrateful and abominable. Still, if a man will not

work, when able, he should not eat; much less *drink* at our expense.

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*March 9th.*

“Behold that daughter of grief. The fever rankles in her veins. She has no partner dearer than her own soul, on whose bosom she may recline her throbbing head. Her name is *WIDOW*. Desolate, forsaken, helpless, she is stretched on the ground. The wintry blast howls through her habitation, and famine keeps the door.”—*Mason on living faith*, in 1801.

“Yes, I will conduct you to the dismal habitation, and you shall ask the daughter of sorrow, who dwells there, why her bosom throbs with sighs, and why her eyes are suffused with tears? And she will tell you, that her name is *WIDOW*.”—*Nott, before the Ladies' Society*, in 1804.

“If there be a name which bears in its very sound an irresistible appeal to the heart of benevolence; it is the name of *WIDOW*.”—*G. Spring, before the Widows' Society*, in 1811.

SINCE I am about to tell the story of three widows, it seemed proper to give the first, second, and third generation of my motto.

At the request of Mrs. Mudge, once a widow, and now a widow again in every respect but a legal one, I went to a house in Henry-street, to instruct a sick and dying woman. In the third loft, the garret, I found the very person through whose habitation the wintry blast howls, and whose door is kept by famine. She has been feeble for years, and for five months has been unable to leave her bed. Her husband died of a fever in Havanna, and left her, sick and penniless, to support two little children. One bed, one chair, and the half of another, one table, one candlestick, one cup, an old pot, and a piece of a frying pan,

is the complete inventory of her furniture. Her mother, an aged widow, spends the day with her, and in the night returns home; that is, to the house of another poor daughter, whose husband has marched with the army for Canada.

“What then do you do in the night? Are your neighbours kind?”

“*I do not know,*” said the sick young widow, “*much about my nearest neighbours, but I have watchers almost every night. Last fall, you know, mother, I said I would commit myself wholly into the hands of God, and he has wonderfully supported me.*”

“Yes, I know it,” said the mother, “and he has given you Christian friends, and sent help that we knew nothing about. There’s poor widow Mudge,” (meaning the lady who sent me to instruct the dying) “who’s a poor widow herself, (for she is a widow indeed, while her husband lives) with five children, and lives by keeping a little school; she has done more, this winter, for my poor daughter, than all the city besides. One cold stormy day, when my daughter had no wood, that good little woman went herself to *Whitehall* after a load, and came up to see it delivered, and looked after my poor daughter as if she’d been her sister, sir!”

“The Lord will reward her for all her kindness, either in her own person, or in her children.”

With this Mrs. Mudge, the reader shall soon be more perfectly acquainted.

“*It’s a great favour, sir,*” added the sick widow, “*that I generally have religious watchers. I do not want any others. They ask me, why? The reason is, if they a’n’t religious,*

*they keep talking about their beaux and balls, and such things, which I do not wish to hear."*

"Once, however, I suppose, you were fond of these things yourself, and thought of little else."

She blushed more deeply, sighed, and shaking her head, with displeasure at the past, said, "*Truly, it was the case.*"

"You now find, that the vanities which amuse in health, will not console any one in death."

We prayed; and I doubt not the Father of mercies heard our supplication.

"*Her name is widow.*"—MASON.

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*March 10th.*

"Compassion drives each sterner thought away,  
And all seem good when mouldering in the clay."—WILSON.

No sooner had I pronounced the apostolical benediction, heard W—R— repeat seven stanzas, and distributed a few hymn-books, in the alms-house, this evening, than a lame old woman of enormous corpulence caught me by the arm, and half dragging me along, said, "*Come, come, dear sir, make haste, one of your friends is dying, who sets great store by you. She wanted to see you.*" We were soon by her bed, but she was past speech. Night had descended on her eyes. The breath struggled to be gone. We prayed for her; but whether she knew any thing is uncertain. Purple spots covered her skin, and, if I am not deceived in my prognostication, this disease, which in the hospital, and in many parts of our country, has derided medicine, will not play a farce for the King of Terrors.

His departure from the alms-house, will be marked by a long line of graves.

An old woman, Mrs. M'Z—, one of my standing acquaintance for a long time, lies muffled up beside the dying person. Her face is scarcely visible. She lifted up her withered hands, her wasted eyes, and said, "*I continually pray for the pardon of my sins, to my blessed Saviour, and I hope he will prepare me to depart.*"

In the middle of the room reclined O'M——, who has lately been sent from the hospital, under the sentence of *incurable*. Five months she was confined there, and she feels grateful for the attention she received, which would have restored her, if the healing art could have effected any thing in her case.

"*Oh! sir, how glad I was to hear the sound of your voice. Do you come here too? I thought I should hear you no more. You can't tell how thankful I am to you.*"

Her tears were the witness that the gospel had rendered me an object of affectionate regard. She confesses herself to have deserved all her afflictions, and thousands more; but thinks that God has caused them to work for her good. Yea, she blesses the Lord for her sorrows, I think, with as much sincerity as for direct mercies.

A little beyond this person, the fever burned the lips of Mrs. X. Y. She "*does pray as well as she can, and that's miserably enough.*" But she seems more calm, and more entirely resigned to the divine pleasure.

After attention was paid to this patient, the nurse requested me to speak to a woman whose face she uncovered, saying, that she was very low. Immediately I recognised the countenance of S. S. T., who was ready to die without any preparation.

“*I pray every day and night,*” she said, “*that God would make me well, or let me die.*”

“That is a very unsuitable prayer. You ought to entreat God to prepare you for life and for death; and especially, that he would make you willing to endure all his pleasure.”

“*Oh! I hope he'll take me to himself, for I do not expect any peace here.*”

“Should he grant your request, you would be miserable in his presence without a new heart, without love to him, and Jesus Christ.”

“*I know that.*”

“Then you ought to ask of God the gift of faith and repentance, that you may be united to Christ, that he may actually dwell in you, and make you holy. Your first petition ought to respect the pardon of your sins, and the sanctification of your soul.”

After a little more conversation, she said that she was now willing to be instructed, and I promised to pay her particular attention in future.

If Mrs. V—, with whom I prayed in the cellar, is not a Christian, I cannot think where I could find one. Not a word of complaint escapes her tongue. Gratitude has its residence in her heart, and the law of love is on her quivering lips.

The aged madam G— H—, sat up in her bed, with clasped hands. The tears were rolling down her cheeks, or rather dropping over the ridges of them, when I approached.

“*Dear gentleman, is it you? Don't forget me in your prayers. I have a stony heart. Oh! that he would take away this heart of sin, and give me a new heart.*”

“ You mourn for your sin; and he says, ‘ Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.’ You appear to hunger after righteousness!”

“ *Why, then, am I not filled? Oh! that he would sanctify me, and give me a firm assurance that he is my Redeemer. I want to know that I have an interest in his blood.*”

“ The psalmist not only desired salvation, but prayed for evidence, yea, for an assurance, of his interest in the Saviour. ‘ Say unto my soul, I AM THY SALVATION!’ But you must be contented to wait God’s time. He will answer you when he deems it suitable.”

This woman is so much above seventy, that she forgets her age. She appears to be contrite; but I should judge that she has naturally something of a bitter temper. At least she always speaks of herself, and of her wicked heart, in a snappish manner, and in acrimonious language.

Finally, in another room, the fourth which I visited, a gray-headed blind woman, whom I never observed before, sat upon her bed, and wept like a child.

“ *I went up stairs to hear Mr. Ely, to-night, but it is always so full when he preaches*”——

Here another interrupted. “ Why, you are talking to the gentleman himself!”

“ *I know it. I know his voice, when he comes; but it was so full that I could not get a seat near, and so could not hear very well, for I am old and deaf.*”

“ You can commonly hear, I should think.”

“ *Yes, sir, and it’s my greatest happiness. I can never, never love and praise the great and blessed God enough for all that he does for me. O! he is a kind and merciful God to me. I feel ashamed that I am not more humble and thankful.*”



Her heart seems to be melted, by the divine goodness, and every thing which the Lord does, she deems a mercy.

Here is a lesson for the man of wealth, the child of ambition, the son of science, and the puppet of popular applause. This woman, old, blind, destitute of friends, meanly clad, and coarsely fed, dwelling in a room with thirty little children and their mothers, is happy, is humble, is grateful, and thinks, because she feels, that her Father is, to her, "a God all mercy," not unjust.

The clock strikes twelve. Let me resign the pen, and repose under the wings of Providence, for

"Tears are wintry streams, that waste away my soul."

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*March 11th.*

"When slow consumption *leads*, with fatal bloom,  
A rosy spectre—smiling to the tomb."

It is the invariable effort of the writer, to convince the deluded child of hope, that all expectation of health is vain. What will be the result of the exertions of this afternoon, in this respect, time must disclose. In six wards of the hospital, a short message was delivered from the King of kings. One could only answer by signs; several disregarded instruction; but two young men, who are recovering from the spotted fever, expressed much gratitude for what they are pleased to account benevolence in the writer. The aged universalist was very polite, but not so voluble as I have known him.

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*March 14th.*

"Then, though confus'd, distress'd, asham'd, afraid,  
Still had the trembling penitent obeyed;

Though *Faith* had fainted, when assail'd by fear,  
*Hope* to the soul had whisper'd, 'persevere!'  
Till in his father's house, an humble guest,  
He would have found forgiveness, comfort, rest."

CRABBE.

WHILE I was preaching in the hospital this morning, an English seaman sat beside me, and wept continually. He has often discovered, on a similar occasion, the same feelings. It is difficult to form an opinion of him, for his character is that of a Christian, with one exception, he will, occasionally, drink intemperately. Formerly he became mad by intoxication; but ever since his recovery, deducting only a few weeks, he has been assistant-keeper in the lunatic asylum. No man is more faithful in the discharge of his duty, than he commonly is. No man seems to feel more deeply than himself, the need a sinner stands in of the divine mercy. Few men appear to abhor the sin of drunkenness more thoroughly. He has been accustomed to drink nothing but his allowance of beer daily; and he has made many solemn promises to taste of no other liquor; but once in a few months he will enter the city to visit some friends, they will invite him to take another mug of ale, and then he has no sort of government of himself. He drinks until he can no longer stand. After a fit, his convictions and tears are renewed. He is haunted with extreme horrors, thinks himself lost, but will plead with God, almost continually, for mercy. He confesses his transgressions, in a most humble manner, is fond of the Bible, and of public worship, and entreats that he may be locked up in one of the cells, when he is likely to become intemperate again. In short, he gives evidence that he is as much of an humble

penitent, and sincere believer, as he can be, and yet occasionally have a drunken frolic. How invincible are those habits, which have for a long time been interwoven with the woof of our existence!

A drunkard, and a Christian! It cannot be. Those names cannot subsist together in fellowship.

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*Evening, March 14th.*

*A tale of the evening; like the tale of the times of old.*

THERE was preaching in another room, contiguous to the one which I occupied, in the alms-house, but mine was full to overflowing. The air was full of smoke, and of that flavour which is far worse: I was unwell, and surrounded by age, widowhood, decrepitude, the consumption perpetually altering his voice, blindness, poverty, and disease of almost every name: but still there was attention; still the God of consolation was there.

We ascended into one of the most deathful chambers. Mrs. M'Z— was delighted to see us. She is a member of one of the presbyterian churches, and has sustained a pious character for many years. For more than two years I have witnessed her patience, in scenes which are sufficient to try one's faith. Her faith is fire-proof.

Mrs. X. Y. is a little better in body and mind. She assured us, that when she felt a little better, and had hope of life, she did not think less of God and Christ, than when she was most apprehensive of death.

I spake to the young S. A. E—, of whom the reader has had some account under the date of the 5th of February. She did not answer. Again I addressed her. Her countenance was, apparently, that of perfect health.

Even a smile seemed to repose on her lips. "Well, she is slumbering, and I must leave her."

"*Oh! don't, sir,*" exclaimed a miserable shattered female, standing beside her, "*for she has kept in this sleep ever since yesterday morning.*"

"Then I suppose the sleep of death is descending upon her. I have instructed her often, and should gladly do it again, but now it seems impossible."

Two women, who were anxious to awake the sleeper, spoke to her again and again, shaking her violently, until I begged them to desist. They shook her again, however, saying, "*wake up; the minister wants to speak to you.*" They finally succeeded, and she rolled her plaintive, full-orbed eyes on me, with, "*I'm glad to see you, sir.*"

"You seem to be sleeping the sleep of death; are you prepared to die?"

"*I fear I am not; but I am in God's hands, and I pray, that if he takes me away, he would take me to himself.*"

"Are you willing to die?"

"*He must do with me, as he pleases; but I pray that he would have mercy on me.*"

"Can you keep awake while we offer a short prayer? Perhaps it will be the last."

"*I should be glad to: I will try; for I wish to pray.*"

We prayed; and the sobbings of her companions, who were on their knees around her, were sufficient to keep her awake, if any human means could.

The nurse said, "*Miss S. S. T. wishes to see you, sir, in the next room. She is removed.*"

"I am unwell, and will call on her to-morrow. Will that answer?"

"*Oh! sir, do go now. She has been wishing to see you ever*

*since you was here last. She has lately lost her still-born infant, and the doctor gives her over."*

With pain I went. Her face was white almost as the paper on which I write; her arms were like those of painted death; and her penetrating eyes were suffused with tears.

*"I am glad, sir, that you have come."*

It was before known to me, that her body was emaciated by the consumption, which often succeeds the cure of the plague of illicit love. It was well understood, long ago, that she must arise no more, and now I saw the King of Terrors darkly hovering at the foot of her couch. Avast, thou monster! Let me speak again, before the blow.

*"I must deal plainly with you."*

*"That is why I wish to see you; because I know you'll tell me what you think. You ought to speak plainly to one in my circumstances."*

*"Well, then, I think that you are a poor wretch, covered with sin, shame, and guilt. You are unholy, and unclean. You deserve hell. You are soon to die; and if you die without union to the Lord Jesus Christ, I think, I know, that you will sink into perdition."*

*"To be sure, I am a poor sinner, and I pray God to make me well, or take me to himself, to a better world. After my late distress, I hoped that I should be better; but I am full of pain."*

Her countenance sufficiently indicates, that she suffers extreme agonies; and I replied, "You will soon die. The important question, therefore, is, 'How can I appear before God, in peace?' God will not accept of your works, nor of your prayers, nor of your tears."

*"Oh, sir, I do pray, and do all I can."*

*"You can do nothing: you must RECEIVE every thing."*

Christ OFFERS TO GIVE you pardon, peace, sanctification, and salvation. He offers to give you freely, HIMSELF, that you may have an interest in his obedience and death. Are you willing to receive him? He gives himself for your sins."

"Oh, I need him; I need him; and I pray that he will have mercy on me."

After prayer, she thanked me with much eagerness.

Still there was another room to visit. The writer sighed as he went. It was the room of the forlorn females. "Painful it is to dwell on deeds of shame."

"How many sleep in this room?"

"Thirty-six, sir."

Alas! I have never exceeded the real number in my calculations!

"Where is the person who wishes to see me?"

They pointed me to her bed. She was of a full face, was very sick, and much troubled in mind. She came, she says, from CONNECTICUT.

My native State! I still love thee; and rejoice that few of thy many lovely daughters are of this unhappy sisterhood. Long may the counsels of thy matrons live in the hearts of their fair posterity?

"What do you think you most need? What do you most earnestly desire?"

"God's mercy."

The course of conversation need not be rehearsed. What could I preach but Jesus Christ? Exhausted, I ceased to speak; but listened to the whispers of *an aged woman*, (that is, to one of thirty years, perhaps,) who was blasted, almost to death. Once she thought herself converted; then she *fell from grace*, and continued an abandon-

ed character until within a year, when she hopes God *converted her again*. Since that time, her prayers and desires have been to God, that he would have compassion on her soul. Perhaps the Lord has *once* converted her. If he has, it will suffice. Have mercy, O Lord, on the thousands of the poor! Make them rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of God.

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*March 15th.*

THIS morning I revisited the patients of the last evening. Their symptoms are the same as they then were. The sleeping girl with difficulty can be roused. Miss. S. S. T. wishes still, that God would "raise her from her bed of sickness, or take her to himself." It is almost impossible to convince her, that something is requisite to be done for her justification and sanctification, before the holy God can take her to himself. She seems to think, that by a sovereign act, God will take her to himself, and make her happy, since he can, in her opinion, pardon sinners, without the interference of the Mediator.

The sovereignty of Jehovah is not independent of his veracity, justice, and other attributes. He has solemnly declared that all sin shall be punished; and he cannot fail of visiting every crime, with adequate vengeance, either upon the sinner or his substitute, any more than he can prove false to his own word. No part of the moral law ever was, or ever will be dispensed with. All its penalties shall be inflicted, and all its rewards conferred. Every crime either has been, or shall be punished; and every act of obedience shall be rewarded.

With reverence we assert, that so far as we know any

thing upon this subject, from revelation, God could not have remitted a single offence against his law, without an adequate atonement, any more than he could lie, or subvert that rule by which he had determined to govern mankind. Take away this foundation of the divine government of moral creatures, that "all vice shall be punished, and all virtue rewarded," and what remains for our admiration; or what assurance have we, that the Judge of all the earth will do right? If God might, by a sovereign act, without any atonement, without a full punishment, remit one sin, he might every sin; and the whole human race might transgress with impunity, and be saved without a Saviour.

Equally impossible would it be, without counteracting the established course of cause and effect in the moral world, to make an unsanctified person happy in the presence of Jehovah, in the place of his peculiar residence. Before the polluted can enjoy holy society, and heavenly employment, their views, affections, volitions, purposes, desires, and passions must be changed. From the nature of the case, without holiness, no man can see God with satisfaction. Fallen Adam, had he been in the presence chamber above, would have desired some recess, in which he might have hidden himself from the Lord: and we sinners, were not the feeling of shame superseded by love, should, in heaven, cry out for rocks and mountains to cover us.

Dead, then, be my heart to the god of the Deist; who, upon the principles of reason and equity, can never forgive, but must make every offender as miserable as he is sinful: and for ever blasted be the hope of felicity, without sanctification. Let me come before the *covenant* God, the



Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, who is the only God that can save persons who have defied his justice, and contemned his mercy; and may others be led to him, for eternal life. AN ABSOLUTE GOD, the God of the Deists, a God not in covenant for man's redemption, is NOT THE TRUE GOD, but an idol of the philosophical mind, or a phantom of the mad imagination.\*

To the true God I attempted to lead the dying sinner, that, falling before his mercy seat, she might ask for pardon and purity, justification and glory.

On my departure from the alms-house, I met, in the street, a young girl, in fine health and neat attire, who very politely accosted me, and inquired after my welfare.

\* In the 52nd page of the Rev. Gardiner Spring's ESSAYS, the reader will find a sneer at this doctrine. Does not every Deist regard God as an "absolute God?" And is not this the principal difference between the views of a Deist and a Christian, that the former believes in an absolute Deity, who can forgive by a sovereign act, without any atonement; while the latter believes in God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who is a *covenant God*? The persons who pretend to worship God, without any regard to the covenant of redemption, and the mercy of Jehovah, "have left revelation, and have invented to themselves as empty an idol as any heathen philosopher ever worshipped. They have rejected the Godhead of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit, and have imagined to themselves a god existing in one person, infinitely extended, filling infinite space, with many other such like chimerical attributes. And this idol, this nothing-in-the-world, is become the fashionable divinity of our times; but its worshippers are all traitors. Every act of worship paid to this idol, is high treason; for by such act men withdraw their allegiance from the true God, and pay it to what has no more divinity than stocks and stones." Thus wrote the learned WILLIAM ROMAINE, whose works, were they more generally read, might prevent many jejune publications; and silence all who accuse them of Antinomianism.

“Ah! how do you do? Where do you live, now?”

“I am well, sir,” she replied, and live in Greenwich-street; in a good family.”

“I am glad to hear that you are in such a situation. Remember the past: fear God; and may he keep you. Good morning.”

About one year since, this young woman left the almshouse, where for many months she listened to the word of God. Verily I believe it has made her better; for neither her air, nor her attire, nor her cheerful countenance, is now that—which it once was.

They were making beds and cleaning the rooms, where I visited. Oh, what a vile place! I would prefer to take a night's lodging in the *dead-house* of the hospital, for there the air is comparatively pure. Every word which I uttered, seemed to swell the pain which has a dwelling in my lungs. I never felt any pain from preaching in the largest churches; but I must now drop my pen, and perhaps soon my ministrations to the people of these dismal chambers. May some benevolent person consent to take a seasoning after my departure!

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*March 16th.*

“With virtue, prudence fled; what *Shore* possess'd  
Was sold, was spent, and he was now distress'd;  
And want, unwelcome stranger, pale and wan,  
Met, with her haggard looks, the hurried man;  
His pride felt keenly, what he must expect  
From useless pity, and from cold neglect.”—CRABBE.

NOT much unlike the fascinating, licentious *Edward Shore*, was the last husband of Mrs. M\*\*\*\*; of whom I

have promised the reader some further particulars. She is generally deemed a widow, and answers to the scriptural description of one, if any person be a widow, whose husband lives, but is dead to her, and dead to shame. She is industrious, enterprising, and affectionate: and her own sorrows have taught her how to sympathize with the afflicted poor.

