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THE  
WORKS  
OF  
JAMES HERVEY, M.A.

LATE RECTOR OF WESTON FAVELL,  
IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

A NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION,  
IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

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VOL. VI.

LETTERS.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON,  
NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD;  
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1804.





S E R M O N S,  
MISCELLANEOUS TRACTS,  
AND  
LETTERS.

BY JAMES HERVEY, M. A.

LATE RECTOR OF WESTON FAVELL, IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

A NEW EDITION,  
IN FOUR VOLUMES,

Which, with the MEDITATIONS and CONTEMPLATIONS,  
and THERON and ASPASIO, complete

MR. HERVEY'S WORKS.

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V O L. III.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS, AND LETTERS TO  
LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY.

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR F. AND C. RIVINGTON, N<sup>o</sup> 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

M D C C X C V I I .



# C O N T E N T

Letter		Page
CXLII.	<i>Remarks on the earnest Invitation to the Friends of the established Church, with a Prayer for their Use</i> - -	1
CXLIII.	<i>Remarks on good Works</i> - -	11
CXLIV.	<i>On Afflictions</i> - -	13
CXLV.	<i>Advice to a Physician</i> - -	14
CXLVI.	<i>On the State of the Saints after Death, and previous to the Resurrection</i> -	16
CXLVII.	<i>On Dr. Doddridge's Correction of his Works</i> - - - -	20
CXLVIII.	<i>Various Observations</i> - -	21
CXLIX.	<i>On Saurin's Sermons</i> - -	23
CL.	<i>On various Subjects</i> - - -	25
CLI.	<i>On Marshall—a Scriptural Criticism</i> -	26
CLII.	<i>A Quotation from Luther on Christ's Power to save; to which is added, Mr. Boyse's Letter</i> - - -	28
CLIII.	<i>On the Manner in which the Poor receive the Gospel of Christ</i> - -	31
CLIV.	<i>Comfort under Affliction—On the Battle of the Sexes</i> - - -	32
CLV.	<i>On the Power and Mercy of Christ</i> -	35
CLVI.	<i>On a Friend's providential Escape</i> -	37
CLVII.	<i>Various Remarks—Jenks's Victory of Chastity recommended</i> - -	39
CLVIII.	<i>On various Subjects</i> - -	42
CLIX.	<i>Remarks on Alfop's Anti-Sozzo</i> -	44
CLX.	<i>On different Subjects</i> - -	48

# CONTENTS.

Letter		Page
CLXI.	<i>Burnham's Behaviour in his Illness censured—Hints for Survivors—The Conversion of a Libertine</i> - -	51
CLXII.	<i>On the Value of Life</i> - -	56
CLXIII.	<i>Scriptural Criticisms</i> - -	57
CLXIV.	<i>On various Subjects</i> - -	62
CLXV.	<i>On some scriptural Difficulties</i> - -	64
CLXVI.	<i>On various Subjects</i> - -	66
CLXVII.	<i>On the Mercy of the Redeemer</i> - -	69
CLXVIII.	<i>On Christ's Ability and Willingness to save</i> - - - -	72
CLXIX.	<i>A serious Exhortation to Repentance. To Richard Nash, Esq. Master of the Ceremonies at Bath</i> - -	75
CLXX.	<i>On the Benefits of Affliction</i> - -	81
CLXXI.	<i>How to conduct Controversy</i> - -	88
CLXXII.	<i>Franck's Nicodemus recommended</i> - -	92
CLXXIII.	<i>Remarks on various Authors</i> - -	94
CLXXIV.	<i>On Mr. Wesley's Preservative from unsettled Notions in Religion</i> - -	97
CLXXV.	<i>On the Publications of his Fast Sermons</i> - - - -	99
CLXXVI.	<i>The Reason why many learned Men treat Religion with Indifference</i> - -	100
CLXXVII.	<i>On Mr. Wesley's unfair Dealing</i> - -	104
CLXXVIII.	<i>A Caution against judging of Mens' States</i> - - - -	106
CLXXIX.	<i>On Zimmermann</i> - -	110
CLXXX.	<i>On various Subjects</i> - -	111
CLXXXI.	<i>On Comfort in Affliction</i> - -	112
CLXXXII.	<i>Observations against Despair</i> - -	114
CLXXXIII.	<i>Exultation on the Spread of the Gospel. To the Rev. Mr. Whitefield</i>	117
CLXXXIV.	<i>On various Subjects</i> - -	119
CLXXXV.	<i>On the scriptural Poems</i> - -	121
	<b>CLXXXVI.</b>	

## CONTENTS.

Letter	Page
CLXXXVI. <i>Remarks on different Books</i>	122
CLXXXVII. <i>On Man's trusting to his own Works</i>	124
CLXXXVIII. <i>Remarks on various Authors</i>	126
CLXXXIX. <i>On Bogatzky's Golden Treasure</i>	128
CXC. <i>On being courageous for Christ</i>	130
CXCI. <i>On the Benefits of Self-Examination</i>	131
CXCII. <i>Remarks on the Letters on Theron and Aspasio</i>	133
CXCIII. <i>The Doctrines of the Gospel have no Tendency to Licentiousness—The Excellency of the Bible—The Character of one not fit to be a Companion</i>	135
CXCIV. <i>On presenting a Lady with a Rose</i>	142
CXCV. <i>On the Consolation of the Gospel</i>	<i>ib.</i>
CXCVI. <i>On Mr. Wesley's Letter</i>	146
CXCVII. <i>On the Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ</i>	<i>ib.</i>
CXCVIII. <i>On various Subjects</i>	148
CXCIX. <i>On Earnestness in Religion—Remarks on Mr. Law</i>	151
CC. <i>Downam's Christian Warfare—Luther's Hymn</i>	154
CCI. <i>On various Subjects</i>	159
CCII. <i>Advice to Physicians</i>	161
CCIII. <i>Rymer on Revealed Religion—Remarks on the Death of Swift and his Design</i>	164
CCIV. <i>On Witherspoon's Essay</i>	168
CCV. <i>On his Illness</i>	172
CCVI. <i>Scriptural Criticism—Observations on his Friends</i>	173
CCVII. <i>Remarks on the Letters of Theron and Aspasio</i>	175
CCVIII. <i>A scriptural Criticism</i>	177
CCIX. <i>On his Illness</i>	179
	CCX.

## CONTENTS.

Letter		Page
CCX.	<i>On profaning the Lord's Day—On Re- proof—On various Authors</i>	180
CCXI.	<i>On various Subjects</i>	184

---

### LETTERS TO LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY.

I.	<i>On the Unworthiness of the Creature, and the divine Mercy</i>	193
II.	<i>With a Present of his Books—On the divine Mercy</i>	196
III.	<i>On her Present to him—On the divine Blessings</i>	197
IV.	<i>On the Excellency of the Bible, and her Visit to him</i>	200
V.	<i>Pious Wishes for her</i>	202
VI.	<i>On the Truth and Excellency of the Holy Scriptures</i>	203
VII.	<i>On the Death of the Prince of Wales—The Character of true Christians</i>	205
VIII.	<i>On his ill Health—Declining her Invitation</i>	208
IX.	<i>On the Funeral of the Prince of Wales—On the Love of Christ</i>	210
X.	<i>On preferring the Country to Town—The Beauties of Creation</i>	214
XI.	<i>On the Loving-Kindness of Christ—Remarks on the Use of the Microscope</i>	216
XII.	<i>On Peace of Mind, and a charitable Spirit</i>	219
XIII.	<i>On presenting a Tract to her—Remarks on the divine Promises</i>	221
XIV.	<i>On Recovery from a dangerous Illness—On the Plan of his Dialogues and Letters</i>	224
	XV. <i>On</i>	

## CONTENTS.

Letter	Page
XV. <i>On the Death of a Prince—On the happy Death of a young Lady</i> - -	227
XVI. <i>On the Nature and Excellency of Faith</i> -	236
XVII. <i>On his Recovery—Mr. Romaine's Preaching—Dr. Doddridge's dangerous Illness</i>	232
XVIII. <i>On the various Effects of true Faith</i> -	234
XIX. <i>On the Origin and the divine Object of true Faith</i> - - -	237
XX. <i>On the particular Spot where Christ was crucified—Remarks on Christmas</i> -	239
XXI. <i>Remarks on the Greatness and Glories of the Saviour</i> - - -	241
XXII. <i>On the Intercession of the Lord Jesus</i> -	244
XXIII. <i>On concealing her Letters—On the Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ</i> -	249
XXIV. <i>On Mr. Whitefield's Voyage to America—On the Love of Christ—Its Original—Commencement—Duration—Effects and Fruits</i> - - -	251
XXV. <i>On a providential Escape from a Fire</i> -	255
XXVI. <i>Reflections and Improvements on Sickness</i>	256
XXVII. <i>Remarks on the Execution of a Soldier, applied to the divine Mercy</i> -	258
XXVIII. <i>On his own State of Mind—On the Mercy of the Saviour</i> - -	260
XXIX. <i>On the Death of his Father, and his taking the Living of Weston</i> -	266
XXX. <i>On his Journey thither—Willingness to print in Defence of Scripture</i> -	267
XXXI. <i>On his Chaplainship—A Description of Weston—His first Sermon there</i> -	270
XXXII. <i>On the Bishop of Norwich—On the Privilege of Prayer</i> - -	272
XXXIII. <i>On his taking the Living of Collingtree—His first Sermon there—On burning her Letters</i> - - -	275

## CONTENTS.

Letter	Page
XXXIV. <i>On a Publication—Asks to dedicate it to her Ladyship—On the Imputation of Christ's Righteousness</i>	277
XXXV. <i>On the Disappointments of the World</i>	280
XXXVI. <i>On the Dedication to her</i>	281
XXXVII. <i>On his being overthrown in a Carriage—Divine Mercies</i>	283
XXXVIII. <i>On his first Sermon: the unsearchable Riches of Christ—On her declining the Dedication</i>	285
XXXIX. <i>On applying for Franks—On publishing his Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke</i>	288
XI. <i>On some Franks being refused him—On the divine Love of Christ</i>	290
XLI. <i>Apologies for his Warmth—Christian Command of Temper</i>	293
XLII. <i>On publishing his Remarks</i>	295
XLIII. <i>An Application to her Bounty to relieve the distressed</i>	297
XLIV. <i>On acknowledging her Bounty to the Poor</i>	299
XLV. <i>The Scriptures Consolation in Affliction—The Benefit of Temptations</i>	300
XLVI. <i>On presenting his Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke—On Dr. Hales</i>	304
XLVII. <i>An Explanation to be made to Dr. Hales</i>	305
XLVIII. <i>On her intended Kindness to him—On his Illness</i>	306
XLIX. <i>Remarks on Gen. ix. 25—On the Snow—On the Divinity of the Saviour</i>	308
L. <i>Reflections on sudden Death—On Preparation for it</i>	311
LI. <i>On his Illness—On St. John's being in the Spirit—On the Character of Christ as Alpha and Omega</i>	§13
LII. <i>On the Character of Christ as Prophet, Priest, King, the Alpha and Omega</i>	317
LIII. <i>On</i>	



## CONTENTS.

Letter		Page
LIII.	<i>On the Want of religious Acquaintance—The All-sufficiency of Christ—Remarks on an Author</i> - - -	322
LIV.	<i>His Request of a few Franks—On the Love of Christ</i> - - -	324
LV.	<i>On the Benefit of Sickness—On the Mercy and the Sufferings of the Saviour</i> -	326
LVI.	<i>On the Excellency of the Bible—On improving from the Scenes of Nature</i> -	328
LVII.	<i>On the Humiliation and Love of Christ</i>	331
LVIII.	<i>On spiritual Peace</i> - - -	333
LIX.	<i>On receiving some Franks—On restraining Grace—On the divine Righteousness</i>	336
LX.	<i>Remarks on the State of his Mind—On the Excellency of Christ</i> - - -	338
LXI.	<i>On Christ as the Place of Refuge</i> -	342
LXII.	<i>On the Mystic Authors—On the Christian's Prospects beyond the Grave</i> -	345
LXIII.	<i>On his Silence and Illness</i> - - -	347
LXIV.	<i>Reflections on the Incarnation of the Lord Jesus—Dr. Shuckford's Approbation of his Remarks</i> - - -	349
LXV.	<i>On the Improbability of the Prince being pleased with his Writings</i> - - -	352
LXVI.	<i>On Christian Humility—On true Applause</i>	353
LXVII.	<i>On seasonable Rains after a Drought—On the Scripture Promises—On his Publications</i> - - -	356
LXVIII.	<i>On burning her Letters—On her Bounty—On Difference of Opinions—On his Publications</i> - - -	358
LXIX.	<i>On the Plan of his Theron and Aspasio</i>	361
LXX.	<i>On the Dedication to her</i> - - -	363
VOL. III.	a	LXXI.

## CONTENTS.

Letter	Page
LXXI. <i>On presenting his Piece to the Princess— His Letter from the Bishop of Peter- borough</i> - - -	364
LXXII. <i>Remarks on Adulation</i> - -	366
LXXIII. <i>On the Prince's reading his Books</i> -	368
LXXIV. <i>On Illness—On Resignation to the divine Will—On his Disagreement with Mr. John Wesley</i> - - -	370
LXXV. <i>On the Dedication of Theron and Aspasio to her</i> - - -	373
LXXVI. <i>On a Present being intended for him— His Wish for Houbigant's Hebrew Bible</i>	375
LXXVII. <i>On his Works—Remarks on Mr. Law's Writings</i> - - -	377
LXXVIII. <i>On receiving a Present of Books from her</i> - - -	379
LXXIX. <i>Requests to bear what Faults are found with his Writings</i> - -	380
LXXX. <i>On her early rising—On his Manner of Preaching</i> - - -	382
LXXXI. <i>On his Letter from the Bishop—On the Excellency of Christ</i> - -	384
LXXXII. <i>On the Bible and his Letters</i> -	386
LXXXIII. <i>On various Subjects</i> - -	387
LXXXIV. <i>On a Visit from Mr. T——. Re- marks on Dr. Crisp</i> - -	390
LXXXV. <i>Remarks on Predestination</i> -	392
LXXXVI. <i>Enquiring after her Health</i> -	394
LXXXVII. <i>On the Excellency of the Holy Scrip- tures</i> - - -	395
LXXXVIII. <i>Reflections on Sickness</i> - -	398
LXXXIX. <i>On the King of Prussia—Christ All in All—On Building</i> - -	400
XC. <i>On openly acknowledging the Saviour—Why he prints his Name in Capitals</i> -	401

# CONTENTS.

Letter		Page
XCI.	<i>On entire Devotedness to God</i> - -	403
XCII.	<i>On a Poem called the Arbour—On Prayer</i>	406
XCIH.	<i>Dr. Crisp's Sermons recommended—On Mr. T——</i> - -	407
XCIV.	<i>On Mr. K——. On Dr. Crisp's Writings</i>	410
XCV.	<i>On being confined by Sickness—Recommending a Servant—On Mr. Whitefield's Conduēt</i> - - -	412
XCVI.	<i>On her lending Theron and Aspasio—On Mr. T——'s Character of him</i> -	416
XCVII.	<i>On building a new House</i> - -	418
XCVIII.	<i>On the Danger of the World—On Im- patience of Temper</i> - -	419
XCIX.	<i>On the Righteous rejoicing at the Day of Judgment</i> - - -	421
C.	<i>On various Subjects</i> - - -	424
CI.	<i>On the Conduēt towards those who cause Offence</i>	426
CII.	<i>On the Freedom of divine Mercy</i> -	427
CIH.	<i>On States of Coldness—Marshall's Mystery of Sanctification recommended</i> -	429
CIV.	<i>On the Spring—On Faith</i> - -	431
CV.	<i>On Christian Conversation</i> - -	433
CVI.	<i>On the Excellency of Christ—Jenks recom- mended</i> - - -	434
CVII.	<i>On presenting a Publication</i> - -	436
CVIII.	<i>On her Present of Sweet Meats—On burning her Letters</i> - -	438
CIX.	<i>On Joy in believing</i> - - -	439
CX.	<i>On the Excellency of Christ</i> - -	441
CXI.	<i>On various Subjects</i> - - -	442
CXII.	<i>On her Kindness to him</i> - -	443
CXIII.	<i>On the Mercy of Christ a Support in Weakness</i> - - -	445
CXIV.	<i>On his Illness—Remarks on the King of Prussia</i> - - -	446

## CONTENTS.

Letter	Page
CXV. <i>On his Illness—His Prospect beyond the Grave</i> - - - -	447
CXVI. <i>On her Benevolence—On the Prince of Wales</i> - - - -	449
CXVII. <i>Remarks on modern Prophecies—Reflec- tions on Whit Sunday</i> - - -	450
CXVIII. <i>On his Sickness</i> - - -	451

LETTERS

# LETTERS

OF THE LATE

REVEREND MR. HERVEY.

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## LETTER CXLII.

*Remarks on the earnest Invitation to the Friends of the established Church, with a Prayer for their Use.*

*Weston-Favell, Monday Morn.*

*My dear Friend,*

I AM much obliged to you for your generous Donation of thirty Shillings to purchase five Hundred of *An Earnest Invitation to the Friends of the Established Church, &c.* \*—I have put the Money into the Hands of

\* An earnest Invitation to the Friends of the established Church, to join with several of their Brethren, Clergy and Laity, in setting apart one Hour in the *Sunday* of every Week for Prayer and Supplication, especially during the present troublesome Times. Price one Penny, or six Shillings per Hundred. This Pamphlet is wrote with great *Spirit*, and a very good *Intention*. It well *deserves* the most serious *Consideration* of the Community; and their hearty *Concurrence* in so laudable and useful a *Design*, may very reasonably be expected. Let us *reflect*, that our heavenly Father, high and mighty, who from his Throne looks down on all the Dwellers on Earth, and sees what Multitudes in the different Parts of this Kingdom,

of one, who loves our Lord Jesus in Sincerity; and who will take care that the Pamphlet is properly dispersed according to our Desires.—'Tis an excellent Design:—I daily beg of God to *blefs* it; for what *He vouchsafes* to *blefs*, will be blest *indeed*.

Inclosed I send you a *Form of Prayer* founded on the Plan laid down in the *Earnest Invitation*, &c.—It was transmitted to me last Night by a very pious Clergyman, who, I believe, was *Himself* the Author of it. You may get one of your *Sons* to transcribe it, if you have not Leisure enough to do it *yourself*; and permit such serious Persons to take Copies, as you think will make a proper *Use* of it.

I wish you that *Promise* for your Counsellor, which we read this Morning at Breakfast in *Isaiab* (Chap. lviii. 11.) “ The Lord shall *guide* thee continually.”

I am, my dear Friend, ever your's, while

JAMES HERVEY.

*A solemn Act of Confession, and Intercession suited to the Plan of those London Clergy, and other Friends to the established Church, as specified in The Earnest Invitation, &c. requesting all the well-disposed Christians (Laity, as well as Clergy,) throughout this Nation, to join with them in a solemn Act of Humiliation for one Hour every Sunday Evening, viz. from eight of the Clock till nine, on Account of their own Sins, and the Sins of this Nation; especially during these calamitous Times; viz. in 1757.*

are at *that* Hour fervently praying to him in secret; and all united too in the same Requests, cannot but be *pleased* with such a Prospect; and may probably for *their* Sakes avert the impending *Calamities*, which are too justly deserved by so irreligious and dissolute a Nation. See *Genesis* xviii. 32.

1. O blessed

1. **O** Blessed Lord, let the Words of my Mouth, and the Meditation of my Heart, be at this Time acceptable in thy Sight as the Incense, and let this now lifting up of my Hands be a sweet smelling Sacrifice!—Lord hear my *Prayer*, and let my *Cry* come unto thee.

Most great and glorious God! just and terrible in thy Judgments to all obstinate and rebellious Sinners, but of infinite Mercy to such as with true Sorrow and hearty Repentance turn unto thee; look down, I beseech thee, with Mercy and Compassion upon *me*, now presenting myself before thee; owning that I am not worthy so much as to lift up my Eyes to the Throne of thy glorious Majesty! O Lord, my Sins are so many and so great, that it is owing to thy Mercy alone, that I have not been long since consumed, but yet have another Opportunity of humbling myself before thee, and begging Mercy for my own Soul, who have so grievously sinned against thee: I confess, O Lord, what thou knowest already, but I confess it to manifest thy *Justice*, and to glorify thy *Mercy*, which has spared me so long. I confess and acknowledge, O Lord, that I brought a depraved and sinful Nature into the World with me, from whence all my actual Sins have flowed, and proceeded as impure Streams from a polluted Fountain: Blessed God, I beseech thee, for thy dear Son Jesus Christ's Sake, to *humble* me, and that greatly for this my original Corruption! Lord, let me see it in the strongest Light, and never give me Rest and Peace, till from my Soul I cry out for, and rely upon the unfinning *Obedience* of my dear Redeemer Jesus Christ, and the *Assistance* of the Spirit for Deliverance from it; and grant, that this precious Balm may be my Cure, and restore me again to the Image of my God!

O Lord, I have sinned against thee by wilful and actual Sins; “ I have left *undone* those Things which I

ought to have done, and have *done* those Things which I ought not to have done!" particularly—by such—and such—a Sin.

*As it is taken for granted, that every one, who uses this Prayer, has first of all strictly examined himself, and wrote down all the notorious Sins, both of Commission and Omission, of which He could recollect, that he had been guilty during the whole Course of his Life, it would here be proper for him to read over that Catalogue of his Offences very deliberately, that he may be deeply humbled, and truly penitent.*

BLESSED God, I can give but a wretched Account of myself.—I cannot remember the ten thousandth Part of my Offences. Lord save, or I perish; my Crimes are intolerable and shameful; and my Omissions as well as my Commissions are innumerable: Oh! what shall I *say* unto thee, or what shall I *do*!—Oh! Thou Preserver of Men! I am so vile, that I cannot express it; so sinful, that I am hateful to *myself*, and much more abominable must I needs be in *thy* Sight!

Oh! I have sinned, I have sinned! my Sins are grown shameful and aggravated to Amazement! Lord! I can say no more; I am ashamed, I am confounded in thy Presence!

But yet, O God, thou art the *Healer* of our Breaches, and the *Lifter up* of our Head; and I must not, I dare not *despair*. Thou hast opened a Fountain for Sin and for Uncleanness; and therefore I am sure, thou delightest not in the *Death* of a Sinner! and though my Sins are great and numberless, as the Sand which is upon the Sea-shore, yet they are infinitely less than thy Mercies, which thou hast revealed to all penitent and returning Sinners in Jesus Christ!

For *his* Sake therefore be pleased to look down into the Dust, and lift up a poor helpless Sinner from the  
Dunghill!



Dunghill! for Christ's Sake let me not perish in my Folly, nor be consumed in thy heavy Displeasure! For Christ's Sake give me *Time*, and *Space* to repent, and give me also *Power* to do it by the Assistance of thy blessed Spirit!

Support me with an holy *Hope*; confirm me with an operative and lively *Faith*; and kindle a bright and burning *Charity* in my Soul; give me *Patience* in suffering, and *Severity* in judging, and in condemning my Sins! that judging *myself*, I may not be condemned of *Thee*; that, mourning for my Sins, I may rejoice in thy Pardon; that destroying my Sins, I may live in Righteousness; that denying *my own* Will, I may always endeavour to perform *thine*; and that by the Assistance of thy blessed Spirit, I may overcome all carnal, and spiritual Wickedness. May I walk in thy Light! may I delight in thy Service! may I perfect my Obedience; be wholly delivered as well from the *Power* of Sin, as *Punishment* of it; and so be for ever preserved from thy Wrath; and at last pass on from a certain Expectation to an actual Enjoyment of the Glories of thy Kingdom, through Jesus Christ my blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

2. And now, Lord, as I have been *confessing* my own Sins, and *humbling* my Soul before thee as a *private* and *particular* Person, I think myself bound in Humility and Duty, after the Example of thy Servant *Daniel*, to look upon myself in a still farther sinful Light, *viz.* as an Inhabitant of a profligate and rebellious *Nation*; and so, like *Daniel* also, to confess the Sins of *my People*! May I feel the *Concern of the Psalmist*, when he exclaimed, "Rivers of Tears run down mine Eyes, because Men keep not thy Law;" (*Psal.* cxix. 130.) and oh! that *my* Supplications, and the Supplications of *all those*, who, at this appointed Hour, have agreed solemnly to seek thy Face, and to confess their own

Sins, and the Sins of the People of this Land ; oh that they may meet with the same gracious Acceptance with thee, as *Daniel* did ! oh that the Commandment may come forth at the Beginning of our Supplication, “ to make an *End* of our Sins, and to make Reconciliation for our Iniquities, that *thou* mayest once more be *our* God, and *we* be *thy* People ! ”

Let thy merciful Ears, O God, therefore be open unto our Prayers, and spare all those, who *confess* their Sins unto thee ! that they, whose Consciences by Sin are accused, by thy merciful Pardon may be absolved, through Jesus Christ our Lord !

O Lord, the great and faithful God, keeping Covenant and Mercy with *them* that love him, and keep his Commandments, (*Deut.* vii. 9.) we have sinned, O Lord, we have committed Iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled by *departing* from thy Precepts and from thy Judgments, neither have we hearkened unto thy Servants the Prophets, nor to thy Son Jesus Christ, nor to his Apostles, who in thy holy Word have spoken unto our Fathers, and the People of the Land !

O Lord, Righteousness belongeth unto *Thee*, but unto *us* Confusion of Face as at this Day, to our Kings, to our Princes, to our Fathers, and to Ourselves ; because of the Trespases which we have trespassed against thee ; yea, we have all *as one Man* transgressed against thee, by departing from thee, and not obeying thy Voice ! therefore the Curse is poured out upon us, and thou hast confirmed the Word, which thou hast spoke against us ! Thou hast brought upon us many and fore *Evils*, yet made we not our *Prayer* before thee, that we might *turn* from our Iniquity, and *understand* thy Truth.

But, blessed Lord, to *thee* belong Mercies and Forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against thee : O Lord, we confess our Wickedness and are sorry for our Sins ;

Sins; we beseech thee therefore according to all thy Righteousness and thy gracious Promises, and for the *Sake* of thy dear Son Jesus Christ, let thine Anger and thy Fury be *turned away* from us! Bow down thine Ear, O Lord, and hear; open thine Eyes, O Lord, and see, and behold our Miseries and our Desolation! for we do not present our Supplications before thee, trusting in our own Righteousness, but in thy manifold and great Mercies, and in the Truth, which thou hast shewed of old Time to us thy Servants, but thou art the same, whose Property is always to have Mercy; have Mercy upon us, therefore, have Mercy upon us, most merciful Father, for thy dear Son our Lord Jesus Christ's Sake, forgive us all that is past, and grant that we may ever hereafter serve thee in Newness of Life to the Honour and Glory of thy Name! and let the Consideration of our Sinfulness and Unworthiness, and of thy manifold Warnings to us, and long Sufferings towards us, increase in us true Repentance, that Iniquity may not be our Destruction! and increase in us also more and more a lively Faith and Love, fruitful in all holy Obedience, that thou mayest still continue thy Favour, together with the Light of thy Gospel to us, and our Posterity! and this we beg for thy dear Son Jesus Christ's Sake, our only Mediator and Advocate.

3. And now I have here confessed to thee, my own Sins, and the Sins of the People, I desire farther to offer up my Prayers *in Behalf of all Mankind*, that both *Jew* and *Gentile* may believe in, and glorify thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent! Protect and prosper thy holy Catholick Church, preserve it pure in Doctrine and Worship, root out of it whatever is a Scandal to thy most holy Religion; unite its Professors and enlarge its Borders; especially bless *that Part* of it in these Nations, to which I belong; and as in thine infinite Mercy, thou hast been pleased to vouch-

safe us abundant Illumination of thy Gospel, be pleased to grant, that by our Sins, we may not extinguish the Light of it.

Inflame the Ministers and Stewards of thy Mysteries with a lively and burning *Zeal* for the Conversion of Souls. Impress it deeply upon them; that, “Curfed is he, who doth the Work of the Lord deceitfully;”—and be pleased, O Lord, to assist them with thy blessed Spirit, and to direct them to the Use of such *Means* as may be effectual to bring about, and accomplish that desirable and happy *End*.

Be pleased likewise to *blefs* all those our dissenting Brethren of what Denomination soever they be, who *love* the Lord Jesus Christ in Sincerity! *Reconcile our* Hearts to them and *theirs* to *us*! Grant that there may be an End of those Animosities, and bitter Disputes, which have so long and so sadly disturbed the Peace, and hindered the Union of Protestants! and grant also that there may be only this one holy Contention between us, whether the Ministers out of the established Church, or they who are in it, shall labour *most* for the Glory of our common Master, and for the Salvation of those Souls committed to their Care, and for whom he shed his Blood.

Bless likewise our Sovereign Lord King *George* and all his royal Family! Make them pure and holy in their Lives! raise up an active and vigorous Spirit in their Hearts, for the Punishment and rooting out of Wickedness and Vice, and for the Encouragement and Maintenance of true Religion among us.

And be pleased, O Lord, to give the Spirit of Wisdom to all his Counsellors, and to the Magistrates of all Ranks through the Nation, that they may be *enabled* faithfully to discharge that great Trust, which is reposed in them, to thy Honour, and to the Benefit and Advantage of his Majesty and the Nation!

Be pleas'd likewise to go forth with our Fleets and Armies! bless all their Endeavours against our Enemies, and give them Success in the Day of Battle!

Have Mercy upon all the *afflicted* Members of thy Church, whether in Mind, Body, or Estate! Pity their Condition, O Lord, pity it, and lay no more upon them, than they are able to bear, but give them Deliverance in thy good appointed Time, if it be thy blessed Will! Have Compassion upon all who are in Error, but sincerely seek the Truth! on all who are engaged in sinful Courses, and led captive by their Lusts, that they may have Grace and Strength to break their Bonds; and on all those who never pray for *themselves*: Open their Eyes, O Lord, and melt their stony Hearts; awaken them, though it be even with Thunder, to a sensible *Feeling* of their sad Condition, and for thy *Mercy's* Sake suffer them no longer to sit in Darkness and in the Shadow of Death: May they *see*, before it be too late, the Danger and Madness of thus living without God in the World.

4. Finally, O Lord, I desire to return thee my unfeigned *Praises*, and *Thanksgivings*, for the manifold Expressions of thy Goodness and loving Kindness to me, and to all Mankind! I bless thee for my Creation, Preservation, and all the Blessings of this Life, and for all the Helps and Advantages, which thou hast vouchsafed me for the obtaining a better; but above all for thy astonishing Love to Mankind in Jesus Christ, for all that He hath done and suffered for us, and continues *still* to do for us by his powerful intercession at thy right Hand! humbly beseeching thee, that I thy Servant, together with all those who have lived and died in the Faith of his holy Name, may follow the Example of his heavenly Life, that finally with *them* I may be made a *Partaker* of the Merits of his Obedience and Death, in a joyful Resurrection to everlasting Life!

All

All these Confessions, Prayers, Supplications, Intercessions, and Thanksgivings, I humbly put up to the Throne of Grace, in the Name and Words of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; who in Compassion to our Infirmities hath taught us *thus* to pray. Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, &c.

N. B. The *above Prayer* may be enlarged and improved as Time and Occasion shall offer; and it may not be improper to *remind* every Christian, that the first Time he makes use of it, He ought to set apart at least Half an Hour *for Self-examination*, and *writing down* the Sins of which he finds himself guilty.—The following *Sundays* he will *reconsider* what he has written, and thereby form a Judgment what is his Progress in, or Deviation from, the Path, which leads to Heaven.—After having spent some *Sunday Evenings* in this *devout Exercise*, He should be upon his Guard lest he be tempted to leave it off.—Oh may He never be *tired* of such a good Work: The more he *prays*, the more he will have *Strength to persevere*. 'Tis humbly hoped that all, who read this, will immediately purchase the *Earnest Invitation*, &c. the Price of which, as has before been observed, is no more than a Penny;—and then, after having weighed it with the Attention that a Matter of this Importance deserves, they will (to use the Author's own Words) “judge whether it be not a *reasonable*, and a *safe Measure*, which we would persuade you to take; and you will take it if you are indeed a Friend to our present happy Establishment in Church, and State.—Your *Love* for them will put you upon doing every Thing, that lays in your Power to serve them; and here you have a fair Opportunity, of which if you make use, it cannot but do you Service, and may be a Blessing to them.—Pray for them at the appointed Hour: (namely from eight to nine every *Sunday Evening*.)

ing.)—Determine through *God's Assistance*, that nothing shall hinder you from joining us.—Break through all Engagements, all Hindrances *to meet* at the Throne of Grace, the Lord's People.—[Consider that God knoweth his *secret ones*, and will reward them *openly*.]—And moreover for your Encouragement remember, that *He*, who sitteth upon the Throne, is the GOD WHO HEARETH PRAYER, and who has invited you (*Psalms* l. 15.) to *call* upon him in the Day of *Trouble*; so will I *hear* thee, says *He*, and thou shalt *praise* me."—What a comfortable *Promise* is here to *animate* every one to make *Part* of this praying Congregation!