It gives me pleasure to be able to present the reader with a picture of herself, drawn by her own hand, without any suspicion that it would be made public. It is contained in a letter to me, which is dated

*Monday evening, March 15th, 1813.*

“You may think it strange, that you so often see my face with you in the alms-house. It is because the good of souls lies near my heart. Since I have been in the habit of going, and witnessing your labours of love, I do not know how to be absent. I sometimes feel as if I could spend, and be spent in the cause. How often is my soul drawn out in supplications for them, and on your behalf! that the Lord may strengthen you, comfort you, and support you in all these trying scenes; that the word may be blessed to the salvation of their never-dying souls; that you may have many souls from among them, which shall prove as stars in your crown, in the day of rejoicing. Surely it must be special grace, and the good of souls, that induced you to this work\*. You shall in nowise lose your reward.

“I find from every sermon I hear, (not that I wish to flatter you; far from it!) that I am more unwilling to be

\* The author does not blush to record the words of the amiable letter-writer, because they praise, not the preacher, but the Spirit of grace.

deprived of the next. It is as great a cross as to lose one of Dr. Romeyn's sermons. I was in the alms-house to-day, to administer to some of those that we saw last evening, and some that we did not see; I hope to the necessities of the saints: but I found you had been there before me. You cannot think how much they love you. I heard several say that they loved the ground on which you walked; and they seemed to be disposed to bless God for sending you there, to proclaim the Gospel of Peace to them.

“It has pleased the Lord to bid me drink deep of the cup of affliction; but I have reason to bless him for all his dealings towards unworthy me. May I bless the hand wherewith I have been chastised. I have been through the deep waters, but they have not overflown me; through the fires, but have not been burnt. May they prove as the refiner's fire. I can testify, the Lord has been with me in six troubles, and in seven he has not left me.

“God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.”

“I have, for some wise end, tasted of almost every bitter herb. Sometimes I have thought that my garden was almost overgrown with rue, which had subdued patience; but each trying dispensation of Providence was short; just long enough to make me know how to sympathize with others; except one that will never be erased from my memory; which was the loss of one of the most tender and affectionate companions.\* My heart still bleeds.

\* She undoubtedly refers, in this place, to the death of the husband of her youth.

“ For several months, not a day passed but I was at the grave, and desired nothing so much, as to die there. Whole days I would spend at the distance of half a mile from any house, in a lonesome wood, by the side of a murmuring stream, a little below a rapid fall, the noise of which seemed to mourn with me. Hither I would steal away, unnoticed by any one, for fear of being detected, that I might give full vent to my grief. Often I there sat, until I thought I should never again see the face of man; but am still in the land of the living, a monument of sovereign mercy. I was then two hundred miles from all my friends, ‘ according to the flesh;’ but I had a friend, ‘ that sticketh closer than a brother,’ or I should have been cut off in my sinful grief.

“ My idol! my idol! How often did I pray that every idol might be taken from me. Little did I think what it was, until it was taken. To use the language of the orphan,

“ My hardships since I will not tell;  
But now no more——.”

“ May my most ardent desire be, to be ever found in the path of duty. If I know my own heart, this is my sincere prayer.

“ I can say with Paul, I know what it is to abound and to suffer need; and sometimes I think I have learned, in whatsoever situation I am, to be contented. But again, when I meet with crosses, I find the flesh warring against the spirit, so that when I would do good, evil is present with me. I desire to thank God, that in all my trials and afflictions, I have been enabled to flee unto the Lord as a refuge; and have found him a very present help in time of

trouble, and better than all my fears. I have often wondered what my unprofitable life was spared for; but now I see it is, in part, to sympathize with others. A kind word, nay, even a kind look, often comforts the afflicted. There is scarcely a trying dispensation in life, in which I cannot partake with the sufferer.

“ Sir, I must tell you how much I was profited by your conversation, about two years since. I shall ever think it was ordered, by an all-wise Providence, directly for me, although no person in the room, at that time, had any idea of my trial. I went from home with a direct view of asking advice on a particular subject. My heart was filled with anxiety, for fear that my proposals would not meet with the approbation of my friends; but my mind was entirely set at liberty, without even mentioning my errand. Your words were to me like apples of gold, in pictures of silver: for the same I shall have reason to bless God, and so will one of my children, through life. ‘ How forcible are right words !’

“ Oh, sir, how was I agitated when I first began to visit the alms-house. The poor were before my eyes night and day. For nine nights in succession my mind was continually on them, supplicating a blessing on them, and on your labours among them; or in assisting and providing means for their relief. In all that time I had not an hour of sweet sleep.\*

“ H. C. M\*\*\*\*.”

\* The kind attentions of this lady to the most miserable, were continued, until nature, exhausted, was unable to second the efforts of her will. She was visited by a severe sickness, in which she displayed a cheerful resignation to the divine pleasure, and even a Christian anticipation of death. Her children, whom she tenderly loves, were committed by her to the Father of the fatherless; and had she departed, she

*March 17th.*

“What’er thy lot—who’er thou be—  
 Confess thy folly—kiss the rod,  
 And in thy chastening sorrows see

The hand of God.

A bruised reed he will not break;  
 Afflictions all his children feel;  
 He wounds them for his mercy’s sake,  
 He wounds to heal!”

MONTGOMERY.

My usual services were rendered in the alms-house this evening; and I find the poor as attentive, and as anxious to have their turn come in the rotation of rooms, as when I first took the particular charge of them. Many seem to have been thoroughly reformed in their lives; and indi-

would now have been in glory; but the Lord restored her to new scenes of labour. No sooner could she leave her house, than she renewed her visits to the alms-house, to cool the parched mouths of many dying daughters of dissipation, many victims to sinful pleasure; while she preached Christ, the only consolation of sinners, with the tenderness of a sister.

Her preaching, however, was no contravention of the apostle Paul’s authority; neither did she disregard his declaration, that he did not suffer a woman to speak in the Church, nor usurp authority over the man; (1 *Tim.* ii. 12.) for she communicated her instructions to her own sex; and sometimes, kneeling down beside the bed of a poor wretch, prayed for the departing soul. The ladies may teach as Priscilla did, (*Acts* xviii. 26.) and it would be well for the Church, if some well indoctrinated matrons, who have long rejoiced in the personal atonement by Jesus Christ, appropriated by faith, would *take unto them* several young and eloquent preachers, who have more versatile theory than theology, *and expound unto them the way of God more perfectly.*

Every person who has received the truth, is bound to promulgate it according to his ability, and the opportunities which Providence may afford.

cate a spirit of purity, instead of that polluted nest of devils which was lately lodged securely in their bosoms. The cleansing efficacy of the word of God extends from the inner to the outward man; and hence, some, who were habitually filthy, no longer offend the eye of delicacy.

Religion certainly predisposes the mind which it occupies, to enjoy, and consequently pursue, whatsoever things are *pure*, lovely, and of good fame; and those objects need only to be perceived, in order to be loved by the renewed soul.

It renders loathsome “the garment spotted by the flesh.”

Miss S. S. T. is still alive, and is now more solicitous to obtain religious instruction than any person of my acquaintance. Perhaps she may know, spiritually, and experimentally, the true God, and Jesus Christ, whom to know is life eternal, before she departs from this world. Her spiritual case brightens.

Mrs. X. Y. and O'M—, listened to the word of God, from their beds of sickness. Mrs. V—, from the cellar, sent an urgent message to me. She wanted nothing but a few words about Jesus, and a prayer. The room was so full of smoke and putrid breath, that I could scarcely utter a word. She said again, “Sometimes I fear I am impatient; but he chasteneth every child whom he receives; and I say, ‘Lord, if I am a child, do as thou wilt with me.’”

Certainly the writer would want more grace than he possesses at the present time, to render him patient in her situation. Constitution and circumstances demand an appropriate supply of divine assistance, to produce the meekness and submission of the christian character. I



am of the opinion of my much esteemed and reverend friend, Dr. Mason, “that the same degree of grace which would have made John resemble an angel, would scarcely have kept Peter from knocking a man down.”

What consolation have believers in the example of HIM, who “was in all points tempted like as we are,” and in the promise of Almighty God, that he will not suffer us to be tempted above what we can endure; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it! *Heb.* iv. 15. and *1 Cor.* x. 13. He will supply our need in the time of need, and not previously; for no passage of the Bible warrants us to believe that the Dispenser of grace, mercy, and peace ever gives any one of his creatures a capital stock, to be at his own disposal. We may hew out cisterns, but they will hold no water. God in Christ is the fountain, and streams of consolation will be derived from it, as the exigencies of his plants may require. There is but ONE FOUNTAIN in the whole garden of the Lord. Believers are trees of righteousness, of the Lord’s planting, and he will water them daily. Let this everlasting fountain send forth life-giving streams; and may we flourish beside them.

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*March 18th.*

“Train up a child in the way he should go.”—*PROV.* xxii. 6.

“Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.”—*EPHESIANS* vi. 4.

HAVING made no promises, either to the purchaser, or to the reader of this volume, the author feels himself at liberty to relate a few anecdotes, which do not peculiarly regard the poor. They will probably be useful to some,

in all classes of society, who may peruse them, and especially to parents, for they relate to domestic government.

Yesterday I beheld, from my casement, a father correcting his son. The lad, of about thirteen years, is an impertinent fellow, and the discipline which he has received, has been well calculated to make him so. The father was displeased with his conduct, and began to cuff him in a furious manner. The young rogue ran from his inflamed castigator. The father caught him by the ear and pinched it severely, but the boy escaped out of the door of the shop, and closed the door with violence, upon the arm, which was obliged to relinquish its grasp.

What sort of discipline was this? The boy stood bare-headed in the rain, beside the house, inwardly cursing his father, I presume, and occasionally looking into the window, to ascertain if he might with safety return. It would have been far better not to have corrected the child: for soon the father cries, "Here, Sam, go and get some change," and then all is past, except the boy's resentment. I have seen the same gentleman step out of his door, and call his younger children in from the streets. They run the gauntlet so soon as they obey him, for he is sure to stand sentinel, as they pass, and give them a kicking, cuffing, or pinching.

This reminds me of the family government of a very wrathful man, in the town of my nativity. One of his boys, Ichabod, called his brother John a dog. John complained to his father of this abusive language, who ran to the door, and in fury exclaimed, "Come here, Ichabod, you *puppy*, you! What! call your brother John a *dog*! *I'll teach you; ye puppy, you!*"

Such parental government is very common. Are you in a passion? Desist until you are cool; inflict punishment from judgment, and let your children know, that all their attempts to escape from your hands, are but aggravations of their misconduct. If you are passionate in correction, you teach them to be turbulent and ungovernable. So soon as the subjects of such government acquire sufficient animal force, they may be expected to become masters. Yes, parents who attempt to correct their children in rage may expect resistance, and it will be well for them, if the scene, which I am now to describe, shall not be acted over again.

A young man, who resided in a town at no great distance from this city, entered into a dispute with his aged father. The contest became warm, and the son, seizing the hoary locks of his sire, dragged him violently to the door.

“Stop! stop! my son,” said the feeble old man, “for I am sufficiently punished: the judgments of God are just; for in the same manner, I once dragged my old father to this very threshold; and your son may treat you, as you now treat me.” *His violent dealing had now come down on his own pate;* and he experienced the cruelty, from a son, which he had exercised towards a parent.

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*March 20th.*

THIS morning the writer was requested to visit the hospital, that he might warn a young man of the rapid approach of death. For two years the dying patient has been afflicted with the curse of lust. He took the disease in Europe, and had some of the best of medical aid there;

but it was ineffectual. For more than a year he has been in his present situation, and all the skill of the best physicians in this city has not been able to expel the poison.

Young men, and you who come from the country especially, do not credit those lying professions of remedy "WITHOUT MERCURY," which you find posted at the corners of the streets. They are nothing but accursed encouragements to vice. The quacks delude you. It is not an easy thing to cure you of the contamination of a single touch. In thousands of instances, all the efforts of the medical faculty cannot preserve the life of the polluted mortal. The youth whom I have just visited, has reputable connexions in this city, and if the quacks, or the regularly bred physicians, could avail any thing, I had not been compelled to warn him of his untimely death. Until to-day he has had no serious thoughts of dying; but I found him in a state of putrefaction. His flesh is falling off from his bones, and his bed-clothing exhibited a horrible spectacle.

In the plainest manner I told him, that he must depart this life in a few days, or perhaps in a few hours. He seemed like one smitten by the thunder of heaven. He has been gay and thoughtless: has wandered after many phantoms of pleasure; but now death grasps him; and what will be his eternity none can predict. Christ was solemnly proffered, with all his saving benefits. As an ambassador from God, I offered him peace and eternal life; but the Holy Ghost alone can constrain him to accept of the righteousness of HIM, *who is the end of the law.*

Six rooms were visited, and some religious tracts left in each. I was surprised to find one young man gone to

the eternal world, whom I attempted lately to convince of the danger of his situation. He had the consumption, but his face was full, and he said, a short time before his death, that he did not consider himself in any danger of speedy dissolution. He saw six or seven persons die in the same ward in which he lay, but did not lay it to heart. He died in the expectation of recovery.

H— O'N—I still lives, and gives me good evidence that he has become a spiritual member of the *truly catholic church*, which contains all men, embodied or disembodied, who believe with the heart, in the Lord Jesus Christ. Peace be to this catholic church. They shall prosper that love her welfare. Peace, peace be to Zion.

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*March 21st.*

BEWARE! beware, thou tempted youth, for the curse of the bitter water will come upon thee. The Lord will “make thee a curse, and an oath among thy people, when the Lord doth make thy thigh to rot.” This judgment I have seen come upon many, without the solemn denunciation from a minister of religion. The young man, whom I visited yesterday, was actually plagued as one whom the Lord proved guilty, according to the Mosaic law. Consult Numbers, chap. v. 20, 21, 22. To-day he was removed from the hospital, that he might die with his friends.

In the evening, I preached in the alms-house to fifty-six prostitutes, who were on their beds, besides a large company of widows, feeble old men, and blind persons. My text was the declaration and exhortation of Jesus, “Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.”

For once, at least, I think my discourse was adapted to my audience, and many appeared to receive it as I could have wished all might have done. No sooner had I commenced, however, than I was disturbed by conversation in the adjoining room, which contained twenty of the miserable ones. With the candle in one hand, and the Bible in the other, I marched from my table to a position from which I could have a view of my hearers in both rooms. It had the desired effect, and in this situation I held up the light of divine truth to them. The candle of the Lord, I trust, shone upon me, and irradiated my message with a divine lustre.

After sermon I turned to the dying female from Connecticut, of whom I have written under the date of the 14th of March; and to whose whispers I have thrice listened. She seems to be a believer. Indeed I think God has, once for all, renewed her; but at what moment, perhaps no mortal can say.

When the writer was leaving the room, he was called back to speak to M— M—, the tall and slender country girl, whom I have styled *modest*; for if this virtue of the mind, modesty, can ever be regained after it has been lost, I think it has been in this instance. She was weeping, and wanted consolation; but much of that consolation for this life, which is desirable, I could not give. She is afflicted with a sore throat and mouth. She can scarcely taste any of the food allowed her, and must associate with the vilest of her sex, during the remainder of her life. The effects of the mercury alone remain in her system; but her cure is but a protracted death. Her chief concern is for her soul, and the sermon convinced her that Christ is both able and willing to save her.

“*I am still,*” said she, “*so great a sinner, that I dare hardly hope in his mercy.*”

She wishes that something could be done for her temporal relief, and spoke again of the Magdalen Society. She was again informed, that their funds, and regulations, would not admit of their receiving sick persons.

“*Alas ! sir,*” she replied, with tears, and a countenance, over which despair brooded, “*that is what discourages me.*”

“Is your mother unable to assist you?”

“*Not absolutely unable, and I believe she would do it, were it not for some of our friends and relations, who reject me, and dissuade her.*”

“Those are indeed miserable sinners, who need pardon through the blood of Christ, but who can never forgive a fallen relative.”

“*I have lately heard from my mother, after a long time; but her letter is very cold; it kills me.*”

Here comes the maternal letter. See how the mother can become obdurate, and her soft bosom adamant, to the bleeding heart of a seduced daughter.

“*Richfield, Feb. 23d, 1813.*”

“My dear, unfortunate child, I received your letter of the 12th, and was very happy to hear from you. Your letter informed me that you was out of health, but I learn from the lines you wrote, that you have friends abroad, although a stranger, which contribute to your relief; and I wish it was in my power to help you. I would inform you that I have heard from Dunican and his wife, and they were well. Chancy has been very sick, but has recovered his health again, and is cleared from the army. Amos has returned to his farm again. Anis remains at her father’s, and will the remainder of the season. I have no-

thing more to write you in particular; but I would inform you that your uncle Latham's family is well, at present: likewise your uncle Chase and the family. I have kissed the children agreeable to your request. I am well at present myself, and hope that these lines may find you as they leave me, and it would relieve the sorrows of a grateful heart. This is from your dearest friend,

“L— M—.

“M— M.”

Among so many friends, cannot one be found of a tender heart? No, they cannot forgive and compassionate. M— expected some kind assurances of assistance from her “dearest friend,” but the letter has proved cold comfort, not worth the seventeen cents postage, which she was obliged to pay.

Miss S. S. T. I believe has been visited this evening for the last time. Her misery is very great, and she seems to think, that it must be happiness to die. When I asked her for what she desired me to pray, she answered, “that God would pardon me, and take me to himself, if he pleases, very soon. I do pray that he would take me to himself.”

In the square ward, I was requested to baptize an infant, but I declined. The mother expected it would die, and felt a very common, but very foolish apprehension, that if the babe died before baptism it must perish. It was stated to her, that baptism is a sign and seal of God's gracious covenant, which is designed to signify to all believers, and particularly to the assembled church, this truth: that by the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus and the washing of regeneration, God's people shall be saved. The outward ordinance cannot save any one. If you were a



member of any church, and your minister should request me to do it, or if you were now to make a credible profession of saving faith in Jesus Christ, I would baptize the child. You cannot give your child to God, without first giving yourself to him, and if you do not truly believe in the Lord Jesus, on your part a profession would be all mockery. But, although I cannot baptize the child, yet, in the name of Jesus, I will bless it.

The writer, therefore, prayed for the mother and infant, to that Saviour who received little ones, put his hands on them, and blessed them; after which, he solemnly pronounced this benediction: "The Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, bless thee, sanctify thee, and keep thee. His blessing rest upon thee in life, and in death; in time, and eternity. Amen." Such a benediction I would solemnly pronounce over the head of any child, which should be professedly given to God; and cannot but think the blessing of infants a very significant act of social worship.

The writer prayed with another dying woman in another room, whose tears flowed apace, and who desired to know something about the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. Exhausted, and almost wild with the misery of others, which he cannot relieve, he must say, "Reader, imagine the rest."

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*March 23d.*

"Confessing by his downcast eye,  
The wrong he sought to justify.  
He ceased. A moment mute she gazed,  
And then her looks to heaven she raised;

One palm her temples veiled, to hide  
 The tear that sprung in spite of pride:  
 The other for an instant pressed  
 The foldings of her silken vest!"

BRIDAL OF TRIERMALN.

THIS afternoon I visited five wards in the alms-house. But some whom I sought were not. The person of whom I have written in the conclusion of the preceding article, has been, as the world says, to describe a nameless character, "no better than she should have been." Again and again she expressed her gratitude for a very little attention. "It is the best thing she can do," said the nurse, a very decent Episcopalian, "to make up her mind to die, for she cannot live."

"Some, however," the writer replied, "do not make up their minds calmly to submit to that which they cannot possibly avoid. It would be well if all were prepared for death, which is inevitable."

"*Well, pray, sir,*" continued the nurse, "*when are ye coming to preach in this room again? I hope ye will come soon, for now we've got rid of that very excellent Christian. I was quite mad at her.*"

"Do you intend the woman who insisted on having always possessed a good heart?"

"*Yes, sir; she would stick to it so obstinately, and didn't like your preaching, she was so good.*"

"You should pray for her, and pity her, instead of being vexed with her, on account of her ignorance and obstinacy. Many are thus blind, and perish without the knowledge of themselves."

"*Ay! but she was so good, and good for nothing! But I hope your honour wont forget to preach in this room very soon again.*"

“ I will remember your room in turn.”

To the half-crazy Scotch-Irish woman, of whom the reader has some account under the date of the 21st of February, I said, “ You have punctually attended public worship of late; and I was pleased to see you attentive.”

“ *Yes, sir, I'm never afraid to hear you, now. I'd almost as soon hear ye, do ye see, as Dr. M'Leod, for you are about as soond as he.*”

“ All of you Scotch people, whom I know here, appear to have more information than the other inhabitants of the place. I fear you all know much better than you do.”

“ *Yes, sir, and I think that a Gospel sinner is one of the worst of sinners.*”

“ See that it prove not the aggravation of your condemnation, that you know your Master's will, and do it not.”

In the same room was W—R—, the BLIND boy, famous for his memory.

“ It seems you have come on a visit, William.”

“ *Yes, sir, to see my mother.*”

She is a poor woman, who was seated beside him.

“ You must repeat to me, again, the hymn which you repeated on the Sabbath evening.”

“ *Well, sir. I'm larning the hymn which you composed.*”

“ Ay? who is teaching you? None of you have ever had a copy.”