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## L E T T E R CXLIII.

*Remarks on good Works.*

*Tuesday Morning.*

*Dear Sir,*

I should think my Friendship very weak, and quite unfledged, if I could be *offended* with the Freedom, for which you apologize. Those who were anciently united in the Bonds of Christian Friendship, had this generous Sentiment for their Motto,—*Amicorum \* omnia communia, præter Uxores.*

I rejoice with you in the hopeful young Gentleman's Recovery; a Pledge, I trust, of his eminent Proficiency, and extensive Usefulness, in the Gospel Cause.

I acquiesce entirely in Dr. C\*\*'s Reasons; perhaps, if there was much of the pure evangelical Peculiarity in the recommendatory Verses, it might be a forbidding Circumstance to some Readers.

\* Friends have every Thing in common except their Wives.

Mr.

Mr. \*\*\* is very obliging; his Cautions are very friendly. I will not speak so plainly to Mr. *W.* as to *Him*. I wish, if it be God's gracious Will, that your little Treatise may be, like Dr. *Doddridge's* Works, acceptable to every Reader. You see by the Expressions I have taken the Liberty to underline, that Mr. \*\*\* sees the great Truths of Christianity *inverted*, just as we see Objects in a *concave* Speculum. The *good Works*, according to *his* Scheme, are the recommending Cause, and the *blessed Redeemer* is only, like the Master of the Ceremonies, merely to introduce them with a *good Grace*. No, we have not so learned Christ: He is our Righteousness, as well as our Sanctification. We are accepted in the Beloved: "In *Him* shall all the Seed of *Israel* be justified, and in *Him* shall they glory."—*This* is the *epidemical* Mistake; but I hope God will send out his Light and his Truth, and *rectify* our Misapprehensions.—I dare say, that amiable and accomplished Gentleman, that exemplary and shining Christian, that very zealous and successful Preacher, Mr. *T——n* will be highly pleased to receive the Present of your little Treatise: His good Heart will exult to see your open Acknowledgement of the Saviour, whom *He* so dearly loves.—I hope to *see* you, or *hear* from you, before you take your Journey; and am, with increasing Esteem and Affection,

Most cordially your's,

J. HERVEY.



## L E T T E R CXLIV.

*On Afflictions.*

*Dear Sister,*

I Hope this will find my Father better: I heartily wish and daily pray, that the God of everlasting Compassions may comfort him under his Sorrows;—may sanctify his Affliction, and restore Him to his Health, that he may recover more spiritual Strength before he goes hence, and is no more seen.

I sent my Brother some Books; and humbly beseech the Giver of every good Gift to accompany them with his heavenly *Blessing*; for what *He* blesses is blest indeed.

I could be truly glad to hear your Complaints are removed;—but if they continue, don't be discouraged.—“Whom the Lord loveth, he chastizeth.” God had but one Son *without Sin*, but none without *Sufferings*. Oh! that his infinite *Goodness* may sanctify your Tribulations, that they may be *the Means* of weaning you from the World, and bringing you to Jesus Christ! You will then one Day say with the *Psalmist*, “It is good for me, that I have been *afflicted*.”

I am, &c.

J. HERVEY.

## LETTER CXLV.

*Advice to a Physician.**Friday Evening.**My dear Friend,*

AS to the Matter of defending ME, I think “*Non est tanti.*” I am ten thousand Times more for your conversing like a Christian on every Occasion: Take all proper Opportunities of glorifying your divine Master, and be spreading abroad the Savour of his blessed Name: It would bring Dignity to your Character I am persuaded, and would command Reverence even from Gainsayers, if you was sometimes to make a frank Declaration on this Head, and act accordingly. Don’t scruple to bid your Patients seek to God for a Blessing; when they are recovered, remind them of their Obligations to the Almighty Physician; and that they are restored to Health, not for the poor Purposes of eating and drinking a little more, but to acquaint themselves with Christ Jesus; to prepare for Eternity; and to make their Salvation sure. *This* would be truly graceful; might do much Good; and should any one find Fault with this Practice, He must not pretend to the Piety of a *Christian*: He has not the Religion of an *Heathen*: Such an one should remember the *Conduct*, and consider the *Sentiments* of your Brother *Japys*.

*Non hæc humanis Opibus, non Arte magistrâ  
Proveniunt; neque Te, Ænea, mea Dextera servat:  
Major agit Deus, atque Opera ad majora remittit.*

VIRG. ÆN. Lib. xii.

No mortal Work is THIS; no Cure of mine;  
Nor Art’s Effect, but done by Hands divine:  
’Tis God *Æneas* to the Battle sends;  
’Tis God preserves his Life, for greater Ends.

Thanks

Thanks for your Advice about what I recommended to your Consideration, and about my own Health; God has been better to me, than my apprehensive Heart expected. Oh that so long as I have Breath, it may be employed to *his* Honour, who forgiveth all our Sins, and healeth all our Infirmities; and when he heals them not, will make them a *Blessing*.

Do, my dear Friend, persist in a *prudent* Way, to bear your Testimony for a Master, who has bought you with his very Life, and intends to make you Partaker of his everlasting Kingdom. If this does you or your's any real Harm, reproach me with it, when we shall *both* stand in the Presence of the whole World, and before the Tribunal of our Judge.

Ever your's, while

JAMES HERVEY.

P. S. You tell me that "your Business has lain so wide, and you have been so much hurried this sickly Time, that you have scarcely had a Quarter of an Hour to yourself for these last three Weeks."—Oh! my dear Friend! how much soever you may be hurried by the Distance and the Multiplicity of your Avocations, don't forget to *pray for that Wisdom*, which is profitable (or useful) to \* direct us, even in the smallest Matters, much more in all great and weighty Affairs.—You, who move in so *conspicuous* a Sphere, so *large* a Field of Action, must have very particular Occasion, very pressing Necessity for *divine* Direction; and therefore that important Ejaculation, "DIRECT ME, O LORD," should ever be uppermost in your Thoughts.—"Take ye Heed, Watch and Pray," this is the kind Admonition of the blessed Jesus, who well knows the human Frame, and sees how very liable we are to be drawn aside by a Variety of Temptations with which we are daily surrounded.

\* Eccl. x. 10.

## L E T T E R CXLVI.

*On the State of the Saints after Death, and previous to the Resurrection.*

Dear Sir,

AS the Interval between the Hour of our Dissolution, and the Day of Resurrection, will, in all Probability, be very considerable, much longer than the Time of our Continuance on Earth, it is a very reasonable and important Inquiry, to examine into the *Circumstances* of this State. The Scripture, our infallible Director, which is (so copious upon all the grand Articles of Religion, and) silent upon nothing that relates to the true Happiness of Mankind, has not left us without Information in this Particular. Whereas *all other* Writers grope in the Dark, for not *one* of them has been able to draw back the Curtain, or give us (any) the least Insight into the invisible World, it is to *them*, and in all *their* Systems, an absolute *Terra incognita*; a few of the *scriptural* Discoveries may be seen, in the Answer to the following Queries.

1st, When the Souls, the Souls of the Righteous, depart from the Body; by whom are they received?—By holy Angels. The Angels were ministering Spirits to them, in the Days of their Flesh, and will be their Guard and their Convoy, when they relinquish the earthly Tabernacle. When *Lazarus* died, he was carried by Angels.—What a comfortable Privilege is this! not to be left solitary and desolate, like a shipwrecked Mariner on some unknown Coast; but to be under the Guidance and Protection of those benevolent Beings!

2dly, In what Place are they lodged?—This is described, not from our Ideas of Locality, or any Properties of Space, but from the Society and the Enjoy-

ments. It is not very material, whether they are above or below, in the Heaven of Heavens (which, I think, is most probable) or in some separate Mansion. A disembodied Spirit, if under the Wrath of God, must every where be extremely miserable; if surrounded with his Favour, will every where be exceedingly happy. To such a Spirit, that has no longer any Connection with sensible Things, God's Smile must be Heaven, God's Frown must be Hell.—Where-ever this Region lies, we are sure it lies under the Beams of the Sun of Righteousness; Christ is there, and where he is present, Happiness cannot be absent. Thou shalt be with me, is his Promise to the penitent Thief.—*Abraham* is there, the Friend of God, and Father of the Faithful. *Lazarus*, we are told, was carried into *Abraham's* Bosom; and where *He* resides; where *all* the Children of God, and Heirs of Glory dwell, *there* must be Pleasures:—Such Pleasures, that the Place is called *Paradise*; “thou shalt be with me in *Paradise*.” The delightful Garden of *Eden*, which the Lord himself planted, and which innocent Man inhabited, was incomparably the finest, noblest Spot in this sublunary World; and this is used to give us some faint Representation of these blessed Abodes, where the Souls and Spirits of the Righteous remain till the Shout of the Archangel and the Trump of God summon them.

3dly, How *soon* are they lodged in this desirable Situation?—Without Delay. I find no Mention of any intermediate Purgation, or of any Period for Inactivity and Forgetfulness. “*To Day* shalt thou be with me,” is our Lord's Expression; and it is observable, that the *Jewish* Day was very near closing, when our Saviour gave up the Ghost; nearer still when that converted Malefactor expired.—“I have a desire to be dissolved,” says *St. Paul*, “and to be with Christ.” He speaks of his Release from Clay, and his Introduction into the

Redeemer's Presence, as instantaneous. No sooner does the former commence, but the latter takes place.—What an Encouragement is this to fight the good Fight of Faith, and finish our Course, with Alacrity and Diligence! since we are not to wait in wishful but disappointed Expectation: No, the very Moment our Warfare is accomplished, our Reward begins.—Which reminds me of another Inquiry,

4thly, What is the Condition of holy Souls, in this separate State?

1st, They rest from their Labours; from all the Disorders, that afflicted their Bodies, from all the Temptations, that disquieted their Souls. They are no longer ridiculed and persecuted by ungodly Men. They have no more Conflict with the Powers of Darkness and their own Corruptions; Sin and Sorrow cease eternally. They are freed, entirely freed, from every evil.

2dly, They enter into Peace. They have then Peace with God, Peace in their own Thoughts, Peace with Fellow Saints, which passeth all Understanding.—Peace implies a positive Happiness.—Peace in the scriptural Language, denotes all Manner of Blessings, and such is its Import in the preceding Passage. In this large Extent will it be made good to the Righteous. When they relinquish the *earthly* Tabernacle, the Scales of Ignorance fall from their Understandings; their Will is wonderfully conformed to Christ's; every Weight drops off from their Affections; and their Holiness is exceedingly confirmed: They are honoured with nearer Approaches to God, they are favoured with clearer Manifestations of his Glory; they feel richer Emanations of his Love; and are more and more transformed into his Image: *Every Doubt* vanishes, and they rejoice in the Prospect, the assured and refreshing Prospect of receiving all the Fulness of their everlasting Felicity. I said Fulness, for tho' the Felicity of the *Soul* upon its  
Dismission

Dismission from Mortality is great, is high, is to us inconceivable; yet it will not be compleat till the *Body* is re-united to it, re-animated by it.—Then *that* will not only be rescued from Corruption, but made like unto Christ's glorious *Body*; will be dignified with divine Approbation; and that before the largest Assembly of Men and Angels; they will receive a Crown of Righteousness, they will sit on Thrones and judge the apostate Angels; they will then possess the Kingdom prepared for them from the Foundation of the World.

What is said of the Righteous may lead us to some proper Conceptions with regard to the Wicked and their State.—The one is the Reverse of the other; as they were quite dissimilar in their Life, in their Death they are equally different. If the Righteous are committed to the Care of benevolent Angels, the Wicked it is very probable are abandoned to the Insults and Rage of malevolent Spirits. If the Righteous are admitted into Mansions of Bliss, the Wicked are consigned over to the Places of Horrour and Torment, where is all the *Misery*, which is expressed by Weeping and Wailing; all that Self-condemnation and Anguish, which is expressed by Gnashing of Teeth. If the *Righteous* enjoy the Calm of uninterrupted Tranquility, and the Light of perpetual Sun-shine, the *Wicked* are reserved in Chains of Darkness unto the Judgment of the great Day; wearied by their own ungovernable Passions, stung by eager but unsatisfied Desires, haunted by a stern upbraiding Conscience.—In a Word, while the *Righteous* are looking for that blessed Hope, and the glorious Appearing of the great God, and their Saviour Jesus Christ, *they* are trembling under the dismal Apprehensions of that dreadful Day, when Jesus Christ shall be revealed in flaming Fire.

I add only a Remark on that Text of St. *John*, to which we are so much obliged in this Inquiry, “ Blessed

are the dead, which die in the Lord," &c.—*The Lord* must certainly signify the Lord Jesus Christ.—To *die* in Him, must, I think, imply *dying in his Faith*, so as to be one with him; interested in his Mercy, renewed by his Spirit, and conformed in some prevailing Degree to his Image. May *this* be the State of our Souls, while we live here, and when we depart hence. Then *that* will be fulfilled to our unspeakable and eternal Comfort, which is spoken by another Apostle, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is Gain."

I am, dear Sir,

Your's sincerely,

JAMES HERVEY.

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## LETTER CXLVII.

*On Dr. Doddridge's Correction of his Works.*

*Dear Sir,*

**Y**OUR Observations are perfectly just, and Dr. Doddridge's Remarks are admirably judicious; his Alterations are indeed excellent and charming. Oh! may they be equally impressivè on *me*, as I transcribe them, and on *all* who may hereafter read them! *Many* most solid and valuable Corrections has the Doctor already made in my little Piece; but, in my Opinion, *these* are beyond them all; I cannot but wish he had Leisure, to have went through the whole with his improving Strokes; but, as the Business of his *Academy*, and *Ministry*, is so various, and so important, I cannot prevail with myself to make such a Request: I will try, and do the best I can, to proceed on the *Plan*, which



*He* has formed, and to follow (*magno licet intervallo*) the Example *He* has set. Be so good as to make my *most grateful* Acknowledgments: Let your Tongue speak, for really my Pen cannot write, how *greatly* I am obliged to him. I will venture to turn, what was used formerly as an Imprecation, into a Wish and a Blessing on this Occasion, “ May God do so to *Him*, and more also !”

—Oh that our Writings may be accompanied with the blessed Spirit; and that the Spirit of our Writings may be operative on our Hearts, and apparent in our Conversation !

Ever your's while

J. HERVEY.

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## L E T T E R CXLVIII.

*Various Observations.*

*Wespon, Saturday Morn.*

*My dear Friend,*

I Thought of you in a particular Manner on *Thursday*, being the sad Anniversary on which your late excellent Lady resigned this Life; and at the same Time I thought on those tender Lines,

*Jamque Dies, ni fallor adest; quem semper acerbum,  
Semper honoratum, sic Dii voluistis, habebis\*.*

VIRG. ÆN. Lib. V.

\* The *English* of which is—“ Now the Day if I mistake not is at Hand, which (such has been the Will of Heaven) I shall always account a Day of Sorrow, always a Day to be honoured.”

I cannot but take Notice of the Wisdom and Piety of my favourite Poet; he teaches his Hero to resolve all afflictive and dark Dispensations, into the gracious Will of God; and to derive his Consolation from this Belief. *Sic Dii voluistis*, is a Sort of Imitation of the good old Priest *Eli*, "It is the Lord: Let him do what seemeth him good." It is not much unlike the exemplary Acknowledgment of the Patriarch *Job*, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the Name of the Lord!"

I am thankful for your present of *Vanierii Prædium Rusticum*. It is a very beautiful Piece: *Uni Virgilio secundus*, the most elegant and correct Latin Composition, that I have met with among the Moderns.

I have no Fault to find, and no Alteration to offer, with regard to the little Tract, which you submit to my Correction.—But what shall I say, to my dear Friend himself? Oh! what Opportunities of doing Good, substantial and immortal Good, do you lose, do you squander away! Opportunities, that are flying from you upon the swiftest Wings of Time; and when once gone, are never to be recovered.—I don't so much as think of your neglecting *Business*; but do let the World see, that *Business* may be managed, great Business managed, and yet *Christ*, and eternal Ages not forgot. Let Men see, that the Comforts of Christianity, the Privileges of the Gospel, are so truly delightful, as to be the most effectual sovereign *Refreshment*, under the Fatigues of a burthensome Employ. Thus doing, you would be a Credit and high Recommendation to Religion; and blessed would you be, if your Master, when he cometh, should find you so doing.—You will excuse my Freedom; and in Return, I will not cease to pray, "that the Love of Christ may constrain you." 2 Cor. v. 14.

I am affectionately, and sincerely your's,

J. HERVEY,

## L E T T E R CXLIX.

*On Saurin's Sermons.**Tuesday Morn.**My dear Friend,*

WELL might Mr. *Doddridge* say, “ that in *Saurin's* \* Sermons, the Excellencies of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero* were united.—Never did I meet with any Thing equal to the Passages which the Doctor was so obliging as to translate, purposely to give me some Ideas of this celebrated Writer.—He seems to have understood the Gospel well, and all the Powers of Oratory were combined in him.—I dare say he preached from his *Heart*, and the *Grace of God* accompanied his Words.—If I have been so much affected merely by this desultory Translation, how much more should I be transported, was I (like you) sufficiently skilled in the *French* Language to read the Original itself. *Saurin* it seems was a Protestant, and I am told that in *Holland*, where he exercised his Ministry, the Streets were so crowded for several Hours before the Service began, that it was very difficult to gain Admission.—Is it not astonishing that the Sermons of so popular a Preacher, and so eminent a Writer, should not as yet have been put into an *English* Dress?—But this, I presume, is owing to the Difficulty of doing Justice to an Author of his extraordinary Genius.—I am well aware that few are equal to such an Undertaking, but if there was a spirited Translation of these animating Sermons, pub-

\* *Saurin's* Sermons were originally wrote in *French*;—have passed through various Editions;—are now printed in twelve octavo Volumes.—Several of them are well translated by Mr. *Robinson*, of *Cambridge*, printed in 4 Vols. 8vo.

lished in weekly Numbers, they would be well received, and might, through the divine Blessing, be the Means of doing much Good to the Community.

I have been enabled, blessed for ever be God! to perform my Office, and preach to a crowded Congregation. “Jesus said the third Time, *Simon*, Son of *Jonas*, lovest thou me?” was my Text. Oh that it may be the Power of God to the Salvation of the Hearers!—I hope, my Disorder in my Head, and Pain in my Teeth, are not increased, though I felt the cold Air breathe upon my Face; for the Church was so thronged, that it was not practicable to shut the Door. Oh! for Faith in the almighty Guardian, the almighty Physician!—

This, I presume, will find you safely returned from *London* to your own Habitation; but though come back to your resting Place, yet more and more sensible that we are but Strangers and Pilgrims on the Earth.

I hope ere long to see you at *Weston*; for I can assure you, my dear Sir, that amongst the many, many Friends, who dearly love you, no one can have a more affectionate Regard for you than

Your's unalterably,

JAMES HERVEY,

L E T-

## L E T T E R C L.

*On various Subjects.**Saturday Morn.**My dear Friend,*

I Have no Heart to take any Medicines. All but Christ is to me unprofitable; blessed be God for Pardon and Salvation through his Blood: Let me prescribe this Cordial for my dear Friend.

May your Health be renewed as the Eagle's, though mine has long been fading as a Leaf! and may we *both* from our Hearts adore the Dispensations of our God and Saviour, which, though to *us ward* very different, are in all Respects very good.

We were drinking Tea Yesterday; and I heard one of the Company say, to whom you had given Bishop *Wilson on the Sacrament*—This is Dr. S\*\*'s Gift. Oh! that God may give him, to eat the Flesh, and drink the Blood of Christ! and to live by Faith on the unsearchable Riches of a Redeemer!—Then we shall ere long, eat Bread and drink new Wine together, in the Kingdom of our Father.

I have not yet wrote to *Biddesford*; but the Affair you desired me to inquire about, shall not be forgot when I next write thither.—Can you excuse my dilatory Proceeding? Business, to my languid Spirits, is like the Sons of *Anak* \* to the *Israelitish* Spies, so forbidding and so formidable.

The Reasons you urged, I have considered; I really know not how to act.—May the unerring God vouch-

\* See *Numb.* xiii. 23.

safe to guide a poor Sinner.—Now, where is my *Faith* in that divine Promise, “In all thy Ways acknowledge *Him*, and *He* shall direct thy Paths?” ’Tis scarcely so much as a Grain of the smallest Seed: Blessed Jesus increase it in us *both*.

—Do you, as you formerly did, commit your Way unto the Lord, and beseech him to bring it to pass? My dear Friend, let us look more unto God; for we have a Friend in the Court of Heaven; we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

Ever, and inviolably your’s, while

J. HERVEY.

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## L E T T E R C L I.

*On Marshall—a scriptural Criticism.*

*My dear Friend,*

**Y**OUR very kind Present is come to our Hands, and has made its Appearance. You give me, as *Theron* says, *Εκάλουέοι εννεαέοισιν.*

All I can say is, may the Lord supply your every Need (both bodily and spiritually) according to his Riches in Glory by Christ Jesus.

I am sorry, my Brother wrote so warm a Letter to Mr. *A—y* about his Attempt to purchase the Clofes at *Weston*, which lie so commodious for us.—The *World’s* Maxim is, “Catch as catch can.” But our *Saviour’s* Direction is, “Be anxious for nothing.”—Never fear, but we shall make a Shift without these Clofes to pass through the Wilderness, and arrive at the heavenly *Canaan*. Were not your Thoughts upon that  
*eternal*

*eternal* Home, when you attended Mr. L\*\*\*'s Corpse to the Tomb? One of the Texts, to which I directed my People on *Sunday* was \* 2 *Cor.* v. 1. and which, I hope, the omnipresent God is now impressing on their Consciences, and mixing with Faith.

The elegant *Paterculus* I here return; and the evangelical *Marshall* I recommed to your repeated Perusal. I wish you studied him more, for then you would like better than you seem to do at present: You *own* there are many excellent Directions in him; and those Parts, which you now think obscure, would not appear so on a more intimate Acquaintance with the Author.

I am glad to hear such a Character of Mr. \*\*. I hope you will be an Instrument in our Lord's Hand, of improving his valuable Dispositions, of ripening the Man of Honour, into the Servant of Christ.—I think Dr. *Akenfide* † has, if not spoiled his Ode, much injured the Dignity and Beauty of his Sentiments, by writing in *Spenser's* Measure, and sometimes in his drawling Style—"While he doth *Riox's* Orgies haply share."—For an Ode, where we expect all the Harmony of Numbers, and the highest Polish of Language, this Manner surely is improper.—I keep it a little longer, perhaps it may please better on the second Reading.

—I wish you and your Lady much Joy at *Christmas*, or rather all Joy in Christ. He is come, He is come to judge the Earth; to do *that* for enslaved and ruined Mankind, which the heroic Judges of old did for *Israel*—to deliver them from Bondage, and establish them in Peace. Is not this the Sense of *Psal.* xcvi. 11, 12, 13.—Ah! what pity! that, while so many Heroes are celebrated, Jesus the Desire of Nations, and the Bright-

\* "We know that if our earthly House of this Tabernacle were dissolved, we have a Building of God, an House not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens."

† See Letter CXXXIV. Vol. II. Page 419.

ness of his Father's Glory, should be totally disregarded. Thou High and Holy One, since *Authors of Genius* withhold the Tribute of Praise, glorify thy Name by a Worm, by Impotence, by

JAMES HERVEY.

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## L E T T E R CLII.

*A Quotation from Luther on Christ's Power to save; to which is added, Mr. Boyse's Letter.*

Weston, June 7, 1759.

*Reverend and dear Sir,*

**D**ON'T you take it amiss, that I have answered your last kind Letter no sooner! I have such a Multiplicity of *epistolary* Engagements, and such a poor Pittance of Strength, that I cannot be so punctual in my Acknowledgments, as my Friends may expect, and as I myself wish.

You desired to see Mr. *Boyse's* Letter to me:—I here inclose it; and it should have been sent to you earlier, but I could not find it amidst the confused Heap of my Papers till Yesterday.—I am very sorry to hear he is so ill, as there is little Probability of expecting any Thing further from his masterly Pen.—I really think his little Poem, intitled *Deity*, (in which he is not unmindful of the great Redeemer) is as useful and fine a Piece \* of Poetry as most in the *English* Language.—I so much admire it, that I have insensibly as it were got it by Heart. God grant that it may be influential on every Reader.

\* See Letter XXXVIII. Page 161, Vol. II.



I was reading the other Day a curious Book written by Mr. *Fleming*, and intitled, *The Fulfilling of the Scriptures complete*; in which I met with a valuable Quotation from *Luther's* Letter to *Melancthon*, who was then in much Anguish on the apparent Hazards of those Times. “If this (says *Luther*) be the Cause of God, and not of Man, then all the Burthen should be cast on Him. Why dost thou afflict and torment thyself, seeing God hath given his Son for us?—Why do we tremble or fear! Will he forsake us in smaller Things, who hath given us so great a Gift?—Is Satan stronger than God?—Should we fear the World, which Christ has overcome? If the Cause we contend for be not the Truth, let us change; but if the Cause be holy and just, why do we not credit the Promise and Faithfulness of God?—It is certain Satan can reach no farther than this present Life, but Christ reigneth for ever, under whose Protection the Truth now is: He will not fail to be with us unto the End.—If He be not with us, I beseech you tell me where He shall be found?—If we be not of his Church, do you think that the Bishop of *Rome* and our Adversaries are of it? We are indeed Sinners, but Christ is true, whose Cause we have in Hand; which he has hitherto maintained without our Counsel, and so He will do unto the End.”—Mr. *Fleming* then justly observes, that *Luther* rested on Christ, when all visible Props broke under him.

What *animating* Considerations are *these* under all the Discouragements we may meet with in our ministerial Labours!—How does the Work of the Lord prosper in your Hand! May you be in *this* Respect as a fruitful Bough by the Wall; may your People sit under your Shadow with great Delight, and your Fruit be sweet unto them!

I am, your's, &c.

J. HERVELY.

The following is a genuine Copy of Mr. *Boysé's*  
\* Letter to Mr. *Hervey*.

*Reverend and dear Sir,*

“ FOR your tender Admonitions and excellent Advice, I am truly indebted to you; as they discover a generous and compassionate Concern for my better Part.—I bless God I have Reason to hope, that great Work is not to do; for of all the Marks of Infatuation I know amongst Men, there can be none equal to that of trusting to a *Death-bed* Repentance.

“ I do not pretend to vindicate my own Conduct—nor can I ever forget the very Christian Sense of my Condition and Misfortunes, which (notwithstanding all my Misbehaviour) you have so pathetically expressed.—The Follies of my Youth have furnished a plentiful Harvest of Reflection for my latter Years. As I have been now for a long Time in a Manner buried from the World, so it has been my Endeavour to spend that Time in lamenting my past Errors, and in pursuing a Course of Life void of Offence towards God, and Man.

“ I have learnt to trust in God as my *only* Portion; to bless him for his fatherly Corrections, which have been much gentler than my Demerit; and by which I have been taught to know *Him*, and *Myself*; his infinite Mercy and Goodness; my own Ingratitude and Unworthiness; so that I may truly say with the returning Prodigal, ‘ Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and against thee, and am *not worthy* to be called thy Son.’

“ My Health is in a very precarious State; and the greatest Hopes of Recovery I have (which are very

\* Mr. *Boysé* died soon after he wrote this Letter to Mr. *Hervey*.—His Poem intitled *Duty*, passed through several Editions.

small) arise from warm Weather and the Country Air.—I thank God I am absolutely *resigned* to his holy and blessed Will. I have seen enough of the Vanity and Folly of earthly Things, and how insufficient they are to satisfy the Desires of an immortal Soul. I am *sensible* of my own Wretchedness and Nothingness; and that my only Hope of Salvation is through that blessed Redeemer, who died to save lost Sinners.—This is my Rock of Hope against an approaching Eternity.

“ May you long, Sir, taste those true and unfading Pleasures, which attend the Practice of Religion and Virtue; and may you, by your shining Example, be a Means of turning many to Righteousness: This is the sincere and ever grateful Wish of

Your most obliged, and faithful Servant,

S. Boyse.”

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## L E T T E R C L I I I .

*On the Manner in which the Poor receive the Gospel of Christ.*

Dear Sir,

**T**HE following is an Extract of a Letter, wrote by a young Creature, labouring under an incurable Distemper, and languishing in the near Approaches of Death.

“ I am at this Time more happy than Tongue can express.—Never did I feel so much of the Love of Christ shed abroad in my Heart, as now. He has given me full Assurance that he has out of Love to my Soul cast all my Sins behind his Back, (Isaiah xxxviii. 17.)—And oh! why

*why need I fear Death, when the Sting is taken away?—No! though I am a Sinner, yet I have an Advocate with the Father: and though while I continue in this vile Body, I fear, I shall too often grieve him, yet is his Love still the same; which makes me abhor myself, that ever I should sin against so kind, so compassionate a Saviour.”*

See by THIS how the Poor *receive*, how the Poor *believe*, and how the Poor *adorn* the Gospel of God our Saviour. THIS has indeed no great Authority to dignify it, no Flowers of Eloquence to recommend it; Nothing but the transparent *Sincerity*, and the native *Sublimity* of its Piety. It breathes however the *very Spirit*, which I long to attain; and, though it comes from a Person in low Life and of no Education, yet I believe *very few*, even amongst the Names of highest Distinction for Wit, Genius, and Learning, will be *able* in the same Circumstances, to exercise the same Magnanimity of Mind.—I am,

Your's, &c.

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## LETTER CLIV.

*Comfort under Affliction—On the Battle of the Sexes.*

*My dear Friend,*

**I** Truly sympathise with you in all your Calamities; but to be *afflicted* more or less is the common Lot of *God's People*; and it is frequently their Fate to be exercised with frowning Providences in a *remarkably grievous* Manner.—Under such Circumstances we should suggest soft Hints of Admonition, with the same friendly Intention as actuated the Prophet *Jeremiah*, when he addressed *this Exhortation* to his Countrymen, “ Let

us search and try our Ways, and, if we are found Delinquents, turn again unto the Lord," (*Lament.* iii. 4.)—We should likewise *comfort* each other by observing that God, who heareth Prayer, has Bowels of everlasting Compassion, and does not *willingly* afflict the Sons of Men; that this adorable God has given his all-glorious Son to be a bleeding Sacrifice for our Sins; and that, if he with-held not his Son, his only Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not also with *Him* freely give us *all* Things?—*All* Things, that pertain to Life and Godliness; to Subsistence here, and Salvation for ever.—Prompted by the infinite Benignity of his Nature, and engaged by his inviolable Promise, he never faileth those, that seek him.—Oh how *ready* is He to give his Holy Spirit! to give all Happiness to those, who with an humble Sincerity will apply to Him; infinitely *more ready* than *we* are to give our Children a Morfel of Bread to save them from perishing with Hunger.—*These* are indeed comfortable Considerations, and are the strongest Reasons why we should continually be making our Requests known unto him.

I fear Mr. *Sm—b* the Builder, is a very bad Man, and too justly deserves the Name you give him.—*Labourers* I am told are distressed by his neglecting to pay them; which I can assure you very much grieves me; nor is it in my Power to redress them:—I wish it *was*:—They should soon see what it is to have to do with *one*, "who nameth the Name of Christ." (*2 Tim.* ii. 19.)

Please to lend me Dr. *Squire's Indifference for Religion inexcusable*.—I mightily like the Title of it; and I hope it will be an Antidote against the fashionable and growing Indifference to Religion.

Did you ever see a Shilling Poem intituled *The Battle of the Sexes*? 'Tis wrote in the Spirit of *Spenser*, and

is indeed one of the prettiest Things I ever met with.— But it is very evident, that the Author has taken his Plan from *Fletcher's Purple Island* \*. The celebrated *Pitt* of *New College*, who translated *Virgil* and *Vida*, has wrote a complimentary Copy of Verses, which are prefixed: a Specimen of which I have here selected to shew you the Nature of it.

- “ What Muse but *your's* so justly could display,  
 “ 'Th' embattl'd *Passions* marshall'd in Array?  
 “ Bid the rang'd Appetites in Order move,  
 “ Give *Lust* a Figure, and a Shape to *Love*?  
 “ To airy Notions solid Forms dispense!  
 “ And make our *Thoughts* the Images of *Sense*!  
 “ Discover all this rational Machine,  
 “ And show the Movements, Springs, and Wheels within.”

As I was looking yesterday at my Preface to the new Edition of *Jenks's Meditations*, I observed in the Catalogue of his Works, that, either through my own, or the *Printer's* Negligence, two little Pieces are omitted; one of them in his *Serious Thoughts on the wonderful God*; which is very useful in assisting us to form proper Notions of the divine Perfections: The other is his *Glorious Victory of Christianity*, exemplified in *Joseph's* hard Conflict, and happy Escape.—'Tis Pity, that this little Piece is not more regarded by *Parents*, as it is perhaps the best † Thing of its Size, ever wrote on the Subject, and

\* See the 131st Letter in Volume II.—Compare several of the personified Virtues and Vices depicted by *Fletcher* in his *Purple Island*, (*Canto vi. to Canto xii.*) with some of those drawn by the *Author of the Battle of the Sexes*.

† The Price of *Jenks's Victory of Chastity* is a Shilling only; and very fit for those, who have little Leisure for Reading: But the completest Treatise of this Kind is the celebrated *Osterwald's on Uncleaness*; wherein the Nature of it is considered, the Causes and Consequences of it; and likewise the Duties of such as are under the

and ought to be put into the Hands of all young People ; for, as St. *Augustin* justly observes, *Inter omnia Certamina Christianorum duriora sunt Prælia Castitatis ; nam ibi continua Pugna, & rara Victoria* \*.—If another Edition of *Jenks's Meditations* should be demanded ; and if it should please God to take me to *Himself* before that Time, I here desire the Favour of you to see, that these two little Tracts be inserted in the Catalogue of Mr. *Jenks's* Writings, given in my Preface to that Book by,

Your ever affectionate, &c.

JAMES HERVEY,

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## LETTER CLV.

*On the Power and Mercy of Christ.*

*Wotton-Forell, Aug. 13, 1756.*

Dear Sir,

Yesterday I received the Favour of your Letter ;— I was surpris'd to find you so near me ; and griev'd to hear of the Occasion. Oh ! that both of us may be

the Guilt of it: To which is added, a Discourse concerning the Nature of Chastity, and the Means of obtaining it. Price four Shillings. This was the same *Ostervald* who wrote the Treatise concerning the *Causes of the Corruption of Christians and its Remedies*, which Bishop *Burnet* order'd his Chaplain to translate from the original *French* into *English*.

\* The Meaning of which is, “ Amidst all the various and sharp Encounters in the Christian Warfare, the Attacks on our Chastity are perhaps the most formidable, as the Combat is strenuous and lasting ; a complete Victory being rarely obtained.” How much therefore does it behove us, to call in every *Auxiliary*, and to put on the complete Armour of God that we may be able to stand against the Wiles of the Devil.—See the fifth Edition of *Gurnall's Christian Armour*, and *Ephes.* vi. 11.

enabled to cast all our Care upon the Almighty! for surely he who gave—not an Arch-Angel—not a World—but *Himself*,—his most blessed *Self* for our Sins—surely *He* careth for us.

Yes, dear Sir; I think from my very Heart, that the grand Controversy which the King of Heaven has with our Nation, is for our prevailing *Contempt* of his most adorable Son Jesus Christ. A Gift, compared with which every Thing in Earth or Sky, is lighter than Dust upon the Scale. A Gift, by which an omnipotent and eternal God not only demonstrates, but commands his *Love*. Matchless then and unspeakable must it be!—See! how the Prophet *Isaiab* exults and triumphs in this glorious Gift. With an Ardour of Gratitude, and with a Transport of Delight, he cries; “To *us* a Child is born; to *us* a Son is given;” in whose Person is a *Dignity*, and in whose *Righteousness* an Efficacy, infinitely surpassing the Power of Thought. And should not such a Gift be the darling Topick of our Conversation; be the avowed Glory and the general Joy of our Nation? Yet strange to tell! afflictive to observe! this divinely excellent Gift is forgot, is rejected, or treated with the most cold Indifference. Where are the *People*, who *mention* it, or can bear to *bear* it mentioned in their Company? Instead of being in Raptures at the Sound, are they not disgusted and chagrined?—And does not God behold all this? Did he ever receive so horrid an Affront, or is it possible for his Creatures to act a more contumelious and disdainful Part?—But whither am I running?—Pardon me, dear Sir, pardon my full Heart—my wounded Heart—which has concurred to aggravate this crying Iniquity.—Oh that its invariable Language, for the future, may be; God forbid, that I should glory, or rejoice, or confide, save in the Cross of Christ Jesus my Lord: In *Him* I have Pardon of my Sins; in *Him* I have



I have Peace with God; in *Him* I have eternal Life. Therefore “*Him* first, *Him* last, *Him* midst, and without End \*,” will I remember, acknowledge, celebrate.

Now you are come so far, could you not make a little farther Excursion? Could not you favour us with your Company at *Weston*? where you would find a plain House and a faithful Heart open to receive you.—I have no News from the literary World; and my Orders to my Bookseller are few.—But having Occasion to write, not long ago, to *Amsterdam*, I sent for all my favourite Author’s Works: *Witfius* I mean; the polite and pious *Witfius*.—My Bookseller is reprinting, in two Volumes at my Desire *Jenks’s Meditations*; which I propose to recommend by a *prefatory* Address to the Publick.—Let me soon *hear* from you, if I cannot *see* you: And may your Letter be in every Sense an Evangelist,

Ever yours, while

JAMES HERVEY,

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## L E T T E R CLVI.

*On a Friend’s providential Escape.*

*Weston-Favell, April 28, 1757.*

WHAT has my dear Friend been speaking for the Honour of HIM, who saved his Life from Destruction?—How are you?—How is your Lady after your great Fright †, and greater Deliverance?—Calm, now,

\* Milton.

† Dr. S—— of N—— was driving his Wife in a single Horse Chair, when the Horse suddenly took Fright, and flung his hinder Leg over one of the Shafts, just by the Side of a very deep Ditch:

now, I trust, and no Emotions in your Mind, but of Gratitude to the great Preserver of Men, who kept all your Bones, so that not one of them is broken.

Now, I hope, you will be steadily and uniformly serious. You see, God warns you, yet spares you. To *others*, he has appointed such Dangers as befel you Yesterday, to be the Messenger of *Death*; to *you*, he has designed them only as an *Admonition of Love*: Hear then your PRESERVER'S Voice. No longer delay to secure your Salvation: Be zealous (I mean *discreetly* zealous) for your Saviour; and for that Gospel, which you understand better than most of our Clergymen.—How can you refuse to speak boldly for such a Master; and to devote yourself to his Service in earnest, who *forgives* all your Backslidings, *watches* over you with such tender Compassion, and *waits* (yea *waits*) to be GRACIOUS UNTO YOU.

My dear Friend, may the Lord Jesus turn us *both* to Himself, who is our Refuge, our Salvation, and all our Hope; who should be our Boast, our Triumph, and all our Joy.

I long to see your *amiable Friend* the Reverend Mr. Dyer's *Poem on the Fleece*\*.—I suppose he will make

Being thus entangled, and a high mettled Horse, he kicked with all imaginable Fury, and several Times his Hoofs came within a Hair's Breadth of their Heads:—They called in vain on their Servant who had loitered behind, and they must *both* have inevitably been dashed to Pieces, had not the Horse by the Violence of his Kicking, broke the Harness, Bar, and Shafts, and thus fortunately disentangled himself.—This Accident happened near Mr. *Hervey's* House at *Weston-Farwell*, to which they then went.

\* The *Fleece*, is an elegant and correct Poem in four Books, written by Mr. *Dyer*, who published the celebrated Poem on the *Ruins of Rome*, at which Place he lived many Years. He was originally a Painter, and afterwards Rector of *Cathorp*, in *Leicestershire*.—He was near twenty Years in writing the *Fleece*.

you a *Present* of it.—When you have done with it, please to send it me.—I hear it is to be sold at five Shillings, which I cannot afford to give for it.

In your last Letter you asked me for *two* Guineas, out of my Charity Purse, for our very deserving and very distressed Friend.—Indeed it is quite exhausted ;—nay I don't think I have a *single* Guinea in the World, even for my own Use; though I forbear every *unnecessary* Expence, and want *many* of the little Conveniences of Life, that I may be enabled to succour the worthy Servants of Christ.—I have agreed to go Halves with *Rivington* in the Profits of my Book; and I always make it a Maxim, not to give till I have gotten.—“ Be just, before you are generous,” is your own Rule too.—If the Lord pleases to *prosper* my Work, I will very readily communicate to the Comfort of such worthy Objects, as you may think proper to recommend to the Charity of, my dear Friend,

Yours very affectionately,

JAMES HERVEY.

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## L E T T E R CLVII.

*Various Remarks.—Jenks's Victory of Chastity recommended.*

Dear Sir,

**M**R. *Moses Browne* \* has, I think, *thirteen* Children. One is settled in the World; and a Friend of *his* has taken another for his Clerk, *gratis*.—We propose

\* The Reverend Mr. *Moses Browne* (the Author of *Sunday Thoughts*, and various other Pieces) is now Vicar of *Olney*, in *Buckinghamshire*, the Revenue of which is about fifty Pounds, being his only Income, and He above fifty Years old. See in Letter LVIII. Vol. II. Mr. *Hervey's* Opinion of *Him*, and his Writing; even before the Commencement of their Intimacy.

to put out one of his Daughters to some decent Business; by which she may have the Means of getting her Livelihood.—He has been at a great Expence poor Man! by the Sickness of his Family.—Your Contribution on this Occasion will be acceptable. Dr. — has offered to augment the Collection; and Mr. \*\*\* I am sure will readily add his charitable Assistance, especially if you recommend the Cause.

—We are in daily Expectation of our Friend H. I wish, you could make up the *Triumvirate of the Guests*. At all our social Interviews, our News is fetched from the *Bible*; Christ is the Monarch, and Heaven the Country, on which we discourse; Oh that I may be enabled to improve these precious Opportunities! Not be like *Pharaoh's* lean Kine, destitute of Growth, though crammed with Plenty!—My Flock would have been peculiarly delighted, to have heard your Voice in the Pulpit: They would have hung on your Lips; and I verily believe, the Words would not have been *in vain* in the Lord. There's no Expedient so effectual to warm our Hearts as an unremitting Endeavour to awaken the *Love* of a bleeding Saviour in the Breast of others.

I am truly grieved at the Account of *yourself*. You know who has said, “I will heal their Backslidings and love them freely;” and dare we by giving way to *Unbelief* make the God of Truth a Liar? Hear the Words of the Lord spoke by *Jeremiah*, Ch. iii. 12. “Return thou Backsliding *Israel*, and I will not cause mine Anger to fall upon you, only *acknowledge* thine Iniquities which thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God.”

Recommend *Jenks's Victory of Chastity* to Mr. \*\*\*, and tell him, that though the Lusts of the Flesh are inveterate Enemies, yet three Methods may be prescribed for a Victory over them. 1. A believing Application of the *Redeemer's Death*. The Saints in Glory, once Men of like Passions with ourselves, overcame through

through the Blood of the Lamb: "He bare our Sins in his own Body on the Tree, that we being dead unto Sin, might live unto Righteousness." 2. An habitual Reliance on the *Spirit of God*. "If ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the Deeds of the Body, ye shall *live*." Christ by his Spirit acts on our depraved, polluted Hearts, as a Refiner's Fire, and as Fuller's Soap. 3. *An Improvement of the divine Promises*. God has given unto us exceeding great and precious Promises; that by *these* we might be Partakers of a divine Nature, having escaped the Corruption that is in the World *through Lust*.

These tell Mr. \*\*\* to lay up in his Memory; on these let him *meditate*; and *plead* them before our heavenly Father in frequent, earnest *Prayer*. And then let him be of good Comfort, the Blessing of *God* will be his Portion. *God*, a Troop shall overcome him, but He shall overcome at the last. See *Gen. xlix. 19*.

Our dear Friend presents his Love; and wishes you may be *very zealous* for the Lord God of Hosts.—You have constantly an Interest in my best Prayers, but I am utterly unworthy to approach the immaculate Purity and infinite Holiness of the great God;—yet blessed be his adorable Name for Jesus Christ.—Oh! let us fly to Christ. "Turn ye to this *strong Hold* ye Prisoners of Hope." Let us cast our every Burthen upon the Lord Redeemer; have Access into the Holiest through his precious Blood; and trust in his ever acceptable *Intercession*; for he *intercedes* (delightful Truth!) he intercedes for TRANSGRESSORS.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

JAMES HERVEY.

## L E T T E R CLVIII.

*On various Subjects.*

*Dear Sir,*

**M**R. *Hayward* and Mr. *Pyke's Cases of Conscience*, are printed in two Volumes, the first of which I will lend, and here send you. I return you *Smollett's History of England* and *West's Pindar* with Thanks. How empty all these *polite* Pieces appear, compared with the *sacred Page*! May *this* delight our Taste, for *this alone* can comfort our Heart.—What I proposed to write relating to the Subject of *Visiting on Sundays* \*, was executed the Beginning of last Week: Yet to say the Truth I am in some Measure backward to propagate and enforce it; because, till People begin to *taste* something of the Love of God, and *find Delight* in Christ Jesus, *such Truths* I doubt will only startle, and make them dread Religion as burdensome.

—Thanks for the Venison. We cannot dress it To-day. All my Family are to be at Court this Morning: The King of Heaven has sent positive Orders, and will not excuse either Man-Servant or Maid-Servant.—Won't you give us your Company in the Afternoon—when Mr. \*\*\* performs the *whole* Service at my Church? I fancy you will not be disappointed, nor unedified: He seems to have a ready Utterance, a very good Voice, and a fervent Zeal for the Honour of Christ: May the Arrow of the Gospel go forth from his Lips as the Lightning!—I hope, you will bring *your Wife* with you: Such *lively* Preaching as I expect, may be a Blessing to *both* of you.—Oh! that Christ may

\* Mr. *Hervey's Considerations on the prevailing Custom of visiting on Sundays* are printed in the first Volume with his Sermons.

*guide* us with his Counsel, and *warm* us with his Love; —make us useful in our Generation, and mete for his heavenly Kingdom!

Why does our Friend talk of not accepting \*\*\*, because it is a *paultry* Living? Surely he would not reckon that a *paultry* Thing, which gave him an Opportunity of preaching Christ, and winning Souls. If he *did*, He would not be able to say, with a certain Minister now in Glory, “I seek not *yours*, but *you*.”—The blessed Hope of *that* Glory is enough: Lord, strengthen it, brighten it, increase it ever more and more.—Oh! that *Ministers* may work for their dying Lord, while they have *Health*; remembering, that *Sickness* may confine them to their Chamber, and *Death* will imprison them in the Grave.—God Almighty gives us Courage, that we may fight the good Fight of Faith, and Prudence, that we may not dishonour our high Calling: Ere long *Eternity* receives us; and then we rest from our Labours: Then we forget our transient Toil, amidst innumerable Ages of Perfection, and Glory, and Joy.—For all this, not unto *us*, O Lord Jesus, not unto *us*, but unto thy Love, thy Righteousness, thy Intercession be the *Praise*!

What say you to my late well-meant Admonition? You are not offended, I hope. We must be *faithful* to each other; or else how can we expect to meet with Comfort, at the great Tribunal; to meet with Transport, amidst the Angels of Light?

—I have not heard from *Biddesford*: As soon as I receive Information, it shall be communicated to you.—And may the Lord fulfil that Promise to us *both*; “I will inform thee, and teach thee, in the *Way* wherein thou shalt go.”

—Pray have you got Dr. *Armstrong's* Poem on Health? It is highly extolled by Mr. *Warton* the Translator of *Virgil*, as a *most correct*, and (which with *Him* seems

seems to comprehend all Excellency) a *classical* Performance. I should like to peep upon it by way of Amusement; for as to the Blessing it celebrates, I expect it not, till this vile Body is made like unto Christ's glorious Body: Blessed be God for this delightful Hope; may it every Day be brighter in *you*, and brighter in

Your most affectionate

JAMES HERVEY.

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## LETTER CLIX.

*Remarks on Alfop's Anti-Sozzo.*

*Weston-Favell, Nov. 7, 1758.*

*Rev. and dear Sir,*

I should be very ungrateful, if I did not thank you for your late Present; and for the many obliging Things you are pleased to say of me and my Writings in your valuable Letter.—I hope they'll be successful Advocates for the Furtherance of the Gospel; and I am very sorry to hear by you, as well as from several other of my Correspondents in *Scotland*, that the Gentlemen of Letters in that Kingdom are deplorably gone off from the Simplicity and Truth of the Scriptures, and that the *Socinian* Tenets are gaining Ground apace.—I could wish, methinks, at this critical Juncture that *Alfop's* \* *Anti-Sozzo*, which made its first Appearance in

\* *Anti-Sozzo*, or against *Socinus* (*Faustus*) a Native of *Sienna*, whose *Italian* Name was *Sozzo*.—He wrote a Book about 1575, intitled *De Jesu Christo Servatore*, and died 1604; but *his* *Self* was far from dying with Him.—He held, that the *Arians* had given *too much* to Jesus Christ; and asserted that He was *mere Man*, and had no Existence



in 1675, was judiciously *abridged*; and in the neat *Glasgow Type*, reprinted in a duodecimo Volume—though 'tis almost a Pity to *abridge* it (unless it was well executed)

istence before *Mary*.—He *denied*, that the Holy Ghost was a *distinct* Person, and alledged that the Name of *God* given to *Jesus Christ* signifies no more than that *God the Father* had given him a *sovereign Power* over all his *Creatures*; and that in Consequence of *this Privilege* Men and Angels ought to *adore* him. He *denied* the *Redemption of Christ*, affirming that what He *did* for Men, was only to give them a *Pattern* of heroick *Virtue*, and to seal his *Doctrine* by his *Death*. He held likewise *other* pernicious and erroneous *Tenets*; which are too tedious here to mention.—In the *Reign* of *King Charles the second*, these *Socinian* *Tenets* were gaining ground in *England*, when *Mr. Alsep*, one of the *wittiest*, as well as one of the *best* of Men in that *Age*, wrote this *Book*, which he called *Anti-Sozzo*, in Opposition to the fundamental *Errors* then maintained by some eminent *Divines*, and in *Vindication* of the great *Truths* of the *Gospel*.—His own *Words*, extracted from his *Preface* to that *Work* (which he signed *N. N.* merely to avoid the *Discovery* of his true *Name*) are as follow. “ If the *Socinians* oppose, every *true* *Christian* should defend the *Gospel* of *Jesus Christ*; for the *Dispute* is not now about *Decency* and *Order*; about *Fringes* and *Phylacteries*; about the *Tything* of *Mint*, *Anise* and *Cummin*; but about the *Influence* of the *Righteousness* of *Christ's* *Life*, and the *Sacrifice* of his *Death*, upon our *Acceptance* with *God*, about the *Interest* of the *blest Spirit* in the glorious *Work* of the new *Creation*; whether *Christ* be a proper *Priest*, or not? Whether as a *Priest* he offered himself as a *proper Sacrifice* to *God*, or not? Whether *God* and *Man* are *reconciled*, and we *redeemed* from the *Curse* of the *Law* by the *Blood* of *Jesus*, or not?—Whether we are *justified* before the just and holy *God* by our *own* *Righteousness*, or by the *Righteousness* of a *Mediator*?—And in a *Word*, Whether the *Death* of *Christ* be the proper and immediate *Cause* of any one single *Blessing*, great or small, of the *Covenant* of *Grace*? In which the *Concerns*, all the eternal *Hopes* of every *Christian* are wrapt up; and wherein that he may not mistake, and so finally miscarry, as it is the unfeigned *Design* of my writing this *Book*, so it is my earnest *Prayer*.”

*Mr. Vincent Alsep*, and *Mr. William Sherlock* (afterwards *Doctor* and *Dean* of *St. Paul's*) were *Pupils* at *St. John's College, Cambridge*, under the same *Tutor*.

But when *Sherlock* in a *Socinian* *Book* printed in 1674, improperly intitled, *A Discourse concerning the Knowledge of Jesus Christ, and our Union*

executed) as the *Whole* is so interesting, and might be contained in *two Duodecimo* Volumes, or even in *one Octavo* Volume, if printed at *Glasgow*.—It is, I can assure you, a *very smart* Book, and one of the *best* Defences of the evangelical Doctrines I ever saw, or ever expect to see, even if my Life, which now draws very near its End, could be prolonged to the next Century.—In short, I think it an *unanswerable* Performance; and Divines of every Denomination would do *well*, to make themselves *thoroughly Masters* of this spirited and entertaining Writer; as they would then be able to defend the Truth as it is in Jesus, against all kind of Opponents, how witty, keen, subtle, or malignant soever the Attack might be. I would therefore

*Union and Communion with him*, had in Drollery used such *indecent* Expressions as the following, *viz.* (Page 46 of the said Book) “That the Justice of God hath glutted itself with Revenge in the Death of Christ, and so hence forward we are sure he will be very kind, as a revengeful Man is when his Passion is over:” And the next Page, expressed himself, still *more indecently*, by saying that “The Sum of which is *this*, that God is all Love and Patience, when he has taken his Fill of Revenge, or as others used to say, the Devil is very good when he is pleased.” When Mr. *Alsop* read these Passages he was shocked, and seeing Dr. *Sherlock* had no more Reverence to the Majesty of God, no more Regard to the Authority of Scriptures than to write *as above*, Mr. *Alsop* was determined to attack him, and to plead for Christ and his Truth here *at the Footstool*, who pleads for us, according to his Truth, *at the Throne*. Nor was *any* Man better qualified than *Himself*, either to give a Check to a Man of *Sherlock’s* Talents and imperious Disposition; or to the growing Petulancy of the then daily encroaching Profaneness.—On grave Subjects, he appeared, as he was, the truly reverend Mr. *Alsop*, and wrote with a becoming Seriousness (see his *Practical Godliness the Ornament of Religion*, Octavo, published in 1696) but where *Wit* might properly be shewn, He displayed *his* to great Advantage, as may be seen in his *Anti-Scizzo*. He died much respected and lamented, in *May 1703*. A fuller Account of *Him* and his *Writings* may be seen in the *Biographia Britannica*, or *Lives of the most eminent Men who have flourished in Great-Britain*.

beg you to recommend this Book as a *Specifick* against *Socinianism*; and use your Interest to have it forthwith reprinted at *Glasgow*.

Glad I am to be informed, that you are so very zealous for the Honour and Interest of our Lord Jesus Christ.—What can make Mankind happy, but his Gospel?—What is worthy of our sedulous Application, but his Interest?—What will be a substantial Reward, but his Acceptance, Favour, and Love?

I am now reduced to a State of Infant Weakness, and given over by my Physician.—My grand Consolation is to meditate on Christ—and I am hourly repeating those Heart-reviving Lines of Dr. *Young* in his fourth Night.

THIS—only THIS subdues the Fear of Death :—  
And what is THIS?—Survey the wond'rous CURE :  
And at EACH STEP let higher Wonder rise !

1. Pardon for infinite Offence!—2. And Pardon Thro' Means that speak its Value infinite!—
3. A Pardon bought with Blood!—4. With Blood divine!
5. With Blood divine of him I made my Foe!
6. Persisted to provoke!—7. Tho' woo'd and aw'd, Blest, and chastised a flagrant Rebel still!—
8. A Rebel 'midst the Thunders of his Throne!—
9. Nor I alone!—10. A Rebel Universe!—
11. My Species up in Arms—12. Not one exempt!
13. Yet for the Foulest of the Foul he dies!—
14. Most joy'd for the Redeem'd from deepest Guilt!—
15. As if our Race was held of highest Rank ;  
And, Godhead dearer, as more kind to Man.

These amazingly comfortable Lines, I dare say you will treasure up in your *Heart*;—and, when you think of *them*, will think of *me*; and I hope, dear Sir, *pray* for me, that I may not disgrace my Ministry, or dishonour the Gospel of my Master in my last Moments by *Unbelief*;—base, provoking *Unbelief*!—This probably is the *last* Time you will ever hear from me; for  
indeed

indeed 'tis with some Difficulty I have wrote *now*, but I shall not fail to remember you in my Intercessions for my Friends at the Throne of Christ;—and I humbly beg of God Almighty, that the *Love* of his Son may sweetly constrain you; and that his *Promises* may be ever operative on your Mind. I am, with great Gratitude and much Esteem,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your affectionate Brother in Christ;

JAMES HERVEY.

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## LETTER CLX.

*On different Subjects.*

*My dear Friend,*

Sincerest Thanks for your benevolent Offices: May they, through our great High Priest, and the Incense of his Atonement, go up as a *Memorial* before God; not as a *Demand*, (we may observe) not as a *Bill* drawn upon Heaven, but only as a Memorial!

I had a very restless Night, tore almost to Pieces by my Cough. Strange! that these flimsy Vessels can bear such violent Straining! that none of them will burst, and let the battered Soul slip away, to her eternal Rest in Christ!

—Here are two Setts of the *Meditations*, with which you may gratify some of your Acquaintance: The Lord Jesus Christ grant, that they may promote his Glory. Do not you often wish, often pray, that the same blessed Effect may be produced by *your Book*? We *Authors* should not be like the *Ostriches* in the Wilderness, cruel and forgetful of their young. (*Lam.* iv. 3.)

—If

—If you have Dr. Grey's Translation of *Hawkins Browne's Latin Poem on the Immortality of the Soul*, favour me with the Sight of it; it is a grand Subject; it is a glorious Subject; and, when considered in Connection with Jesus Christ, it is a delightful Subject. Oh that it may incite us to aim, "*not at the Things which are SEEN, for they are temporal; but at the Things, which are NOT SEEN, for they are eternal.*"

I have found the little Treatise, intitled *Recovery from Sickness*. It is one of the most pertinent and rational, the most animating and encouraging, that I have seen on the Occasion.—Few *properer* Pieces, I think, can be put into a *sick* Person's Hand \*. May the Lord God, omnipotent and gracious, accompany it with his *Blessing!*

—I am always complaining; complaining of my poor Body, but I trust more and more resigned to the unerring and gracious Will of my Lord.

I beg, I intreat you, if you value the Honour of the Gospel, that you will dissuade those polite Persons you mention, from coming to hear me To-morrow.—My Spirits sink more and more—I am visited with some Returns of my hacking Cough; perhaps, I shall not be able to speak at all. Such disagreeable Circumstances will only expose me, and create in them very unpleasing Ideas of what I shall deliver. My Imagination is gone.—I am sensible my Sermons are flat, and my Voice spiritless.—Why therefore should you bring Persons of *Taste* to see the Nakedness of the Land?—The poor Country People *love* me tenderly, and therefore *bear* with my Infirmities; else I should no longer attempt to preach, even before *them*.—I am now unfit to appear in the Pulpit.

\* The Title is, *Recovery from Sickness, or a Present to one lately raised from a dangerous Disorder*, containing serious Reflections, Resolutions, and Devotions, suitable to that Occasion.

I hope Dr. *Swan's* Journey will be blessed to the Restoration and Establishment of his Health. I wish I may never forget the *Text*, on which He heard the Minister of *Weston* preach: I wish, we may all enjoy the Blessing comprised and promised in it. "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—Don't you, my dear Friend, think of such Things? talk of such Things to your Lady, and instruct your Children in such Things?—O! let us remember, the Judge is at the Door, and Eternity is near.—I heartily wish Mrs. \*\*\* a speedy Recovery, and a sanctified Improvement of her Affliction: See, my dear Friend, how all Flesh is *Grass*; but Jesus and his great Salvation endureth *for ever*: Here is indeed an *everlasting* Possession. The Text particularly fit for me and for you to *meditate on*, (*viz. Heb. i. 2, 3.*) I will preach on next *Sunday*.—Can any be more grand in itself, or more consolatory to us Sinners?

How go you on? Do you see any Opening in the Affair we last talked about? Are you come to any Determination? Remember *Him*, who sees, this very Moment, all the Consequences of every Step we take; and who hath said, in tender Compassion to our Ignorance, "The Lord shall *guide* thee continually."—Pray, beware of precipitate Resolutions, *Festina lente*.—Whatever we *do*, whithersoever we *go*, may we say with the Psalmist, "This God is *our* God, for ever and ever; He shall be our *Guide* even unto Death."—My weak State of Body dispirits my Mind, and enervates my Hand.—Oh! that I may be strong in Faith, joyful through Hope, and rooted in Charity!—And not I only, but my dear Friend, whose I am,

Cordially and inviolably, while

J. HERVEY.

L E T-

## L E T T E R CLXI.

*Burnham's Behaviour in his Illness censured.—Hints for Survivors.—The Conversion of a Libertine.*

Sept. 25, 1755.

Dear Sir,

I Lately received a Letter from my very valuable Friend Mr. \*\*\*, an Extract of which I here transcribe, as he has made some just Remarks on Mr. *Burnham's bleameable Behaviour in refusing the Help of a Physician.*—I believe you can answer for me, that I shall never be guilty of that Fault; as I think altogether with the wise Son of *Sirach*, that “the Lord hath created the Physician, and that such are to be regarded for the Uses we may have of them.—The Lord likewise hath created Medicines out of the Earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them.” *Ecclus xxxviii.*

“I have (says my Correspondent) been reading *Burnham's Pious Memorials*, as it was published with a recommendatory Preface by you, in Behalf of his distressed Widow. The dying Behaviour of Dr. *Andrew Rivet*, Page 212, and Dr. *Peter du Moulin*, Page 263, charms me exceedingly.—Every Word has its Weight, and shines like a well set Diamond in a Ring; or as *Solomon* expresses it, like an Apple of Gold in a Picture of Silver.—Mr. *Burnham* was undoubtedly an excellent Man; but He does not seem to come up to *these* in divine Knowledge. Methinks I don't so well approve of his refusing the Help of a PHYSICIAN, Page 431, and the *Slight* with which he treated such a Proposal.—It does indeed shew, that He lived quite *above* the Fear of Death; but at the same Time it shews great *Weakness of Mind*. Life and Health are *Mercies* in the

Esteem of Heaven; and the dying Christian ought to esteem every Thing as God esteems it. Suppose such an one *desires* to die; yet still He ought to use every lawful *Means to live*, to make the Will of God his own, and to be willing to continue even out of Heaven, as long as his heavenly Father pleases.—The *same Weakness of Mind* appears in his desiring his Friends not to pray for his *Life*, and in his being *sorry*, that they made so much *ado*. Page 433.—Had he requested them to pray for him importunately, yet in humble Submission to the *Will of God*; and to be sure to *acquiesce* in it, whether for Life or Death, methinks it had been *better*.—An earnest Desire of a speedy Dissolution has led some pious Martyrs, and some dying Christians too, into a *Mistake*, which it is proper to take Notice of, but more proper to avoid.”

How do you approve of the following Method in conversing with the Survivors after the Loss of a dear Child, or Friend?—It is merely a Sketch; yet a due Regularity is preserved by the three Divisions: And some of the Heads on each Division are to be enlarged upon or omitted, and others added occasionally.—The Use of such Sketches may be seen in the Preface to Mr. *Richards's Hints for religious Conversation with the Afflicted*; whose *Plan*, though *some* of his Hints are not sufficiently adapted to the Case described, I highly *approve*; as it cannot but be serviceable to *every* Christian, who is desirous of entering into spiritual Discourse: And more particularly to *young Clergymen*, who would do well to transcribe, study, and improve those *Hints*; as they are too often *at a loss* how to exhort, admonish, or comfort, as various Dispositions, and Circumstances require.—When you send me your Opinion, make such Alterations as occur to you.



*The Consolation.*

It is God's Will;—who still continues many *Comforts* to us.—

His Will always wise, good, best.

We are his Creatures—He has a *Right* to us, as we have to our Cattle or Lands.

It is the Lord's doing—this was the Support of *Eli*, *Job*, *Hezekiah*.

*The Improvement.*

“For *us* Men sicken, and for *us* they die.” (Dr. *Young's Night Thoughts*.)

To wean our Hearts from the World.

To set our Affections there, where true Joys are to be found.

To excite us with greater Diligence to prepare for our own great Change.

*Our own Preparation.*

The only Preparation is to secure the Favour of Christ, and an Interest in his Merits, by which we are pardoned and justified.

A Participation of the Spirit of Christ, by which we are made *fit* for Heaven.

I hope you remember, not without a pleasing Mixture of Gratitude and Joy, your divine, yet bleeding Lord: I hope you feel a more comfortable *Trust*, that your Sins are done away through that all-atoning Blood; and that you *pray* with a more steady Faith for that most blessed Spirit, which was sealed to our Enjoyment in the holy Sacrament, of which we were so lately Partakers.

I desire you will enter into some *spiritual* Conversation with the Bearer, whom I have recommended to you; you will then see the more than rocky Hardness of the human Heart, and the absolute need of Prayer, and

almighty Grace, in order to make it susceptible of saving Impressions. I dare say you will draw several useful Conclusions from this Interview, though your Attempts for his Benefit, I fear, will prove ineffectual.