“ *George is larning it to me, and I shall say it.*”

Soon after I went into another room, where George was seated, at a little tea-table, with a pious woman.

“ George, William says, that you are teaching him a hymn.”

“ *I have larned it to him already. He can say it. He'll larn a thing in two minutes.*”

“Now tell me, truly, how long it took him to learn those five stanzas.”

“Well, sir, it was not more than ten minutes, at most.”

“And I have just larned George,” said Mrs. B——r, the pious woman, who can scarcely move, “two hymns since he’s been sitting here. But George is very sad.”

“Ay! and so we all are,” cried blind Sally.

“What’s the matter with you, now?” I demanded.

“Why, they say that you are going to leave us, and we can’t think of it. We have esteemed your preaching, the highest favour.”

“Yes, yes,” cried another blind woman, “your preaching has been the greatest comfort to us.”

“Should I go from you, I hope you will have a better preacher.”

“Ah! but then, sir,” exclaimed a blind man, from behind his ragged curtain, “I know we sha’n’t: but if we do, it wont be you.”

Flattering as their compliments were, I could not bear them, because the poor blind were really distressed: but I repeat them as a proof, that these paupers are capable of esteeming a person very highly in love, for the sake of the Gospel.

In the room in which I preached on the evening of the 21st of the present month, I said to a lost female, (lost for this life! not for eternity,) who is almost gone, “perhaps you thought my sermon too severe: but I thought it necessary.”

She answered in the accents of dissolution, with eyes directed to heaven, “It was the truth, and nothing but the truth.”

Some of the bounty of my unknown Burlington friend;

I distributed, as I have done on many former occasions, to similar objects, that the parched tongues of some destitute, and dying females, may be moistened with something suitable for sick persons.

The aged G— H— I found still complaining of herself, and sobbing out her petitions, that God would give her a new heart, and renew a right spirit within her.

*“Oh! for faith and patience!”* she exclaimed, *“for I fear that I do not believe in him, and trust him. Dear gentleman, you belong to a blessed God. O, I wish that I belonged to him, and that he would dwell in me!”*

“I have as much evidence that you do believe in God, and trust in Christ, as I have that any one hungers and thirsts after righteousness.”

While this woman thinks that she has no evidence of being in a gracious state, she gives the most satisfactory evidence to others, that she is a child of God. She is growing in humility; and her fellow-Christians can perceive what at present is hidden from her eyes, that she is ripening for the harvest.

Her native disposition to peevishness, however, through which, as a mist, grace shines, is the chief obstruction to her usefulness and comfort. By nature, she is a thorn-tree; but a scion of grace has been inserted, which will soon overshadow the original branches, and cause them to wither.

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*March 24th.*

BLIND DONALLY I could not find this evening. She has gone to a better world.

The black people, in the cellar, appeared thankful for

some instruction, and for the opportunity of uniting in prayer.

Mrs. V—, in the cellar, remains in the same state of body and mind.

“You seem more thankful,” I said, “than almost any person in affluence.” She replied, “*If I were not poor and afflicted, I might not be thankful.*”

Truly, God often humbles those whom he makes most grateful!

In three rooms of *unfortunate* females, I prayed, and particularly with two of them, who must depart soon.

M— B—, well known to the readers of my former Journal, said, with much dejection, “*What have I done, sir, that you should have deserted me of late?*”

“Nothing! nothing! You need not weep: but you cannot expect me to visit you every time I come to the house, when multitudes equally need attention.” Very soon she will need no more counsel.

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*March 25th.*

ONE young man, H— H—, who I thought would recover his health, after having been afflicted with the spotted fever, will probably die of the consumption. If the effusion of serum into the thorax, does not produce immediate death, it is apt to leave the lungs in a state of inflammation, or of ulceration; so that very few have escaped, who have been sick of this malignant enemy of our race. The young man converses calmly; but is much distressed at the apprehension of death.

In No. 3, of the hospital, I prayed with another young man, who is dangerously ill of the same fever. He tum-

bled about, and gasped frequently; but when suitable petitions were suggested to him, I could perceive, by the motion of his lips, that he repeated them to himself. May God teach him to pray.

I have been kindly favoured, to-day, with a document, which must give additional interest to my Journal. A person who is now in the State's Prison of New York, was permitted to purchase, and send to his wife, a book, entitled "*The Domestic Chaplain*," of which the Rev. JOHN STANFORD is the author. In the blank leaf of the volume, he wrote the following

## INTERESTING LETTER.

"MRS. E——N,

"You express a strong desire to become acquainted with the minute particulars relating to my present situation. At some future opportunity I will endeavour to gratify a curiosity, which I believe to be prompted by an affectionate solicitude. At present, you must be contented with that subject which, I presume, most interests your feelings: I mean that of our religious privileges.

"The author of this book is our only regularly attending minister. Others frequently preach to us; but he takes upon himself the principal burden; never fails to preach to us on the first Sabbath in the month, and frequently favours us at other times.

"By adopting the volume I now send you, as a companion with your favourite Doddridge, you will not only become acquainted with the man, but will find an additional consolation in your afflicted state.

"As I now calculate to settle in this city for a few years at least, after I am liberated, you may, perhaps,

enjoy the satisfaction of frequently hearing from his lips, those pious sentiments which you here read from his pen.

“He is considerably advanced in years; has a full, healthy countenance; is about the middling size in stature, and somewhat corpulent. He has a grave and venerable appearance; his eyes are piercing, but soft, and benevolent; and his whole visage bespeaks a strong, intelligent mind. When in the pulpit, Cowper would say, “There stands the legate of the skies; his theme divine; the messenger of God to men.” Pope would equally speak “Of truth divine, commended from his tongue.”

“His eloquence is of the most impressive kind; and his matter, like his manner, always pertinent, and calculated to reach the heart.

“He is tender and compassionate, almost to a fault. Skilled in the woes of human life, he pities wretched man! The whole soul of the hearer is irresistibly carried along with him, in his vividly fervent devotions. When he addresses himself to his God, in our behalf, my fancy paints my afflicted wife, and dear children, ranged in a group around him, anxiously waiting for that deliverance, and those tender embraces, which he so zealously implores.

“With the most earnest solicitude for your present and future happiness, I remain

“Your affectionate husband,

“A—E—N.”

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*March 28th.*

THE Lord's day is the most pleasant, although to me the most laborious day of the week.

In the morning, after my usual public services in the



hospital I aroused H— H— from troubled slumbers. He opened his eyes, like one under the influence of fear. Alas! he is afraid to die, and I could not but say to myself, "Must this young man, who lately enjoyed the beauty and vigour of early manhood, be cut down like the flower, and be withered before noon?" Indeed, I prayed that God would spare him; but more fervently, that God would prepare him for heaven.

While preaching, I was more than commonly affected by the sight of a female of a respectable family, who, not long since, had a fair complexion, was of a full habit, and enjoyed excellent spirits. Once she could smile at my exhortations. Now she sat before me, pale and feeble. Her face, once fair and soft as the lily, is now full of large seams, which, should she live, would perpetuate her disgrace. But she is not long for this life. She is withered, and was compelled, during the sermon, to rest her drooping head upon the nearest support. Once her friends came for her, and carried her home; but she would return to her pleasures, and to death.

M— M— has also gained admittance to the hospital, once more, and if the physicians can cure her diseased throat, and make her whole system new, she may be well again. She paid strict attention to the sermon, and had a dejected air, which is enough to make any one sad.

Several captains constitute a part of my audience; and they, with the superintendent and family, with the nurses, servants, and house physicians, make a very respectable company.

In the alms-house, soon after I commenced the first prayer, a sick man in the room was taken with a fit, and uttered tremendous screams. I was obliged to stop short,

for a time, and command my frightened audience to keep their places. It was soon over, and the prayer was continued. After sermon, I prayed in four different rooms, and Mr. B—r visited I know not how many more.

My aged friend, of many years, madam G— H—, hates her heart as much as ever, and cries to God, day and night, to break, melt, and renew it, that she may feel, "*for now,*" she says, "*I do not feel; I do not pray as I ought.*"

An old woman, whom I have never recognised before, sent for me. She is not very sick, but troubled in mind. When she was reminded of this blessed truth, that Christ died to procure the pardon of all our sins, she opened her large eyes, and said, "When I look on mine, they are very large, very great."

Watts, as well as David, knew how to pray. The version of the fifty-first psalm, by the former, was repeated to her, and her tears descended like dew. If the believer's heart has any prayer interwoven with its texture, it is something like this:

"Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair."

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*March 30th.*

THIS afternoon I opened the catechetical instruction in the New-York Free-School, No. 2, with prayer; and afterwards visited No. 1. In the two school rooms, I saw not less than a thousand poor children, who are taught to read and write, without any expense to their parents. About fifty ladies were present at the two places, among whom

were the widow of General Hamilton; the aged, benevolent, and even venerable Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Coit, and Mrs. G. Brinkerhoff, with Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. J. P. Mumford, the Miss Murrays, and other ladies, single and married, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing. The ladies of different religious denominations, took charge of classes of children, who were baptized in the churches which they respectively frequent; so that each child was instructed in the form of questions approved by the church of which the instructress and the instructed were members. Before this association of ladies was formed, the children had no religious instruction. Now they are faithfully catechised weekly. In other cities let ladies of distinction *go and do likewise*. If the labour will not honour them, let them dignify the employment.

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*March 31st.*

“The frantic wretch, while many a stream of blood  
Smokes from his wounds, and paints his coat of mail,  
Raves like the storm, that, thund’ring down the vale,  
Wastes all beneath it with resistless flood.”

OBERON.

THIS afternoon was devoted to the hospital. While I was conversing with H—H—, who cannot long continue, two young ladies came in to see him. They were dressed rather gaudily, and did not look sufficiently delicate to be his *sisters*. I addressed myself to him, and them, after which, with his consent, I prayed. The gay visitors were not a little moved.

In the opposite room, a young man had just died of *the*

*spotted fever*, which was the text of my short sermon to the living.

In the ward above, I conversed again with the aged Universalist, and then put my hand to the head of a young soldier, that I might awake him, and exhort him to prepare for speedy death. I thought, by the spots of his countenance, that he must soon make his exit, and perhaps before I could see him again. His eyes were quite yellow, and his breath offensive; but I revealed my mind. It struck him with some consternation; but when the nouse is in flames, and will soon be consumed, there is no time for the complaisant address, "please, sir, to awake, for the house is burning, and you may perish." To cry, "fire! fire! awake!" is far more kind: and to alarm the sick is not so detrimental as many suppose. I warned him of hell; exhibited the need of his repenting, and exhorted him to pray. He has put off his armour, and his military cap lies useless beside him. The warning cannot injure him; and I have known a new and powerful excitement to prove a cure, by what physicians call a translation of the disease.\*

\* An instance I will relate. A Deacon of my acquaintance, (for such *Deacons* there are!) who is apparently as meek as Moses, and of a solemn, softly speech, is rich, and accustomed to *shave notes*. He loaned to a young man a large sum, which by an act of the state in which they live, against usury, was legally forfeited. The borrower gave ample security for the principal part of the loan: but he was taken dangerously sick; and the Deacon desired to get some mortgage for the remainder. The Deacon called to see the man, when he was supposed to be near death. The nurse, according to the orders of the physicians, excluded all company. Once, and again, she refused to admit the Deacon; but finally he pleaded *that he should like to pray with the sick youth*: and was admitted to his chamber.

In another ward a blind seaman, whose eyes appear perfectly sound, was sick with a fever. I have for three months observed, that he was very attentive to my discourses; and to-day he told me with many tears, that my ministrations in the gospel had been of great service and consolation to him. He gives good evidence of a new and tender heart. Directly opposite to his bed, a deaf person, who is very low, was uttering his groans. He could not hear a word: but he keeps a small piece of slate, to which is tied a pencil. I therefore wrote this question; "are you a sinner?" He can speak, and said, "*a sinner! hum! all are sinners; yes, I am a sinner; for all men are.*" The spiritual contrast between this deaf man and the blind one, is very great. The superintendent requested

No sooner had he taken his seat, than he began very mildly to say, "It is thought you may die, and I should be much obliged to you, if you would give me some security for my money."

"*Oh! Deacon, I can't do business now,*" said the sick man.

"Why, if you don't secure me now, I may lose the whole; I should be glad if you would give me,———"

"*Oh! don't, don't, Deacon, disturb me; let me die in peace.*"

In this manner he worried him, until he found he could gain nothing, when despairing, he said, "Well, I will pray with you before I go."

At this hypocrisy the sick man was so enraged, that he started up in bed, clenched his fists, and with an imprecation said, "———, *Deacon! get out of my sight.*" The Deacon fled. Soon after the physicians came, and found their patient manifestly better. His fever had passed the acme; he was in that state of moisture, which they could not produce; but which the violent mental exertion, occasioned by the Deacon, had effected; and from that time he recovered.

Such cause for agitation as this I desire none may give; but if the sick become *anxious to prepare for death*, instead of brooding over *the fear that they must die*, the new mental stimulus will do them good for time and eternity.

me to pay particular attention to them, saying, "there you will find **THE CONTRAST.**" Indeed I did.

A second question which I wrote was this; "do you feel that you need a Saviour?"

He read it several times, and said, "*ay, I think I am a little better: I think I shall get well yet. A Saviour; hum! God must do with me as he pleases.*"

Again I wrote, "are you willing to pray for pardon?"

After some hesitation he said, "*I pray for all men as well as myself. I pray for all mankind. I must pray for my enemies.*"

I resumed the pencil. "God be merciful to **ME** a sinner, is the chief prayer which a sinner ought to offer. He should pray for all men, even enemies, but for himself in particular. Are you prepared to die? I think you must die soon. May God bless you!"

He hastily rubbed out the last clause but one, and I put my finger on the place, but he would say nothing about dying, except "*I think I am a little better.*" In answer to the rest he said, "*I thank you, sir; that is very good, that is very pretty.*"

In another ward, I visited the wounded seamen, who were captured in the British sloop-of-war Peacock, by the Hornet. One had lost a leg, another an arm and a thumb; another some part of the face, and some part of his limbs; and all were objects of compassion. One said he felt it no disgrace to be taken by the Americans; "*but if it had been by the French, I would never have shown my face in England. Why, sir, I found it was English ship against English ship; and we were fighting our own messmates.*" One told me that he did not know that he had lost his hand, and a part of the arm, for many minutes after; "*and as*

*for me, to be shaure,"* said another, who was wounded in the head, "*I did not know that I was hurt for many days after."* He intended that his consciousness of his situation was lost for many days.

Soon after the sailors of the *Hornet* landed at Brooklyn, they found a *peacock*, belonging, it is said, to commodore Chauncey, late superintendent of the navy-yard. The peacock was fond of displaying its tail, and the tars, who had so lately conquered the Peacock, declared that nothing by the name of *peacock* should have *colours standing* in their presence. To make their oath good, they caught the bird, and deprived him of all his long tail. Soon after I saw them riding through the city, and every sailor, who could put his hand out of the coach window, extended to public view a feather from the peacock, in token of their victory. This is a sketch of the levity of a sailor's mind.

Even this is preferable to the surly, revengeful spirit of some, who contend in national engagements. The sailors seem to feel no enmity against their enemies, and as an honourable proof of this, I would state, that soon after an engagement, the crew of an American brig of war contributed enough to purchase each of the captive crew a suit of clothes.

Mr. Thomas Eddy, one of the most distinguished benefactors of the New York hospital, related to me the following facts, which I would contrast with the generosity of a son of Neptune.

In the late defeat of the American general Winchester, a young officer of liberal education, a Virginian, was wounded, and taken prisoner. He was immediately recognised by a young English officer, who had been his

intimate companion at Princeton college, and who was disposed to receive him with great cordiality. The proud spirit of the Virginian could not submit to receive kindness from an enemy; but the Englishman, after the battle, felt the emotions of friendship, and solicited his academic friend, since he was wounded, to take a seat in his sleigh for Malden, to which he must of necessity resort. The Virginian refused, saying, that he would never be indebted to an enemy. The Englishman attempted to sooth the mind of his former friend, and persuade him to accept of kindness from one who felt no hostility in his heart; but it was all in vain. "I will owe nothing to an enemy," was the reply of the unsubdued spirit of the American; and therefore he attempted to march for Malden. Not far had he proceeded before his strength failed, and then he was glad to present an Indian five dollars for the privilege of riding his horse. The vehicle of his friend was gone, and Indians were his companions. But these savages are not to be trusted. Before he could arrive at the place of his destination, some Indians asked the owner of the horse, why that American rode. The owner replied, because he has paid me. This was a sufficient inducement, and the wild children of the woods, having watched their opportunity, shot the unhappy youth, who disdained the entreaty of his classmate. Let us give *the Englishman* his due.

In the evening, I preached in the alms-house. The room was uncomfortably full, and the dying were around me; but who could be silent? Three different persons, in so many rooms, sent for me to come and pray with them. Two of them I have visited before. Some whom I instructed when last there, were dead. M— B— was



also very grateful for renewed attentions. "My hope is," she said with tears, "that God has pardoned my sins, and that he will pardon them."

With Mrs. G— H—, I prayed also. She fails fast; but she says that since I saw her last, God has been pleased to give her some sweet communion with himself. Indeed she complains of a hard heart still, but she seems like a little child. What she said, and what others uttered, I would record, but am exhausted. This evening concludes the first quarter of my services, performed under the patronage of *the Society for supporting the Gospel among the poor in the city of New York*. It produces so much pain to write my journal, after the fatigue of the day, that I am determined to write but little more. If the exhibition already made will not influence Christians to continue to support the Gospel among the poor in this metropolis, nothing, which I can write, will have that effect. God bless his word, and have pity on the poor.

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*April 1st.*

THE young soldier I found rational, and prayed with him; but all the intelligence I gained from him was by his sad "Oh! dear! Oh! dear!"

While I was in the hospital, a father brought in a little boy in his arms, to have the surgeon dress his wound. A carriage had run over him, and bruised his head, a little above one eye, so that the skull was left bare. It gave him such a violent shock, that he bit off a part of his tongue. He is a fine little fellow about three years old; and when I saw him, the blood was all over his face,

hands, red frock, and little boots. Parents and drivers are both to be censured for their carelessness. For the prevention of such occurrences, it is peculiarly necessary that every city should have good laws, and a good police. None should be permitted, regardless of their fellow-citizens, to drive like Jehu, through the streets.

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*April 4th.*

THE English prisoners in the hospital were anxious to have me preach this morning in their ward. The superintendent complied with their request, in ordering the necessary preparations, and when I had done, some of them thanked me, and said they had not heard a sermon before for seven years. The captain of the Peacock, however, read prayers to them, on every Lord's day. One of the sailors, whose arm was taken off badly by the surgeon of the Peacock, and afterwards was of necessity taken off higher up, by the surgeon of the Hornet, says, that if he lives to arrive in Old England, he will drink the health of the last operator every day of his life. George sung, as usual, with as much ease as any who had hymn-books. It pleased the prisoners much, and one of them observed, that "*the blind man knew the book fore and aft.*"

When I came away, I still heard him singing for them, and they will find him as well acquainted with a hundred sacred songs, as they are with the rigging of a ship.

Mrs. G— H— is the very picture of death, covered with skin, and furnished with a pair of penetrating eyes. "Well, Madam, how have you been to-day?"

*"Very miserable! full of pain! nothing to comfort me."*

“But it is the Lord’s day; and have you not derived some satisfaction from the contemplation of divine things?”

“No, my dear sir, a person so full of pain can scarcely think at all. No one wants to die.”

“What do you most of all desire?”

“I desire to be free from pain, and be made comfortable while I live, for one who has no hope for the future must make the most of this life: and I am sure that my heart is not broken. But I can hope for nothing in this world.”

“It is Satan who tempts you to despair; and who takes the advantage of your natural temper and bodily weakness. Pray, tell me, again, what you have against Jesus Christ.”

“Ay, Mr. Ely, why will you shut my mouth?—What can I say? I have nobody else to trust in.”

“It seems, then, that you trust in him!”

Here the aged woman was quite cut down. Her tenderness overflowed, she clasped her hands, and bowed her head in silence.

I prayed with a young person whom I saw on the 31st of last month. She was affected with a violent inflammation of the lungs. I then told her, that she must die, but she insisted that she had nothing but a bad cold. To-night she is convinced, that it is something worse, and feels that she must die. She is a young thing of no education, but that which trained her for lust. She resembles a handsome female, whom I saw yesterday, whose mother sold her, for a time, to a gay young captain, for five hundred dollars.

When I said to her, “You are a great sinner;” she understood me to use that term, *sinner*, as it is sometimes used in the scriptures, for a transgressor of her peculiar

class, and replied, with all the honesty of death; “*No, sir, I have not very often. I am not but a little sinner.*”

“I speak of all sorts of sin. You sin when you do not love God as you should. Have you not thought little of God? Have you not neglected many duties, which you should have performed? You have spoken wicked words, and performed bad actions; and in ten thousand cases you have come short of the glory of God.” She confessed that she had been wicked, but still seemed to imagine, that only one crime made a sinner, and for that “*she hoped the Almighty would forgive her.*”

From a young woman of ardent piety, but humble circumstances, who has often, in company with other ladies, and some gentlemen, attended public worship in the almshouse, I received the following

LETTER.