A Gentleman Yesterday told a Story, well attested, which you'll be pleased to hear, as it shews in a very strong Light the Use of those Passages of Scripture, which the *unthinking* are too apt to consider as *useless*. A certain Libertine, of a most abandoned Character, happened accidentally to strole into a Church, where he heard the *fifth* Chapter of *Genesis*, importing that so long lived such and such Persons, and yet the Conclusion was they died. *Enos* lived 905 Years, and he died—*Seth* 912, and he died—*Methuselah* 969, and he died. The frequent Repetition of the Words, *He died* (notwithstanding the *great Length* of Years they had lived) struck him so deeply with the Thought of *Death*, and *Eternity*, that it changed his whole Frame.—He attended the remaining Part of the divine Service with the utmost *Seriousness*;—went Home and prayed earnestly to God for Forgiveness, and the Assistance of his Holy Spirit;—and became, from an infamous Libertine, a most exemplary Christian.—By this Chapter we see, *how soon* Youth, Health, and all worldly Delights must *end*: This to a worldly-minded Man, casts a Damp upon all these desirable Things; but to a Soul acquainted with Christ, and in Affection removed from hence already, no Thought is so sweet as this.—*Enos* died, *Seth* died, *Methuselah* died, and (blessed be God for the *Privilege* of Death) so shall I.—It helps much to carry us chearfully through Wrestlings and Difficulties, through better and worse. We see the Land of Promise near;—we shall quickly pass *Jordan* and be at Home.—There will be *an End* of the many Vexations of this Life,—*an End* of Sin—*an End* of Temptations—*pay an End* of Prayer itself; to which will  
succeed

succeed, new Songs of endless Praises. Oh let us often reflect on what St. *Peter* advances. “*The End* of all Things is therefore at hand, be ye sober and watch unto Prayer.” (1 *Pet.* iv. 7.)

I hope you will *well* weigh this,—and introduce *spiritual* Discourse whenever a fair Opportunity presents. Set your Face *as a Flint* amongst the Great—Establish your Heart *as a Rock*; and let Nothing, Nothing divert you from *furthering the Interest of Christ*, wherever *you yourself* have any Interest.—It is like plunging into cold Water perhaps at first, but afterwards comes a Glow all over you. Remember what I now say, should you live thirty or forty Years longer, yet when you come to die, take my Word for it you will wish you had conversed more on, and for Christ.

—I am satisfied from the sacred Oracles, as clear as Light, concerning the Origin of Evil. And if any one, without having Recourse to Revelation, can satisfactorily solve that Question, *Erit mihi magnus Apollo*.—My dear Friend, “let the Word of Christ dwell in us richly.”

—Thanks for the Use of *Warton's* and *Pitt's Virgil*. All the Syrens sing in his Lines; but the JOYFUL SOUND is no where heard. Was the Ear of our Soul tuned aright, there would be more Musick in this one Sentence from the King of Heaven, “I have called you Friends,” (*John* xv. 15.) than in all the *Iliad*, and all the *Æneid*.

I am ever and affectionately your's,

JAMES HERVEY.

## L E T T E R CLXII.

*On the Value of Life.*

*Weston-Favell, Sept. 20, 1755.*

*Dear Sir,*

YOU threaten to put my Patience to the Trial, by a very long Letter of scriptural Criticisms. I shall only reply; Oh that my Patience may support all *other* Trials with the same Complacency and Cheerfulness, as I am persuaded it will support itself under *this*! —Your Observations I very much value, and take a singular Pleasure in reading. The Lord Jesus enable you to multiply them, and me to profit from them! and help us *both* to love his holy Name, ever more and more!

I am entirely of your Opinion with Regard to the Worth, the inestimable Worth of the present Life; especially when there is a comfortable Prospect of being *useful* in our Generation. This State affords the *only* Opportunity of doing Good to immortal Souls. The *Dead* serve not their Lord in the Work of the Gospel. The *Living*, the *Living only*, are intrusted with the precious Office of turning Sinners from Darkness to Light; therefore *the Living* should value this distinguished Prerogative at a high Rate.—Perhaps, you think, that I was the Writer of Mr. *Burnham's* Life.—From a Question proposed to me very lately by a Clergyman, I fancy, that *others* think the same\*, but I neither was the Author, nor do I know the Author's Name.

\* Mr. *Hervey* was solicited to write the Preface to *Burnham's Pious Memorials*, which he complied with as an Act of Compassion to the Widow, who thought *his* Name might promote the Sale of the Book for her Benefit.

I have

I have sent you the third Edition of *Theron* and *Aspasio*; you will observe, that I have made some Alteration in Dialogue xvi; and that I still adhere to my first Opinion, with regard to *Faith*. I assure myself, you can bear with me, though I should continue in this particular Point, to vary somewhat from your Way of thinking. I shall be truly glad and thankful, if you will examine me with the Rigour of a Critick, and muster up against my Doctrine the strongest Objections you can conceive; for I do earnestly wish, and frequently pray, that not any Notion of mine, but the holy Truth of God may prevail.—You will also observe, what Advantage I have made of your Remark on *Vitringa's* Interpretation of *Isa. xxx. 18*.

I shall expect your Animadversions on Mr. *Marshall* with Eagerness; and, though he is my Counsellor, my Comforter, and my Favourite, I trust I shall not be blind to his *Faults*, nor refuse to see his *Mistakes*. May the Wisdom of Heaven guide, direct, and teach,

Dear Sir, your affectionate and  
obliged Friend, &c.

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## L E T T E R CLXIII.

### *Scriptural Criticisms.*

*Weston-Favell, Oct. 23, 1755.*

*My dear Friend,*

I Have received, and am very much obliged for your Remarks on Mr. *Marshall's* Treatise of *Sanctification*\*. They are truly judicious; and several of them command

\* Mr. *Hervey's* Words are—"It has been made one of the most useful Books to my own Heart. I scarce ever fail to receive spiritual Consolation and Strength from the Perusal of it; and, was I to  
be

command my Assent: You will wonder to see, how strongly I have recommended this Book in the third Volume of my *Theron and Aspasio*, p. 336, of the third Edition. It has been eminently blessed to my own Soul: There is no religious Treatise I read, which does me more Good. Pray be so kind as to execute what you proposed—Shew me how Mr. *Marshall's* Method may be improved, for I would gladly tread in his Steps on *this* Account, as well as on *others*, that I may have an Opportunity of acknowledging his *Mistakes*, and cautioning my Reader.

*Downname's \* Christian Warfare*, against the Devil, the World, and the Flesh, I will immediately endeavour to procure. I should be glad, if you would point out other excellent Books. I am sometimes asked to give a Friend or a Student a Catalogue of the most excellent Authors (particularly of religious Authors †.) To do this, seems to be a valuable Piece of Service,

be banished into some *desolate* Island, possessed only of *two* Books besides my BIBLE, *this* should be *one* of the two; perhaps the *first* I would choose."

\* *Downname's Christian Warfare*, was recommended to Mr. *Hervey* by one of the most learned Men of the present Age in these Words:—"It was *first* published in *Queen Elizabeth's* Time, but *mine* is the fourth Edition, printed in 1634.—I think it one of the *best* Pieces of practical Divinity extant; and I believe you will say of it, as *David* did of *Goliath's* Sword, 'There is *none* like it.' His Language is as *pure* as his Doctrine; especially when we consider the Time it was written; and He uses every Term so properly, that *Johnson* in his *English* Dictionary might very well have appealed to his Authority.—He is as clear as the Sun; and no Reader, who gives any Attention to what he reads, can possibly mistake him.—It is much to be wished this valuable Book was reprinted." See Mr. *Hervey's* Remarks on the reprinting Authors of the last Century, Page 403 of Volume II.

† Mr. *Hervey*, a little before he died, had began to digest a Catalogue of this Kind, ranged under different Heads, giving a short

Service, especially as it is so unhappily *neglected* by the Conductors of our youthful Studies.

Your last Paragraph is particularly kind and obliging: But, however, your Benevolence may regard and represent it, I shall always esteem and acknowledge it as a singular Favour to receive your critical Observations. In which, as in the Threads made of Silk and Gold, there is always a most agreeable Mixture of Learning and Devotion.

Pray what do you apprehend to be the Meaning of *St. Paul*? *1 Cor.* ix. 26. *εκ ως ἀθλητῆς*. Dr. *Doddridge* translates the Passage thus: "Not as one who is to pass undistinguished." In the same Chapter, Verse 23, another Difficulty occurs, *ἵνα οὐκ οἰκωνῶν αὐτὴ γενωμαι*.—*1 Cor.* xii. 31. *Σηλάτε δε τα χαρισματα τα κρείττονα*. Dr. *Doddridge* understands as a Reprehension, not as an Encouragement. He translates the Words, "Ye contend earnestly about the best Gifts;" and interprets the Clause, "envying, and it may be, detracting from the superior Endowments of others." Is this right? See Chap. xiv. 1.—I am at some Loss to make out the Propriety of *Το καθ' ἡμῶν χειρογραφον*. *Col.* ii. 14. How is the Hand-writing of Ordinances said to be *contrary* to us? The ceremonial Law, which, I suppose, is meant by *δογματοι*, was not *contrary* to, but *promotive* of the Comfort and Peace of the *Jewish* Worshipers. The moral Law indeed spoke Terror, and nothing but Terror to impotent Man: But the Law of Sacrifices and Washings brought the glad Tidings of Atonement and Purification, which must be very consolatory. What is the precise Signification of *ἐξελειψας, κρκεν*

short Character, and shewing the distinguishing Excellency, and particular Use of each Author; which Catalogue He proposed to have published in a *separate* Piece.

προσηλωσας? Do they refer to any Usages, customary and current in those Times?

Let me now submit to your Examination a very singular Criticism or two of Father *Houbigant's*, on *Isaiab* ii. 22. He says, “ Non dubitamus, quin fuerit olim scriptum, כִּי בַבְמָה נִשְׁבַּח הוּא, Nam altitudinem flatu dejecit. Homo, cujus spiritus est in naribus ejus, est ipse filius hominis, Messias, de quo in toto hoc capite vaticinatur *Jesaias*. Quem Messiam *Judæi*, nisi violare timent, monet eos non impune laturus. Quia Messias: homo factus, volvit naribus ventos & tempestates, quibus ipsorum & urbem & rempublicam sit everfurus.” Again, Chap. iii. 10. he says, אָמְרוּ צְדִיק: “ Plerique, post vulgatum, dicite justos quâ interpretatione peccant dupliciter. Nam 1. legitur צְדִיק justus vel justum, non לְצְדִיק justo. 2. Parum ad rem terribilibus minis, quæ antecesserunt & quæ sequuntur, interferitur iste sermo ad justum habitus. Nobis satis est אָמְרוּ pro אָמְרוּ. Nempe erat futurum, ut *Judæi* justum ligarent, Romanisque vinctum traderent.”—His Version is, “ Alligant justum, quia bonus est.”—You will begin to think, that our Author is extremely fond of the *spiritual* Sense, and desirous to find *Christ*, or *Christian Sentiments* in every Place: But he is *seldom* (however it has happened in the aforecited Texts) liable to err on *this* Side of the Question. Hear what he remarks on *Isaiab* xxxiii. 24. הַיּוֹשֵׁב בְּהַגְשָׁא עֵין חִלִּיהִי הָעַם “ Agitur præda exercitus *Assyriorum*, post eorum fugam, dividenda inter eos, qui vicinis in locis habitant. Nihil ad eam prædam iniquitas: nihil etiam ad antedicta, qui habitat in eâ. Nam eâ, de quâ habitatione dicatur, nescitur. Nihil denique ad rem חִלִּיתִי, æger sum. Non promiserat Deus, nullos fore in regione ægrotos, aut in lecto jacentes tum, cum dividenda esset præda. Sed omnia plana & commoda erunt,



erunt, si pro חליתי, legas כליתי, prohibitus sum; si pro בה, במ in eis, si denique pro עון, legas ערו prædam suam. יאמר שכן כליתי העם הישב במ כשא עדובל. Non dicet vicinus, prohibitus sum; populus qui habitabit apud eos, tollet prædam suam. Quibus Verbis prænunciatur, prædam de Assyriis fore tantam, ut omnes licentiam habituri sint prædandi, & abducendi domum prædas suas."

" Hof. vi. 3. ונרעה, & cognoscamus. Parum commode cognoscamus, ubi sequitur, & persequamur cognitionem. Propterea non dubitamus, quin Osee scripserit ונועדה, & conveniamus, ut deinde apte veniat, & sequamur, sive curramus ad cognoscendum Dominum." The next Verse he thus translates: " Quid faciam tibi, Ephraim, quid faciam tibi, Juda, ut adfit vobis Misericordia, velut matutina nubes, & ut res qui mane effunditur? Certe ego, quod volui, feci Prophetis tuis; interfeci eos per Verba Oris mei, & ex iudiciis de te meis Lux oriatur." He changes העבתי into חפעתו.

I was not a little puzzled about Jer. xviii. 14. *Howbigant*, according to his Custom, first alters, then interprets; thus he would read the Passage: קרים זרמי. נוולים היעור שירשלג לבנון. אם יגטשו מים. " An deserit calx Pætram, vel nix Libanum? An relinquunt aquæ scaturientes defluxus currentium aquarum?"

When you have Leisure and Inclination for critical Studies, I shall be greatly obliged for your Opinion on these Points; as I am for your very friendly and very solid Defence of me in the *London Magazine*.—May the King of Saints prosper the Works of your Pen, and return the Acts of your Kindness into your own Bosom!—Let me once more beg of you to direct me to the most improving Books you have met with. No longer

longer ago than Yesterday, a young Clergyman, whom I had never seen before, made me a Visit, and attended a Lecture which I gave my Parish in *Weston* Church on a *Wednesday* Evening, at Seven o'Clock. An amiable Gentleman truly! He seems mighty well inclined; wonders, that his Brethren don't make edifying Subjects, such as Justification and Sanctification, the favourite Topicks of their Discourse. Now I don't know, what more substantial Service I could do such a Person, than to recommend to his Study some *proper* Books. The Tidings therefore of a judicious evangelical Author, with a little Sketch of his Character and distinguishing Excellency, might be a Blessing to *others*, and a Blessing to *myself*. A Favour, a welcome Favour, I am very sure, it would be to,

Dear Sir, your much obliged,

and truly affectionate Friend, &c.

JAMES HERVEY.

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## L E T T E R   C L X I V .

*On various Subjects.*

*Weston-Favell, Dec. 13, 1755.*

*My dear Friend,*

I Received your last valuable Favour in due Time. I should have made my Acknowledgments sooner, but I staid to get the enclosed little Pamphlet\*, which I want

\* We are obliged to Mr. *Hervey's* Correspondent for the following explanatory Note and Remark, *viz.* " This was a little Pamphlet on the *Marks and Evidences of Faith*, wrote by one *Cudworth*, of *Norwich*, on the Antinomian Side of the Question: I wrote Mr. *Hervey*

I want much to have you peruse, and to have your Opinion concerning it. There seems to me, to be much good Sense and solid Argument, much more than I apprehended, could have been produced on the Occasion.—I read your *Remarks* with great Attention; and I humbly trust that God will execute the Office, and accomplish the *Blessing* mentioned in the Portion of Scripture, which gave a Relish to our Breakfast this Morning.

הַמְלִיטָד אָדָם דַּעַת. *Psalms* xciv. 10.

I read the Passage in a small *Hebrew Bible* without Points; and the first Word of the Verse seemed to me, not הַיִּסָּד, but הִיִּסָּד, which, in my Opinion, yields the best Sense: He that *made, upholds, establishes the Nations*, &c. I have consulted *Houbigant*, but he makes no Alteration.

Indeed we have *Need* of divine Teaching. Amidst the Variety of Opinions, which ever *did*, and perhaps ever *will* subsist in our imperfect State, *He* only, who is the wonderful Counsellor, possesses the unerring Clue.—A Letter from *Dumferline* in *Scotland*, received by the last Post, and written by a Stranger, informs me, that, upon the Doctrine of Sanctification, there is a *Standard-Book*; and this *Standard-Book*, he adds, is *Marshall's Gospel Mystery*.—Mr. *Moses Browne* tells me,

*Hervey* a long Answer to this little Piece, which, in one of his Letters to me, he calls, *My most masterly Piece of Controversy*.—I don't know but it may be proper to take Notice here, that Mr. *Hervey* was of so generous a Temper, that where he thought an Author wrote sensibly, he would commend him, though he by no Means approved of his Sentiments; having no ill Designs himself, he sometimes did not sufficiently guard against the ill Designs of others. Of this his Letters to *Cudworth* are an Evidence: *There* I think he *should not* have been so open. We must beware of Men: and be *wise* as Serpents, as well as *harmless* as Doves."

he is publishing a little Piece of Poetry, intitl'd *Percy Lodge*, the Duke of *Somerset's* Seat, wrote at the Desire of the *late* Duke and Duchefs in the Year 1749. Had they *lived*, poor *Browne* would have met with the Encouragement He deserves. They *loved* Him, and fully intended to have *served* Him. When it makes its Appearance, I will desire you to accept of a Copy.

I am, &c.

JAMES HERVEY.

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## LETTER CLXV.

*On some scriptural Difficulties.*

*Weston-Favell, March 3, 1756.*

*Dear Sir,*

**I**N a preceding Letter, I begged your Solution of some scriptural Difficulties. As you always used even to prevent my Expectations, in a free and speedy Communication of your valuable Sentiments; and, as I have not enjoyed that Pleasure for a long Season, I am under some Apprehensions, that either you are visited with Sicknefs, or my Dispatches have met with a Miscarriage. I hope, after the Receipt of this, you will find some Way to relieve me from my Perplexity.

Reading Yesterday, *Exod. xiv.* methought there was some Appearance of Tautology in Verse 7, *Heb.* If in either of the Clauses we might render the Word דָּבַב by *Horsemen*, this seeming Improprity would be avoided. It would also more exactly agree with וּפָרְשִׁים in the 28th Verse.—Is not our Method of translating Verse 20, somewhat forced, and hardly reconcilable with the Genius of the Original Language?

*Heb.* iii. 5. לפניו ילך דבר. This Sentence also embarrassed me a little. How does it, as translated in the *English Bible*, agree with the History? Is there any Account, or any Hint, that the Pestilence went before the Lord, when he descended on Mount *Sinai*? There went indeed a wonderful Word דבר το διασελλομενου φωνη σηματων.—Does this Passage refer to the Plagues inflicted on the *Israelites*, for their Murmuring and Rebellion? I think not, because the sacred Hymn appears calculated for the Encouragement of the People, whereas this Circumstance would rather depress their Spirits. Does it point at the Plagues and the Vengeance executed on the *Egyptians*? This, I believe, is most probable, and perhaps, affords us the true Meaning of the Passage.—Pray, favour me, if you have Health and Leisure, with your Opinion, which, I assure you, is highly valued, and always thankfully received by,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged, and affectionate Friend, &c.

JAMES HERVEY.

What precedes was written before the Receipt of your last.

I thank you, dear Sir, for your Letter, and thank you doubly, because it is long. I received it on coming from my *Wednesday's* Evening Lecture—have read one Sheet, and entered upon the second, but am now called down to Family Prayer.—I shall add no more, only let me desire you to favour me with the Criticisms you mention. I beseech the blessed God to establish your Health and prolong your Life, that you may enrich *me* and *others* with many of your Letters, and much of your Knowledge.

## L E T T E R CLXVI.

*On various Subjects.*

*Saturday Morn.*

*My dear Friend,*

I Congratulate you on the Acceptance of your little Tract, and the uncommon Demand for it\*. *Inest sua Gratia Parvis*, is a Maxim of more Wisdom and Weight than we easily apprehend.—May the Blessing of our Lord Jesus Christ accompany it, always and in all Places!—I must desire you to excuse my waiting upon you. The Season is so rigorous, I am afraid to stir abroad. I question, whether I shall have Courage to venture to *Collingtree* To-morrow. You know I am one of the Snail-kind, both in Travelling, Reading, and Writing. My Thanks to Mr. *Fenwick*; I have just peeped upon his † Work: I fear it will be thought by the World, too finely spun.—You once asked my Opinion concerning Dr. *Grey*'s last Words of *David* divided according to the Metre. I had not then read it with due Attention: I lately perused it very carefully, and am charmed with the Importance of his Correction and the Beauty of the Passage, as it stands amended by that judicious Critick. Though I must own, I don't admire the Alteration suggested by Bishop *Sherlock*, in his Letter to Dr. *Grey*. "A Sun shall rise as the Morning," seems to have very little Spirit, and less

\* Dr. *Stonhouse*'s *Friendly Advice to a Patient, and Directions for the Uninstructed.*

† *Thoughts on the Hebrew Titles of the Psalms, endeavouring to discover their Meaning, and point out their Use.* Price 1s. 6d.

Propriety: Is it not bordering upon *Idem\* per Idem?* What is the Morning, but the rising of the Sun? Ask our accurate Friend's Opinion. If the other † Passages of Scripture, mentioned by Dr. Grey in the Front of this little Piece, as what he soon intends to publish, are as valuably restored and as elegantly interpreted as this, the Suppression of them will be a great Loss.—I will, on your Encouragement, go on with my Book in my piddling Way. Happy if my own Heart may be

\* Bishop Sherlock says, (see Page 23, of Dr. Grey's last Words of David,) In the comparison בָּקֵר בָּאֶרֶץ cc-or boker, &c. which you render, *Sicut Lux matutina, oriente Sole*; it would strike me more to read *orientur Sol*.—The Sense then would be (taking the Sun to be an Image, or Character of the JUST ONE) this Sun shall be like the kind gentle Light of the Morning, free from Clouds, and when the Earth, refreshed by kind Showers, is putting forth fresh Verdure.—The Passage is beautiful, and gives an Idea of a Sun that never scorches, but is ever gentle, and shining with a genial Heat: A SUN WITH HEALING UNDER HIS WINGS.

† These Passages are intitled, *The Voice of the sweet Singers of Israel*. Being,

The Book of Lamentations.

The Canticles, or Song of Songs.

The Blessing of Jacob, Gen. xlix.

The Blessing of Moses, Deut. xxxiii.

The Song of Moses, Exod. xv.

The Song of Deborah, Judges v.

The Song of Isaiah, Chap. v.

The Prayer of Habbakuk, Chap. iii.

The Prophecy of Balaam, Numb. xxiii.

The Lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan, 2 Sam. i.

The last Words of David, 2 Sam. xxiii.

The Prayer of Hannah, 1 Sam. ii.

With other poetical Parts of the Old Testament, divided according to the Metre.—To which will be added, Notes critical and explanatory, serving both to restore the Text, and to give Light to many Parts of it hitherto obscured. The Book of Job thus divided, wit. the Song of Moses, Deut. xxxiii. Dr. Grey has already published Price 7s. 6d. As likewise, *An easy Method of learning Hebrew without Points*, Price 6s.

impressed with the evangelical Truths, even though they should reach, as handled by this Pen, no farther. —I had like to have forgot Mr. \*\*\*'s Letter: And if I had forgot it, you might justly wonder at my Stupidity. What a Man is *He*! Surely the Age does not produce a more genuine Copy of his divine Master. What a Letter has *He* wrote! what Dignity of Sentiment! what true Greatness of Soul! what Openness of Heart! what Boldness of Speech, and Justness of Re-proof, sweetened with what Love! tempered with what Humility! How I *love* the excellent Man! Was not your Soul ashamed, while you read it?—and did not your Heart burn within you, as the Disciples did when talking with Christ in their Way to *Emmaus*?

I am really afraid to read *Spenser's Fairy Queen*. He is, in Fancy superior, perhaps, to every Poet, yet so luscious in some of his Representations, which I have casually dipped upon, that it is impossible, for ME at least, to advert to them, without catching Contagion. His Pictures of this Sort, are drawn with a good Design. He makes his Heroes, *Victors* of the soft Allurements. But, I believe, few Minds are so case-hardened against sensual Pleasure, as not to receive *disadvantageous* Impressions. I am, therefore, determined never to look into it again; never to gather the Honey of Poetry from the Briars of Contamination. “Flee Temptation,” is the Advice of an inspired Apostle; and I will pay the due Regard to it. I am, dear Sir, with great Respect, your most obliged, and very affectionate Servant,

J. HERVEY.



## L E T T E R   C L X V I I .

*On the Mercy of the Redeemer.**Weston-Favell, April 5, 1750.**Dear Sir,*

**W**HEN you meditate on *Hosea* iv. 6 and 7. [namely, “ my People are destroyed for Lack of Knowledge ; because thou hast rejected Knowledge I will also reject Thee, that thou shalt be no Priest to me ; seeing thou hast forgot thy Children : As they were increased, so they sinned against me, therefore will I change their Glory into Shame.”]—When I say you meditate on this terrifying Text, compare it with *Hosea* xi. 8 and 9.—xiii. 9 and 12.—xiv. 1 and 2. [namely, “ How shall I give thee up, *Ephraim* ? How shall I deliver thee, *Israel* ? How shall I make thee as *Admah* ? How shall I set thee as *Zeboim* ? Mine Heart is turned within me, my Repentings are kindled together. I will not execute the Fierceness of mine Anger, I will not return to destroy *Ephraim* ; for I am God and not Man, the holy one in the Midst of thee,” *Hosea* xi. 8 and 9.]

In the next Passage Christ shews the *only* Remedy for our Misery [namely, “ O *Israel*, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in ME is thine Help.—The Iniquity of *Ephraim* is bound up, his Sin is hid,” *Hof.* xiii. 9 and 12.]

In the *last* Passage is prescribed the Method of applying the Remedy to your own Soul [namely, “ O *Israel*, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine Iniquity.—Take with you Words, and turn to the Lord, and say unto him, Take away all Iniquity, and receive us graciously, so will we render the Calves of

our Lips" (or spiritual Sacrifices of the Heart, not Calves with Horns and Hoofs) *Hosea* xiv. 1 and 2.]

Pray take these Texts into frequent Consideration, or else you will do a THREEFOLD Injury, *viz.* to the divine Mercies,—to the Redeemer's Merits,—to your own Comfort.

Be it that Guilt is great :—Yet is it boundless ? Is it infinite, like the Kindness of God through Christ ?—Remember what Message our Lord sent to *Peter* after his Fall ; what Offers he made at *Jerusalem*, after it had murdered the Prince of Peace ; how eminently useful and happy he made *David*, after the Commission of \* enormous Crimes.—He is the same gracious, long-suffering, Sin-forgiving God, to Day, Yesterday, and for ever.

Beware, dear Sir, that you add not *Unbelief* (the *greatest* of Sins, the *most* provoking of Sins, the *most* de-

\* The celebrated Dr. *Delany*, in his very entertaining Work, intitled the *Historical Account of the Life and Reign of David*, has this Reflection.

Happy for Mankind, that there is such an Instance, (an authentick Instance) of falling Virtue and recovering Guilt!—An Instance so fitted to mortify the Vanity of Virtue, and the Merit of exalted Piety, and to raise the Power and Price of humble Penitence ; to abate the Pride of Self-sufficiency, and support the Hope of Frailty. Who can confide in his own Strength, when he sees a *DAVID* fallen ? And who can despair of divine Mercy, when he sees him forgiven ? Sad Triumph of Sin over all, which is great and excellent in Man ! Glorious Triumph of Repentance, over all which is shameful and dreadful in Sin.—Millions have fallen, have sinned as *DAVID* ; but *who* ever repented and recovered like *Him* !—Revolve his *whole* Life before the Affair of *Uriah* ! It is almost one Train of a wise, generous, pious, and valiant Conduct ! Revolve his *whole* Life from the Hour of this Guilt, and you will find it little else than one Train of Humiliation and Repentance before God ; and *this* too, even after the Assurance of Pardon, from the Mouth of God himself by his Prophet *Nathan* ; which is the highest Proof of a refined Piety, and exalted Virtue.

*fructivè* of Sins,) to all your *other* Offences.—We have trampled upon the divine Laws, and defiled our own Souls; and let us not charge the divine Declarations with FALSHOOD, let us not make our GOD a Liar.—I am sure God loves you, and Christ intercedes for you: Else whence this Searching of your Heart, this Acknowledgment of Guilt, this Self-Condernnation, and Thirst after pardoning and sanctifying Grace?

*Another* Proof to me, a very evident and pregnant Proof, that the blessed God has a very tender, and particular *Concern* for your eternal Welfare, is, his disconcerting your Schemes; than which Nothing, I think, could be more effectually calculated, to waft you along the smooth Stream of Insensibility, and Pleasure, into the Pit of Perdition.

Let *this*, though a Thorn in the Flesh, be a Token for Good.—He, who has *begun* to rescue you, will *accomplish* his gracious Purpose.—Ere long, I trust this new Song will be put into your Mouth, “The Snare is broken, and I am delivered.” (*Psalms* cxxiv. 7.) Be of good Comfort, dear Sir, for with “the Lord there is Mercy and plenteous Redemption.” (cxxx. 7.)

Read by Way of Consolation *Manasseh’s Humiliation*, (2 *Chron.* xxxiii. 12, 13.)—And see likewise God’s gracious Dealings, even with *Rehoboam* himself. (2 *Chron.* xii. 6, 7.)

Don’t indulge *dispiriting* Ideas;—or have *hard* Thoughts of the God of everlasting Compassion: Oh how *weak* is our Faith!—Read and study well that excellent and comfortable little Tract, *Liborius Zimmermannus, De Eminentia Cognitiones Christi*.—Converse with some *experienced* Christians; and remember what our blessed Saviour has *promised*, “Where two or three are gathered together in *my* Name, there am I in the

Midst of them.”—We never make any Doubt but our *Friends* (especially if they be the distinguished Servants of Jesus) will fulfil their *Promises*, yet we question (sie upon us, sie upon us for our *Unbelief*) whether the *divine Master* himself will accomplish his Word.

I am, dear Sir, with much Esteem, and with much Concern, for your present and eternal Welfare,

Your's, very sincerely,

JAMES HERVEY.

## LETTER CLXVIII.

*On Christ's Ability and Willingness to save.*

Dear —,

**T**HIS Letter will come to your Hands, as the *Blessings* of the everlasting Gospel are offered to our Souls, “without Money and without Price.”

Be under no Concern about the *Report* you mention: It gives me not one Moment's *Uneasiness*: We have acted, I trust, as faithful Stewards of our Master in Heaven; and if *He* approves, how very insignificant is the Censure of *Men*! And what—ah what is a little Misrepresentation, or a few Lashes from tattling Tongues, compared with those cruel Mockings, which our divine and dying Redeemer bore!

You are, I find, as I too often am, in poor *Peter's* Condition, when our Lord addressed him, with that tender Rebuke, “O thou of *little* Faith, wherefore didst thou *doubt*?”—Wherefore indeed do we *doubt*? Is he not an all-sufficient Saviour? Is not his Death a complete

plete Atonement, sufficient to take away the Sins of a whole World?—Is not his Righteousness a perfect Righteousness, able to justify the *most Ungodly*?—Does not his Godhead impart an infinite Dignity to *both*? rendering them more powerful to save, than Millions, unnumbered Millions of Sins are to destroy?

Is he not a *willing* Saviour?—How *willing* was *Joseph* to give the Good of the Land of *Egypt* to his aged Father?—How *willing* was *Jonathan*, to screen his beloved *David* from *Saul's* Wrath?—How *willing* is an indulgent Parent, to deal out Bread to an hungry Child? *Equally willing*, abundantly *more willing* is Christ to *give Himself* to our Souls, to *reconcile* us to his almighty Father, to *fit* us for his Kingdom, and to *take* us to his Glory.—A Parent does not chuse to die for his Child:—*Jonathan* never spilt his Blood for *David*;—nor did *Joseph* lay down his Life for the good old Man *Jacob*. But this, all this, the Lord Jesus Christ freely undertook, freely underwent for us. What could he do more to assure us of his *Love*?—Let us contemplate the Story of his bitter, bitter Passion. Let us view Him prostrate in an Agony of Sorrow, on the cold Ground; extended, with racking Torture, on the accursed Tree; laid all pale and mangled with Wounds, in the gloomy Sepulchre; and surely we shall have a stronger *Proof* of Christ's *Willingness* to save us, than the Testimony of ten thousand *Ministers* preaching on Earth, or of ten thousand *Angels* speaking from Heaven.

Is he not a *faithful* Saviour? Having loved his own, he loveth them even unto the End. As his Eyes never slumber, nor sleep, so his Care for his People is never intermitted: He has written their Names on the Palms of his Hands, and their eternal Interests are ever before Him: He will never, never *leave*, nor *forsake* them: No, not in any Circumstance, nor on any Account. They are his peculiar Treasure, and the Ransom of his

own dear Life; they are the Recompence for all his Sufferings, and are to be the Jewels in his Mediatorial Crown; they therefore shall never perish, neither shall they pluck them out of his Hand.—Neither Life, nor Death, nor Things *present*, nor Things *to come*, shall be able to *separate* them from his Love, from his Bosom, from his Heart.—“Happy art thou, O *Israel!* who is like unto thee, O People saved by the Lord? who is the Shield of thy Help, and the Sword of thy Excellency. The eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the everlasting Arms; surely then thou mayst dwell in Safety.” (*Deut.* xxxiii. 27, &c.)