“*New-York, March 21st, 1813.*

“SIR,

“I must confess that the Lord is not confined to places, for I have been much refreshed this evening. I was constrained to go to the throne of grace, and supplicate a blessing on the exercises of the evening; and I hope and trust the Lord was with us, for you had a great enlargement of speech, or I had uncommon ears to hear, for I thought you painted me out as the poor dejected widow.\* It is necessary that I should be humbled in the dust, for I am less than the least of all God’s mercies. I hope you will remember me in your petitions to the throne of grace,

\* The writer was not aware, before the reception of this letter, that his hearer was a widow, and therefore if his discourse met her case, it was of the Lord.

and I hope and trust your hands may be held up, by all who love our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh! that the Lord would bless you in your private studies, and in your public ministrations. May he grant you all temporal enjoyments, and many souls for your hire, which shall be as stars in your crown; for I think that your degree of happiness will be in proportion to your condescension in this world. I very much regret your leaving the city, but I think you have the good of souls at heart, and that you will be blest in whatever part of the vineyard you may labour. It is an arduous work, but yet most delightful, to stand on the walls of Jerusalem, and blow the Gospel trumpet. May you be a large and lasting blessing to the church of Jesus Christ. But I think the rich as well as poor will miss you in this city.

“ For them we pray, for them we wait,  
To them thy great salvation shew:  
Thy harvest, Lord, is truly great,  
But faithful labourers are few.

“ O send out preachers, gracious Lord,  
Among *the poorest of our race;*  
Open their eyes, and bless thy word,  
And call them by thy sov'reign grace.

“ Then shall they shout thy honour'd name,  
And sound thy matchless grace abroad,  
And we will join them in the theme,  
Salvation to our risen God.”—DOBELL.

“ Sir, I did not intend to take pay for making your clothes. I hope you will receive this bill again. Silver and gold I have not, but such as I have I give unto thee, for your labour of love among us. I hope, sir, you will

forgive me for the freedom I have taken in sending you these unconnected lines, and please to obliterate them as soon as you read them.

Your humble servant,

M— H— L——.”

THE REPLY.

*New-York, April 5th, A. D. 1813.*

THOU POOR RUTH,

My Master has not placed me in circumstances so similar to his own, while on earth, that I can receive the money which you have returned. It is your due, and you shall receive it. God has now disposed the rich to provide abundantly for me. I was poor, but now I abound; and you have nothing which does not come by hard labour. You must learn to regard your own interests. Were our Lord upon earth, I am persuaded that you and Mrs. M—, and a few other widows of little or no property, would be the first to administer to his necessities. His sustenance commonly came from a few females, who were in the humbler walks of life; for, although he dined with the rich, yet he took up his residence for the night with such families as that of Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. It was a proof of our Saviour's kindness, that he allowed the poor to contribute, of their penury, to the comfort of his human nature, for he indulged their benevolent feelings, and permitted them to enter into “the fellowship of his sufferings,” and of his beneficence: but remember that Jesus was then, as he is now, the Heir of all things, the Disposer of all events, and would not suffer the poor widow to become ultimately poorer, in temporal things, by giving him bread.

Could you prove, that it was your duty to give me ten dollars, I would take them, in confidence that God would refund the very same sum; but never until then.

Let me tell you, that I have never found but two or three rich persons, whom I thought were likely to be too liberal, although I have found multitudes of them indiscreet in their charities; but among the industrious poor I have often found, that the ardently pious perform more than their resources will justify. When I have seen you and Mrs. M— relieve many, with whom we have prayed, I can hardly say which predominated in my mind, the pleasure of seeing them comforted, or the fear that you would go beyond your ability. You cannot relieve all the misery with which you will meet. Often, very often, within the last three years, I have seen a poor miserable female, with parched lips and burning tongue, whom medicine could not save, but whom a shilling might have furnished with something more suitable than the coarse brown fare, which is too good for lazy paupers, but not good enough for the vilest of the vile, when they might receive a drop of consolation on the bed of death: but, alas! I had not a shilling in the world.

Now these times are over, and I hope in God that they never will return. Be assured, that I duly estimate your intended kindness to me, and your actual beneficence to many among whom I labour in doctrine.

May the Lord always have you in his holy keeping, and comfort your widowed heart.

E. S. ELY.

Mrs. M— H— L—,

*April 7th.*

IN nine wards of the hospital, I have this afternoon visited many afflicted with divers diseases, but the most distressing cases are those of the spotted fever, and of a labourer, who fell from a second story, and fractured his skull. I conversed with an African of about thirty, who told me that in his native land, from which he was stolen, he never heard, never thought of a God, nor of a Saviour. I laboured to give him some notion of HIM who made all things; and finally succeeded, by turning his attention to a machine for half-raising him in bed. He perceived that the machine did not make itself, and that it must have been made by some one. In this manner I led him to think of the first man, and of all other beings.

A native of Portugal was yesterday *confessed*, as his countrymen say, and received the wafer; but he was dissatisfied, and desired to see some minister “who could tell him something.” He listened to me, and requested me to pray.

An African, I found far gone with the prevalent fever, who said a few rational things, and then told me, “that he had lately found out how he came by his disease: one Mr. Jennings had put him under a spell, and produced it.”

It was useless to converse with him any longer,\* and I turned to others. Captain P—, a very exemplary and pious man, who has long resided in the hospital, was reading to the blind sailor, whose eyes appear perfectly good, but are useless. The captain cannot see with one

\* This was probably an error; for I have since learned that multitudes of sane slaves in this country believe in *spells*, as the causes of disease.



eye, and with the other, aided by a broken spectacle, but a little. He made out, however, to read, so that his afflicted companion could hear. God has given him the spirit of prayer and supplication, and he literally looks upon HIM whom his sins have pierced, and mourns and weeps, and is in bitterness, as one mourns for an only child, and is in bitterness for a first-born. It has been good for him that God sent him to the hospital.

Another sailor, who is almost well, requested to have particular conversation with me, that he might be more perfectly instructed. He tells me that his attention was particularly arrested by a discourse, which I delivered many weeks ago, from this text, "and he seemed as one that mocked." Ever since, he has been more than usually impressed with divine truth, and the preaching of the word.

In the evening, I preached in the alms-house, to a full audience, and heard many hymns, which were bought for a cent a piece, as usual. George I desired to visit the English prisoners to-morrow, at their request, and sing for them. The sadly maimed fellows expressed almost indescribable gratitude to me, for preaching to them on the last Sabbath.

I am sure, that one who might feel it his duty to fight these men, could not feel any personal enmity against them; for they discover no malignity to our nation; not even to their captors.

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*April 11th.*

FROM half past eight in the morning until half past nine o'clock in the evening of this Sabbath, I have been en-

gaged, as I was during the last Lord's day, in a round of preaching and praying. During the last part of public worship in the alms-house, an aged woman, who heard the sermon, appeared to die on her seat. Whether she will awake again in this life, to continue, is uncertain.

While Mr. C——ll prayed in one ward of the coloured people, a young woman awoke in great distress, and groaned with pain. After he had concluded, I asked her if she could join in that prayer, and she answered, "Yes."

"But do you pray yourself?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"*I don't know how,*" she cried, with tears, "*and I sin every day of my life.*"

This person feels wretched indeed. She has lost her natural sight, and says her heart is blinder still.

Another coloured woman we found, who is very different in her state of mind. She is a member of the First Presbyterian church; and I think I never saw a more humble creature. She suffers much, but says that she is willing to suffer as much more as God may please to lay upon her. I feel confident, that there is no Christian in affluence who would not feel himself reprov'd by her gratitude to God, by her patience, and by the great satisfaction which she feels in being brought near to the Lord, even by her afflictions.

So many attend on my discourses from without the alms-house, that they exclude some of the poor, who attempt to press into the room; and I was, therefore, obliged to tell the gate-keeper not to admit these visitors in future. I should be happy to preach to them, for they

are persons of all ranks in society, and they are sinners; but in the alms-house the gospel must first be preached to the poor.

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*April 13th.*

FREQUENTLY I have conversed with J. D. D——, the old Universalist, since I have made any record of his conversation. The other day he told me, that when I first addressed him, he thought me one of the physicians, or he should not have made so free with me. His frankness, however, led to many discussions. I requested him to write me, and state what were his serious thoughts, on his bed, about the future state. He has complied, and his letter follows.

*“ New York Hospital, April 12th, 1813.*

“ PARSON ELY,—

“ *Sir*—As you have requested my sentiments on a future state, I shall endeavour to answer you in a short paragraph.

“ My thoughts are, that when a man departs this life, if he is a righteous man, he goes to heaven; but if he is wicked, he goes to hell, without redemption, there to be punished, for his sins, to the endless ages of eternity.

“ As for my own part, I well know, that I am a sinner born, and still so remain. Without the help of the blessed Saviour, I am ruined for ever.

“ When I pray, the Tempter draws my attention to some worldly business, to persuade me from the great and Almighty God. By a strong sense of my own guilt, I know that I am a sinner, and have only one way to be

saved; that is, through the blessed Jesus Christ. This bed of affliction has brought me to know the want of a Saviour, who, I am in great hopes, will teach me to pray the right way. I feel my desires grow stronger for religion. The more good I hear, the more I want to hear. The first time I heard your discourse, I seemed to have a strong regard for the speaker. This was the first time I had any taste for religion. I shall be very glad to have some private talk with you; so you must excuse me, for I have written my thoughts. I shall be glad to see your answer.

“I remain your well-wisher, through Christ,  
“J. D. D——.”

REPLY.

*New York, April 14th, 1813.*

AGED FRIEND,—

If you verily believe, that it shall be well with the righteous, and ill with the wicked, your faith will influence your conduct, and afford such evidence of its existence as the scriptures require. But if any one professes to believe in a future judgment, and yet lives in a thoughtless, prayerless, heedless manner, the truth is not in him. I am pleased to have it from your own pen, that you do believe the scriptural doctrine of rewards and punishments. If you wrote from serious reflection, I can easily credit your assertion, that you feel yourself a needy and helpless sinner. Why is it that men can talk proudly against divine truth, before their wicked associates, but cannot easily persuade themselves to commit the same language to writing? Are they ashamed to have that read and remembered, which they speak wickedly against

God? Let them remember, that all their speeches, as well as writings, are recorded in the memory of their final Judge. Why are many of the patients in the hospital willing to use such language before one another, as they would not adopt before me? Why would you, my old friend, say that to the physician, which you would not say to the minister? *Truth* is the same, whether it be told to another or myself. You should never say any thing about religion, to any one, which you would not say to Jehovah, were he present in the visible person of Jesus Christ.

If you intend what you have written, you repent of the past, and you will henceforth seek to order your conversation aright. You will speak and act in the presence of all, as one who believes that religion is a serious business.

Never again deny the doctrine of future punishments, for you perceive that sinners are punished here, under the government of the good God; and if they die in a state of impenitence, his goodness will not deliver them from their present state of suffering, but his justice will increase its evils, until they shall be made as miserable as they have made themselves sinful.

You speak the truth, when you attribute many of the temptations which you experience, to the influence of Satan. Men speak more truth than they imagine they do, when they sometimes thoughtlessly say, "the devil is in you!" If you have discovered, that the enemy of all good is suffered to trouble you, it will be your business to resist him, by prayer, pious meditation, and the perusal of the Bible, with other pious books, that he may flee from you.

The name of Jesus is an ever grateful theme to me.

You need not fear to ask of him all the spiritual blessings which you want. Your sins are many; but the blood of Christ is sufficient to cleanse those who believe, from all sin. Now be entreated to confess your iniquities to him, and accept of him for all the purposes for which he offers himself to you; for pardon, righteousness, sanctification, salvation, and everlasting life.

If you have written to me in good earnest, what you think, may God bless you: and if you have written merely for amusement, may God bless you: so that by any means you may receive spiritual benefit through the Lord's minister, and the friend of your soul, E. S. ELY.

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*April 14th.*

A FEW weeks since, a gay and thoughtless young man providentially took up "The Journal of the Stated Preacher to the hospital and alms-house, for 1811," and was so much interested in it, that he immediately purchased a copy. It was the means of awakening his serious attention to the concerns of his soul. At that time he was a stranger to me; but one of his relatives made me acquainted with his situation, and requested me to visit him. Today the request was renewed, in the name of the young man, and I visited him. Never before has he desired to see any preacher of the Gospel; and since, he has hitherto attended public worship in no church; he belongs to my diocese. Of his eternal salvation, there is much reason to hope.

This will compensate me abundantly for the little labour

which that book cost. One soul is of infinite value, and to be the instrument of saving it, is an infinite honour.

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*April 16th.*

TO-DAY I have made a missionary tour through many rooms in the hospital and alms-house. The blind sailor is, in my opinion, a Christian indeed; and is so grateful for the preaching of the Gospel, that the orderly-man says, that the poor fellow will weep at the mention of my name. He is full of contrition, humility, and affection. It is not in vain that God has sent me to proclaim, in the name of Jesus, liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to preach good tidings unto the meek; to bind up the broken-hearted; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

Not many days ago, an unknown lady sent me a bundle of Catechisms to distribute, for which I thank her, in the name of the poor, who have this afternoon received them.

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*April 19th.*

THE occurrences and services of this holy Sabbath, from morning until evening, have been nearly the same with many which have preceded. From the thirteen past hours, take three for intermission, and the remaining ten have been employed by the writer in public worship. He *ought* to get good, and do good. May the Lord help him.

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*April 22nd.*

WHILE preceding one corpse to the grave, this afternoon, I saw three coffins pass us in procession, and heard

the noisy little boys who ran after us, exclaim, "*Huzza, huzza, here are two burials met!*" One not accustomed to the repeated deaths of a metropolis, will very justly infer from this, that mortality makes very little impression on the living. Well I remember, that once I could not endure to see, much less to touch, a corpse; but now, from familiarity with the grave, nothing deeply affects me but such considerations as relate to the soul, and its eternal happiness or misery. The immortal interests of man have not become of apparently less importance, neither do I feel less than formerly upon this subject; but I could dissect a corpse without a tear, and, if necessary, without a trembling hand. Habit, says an old proverb, conquers all things.

Another illustration of this remark, we have in a son of one of the English prisoners from the Peacock. The child is about four years of age. During the action with the Hornet, this little boy was chasing a goat between decks, to ride it. Not at all terrified by destruction and death all around him, he persisted, till a cannon ball came between him and the goat, which took off both her hind legs; when, seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "*Now I've caught you!*"

Many, many, whose sins are more in number than the hairs of their head, are as thoughtless of death, and its consequences, as he.

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*April 24th.*

I VISITED the hospital to-day, and prayed in three wards. It is a dying time there. Two persons have just departed,



and I had to inform two more that their days are numbered. One of them is the largest and stoutest young man I ever saw. He has lost one eye, and with the other wept, while I conversed with him. Probably he did not live an hour after I left him. The other was spitting blood. He told me, that he had horrors of conscience, and felt himself a sinner; but did not know any thing about the manner in which a sinner could be saved. Of course he had need of a teacher; and very humbly thanked me for preaching Jesus, and the new life.

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*April 25th.*

IN half an hour after I left that young Samson yesterday, he was taken with the black vomit, and died.

To-day I have preached four times; and in the whole, to at least two thousand different hearers. One of the sermons was about forty minutes in length, one thirty, and the other two, an hour each. I cannot complain of any inattention in my audience; and some of the lost females I saw weeping.

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*April 27th.*

THE blind sailor, in the hospital, gives most satisfactory evidence, that he possesses a broken and contrite heart. He was never deeply impressed until about six weeks since, when it pleased God to send a message, by my preaching, to his heart.

J. D. D— is about leaving the hospital, and when I was

quitting his room, followed me, to thank me privately and express his respect for my ministrations.

After I had visited most of the rooms, I passed the door of the lost ones, without entering. I was sent for, however, by one who formerly laughed at my instructions. Not long after she entered upon her vile course, her friends carried her home, to a respectable father and kind mother. They attempted to detain her by force, but she made her escape, and returned to her old profession. One year ago she was well-favoured, smooth, fair, and of a full habit. Now she is so reduced, that the familiar eye can scarcely discern in her face, full of dishonourable scars, the same person. But she is humbled, and I almost forget what she was. For several weeks she has been attentive to my discourses, when her feeble frame could scarcely support her. To-day she asked after the way of life, with tears. The result of my experience is such, in relation to this class of persons, that I deem this a correct motto: "INDULGE LITTLE HOPE OF ANY OF THEM, BUT DESPAIR OF NONE."

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*April 28th.*

THIS evening I preached again in the alms-house in such atmosphere as has made me almost sick.

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*April 30th.*

MY invaluable friend, Dr. Romeyn, being in a poor state of health, I preached for him this evening.

*May 2nd.*

THREE times to-day I have proclaimed a Saviour, and in addition, have visited and prayed in two wards of the alms-house.

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*May 3d.*

THIS morning I visited three wards in the hospital. In one I conversed with an afflicted woman, who was a short time since in affluence; and who is now learning the difficult lesson of being patient in adversity. In another, I saw an afflicted young gentleman, Mr. C——, weep at his sins, which are past, and heard him express his firm resolution, of devoting his spared life to the service of his God.

In the third room I prayed with the young woman whom I saw on the 27th of the last month. She was perfectly sensible; but was in the agonies of death.

The writer feels exhausted with labour, and will here leave the sick for a few weeks, to others, that he may, once in two years, revisit the place of his nativity, and the parents who gave him birth.

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*May 22nd.*

YESTERDAY the writer returned to the city, and to-day, visited the alms-house and hospital. While he prayed in one room, two prostitutes whom he never saw before, burst into tears, and one of them said, "she knew that she was a sinner, but knew nothing of the way of salvation." One at the hospital said, "sir, we have had a fast since you have been gone." They seem to be in high

spirits at his return. It is a little remarkable, that not an individual died at the hospital, during his absence from the city. The superintendent does not remember that so long a time ever elapsed there before without a death. To-day, however, he saw a corpse carried out, which warned him to return to his labour.

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*May 23d.*

I HAVE, to-day, preached three times, and visited several sick persons. My poor charge are probably more attached to me, than any other people will ever be. They welcome me with smiles, and tears, and prayers.

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*May 25th.*

THE Rev. Jacob Brodhead, whose plainness and ardent zeal my poor people love, made an exchange with me this evening. He preached in the alms-house, and I in the North Dutch Church.

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*May 27th.*

LAST night, after ten o'clock, I was called to visit Mrs. A——, an assistant matron of the alms-house, who was, as she thinks, converted through my instrumentality, about two years ago. For some time she has been a member in full communion with the Reformed Dutch Church. I found her on one side, motionless, and much shattered in mind; but all her conversation was about Christ and his people. Her attachment to the writer is very great. She calls for him at frequent intervals, and, although she has

children, yet proffers him, in her partial, but momentary delirium, all that she possesses.

This morning I found her more composed in mind, and more at rest in body, from the progress of her disease. She said, alluding to the communion in the Dutch church, which is approaching, "*I hoped to break bread with you soon, dear sir, but I am ready to depart. I hope he will take me soon.*" A pious woman came to see her, and she desired that she might be raised up, "*to talk with one of the people of God.*"

In the hospital too, I visited many, and particularly the blind sailor, "who is my own son in the faith." He is certainly a signal monument of divine grace!

On the last sabbath Mr. C— listened to my discourse, and in one part of it, I could perceive that he was very deeply affected. To-day I found him thoughtful and tender. The spotted fever left some extravasated serum in the thorax, as it did in the case of the vigorous H— H—, which becoming pus, produced ulcerations in the lungs. One of the lobes of the lungs of H— H— was found, on examination after death, to have been wholly consumed. Mr. C— seems to be in the same situation: but he flatters himself that he has no serious pulmonary complaint.

To state to him my own opinion, and that of his physician, I find very difficult; but I prepared the way this morning by prayer and conversation, as well as I could.

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*May 30th.*

AFTER concluding my third public service, I visited three rooms in the alms-house, and prayed in each of them. The conversation with many, was very similar to that

which has been related on former occasions. While I was preaching to-night, a man muttered, so as to be heard by all, "*O damn the stuff! I don't want to hear any more of it!*" After a short pause, I said, "it is my duty to preach Christ, whether men will hear or forbear." After this he was still, and during the greater part of the discourse attended to the speaker.

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*May 31st.*

By request, I went to No. 26, Harman street, to visit a sick woman; and, behold, I found the Irish mother. of whom some account is given under date of September 22nd. She has three children living; and about a month since left the alms-house, to live by her own industry. She obtained a comfortable room, and was doing well; but one day last week, worked harder than her strength would allow; got wet in the rain, and now has a violent fever. Some of the Lord's poor seem to be doomed to perpetual afflictions. May not the person who enjoys almost uninterrupted prosperity, ask, in astonishment, "*why am I exempted? Gracious God, why hast thou made us to differ?*"

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*June 2nd.*

PREACHED in the alms-house, and visited as usual.

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*June 6th.*

TO-DAY I have preached three times, but I begin to think that the labour is more than I can bear, in the warm season. In a hymn book which I used in the alms-house,

during public worship, and which I gave to a pious woman not long since, I found this inscription, which she had procured to be written, I believe, by her little son:

“*Mary Brasher’s Book;*

SACRED

*To the Memory of*

THE REV. E. S. ELY.”