Are we *unworthy* Sinners? We readily *own* it; and oh! that we may deeply *feel* it! But did not Christ chuse to converse with Publicans and Sinners? Did He not come to seek, and to save *that*, which was *lost*?—The same Spirit, which actuated him on Earth, He retains now he is exalted into Heaven: Let not therefore our deplorable Vileness be our Hindrance, but our Incitement to apply to the ever-gracious Friend of Sinners.—Indeed, if we were not Sinners, we should not be proper Objects for the Saviour. “They, who are *whole* need not a *Physician*, but they who are *sick*;” for such he made his Soul an Offering, and for such he brought in everlasting Righteousness: He makes Intercession, not for the Righteous, but for Transgressors; and those, who are afar off, in Rebellion and Apostacy, are brought nigh;—nigh to God, and Home to Heaven, by the Blood of Christ.

May these Considerations sink into our *Hearts*; and be made the Seed of a lively, growing, and joyful Faith!—And may the Lord direct us *both*, (as we *both* groan in this Tabernacle, and are burdened) into the Love of God, and the patient Waiting for of Jesus! when this languishing, this corruptible *Body* will lie down in  
Peace,

Peace, and rest in Hope ; and the *Soul*, delivered from every Conflict, cleansed from every Stain, will be for ever, ever with the Lord.—Amen and Amen, says

Your's, &c.

JAMES HERVEY.

## L E T T E R   C L X I X .

*A serious Exhortation to Repentance.*

To RICHARD NASH, *Esq*; *Master of the Ceremonies at Bath.*

*Sir,*

**T**HIS comes from your sincere Friend, and one, who has your best Interest deeply at Heart : It comes on a Design al-together important, and of no less Consequence than your everlasting Happiness : So that it may justly challenge your careful Regard.—It is not to upbraid, or reproach, much less to triumph and insult over your Misconduct. No ! It is pure Benevolence, and disinterested Good-will, which prompts me to write : So that, I hope, I shall not raise your Repentment.—However, be the Issue what it will, I cannot bear to see You walk in the Paths, which lead to Death, without *warning* You of your Danger ; without sounding in your Ears that awful Admonition, “ Turn ye, turn ye from your evil Ways and live ; for why will Ye die ? ” (See *Ezek.* xxxiii. 11.) I beg of you to consider, whether You do not in some Measure resemble those accursed Children of *Eli*, whom, though they were famous in the Congregation, and Men of Renown, yet Vengeance suffered not to live. (1 *Sam.* iii. 13.) For my Part, I may safely use the Expostulation of the old Priest,

Priest, “Why do Ye such Things? I hear of your evil Dealings by all the People: Nay, my Brother, for it is no good Report that I hear; You make the Lord’s People to transgress.”—I have long observed and pitied You; and a most melancholy Spectacle I lately beheld, made me resolve to *caution* You; “lest *You* also come into the same Condemnation.”—

I was not long since called to visit a Gentleman, one of the most robust of Body, and of the gayest Temper I ever knew; but when I visited him, Oh! how was the Glory departed from him! I found him no more that sprightly, sparkling, and vivacious Person He used to be; but languishing, pining away, and withering, under the chastising Hand of God! his Limbs feeble, and trembling; his Countenance forlorn and ghastly; hastening apace to the Dust, to lodge in the silent Grave, that Land of Darkness and Desolation; his Soul just going to God, who gave it; preparing itself to wing away to its long Home; to enter upon an unchangeable and eternal State.—When I was come up into his Chamber, and seated on his Bed, he first cast a most wishful Look upon me, and then began, as well as he was able, to speak: “Oh!” says He, “that I had been more wise; that I had known this; that I had considered my latter End!” (*Deut. xxxii. 29.*) Oh! Mr. *Hervey*, Death is knocking at my Door; in a few Hours more I shall draw my last Gasp, and then Judgment, the most tremendous Judgment, is the Thing that I look for.—How shall I appear, *unprepared* as I am, before the all-knowing and omnipotent God? How shall I endure the Day of his Coming?” I asked him among other Questions, what He thought of true Holiness, which He had formerly so much slighted. “Oh,” replied He, with an hasty Eagerness, “most highly I value it! I would gladly part with all my Estate, or a World, to obtain it.—Now my benighted Eyes are enlightened,  
‘ I clearly



‘ I clearly discern the Things that are excellent.’ Oh ! what is there in the Place, whither I am going, but God ? or what is there to be desired on Earth, but Religion ?” But what would you do, Sir, said I, if God should restore you to Health ? “ Do ! I call Heaven and Earth to witness, I would labour for Holiness, as I shall soon labour for Life : As for Riches and Pleasures, and the Applause of *Men*, I account them as Dross and Dung ; no more to my Happiness, than that Feather which accidentally lies on the Floor.—If the righteous *Judge* would try me, in what a Spirit would I spend the Remainder of my Days ! I would know no other Business, aim at no other End, than to perfect myself in Holiness : Whatever contributed to it (every Means of Grace, every Opportunity of spiritual Improvement) should be dearer to me than Thousands of Gold and Silver. But, alas ! why do I amuse myself with fond Imaginations ? The best Resolutions are *now* insignificant, because they are too late.—The Day, in which I should have worked, is over and for ever gone ; and I see a sad and horrible Night approaching ; bringing with it the ‘ Blackness of Darkness, and for ever.’ (*Jude*, ver. 13.)—Heretofore, alas ! when *God* called, I refused ; when *He* invited, I was one of them, who made Excuses : Now, therefore, I receive the Reward of my Deeds ; ‘ Fearfulness and Trembling are come upon me.’ I smart ; I am in sore Anguish already, and yet *this* is but the *Beginning* of my Sorrows.—It doth not yet appear what I shall be ; but sure I am, that I shall be ruined, undone, and destroyed with an *everlasting* Destruction.”

This Scene I saw with my Eyes, and heard with my Ears, and quickly after I attended the unhappy Gentleman to his Tomb.—The poor emaciated dying Man, spoke in such an Accent, and with so much Earnestness, that I could not easily forget *Him*, or his Words : And,

as I was musing upon this sorrowful Subject, I remembered Mr. *Nash*.—No sooner did I remember you, Sir, but I discerned too near an Agreement and Correspondence between you and the Deceased.—They are alike, said I, in their *Way*, and what shall hinder them from being alike in their *End*? The Course of their Actions was equally full of Sin and Folly; and why should not the Period of them be equally full of Horror and Dismay? I am grievously afraid for the Survivor, lest, as he lives the *Life*, so he should die the *Death* of this wretched Man, and “his *latter* End should be like *his*.” For this Cause I take my Pen in Hand, and *counsel* you to *bethink* yourself; nay, I *request* of you to *repent*, while you have Opportunity, if happily you may find Grace and Forgiveness.—Yet a Moment, and you may die; yet a little While, and you *must* die; and why will you go down with Infamy and Despair to the Grave, rather than depart in Peace, with Hopes full of Immortality?—

But I must tell you, Sir, plainly, and with the utmost Freedom, that your present Behaviour is not the Way to reconcile you to God. You are so far from making an Atonement to offended Justice, that you are aggravating Wrath.—For what say the *Scriptures*, those Books, which at the Consummation of all Things the Ancient of Days shall open, and judge you by every Jot and Tittle therein? What say those sacred Volumes? Why, they testify and declare to every Soul of Man, “that whosoever liveth in Pleasure, is dead while He liveth:” So that as long as you roll on in a continual Course of sensual Delights and vain Entertainments, you are *dead* to all the Purposes of Piety and Virtue: You are as odious to God, as a corrupt rotten Carcass, which lies putrefying in the Grave. You are as far from doing your Duty, or working out your Salvation, and restoring yourself to the divine Favour, as *decayed Bones*, nailed  
up

up in a Coffin, are from Vigour and Activity.—Think, Sir, I conjure you, think upon *this*, if you have any Inclination to escape the Fire which will never be quenched.—Would you be delivered from Weeping, Wailing, and Gnashing of Teeth? Surely you would! But be certain, this will never be done by Amusements, which at the best are trifling and impertinent, and for that, if for no other Reason, foolish and sinful.—It is by Seriousness, it is by Retirement and Mourning, you must accomplish this great and desirable Deliverance: You must not appear at the Head of every silly Diversion, but enter into your Closet, and shut your Door; commune with your own Heart; and search out your Spirit: The Pride of Life, and all Superfluity of Naughtiness must be put away; and you must make Haste and delay not, for the Time to come, to keep *all* God's holy Commandments; always remembering, that mighty Sinners must be mightily penitent, or else be mightily tormented.—Your Example and your Projects have been extremely prejudicial (I wish I could not say fatal and destructive) to *many*: For *this* there is no Amends, but an Alteration of Manners, as signal and remarkable, as your Person and Name.—If you do not by this Method remedy, in some Degree, the Evils which you have sent abroad, and prevent the mischievous Consequences which may ensue, wretched will you be, yea, wretched above Measure, to all Eternity: The *Blood of Souls* will be laid to your Charge, and God's Jealousy, like a consuming Fire, will smoke against you: And you yourself will see it in that Day, “when the Mountains shall quake, and the Hills melt, and the Earth be burnt up at his Presence.”

Once more then I *exhort* you as a Friend, I *beseech* you as a Brother, I *charge* you as a Messenger from the great God, in his own most solemn Words, “to cast away from you your Transgressions, to make you a  
new

new Heart, and a new Spirit; *so* Iniquity shall not be your Ruin.”—

Now, Sir, my Mind is eased. I have discharged the divine Commission, in that I have spoken to you God's Words.—Whether you will hear, or whether you will forbear, henceforward I am clear; I shall in no Respect be necessary to your Misery: If you perish, your Blood will be upon your own Head.—Perhaps you may be disposed to contemn *this*, and its *serious* Purport; or to recommend it to your Companions as a fit Subject for Railing: But let me tell you before hand, that for *this*, as well as for *other* Things, “God will bring you into Judgment.”—He sees me now write; He will observe you while you *read*.—He notes down *my* Words in his Book, and he will note down *your* consequent Procedure: So that not upon *Me*, but upon your own *Self* will your neglecting or despising my Saying turn. If you be “*wise*, you shall be wise for *yourself*: If thou scornest, thou *alone* shall bear it.”—

Be not concerned, Sir, to know *my Name*: It is enough, that you will know *this* hereafter.—Tarry but a little, till the Lord, even the most mighty God, “shall call the Heaven from above, and the Earth, that he may judge his People;” and *then* you will see me Face to Face: There shall I be ready, at the dreadful Tribunal, to joy and rejoice with you, if you *regard* my Admonitions, and live; or else to be a swift Witness against you, if you harden your Heart, and will mind *nene* of my Counsels.

I am, Sir, &c.

Bath, Nov. 11, 1736.

## LETTER CLXX.

*On the Benefits of Affliction.*

Weston-Favell, June 3, 1749.

SO, my dear Sir, *the Physicians* have on the Whole given your Friend no great Hopes of a Cure.—The Apothecary's Shop, the Asses Drugs, and the Mineral Waters' may, they apprehend, *palliate* the Disorder; but that even a *Palliation*, it seems, is not to be expected, without keeping the *Mind* quiet, and cheerful;—and that this important *End* may most effectually be answered, the Doctors have recommended Diversions, Travelling, and Company; giving a Caution at the same Time, I am told, against *Retirement*, so much *praying*, and poring over *religious Books*.

Now if *Cheerfulness* be the grand, the fundamental, the only *Recipe* adequate even to the *Mitigation* of this Disease, I may venture to assert, that such *Recipe* is to be found—(possibly what I declare may be wondered at, but I aver it is to be found) in the *Bible*.—It may be seen wrote at Length; and it well deserves Consideration, in the Book of *Proverbs*:

“A merry Heart,” says *Solomon*, “doth Good like a *Medicine*: but a broken Spirit drieth the Bones.” (*Prov.* xvii. 22.)

That a satisfied, a serene and cheerful State of Mind, will in *this* Case be more beneficial than all Manner of Restoratives for decayed Nature, or Cordials for the sinking Spirits, I can easily believe; nay, I am farther convinced, that whatever can be contrived by the most solicitous Care of the *Physician*, will probably be rendered ineffectual, without this *prime* Preparative, this *most sovereign* Prescript.—It is indispensibly necessary,

that all possible Endeavours should be exerted to have the Thoughts calm, placid, and easy.—Every thing must be sacrificed to this most desirable End.—Nothing can be more pernicious, in *such* Circumstances, than the contrary Situation of Mind.—But here will arise a *Question*, How this inward Tranquillity may most easily be attained, and most surely established? By Company, by Travelling, by Diversions, the Doctors and some others will reply.—I am far, very far from being an Enemy to Diversions, when properly chose, and used with Moderation. Travelling may *beguile* the Sense of Woe, and *palliate for a While* the Malady. Company, when cheerful and improving, is an excellent Source of Comfort; when innocent only and entertaining, is of some *present* Service, and ought to be allowed (at Intervals) Admittance. But *these* will no more reach the Case now under Consideration,—are no more able to create a settled Tranquillity in the Breast, than the gentle Motions of a Fan are sufficient to impel a Wind-bound Fleet. If they engross our *Time*, and leave *no Leisure* for nobler Methods of Consolation, they will certainly prove like heavy, louring *Clouds*, and instead of diffusing, will intercept the *Rays* of Heart-felt Satisfaction. But what, may it be asked, would I substitute instead of these Expedients?—I would beg Leave (*urpolite* as it may seem, and in a manner exploded) to recommend *Prayer* to God, and the daily *reading* \* of the Scriptures.—If kind and friendly *Conversation* be judged proper, why should *Prayer* be disapproved?—Prayer is an humble, but delightful *Inter-*

\* *Gastrell's Christian Institutes* are singularly *useful* to Persons, whose Spirits are so much affected by *nervous* Disorders, as not to be able *long* to attend to reading; the *whole* Duty of a Christian being there taught in the *very Words* of Scripture; and such Texts as suit every Condition and Circumstance in Life, are placed *in Order* under the several Heads. The *second* Edition in 12mo, Price 3s.

*course*, with the best, the greatest, the everlasting Friend.—And has any *earthly* Friend exercised more Loving-kindness? Is any *earthly* Friend more able to administer Relief than the blessed *God*? If there be such Friends, let them be our whole Dependence, and let omnipotent Goodness be secluded from any Regard.

“God has so loved us, that he gave his own Son,” dearer to himself than all Angels, and all Worlds, to die for our Salvation. Rather than we should perish for ever, he sent his infinitely glorious *Son* to take upon him our Nature, and suffer the unknown Agonies of Crucifixion.—To shew his Readiness to succour us in any Distress, He styles himself the Father of Mercies, and God (not of some, but) of *all* Comfort, (2 *Cor.* i. 3.)—And where is the Person, from whom we may more reasonably expect to receive tender and compassionate *Succours*, than from this all-gracious God?—Is he not as *powerful*, as he is *gracious*?—What *Job* said of his Companions, is, in a Degree, true of every *human* Aid: Impotent and miserable Comforters are ye *all*.—But the God of Heaven is able to give Songs in the Night of Distress; to make the Bones, which Sorrow and Anguish have broken, to rejoice. If *He* speak Peace, *who* shall cause Disquietude; or what shall destroy our Tranquillity?—Indeed if we apply for Comfort, to any thing lower than *Heaven*, or by any such *Means*, as exclude frequent *Prayer*, we neglect the Fountain of living Waters, and hew to ourselves Cisterns, broken Cisterns, that can hold no Water. The *Scriptures* (and believe me, as I speak from daily Experience) are a *Treasury of Comfort*.—One, who had drank deep of the Cup of Sorrow declares, that they rejoice;—and that for his own Part, if his Delight had not been in the divine Law, he should have perished in his Trouble, (see *Bible Psalm* cxix. 92.)—“These Things,” says the favourite Disciple, “write we unto you (not  
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barely that you may have *Joy*, but) that your Joy may be *full*." (*John* xv. 11.)—And *St. Paul* adds, that "whatever Things are written by the Spirit of Inspiration, are written for our *Benefit*; that we through *Patience*, and *Comfort* of the Scriptures, might have *Hope*;" (*Rom.* xv. 4.) that blessed Hope of eternal Life, which is an Anchor to the Soul, in all the Storms of Adversity; which is the Oil of Gladness, swimming above all the Waves of Affliction.—By having Recourse to Diversions and Amusements, in Preference to the strong Consolations suggested in the Bible, we act as injudiciously, we shall be deceived as certainly, as if amidst the sultry Heats of Summer, we should seek cooling Refreshment from a painted Tree, and shun the embowering shady Covert of a real Grove.

If we are *afflicted*, the Scriptures acquaint us, that our *Afflictions* are the Chastisements of a Father, not the Scourges of an Enemy. They give us Assurance, that the all-disposing Providence will not suffer us to be *afflicted*, above what we are able to *bear*; (See *1 Cor.* x. 13.)—that they shall turn to our Good, and bring forth the peaceable Fruits of Righteousness;—that they are light; are only for a Moment, and yet shall work out for us a Weight, an eternal Weight of Glory.—Can all the Volumes of Heathen Morality suggest, or all the Recreations in the World afford, such rational and solid Consolation?—Without these Consolations *Afflictions* will be like a latent Sore, smarting and rankling in the Heart;—will produce Discontent with our Condition, and repining at Providence;—a melancholy Temper, and a fretful Carriage.—Trifling Company, and worldly Pleasures, will serve only to aggravate the Misery, and make us inwardly mourn, that while others are in the Elevations of *Mirth*, we are pressed with a Weight of *Calamity*.—Whereas, by Means of these sovereign Consolations, *Afflictions* may be improved to  
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Health of the *Mind*, and become a most salutary *Expedient* for furthering our *spiritual* Happiness.

Can any thing be more (or equally comfortable) than the *Privileges* recorded in that Charter of our Salvation, the *Scriptures*?—There we are told, that as many as *truly believe* in Jesus Christ, are Children of the Almighty;—that the Lord who commandeth the Waters, the glorious God who maketh the Thunder, the everlasting King, who ruleth all Things in Heaven and Earth, is their Father; He pities them as a *Father* pities his own Children (*Psalms* ciii. 13.)—and that a *Mother* may sooner forget her sucking Child, than *He* can remit his tender Care for their present Welfare and endless Felicity. (*Isaiab* xlix. 15.) that, because we are Sinners, Christ Jesus, with infinitely more than parental Tenderness, bore our Sins, and expiated all our Guilt, in his own bleeding Body upon the Tree. (*1 Pet.* ii. 24.)—Because we frequently offend, and always fail, our merciful High-Priest ever liveth to make *Intercession* for us, and to *plead* his divine Merits in our Behalf. (*Ileb.* vii. 25.)—Because we have many Corruptions *within*, and are assaulted by various Temptations *without*, we have a *Promise* of the blessed Spirit to subdue our Corruptions; (*Galat.* iii. 14. *Ezek.* xxxvi. 27.) and to renew us after the Image of *him*, who created us; (*Coloff.* iii. 10.)—Because we are liable to manifold Misfortunes, and visited with a Variety of Sorrows, the *same* holy Spirit is promised, under the amiable Character of a Comforter. (*John* xv. 7. *Luke* xi. 13.)—Because all Flesh is Grass, and all the Goodliness thereof (the Youth, the Beauty, the Wealth, all mortal Accomplishments, and every worldly Enjoyment) is withering, and transient as the Flower of the Field, (*Isaiab* xl. 6.) the *Scriptures* direct our View, and consign over to our Faith, a most incomparable, reversionary Inheritance; an Inheritance reserved in Heaven for us, “ which is

incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. (1 *Pet.* i. 4.)

Are these Things, I would *ask the Physicians*, likely to *deject* the Mind, or *oppress* it with Heaviness?—Need their Patients fear an Aggravation of Distresses, from the Offer, from the Enjoyment of such Blessings?—Much more reasonably might the bleeding Wound fly from the lenient Hand, dread the healing Balm, and court its Cure from the Viper's envenomed Tooth.—Have these Truths a Tendency to engender *gloomy* Apprehensions, as the *medical* Gentlemen are too apt to *imagine*; or do these *increase* the Load which galls an *afflicted Mind*?—Rather, what Heart, (that attends to such glad Tidings and believes them) can forbear even leaping for Joy? These are calculated to put off our Sackcloth, and gird us with Gladness; are enough to turn the Groans of Grief into the Songs of Gratitude.

Cheered by these *reviving* Considerations, supported by this *blessed* Hope, the ancient Christians were more than Conquerors over all their Calamities; they even gloried in Tribulations, because *these* were the appointed Way to the Kingdom of Heaven. (*Acts* xiv. 22.) They took joyfully the *Spoiling* of their Goods, knowing, that they had, in the World *above*, a better and more enduring Substance, *Heb.* x. 34.—They perceived with Complacency, the Decay of their earthly Tabernacle; because there remained for them, after their Dissolution, a House not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens. (2 *Cor.* v. 1.)—Perhaps we may not arrive at such Heights of heroick and triumphant Exultation, but surely we should *try* those Remedies, which in *their* Case were so surprisngly and happily successful.

On the whole; a peaceable *Composure* of Mind, and calm *Resignation* to the all-wise Will of God;—an holy *Joy* in the Merits of our ever blessed Redeemer, and a well-grounded *Hope* of unutterable and immortal Bliss,  
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in a better World; these, these are more absolutely needful for a Case like *this*, and will do more towards *Relief*, than all the Drugs, which Nature produces.—And very sure I am, that these noble Anodynes are dispensed no where but in the Scriptures; are to be procured no otherwise than by Prayer.—Other Methods may stupefy for a Moment, but will not remove the Pain, much less introduce permanent Ease,

I speak not this from mere Speculation, or conjectural Probability.—I have *myself* EXPERIENCED the Efficacy of the preceding Expedients for these desirable Purposes.—Having been a sort of *Veteran* in Affliction, I have been under a *Necessity* of applying these *Consolations*; and have the utmost Reason to bear *Witness*, that there are *none like* them.—The *Scriptures* are the Treasury of Joy and Peace, and the truly religious are generally the most uniformly cheerful.

If you apprehend what I have here advanced on the *Means* of obtaining true Cheerfulness and solid Peace of Mind, may be in any Measure instrumental to the *Comfort* of your Friend, you would do well perhaps to *communicate* it, as I presume you are not *ashamed* of appearing in the Recommendation of the *Bible*.—The *Physicians* would probably *sneer* at such sort of Advice, but the Arguments will not be the less valid on *that* Account;—and if their *Patient* be seriously disposed, such *Sneers* would have little or no Effect.

Do you recollect Dr. *Young's* Lines \* in the eighth Night?

———Would'st thou not laugh,  
This Counsel strange, should I presume to give?  
*Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay,*  
There Truths abound of *sov'reign Aid to Peace!*

\* Lee Letter CVII. Page 351, of Volume II.

But *these* thou think'st are *gloomy* Paths of Joy :  
*False* Joys indeed are born for Want of *Thought* ;  
*True* Joys from Thought's *full* Bent and Energy :  
 And *this* demands a Mind in equal Poize,  
 Remote from gloomy Grief, and glaring Joy ;  
*Much* Joy not only speaks *small* Happiness ;  
 But Happiness, that shortly must expire :  
 Can *Joy* unbottomed in Reflection stand ?  
 Can such a *Joy* meet Accidents *unshock'd* ?  
 Or talk with threat'ning *Death*, and not turn *pale* ?

Though my Letter is much longer than I at first intended, and stands in Need of an Apology for its Prolixity, I cannot conclude without giving you a fresh Assurance, that amongst the great Number of those, who esteem and respect you, there is *not one* of them, who more sincerely *regards* you than, good Sir,

Your most obedient, and very humble Servant,

JAMES HERVEY.

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## L E T T E R CLXXI.

*How to conduct Controversy.*

*Weston-Favell, Dec. 15, 1755.*

*My dear Friend,*

**I** Return you my best Thanks for sending me a Copy of so smart and sensible a Letter, which came to me very à-propos ; and which, I think, is so likely to do Good in this *disputatious* Age, that I wish it was printed in some of the Magazines, and publick Papers.—I am much obliged to you for your kind *Caution* against my being drawn into a Controversy ; particularly by the very warm and overbearing Mr. \* \* \*, who is now  
grown

grown impatient of the least Contradiction, and far from being a desirable Companion, or Correspondent.

*Controversy* is as much *my* Aversion as it can be *your's*; for where *that* begins, Religion too often *ends*; and I shall not enter the Lists, I promise you, with any one, unless I am absolutely necessitated to it: But if I am compelled to appear in Print on such an Occasion, I shall endeavour to pay due Regard to *Solomon's* excellent Advice, *viz.* "A *soft* Answer turneth away *Wrath*; but grievous Words stir up Anger." *Prov. xv. 1.*—Instead of exasperating my Adversary by cutting Reprehensions, I will, if possible, constrain him by a candid and respectful Treatment to moderate his Temper; and by a coercive Propriety of Arguments, persuade him to relinquish such Tenets, as I think erroneous.

God grant, that I may never behave with an *indecent* Repentment, how great soever may be the *Provocation* of my Gainfayers; but that in all my Writings and Conversations I may avoid the *hasty* Spirit, lest I *injure* my own Peace of Mind, and *disgrace* my Profession, as a Christian, and a Minister.

It is a Rule with *me*, always to speak well of the *good* Qualities even of *bad* Men; especially when *others* are censuring them with an unmerciful Severity;—and I could wish that every Controversialist would learn so much Candour, as to put the *best* Construction on his Opponent's Book; and to embrace what was *in general* good in it, however he might *doubt*, or *censure* some *particular* Opinions of the contending Author.

To live *peaceably* with all Men is my earnest Desire, and my daily Prayer; and in order to do this, I am more and more convinced of the Necessity of Candour,  
Humility,

Humility, and a conscientious Regard to the Example of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I am, my dear Friend,  
affectionately and inviolably your's,

J. HERVEY.

*A Copy of the Letter above-mentioned.*

“ Dear Sir,

“ I HAVE a strong and settled Aversion to all *Manner of Dispute*, in Things, that relate to a Message of perfect Peace, and Love. The Kingdom of God is no more *Opinion*, than it is Meat and Drink ;—and *Argumentation* can have little to do where a *new Heart*, and a *right Spirit* is the Business, or Work to be performed.

“ If we *prevail* in our Disputes (though I believe there is not a single Instance in which either of the Antagonists ever condescended publickly to *own* himself in the wrong,) our *Adversaries* then become *baffled* Worldlings :—If they *prevail*, then they become Worldlings triumphant.—When we deal much *in Disputes* we soil our Souls, and endanger the Temper of Meekness and Love, which we are so frequently *injoined* to cultivate, and which are the very Badge of Christianity.

“ As for *amicable* Disputes in Religion, it is as errant Cant as an *amicable* Suit at Law.—A Dispute about the *Sacrament*, as naturally removes the Mind out of its State of perfect Charity, as a Quarrel about a *Whore*.—The *Subjeſt* alters nothing, it is the *Temper of Mind* wherewith we handle theſe Matters, that *defile* the Man ; and it is morally impossible to meddle to any Purpose, without having the Mind diſordered.

“ St.

“ St. *Paul* was plainly of the *same* Opinion, when he wrote thus to *Timothy*; ‘ If any Man consent not to wholesome Words, even the Words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the Doctrine which is according to Godliness, he is proud, knowing Nothing, but doting about Questions and Strifes of Words, whereof cometh Envy, Strife, Railings and Surmises, perverse Disputings of Men of corrupt Minds, and destitute of the Truth, supposing that Gain is Godliness: from such *withdraw* thyself.’ 1 *Tim.* vi. 3, 4, 5.

“ This is the constant Case of all the Disputes in the Gospel itself.—The more they are argued, the further they are always from the Point; insomuch that even those who are said to believe on Christ, at the *Beginning* of the Chapter of Dispute, before the *End* of it take up Stones to cast at him.

“ In short, till a Man be a Christian in some Measure, he has neither Ability, nor any Right in Nature to *talk* about it.—’Tis more absurd than a Controversy between a Fish and a Fowl, about the best and most commodious Element to breathe in.

“ The Peace and Purity of our own Minds, is of more Value than of every other Endowment.—For my own Part, I had rather be able to bear patiently the Nick-Name of Fool or Madman, than to become famous for all the Wisdom and Prudence which the World knows how to commend and esteem.

“ In this Poverty of Spirit, I would heartily intreat all my Friends, earnestly to seek after that Love and Peace, which is only to be found in the Face or Similitude of our dear Master, the Lord Jesus Christ.—The Want of this most amiable and Christian Disposition in some *eminent* Professors, for I never admired a *rough, and boisterous* Zeal, has often startled and chagrined *Him*, who is, dear Sir,

“ Your’s very sincerely, R. W.

“ P. S. We may *talk* what we will about Religion, it is nothing less than a divine Temper.—What is short of this is PRATING about Religion, and that’s all.—I meet with many *doctrinal* Christians, who are very *Dabs* at Chapter and Verse, and yet very *Bond-Slaves* to Earth, and Self.—*Spiritual* Christians (which are the *only true* ones) are almost as scarce as *Phœnixes*.”

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## LETTER CLXXII.

*Franck’s Nicodemus recommended.*

*Saturday Morning.*

*My dear Friend,*

LET me *exhort* you to live as on the *Borders of Eternity*; and often to reflect where the late Fall from your Horse might have hurried you. Eternity is at Hand:—“*He, that cometh, will come, and will not tarry.*”—Oh that your *Soul* may prosper; for without *that*, what are all the Riches, Pleasures, and Honours of this Earth! But it *cannot prosper*, unless the *World* be under Foot, and your *Affections* fixed on Jesus. What besides *Him*, my dear Friend, deserves a *Thought*? And how tenderly has he dealt with us, notwithstanding all our Ingratitude and Provocations? I can say no more than I *have* said to you; but I pity you, and I pray for you, that you may conquer this *Fear of Man*:—I wish you would every Day for the next Month, read some Part of Professor *Franck’s Nicodemus*, or *The Fear of Man*. Dr. \*\*\* told me He had a great Regard for you, and wished you would set your Face, *as a Flint*; exert your *lively Talents* to promote the Gospel, and confess the Lord Jesus boldly before Men on every *proper* Occasion: And when they talk obscenely, or take  
the



the Lord's Name in vain, you ought genteelly to *reprove* them, or *leave the Company*: This would be acting like a *Christian!*—But, while you are thus silent, meally-mouthed, stand so much upon your Politeness, and have such a *Fear* of being censured by worldly-minded People, you may take my Word for it, you will do very little Good; and be a Stranger to that Comfort and Peace, which others, who stick *closer* to Christ, daily experience;—that comfortable Peace of God, which (as Archbishop *Secker* finely observes, Page 132. of his Nine Sermons) is that Sense of being in Friendship with Him, that Feeling of Comfort and Joy flowing from *Him*, which passeth all Understanding; exceeds the Conception of those, who have *not* experienced it, and will exceed hereafter the present Conceptions of those, who *have*." Adieu, my dear Friend.—Think well on what the Archbishop has so pathetically described; and then *meditate* on this alarming Text, and reconcile it with your own *pusillanimous* Conduct, which you miscall *Prudence*; “Whosoever shall be ashamed of *me*, and *my Words*, in this adulterous and sinful Generation, of *Him* also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh in the Glory of his Father with his holy Angels.” (*Mark* viii. 38.)—Once more adieu!—Remember, that *this* is the Declaration of the *Lord*, who bought us with his Blood, and suffered the unknown Agonies of Crucifixion to save you, and

Your's very sincerely,

J. HERVEY.

P. S. When People come to visit *me*, they expect to hear of *Christ*; and *few* come to *Weston*, but those, to whom such Discourse is agreeable; nor do I desire the Company of *any others*.—Talking of *Christ* is my Touchstone, to see whether a Person is *worth* my

Acquaintance.—If YOU was once to take *this* Method, you will tell me, perhaps, that such and such an one will *abuse* you, and all the *principal* Gentlemen will ridicule, and forsake you.—And what then?—You are much better *without them*.—In *their* Stead you will have the Esteem and Friendship of *those*, who *love* our Lord Jesus *in Sincerity*; and *Christ Himself* will be in the *Midst*, who has laid up for *you*, and *all such*, as love his Appearing, a Crown of Righteousness.—Has this Consideration no Weight with my dear Friend?—Don't let me apply to *you* what St. Paul says of Demas to Timothy, (Chap. iv. 10.) “Demas has forsaken me, having loved this *present World*.” Read the *cxixth Psalm*, and see whether *you*, and your *worldly-wise* Company have the Spirit of the *Psalmist*.—He, though a *King*, delighted to *talk* of God.—He not only *talked* of Him observe, but *delighted* to do it; and it was Pain and Grief \* to him to *forbear*.