It was intended for respect; and I was not ashamed to read this concise monumental praise. I would not wish another word added to my future tomb-stone.

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*June 8th.*

PREACHED in the alms-house.

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*June 9th.*

DELIVERED the discourse at the missionary prayer meeting.

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*June 13th.*

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago, to-day, I was brought, a feeble infant, with a polluted nature, into the apostate family of Adam. But the grace of God has put me into the Christian ministry.

I have preached my valedictory discourses\* in three

\* Those who may wish to know why I left New-York, and whither I went, will find their curiosity gratified, by consulting “A History of Ecclesiastical proceedings relative to the third Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia,” which has been given to the public by GENERAL JOHN STEELE, Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, and MR. WILLIAM M’CORKLE, Editor of the “Freeman’s Journal.”

places to-day; and was principally grieved, on the occasion, by the loud wailing of the poor people. Never would I wish to be more beloved by any people; never would I wish again to have my departure from any place so deeply regretted, as the present has been by the aged men and women in the alms-house.

It was necessary for me to get away from them as fast as possible, for I wept, and they were likely to deluge me with tears.

May God bless the poor, and provide for them; and to his name shall be all the praise for ever.



# APPENDIX.

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## PART I.

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### A SERMON,\*

*For the Rich to buy, that they may benefit themselves and  
the Poor.*

BY EZRA STILES ELY.

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LET THE GOSPEL BE PREACHED TO EVERY CREATURE.

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And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.—REVELATION xiv. 13.

“Oh that my words were now written! Oh that they were printed in a book! that they were graven with an iron pen, and lead, in the rock for ever! For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day on the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.”

Thanks to God, that these words were written and printed in a book; for they have been the consolation of believers in every age since that of the patriarch Job. Christians, does not every recital of them make your hearts rejoice in God the Saviour?

But what were the words of Job, without the words of

\* This is the sermon referred to in the preface to these Journals,

Jehovah? Job utters his assurance of a resurrection. Jehovah promises eternal felicity. The resurrection, without the gift of eternal life in Christ Jesus, would be the commencement of everlasting contempt.

Thanks to God, that he said, "WRITE, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Had this assurance been uttered from heaven but once, would it not have been echoed from kingdom to kingdom, from world to world, until the end of time? Could any child of Adam have failed of receiving this good news of salvation?

WRITE, said the voice from heaven. Why should the words be *written*? Could they have been forgotten? Would they not have been repeated with rapture, from father to son, so that every dying man would have responded, "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord?"

The voice from heaven was the voice of Jesus, who pronounced the dead blessed; and the Holy Spirit added an explanation of the nature of their felicity. They "rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Why was the whole prefaced by the command, "Write?" Did not heaven and earth listen to the words spoken by Christ and the Spirit? Do not mankind believe them?

"Now go, write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for the time to come, for ever and ever; that this is a rebellious people, lying children, that will not hear the law of the Lord: which say to the seers, 'see not;' and to the prophets, 'prophesy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things; prophesy deceits: get you out of the way, turn aside out of the path; cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us.'"\*

\* Isa. xxx. 8—12.

Here we learn the necessity of a written revelation. Men are stupidly opposed to the truth; and were the words of God committed to the memory and veracity of man, they would be forgotten or perverted.

WRITE, that it may be read from age to age; that it may be remembered, believed, and obeyed by all nations. "Write it in their sight, that they may keep the whole form thereof, and all the ordinances thereof, and do them."\*

The divine declaration, that all who die in the Lord are blessed, has been written. The record has come even to us, in these ends of the world. But, alas! that it should be thus! it is not read by many; it is believed by a less number; and is constantly remembered by none.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Consoling words! They are full of truth, grace, and mercy. They can smooth the pillow, and soften the bed of death. But, shame to the inactivity of believers, not half the human race have had the opportunity of believing them, and of being comforted in death; because to them the Bible is not sent; to them the Gospel is not preached. Freely, Christian people, ye have received, but, freely, ye do not give. The poor pagans are to be pitied. They know not the kind intentions of a pardoning God. They have never heard the name of Jesus. They have yet to learn the name of hope, and receive the good news, that Christ is the Saviour of sinners. But, Christians, you are more to be pitied; you, who profess to love Jesus, but love not to promulgate his religion; you, who pray that God would bring the heathen into his church, enlighten, justify, sanctify, and save them, through the Gospel, but take no

\* Ezek. xliii. 11.

trouble to diffuse knowledge among the ignorant within your own sphere of influence; you, who spend yearly, thousands upon your luxuries, but will not give pagans in Christendom the value of a Bible. You, Christians, are to be pitied, who have been baptized into the name of the Holy Spirit, but suffer the epistle of this same great God to lie covered with dust and cobwebs; which you will neither read yourselves, nor suffer others to read, who are perishing for want of knowledge. Will it not be more tolerable, in the day of judgment, for the heathen than for you? Christ has answered the question.

“I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, WRITE.” It was written in vain for you: you read not; neither do you persuade others to improve the advantages which you despise. How shall the pagans read, if Christians never, or feebly, exert themselves to promote Christian knowledge? Were all professors to imitate your example, the Church would become extinct. Blessed be God, that he will provide the means for the preservation and enlargement of Zion. All, who have a name to live, are not dead, and buried in the rubbish of temporal wealth and pleasure. God has his friends in every age. He will continue to raise up faithful persons, who will read what is written, who will send the Gospel of God to the dark corners of the earth, and who will be instruments in the divine hand of magnifying his word above all his name.\* Although some nominal Christians touch not the burden of diffusing the knowledge of Jesus with the tip of their little finger, yet there are others, who strive earnestly to promote religion at home, that it may be also extended abroad; who pray and work with their own hands, each

\* Psalm cxxxviii. 2.

man according to his ability, in confident assurance, that soon all nations shall read, "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Many do not believe what John was commanded to write, because of the hardness of their hearts. Do you require proof of this assertion? Take that wealthy man for an example, who rolls along in his gilded chariot, reclining on cushions of velvet, and followed by his servants, to the house of God. He is pleased with his minister in holy things, because he is courtly in manners, and persuasive in address; because his fashionable neighbours applaud that Christian eloquence which charms, and sometimes, finding its way to the heart, makes Felix tremble. His teacher would inculcate the duty of doing good to all men, in exact proportion to ability and opportunity; especially the duty of contributing a proportion of our substance to the distribution of Bibles and religious tracts, and to the support of a preached Gospel among the poor at home and abroad. His discourse is founded on the apostolical "charge," to "them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be RICH *in good works*, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." The man of wealth is not destitute of all humane emotions, and when he contemplates the wretched state of the pagans, when he beholds the youthful wife burning upon the funeral pile of her husband, the child of affectionate parents passing through the fire to Moloch, and the hoary headed chief of a tribe slain, because of his decrepitude;

when he hears the cry from the wilderness of thousands ready to perish for lack of vision;\* when he learns that in his own city thousands cannot read the Holy Scriptures, and rarely hear the Gospel of Jesus proclaimed; then his eyes are moistened with tears. Would God they were tears of penitence! Does he give the price of his chariot to promote the illumination of the heathen? No. Perhaps, then, he gives the amount of a needless servant's wages for one month? Aye, Christianity might stop in her progress, before he would retrench the expense of a lubberly fellow to stand behind him, while he lolls along the streets. Does he consecrate the price of one splendid dinner to the benefit of perishing souls? Not he. But he wept while the preacher was eloquent and pathetic in description. Does he not contribute then as God hath prospered him?

Cautiously he conceals his hand, when he carries it to the receptacle of gifts for the poor, for he would not give his alms before men; he would not let his left hand know what his right hand accomplishes. GOD SEES HIM GIVE A DOLLAR! He does not believe that it is written, "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

A person of moderate fortune next contributes to the propagation of the knowledge of Christ. How much does he love the salvation of souls? How much would he give, to send the Bible to every destitute family, a preacher of the gospel to every deserted village, light to benighted India, truth to the inhabitants of the American wilderness, and the gladness of salvation to the multitude of isles? He gives something. Amounts it to the profit of one

\* Prov. xxix. 18.

good mercantile bargain? Oh! No. Does he give the average gain of his merchandise for a single day? I am ashamed in this place to mention a FIVE DOLLAR BILL! But it shall be openly exposed in the day of final judgment, before the assembled universe. The man of moderate fortune can never have read the words of my text. He cannot believe, that HE *must die*, and that all who die in Christ are blessed.

Here comes the thriving mechanic, but he gives not the price of the superfluous lace, which adds nothing to the personal appearance of his sprightly, aspiring partner. They love trumpery and a coach-ride, more than all the interests of Zion. Next, comes the physician, who tells us that the study of nature has induced him to deny the God of nature; and, as might be expected, gives an eighth of the fee which he lately received for professionally breaking, by a rash experiment, the sixth commandment.

The friend and fosterer of litigation quibbles with his conscience, until he produces the *fee* of a *demurrer*.

Are these men Christians, who see thousands of their brethren of the human race perishing in spiritual wretchedness? They have all been baptized, and some of them read their prayers, and others stand, or sit, and bow the head, while the congregation of believers importunes the throne of grace, that Christ's kingdom may come. They are called Christians, but they do not believe the record of the Holy Ghost; for, then would they be desirous of dying the death of the righteous, whose works follow them, as a proof of their faith, to the habitation of rest.

Are all such Christians? They would be accursed if they were! No, no: there is "zeal, according to knowledge," in some renewed sinners; holy zeal, a pure flame,

that shall never be extinguished, but shine more and more, when the sun shall no longer endure. It is a zeal which touches their *money* as well as their *tongues*; which makes others believe, that they are not their own, but servants of God, purchased with the blood of Christ.

Many repeat the command, "write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," and cause the ignorant to read the words of life.

*CHRISTENDOM must be reformed before such exertions can be made for the conversion of the heathen, as will be adequate, according to the usual mode of divine operation, to the glorious object.* Jehovah commonly works through human instrumentality. Many, therefore, who have the hearts of Christians, are seeking to enlighten *their baptized brethren*, that the "mountain of the Lord's house" may "be established in the top of the mountains," "exalted above the hills," that all nations may flow unto it, and be saved: "for *out of Zion* shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord *from Jerusalem.*"

To help in fulfilling the glorious things spoken of thee, O thou city of our God, a certain poor widow cast into the treasury of a benevolent "cent society," *two mites*. It was sufficient to give a poorer than herself a religious tract. Jehovah saw the action, called the attention of heaven to her piety, and with his own finger recorded, in the annals of eternity, "well done, good and faithful widow." "Of a truth," said Jesus, "this poor widow hath cast in more than they all. For all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God; but she of her penury, hath cast in all the living that she had." Heaven heard him, and shouted praise to that grace of God, which so wrought in a defenceless female, that *she did*



*good according to her ability.* “She hath done what she could.”

We have heard a voice from heaven say, “write,”—“write them on the table of thy heart,” that thou mayest never forget to act worthy of the belief, that dying rebels are saved by the blood of Jesus. Alas! that the believer should partially forget the blessedness of such as die in the faith of Christ. “Write this man childless,” saith the Lord. It is written in the volume of Providence. He toils for wealth, obtains affluence, retires from active business, is a friend of God; but contributes no more to the propagation of Christianity, than yonder pious artisan, who, over his anvil, or his last, by manual labour, provides bread for his already large, and still growing family. Early and late this man of industry exerts himself, and prays, while on the way from his breakfast and dinner to the workshop, while his hand helps the cause of God; while his heirless neighbour slumbers, because he forgets, that to do good, is an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, eternal in the heavens. You are unmindful, rich man, wonderfully redeemed from condemnation, through the blood of Christ, that the works of believers follow them to the presence of the Eternal Judge. You cannot devote your at present useless gold to any thing better than the cause of Christ. Let many spiritual sons and daughters become heirs to your estate. In their love to God, you shall be rich and happy.

In the neat mansion which you discover on yonder hill, lives a believer, *who would gladly do good*, were he not apprehensive of indigence. At times he is miserably poor, and never rich in beneficence. He retains his superfluous property, not considering, that “he who gathered much,

had nothing over;" that he who will not employ five talents, would not ten; that God will provide for the exigencies of his servants; that the just do not continue on earth for ever; that the liberal believer shall have a fulness of all things in Christ.

A widow too, who has a barrel of meal, and a full vessel of oil, is constantly fearing want, and will not make a little cake to refresh a famishing evangelist. She forgets, that it is not the abundance of temporal good, which can make her rich through eternity. She does not reflect, that she shall be blessed, when she dies in the Lord. But, although many cannot, and many will not read, many do not believe, and no one constantly remembers it, yet it is written,

“ BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD. ”

That we may *die* in the Lord, it is necessary we should first *live* in Christ by faith. Once we were dead to holiness, dead in trespasses and sins, without life in Jesus. Now are we alive in Christ, if born of God, being begotten by *the word of truth*. “ For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father, that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.” If the Spirit of Christ be in us, we are alive in him: if not, we are reprobates.

Did Christ devote himself to doing good? Ah! how can I say, that professors of religion imitate his example? How can any one say, that his Spirit is in them?

Certainly, all *who are alive in Christ*, exercise themselves, to do good. Their conduct coincides in some measure with his precepts. He has commanded that his Gospel should be preached to every creature; and that all who are able, should communicate to the support of the mission-

aries of the cross. Such as are alive in Christ, preach by example and counsel, in their own sphere of usefulness, and are ready to every good work, which has for its object the universal influence of Christianity. They are willing to spend and be spent in the cause of their Redeemer. When these persons close their eyes in natural death, they sleep in Jesus, or die in the Lord. Consider now an enhancement of this bliss. Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord,

“FROM HENCEFORTH;”

from the very hour of death: for Paul accounted it gain to die, because he expected to be immediately present with the Lord. An intermediate state of stupidity, between death and the resurrection, would have been the loss of that valuable life, which he dignified with the appellation of Christ. He would have desired the continuance of his mortal life, until the consummation of all sublunary scenes, had he not believed with the penitent thief, what Christ asserts to every dying believer, “to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.” When the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl broken, the pitcher broken at the fountain of life; when the mourners go about the streets to the grave-yard, then has the spirit ascended to the Father of Spirits; for the soul cannot perish: the soul that is in Christ shall never die. The exalted spirit unites with the souls of holy martyrs, slain for their testimony to the word, in ascribing glory to God. It becomes, “from henceforth,” a fellow-servant\* with the suffering saints on earth, and is sent forth to minister unto such as shall be heirs of salvation. Live then in Christ; die in

\* Rev. xix. 10.

Christ; and be immediately blessed in Christ. To all who labour in the Lord's vineyard, death is sent,

“THAT THEY MAY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS.”

You have seen a servant of Jesus Christ in the Gospel ministry, surrounded by a large family of dependant children. He has forsworn lucrative business, that a soldier of Jesus may not be incumbered. He has, however, the feelings of a parental heart. He would educate his children for future usefulness; but with his scanty means *it is labour* indeed. To serve his master and feed his family require not only the sweat of the brow, but also toil of spirit. Soon his debts shall be discharged, and he shall rest from the labour of procuring “the meat which perisheth.”

You have seen a father languishing in death, and sundered from his sons; a fond mother torn from her fatherless babes; and the tenderest friends divided. Lover and friend, “from henceforth,” shall rest from the labours of affliction. Sorrow and sighing shall come to a perpetual end. The toils of death are ended.

Heavenly employment is not labour. The glorified saints cease not from the exercises of holiness and the works of benevolence. Once they laboured under sin, against temptation, and were heavily laden with their own guilt. Now they cease from that labour which weighed down the spirit, and frequently tempted to despair. Now all is activity, cheerfulness, and joy. Formerly there was fatigue under Satan's bondage; now there is complete, everlasting discharge. Henceforth there will be no labouring conscience, no sense of shame, no injury from another, no angry or libidinous passion to be subdued; no doubts about the good

estate of the soul, or the application of Christ's righteousness; no fearful expectation of judgment; no sensation of misery. To rest from the toils of sin is heaven. In addition to complete emancipation from labour, such as live in Christ, and are about to die in the Lord, may remember, that

“THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM:”

not to procure justification, but to bear testimony to their faith, and constitute the measure of their happiness.—Having pardoned the sins of the believer, God will bless him in exact proportion to his works of faith; for he will render to every man according to his actions.

Where is the Christian, whom God greatly prospered, who was “sharper than a thorn-hedge,” which fleeces every lamb; who cried “give, give,” but was never satisfied? Where is the man of strong mental powers, who exerted himself but a little to advance the cause of Christ? Where is the man of moderate fortune, who had some zeal for God, mingled with much selfishness; the man who gave less yearly to the spiritual poor, than the pious mechanic, his neighbour? Where is the man, who would have continued to purchase luxuries, but when asked to give for Christ's sake, a Bible or a sermon to the destitute, excused himself by saying, “these applications for religious charity never end?” If they are to be found in heaven, you will find them among the least in the kingdom; among a company *scarcely saved*: among the vessels of a small size, that contain but a little grace; for although every measure shall be full, yet all are not of equal capacity. One star differeth from another star in glory.

Where now is the poor widow, who served God accord-

ing to what she had, and not according to what she had not? Yonder, behold her with Ruth, who protected the aged Naomi; Hannah, who nursed Samuel for God; Eunice, who taught Timothy the Scriptures; Dorcas, who made garments for the poor; Mary, who washed her Saviour's feet with tears, and anointed him for burial; and Mary, the mother of Jesus.

There is a *higher* and a *lower* seat in heaven; but although it would be bliss to abide for ever on the threshold of glory, yet he is a mean spirited believer who would not humbly aspire to eminence among the luminaries that surround the throne of God.

The subject before you, my hearers, is calculated to excite Christians to greater activity in the divine life. You *live* in Christ; but if you are to *die* in the Lord, and immediately *rest* from your labours, how can you *live so sluggishly*? Is there nothing to engage your zealous activity? You are much employed in attention to the spiritual concerns of your own souls. That is well. You attend public and private worship regularly, instruct your families, associate in religious societies, and do much for Christ. Very well: but you might do more.

It is pleasant to praise believers, and give Jesus glory for working in them, of his benevolence, both to will and to perform. But reproof is also necessary. A very considerable number of professing Christians in this city, are certainly exemplary in charitable actions. The cause of Jesus is dear to their hearts. They build churches at home and abroad, for themselves and for others; they erect free-schools for the poor of the churches and the streets; they visit the widow in her affliction, and save thousands from famine, frost, and nakedness; they have

Bible, religious tract, and missionary societies; and, in some cases, associations for the instruction of coloured people. In these things they have well done. All, however, which they might do, and ought to do, is not accomplished. "Be not weary in well doing."

The asylum for maniacs, and the orphan asylum of this city,\* are monuments of praise to those who have endowed them, and honourable to a Christian land. The first could not be benefitted by religious instruction, and the second is provided for in the piety of the immediate superintendents. Shall I forget to name the alms-house, the hospital, and the state's prison? The people who occupy these places, have heard, in some instances, by the gift of a Bible, that all who die in the Lord are blessed. In the state's prison they have also heard the Gospel, of late, from the ambassadors of Christ. Four sabbaths in the month, the prisoners are supplied by the clergy of different denominations,† who are obliged to desert their own cure, that these poor sinners may not perish, neglected by the Christian world. When the month has a fifth sabbath, the prisoners must be denied a resort to their chapel; or be dependant on a licentiate, more willing than able, to preach Christ, without living of his Gospel;‡ or perhaps, be idly amused by some self-sent trumpeter, who gives no distinction of sound. In other states, and in other countries, prisoners have the benefit of a chaplain. Who would object, were the legislature of this state to appoint

\* New-York.

† The Rev. John Stanford has often supplied the chapel, in case of the failure of his brethren; and indeed has done more for the spiritual welfare of the prisoners than all other men.

‡ Mr. Wm. Woodbridge.

a chaplain, and give him all necessary support? Let some pious and able minister of the Gospel, either of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, or Baptist denomination, have the peculiar charge of these people, and methinks bigotry itself will have no disposition to contend for proselytes. One question the religious community should answer. *By what authority are these men deprived of the regular ministration of the word, bound in chains of darkness, and consigned to hell, before the time? Civil liberty may be taken away, but God forbid that six hundred souls should be deprived of the liberty of hearing the Gospel!*

The alms-house is more lamentably deserted than the prison. Here are assembled, “the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind,” by hundreds. They have souls which must be saved or lost. Some pious laymen have, in a manner becoming the profession of godliness, catechised the children in this house; but this does not supersede the necessity of preaching the Gospel, nor render useless public worship. Most of the paupers are too old, or too lame, or too blind, or too feeble to go from their rooms to the churches in the city. Were they to go, the churches are so full of the rich, that these poor persons would rarely find a seat sufficiently near the pulpit for their aged ears to receive articulate sounds. Besides, some pride remains in the poorest, which would prevent many, who have not decent clothing for appearing in a public place, from frequenting any church. Within the walls of the alms-house, many might be benefitted by appropriate discourses, who would become nothing the wiser by hearing such sermons as are designed for a more intelligent audience. Here, also, if a minister did not preach as a *dying man*, he could not avoid preaching to *dying men*.



Here are ignorant persons to be instructed, secure persons to be alarmed, and believers to be comforted. Yes, there are children of God, who love the word of truth, and need to be reminded frequently of the blessedness of those who die in the Lord. Yet the children of God without the habitation of the poor, who are not satisfied with attending public worship five or six times weekly, have not supported a minister for the alms-house!

Brethren! do *you* need the consolations of a regularly preached Gospel? So do these paupers. One servant of God,\* who has the episcopacy of one of the largest Presbyterian churches in this city, besides his abundant labours at home, has bestowed on the inhabitants of the alms-house several evening lectures; and he can testify, that they are delighted to hear the preaching of the cross. But who has laboured with this congregation of sinners, on the Lord's day, that most appropriate time for prayer, praise, and public teaching? And who *can* do it, except the corporation of the city, the guardians of the poor, or individual believers contribute to his support? Believers, would you live in Christ, die in him, and reign with him in glory? Let the Gospel, through your instrumentality, be preached to the poor.†

The hospital in this city, has been more destitute of religious instruction, than any other similar institution. A venerable minister,‡ of the Dutch church, has formerly visited and prayed with some of the sick; and lately a

\* Philip Milledoler, D. D.

† It is but just to state, that Mr. Woodbridge gave several discourses in the alms-house last winter; and the author has since given two on the sabbath, and six upon other occasions.

‡ J. H. Livingston, D. D. S. T. P.

younger teacher,\* in the midst of numerous pastoral duties, has followed his benevolent example. An individual, who had more noise than zeal, and more zeal than knowledge, once or twice attempted publicly to exhort there, and was wisely prevented from continuing the practice, because his turbulence tended not to edification. Never, to the reproach of believers I speak it, until the first sabbath in October, A. D. 1810, has any regular minister of the gospel attempted to preach in the hospital. Why this neglect? Hundreds die there, who possibly, in their sickness, might practically learn the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. The speaker can testify, that upon common occasions, more than one hundred guilty sinners may be assembled, who will listen as attentively to the preaching of the Gospel as any polite audience in the city. Alas! alas! that so many have departed from the walls of that *humane institution*, to testify before God, that while their worm eaten bodies have been objects of attention, their immortal souls have been wholly neglected! Hundreds have died there, who will attest in the judgment, that the pious people of this city sent them no chaplain to show them their guilt, and proclaim salvation by the blood of the Lamb. Shall others ascend to the awful tribunal, to cry, “vengeance on the stupidity of worldly-minded, slumbering christians?” Hark! they say, “we have perished in our iniquity; but our blood be upon their heads.” Christians, I misjudge your hearts, or the spiritual welfare of the poor in this city, in the prison, alms-house, and hospital in particular, will gain your attention.

Do not object to the idea of supporting *a chaplain for*

\* Rev. G. Spring.

*the poor*, in these places, that money is wanting, that the preachers of the city are in fault, or that the thing is impracticable. True, the poor are always with you, and your liberality has been in many instances unusual; but so long as Christ's cause needs pecuniary instrumentality, and you can give, will you withhold that silver and gold which the Lord claims? "Will ye rob God?"

Tax your luxuries. Let the professing christians of this city forsake the theatre, and abstain from the fourth glass of wine throughout the year, and a fund would soon be raised, the interest of which should supply a chaplain with the necessaries of life, who should visit the destitute sick, and preach three or four discourses weekly, to such as are ready to perish.

The pastors of churches have already more duties devolving upon them than they can perform. It is a rare, and almost an impossible thing, for one of them to be personally acquainted with all who commune with him in the same sacramental supper. Until the shepherd can know his flock, he ought not to attempt the guardianship of another fold.

The thing is not impracticable. Facts have evinced the contrary.\* "The Friends"—of humanity, will not forbid any pious, prudent man, to speak to the poor in the hospital, and the alms-house, when he shall be "moved by the *Spirit*," and the "*Spirit* shall give him utterance."

The presbyterians, who are of one heart and one mind,

\* The Gospel has already gained a partial admission to these places. True, the accommodations are poor, in the alms-house and hospital; but in the different wards one hundred have gladly assembled, at a time. Some on beds and some on benches, have listened with eager attention; and, without doubt, some have been savingly benefitted.

can support one minister for the poor, who shall be appointed by the weekly association of their own ministers. If other denominations are disposed to place other chaplains upon similar establishments, it is well. There need be no interference. The field of usefulness is wide: but the labourers are few.

Christians, are you *alive* in Christ, and do you hope to In the alms-house some appear to have been awakened from stupidity, so that they pray for mercy; and others, who were groping in darkness, unable to read the Bible, and deprived of divine light, have been enlightened and comforted.

In the hospital also, some good effect seems to have followed the preaching of the first sermon. An avowed Deist, of more than common intellect, had for some time lingered in the consumption. The superintendent had often warned him of his approaching dissolution, and tenderly urged him to consent that some Gospel minister should be invited to converse and pray with him. He declined, with much of the infidel cant, excusing his sins, and saying, that his heart was his altar, and himself his own priest, to offer sacrifice to "Nature's God." On his death bed, he was necessitated to hear the first sermon delivered in the hospital; for the speaker was in the same room with him, and stood beside him. For the *first* and *last* time he listened to the unsearchable riches of Christ. The truth had such an effect upon him, that in the afternoon, he requested earnestly that the minister whom he had heard, might be called to converse with him about his perishing soul. But the minister was engaged in preaching elsewhere, and did not see him until Monday morning. Then his speech had fled. He was, however, still in possession of his reason.

"Are you now convinced that you are a poor, miserable, and justly condemned sinner?" He nodded assent with all his remaining strength.

"Do you now renounce your infidelity, and feel that your past rejection of Jesus Christ, through unbelief, has been the greatest of all your crimes?" He rolled up his eyes in apparent amazement, fixed them on the speaker awhile, and then burst into tears. Penitence appeared in those wasted eyes, "which had almost forgotten to weep."

*die* in the Lord? Work while the day lasts. Be not weary in well doing. Soon you shall rest from all labour. Soon your works shall follow you to heaven. May God give you the happiness of meeting thousands there, who shall say, “we owe it to your liberality in supporting a chaplain for the poor, next to the sovereign grace of God in Christ, that we enjoy *eternal life*.” *Amen*.

He then indicated by signs, that he wished the minister to take a seat on the bed, and put his ear nearer to his moving lips. He attempted to articulate, but could not.

“Do you feel your need of a Saviour, and are you willing to commit your soul to Christ, guilty as it is, believing that he is able and willing to pardon the chief of sinners?” Again he assented, and with great exertion scarcely framed to pronounce, in a whisper, “O that’s the thing!”

“I hope,” resumed the minister, “you will die with this prayer in your heart, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner!’” He lifted up his eyes and trembling hands towards heaven: then smote upon his breast, and sighed deeply.

“May God pardon you, for Christ’s sake. FAREWELL.” And on the night of the same day he died.

Why did he not learn the way of salvation before? He did not know the riches of Christ, and no professor of religion attempted to teach him; no preacher of Jesus was sent to say, “Why so madly bent on ruin! Sinner, you are condemned: Christ offers you free pardon; believe, accept, and *live*.”

Christians, how many shall die, more neglected than this man, in a city full of wealth, pleasures, and prosperity; *full of CHRISTIANS?*

If any, who may read this note and the preceding sermon, shall feel a disposition jeeringly to say, young man!

“————— quæque ipse misserrima vidi,  
Et quorum pars magna fui: —————”

I can only answer, that youth is no crime; the cause is a good one; and even to fail in a laudable attempt, is glorious.

## PART II.

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### THE FIRST REPORT

*Of the Trustees of the Society for Supporting the Gospel among the Poor in the City of New-York.*

“*And unto the poor the Gospel is preached,*” was a decisive evidence adduced by the Divine Redeemer to assure John the Baptist, that he was indeed the Messiah, who brought nigh the kingdom of heaven unto men.

“*To satisfy the afflicted soul,*” the Evangelical Prophet declares to be one effectual mean of procuring the blessing of the Most High.

Poverty, sickness, and distress, with their scorpion scourge, will drive their victims to those abodes which humanity provides for the children of affliction. Thither the foot of pride refuses to direct its steps; there the full heart of prosperity finds no scenes, corresponding with a sense of selfish gratification.

Obscure and neglected, the sufferers would have pined in despondence, had not the religion of Jesus, by softening the heart, subduing the pride, and exciting the sympathy of man, taught her disciples “*to weep with those who weep,*” and, like their Divine Master, “*to preach the glad tidings of salvation to the poor.*”

Under the banner, and in obedience to the precepts of this benign religion, “*The Society for Supporting the Gospel among the Poor in the city of New-York,*” was instituted, at the close of the year 1812.

On the 23d of December last, nine trustees\* were elected to manage the concerns of the Society, who, out of their own number, chose, on the following day, a President, Secretary, and Treasurer.

They appointed for their preacher, the Rev. EZRA STILES ELY, who had for some years before voluntarily devoted a great portion of his time to preaching in the alms-house and hospital. By-laws were framed and adopted, and a Committee of Superintendence appointed to promote the object of the Society, during the recess of the Board, to whom they were required to report at each quarterly meeting.

The Rev. Mr. ELY continued his services from the 1st of January until the 1st of July last, when he resigned his appointment, in consequence of a call in Providence to change the place of his residence. The tears and remonstrance of his humble charge testified the value of his services, and confirmed the Trustees in the propriety of their choice.

From the first of July, the Rev. John Stanford, who had been already partially employed, was appointed Stated Preacher of the Board. His labours have been faithful and abundant, and there is reason to hope, have proved a blessing unto some, at least, of those who have heard the Gospel from his lips.

\* The following gentlemen were the Trustees elected:

HENRY RUTGERS, President,	LEONARD BLEECKER,
JOEL POST, Treasurer,	RICHARD DURYEE,
JOHN E. CALDWELL, Sec'ry,	ISAAC HEYER,
BENJAMIN STRONG,	and
JOHN R. MURRAY,	DIVIE BETHUNE.

Permission having been granted by the regular authorities, the Trustees have paid a special attention to the destitute in the alms-house, the hospital, and debtor's prison. Besides preaching alternately in those places, Mr. Stanford extends his labours to the state prison, the military hospital at Greenwich, and Magdalen house, and a few times to the Bridewell.

He usually preaches eight sermons in a week, that is, four on the Lord's day, and four on other days; besides which, he makes frequent visits, for the purposes of prayer, conversation, and instruction, to the sick, the afflicted, and the dying. Eight hundred dollars a-year, is the salary allowed by the board to their stated preacher. Many interesting instances of deep and solemn convictions of sin, awakened in the minds of the prisoners, and the poor, have been related to the Committee of Superintendence. As these facts, with others known to the board, will very probably be presented to the public, in a small volume, the trustees decline the insertion of them in their Report to the Society.

The Treasurer's Account Current, which is annexed, will exhibit the state of the funds.

The Trustees close their Report, congratulating the Society on the prospect of usefulness, and expressing their assured hope that such an institution will enjoy the blessing of God, and the support of all those who love and believe the compassionate Saviour, who said, "*Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.*"

By order of the Board of Trustees,

DIVIE BETHUNE,  
LEONARD BLEECKER, } Committee.

*New York, 30th November, 1813.*



### PART III.

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#### SOME ACCOUNT OF AN ACTRESS.

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##### LETTER FROM AN ACTRESS TO HER MOTHER.

*New York, July 28th, 1815.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

LONG have I been looking for a letter from you, or my brother, and have been disappointed. I hope this silence is not owing to illness or displeasure.

It was my wish to have paid you a visit, but the expense I could not very well afford. There was a gentleman here who would have taken me on, but I feared the slander of my foes. He may call on you.

My dear mother, I wish to return; but it appears there is an invisible power, that governs my actions, over which I have no control. Whether that influence will terminate in good or ill, is yet to be proved. I entreat you to pray for me. The prayers of the good will ascend to the throne of God, and in mercy to your sufferings, I may be saved. Should it please the Almighty to cut the frail thread of my existence, I should be happy; for I too have had my trials and temptations. When I look to what I might have been, and what I now am, my heart is ready to break; but reflection is fruitless; and I sometimes think my wishes, so contrary to your commands, could not have been accomplished, but for some wise purpose. The ways of heaven are inscrutable.

Mother, be not unhappy on my account; but yet, do not neglect me so much as not to answer this letter.

My boarding is now but three dollars, and I have been economical. I enclose you a bill to pay the postage, out of which I wish you would let William pay a trifle that I owe a person at Mrs. M——'s. It is not quite a dollar. Give my respects to them, and ask Betsey to write. Remember me to my friends. I had forgotten that I owe P—— M'E—— one dollar, which I shall send her. Give my love to my brother and sister; and let me entreat you to write soon. Send me all the news that concerns my friends. Ask Mrs. P. why she don't write.

I hope you have good health. I wish you could go into the country. This time last year I was with Mrs. K—.\* If it would please her I would write.

I shall conclude this long letter with prayers for your happiness and health. Adieu.

Your affectionate daughter,

L—— M——.

Direct me as before.

LETTER FROM E. S. ELY TO MISS L— M—.

*Philadelphia, August 6th, A. D. 1815.*

YOUR affectionate, afflicted, but prayerful mother, Miss M—, has made me partially acquainted with your character and circumstances. She has honoured me so far as to believe that I possess some philanthropy, and that, from the favourable opinion which you have formed of me, by reading my Journal, and hearing me preach a few times, I might possibly exert some influence for the benefit of your immortal soul. Oh! if this were possible, it would add a new source of pleasure to my life, and I should be delighted with the satisfaction and comfort which you and

\* Not Mrs. M—— K——.

your mother would then mutually experience. But I am told that you are handsome, and have met with considerable approbation in your theatrical career! This is almost sufficient to banish every incipient hope of being useful to you; for few can be contented with the realities of plain and peaceful life, who know that they are pretty, and applauded.

Shall I then here fold up my paper, and sigh, "Aye! she is lost, for ever!" Certainly you are not far from destruction; but your last tender letter to your parent, encourages some faint persuasion, that you may be rescued from contaminating scenes, from bewitching, delusive, destructive pursuits, from that path to temporal and eternal misery, which few that have entered ever retrace.

You retain, nevertheless, a tender regard for your mother's health and peace; you respect her for her piety, and desire her prayers; you have a strong sense of justice, in relation to pecuniary obligations; you still cherish your *reputation* for purity; and you declare that you even wish to return. These circumstances combined, present such a prospect as induces me to think, that my compliance with your mother's request, in writing to you, may not prove like the attempt to sooth the angry tempest, by the soft modulations of the harp. You will certainly *excuse* me for writing, if you do not *approve* my motives and sentiments; for it is your *very dear*, and truly deserving *mother*, who has twice urged it.

Let me then come to the point. If you wish to return, why do you not return? Your mother entreats, and your conscience urges. A most cordial welcome awaits you, whenever you please to relinquish the stage. She would gladly toil, not only for the maintainance of herself and

your younger sister, but for your support. She would become a slave, that you, her eldest, might "be a lady," could she thereby rescue her daughter from that misery and ruin which she is confident must, sooner or later, overtake all unprotected and giddy females who are inmates of the green-room.

Might I not appeal to your own conscience as a witness to prove that yours is a dangerous situation? You are perpetually exposed to the arts of unprincipled and diseased men; and a chaste actress among a thousand, would be a prodigy that might astonish the world. Return, then, unhappy L—, to your mother, and resolve to escape the temptations which surround you: resolve to labour rather for a scanty subsistence, than connive at vice, if not actually participate in all the licentiousness which renders the theatre enchanting to the debauchee and courtesan, that you may obtain the fleeting, accursed prosperity of the ungodly. Better would be a dinner of herbs, and robes of sackcloth, with the smiles of your mother, the peace of your own conscience, and the approbation of your final Judge, than the most sumptuous entertainment, the gayest apparel, and the worthless admirers, which might be obtained by a long life of celebrity for wit, refinement, inimitable eloquence, and peerless beauty. What would be your ultimate gain, should you sell your person to the best advantage, and your talents for the richest 'benefit?' Could you then live happily, or die with either hope or resignation?

You must not, however, calculate upon pre-eminent rank in your profession; for should you continue in it, which I pray you may not, you have merely to expect, for a little while, such a portion as you at present have; and

when your powers and health shall decline, with premature old age, or something worse, the men who have flattered, and fostered, and promoted you, will cast you away, to perish in the streets.

“But it appears,” you write to your mother, that “there is an invisible power which governs your actions, over which you have no control.” Is this designed to deceive the heart of your fond and forsaken parent? Can she believe in the wretched doctrines of fatalism, which constitute the religion of the theatre? No, no, young lady! be honest, and assure yourself, as well as her, that

“Our lusts are gods, and what they will is fate.”

God does, indeed, govern all beings, in such a manner as to allow them freedom of thought and action, but he does not impel you to do evil. If any invisible agency, besides your own heart's attachment to an illicit pursuit, prevents you from returning to the protection of her who bore you, it must be the Devil; and I advise you to resist him as soon as possible. You have as much control over the action of returning home, as of ascending the stage.

Whether the influence of your mind, or of the Devil, or of both, in devoting you to your present mode of life, “will terminate in good or ill,” is not “yet to be proved,” for it is great and dangerous ill now; but whether you will be prevailed upon to leave the society of the worthless, and associate with the good; whether you shall be an heir of misery, or a daughter of never-ceasing felicity, is yet to be ascertained by yourself and your friends.

Why should you ask your mother's prayers, if you will not pray for yourself? She prays God, however, for those things which you do not supplicate, that you may be re-

claimed, and may become a respectable, useful, happy woman. Were your prayers to unite with hers in relation to these objects, they would soon be answered to the joy of her bleeding heart. At any rate, should your mother never behold you again with satisfaction, her fervent petitions would return with balmy peace, into her own bosom. She shall not pray in vain, so far as she is concerned, but you may not be improved by her tears and intercessions.

“Should it please the Almighty to cut the frail thread of your existence” in this life, before you are brought to love and obey the Lord Jesus Christ, instead of being happy, instead of escaping trials and temptations, you would drop like lead into the abyss of everlasting misery. You are not prepared for death, and do not consider its consequences. It would be no consolation to leave your present mortifications, and sorrows, for everlasting contempt, unceasing agony of conscience, and the sensible indignation of the holy God. Oh! think of this warning, and, before it is too late, return unto the Lord with weeping.

I am glad that you contrast your present situation in life with what it might have been; and I conjure you to compare it with what it may yet be. You may yet be restored to the favour of your good mother, and to the friendship of the excellent ones of the earth; may yet become a beloved wife to some suitable man, who may pay you every kind attention; may become the joyful mother of children, and in a good old age die in their arms; may become a true Christian, and finally ascend to glory. All this may be; or the dreadful reverse of every thing which should be desired. Choose then between good and evil.

Think not that you have proceeded too far to become wise, and the object of much honourable affection. If you have any disposition to be reconciled to the Redeemer, and, through his peace-speaking blood of atonement, to yourself, it is not too late. Immediately accept the pardon of all your sins, because the God of truth has offered a free remission, for the sake of the sufferings of Christ, but not of your mother, whose afflictions you vainly hope will propitiate heaven in your favour. Then with the hope of everlasting life and love, commence a life of sober usefulness and habitual duty. You will find wisdom's ways to be pleasantness.

In vain you ask your mother not to be unhappy, if you continue to imbitter her state of poverty and desertion. Be a dutiful daughter; renounce the stage and its fictitious beings for ever; become a Christian, and your peace shall be like the river of God, your felicity with your pious mother shall be everlasting.

Accept my assurances of assistance in every possible way, and believe that your happiness, in conjunction with that of your friends, and the glory of God, is the sole object of this communication from your friend,

EZRA STILES ELY.

*Miss M——, at Mrs. Barnham's,  
Liberty-street, New-York.*

LETTER FROM MISS L— M—, TO HER MOTHER.

*New-York, August 13th, 1814.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

ACCEPT my sincere thanks for your kind letter. It gave a very sensible pleasure to my heart. 'Twas a consolation for the anxiety I have felt on your account. I was

apprehensive you were ill, or that some misfortune had happened. I thank God that is not the case.

Dear mother, how shall I thank Mr. Ely for the interest which he is good enough to take in my welfare, who am so unworthy of kindness? But I will exert myself to deserve a continuance of it, that it may ultimately terminate in good. I will merit that desired esteem, by my obedience to your wish, and acceptance of his counsel. His letter was impressive, and spoke to my heart, but 'tis hardened by the vanities of the world. I hope in the mercy of heaven, and that, through its grace, I may yet partake of that divine spirit, of which he is so able a minister. Present my acknowledgments, and assure him, though severe, his letter may heal the wound it was intended to probe. I fear I have gone too far to realize much happiness, but there is one reflection which will afford me consolation;—that I have passed so far with a mind uncontaminated. Free from licentiousness of depravity, the purity of your example, my mother, was before my eyes. Though I have been fond of the broad glare of fashionable life, and induced to embrace a profession religion cannot sanction, yet 'twas not from weakness of mind, but because I saw through a false medium. With the sanguine ardour of youth, I possessed a strong desire for novelty, and an acquaintance with the world. Unprotected, that desire led me into error. My adoption of the stage is the most glaring. My future conduct can alone atone for that. I no longer see any pleasure in this kind of life, but what I am going to say will appear a paradox.