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## L E T T E R CLXXIII.

*Remarks on various Authors.*

*Weston-Favell, May 13, 1758.*

*Madam,*

I Have too long delayed to acknowledge the Favour of your last. The Reflection gives me Uneasiness, but the Occasion gives you an Opportunity of exercising Indulgence. If you please to ascribe my Silence to *much* Business, and *little* Health, you will do Justice to my Proceeding, and to your own Candour.

\* See Psalm xxxix. 3.

You

You inquire after the *best* Weck's Preparation for the Sacrament\*.—I cannot say that I much admire *any* of

\* The Book for the Use of the Communicants at the Sacramental Table, which Mr. *Hervey* generally gave away, was Dr. *Wilson's* (the late Bishop of *Man*) short and plain Instruction for the better understanding the Lord's Supper, with proper Helps and Directions for joining in every Part.—Mr. *Marshall's* Treatise on *Sanctification*, could answer no such End, though it might, in Mr. *Hervey's* Opinion, give the best general Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament; and Mr. *Jenks's* Office of Devotions (which are excellent) has only a few Pages on the Subject, and not the Communion Service in it: Besides, it is double the Price of Bishop *Wilson's*.

Now as a proper Book at the Sacrament is of such Importance, and as Mr. *Hervey* himself judged Bishop *Wilson's* to be the *least* exceptionable of any of the Sacrament Books (see Letter XCIX. Page 310. of Volume II.) the Editor has subjoined what is said of it by Dr. *Stonhouse* in his *Friendly Advice to a Patient* (*thirteenth* Edition, Page 22.)

“As there are few religious Subjects which have been more frequently handled, (and perhaps I might add less understood) than the Sacrament, I would here recommend this short but clear and satisfactory Tract, which I sincerely wish in the Hands of every Communicant, especially of Patients in Infirmaries.—And I prefer this, as it is plain and easily understood; as there are several concise and affecting Meditations on some pertinent Texts of Scripture; as the Questions proposed for Self-examination, are immediately founded on the ANSWER so properly given at the End of our Church Catechism to that important Question, ‘What is required of *them*, who come to the Lord's Supper?’ (See Bishop of *Man* on that Subject, Page 26.) and, as the *whole* Communion Service is there printed in a large Letter, with *useful* Directions, and *judicious* ejaculations on the Sides.—It is therefore well calculated to prevent the Inconveniency and Confusion to which a Communicant is liable, (and which I have often observed with Concern) when He is obliged to turn backwards and forwards from the Common-Prayer Book to his Sacrament-Book, at a Time when the Thoughts should be *all Attention* to the Words of the Minister;—whereas Bishop *Wilson's* Book would *help* devout Minds, without drawing them off from the *Duty*, in which they ought to be *wholly* employed.”

N. B. There is a most useful Book (Price 3s) lately published by *Job Orton*, intitled *Sacramental Meditations, or Devout Reflections on various Passages of Scripture*; designed to assist Christians in their Attendance on the Lord's Supper, and their Improvement of it.

those

those Books. They are, I think, loose, rambling, indistinct, Companions; they tend rather to *bewilder*, than *inform* the Judgment.—For *my own Part*, I prefer the little Account of this Ordinance in Mr. *Marshall on Sanctification*, to all those prolix Treatises.—It begins Page 298, of the sixth Edition, to which I wrote a *recommendatory Preface*.

If you should want a *Collection of Prayers* suited to *this Solemnity*, or to any *other Occasion*, there is *none*, in my Opinion, better than Mr. *Jenks's Offices of Devotion* (which has passed *thirteen* \* Editions) Price 3s. I should far sooner chuse to read his two Volumes of *Meditations*, than the new *Whole Duty of Man*. *Jenks* has written *another* little Treatise, excellently good, and truly evangelical; it is intitled, *Submission to the Righteousness of God*. It was one of the first Books, that gave *me* an Insight into the Truth of the Gospel; or the Way of Salvation, by the infinitely glorious Obedience of our Surety, Jesus Christ.

The Word *Amen*, has two Significations. It denotes an ardent *Wish*, Lord, let it be according to my humble Petition.—It denotes likewise a *firm Faith*, Lord, I am persuaded, that thou wilt fulfil thy *Promise*, to grant my Petition.

If you love Entertainment, my *next* shall recommend a Book, which is as entertaining as a Novel † or a Play, yet edifying as a Sermon.—I believe, Madam,

\* The Demand for it has been so great, that it has now passed *twenty-three* Editions.

† The Book here meant is *De Foe's Family Instructor*, in 2 Vols. 12mo. which has passed *twelve* Editions, and justly deserves the Character Mr. *Hervoy* gives of it.—This is the same Author who wrote the Treatise intitled *Religious Courtship*, being historical Discourses on the Necessity of marrying religious Husbands and Wives, *sixth* Edition, Price 3s.

you

you would have no Reason to repent of the Purchase, if you was to buy Mr. *Boston's Human Nature in its fourfold State*, of which as I have given a Character in the *second* Volume of *Theron and Aspasio*, I need not say any thing more in this Place.

As God is sending forth his Word, and renewing the Face of material Nature; so may He send forth his blessed Spirit, and reveal Christ, and renew the State of our Souls! This will make us to differ from our former Selves, as much as the present Bloom and Verdure of the Creation differ from the rugged Desolations of the Winter.

I wish you, Madam, the continual *Presence* of this divine Comforter, and am,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

J. HERVEY.

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## LETTER CLXXIV.

*On Mr. Wesley's Preservative from unsettled Notions in Religion.*

*Weston-Favell, June 23, 1758.*

*My dear Friend,*

I Little thought, when I put Mr. *Wesley's* Manuscript into your Hand, that I should see it in Print so soon. I took very little Notice of it, and let it lie by me several Months, without giving it an attentive Consideration. It seemed to me so palpably *weak*, dealing only in *positive* Assertions and *positive* Denials, that I could not imagine He would adventure it into the World, without *very great* Alterations. But it is now come

abroad, juſt as you received it, in a two Shillings Pamphlet, intitl'd *A Prefervative from unfettled Notions in Religion*. Of this Pamphlet what he has wrote againſt me makes only a *ſmall Part*. Now then the *Queſtion* is, whether I ſhall attempt to *anſwer* it? Give me your *Opinion*, as you have given me your *Aſſiſtance*; and may the Father of Mercies give you an *Increase* of Knowledge and Utterance, of Peace and Joy in the Holy Ghoſt.—Ill I have been, and ill I am; torn almoſt to Pieces by a Cough in the Night, which admits of *no Remedy*; whatever is taken to aſſuage, exaſperates it. Of all Men living, who are not abſolutely confined, ſurely I am the *weakeſt*. If by ſuch *Weakneſs* the Lord Jeſus will vouchſafe to *glorify his Name*, how transparent, how effulgent will be the *Glory of his Power*!—I have not ſeen Mr. P\*\* this many a Day; no, nor this many a Month. How I fear, leſt the World has beguiled him! Bleſſed be the Lord, for ſetting our Affections on a happier State; bleſſed be his Grace, for giving us ſome Knowledge of Jeſus, as the Way to immortal Mansions. *There* we may be Citizens, *here* only Sojourners.

I am, with true Gratitude,  
and ſincere Affection,

Your's in Chriſt Jeſus,

J. HERVEY.

## L E T T E R CLXXV.

*On the Publications of his Fast Sermons.*

*Weston-Pavell, Aug. 5, 1758.*

Dear Sir,

HEREWITH I fend two other Sheets of my intended Work. Be so good as to *examine* them with Rigour, and *correct* them with Freedom.

I am afraid, lest the Weakness of the Advocate, should injure the blessed Cause.—I am the more solicitous, because the unexpected Acceptance of my *Fast-Sermons*, will probably open a pretty wide Door of Admission for this Piece. Besides six Thousand printed in *London*, an Edition was printed in *Scotland*, which was speedily sold off; and I was desired, by a *Society* established for giving away *religious Books among the Poor*, to grant them Leave to print an Impression for this Purpose. In *Ireland* they have been printed: Into *Dutch* they are translated; and a Letter, received last Week from some pious and ingenious Stranger in *America*, informs me, that they have been reprinted *there*, and found much Acceptance: All this will be a kind of recommendatory Preface to this projected Piece. The good Lord grant, I may speak and write sound Words, such as cannot be reproved!—My Prayer is, that you may be of quick Understanding in the Fear of the Lord, always and on all Occasions; and more especially when you are sifting and improving the Writings of,

Dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate and  
much obliged Friend,

J. HERVEY.

## LETTER CLXXVI.

*The Reason why many learned Men treat Religion with Indifference.*

*Saturday Morning.*

*Dear Sir,*

**I**N Reply to your Question, "*Why so many learned and very clever Men in all worldly Affairs, should treat Religion with so much Indifference, and remain unaffected by every Argument that can be urged to rouse them from such a State of Delusion,*" I send you my Opinion in a few Words, viz. "*Because they do not pray for the Assistance \* of the Holy Spirit.*"—And I send you an Answer more at large, extracted from a Book of the celebrated Dr. Bates's, which I was lately reading, intitled, **THE SOVEREIGN AND FINAL HAPPINESS OF MAN,** *with the effectual Means to obtain it.*

"The efficacious *Influence*, says the Doctor, of the Holy Spirit, is requisite to change the WILL, that with a free and full Consent, OUR WILL may desire and prosecute the spiritual, eternal Good.—Without *this*, the Conviction of the Mind is not powerful enough to convert the Soul from the Love of the World to chuse Heaven.—There may be an *enlightened* Conscience, without a *renewed* Heart. Though the JUDGMENT assents that God is the supreme Good; yet *till the Heart be circumcised*, and the *Sensuality* of the Affections taken away, *divine Love* (which directs our Life to God as our blessed *End*) can never *possess* it.

\* See Christ's own Words, *Luke xi. 13.*—which the Generality of Mankind *disregard*: No wonder then, that the *World* should lie so much *in Darkness*, and be thus *dead* to vital Religion.



“ If Men had a sensible and strong Assurance of the eternal State hereafter; if all those who lived godly in a *visible* Manner ascended with *Elias* to Heaven; and if all who continued in their Sins *visibly* descended into Hell, (as *Corah* and his Company were swallowed up alive by the Earth before the *Israelites*;) if Men could bear the joyful Exultations of the Saints above, and their high Praises of God; then bear the desperate Cries and deep Complaints of the Damned: Nay, if one according to the Desire of the rich Man was sent from the doleful Regions *below*, and with his fiery Tongue should preach a Sermon on those Torments, not describing them at a Distance, but by a sensible Demonstration in Himself, yet THIS ALONE would not be sufficient to draw off Men’s Hearts from the deceitful and transitory Happiness of *this World*, and to fasten them on the perfect and eternal Happiness in the next. Indeed, they could not then indulge their Vices so securely; but yet they would be Strangers to the Life of God, such an inveterate Alienation of Heart is in Men from real \* Holiness; from till the quickening Spirit of God (by a directing, persuasive Light, which represents the Truth and Goodness of spiritual Things) transforms the Soul, and makes it spiritual in its Valuations, and Affections, it is inwardly averse from Grace and Glory.

“ How earnestly therefore ought we all TO PRAY, that this Holy Spirit may direct our Hearts to the Love of God, and to the patient Waiting for of Christ Jesus, when he shall come to be glorified in his faithful Servants, and admired in all them, that believe.”

\* “ Holiness is a divine Principle, without the sincere Prevalence of which, ‘no Man shall see the I. r. l.’ *1 Th. xii. 14.*—It is the great End of the Gospel, as well as the Law, to promote and advance which, the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and his Holy Spirit, has been revealed and imparted to us.” See Dr. *Stenhouse’s Friendly Advice to a Patient*, (13th Edition, Page 10)

In another Place \* Dr. *Bates* expresses himself in these very momentous Terms: “ Worldly Men, when *Death* is near, are not so much affected with the Loss of the Crown of Glory, and the Kingdom of Heaven, as with their leaving the present World, and its Vanities:—This makes *Death* intolerably bitter.—In short, till the Love of God inflames and purifies the Heart, the Fruition of his Glory is not esteemed nor desired †.”

Your Question will be still further answered by considering thoroughly *two* Tracts, wrote by PROFESSOR FRANCK: One of which is intitled, *A short Introduction*

\* Dr. *Bates* of *Emanuel*, and afterwards of *King's College, Cambridge*, and Chaplain to King *Charles the Second*, is universally allowed to have been a Man of strong natural Parts, of great acquired Learning, of most exemplary Candor and Moderation.—Such a *Vivacity* of Imagination as his, and such a *Solidity and Depth* of Judgment, rarely meet together.—He is well known for the Exactness and Propriety of his Method, and the Clearness and Delicacy of his Style; insomuch, that He was by many accounted the *Cicero* of his Time, and therefore called the *Silver-Tongued Bates*.—The whole Works of this elegant Author were in 1723 reprinted in Folio (Price fifteen Shillings;) but it is much to be wished, that some of his little Pieces were to be published separately, as they were formerly; especially, his inestimable little Treatise on the *four last Things*, (*viz.* Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell,) in which *Truth* speaks with such Authority, Persuasion, and Efficacy, as *constrains* the Reader to lay his Hand on his Heart, and most sensibly *feel*, that he has a Soul and Conscience, though he had hitherto lived as if he had neither.—[The Life of Dr. *Bates* is inserted amongst the Lives of other eminent Men in the *Biographia Britannica*, where a farther Account of him may be found.

† A Writer of later Date has expressed himself much to the same Purpose.—But as *Life* is the Gift of God, and as *that* is the Time for our doing Good, and honouring our Creator and Saviour, the Words *foolish Fondness for Life* are perhaps objectionable.

“ Nothing but a *foolish Fondness for Life*, which if its *Evils* did not cure, one would think the *near Prospect* of Heaven might; or else a *Doubt* as to our Title to the promised Reward (which should *double* our Diligence to secure that Title) can make any one *loth to die*, who heartily *believes* in God, and his Son our Saviour *Jesus Christ*.”

to the *Practice of the Christian Religion*, (Price Three Pence;) and the *other* is intitled, *Nicodemus, or A Treatise against the Fear of Man*; wherein the *Causes*, and sad *Effects* thereof are briefly described, with some *Remedies* against it; Price One Shilling;—dedicated to the honourable Society for Reformation of Manners.

And now having mentioned PROFESSOR FRANK, and his *Treatise against the Fear of Man*, I cannot conclude without observing, that I think him one of the most eminent Christians, and most extraordinary Men I ever heard of, as his *Pietas Hallensis*, which I read with Admiration, and deep Humility, sufficiently *demonstrates*; and had I been a Member of the Society for Reformation of Manners, when the Dedication of his *NICODEMUS* had been presented to them, I should have made a Motion to have had an hundred Pounds expended in a proper *Distribution* of that most important Book, as there can be no material Reformation, till the *Fear of Man* is removed; and as nothing can be better calculated to extirpate *such Fear*, and promote all the *other* laudable Ends of the Society.

I am, dear Sir, your's, &c.

JAMES HERVEY.

P. S. The Title of the Book I recommended to your Son, please to tell him, was *Henry's Pleasantness of a religious Life*. The Author designed it particularly for *young People*; and in my Conversation with them, I generally *mention* it; I am indeed the more solicitous of having it put into their Hands, as they are too apt to look upon *Religion* in a *gloomy* View, considering it as destructive of every Enjoyment.

## L E T T E R CLXXVII.

*On Mr. Wesley's unfair Dealing.*

*Weston-Favell, Oct. 24, 1758.*

*My dear Friend,*

LET me repeat my Thanks for the *Trouble* you have taken, and for the *Assistance* you have given me, in relation to my Controversy with Mr. *Wesley*: He is so unfair in his Quotations, and so magisterial in his Manner, that I find it no small Difficulty, to preserve the Decency of the Gentleman, and the Meekness of the Christian, in my intended Answer: May our divine Master aid me in *both* these Instances, or else not suffer me to write at all.

I have just been reading *Hab. iii. 13.* צוֹאֵר עֲדוֹת יִסֵּד נִיָּע seemed difficult to clear; one of the Metaphors referring to an animate, the other to an inanimate Structure; I should be glad to know, how you understand, and how you would explain the Passage. Perhaps, at your Leisure, you will consider the whole Chapter; and, when I ask for a Descant upon *one*, give me an Elucidation of *twenty* Verses.

I have certainly a very great Esteem for Dr. *Gill*, yet I never could assent to his Notion of eternal \* Justification.

\* The Gentleman to whom Mr. *Hervey* is here writing has remarked, as follows, in a Letter wrote since Mr. *Hervey's* Decease:

“ Mr. *Hervey's* Zeal for the Doctrine of FREE GRACE made him strive to express himself in Dr. *Gill's* Manner; not enough attending to the *Consequences*.—Now this Passage, wrote but two Months before his Death, is such a frank Declaration against a fundamental *Antinomian* Doctrine, as cannot but be pleasing to all his pious Friends.”  
—See Vol. II. p. 412, where he declares against *Antinomianism*.

☞ Mr. *Hervey* has occasionally complained of the Unfairness of representing him as a Predestinarian without a sufficient Authority: And

gation. I am very much obliged to you for pointing out to me the Passage in *Theron* and *Aspasio*, which seems to favour, or proceeds upon such a Tenet.—It shall be altered in the *next* Edition.

My dilatory Proceedings you will ascribe to the real Cause, *Sickness*; then you will not deal with me according to the Law of Retaliation, but according to that Law of Kindness, which the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ has written upon your Heart.

Indeed I think your Arguments are unanswerable. If so, don't you think there are some Things in my *third* Dialogue exceptionable: I wish you would examine it, bring it to the Touchstone of your last Letter, and where it is wrong, correct it.

I should like to have *Theron* object something in your Way of Argumentation, and *Aspasio* frankly confess, that he has overshot the Mark. Such an Acknowledgment endears the Character of the Speaker, and such a Circumstance makes the Sentiment more impressive on the Reader.

I have often thought the second Verse of *Psal.* cxxxii. very difficult, and have been at a Loss to find out the Propriety of the Comparison. Why composed and quiet as a weaned Child? When we know, that the Time of weaning Children, is always a Time of Disappointment, often of Disease. At this Season, they are particularly froward, and peevish; the *very Reverse* therefore of that Frame of Mind, which the *Psalmist* seems to be illustrating.—This was the best Solution, which occurred to my Thoughts. A Child, weaned from his Mother, is disquieted and fretful: Such is my *natural*, and such would be my *habitual* Temper, was I

*in the 295th Page of Volume II. he declares, that he never even attempted to study that intricate Point: Is it therefore the Part of Candour to draw Conclusions, which may be to his Disadvantage, deduced only from some dubious Expressions in his Writings?*

not influenced and calmed by Grace ; but through divine Grace, my Mind is resigned and quiet as the weaned Child, when brought back to the Mother, and lulled to rest *מן ילי* on that soft and warm Bosom, where it had so often lain, with the greatest Delight ; but from which it had been, for a Season, withdrawn.—You see, I would translate *מן ילי* in *Pectus sine Gremio Matris suæ*. But whether my Translation be warrantable, or my Paraphrase such as suits the Tenour of the Psalm, I submit to your Determination.

Accept my sincere Thanks for your valuable Correction of a Passage in my Sermon : Such *improving* Animadversions will always be more acceptable than the inebriating Voice of Applause ;—far more acceptable to,

Your truly affectionate Friend,

J. HERVEY.

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## LETTER CLXXVIII.

*A Caution against judging of Men's States.*

*Friday Morn.*

*Dear Sir,*

YOU ask me what I think of you, in case it should please God to take you out of the World, in the perplexed State you have described to me.—An Answer to such a Question, is much more difficult than you seem to be aware of ; and therefore, I must beg Leave to decline passing any Sentence.—We Ministers are to teach, warn, comfort, and exhort every Man according to God's most holy Word ;—but *after* Death comes the Judgment on each of us. For alas ! how little, how very little do we know of one another, or of Ourselves ?

The most amazing, perhaps, and one of the most humbling Considerations too, which can well be offered to the human Mind, is that, though *we* cannot form a tolerable Judgment of *any* Man's *real* Condition, yet *God* shall judge the World, the *whole* World in Equity; not so much as *one single* Case, how intricate soever it may seem to us, will *He* mistake—He was, is, and ever shall be omniscient, and omnipresent.—And yet, short-sighted Creatures as *we* are, how often do we usurp this Prerogative, and presume to judge our Fellow-Creatures. A certain Author, whose Name I forgot (though I registered to the following Effect from him in one of my old Diaries) has observed, “that it is impossible for us Mortals to form an *equitable* Judgment of the State of any *one Individual*; because *God alone* knows all the Circumstances in which He *has been*, and now *is*. He *alone* can be the proper Judge of his Abilities and Powers—what Opportunities he had of improving himself and of doing Good; what were the Force of his Temptations;—what Difficulties he had to struggle with; what Portion of divine Grace was given to him; what natural Understanding he had; what acquired Knowledge was or could be obtained by Him;—and in short, what the *true* State of his Case was.—Nor will he condemn any one unjustly or arbitrarily.—How *comfortable* a Reflection is this! (especially to one, who is cruelly persecuted, or unjustly censured) that God shall judge the World *in Equity*;—and yet,—what a tremendous Thought is it, that every Day we live we provoke this Judge of all Men, and increase our Heap of Sin,—which swells into such a frightful Size, such a stupendous Mountain of Guilt, as will make us one Day stand *amazed* at the Sight of it.—‘But what art thou, O thou great Mountain? Before *Zerubbabel* thou shalt become a Plain.’ (*Zech.* iv. 7.)—We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and

and *He* is the Propitiation for our Sins.—Oh! that I may have a devout and lively Faith in *Him*, as it is by *Him alone* my Sins can be cancelled.—May the Cry of his Blood drown their Clamour.—We are, most just God, the Children of thy Wrath, and *He* is the Son of thy Love, who died to save us; and through *whom* thou art willing to receive us.—Yet what a distrustful Fainting of Mind comes over me, on the Remembrance of former Transgressions, which neither a Reflection on God's ineffable Goodness, nor on the unbounded Value of the Sacrifice of Christ; can *effectually* relieve?—Hear me, O Lord God, in this my Hour of Heart-felt Distress; nor take thou Vengeance of my Sins: Spare thy Creature, O Lord, spare *Him*, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious Blood; let thy mighty Spirit *fit* me for Mercy and Acceptance; and be not, oh! be not *angry* with me *for ever*.”

With this *Prose* Quotation, I send you a *Copy of Verses* on the Renovation of a Sinner; which will, perhaps, at this Time, be neither unacceptable, nor unseasonable.—It is wrote by a very particular Friend of mine, and is as poetical, as it is instructive and consolatory.

## I.

WHEN with my Mind devoutly press'd,  
Dear Saviour! my revolving Breat  
    Would past Offences trace;  
Trembling I make the black Review,  
Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too  
    The Pow'r of *changing* Grace.

## II.

This *Tongue*, with Blasphemies desil'd,  
These *Feet*, to erring Paths beguil'd,  
    In heav'nly League agree;  
Who would believe such *Lips* could praise,  
Or think my dark and winding *Ways*  
    Should ever lead to Thee?



## III.

These *Eyes*, that once abus'd their Sight,  
 Now lift, to thee their wat'ry Light,  
 And weep a silent Flood;  
 These *Hands* ascend in ceaseless Pray'r,  
 Oh! wash away, the Stains they wear  
 In pure, redeeming Blood!

## IV.

These *Ears*, that pleas'd could entertain  
 The Midnight Oath, the lustful Strain,  
 When round the festal Board;  
 Now *deaf* to all th' enchanting Noise,  
 Avoid the Throng, detest the Joys,  
 And *long* to hear thy Word.

## V.

Thus art thou serv'd, in ev'ry Part  
 Oh! wouldst thou but transform my *Heart*,  
 That drossy Thing refine;  
 That *Grace* might *Nature's* Strength controul,  
 And a new Creature,—Body, Soul,  
 Be *all*—be ever Thine.

I transcribed *these Verses*, as I hope you will commit them to your *Memory*; and often *repeat* them as you ride or walk, till your *Tongue*, *Feet*, *Lips*, *Eyes*, *Hands*, *Ears*, and very *Heart*, are subservient to the great End of *your own* Salvation, and that of *others*.—Exert yourself;—be of good Cheer; the Clouds that darken the Face of your Affairs, will ere long disperse. *He*, who gave his Blood for you, and refused not to bear the racking Agonies of the Cross for you,—He will not *leave* you, nor *forsake* you. God, who is faithful and just, has *promised* to forgive us our Sins through the Mediation of his Son.—Lord, I *believe* this, help thou our *Unbelief*.—So wishes, and so prays,

your's very sincerely,

JAMES HERVEY.

L E T-

## LETTER CLXXIX.

On Zimmerman.

Wednesday Morn.

My dear Friend,

I Thank you, for *remembering* me before the Throne of Grace. Let your *Prayers* be for my cheerful Resignation to the divine good Pleasure, and for clear Manifestations to me of Jesus Christ. My Life has long been a Burden to *myself*, and is now become unprofitable to *others*.—Your Intention to visit me is kind, but I am not fit for Company, unable either to carry on, or relish Conversation: I am best when alone: Do not therefore give yourself the Trouble of coming ten Miles.—I accept the Will for the Deed.—As to your Translation of *Zimmermannus \* De Eminentia Cognitionis Christi*, I will, if my languid Spirits can bear the Task, carefully read it over, which I have never been able to do since I saw you in *London*. I lent it to Mr. \*\*\*; when he has done with it, desire him to convey it to me: You shall then have (if the Lord will) the Result of my renewed Perusal of that Piece, which I formerly was so desirous of having *translated* by you. May the Lord of all Power make you strong to labour in his sacred Service, and crown your Labours with abundant Success.

I am your truly affectionate Brother in Christ,

JAMES HERVEY.

\* This was a favourite Book of Mr. *Hervey's*—and he desired Mr. *Moses Brown* to *translate* it from the *Latin*, and promised to write an *Introduction* to it, which he never lived to perform. The *Translation* will be published by Mr. *Brown* about *Michaelmas* next. See Vol. II. p. 239, 251, 256. It was then published.

## L E T T E R CLXXX.

*On various Subjects.*

Saturday Morn.

*My dear Friend,*

I Have read over again and again, the corrected Copy of your little Tract, which you intend for the next Edition, and have examined it with my best Attention: Not able to make any Amendment, which is considerable, I have only suggested some *slight* Alterations. Elegance you do not covet in such a Composition; plain and neat is the proper Array for such an Address.

I am surpris'd to read the Letter which the popular Gentleman from *Durham* writes against your Book. Never fear, my Friend:—Our *Writings*, as well as our *Lives*, are in the Hand of God Almighty: If he will spread, what shall obstruct them? If *He* will work by them, who shall disannul his Design? Oh may we cry to Him, cleave to Him, and live *by Faith* on Him! For not by Might nor Power; not by Eloquence of Composition, nor by Interest of Patrons, but *by my Spirit*, saith the Lord.

Pray take a little Pains with my *Theron* and *Aspasio*:—You can scarcely imagine what *Inquiries* are made after it, and what a *Demand* there is for it, even *before* Publication. It makes me rejoice with trembling. All-wise, all-gracious Jesus, be jealous for thine own Honour.—Let me not, oh! let me not, cloud its Brightness, or obstruct its Progress, by any injudicious Touches of my Pen.—I now feel the Loss of our valuable Friend Dr. *Doddridge*, to whose Judgment I ever paid the highest Deference; but since *He* is gone, and we can have no more of his *personal Counsels*, let us redouble our Attention to *his Writings*.

I expect

I expect you will tell me my Manuscript is very prolix; but I designedly made it so, that my Friends might judge what is proper to be omitted. It is easier you know, to expunge than to compose: I wish they would, with a leaden Pencil, inclose in a Parenthesis what they would have dropt: I hope to retrench *one fourth* Part of the Copy. May the God of Wisdom direct, and the God of Mercy prosper *all* our Undertakings!

I am your's very sincerely,

JAMES HERVEY.

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## LETTER CLXXXI.

*On Comfort in Affliction.*

*Weston-Favell, Dec. 5, 1747.*

*My dear Friend,*

I Affure you I am *extremely concerned* for the Death of your most excellent Wife, as indeed, indeed I think she has left *few Equals* behind her.—“Take her all in all, I shall never see her like again\*.”—But, my dear Friend, you must not give Way to *excessive* Sorrow—all proper Allowances I tenderly do, and ought to make, as such will be made both by God and Man; but yet our Sorrows must not be immoderate, or inconsistent with the Will of God, and Resignation to his Providence.—Give me Leave to present you with, and recommend to you on this melancholy Occasion a repeated Perusal of Dr. Grosvenor's *Mourner* †, or *the Afflicted relieved*.—It is a most valuable *Gem*; and, as

\* Shakespear's Hamlet.

† Price Eighteen-pence.

it is wrote in Numbers like the *Spectators*, it will not weary your Attention. I am sure you stand *in Need* of the Consolations and Helps there suggested; I am never without some of these little Books to give away to my Acquaintance *under Affliction*; especially for the *Loss* of dear Relations or valuable Friends; I think it, for these Purposes, one of the most judicious and universally useful Books extant; and it well deserves to be translated into the Language of every Nation where Christianity is professed.

Don't you often recollect in this Season of Distress, the Discourse, the Prayers, the amiable, the rejoicing, and the heavenly Spirit of our dear Friend, who was with us last Month? Blessed be God for making Him such a lovely Example, and such a zealous Promoter of pure and undefiled Religion.—Blessed be God for promising *us* the same divine Spirit; and giving *us* the same glorious Hopes, which have had such a quickning and ennobling Influence on *his* Heart.—The rich Goodness of the Lord exercised to *others*, should encourage our *Expectations*, should strengthen our *Faith*.—Let it then, let it be so.—Adieu! my dear Friend!—I will come to you again very soon.—In the mean Time I shall not cease *to pray* for you, as I am with great Compassion, and great Esteem,

Most tenderly, most sincerely your's,

JAMES HERVEY.

## L E T T E R    C L X X X I I .

*Observations against Despair.*

Dear Sir,

I Should be glad to suggest any Thing, either for your Improvement, or Consolation.—But what can I suggest, while you entertain such *hard* Thoughts of Christ, and will not be *persuaded* out of this strange Notion, “ that the *Curse of God* has lighted on you, and will follow you *to the Grave*.” Such a Thought (and it must be taken up without any *real* Foundation) not only renders you extremely miserable, but will blast all your future Usefulness.—Suppose you had *rebelled* against God in a *more extraordinary* Degree than even *your own Imagination* can paint; and suppose you was *rejected* by Him at the present; yet what says the Apostle, “ *Humble* yourself in the Sight of the Lord, and *He* will lift you up.” (*Jam. iv. 10.*)

As to the Quotation from Mr. \*\*\*’s Letter to you, wherein he observes with a kind of triumphant Malignity, “ that the *Devil* had taken an Advantage of you, in Relation to some imprudent Management in the Affair, at \*\*\*, &c. &c. &c. and dragged you, as he expresses it, through a Horse-pond, dirtied and wet to the great Diversion of the *Spectators*,” I ask of *what* Spectators? Of the worldly-minded only, and the envious; to *whom* your former flourishing State as a *first Rate* Christian, was a constant and visible *Reproach*; yet *Christ* (though you are now thus depressed) is still your Friend, and will break Satan’s Teeth; and though *dirty*, will cleanse you; though *wet*, will receive and warm you.

Now

Now let me put a *Question* to you.—Would you *reject* your Child, because, when dressed in its best Cloaths, He had met with a like Misfortune?—Or, suppose He had rambled out in the Snow, and scratched himself with Briars, and came to you bleeding and cold, would you turn him out of Doors, when he claimed your *Pity*?—We do not *know* Christ well enough, how kind! how good He is to us!—What is *my* Kindness and Compassion for you (on which you seem to place so high a Value) in Comparison of *Christ's*?—Have I been nailed to the Cross for you?—Oh pray earnestly to HIM, for

———To HIM, to HIM, 'tis giv'n,  
 Passion, and Care, and Anguish to destroy,  
 Thro' HIM soft Peace and Plenitude of Joy  
 Perpetual o'er the World redeem'd shall flow.

PRIOR'S SOLOMON.

He has satisfied God for all your Sins:—He is your Advocate;—and has procured for you the inestimable Gift of the Holy Spirit to subdue your Iniquities.—Cultivate the Love of God in your Heart, and He will make your Path of Duty plain before you. I dare say, God will make you more abundantly useful than ever: Oh bring your Mind off from this destructive Notion, “that the *Curse of God follows you.*”—This is a Suggestion of *Satan's* to prevent your Usefulness;—but remember that Text, “The Lord knoweth how to *deliver* the godly out of Temptations.” (2 *Peter* ii. 9.) And he will certainly deliver you out of this, and restore you to his wonted Favour.