I had promised to remain the ensuing season with the theatre. I thought it would appear unkind, as he (Mr. Twaits, since dead, who took her to New-York) depends



on me for assistance; and, though I dislike the appearance of deceit, I think something of the kind must be done, to induce the managers to part with me:—you must plead indisposition, or at once order me to return home for some particular purpose. There is no difficulty in the journey, as Mrs. B— is going to Philadelphia. I shall be anxious until you write again. I would have sent a letter to Mr. Ely, but felt incapable of thanking him as I wish and ought; but if you desire it, I will; though I hope to have the pleasure of expressing my gratitude, when I shall have made some atonement for my folly.

Adieu, my dear mother, and believe me your affectionate, though mistaken daughter,

L— M—.

*Mrs. A— M—.*

LETTER FROM MISS L— M—, TO HER MOTHER.

*New York, September 4th, 1814.*

DEAR MOTHER,

By this time I suppose you have received my last letter, in which I informed you of my intention; but I must confess pecuniary embarrassments have prevented me from forming a decided plan. My shallow purse is now empty. I will be happy to accept your proposition, provided you do not become accountable for payment of the sum: that I will do, should fortune place it in my power. At the same time, though I thank the person, I should not like to be under an obligation to a person whom I may have offended.\* You can judge of the propriety of

\* Her mother had written her, that a gentleman had offered to send her on the means of returning, if necessary; but did not inform her who that gentleman was. The daughter thought it might have been a person of her former acquaintance, who might make an improper

the thing better than I. If you think the plan eligible, have the goodness to procure for me ten dollars, the smallest possible sum that will answer. If not, I will endeavour to procure it here. Please to write immediately, as I am anxious to arrange my business. There will be some difficulty, which I have foreseen. The managers have been sending after me constantly, since the opening of the theatre. My plea is indisposition, which will continue till I arrive in Philadelphia. Mrs. B——m is going on to reside, so that I shall have no acquaintance remaining. Poor Twaits is much regretted.\* He was a friend to me: I hope his sufferings have made ample compensation for his errors.

Give my sincere love to the family and my friends. God bless you. I remain, in the hope of seeing you by this day week, your affectionate daughter,

L— M—.

*Mrs. A. M.*

With the foregoing letter the mother called on me, that I might have the pleasure of fulfilling my promise. The mother is a pious, genteel, industrious, poor woman, who lives by sewing and washing. When she came I had lately commenced housekeeping, and she brought as a present, in these hard times, a pound of “imperial gunpowder tea.” It would not do to hurt her feelings by refusing it; so I took it, with a determination to present use of the renewal of his kindness, if his proffered money were accepted. This was the occasion of her hesitating to receive the aid which her mother had promised to afford, by the assistance of the writer of this note.

\* This actor, who induced her to ascend the stage, had lately died; and probably this contributed to make her relinquish the theatre.

it back again in some other way. While my rich friends were sending me of their abundance, she, of her penury, was testifying her respect, by presenting me all she was worth. When I determined to return her gift, without making her sensible of it, I had no reference to the following communication.

TO MISS L— M—.

*Philadelphia, September 7th, 1814.*

IF Miss L— M— will return to her mother, she shall be welcome to the enclosed bill; and may be assured that she shall never be accounted the debtor of

EZRA STILES ELY.

Not long after the expected time of her arrival, the glad mother called to inform me, that her daughter, who once was lost, was now restored to her house and arms. It soon became necessary that some business should be provided for her, and I requested Mrs. K—, whose benevolent exertions to assist Caroline had been disappointed, to take the young actress under her protection. She consented, and for several months found her the means of subsistence. It was difficult, however, to procure permanent support for her. "She was too handsome," Mrs. K— said, "and too delicately attired, to tend shop, for every one gazed at her;" and plain sewing was rarely furnished a stranger. While she lived with this lady, she received the following LETTER.

To Miss L— M—.

*Philadelphia, February 15, 1815.*

It has long been my intention to write to you, Miss M—, that I might congratulate you on your present

favourable circumstances, and endeavour to communicate some more perfect knowledge of the way of salvation, than you appear at present to possess.

You have been kindly received by a lady of a very benevolent heart, who will undoubtedly furnish you with profitable employment, and give you much more impressive advice about your future conduct in the world, than I am capable of offering. In her maternal care and patronage of you, I am highly delighted, and shall, therefore, confine my letter to the subject of personal religion. You hear my public discourses, and perhaps may wonder, if I deem this insufficient, that I should not gain a knowledge of your person, to instruct you in conversation, rather than adopt the present mode. Indeed, I have felt some curiosity to see you, and some desire to converse with you; but upon the whole, I think you had better read, and read again, what I shall write, than hear the same from my lips. In alluding to the death of Twaits, you write to your mother, that you "*hope his sufferings have made ample compensation for his errors.*"

This is the theology of the theatre, and no better than the morality of the stage. I am ashamed to say, however, that it is the language of some public teachers of religion, from the pulpit. Those *errors*, of which you wrote, were flagrant *sins*; were *violations* of the holy, just, and good law of the perfect Deity. They were *offences* against the known will of him who created, preserved, and, in a thousand events of Providence, blessed the offender. They were in many instances *crimes* against the creatures of God, and in all instances, *rebellion* against the moral government of Jehovah. They were such thoughts, sentiments, feelings, words, and actions as God

had forbidden, and such as have incurred all the misery which man experiences. That there are great grief, sorrow, disappointment, vexation, bodily pain, and mental anguish, endured by the sons of men in the present life, you must allow; and that all the afflictions of sinners are either permitted or regulated by Divine Providence, is equally certain. But, why does the good God suffer his creatures to be weighed down with pain? Certainly it is owing to this, that God is displeased with men for their transgressions. Their *errors* are of such a nature as to bring down constant testimonies of his indignation; and the greatness of any man's sufferings is but a proof of the great evil of sin. It does not follow, that he who suffers most here, is the most obnoxious sinner; for the account between God and rebels is not to be balanced in this life; neither does he design to give mortals his comparative view of the character of offenders; but great suffering, in any one, does show that he deserves great punishment, and that the person whom we deem most innocent, is, in God's estimation, a guilty wretch. How, then, can you think the sufferings of 'Twaits, which proved God to be angry with him, any *compensation for his errors*? A compensation to whom? And how can merited suffering in any case be accounted a compensation for sin? If any man had a servant who should drink arsenic, and die, would his dying be any compensation to his master for the loss of his services; or could the pain of dying make any satisfaction for the crime of self-murder? If the father of a family should, by his negligence and debauchery, reduce his family to hunger, thirst, cold, and nakedness, would his sufferings, or theirs, make any compensation *to any one*, for his guilty conduct? Again, should a thief, having

stolen my money, waste it, and then be confined in the prison for his conduct, would his distress in his dungeon restore me my money?

When sinners suffer, God punishes them, and the punishment which they receive, in part, here, makes no compensation at all, but rather furnishes a presumption, that they will, in future, receive the remainder of the wrath which they deserve. By suffering all which our sins deserve, (if we could do it in any given time,) we might be excused from suffering any more; but this would be no compensation to our holy Creator and Preserver for the dishonour done him. Had Twaits suffered as much as God thinks his *errors* deserve, he might have gone to a place, if any such existed, where he would have felt neither any happiness nor any punishment. But, in the judgment of Jehovah, every sinner deserves more suffering than any mere man ever experienced in this life; and, therefore, the Supreme Being has resolved, that the wicked shall be turned into hell, and that the whole amount of punishment which he awards to them, shall be spread out through eternity. If Twaits, or you, or I, or any other sinner, will deal with the holy God, upon the ground of our personal merits, and the principles of justice; or if any one will talk of making compensation to the Judge, he must expect justice, and in this justice, eternal damnation. If you speak of justice, merit, and compensation, you must not expect mercy, compassion, and love.

Let me show you a more excellent way of salvation, than that which you have contemplated, and which is impracticable for a sinner. It is a way which God, of his infinite benevolence, originated and revealed: it is the way of salvation by his beloved Son Jesus Christ. It is styled

a *new* and *living* way; and is expressly designed for those who have come short of the glory of God, who have no ability to justify themselves before God, and who might, with perfect justice, be made miserable for ever. It is designed for you and me. Oh! that you might know this way of life!

Remember that God is immutably just, and determined, before the world began, to punish all transgressions of his holy law. He can no more fail of punishing every sin, according to its full demerit, than he can cease to be true to his own word and character. Remember, also, that God immutably resolved to provide a sinless human body and soul, created by himself, that should, in the time appointed, be united to the eternal God, so as to constitute the one person, Jesus Christ. This one person, of complex character, by the consent of the Father, and by his own covenant, undertook to bear all the punishment due to a great portion of the human race, and to perform a perfect obedience to the law of God, on their account. What he engaged to do, was actually done by him, for he was born of a virgin, was made under the law like a man; obeyed the will of God perfectly, so as to fulfil all righteousness for his people, and suffered in his humiliation, the wrath and curse of God, due to their crimes. In law, the death of Christ answered the same purpose that would have been accomplished, could all that will now be saved have suffered the pains of hell for ever. Thus he redeemed them, and thus he laid the foundation of their pardon, justification, regeneration, and glorification in heaven. The death and resurrection of Christ rendered the salvation of every one for whom he died, absolutely certain; and nothing short of this redemption, by Jesus, renders

the salvation of any one even possible. Christ procured, by what he did in Judea, and on Calvary, all the benefits which will be enjoyed by any of our sinful race. His sufferings will save his people from suffering punishment. Corrected, as children, they may be in this world, but the vengeance of Jehovah shall never reach them. His obedience shall be rewarded in their everlasting felicity; and for ever, and for ever, they shall glorify him as the beginning and the end of their salvation. He made all the compensation for the sins of God's people, which the judge will accept; and if *he* atoned, *we* are NOT to atone; if *he* merited heaven, *we* need NOT merit it, in order to enjoy it; and if *he* saves us, *we* do not save ourselves.

You will say, then, "If I am one of God's people, I shall be saved; but if I am not, I shall be lost." In thus speaking you assert the truth; and so far am I from shrinking from the conclusion, that I rejoice in it, as the only ground of my hope, that you may inherit everlasting bliss. Your inquiry should be, "How shall I become one of God's people?" If you are his by the choice of the Almighty, he will become your God and Saviour, by your own choice. If he has chosen you, he will take measures to induce you to choose him; and who can say, that this letter on the way of life, may not have been predestinated to move you to such an election? You can become one of God's people actually, and be secure in a gracious title to eternal life, only by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. You must be so thoroughly convinced of your own sinfulness, and of the scriptural character of the Saviour, as thankfully to accept of proffered pardon, purification, and glory, with the solemn intention and earnest desire of being saved from sin, Satan, and hell. Do you desire a holy salvation?



Are you willing to submit yourself to God? Are you completely satisfied with the Redeemer God has provided? Does this salvation seem great, and Christ precious? If you become one of the Lord's people by accepting of his "unspeakable gift," even of Jesus, for righteousness and strength before God, you will desire to please him; you will hate sin, and strive to forsake it; you will love holiness, and pursue it; you will cherish the pious, and avoid the wicked; you will pass away from hell, and enter heaven.

Seek this Saviour, whom your mother knows and loves. Be secure of heaven. Soon, the face, and form, which they tell me are fair, (for I do not yet know you by sight,) will be laid in the grave, and your worldly connexions and pursuits will be cut off for ever. Soon your thoughts and employments will of necessity respect spiritual and eternal things; and you will find in them heaven or hell. That you may be wise and happy—that you may shine as a star in the new heavens, which the Redeemer will create, when the material universe shall have vanished, is the prayer of your friend in the Lord,

EZRA STILES ELY.

*Miss L— M—.*

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REPLY.

*Philadelphia, March 7th, 1815.*

SIR,

A FEW feelings, which approximate slowly to good, would not permit me to rest, until I had written an apology for my apparent neglect of your exertions for my welfare.

Believe me, sir, it was not from want of inclination, that

your letters remain unanswered. It was because I felt my inability to reply as I ought, and consistently with your advice and inquiries. When attempting to write on that sacred subject, which you have adopted for my eternal happiness, my ideas were few, and expressed with difficulty. My heart is neither warm nor animated. In despair, I have relinquished the undertaking.

Accept, therefore, the thanks of a grateful mind, deeply impressed with a sense of your goodness, and my own unworthiness—grateful for the kind interest you have taken in my fate. My own endeavours shall not be wanting, to render me more worthy the honour which you have been pleased to confer.

I remain, with respect, your obliged

L— M—.

*Rev. E. S. Ely.*

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Not many months elapsed, after the date of the last letter, before Miss L— M— was addressed by a young gentleman of the stage, who is now manager of a theatre, and they were united in wedlock, by the Rev. Dr. A. Her husband is as estimable as any actor; and probably as good a man as his professional business will permit him to be.

On the whole, I regret not any of the exertions which have been made; for this young creature is in a better state than she was, and may yet be brought to Jesus Christ, that she may receive eternal life.

Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

Let us also remember, that God bestows privileges, which are abused; and is kind to the ungrateful and rebellious. Let us be imitators of God as dear children.

## PART IV.

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### CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF CAROLINE.

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“ Too late must Guendolen deplore,  
He, that has all, can hope no more!”

IN a NOTE, appended to the 210th page of my first JOURNAL, the reader is informed that the mother of the person called CAROLINE, visited New York, in the month of June, 1812, and saw her daughter at the hospital. That portion of her history which has been already given to the public, is concluded by the following paragraph.

“ What will become of this miserably seduced person, remains to be decided by her own conduct. She may continue to behave well; and she may fall more basely than ever. Over her real name, and perhaps all the future, should it be known to the writer, it will be best to draw the veil of night.”

For some reasons, which it is needless to detail at length, I am induced now, however, to give, so far as it has come to my knowledge, the sequel of her history.

For several days the mother of Caroline continued in the city of New York, visited her daughter with much tenderness, and was very desirous of taking her home; but the health of the young woman would not permit.

The parent had expended all her little money, in her journey from S—k—e, (the place in which the writer

found her, in the state of New York,) to the city; and therefore could not defray the necessary expense of waiting for her daughter's restoration. By the assistance of the writer, and a few other persons, she returned whence she came, with the encouragement that Caroline should be sent after her, so soon as her physician should think her *fistula*—effectually cured.

From the return of her mother, until the latter part of July, 1812, Caroline continued in the hospital, and conducted herself in such a manner as to gain the good opinion of all who knew her. She was apparently humble, and penitent. Her desire to return to S—k—e was ardent; and before July had expired, the writer paid her passage, and procured a respectable woman to see her safely out of the city. Indeed, he was himself standing on the wharf, and saw her depart, with many tears of seeming pleasure and gratitude. By inquiry it was afterwards ascertained, that she went directly to the place of her destination.

In September, 1812, the writer received a letter, signed by L—N—, alias Caroline S—ll; and which bears the post-mark of the village of W—d, which is near to the place in S—k—e, in which he visited Mrs. M—N—, the mother, formerly called Mrs. M— S—ll. The following is an extract from her

LETTER.

“REVEREND SIR,

“I TAKE this opportunity to write to you, (according to your request,) to express my gratitude for extraordinary favours which I have received through your instrumentality, from that most benign and gracious BEING, who is Good unto all, and whose tender mercies are over all his

works. And may the same Almighty God bless and prosper you the better, in person, in your ministry, and in your property. I likewise recognise the kindness of your brother; and send my best respects to him for his kindness, through the tender mercies of the Lord, of whom, through whom, and to whom, are all things. I hope his prosperity will, at the least, be equal to his liberality for the body, as well as the soul.

“And also, please to remember my love to all others, whom God made kind friends to me; to supply my wants, and take care of me in my sickness and trouble. May the Lord reward you all a hundred fold. In particular, I wish to have my love remembered to Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore, and their family; to Miss Hannah Christopher, to Mr. Joseph George, Mr. Joseph Smith, Mr. L. Bleecker, Mr. Comstock, and Dr. Osbourne, and all the other doctors that attended me during the time that I was sick. Blessed is he that considereth the poor—and—the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

“I meant to have bade the Society\* farewell, but Mr. Ely advised me to go home; and I thought that his advice might correspond with that of the Society.

“My health is not much better than when I left New York. I am with my mother, who wishes to have her respects remembered to you, with acknowledgments of gratitude.

“I mean to endeavour to keep your kind counsels: and please, sir, to write to me; and if you can ever make it in your way, come to see us; and don't forget to pray for me at the throne of grace; but please to remember us all:

• The Magdalen Society.

for we are all poor sinners, and therefore need prayers; but especially the all-prevailing intercession of the everlasting Advocate.

— — — — —  
 “I remain your friend, and ever well-wisher, &c.

“L— N—.”

The letter contains the principal part of two hymns, of which she was very fond; and which I have omitted, because they are generally known.

From the time of Caroline's return to her mother, until the present, the writer has never seen her; nor has he had any other direct communication from her: for the remainder of her history, therefore, he is indebted to testimony.

Of her mother it is necessary to remark, that she is poor, and now dependent on her own industry, and the assistance of her children; so that she could scarcely be said to have a home of her own; and much less one in which she could give a feeble daughter such support as would be desirable. It is also to be remembered, that Caroline, when she left New York, was not so firm as to be capable of hard labour.

Her *fistula* was not radically removed; and not many months after the date of her letter, I was informed that she had come again to the city of New York to obtain medical aid. She came down the river Hudson in a packet, and on her arrival was ashamed, either to resort to the hospital, or to seek her former friends. To one of the abandoned “boarding houses” she was determined not to commit her person; and in this state of indecision, without plan or purpose, cold, hungry, and sick, she wandered about the streets, until she reclined on the threshold of

an elegant house, and became almost as insensible as her marble couch.

Late at night, she was found in this position, by the hospitable pair to whose door Providence had led her. They brought her in, and were deeply affected at her pitiable state; for she was delicate, and even graceful in her appearance; and it seemed as if life was lingering in its departure from her disconsolate bosom.

Mrs. O— acted the part of an elder sister; and called in the medical assistance of Dr. Osbourne, who perfectly knew his patient. The old complaint, and not at all a disgraceful one, still required attention. In this abode of benevolence and wealth, she told her tale, and enjoyed every comfort which the house afforded. Such was her appearance of modesty and penitence, that Mrs. O— was fully persuaded that her life had never been that of a common woman. She was undoubtedly the victim of an unhappy, sinful attachment to an unprincipled man. After having been nursed like a child, until her health was more perfectly restored than it ever had been before, Mrs. O— clothed her in a suitable manner, and even took her to church in her own carriage. At length it was thought desirable that she should return to her relatives; and her benevolent guardian sent her away, with all needful pecuniary assistance, to visit her brother Lorenzo, in the state of Massachusetts. Whether she went to Cambridge, the place of her brother's residence, or not, is to us uncertain.

She may have gone; and if she did, her brother is younger than herself, and is dependent on an aunt, so that he could not have supported her long.

The next time I heard of her was in May, A. D. 1814. I was then in New York, and was informed by Mr. Thomas

Franklin, a FRIEND, indeed, in whom there is no guile, that Caroline had lately written to him, and desired him to give her thanks to me.

She was then in the society of Shakers, in the town of New Lebanon, in the state of New York, and sent word "that she was among THE BLESSED." She had been there for some time, and many of us congratulated one another, that their *forbidding to marry*, and causing even the wedded to forsake wedlock, might prove of service to her, by affording her a seclusion from the world, in a state of society in which perpetual celibacy is perpetual honour. If this *doctrine of devils*, that sinners ought not to marry, can be profitable to any, it must be profitable to those only who cannot honestly marry.

Happy would it have been, perhaps, for Caroline, had she continued all her life with those who pretend to have all things in common, even had she submitted to the hardest labour, which is rigorously imposed by the elders, or task-masters, of "this New Jerusalem." She would have seen, indeed, in this village of equal rights, and common property, that the heaps of oyster-shells, indicative of good living, were much larger before the small dwellings of the rulers, where few reside, than before large houses, which contain many of the brethren and sisterhood; but what then? She would have been fed, and clothed, and kept from that child of the devil, who has once and again deceived her.

From May, the writer heard nothing of this unaccountable female, until the evening of the 12th of November, 1814; at which time Mr. M'A— called on him, at his residence in Philadelphia, to introduce Mrs. M— K—. This lady, whom the reader will be happy to become fa-



miliar with, by perusing the following pages, has all the enthusiasm in doing good, which some have, undeservedly, I fear, charged upon the journalist.

It seems that her attention had been this very day, for the first time, directed to the former sketches of Caroline. The description of her was precisely a picture of Sarah How; and she had called to ascertain if they were not names of the same person.

To the unfortunate Sarah How, Mrs. K— had become known in the month of August, 1814. Sarah had been invited, by a letter from a young officer, (who, by her own account, was the seducer who first brought her away from her mother's house, and a state of comparative innocence,) to visit Philadelphia, and call for him, her admirer, at the city hotel. She was fool enough to believe his vows of love, protection, and matrimony, after he had repeatedly broken them.

She arrived in the city of Philadelphia on Saturday, and, on calling at the hotel, found that the gentleman for whom she inquired had departed, the day before, for a different military station. Here then she was, an attractive, destitute female, in a strange city, without either money or friends. She wandered about, and received little sustenance, until Monday evening, when, in consequence of drinking cold water on a very hot day, she sat down, and swooned upon the steps of one of our banks. Her delicate form, pale face, and neat attire, soon attracted the sympathy of those who were passing. She was carried, apparently lifeless, into a book store, and the greatest exertions were made to recall her powers of mind. On being a little recovered, she was kindly received into the house of Mr. C., a Friend, and the brother of Mrs. K—. These persons, with their

neighbours, mutually strove to promote her health and comfort. Sarah confessed that she had been led astray, and had sinned; but still appeared extravagantly attached to the unprincipled deceiver. Her actual weeping for many days was unceasing. Her mother and her brother, far absent from her, and distressed on her account, were her constant theme of lamentation. Every person, who saw and heard her, felt compassion, for she was evidently agonized by an upbraiding conscience, and all the madness of unreclaimed, disappointed, indulged love. For her sins she professed penitence, but apparently had not firmness enough for ever to discard the unworthy officer from her heart.

“ Each charm she varied, to retain  
A varying heart—and all in vain !”

Among others who took a deep interest in her distresses, and endeavoured to alleviate them, were Mrs. M‘A—, and Mr. M—ll, a Friend, who deserve as much praise, as they could do, had they actually succeeded in saving a young wanderer from perdition. After Sarah had remained some time at Mr. C—’s, she was removed to the house of Mrs. K—, where she was encouraged and exhorted to do well. Her conduct was here, for a few months, unexceptionable, so far as any could then judge; but it subsequently appeared that she had given a false account of herself.

The interest Mrs. K— felt in her, and a desire to serve her, induced many close interrogatories, which, from time to time, tempted the unwise girl to give a history of herself, which involved her in new distress, and almost daily difficulty. She was evidently reluctant to give any his-

tory of herself; but having given a part erroneously, felt herself obliged, for the sake of consistency, to make out the whole of her story.

I have sometimes thought, that in the case of Caroline, all of us, who endeavoured to assist her, erred, in being too inquisitive about her relatives and former circumstances. She did not love to state the truth, that her mother is poor, and could not afford much assistance to a helpless daughter. Nothing gave her more immediate and sensible pain than our attempts to gain a knowledge of her friends, and our determination to write to them. The same was remarked of Sarah How.

Mrs. K—, having learned, as she supposed, the truth concerning Sarah, wrote to her friends, and wrote again; after which, Sarah, fearing detection, and being overcome with shame, eloped from her guardian.

On the evening of her absenting herself from Mrs. K—'s, she walked the streets until weariness compelled her to recline on the steps of a door in Spruce-street. Here Mr. Samuel Coates, the most active and indefatigable of the governors of the hospital, found her, chilled and speechless; and, by the assistance of another gentleman, conducted her to the palace for the sick. Providence seems always to have interposed in behalf of this female; for when she wanders, she is found by those, who, like Job, search out the cause which they know not.

At the hospital, her appearance, her story, and most of all, her unrestrained tears, excited the tenderest pity. MR. MASON and his wife, (the exemplary pair who are the guardian angels of the institution, and who have never been exceeded by any in a similar situation, unless it be by NOAH WETMORE and his lately deceased partner, who has

been called away to heaven,) with the physicians and governors, were all solicitous to restore the unhappy creature to her native state, and to her mother.

The next morning she was removed to the alms-house, and the Guardians of the Poor soon furnished means for defraying her expense to New-York, and thither she went.

On her passage, however, she travelled, as she says, with a young man, who told her, that she must be the person of whom his friend, Mr. M'—, a young officer, had often spoken to him, and that the said M'— was in New-York, and wished to see her, because he had in his possession a trunk of her clothing. Let this be as it may, she went to New-York, and in the evening, in the street, a Mr. J—, a respectable citizen, saw a young officer, supposed to be M'—, attempting to urge her away with him. She resisted, and exclaimed that he hurt her arm, which had lately been bled. Mr. J— stepped up, and the young officer retreated, while his prey fled: so that the interposing gentleman probably expected to see neither of the parties again. She ran, however, while he returned home, and, without any knowledge of Mr. J— or his house, seated herself disconsolate on his threshold. He demanded why she sat there, late at night; and was informed, that she had no home; that a young officer had promised to marry her; and that the same officer had that very afternoon endeavoured to drag her away to a house of ill-fame. Mr. J—, knowing that this was the female whom he had seen escape from an officer but a short time before, brought her into his family, and, by the assistance of his wife, endeavoured to alleviate her distress. For some time she found a home, and none who saw her could avoid believing, that she was a heart-broken, deluded, artless, penitent creature.

Mrs. K— was all anxiety after Sarah left her in Philadelphia, and learning what had transpired at the hospital, followed her to New-York, and, by an advertisement, found her under the protection of Mr. J—. Still hoping to be of essential service to her, and to transmit her to her mother, Mrs. K— brought her to the house of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. N—n, of Chatham-street, New-York, with whom she found protection and peace for many weeks, and with whom she resided on the 12th of November, the time when Mrs. K— and Mr. M'A— called on the writer.

“Caroline, or L. N—,” said I, “had long dark hair, which very naturally curled around her forehead; a fair skin, with blue eyes; a good set of teeth; and a delicate hand. Her form was above the middle stature of females, erect, and well proportioned.”

Mrs. K— exclaimed, “You describe our Sarah to perfection!”

“Caroline,” I resumed, “was uncommonly fond of bathing her hands, and face, &c. so that the physicians frequently blamed her.”

“The very same!” said Mrs. K—, “for Sarah was continually at the wash-bowl!”

To ascertain the fact, I wrote to Mr. Noah Wetmore, of the New-York hospital, and requested him to call at Mr. N—n’s, and see Sarah How. He did so, and, behold, Caroline was overwhelmed at his presence.

These circumstances will be more feelingly detailed, than I am able to narrate them, by the following LETTER, from Mrs. K—, to the mother of this interesting, deluded, miserable girl.

## COPY.

*Philadelphia, December 4th, 1814.*

RESPECTED MADAM,

I UNDERSTAND your daughter L— has long been a wanderer from you. She came to this city on the 12th of August last, in search of the young man who had seduced her from the path of rectitude; but on her arrival in this place she was disappointed in finding him. In consequence of her drinking some cold water on a hot day, she was taken seriously ill in the street, and was brought to the house of my brother, who lived near to the spot on which she became insensible. At his house I visited her, and being interested for a destitute young female, who carried the marks of respectability and artlessness about her, I invited her to my abode, where I wished her to remain, until means could be devised for sending her safely home. She staid with me two months, in which time she suffered much, both in sickness and sorrow. She deeply mourned her situation, deplored her separation from “her dear, affectionate mother,” and earnestly desired to see you and receive your forgiveness. She also talked much of “a pious brother Lorenzo,” and lamented that she had not attended to his frequent, good advice. She seldom spoke of this brother without tears.

I proposed writing to her friends, but she objected, saying, “she wished to get nearer to you, before you should be informed where she was, lest her *great distance* from you should add to your trouble.” But I have since discovered, that she said this to avoid telling us, or in order to prevent us from finding out exactly where her home is. At that time she told me you lived “in Quebec.” I then wrote to you without her knowledge, and

was anxiously expecting a letter from you, when the gentleman who carried my letter to Quebec returned, saying you were not to be found at that place. I then remonstrated with your daughter for having deceived me in this matter. She was confused, and appeared to be grieved that she had done so: and then told me that your place of residence was Guildhall, in the state of Vermont. I wrote immediately to you at Guildhall, but before I could receive an answer, she thought proper, on Friday morning the 21st of October last, without my knowledge, to absent herself from my house, with an intention, it seems, *of going home alone*. She however wandered in the streets of Philadelphia until the evening of that day, when she was taken by one of our citizens to the hospital.

She informed the matron and one of the managers, “that she lived in the state of Vermont; that she had left her home with a young man; that she was separated from him, and never expected to see him again; that she was in great trouble; that she desired to return home to her mother; and that if they would send her on towards her home, she should always remember their kindness with gratitude.”

Some worthy persons compassionated her distress, furnished her with funds sufficient to carry her on to New York, and at three o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the 22nd of October, one of them attended her to the packet, which sailed immediately.

I made every inquiry, but could hear nothing of her until she had left this city; when I learned from a person at the alms-house, how, and when, and whither she had gone. In a few days a letter was received from New York, giving some intelligence of her. I went thither; but could not prevail on her to return with me to Philadelphia, and

stay at my house until I heard from you. I therefore left her in New York, under the protection of a respectable family, (Mr. J— N—'s, in Chatham street,) by which she has been treated with much kindness, and with which she still remains.

If it were possible for her brother to come on to New York and conduct her home, he would be a desirable companion to her, and, I suppose, a proper protector; and a word of comfort from you, brought to her by him, whom she so dearly loves, would cheer and encourage the poor mourner's heart.

I fully believe that she earnestly wishes to regain the path of virtue; and I doubt not she is sincere and earnest in her desires, "that the grace of God may enable her to spend the remnant of her days in the service of her Divine Master, and in affectionate duty to her mother."

In your sorrow, dear madam, I most sincerely sympathize, as I have also done in that of your misled, but artless and repentant child.

I would thank you to tell me the name and place of residence of the young man who beguiled your daughter from her school; at what time this happened, and from what place she was taken; and whether she returned home to you, after she recovered at the New York hospital: and if so, when and with whom she went away from you again. Excuse, dear madam, these questions from a stranger: I do assure you they proceed not from an idle curiosity; but from a real concern which I feel in the fate of your child. She has so truly interested me in her welfare, that I have been, and still am, sincerely desirous to serve her; and shall always wish to hear from her. You will therefore much oblige me by writing to me



immediately, and giving me any information relative to her.

I am, with esteem, dear madam, your sincere friend,

M— K—.

DEAR MADAM,

*P. S. December 6th, 1814.*

I HAVE just received a letter from New York, which informs me your daughter has left that place. On Tuesday the 29th of November, with the approbation and assistance of Mr. and Mrs. N——n, she embarked in the steam-boat for T——.\* I would hope she may proceed directly home: but while she was in New York, I have reason to believe that she saw the man, whoever he is, who has been the cause of all her sorrows: and as, notwithstanding all she has suffered, I think she is still too much attached to this enemy of her soul's welfare, my fears are, that he may again, in her journey home, meet with her, and lead her away. What can be done? Have you friends near you, who will exert themselves to save your child? Alas! she is in a most dangerous situation!

——With earnest prayers that you may soon have the happiness to embrace your child, I subscribe myself *her and your sincere friend*,

M. K—.

*Mrs. M—— N——.*

After the second restoration of Caroline to her mother, I heard nothing, upon which I could place dependence, until her mother, Mrs. M— N—, the very woman whom I visited in S—k—e, called at my door in Philadelphia, on the 25th of September, 1815, and assured me, that on the 20th of March last, the subject of this history was duly united in the bonds of wedlock to a young farmer, with whom she now lives happily; and gives evidence of

\* T— is a place near S—k—e.

a thorough reformation. The name of Caroline's husband I have in my possession, but I suppress even the initials of it, and the place of their residence, from regard to their welfare.

The mother appeared to be happy indeed, in communicating this intelligence to me; and her cup, for a poor woman, would have been full, had not the insanity of another daughter brought her to this city, in hope of obtaining for her a place in our hospital.

What the future conduct of Caroline (for I must still call her by this name) will be, I cannot presume to foretell; but if after many, many severities, she shall fulfil her mother's expectations, happy will be her lot, and blessed the exertions of those who have faithfully sought her salvation.

That her history may accomplish some valuable end, I beg leave to suggest a few remarks.

1. If Caroline is reclaimed, let none imagine that cases of reformation are frequent; for perhaps in no one instance, have more providential interferences combined to save a sinner, than have been conspicuous in relation to her. She has been reduced to the greatest extremities, and then God in his mercy has brought to her relief, Mrs. O—, Mrs. K—, Mr. M—ll, Mr. T. C—, Mr. C—, Mr. and Mrs. M'A—, Mr. and Mrs. N—n, and Mr. J—: besides those who were acquainted with the former part of her history. Not one in a thousand who deviates from the path of purity can ever expect such means to be used for their recovery; and yet—she is scarcely saved.

Besides, it is to be remembered that Caroline appears to have manifested a strong and uniform regard for *the individual* who proved her ruin; which afforded better ground of hope that she might be reclaimed than generally subsists in these cases.

2. Nothing is more likely to be injurious to a person of ardent affections, than indecision of character. Caroline seems to have been grieved, ashamed, sad, miserable, and even solicitous to live as she ought; but she was always wavering in her plans, and doubtful of every purpose. To this I attribute the long continuance of her difficulties; the commencement of many a fictitious history of herself; and the final utterance of a thousand lies, which involved her, and those who desired to serve her, in constant perplexities.

3. Those who would reclaim the seduced, should not be too inquisitive about the friends and the circumstances of the fallen, lest the guilty should, from pride and shame, be tempted to deceive. Indeed, those societies which receive and endeavour to rescue such persons, *without asking any questions*, act upon the most liberal plan, and one which is most likely to be useful. Take them once, if they ask protection from the hospital or the Magdalen Asylum, but take heed not to receive any the second time.

4. How dark, how deep, how awful must be the pit into which one is plunged by a single act of licentiousness! Not one of a thousand ever sees the light of society again.

5. Consider, thou deceiver, that in connexion with thyself, another person is almost inevitably dragged down to perdition.

6. Finally; if any sympathy for a ruined daughter; if the anguish of parents who have lost their child; if the fear of rottenness in thy bones; if public infamy; if secret remorse of conscience; if the horrors of hell, in company with those whose destruction thou hast sealed; if the hopes of heaven, can move thee, young man,

“FLEE YOUTHFUL LUSTS.”

## PART V.

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### HYMNS FOR SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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#### HYMN I. C. M.

*The Orphan's Song: for an Asylum.\**

1. THOU Father of the fatherless,  
To thee our hearts belong,  
And to thy praise our lips address  
The thankful orphan's song.
2. Our fathers and our mothers died,  
And not a home had we;  
And then we all the day-long cried,  
But did not cry to thee.
3. We knew not then, that God would prove  
Our helper in distress:  
Nor had we learned to ask thy love,  
God of the fatherless.
4. But thy kind hand has rais'd up here  
A mother for us all,  
Who bids us the Almighty fear,  
And Him our Father call.
5. She tells us God inclined the good  
To take us from the street,  
And give us here our daily food,  
And here, instruction sweet.
6. Then God, our Father, we will bless,  
To whom all thanks belong;  
The father of the fatherless  
Shall be the orphan's song.

\* First sung in the Orphan Asylum of Philadelphia.

## HYMN II. C. M.

*Man a Prisoner to Justice.*

1. WHEN the "first father" of our race  
Rebelle'd against the law,  
God sat in judgment on the case,  
To fill the world with awe.
2. The guilt was found, and justice claim'd  
Due sentence on the foe;  
When holy indignation fram'd  
The curse of endless wo.
3. "Lie under all the weight of sin,"  
Jehovah justly said,  
"And feel the keenest pangs within,  
"Till all thy debt be paid.
4. "Sinners be all to jail consign'd,  
"To be afflicted there,  
"Till each, by faith, a ransom find,  
"Whom justice shall not spare."
5. Sweet mercy, from the bending skies,  
Came in the form of man,  
And gently to our weeping eyes  
Disclosed the gospel plan.
6. Jesus, the ransom, came to die  
A victim in our stead,  
That we might from confinement fly,  
To our exalted head.
7. "Believe," he said, "and thou shalt live,  
"Through my abounding grace;  
"Believe, and take what God will give—  
"Beside his throne a place."

## HYMN III. C. M.

*The Prisoner's Prayer.\**

1. JESUS, on whom the spirit came  
Like a descending dove,  
Thou art a purifying flame,  
Thou art the God of love.
2. Anointed son of David, preach  
Good tidings to the meek,  
And broken-hearted sinners teach  
The oil of joy to seek.
3. Bid mourning captives all be free  
From every galling chain;  
And give each pris'ner liberty  
From sin's accursed reign.
4. Th' accepted time, the day of grace,  
Let mercy long proclaim,  
And warning vengeance clearly trace  
The path to endless shame.
5. To those who mourn in heaviness,  
For ashes, beauty bring;  
That cloth'd in Christ's own righteousness,  
Each saved soul may sing:
6. "Pris'ners of hope, lo! Zion's King  
"From sin has made us free;  
"Then let the heavenly arches ring  
"With Christian Liberty."
7. How chang'd will be the convicts' state,  
Who from death's dungeon rise!  
The brightest crowns of glory wait  
Their ascent to the skies.

\* This, and the preceding hymn, were first sung in the state prison of Pennsylvania.

## HYMN IV. L. M.

*Bethel: or, a small Religious Society.*

1. WITH reverence and with godly fear,  
In Bethel, Lord, we now appear,  
Where weary souls, with guilt opprest,  
Have found the God of Jacob's rest.
2. Some monument our hands would rear,  
For surely Jacob's God is here;  
Our praise shall signalize this place,  
In which our God reveals his grace.
3. To us, who want the seraph's wing,  
His angels on faith's ladder bring  
Sweet messages; and then ascend  
With our best anthems to our Friend.
4. While Jesus sits enthroned in light,  
His children feel the shades of night;  
But by communion they shall rise  
To mansions garnish'd in the skies.
5. If, Jesus, thou wilt guide our feet,  
Wilt give us heavenly food to eat,  
And shield us with th' Almighty's wing,  
The Lord shall be our God and King.
6. Him will we serve: be witness now,  
All heaven, to this our solemn vow;  
From other lords we will be free,  
And, Saviour, worship only thee.

## HYMN V. C. M.

*Sung at opening a Place of Worship.*

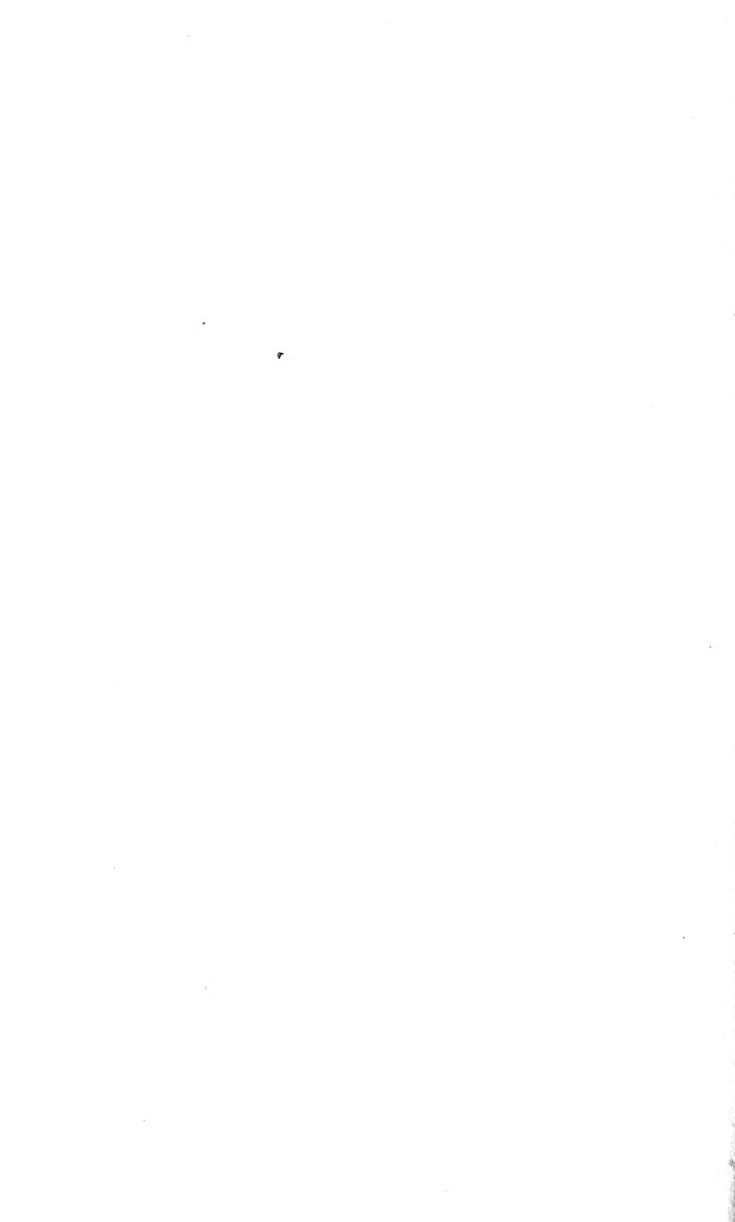
“Of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her; and the Highest himself shall establish her.”—*Psalm 87. 5.*

1. THOU renovating Spirit, deign  
To dwell within this place;  
And here o'er stubborn sinners reign  
By sweet, subduing grace.
2. O say, of many, lifeless, here,  
“They shall begin to live  
“In knowledge, faith, and love, and fear,  
“To life which Christ shall give.”
3. In vain was built this house, in vain  
We sing, and preach, and pray;  
Unless thou come with all thy train  
To bless the holy day.
4. Come, at the time of thy delight,  
To men by nature blind;  
Come, and emancipate from night  
The long-lost human mind.
5. Come, Holy Spirit, in thy love,  
To cherish life begun;  
And let the new-born from above  
Their heav'nly circuit run.
6. Let all behold the Saviour's face,  
And in his likeness shine,  
Let each the Son of God embrace,  
And shout “salvation's mine!”

THE END.









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