Don't select such *terrifying* Texts for your *Meditation*, as in your Letter you tell me you have done.—It is as improper, as if you should eat the coldest Melon, or use the most slight Covering when shivering with an Ague. Chuse the Morning after you receive this

Letter (by Way of *Antidote* to the Texts of your own selecting) the following for your *Meditation*: “ His *Mercy* is greater than the Heavens ;” (*Psaln* cviii. 4.) “ His *Mercy* endureth for ever ;” (*Psaln* cxviii. 1.) Put together these *two* Expressions, and see whether they do not amount to more than either your Imprudences, or your Distress.—You have to be sure done amiss, and dealt foolishly in the Matter of \*\*\* ; God forbid I should *justify* your Conduct :—But oh let it not be *said*, let it not be once *surmised*, that it is beyond the Reach of God’s unmeasurable Goodness to *pardon*, or of Christ’s immensely rich Merits to *expiate*. The Lord loves you with an everlasting Love ; and take, if you please, the *latter* Part of the xxxth of *Isaiab*, Verse 18. for your *Contemplation* ;—The Words are, “ For the Lord is a God of Judgment: Blessed are they that wait for him.”

None can tell, none can think, what *Mercy* there is with the Lord ; with inconceivable Tendernefs his Bowels yearn towards the weakest, frailest Believer in his dear Son.—We have dishonoured his Holiness, and violated his Law ; but let us not, to accumulate our Follies, *derogate* from the boundless Riches of his *Mercy* in Jesus Christ, to all those who *seek*, and *intreat* it.—There is a wide Difference between *Humiliation* and *Despair*.—Draw near to Christ with an humble Boldness.

May you see many, many Years on Earth ; and, when the Earth shall be no more, may you be received into the *New Jerusalem* ; where dwelleth Righteousness, consummate Righteousness, and everlasting Happiness.—This, my dear Sir, is my earnest Wish, and fervent Prayer for *you*, and for *myself*, who am, with great Compassion and true Regard,

Your obliged humble Servant and Friend,



P. S. My favourite Author *Liborius Zimmermannus*, whispers to me on this Occasion the following Passage: “ Said I not unto thee, if thou wouldst BELIEVE, thou shouldst SEE the Glory of God, and experience his Goodness, when least deserved, or rather notoriously forfeited?” Hence may we be *convinced*, that his Loving-kindness is unbounded, is unwearied, is infinite; as much surpassing all our Follies, and all our Thoughts, as the World of Waters exceeds the Drop of a Bucket. Oh for a Spirit of steady *Faith* to live under the continual BELIEF of this precious, precious Truth.

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## L E T T E R CLXXXIII.

*Exultation on the Spread of the Gospel.*

*To the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD.*

*Biddesford, 1741.*

*Dear Mr. Whitefield,*

YOUR Favour struck me with an agreeable Surprise: I verily thought my stubborn Silence had razed me from your Remembrance; but since you still have an Affection for an ungrateful Friend, I take this Opportunity of returning my thankful Acknowledgments.

I rejoice to hear the Redeemer's Cause revives. Set up thyself, O incarnate God! above the Heavens, and diffuse thy Glory throughout all the Earth. Let thy Enemies perish, O Lord! Let Disappointments attend the Attempts of thy Foes and the Devices of Hell: but let thy Servants be prosperous, and their Message crowned with Success.

Dear Sir, I cannot boast of Trophies erected here by the Captain of our Salvation: I hope the Arm of the Lord will be revealed more and more among us. I hope the Triumphs of free Grace will have wider spread and freer Course, and prevail mightily over our Unbelief. I own with Shame and Sorrow that I have been too long a blind Leader of the Blind: my Tongue and my Pen have perverted the good Ways of God: they have darkened the Glory of redeeming Merit and sovereign Grace. I have dared to invade the Prerogatives of an all-sufficient Saviour, and to pluck the Crown off his Head. My Writings and Discourses have derogated from the Honours, the everlasting and incommunicable Honours of Jesus. They presumed to give Works a Share in the Redemption and Recovery of a lost Sinner: they have placed those filthy Rags upon the Throne of the Lamb, and by that Means debased the Saviour, and exalted the Sinner.

But I trust the divine Truth begins to dawn upon my Soul. O may it, like the rising Sun, shine more and more, till the Day-break in all its Brightness, and the Shadows flee away. Now was I possessor of all the righteous Acts that have made Saints and Martyrs famous in all Generations: could they all be transferred to me, and might I call them all my own, I would renounce them all that I might win Christ. I would not dare to appear before the bright and burning Eye of God with such Hay, Straw and Stubble. No, dear Sir, I would long to be clothed in a Mediator's Righteousness, and ascribe all my Salvation to the most unmerited and freest Grace.

I have just been giving an Exhortation to my young Brethren: I have warned them to remember their Creator in the Days of their Youth. My Thoughts were led to the Subject by an alarming Providence,  
which

which snatched one of their Fellows in the Gaiety and Bloom of Life. May the Hand of the Almighty set Home the Word of his Ministers: may young Persons come in the Vigour of Health, to the Redeemer's Feet, and devote their warm Affections to his Service. And O may the Preacher himself both lead them in the Way, and encourage them to follow. Dear Sir, cease not to pray for me: desist not to counsel me, since I perceive you cannot forbear to love me.

I am, your's affectionately,

JAMES HERVEY,  
Æt. 27 Years.

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## L E T T E R   C L X X X I V .

*On various Subjects.*

*Biddeford, Oct. 12, 1742.*

*Dear Sister,*

I Received your kind Letter. It was a Pleasure to hear from *Hardingstone*, the Place which gave me Birth, and the Place which preserves my Sister.—I am obliged to the Rev. Mr. *Rose* for remembering me, and desire him to accept my best Compliments; I hope he will be an Instrument of doing much Good. *To save Souls* is the noblest Acquisition in the World; infinitely more desirable, than to find great Spoils. May this be *his* Honour and Happiness, and may it be *my* continual Aim!

My poor *Aunts* are no more, they are gone the Way of all Flesh; Eternity has received them; their State is now become unchangeable. Oh, that we may be

alarmed by their Departure, and labour while we have Time, to make our Calling and Election sure!

My Mother tells me, you have been much indifposed: I shall rejoice to hear, that you are better. Sicknefs and Afflictions are God's *Call*; they are divine Admonitions, and warn us not to be fond of the World, but to fet our Affections on Things above. May the blessed Jefus make them effectual to our Souls!

I wifh I had any News to write, that you can understand, and relifh. The Small-Pox is marking many, and carrying off fome among us: It is a Privilege of no fmall Value to be *paft* that infectious Diforder: I have often thought, that it is too lively *an Emblem* of the Condition of our Souls by corrupt Nature and evil Practice. So polluted, fo loathfome is our *better* Part in the Eye of uncreated Purity, till we are washed, till we are cleaned in redeeming Blood. May we earnestly *long* to be washed in that Fountain, opened in our Saviour's Side, for Sin, and for Uncleannefs.

See how our Judgments and Inclinations alter in Procefs of Time! I once thought I fhould make lefs Ufe of the *Speftators* than *you*; but now I believe *the Reverse* of this is true, for we read one or more of thofe elegant and instructive Papers every Morning at Breakfast; they are ferved up with our Tea, according to their original Defign. We reckon our Repaft imperfect, without a little of Mr. *Addifon's* or Mr. *Steele's* Company. I wifh Mifs *Becky K*— an Increase of Happinefs in the Change of her State: Marriage fhould augment our Joys, and diminish our Sorrows. My humble Service attends Mrs. *K*—, Mr. *C*—'s Family, and Mr. *V*—. My Love to my Brother, and to yourfelf, concludes all at prefent to be communicated by,

Dear Sifter, your affectionate Brother,

J. HERVEY.

## L E T T E R CLXXXV.

*On the scriptural Poems.*

*Weston-Favell, Dec. 6, 1756.*

Sir,

I Received your obliging and valuable Present of the Scriptural \* Poems, wrote by an *American*. It is an *extraordinary* Performance, considering the disadvantageous Circumstances, under which the Author laboured.—A Spirit of Zeal and Devotion animates *the Whole*.—There are too some elevated Thoughts, and fine Lines in it, particularly in that Part of his Poems, which He intitles *Man's Fall and Exaltation, or the Christian Triumph*.

I hope the *Sale* of it will answer your Expectation, and recompense the Cost you have bestowed in Printing it so elegantly, and on so fine a Paper.—But, be that as it may, you have my best Wishes that it may become the Darling of the Publick ; and you have at the same Time the sincere Thanks of, Sir,

Your obliged, humble Servant,

JAMES HERVEY.

\* The Author of these *scriptural* Poems had no other Education, than what a Country School Mistress could bestow on Him. How far He improved by his own Industry, notwithstanding the oppressive Weight of Poverty and Distress he laboured under, these scriptural Poems evidently *show*, as the Sallies of true Genius are every where visible in his Compositions. Such a Diamond as *this*, even rough from its native Mine, plays a sprightlier Beam, than *one* of a more languid and feeble Lustre, which has received the highest Polish of Education.

## L E T T E R CLXXXVI.

*Remarks on different Books.*

Saturday Morning.

**T**HANKS to my dear Friend, for the Entertainment He has given me, by *Hanway's* Account of \* *Nadir Shah*; an illustrious Villain indeed! He spread Firebrands, Arrows and Death. May we be conformed to *his* Image, who went about doing *Good*.

If you have *Voltaire's* Life of *Lewis XIV.* be pleased to give me the Perusal of it: I fancy, *his* Reign in *France*, was somewhat like the *Augustan* Age in *Rome*. Periods of Politeness *both!* But what are those to Heaven? that World, where DWELLETH Righteousness, consummate Righteousness and everlasting Happiness. Don't you *long*, more and more, for those Courts of the living God! Don't you love *Him* more and more, who (*after* He had overcome the Sharpness of Death) opened the Kingdom of Heaven to *all* Believers?

*Warburton* I hear has published two Volumes of Sermons, Octavo; in which it seems, He has *decried* experimental Religion, *disregarded* the Peculiarities of the Gospel, and *treated* the Operations of the Spirit as mere Enthusiasm. If *this* be the Effect of his *great* Learning, then good Lord deliver us *all*, say I, from *such* an Attainment. If you either *have*, or can *borrow* them, just let me *peep* on them.—Don't buy them to gratify *me*; I can relish Nothing but what is *evangelical*.

Your Friend's *Dissertations* were put into my Hands; very pure Diction, but that is all; all to *me*, at least. There was the Bone, but the Marrow was gone; Jesus

\* See *Hanway's* accurate and entertaining *Travels*, in two Volumes Quarto, Page 255 of the second Volume.

Christ,

Christ, my Portion and your's, was forgot.— How different *his* Strain from St. Paul's Resolution, " I am determined to know nothing but Christ Jesus and *Him crucified,*" which happened to be the Subject of my Exhortation to my Family last Night. Lord reveal thy adorable Son, the all-sufficient Saviour in our *Hearts*; and the more *others* neglect Him, so much the more let *us*, my dear Friend, be zealous to honour Him.

I have looked into the Manuscript you sent me. There seems to be many lively and spirited Sentiments in it, but surely it is defective in the main Point. St. Paul, I am apt to think, upon a Perusal of the Treatise, would say, the Author has good Sense, may be no bad Moralift, but being ignorant of God's Righteousness, and going about to establish his own Righteousness, he has not submitted to the Righteousness of God, *Rom. x. 3.*—Lord, give us an Understanding, that we may know *Him*, that is true! Then we shall see Christ Jesus, the God-Man, to be in the grand Affair of Salvation like the Meridian Sun; and all *other* Things, like the Stars at Noon-Day.

Did you ever read Mr. *Whalley's* \* Remarks upon *Shakespear*? If you have *not*, I will send you the Pamphlet. They are very ingenious, and well deserve the Notice of the *Publick*; particularly of *your's*, who are such an Admirer of *Shakespear*.

When you can spare *Francis's* Translation of *Demosthenes* (I suppose it is the same *Francis* who translated *Horace*) favour me with a *Sight* of it. A *Sight* of this will content me; but *God's Word*, that inestimable Book, which shews me the *Way of Salvation*, I would cleave to, I would dwell upon. And would not *you*, my dear Friend, do so too? *Εν τοις ἰσθις.*

\* This Gentleman published all *Ben Jonson's Works*; and wrote a Supplement to Mr. *Hervey's Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke*.

My Text on *Wednesday Evening* will be a complete Description of a Christian; *viz.* “We are the Circumcision, which worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no Confidence in the Flesh.” (*Philip. iii. 3.*) A fine Subject for your *Meditation!*—Why should I not add, for your *Conversation* also?

Ever your’s,

JAMES HERVEY.

P. S. I have almost finished *Theron and Aspasio*;—and in the *sixteenth* Dialogue, you will find some Animadversions on *immodest* Paintings and Statues. May the God of Purity prosper my Endeavours to abolish this *vicious* Taste; and may all such *Indecencies* be removed, as they cannot but shock every *truly religious* Beholder,

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## LETTER CLXXXVII.

*On Man’s trusting to his own Works.*

Dear Sir,

TELL our ingenious Friend at \*\*\*, if I did not give a direct Answer to his Question, it was because he had stated it *improperly*. His Manner was like making a raw Apothecary’s Apprentice the proper Judge of a Doctor’s Bill: If such a Chap could take upon Him to say, “Doctor, your Language is unintelligible, your Recipes are injudicious,” what Answer would you make? Some such Answers must be made, even to Dr. C\*\*\* and Mr. O\*\*, if they or Dr. C\*\*\* maintain or would insinuate, that the Mystery of Sanctification, as delineated by *Marshall*, is *unintelligible* and *injudicious*; merely because THEY do not immediately discern its Propriety.—I own, the *third*, and *fourth* Direction



Direction of Mr. *Marshall* seem *obscure* \*; but this does not arise from any improper Manner of treating the Subjects, but from the mysterious Nature of the Subjects *themselves*.

“ This,” says Dr. C\*\*, “ is my firm Faith, that, if we do *well*, we shall be accepted through the Merits of Christ.”—I might ask the Doctor whether *He* does well? Dare he *avow* this, even before *me* his Fellow-Worm, and Fellow-Sinner? How then will he maintain the Pretension before that infinitely pure *God*, in whose *Sight* the very Heavens are unclean?—But I chuse to *ask* him, (what may seem *less* offensive) has He never read of the Righteousness of Faith †?—of being made Righteous by one Man’s Obedience ‡? and of Righteousness imputed without Works §? Now I should be glad to *learn* what the Holy Spirit *means* by these Expressions? And if our worthy Friend pleases to *show*, how *his Faith* can be made conformable to any one of these Texts, I will undertake to demonstrate the Conformity of *my Faith* to them all.—Ah! why should we hug a despicable Rag, and reject a Suit of beautiful Apparel? The Lord Jesus *enable* us all to discern the Things that are excellent!

Let me this *Christmas*, wish you and Mrs. \*\* all Joy and Peace in Christ Jesus. These are the true Compliments of the Season, and therefore sent by

Your true Friend,

JAMES HERVEY.

\* There is confessedly Somewhat of Obscurity in the *third*, and *fourth* Direction;—and as Mr *Marshall’s* Directions are of a *very evangelical* Nature, they will undoubtedly appear to be out of the common Road; though his Method is remarkably instructive, as no Man perhaps was ever better acquainted with the human Heart; and the Method he has laid down for the effectual Practice of Holiness is admirable.

† Rom. x. 6.

‡ Rom. v. 23.

§ Rom. iv. 6.

## L E T T E R CLXXXVIII.

*Remarks on various Authors.*

*Dear Sir,*

I Here send you Part of my Manuscript Copy of *Theron* and *Aspasio*: If you think it worth your While to bestow any *Corrections* upon them, well; if not, this also is well. For my own Part, so very languid are my animal Spirits, I am more and more indifferent about them: I see so much Weakness in my Mind, and so many Imperfections in my Compositions, that I am afraid to venture upon the Stage of Observation again.—An obliging Letter from Mr. *H——r*, informs me of his Willingness to peruse and correct any literary Attempt of mine; and discovers, I think, still more the Integrity, Simplicity, and Piety of his Heart.

I prefer both *South's* and *Delaune's* Sermons to the Bishop's, for Soundness of Doctrine.—The *first* might be crabbed in his Temper, and the *second* voluptuous in his Life, yet *both* are more evangelical in their Sentiments than *He* is.—*Those*, who can read such Kind of *moral Essays* as the Bishop's, (very improperly called *Sermons*) as *Guides* to Heaven, and as good *Comforters* while on Earth, will one Day I hope form a *better* Judgment, and be enabled in a *clearer* Manner to discern the Things which are excellent.

On Dr. *Stonhouse's* \* Recommendation, I have lately read Dr. *Watts's* Treatise on *the Love of God, and its*

\* As Authors *differ* so very much in their Notions concerning the Love of God, and the Use of the Passions in Prayer, the Editor concluded it would not be unacceptable to the Reader, if he subjoined Dr. *Stonhouse's* \* judicious Remarks on a Subject, which Bishop *Hoadley* and Dr. *Snape* have so strenuously debated.

\* See the Eighth Edition of his FRIENDLY ADVICE TO A PATIENT, Page 56:

“ This

*Influence on all the Passions*; which is indeed a most excellent Book, happily calculated for *Usefulness*.—If you have never *seen* it, you have a Pleasure yet *to come*; and I would by all Means advise you to get it.—The Love of God is indeed the Source and Soul of Religion;—and what can produce it, what can cherish it, but a Sense of *God's Love* to us manifested in his dear *Son*?

“ This is a pathetick Address to the Heart, which I could wish in the Hands of almost every Reader, for upon the whole I scarcely know a more important Book, as it shews the right Use, as well as the notorious Abuse of the Passions in Matters of Religion; and points out the happy Medium between the rapturous Flights, and even indecent Expressions of Enthusiasts on the one Hand, and the dry Reasonings, and cold Addresses of the Lukewarm on the other. The extravagant Sallies, wild Transports, and heated Imaginations of the former, will often in the Judgment of the latter, seem nearly approaching to Madneis, and be ridiculed as such.—So far as they are excessive and irrational, they are unquestionably blameable, and most carefully to be avoided; yet grateful acknowledgments, and the humble Approaches of a dependent reasonable Being, to an omnipotent Creator, and infinitely benevolent Benefactor, demand far different Affections and Expressions from those, with which we pursue a mechanical Improvement, or demonstrate a mathematical Proposition.—We are to love the Lord our God with all our Hearts, and with all our Strength; but the Expressions of this Love, where it is *equally sincere*, will yet be *different* in different *Constitutions*.—Prayer, according to my Apprehension, may not improperly be defined an Address to Heaven, enlivened with such Degrees of Fervour and Intenseness, as our natural Temper, influenced by a true Sense of God and his Attributes, may produce.

“ Excellent Instruction of various Kinds may be found in this Treatise.—A striking Meditation of the Author's upon the Argument of each Discourse, shews the practical Uses of the several Propositions which he maintains, and directs the Reader to use his own Passions, as a Spur to quicken his Progress in the Christian Life.”—The following Quotation, will shew the Regard which the *great Dr. Boerhaave* paid to Treatises on this important Subject. “ His Time was *wholly* taken up in visiting the Sick, searching into every Part of Medicine with the utmost Diligence, reading the Scriptures, and those Authors, who place *the Love of God*, and its consequential Duties, in the clearest Light.”

by

by *whom* we are fully assured, that he has *forgiven* us all Trespases, and will *give* us Life eternal.

Present my affectionate Compliments to your Family, and believe me, as I really am,

Most cordially your's,

JAMES HERVEY.

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## LETTER CLXXXIX.

*On Bogatzky's Golden Treasure.*

*Weston-Favell, Feb. 22.*

*My dear Friend,*

THE *three* Volumes of *Theron* and *Aspasio* desire you first to accept them, then freely to animadvert upon them; and above all, to implore the *Blessing of God* for them.—I think, when People's Sentiments differ so excessively as Mr. \*\*\*'s and mine, it is best to be at a Distance. O! may we *all* be kept close to our divine Head; and in a little Time, *that, which is imperfect*, will be done away. We shall see Him, as He is, and know, as we are known.—I hope you prosper in your Health, and are blessed in your ministerial Labours. The Book you inquire after, which Mr. \*\*\* saw in my Study Window at *Weston*, and described to you as a *well-thumbed* Lilliputian of two or three Inches high, was written by one Mr. *Bogatzky*, a *German*; in which Language it passed *nineteen* Editions, from which it is now translated, and intitled, *The Golden Treasury for the Children of God, whose Treasure and Hearts are in Heaven*; containing select Texts of the Bible, with practical Observations in Prose and Verse, for every Day in the Year.

Year.—It is pretty *well thumbed*, for there is rarely a Day passes that I do not make *Use* of it; and particularly when I am so languid, as to be incapable of attending to my usual Studies. The Author very properly calls it a *Golden Treasury for the Children of God*, who esteem the *Word of God* more than Gold, and much fine Gold; and from which they may be *daily* supplied with proper Advice and Relief in all Manner of *spiritual* Necessities, as Thousands have happily experienced already.—The Verses are elegant, and edifying on *most* of the Subjects—and it was his earnest Desire and Prayer, that the Lord in his infinite Goodness would please to bless his Endeavours to the Good of many Souls, and to the Glory of his holy Name.—Mr. *Bogatzky* observes judiciously, that it is not to be expected, that a Performance of this Nature, will suit the Taste of *those*, who unhappily mistake *mere outward* Morality for *true* Christianity; and go no further than *natural* Reason and Strength will carry them: But such as either have, or desire to have a *real Experience* of the Kingdom of God in their Souls, will find much in it to the awakening, comforting, and encouraging their Hearts in the *right* Way.

That We may know, and ever continue in the *right* Way, is, my dear Friend, the frequent and ardent Prayer of,

Your affectionate Brother in Christ,

JAMES HERVEY.

## L E T T E R C X C .

*On being courageous for Christ.*

*Weston, Saturday Morning.*

MUCH I loved; and much I esteemed my dear Friend, *before*; but *now*, methinks I love and esteem him more, on account of his kind Acceptance of my free Admonitions.—Do, my dear Friend, let us *remember* how important the Hours of our present Life, and the Moments of social Intercourse are.—Dr. *Wall of Worcester*, who has a fine Taste for Painting, can, though engaged in great Business, paint, and talk now and then upon Paintings; Dr. *Cotton of St. Alban's*, who has a fine Genius for Poetry, though amidst a Variety of Employs, can write and give his Sentiments on Poetry; and why should not Dr. *S\*\**, though in an equally large Sphere of Action, edify his Acquaintance, by his Tongue and Pen, with some *religious Hints*. This, I think, is his distinguishing Talent; and when He pleases, I am sure *no Man* knows how to introduce Scripture better, or to converse in a more striking Manner. Oh! that a Stricture of it may run through, brighten, and dignify his Temper, his Business, his whole Conversation!

You are perfectly right in esteeming those Authors, whose *Piety* beams through all their Pages. And for this very Reason, I esteem, admire and embrace *Jenks's* Works; *Marshall on Sanctification*; and *Witherspoon* on the *imputed Righteousness of Christ*; because Nothing has so efficacious and benign an Influence on *true Piety*, as their Doctrines: Nothing so sweetly calms the Conscience, so thoroughly refines the Affection, or, to say all in a Word, so effectually sheds abroad the Love of God in the Heart.

I wish

I wish you and Mrs. S\*\*, Abundance of Comfort in Miss *Sophia*. It was said of one, “*Nabal* is his Name, and *Folly* is with him,” (1 *Sam.* xxv. 25.) So I say of your Infant Daughter, *Sophia* is her Name, and may *Wisdom* be with her! even the *ἡ ἀνωθεν σοφία*, the *Wisdom from above*, which St. *James* so charmingly describes in chap. iii. 17. and not with *her only*, but with her *Parents*, and with their truly affectionate *Friend*,

J. HERVEY.

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## LETTER CXCI.

*On the Benefits of Self Examination.*

*Miles's Lane, Saturday Morn.*

*My dear Friend,*

**I**F I am tolerably well, I will wait upon Dr. C\*\*\*n on *Tuesday* Morning.—He has a delicate Genius, and I dare say he is an excellent Physician:—Oh that his fine Parts may be grafted into the true Olive-Tree, and bring forth Fruit unto God.—If Providence permits us to meet, I hope to have some evangelical Discourse with him.

Sure you could not go to *London*, without putting to your Heart some of your own important Questions, under the Heads of *Self-Examination*.—Have you indulged yourself in needless Amusements, needless Diversions of any Kind?—Have you employed your Time usefully to *yourself*, or to *others*?—My dearest Friend, remember in what Book, by whose Hand several such like Questions are written! I fear you have not so much as spoke one Word *for Christ*, since you have entered the Metropolis; though you must have had *so many* Opportunities. Oh! why do you thus bury your *sprightly*

*Talents* in a Napkin!—Edify your Neighbours by your Conversation.—What a Loss has Mr. \*\* and Mr. \*\*\*, and others of your Correspondents, sustained by your *forgetting*, or *disusing* the Language of *Sion*?—I have lately purchased *Lowman's Exposition of the Revelations*. Give me Leave to refer you to the fifth Verse of the second Chapter, “Remember therefore from whence thou art *fallen*, and do thy *first* Works.” Pray lend me *Lowman* on the *Civil Government of the Hebrews*, which I hear is a most excellent Book, and illustrates many obscure Passages in the Bible.

Do you keep a *Diary* as you used to do, a *secret* History of your Heart and Conduct, and take Notice of the Manner in which your *Time* is spent, and of the *Strain*, which runs through your *Discourse*? Do you minute down your Sins of *Omission* as well as of *Commission*, and observe the Frame of your Spirit in *religious* Duties? Do you register your *most secret* Faults, those Faults to which *none* but your own Conscience is privy; none but the *all-seeing Eye* discerns?—And do you often *review* these interesting Memoirs? remembering at the same *Time*, that for *all* these Things God will one *Day* call you into Judgment.—Keeping a *Diary* is the Way to know *ourselves*, and of all *other* Preparatives it best disposes us to *Prayer*; and to seek *in Earnest* after that blessed Redeemer, who died to save Sinners; and through *whom alone* we can ever expect to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Adieu! my dear Friend!—God in Heaven bless, and protect you! I hope to *see* you ere long—and am in the mean *Time* with true Regard,

Your's faithfully and affectionately,

JAMES HERVEY.



## L E T T E R CXCII.

*Remarks on the Letters on Theron and Aspasio.*

*Weston-Favell, Sept. 4, 1758.*

*Madam,*

**B**E so good as to present my very affectionate Compliments to your excellent Friend Mr. Kennedy. Inform him, that my *intended Work* has for a long Season, on Account of my great Infirmities, been like the Sun in *Gibeon*, and like the Moon in the Valley of *Ajalon*. I shall be particularly pleased and thankful to receive his Thoughts on that important Subject, the Assurance of Faith. Mine are much the same as Mr. *Ebenezer Eiskine's* in his valuable Sermons, and as Mr. *Boston's* in his most judicious \* Notes on *The Marrow of Modern Divinity*.

Pray, Madam, favour me with a long Extract from Mr. Kennedy's † Letter; I do assure you, I admire his Writings: They have a Beauty, which is quite natural and artless; joined with a Piety, which is very affecting and edifying.

\* See Page 430 of Volume II.

† Mr. Kennedy, who Mr. Hervey so highly and justly respected, is Minister at the Scots Church in Rotterdam.

In the last Letter Mrs. C—— received from Mr. Hervey are these Words: “ I received your's with good Mr. Kennedy's Letter inclosed.—It speaks the very Sentiments of my Heart, much better than my own Tongue or Pen could express them. I don't perceive a single Sentence, to which I should make any Objection. With other Believers in Jesus Christ, I would be of *one Heart*, but with Mr. Kennedy I have the Pleasure to be of *one Mind*.—I beg you to present my most affectionate Respects to the worthy Writer, and desire him to give us a Continuation of his Thoughts.”

A Book has lately appeared, in two small Volumes, intituled, *Letters on Theron and Aspasio*. I cannot say I would recommend it to your Perusal; but I should be glad, if you would mention it in some Conversation with your learned and devout Visitants, in order to know *their* Opinion. For my own Part, I hardly can tell *what* Opinion to form. The Author conceals his Name, and it seems difficult to discover his Principles, or his Aim. Some Things are excellent, written with Spirit, and in a Strain truly evangelical; in some Things I stand corrected by Him; I kiss the Rod, and, far from being displeas'd, am thankful for his Animadversions; though in some Instances, he has acted a disingenuous Part; not consulting the most correct Edition of my Book, not advert'g to my own Explanation of my Meaning, and making me approve the *Whole* of a Person's Works \*, where I only commend some *particular* Part. But what gives me the *greatest* Disgust, and will, I believe, offend every candid Reader, is a bitter Vein of Contempt and Invective against some of the best of Men that ever lived, and some of the best Authors that ever wrote. I once thought, the Apostle *James's* Question implied an Impossibility; but it seems to be reduced to real Fact by the Pen of this Critick, and in the *Letters on Theron and Aspasio*, where the *Fountain sends forth* at the same Place, in the same Performance, *sweet Water and bitter*.

I hope you will not act with Mr. *Kennedy* according to the exact Rules of Retaliation; but though He has

\* Mr. *Hervey* did not think himself under an Obligation to defend every *particular* Sentiment of an Author, whose Treatise he might approve *in general*.—And here it may be proper to observe, that his own Candour, and the frequent Solicitations of others, induced him to be more indulgent than He ought, and to give rather too favourable an Opinion: for which he has been misrepresented by the Artful, and abus'd by the Malevolent.

been *slow* to write, you will be *swift* to answer, that He may the more speedily improve and delight yourself, Madam, and

Your very humble Servant,

J. HERVEY.

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## L E T T E R CXCIII.

*The Doctrines of the Gospel have no Tendency to Licentiousness—The Excellency of the Bible—The Character of one not fit to be a Companion.*

Saturday Morning.

Dear Sir,

I AM sorry to hear, that Mr. \*\*\* should think my Doctrine tends to the Introduction of *Licentiousness*. Far, very far from it!—*Mine* is the genuine Doctrine of the Scriptures; and the *only* Doctrine to reclaim Mankind, as it encourages Sinners not to *continue* in their Sins, but to turn unto their injured Lord, and receive Salvation at his beneficent Hand.—“He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out,” are our blessed Master’s own Words; and all my Writings, Preaching, and Conversation, are founded on that comfortable Declaration to my lost undone Fellow-Creatures; on that tender *Invitation* to those, in whom there is no Health.

But Mr. \*\*\* is offended at this:—He, like the *Egyptian* Taskmasters of old, requires Men to make Brick without Straw.—“Let us (says he, unmindful of our *Impotence*) make ourselves *better*, and *then* go to Christ, who will receive us favourably for our *Works* Sake.”—But in this View *our Works*, even if we could perform them, without the Grace of Christ, would be

ineffectual. (See *Luke* xvii. 10.)—Are *These* capable of expiating the Guilt of a polluted Race, and of procuring Salvation?—If *our Works* could do THIS, then *These*, and not *Christ*, would be our *Saviour*.—If we had a Right to demand a Recompence for *our Works*, even on a Supposition they were *perfect*, then a Redeemer and his Death would be *useless*: Surely therefore Mr. \*\*\*'s Notions are *contrary* to the whole Tenor of the Gospel! May the *divine Spirit* open his Eyes, and incline his Heart to discover, that *Christ* offers himself to *all*, who will come: The *vilest* of Men have just the same Right to Christ and his Merits, as the *best* of Men; a Right founded not on their awakened Desires, not on any Thing in *themselves*, but purely, solely, entirely on the *free Grant* of a Saviour.—We are all Sinners, though in a more or less Degree; and we must all flee to Christ for *spiritual* Blessings; not as *deserving*, but as *guilty* Creatures; a sad Mortification this to the *proud* Worldlings, or to the *Self-Righteous* Moralists, whom it is the Design of the Gospel to *bumble*.

Mr. \*\*\* (as I dare say you have often heard Him) speaks of Heaven made easy, “upon Condition \* of Obedience to the Gospel Commands.”—This would not be very easy to *me*, whatever it might be to *Him*: But if Heaven and eternal Life be “the Gift of God through Jesus Christ,” and given us on account of his Obedience unto Death, then it is easy indeed.—What Love is here! Well might the Apostle *Paul* say, that “the Love of Christ constraineth us.” Christ makes us *free*, and those whom HE makes free, are † *free in-*

\* Mr. *Hervey* had seen so bad an Use made by the *Socinians*, of *Conditions* and *Requisites*, in Opposition to the Doctrine of Free-Grace, that he could by no Means allow even *Faith*, much less our *Obedience*, to be called a *Condition*.

† *John* viii. 36.

*deed.* This is the Way of Salvation pointed out to us by the Wisdom of the Almighty.—May our Eyes be enlightened to see *this* Way, which many *wise* Men overlook, at which many *great* Men are offended!

I wish Mr. \*\*\* would study his *Bible* more, and the *Classicks* less.—There is little Good to be got by reading the Scripture carelessly, but *He*, who humbly applies to God for Direction, and exercises Himself therein constantly and conscientiously, will find such an *Efficacy*, as is not to be found in *any other* Book whatever:—And therefore it is called, by way of Preheminence, THE BIBLE (or THE BOOK;) importing, that as *This*, and *only This*, is a divine Work, no other Books can be *compared*, or even so much as *named* with it. It is the *Book of Books*; the Book of GOD: Mr. \*\*\* however neglects *this Book*, I fear; and indeed, if I may speak my Sentiments to you freely, I look upon Him to be so puffed up *with Pride*, and the Conceit of *his own* Abilities, that his *Passions* run away with Him, and he fires at every Thing, which thwarts any of the Notions He has imbibed.—Is not such an one disqualified for Friendship?—Can a Man of *his* Disposition attend coolly to Arguments against his *pre-conceived* Opinion, how modestly, or forcibly soever such Arguments may be urged?—*This* surely is not the Spirit of the Gospel; nor are *these* the Qualities of one, who *professes* himself a Disciple of that Master, whose Exhortation is, “Learn of me for I am lowly, and meek.” I have no Hopes of doing Mr. \*\*\* any Good; and, as we think so very differently, the less we have to do with one another, perhaps the better. He really is not now fit even for a *Companion*, much less for a *Bosom Friend*. No Man can be a proper Associate (as a Writer of no small Penetration has judiciously remarked) in whom these, or such like Infirmities are predominant; namely,

1. If he be reserved, or be incapable of communicating his Mind freely.—2. If he be haughty, and proud of his Knowledge, imperious in his Disposition, and fond of imposing his own Sentiments on us.—3. If he be positive, and will dispute to the End, by resisting the clearest Evidence rather than be overcome.—4. If he be fretful and peevish, ready to take Things in a wrong Sense.—5. If he affect Wit on all Occasions, and is full of his Conceits, Puns, Quibbles, Jest and Repartees. *These* may agreeably entertain and animate an Hour of Mirth, but they have no Place in the *Search after Truth*.

6. If he carry about him a Sort of Craft and Cunning, and Disguise, acting rather like a Spy, than a Friend. Have a Care of such an one as will make an *ill Use* of Freedom in Conversation, and immediately charge you with shocking *Tenets*, when you happen to differ from those Sentiments which Authority, or Custom has established.

7. In short, *avoid* the Man, who *practises* any Thing, that is *unbecoming* the Character of a sincere, free, and open Searcher after Truth. And above all Things, pray and work against all evil Qualities in your own Breast.

I had a Letter lately from our old Acquaintance *in the West*, who complains grievously of his *Burthens*, as he calls them. It seems he has *ten Children*; and is hipped to Death, lest *He*, and *his Family* should be reduced to Beggary. His Income to be sure is scanty and precarious; but I conjured him not to be diffident of *Providence*; reminded him of our blessed Master's Charge (*Matthew* vi. 2, 5.) against being too anxious about our Subsistence in this Life; and I sent him likewise the following Passage from a Poem of the Reverend Mr. *Onely's*, assuring him at the same Time, that if He  
would

would have a due Concern for the Things which are God's, then God would also be careful of *Him*, and *his*.

“ *But Daughters, Sons—Alas! thy Weakness scan;*  
 “ *Know Prescience never was design'd for Man.*  
 “ *Their Wants you dread, some able Hand supplies;*  
 “ *Their Wealth you build, some Accident destroys.*  
 “ *From Thee some Mites, and honest Fame be grow'n;*  
 “ *The rest—from Virtue, and the Care of Heav'n.*”

He says, IF HE HAD NOT BEEN DEPRIVED OF FORESIGHT, He had never *married*; and by Way of Explanation sent me an odd Quotation, which I have here transcribed: “ I cannot but admire the Wisdom of Nature in denying to Men and Women that *Fore-sight* when they are *young*, which they acquire at a *greater Age*; for without *that*, I believe the World could not subsist above fourscore Years, and a new Creation of Man would be wanted once every hundred Years at least; since the *Inconveniencies* of Marriage, are *experimentally* known to overbalance the *Conveniencies*.— This YOUNG FOLKS will not *believe*, and thus the World is *peopled*.”

Your Friend Colonel \* \* \*, has made a Present of *Steel's Christian Hero*, to all his Officers.—I wish, when he had been in such a Disposition, that he had given to all the common Men, *Dr. Woodward's Soldier's Monitor*, which are not above fifteen Shillings *per* Hundred.—This Book was wrote by the Command of *Queen Anne*, as I have been told, and delivered to every Soldier at the Government's Expence: The *Sailor's Monitor*, wrote by the *same Hand*, was given to every Sailor.—And I think it very impolitick in the Government to *discontinue* so well-judged a Donation.— If I was *Chaplain to a Regiment*, I would preach before the Soldiers on this Text, “ I have set the Lord always before

before me; because he is at my right Hand, I shall not be moved." *Pfal.* xvi. 8.

Your Reflections on seeing the Skeleton at *Oxford*, and on your near View of Death (in the emblematical Shape of a Skeleton with an Hour-Glass and a Dart) advancing towards you in your late Sickness, have such a Similarity with those of a worthy Friend's of mine, as I think will both surprize and please you.—“ Oh! my dear Sir, says he, to *talk* of Death, and to enter *in earnest* upon dying, are two different Things:—To view the Messenger who comes from the JUDGE of all, as actually approaching with his open Commission in one Hand, and his uplifted Dart to execute it in another (an expecting Grave and eternal Judgment in his immediate Train) is as different as to view a painted Lion, who is only terrible on Canvass, and actually to see him with his rolling Eyes, and really to hear his tremendous Roar.”

Have you seen the Reverend Mr. *Adam's Practical Lectures on the Church Catechism*?—He is an experienced Christian,—and a spirited Performance it is.—The same Gentleman wrote the Preface to Mr. (*Truro*) *Walker's Heart-searching Sermons*.—Dr. S\*\* made me a Present of it; and wrote in the Blank Leaf before the Title Page, “ What betwixt the Frenzy of Anger, the Ague of Hopes and Fears, the Fever of Love, the Consumption of Envy, our distempered Minds are kept under a continual Disease, against which these Lectures are a certain Specifick.”—Mr. *Adam* is Rector of *Wintringham* in *Lincolnshire*,—and has made, I am told, an amazing *Reformation* amongst the People in that Neighbourhood, who *before* his Settlement amongst them were remarkably dissolute, and ignorant:—He spares no Pains in discharging his ministerial Duty: His Congregations are very large, I hear, and Men,  
Women



Women and Children, come ten or a dozen Miles to attend his Preaching.

A Gentleman lent me the other Day Dr. *Leland's* *View of the principal Deistical Writers*; amongst which is one MORGAN, who styles himself a MORAL PHILOSOPHER; a Character, which is of late grown very fashionable amongst our modern Deists, but THEY might with equal Propriety call themselves MIRACULOUS HEALERS; for THEY could as soon heal a decayed Body by their *moral Philosophy*, as THEY could cure the Sin-sick Soul by it.—Miserable Teachers are all such, who *thus* pretend to reform either themselves, or Mankind.—*He* and *He only* can cast *Devils* out of the Soul, who can say to the *Leper*, “ Be thou clean;”—and to the *Storm*, “ Be thou still.”—*He only* can heal the decayed *Body*, who hath said to the Paralytick, “ Take up thy Bed, and walk.”

I am, dear Sir, with great Respect, and much Esteem,  
your most obliged, and very humble Servant,

JAMES HERVEY.

P. S. I have a particular Reason for desiring you would give me your well-weighed Opinion of the amiable Dr. *Watts's* ORTHODOXY and CHARITY UNITED:—It is wrote with an excellent Design.—The Gentleman, who persuaded me to purchase it, is a Person of great Candour, Learning, and Piety.—He is so fond of this Book, that he has recommended it to all his distant Acquaintance; and rarely goes into any Company, without introducing it in the Conversation: He extols it in the strongest Terms, as a Piece which no Christian ought to be without, since its grand End is to promote charitable Sentiments, and Practices towards one another, amidst the numerous Follies, and Errors of the Time.—Would to God our *religious Differences* were properly

properly fettled on a fure Foundation, that the contending Parties were reconciled in Love; and that “all we, who call ourfelves Chriftians, might hold the Faith in Unity of Spirit, in the Bond of Peace, and in Righteoufnefs of Life.” Amen, and Amen.

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## L E T T E R CXCIV.

*On prefenting a Lady with a Rose.*

*Wefton-Favell, Nov. 4, 1757.*

*Dear Sir,*

**Y**OU wonder at my Delay in answering your very friendly Letter: This is the true Caufe. When I received your Favour, I was very bufy, in difpatching to the Prefs my *three Faft Sermons*, lately published. By fome Accident your Letter was miflaid, and could not be found. This Day it came to Light, and, the Moment I looked upon the Date, it ftruck me with a painful Regret, a Regret almoft equal to the Pleasure I enjoyed, in your edifying Converfation.

Your Lady has fhewn the moft welcome Complaisance to *me*, and to the \* *Rose*; to *me*, in accepting what is lefs than a Trifle; to the *Rose*, in putting it to fuch a Ufe. Could that poor Vegetable be fenfible, it would rejoice to be a *Remembrancer* of its moft amiable Creator. The Prophet calls upon the *whole Creation*, inanimate as it is, to *exult*, and *triumph* in the Grace of

\* When this Gentleman was at *Wefton*, Mr. *Hervey* (as he walked with him in the Garden) plucked a *Rose*, and defired him to prefent it to his Wife, to put her in Mind of the *Rose of Sharon*. She paid that Regard to the Giver and the Gift, as to put it into a Frame with a Glafs.

our incarnate God. “ Sing, O Heavens; be joyful, O Earth; break forth into singing, ye Mountains; O Forests, and every Tree,” whether cultivated or wild, *for the Lord*, by his Incarnation, Blood, and Righteousness, *has redeemed Israel, and glorified himself*; most magnificently displayed all his divine Perfections, *in the Salvation of Jacob*.

I heartily wish, that Mrs. \*\* may become, every Day, more and more acquainted with the *Rose of Sharon*; that his Loveliness, Riches, and Glory, may be revealed in her Heart, by the Holy Ghost. Happy the *Souls*, in which this Flower of Heaven blossoms; which are charmed with its Beauty, and refreshed with its Odours. Their Happiness will not fade as a Leaf, but like the Merit and Mercy of their Lord, will be new every Morning; new every Moment, new through eternal Ages.

I wish, I could gratify your benevolent Temper, by giving you a comfortable Account of my Health. But Nothing administered for its Succour and Restoration, succeeds. It seems to be the Will of our great Physician, that my Strength should be Labour and Sorrow. May his holy Will be done; only may my Faith in his Blood be strong, and my Love of his Name be warm. Then shall I meet you, ere long, amidst the innumerable Company of Angels, and no more complain, “ My Head, my Head;” no more say, “ I am sick.”

How shall I recompense my generous Doctor, for prescribing without a Fee? By wishing, that he may never want the Aid, which he so kindly tenders to his

affectionate Friend, and Brother in Christ,

J. HERVEY.

## L E T T E R C X C V :

*On the Consolation of the Gospel.*

*Weston-Favell, Feb. 22, 1758.*

*Madam,*

I Received the Favour of your Letter, and found no small Pleasure in perusing its Contents. It gave me a singular Satisfaction, to see a Lady of such fine Sense, and in the very Bloom of Life, *mindful* of the Things which belong to her eternal Peace. May this happy Disposition increase with your increasing Years! and it will be the greatest *Blessing* that you can enjoy, or your Correspondent wish.

If *my Writings* have afforded you any Entertainment, or been the *Means* of administering the least Improvement, I desire to adore and bless the all-gracious God. For *He*, Madam, teaches to profit; *his* Spirit commands Success; and all our *Good* comes wholly from his heavenly *Benediction*.

I am pleased to find *this*, among your other valuable Expressions; "I want to have all those heavenly Consolations."—You consider Religion in a *right* View. It is not a vexatious *Burthen*, or an irksome *Task*; but it is intended to be the *Comfort* of our Lives, and the *Joy* of our Hearts. God is the God of *all Comfort*, Christ is styled the *Consolation of Israel*, and the Holy Ghost is called the *Comforter*.—The Gospel is the most *comfortable* Report imaginable; it is glad Tidings, and the joyful Sound; it assures poor Sinners, that God has laid all their Iniquities, both great and small, on his beloved Son; that Jesus Christ has brought in a most perfect and everlasting Righteousness, whereby they may be justified; and that our first, our great, our leading

leading Duty is; to believe all this, in our own Behalf, for our own Benefit.

By the Comfort and Peace resulting from these Blessings, it would win our Hearts to love the God, who is so immensely amiable and gracious to us; to be studious of doing his Pleasure, who has made such unspeakably rich Provision for our Happiness. The Apostle prays for his *Thessalonian Converts*, that the Father of everlasting Compassions, would first *comfort* their Hearts, and then, and thereby, *establish* them in every good Word, and Work.

I should make no Scruple to send my *Fast-Sermon* for your Perusal, if I *had* one. But it has pleased the divine Providence to visit me with a violent Fever, which has confined me for many Weeks; I am still the Prisoner of this Disease, so that I was incapable of going abroad on the *Fast-Day*. And indeed, if it had been otherwise, I should scarcely have been *able* to gratify my own Inclination, by complying with your Hints; because I never *write* my Sermons, having accustomed myself to preach *without Notes*; and it was owing to a particular Incident, that those *three Discourses*, which I published, were committed to Writing.

Permit me, Madam, to wish, that you may be steadfast and immoveable in your present Turn of Mind, which is so truly wise and noble; that by *him*, who sitteth in Heaven and beholds all the Children of Men, it may be said of Miss \*\*\*, as it was formerly said of another excellent Person; "MARY has chosen that good Part, which shall not be taken from her."

To these Wishes, allow me the additional Pleasure of being,

Madam, your most obedient humble Servant,

JAMES HERVEY.

## L E T T E R CXCVI.

*On Mr. Wesley's Letter.*

*Weston-Favell, March 4, 1758.*

Dear Mr. \* \* ,

I Have a long Letter, containing two or three Sheets, from Mr. *Wesley*.—It consists of Animadversions on my Dialogues and Letters, which I should be glad if you would peruse, and favour me with your Opinion. He wrote me *one* before, more stinging and sarcastick than *this*. I have taken no Notice of *either*, being very unwilling to embark in Controversy; but for your Judgment *on the last*, which is written with Candor and Temper, I should be much obliged, and have an *additional* Reason to be,

Dear Sir, your affectionate Friend,

JAMES HERVEY.

## L E T T E R CXCVII.

*On the Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ.*

*Weston-Favell, March 11, 1758.*

*Madam,*

I AM much obliged for your benevolent Wishes, relating to my Health. By Way of Return, permit me to wish, that your *Soul* may prosper, may flourish, may blossom as a Rose; that you may “grow in Grace, and in the Knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

From

From this Passage we may observe, that the Way to advance in true Holiness of Heart and Life, is to advance in the *Knowledge of Christ*.—It is for want of knowing *Christ*, that the Generality of Mankind are so captivated by Trifles, and enslaved to transient Gratifications. It is for want of knowing *Christ* more thoroughly, that many Christians have so little Peace and Joy, and many go mournfully in their Way to Eternity.

By *his Knowledge* shall my righteous Servant justify many.—By giving them the Knowledge of *himself*, of his divine *Dignity* and inestimable precious *Work*; of that grand *Price*, which he paid for the Redemption of Sinners, which delivers them from the Wrath to come, and intitles them to the Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

“The divine Power,” says *St. Peter*, “has given us all Things pertaining to Life, and Godliness.”—How? through the Knowledge of *Him*, who has called us to Glory and Virtue; through the Knowledge of *Christ*, as calling us to the Enjoyment of *eternal* Glory, which he has procured for us by his Blood; and thereby most sweetly leading and engaging us, to the *Exercise of every Virtue*.

I hope *Marshall on Sanctification*, will be *bleſſed* to your Consolation, and Edification. If it is not at the *first* Reading, it may at the *second*, or it may at the *third*. I would say to the Reader of this excellent Treatise, as the Prophet *Elijah* said to his Servant, who went to the Sea in order to make Observation, but found Nothing worthy of Notice, “Go again *seven* Times.”

As we know MORE of Christ, the more frequently shall we *comfort* Ourselves with the Thought, that it is *He*, who will come in the Clouds of Heaven; and that we shall all appear before the Judgment-Seat of Christ.

*This*, to the Believer, is a most comfortable and delightful Consideration; “ My Redeemer is my Judge. He, who died for me, passes the *final* Sentence. Look! how *great* is his Majesty and Glory! So *great* is my Atonement and Propitiation.”

*Showers's serious Reflections on Time and Eternity*, an excellent little Book, which has passed *seven* Editions, generally lies on my Study Table, that I may not only read, but digest it. I recommend it to your attentive Perusal and frequent Meditation; and hope you will seriously apply it to your Improvement and Advancement in a Life of Holiness. As it will cost only a Shilling, you may give some of them away, and a very useful Gift it will be.

Should I ever come to *London*, I will be sure to do myself the Pleasure of waiting upon Miss \*\*\*. In the mean Time, what she mentions by Way of Caution, shall be observed with all Punctuality due to a Command,

By her most obedient, humble Servant,

JAMES HERVEY.

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## L E T T E R C X C V I I I .

*On various Subjects.*

*Weston-Favell, Jan. 3, 1758.*

*Dear Mr. \*\*\*,*

**I** Received your welcome valuable Letter in due Time; but almost as soon as I received it, I was seized with a violent Illness; so violent, that the current Report was, “ *Hervey is dead.*”—Near to Death I certainly *was*; and God Almighty knows, I am, according to  
human



human Appearance, not *far* \* from it even *now*: But pray let me, if I *live*, expect the Continuation of your Remarks.—Your Letters are such, as I should delight to read, even my last Moments.

I wish you many a happy *New Year* on Earth, and at the last an abundant Entrance into the *New Jerusalem*,—where the Voice of Joy and Health is perpetually heard.

Weak I am, very weak, and much out of Order; inasmuch that I have not been *able* to go to Church ever since *Christmas*. But your Writings refresh and delight, instead of fatiguing me!—Your *fourth* Paragraph has most exactly stated the Difference, which subsists between *yourself*, and *Aspasio*, relating to *Faith*. The Forbearance and Candor, with which you treat this Difference, does not give up a Jot or Tittle of your *own* Opinion, yet it tends very much to conciliate Favour and Esteem in its Behalf.

Your *Vision* is very grand and quite striking; I love such Strokes of Imagination; they keep Attention awake, and impart Pleasure together with Profit.—*Aspasio* is doubly obliged to your Pen, formerly for *correcting*, now for *defending* his Work.—You observe, my Enemy is your's. He has attacked your generous Vindication. In Reply to this Attack, you have spoke my very Sentiments †.

Mr. \*\*\*, you will find, is *angry* with me on the opposite Score, for speaking *too much*; and, as *He* thinks, *too openly* on the Side of Election, and particular Redemption. Pray favour me with your *free* Opinion, and wherever you think he charges me *justly*, or I have expressed myself *improperly*, spare not to speak the naked

\* Mr. *Hervey* died the *December* following.

† This refers to the *Remarks* (made by this Gentleman to whom Mr. *Hervey* here writes) on the *Scotch* Author, who wrote the Letters on *Theron* and *Aspasio*.

Truth.—He has lately published a large Book, Price Six Shillings fitched, on the Doctrine of *Original Sin*; great Part of which, is an Abridgment of Dr. *Watts's* *Ruin and Recovery*; and of another Treatise, wrote by Mr. *Hebden*. In *this* he takes Occasion to quote two or three Passages from *Theron and Aspasio*, one from Vol. I. Page 184, which he thus introduces: “To explain this a little farther in Mr. *Hervey's* Words. By fœderal Head I mean, what the Apostle teaches, &c. That as *Adam* was the first *general* Representative (of *this Kind*, says *Aspasio*, but Mr. \*\*\* makes him say) of *Mankind*, Christ was,” &c. “Far from resting upon a single Text,” &c. He goes on to the Bottom of the Page, then turns back to the upper Part, represents me as forming a Conclusion in these Words:—“All these Expressions demonstrate, that *Adam* (as well as Christ) was a Representative of *all Mankind*. And that what *He* did in this Capacity, did not terminate in *Himself*, but affected *all*, whom He represented.”—This is a very injurious Representation. One Sentence is a palpable Misquotation. Would it be proper to take any Notice of it? I am sometimes apprehensive, that He would draw me into a Dispute about *particular* Redemption. I know He can say startling and horrid Things on this Subject; and *this*, perhaps, might be the most effectual Method to prejudice People against my *principal* Point.

I am, dear Sir, with much Gratitude,  
and true Affection, your's in Christ,

JAMES HERVEY.

## LETTER CXCIX.

*On Earnestness in Religion.—Remarks on Mr. Law.*

Dear Sir,

UPON a repeated Review of your *Sketches* for instructing your Family on *Sunday Evenings*, I really don't know how to *improve* them.—I think they are well digested;—but, when you exercise your Talent in *speaking* from those *Sketches*, do not forget to implore a *Blessing* on what you are going about.—Stir up the Gift of God, which is in you, by a zealous *Use* of them; and you yourself will *improve* them better than I can for you.—I shall only *suggest*, that as soon as you have finished, set down, as fresh Heads for *another* Occasion, what *new Thoughts* occurred to you *while* you was speaking. Oh! let us work while the Day lasts! My dear Friend, the Judge is at the Door, and Eternity at Hand. May we *watch*, and *pray* always, that we may be found worthy to stand before the Son of Man at his coming.

I inclose Part of a Letter, sent by a clever Man and no mean Scholar.

“ It is with infinite Pleasure I can inform you, that I am now brought to a Sense of my Duty, to which I was an entire Stranger till lately.—Glory be to God, I have now some Concern upon my Mind, some serious Thoughts of a future State!—How amazing is it, that a Person should arrive at my Years, without knowing any Thing of the Religion he professes. Strange as it is, this was my Case; for, till within these six Months, I was as much in the Dark as to *spiritual* Affairs, as *one*, who had never heard the Name of Christ. The *Bible* was to *me* the same as an unknown Language, and all my *Pretences* to Religion were Nothing but a mere life-

less Formality. Oh! that the inexpressible *Marks* of the *Love* of my God, and his *Goodness* to me, may increase the Love I owe to Him, more and more every Day!"

Our Friend Mr. H—y, who you know is a great Favourer of the mystick Writers, has desired me to read Mr. *Law's Spirit of Prayer*, and *Spirit of Love*, which is an *Appendix* to it. I shall *ask* him, whether he designed it to puzzle, or *edify* me?—I am sure it has done the first to *me*, may it do the latter to *Him*.—Oh! what *Need* have we to *pray* for that blessed Spirit, which may lead us into all Truth.

I begin to be weaned from *human* Writings, even from the most applauded.—The pure Milk of the divine Word my Soul covets. Don't you relish its Sweetness, and taste its Power more and more? The Apostle *injoins* us in every Thing to give *Thanks*, for *this* is the Will of God; (1 *Theffalon.* v. 18.) and if we are to *thank* Him for *every* Thing, how ought we to *thank* Him, how can we sufficiently *thank* Him, for such a Treasury of Blessings, as the *Holy Bible* contains for us?—And yet (is it credible?) there are, there are *those*, who *neglect* these gracious Tidings of a *Reconciliation* with God, through the *Mediation* of his own Son Jesus Christ.

But whatever be the Conduct of *others*, let *you* and *I*, dear Sir, esteem it as it deserves, and say with the Psalmist, "I will *delight* myself in thy Statutes, I will not *forget* thy Word. Make me to *understand* the Way of thy Precepts, so shall I *talk* of thy wondrous Works."—*David* you see *prayed* to God for Illumination, and *talked* of divine Things. That *this* may be accomplished in *us*, and that *we* may follow *David's* Example, I dare say you will add an Amen, to the Amen of,

Dear Sir, your's very sincerely,

J. HERVEY.

P. S. I am told, and grieved I am to hear it, that the once zealous Mr. \*\*\* is grown quite indolent (no very laudable Character for a Clergyman) and has entirely laid aside his Translation and Improvement of the elegant Dr. Stearne, *De Visitatione Infirmorum*. He shewed me a Specimen of it some Months ago: The Translation was spirited, and the Notes well calculated to supply the Author's Deficiencies.—Nothing perhaps is more wanted, or would be more useful (especially to the Clergy) than a judicious Treatise *on Visiting the Sick*, in a neat Pocket Volume; but I am sensible, there is nothing equally difficult to execute. I never yet saw one to my Mind.—*The Clergyman's Companion*, as it is called, is little more than a Collection of Prayers, with the Order of Visitation of the Sick, out of the Common Prayer, the Communion Service, and the Office of public and private Baptism. If methinks such a Man as Mr. Walker of Truro could find Time to set about it, it would be done *effectually*; because he is a *most experienced* Christian, and has *long* been accustomed to the Chambers of the *Sick*; and would write from Facts, and his own Knowledge of the human Mind.—I would not give a Rush for a Jumble compiled from different Authors:—*That* is the Labour of the *Head*, and not the Feeling of the *Heart*; and can never produce the *Effects* I wish to see.

## LETTER CC.

*Downname's Christian Warfare.—Luther's Hymn.*

*Weston-Favell, July 26, 1756.*

NOW my dear Friend I have procured your Favourite Author, *Downname's Christian Warfare against the Devil, the World, and the Flesh*. He is, indeed, a pleasing perspicuous Writer. The Language, as you observed, remarkably pure and correct; He is very experimental, and enters into the Distresses of tempted Souls; many Things are sweet, comfortable, charming. Sometimes, I think he draws a little Veil over the Grace of God, not suffering it to blaze out in its full Lustre and Glory. Don't you think he is somewhat inaccurate, in stating the Nature of Justification? *Lib. ii. Chap. 50.* "Justification, he says, consisteth in two Parts; the first, Remission of our Sins for the full Satisfaction of Christ, by his Death and Sufferings: The other, the Imputation of his habitual and active Righteousness."—Should it not rather be, Justification consists of two Parts; the first, Remission of our Sins; the second, Being perfectly righteous in God's Sight; and *both* these spring from the Imputation of Christ's Righteousness to the poor Sinner?

I find, from your Manuscript, it is your Opinion, that the Antediluvian Sacrifices were slain by the Sword of the Cherubim, planted and waved at the Entrance of *Eden*. This is a very remarkable, and a very awful Circumstance, and if true, very worthy of *particular* Notice. But what *Reasons* have you, dear Sir, for the *Support* of this Sentiment? Be so kind as to mention them, at your Leisure.

Mr. P\*\*, about a Week after his Return to *Northamptonshire*, gave me your Letter. I fear, He will become

become a *Prey* to the Allurements of the World.—I believe he is not very zealous for the *Gospel of Christ*. I am pretty sure, he does not *love* the Servants of our Lord; therefore I expect, that, from this Quarter, my Character will soon be put under an Eclipse; nor shall I be much disappointed, if by this Incident my new Friend is put away from my Sight. *Thanks* for your Hints concerning my Conduct; it is very seasonable, and shall be observed.

I have sometimes thought, that the best, strongest *Proof* of a future State of Happiness occurring in the *Old Testament*, is deducible from the History of *Enoch*. *Enoch* walked with God, was high in his Favour, and had much Communion with him; it is recorded as a singular Reward of his holy and exemplary Life, that he was *not*, for God *took* Him: Now if the *ancient* People of God had no Notion of a *future* State of Happiness, what strange Apprehensions must they form concerning this Instance of the divine Procedure? At *this* rate Jehovah must appear to punish in the most exemplary and dreadful Manner his *first*, and *greatest* Favourite. Whereas, suppose them rooted in the Belief of a much happier Condition succeeding the present Life, and the Case is plain, and God is justified in his Doings.—Please to give me your Opinion, as to this Argument.

I hope, you are thinking of your new Version of *Psal.* civ. which will be very agreeable, and I hope, not a little edifying to,  
Dear Sir,

Your much obliged and affectionate Friend,

J. HERVEY.

P. S. I here send you Mr. *Moses Browne's* almost literal Translation of *Luther's* most comfortable Hymn, which is in very considerable Esteem in the *German* Church. *Zimmermann's de Cognitionis Christi Eminentia*, is a Comment on it; and is now translating by Mr. *Browne*, at my Desire.

LUTHER'S

LUTHER'S HYMN,

*In Eight Practical Rules.*

I.

THIS not too arduous an Essay,  
 To tread resolv'd the Gospel Way;  
 The sensual Instinct to controul,  
 And warm with purer Fire the Soul.  
 Nature may raise her fleshly Strife,  
 Reluctant to the heav'nly Life;  
 Loth in a Saviour's Death to share,  
 Her daily Cross, compell'd to bear.  
 But Grace omnipotent at length,  
 Shall arm the Saint, with saving Strength;  
 Thro' the sharp War with Aids attend,  
 And his long Conflict sweetly End.

*See Zimmermannus, Page 5.*

II.

Act but the Infant's gentle Part;  
 Give up to Love thy willing Heart:  
 No fondest Parent's melting Breast  
 Yearns, like thy God's, to make thee blest;  
 Taught its dear Mother soon to know,  
 The tenderest Babe his Love can show.  
 Bid thy base servile Fear retire;  
 This Task no Labour will require.

*Zimmermannus, Page 11.*

III.

The *Sov'reign Father*, good and kind,  
 Wants but to have his Child resign'd:  
 Wants but thy yielded Heart (no more!)  
 With his large Gifts of Grace to store.  
 HE to thy Soul no Anguish brings,  
 From thy own stubborn Will it springs:  
 That Foe but crucify (thy Bane!)  
 Nought shalt thou know of Frowns or Pain.

*Zimmermannus, Page 17.*

IV. Shake



## IV.

Shake from thy Soul o'erwhelm'd, deprest,  
 Th' encumb'ring Load that galls her Rest ;  
 That wastes her Strength in Bondage vain :—  
 With Courage break th' enslaving Chain.  
 Let Pray'r exert its conqu'ring Pow'r ;  
 Cry in thy tempted trembling Hour,  
 “ My God ! my Father ! save thy Son !—  
 “ 'Tis heard,—and all thy Fears are done.”

*Zimmermannus*, Page 32.

## V.

Yet if (more earnest Complaints to raise)  
 Thy God awhile his Aid delays,  
 Tho' you don't *now* his kind Hand feel,  
 Thy Grief let lenient Patience heal.  
 Or if Corruptions Strength prevail,  
 And oft thy Pilgrim Footsteps fail ;  
 Pray for his Grace with louder Cries,  
 So shalt thou cleans'd and stronger rise.

*Zimmermannus*, Page 43.

These next Lines within the Hooks do not belong to *Luther's Hymn*, but are used by *Zimmermannus*, Page 52. as an Illustration of the preceding Stanza.

[The faster Field my Faith on Jesus takes,  
 His brighter Glories on my Spirit breaks.  
 If then to Heav'n I lift my votive Hands,  
 Love's strongest Flame my raptur'd Soul expands.  
 Thee Lord the loves, and would with Zeal forego  
 A thousand Worlds, Love dear as thine to know.]

Then *Luther's Hymn* proceeds thus :

## VI.

If haply still thy mental Shade,  
 Dark as the Midnight Gloom be made,  
 On the sure faithful Arm divine  
 Firm let thy fast'ning Trust recline.  
 The gentlest Sire, the best of Friends,  
 To thee nor Loss, nor Harm intends :  
 Tho' tost on a tempestuous Main,  
 No Wreck thy Vessel shall sustain.

Should

Should there remain of rescuing Grace  
 No Glimpse, no Footstep left to trace ;  
 Hear thy Lord's Voice :—'Tis *Jefus' Will*,  
 " Believe (thou poor dark Pilgrim) still."

*Zimmermannus*, Page 55.

### VII.

Then thy sad Night of Terrors past,  
 (Tho' the dread Season long may last)  
 Sweet Light shall from the tranquil Skies,  
 Like a fair Dawn before thee rise.  
 Then shall thy Faith's bright Grounds appear,  
 Thy Eyes shall view Salvation clear.  
 Be hence encourag'd more, when try'd,  
 On the *best Father* to confide.  
 Ah! from thy Mind extirpate quite  
 The sickly Filras that cloud her Sight ;  
 See! of how rich a Lot, how blest  
 The true Believer stands posselt!

*Zimmermannus*, Page 68.

These Lines within the Hooks do not belong to *Luther's Hymn*, but are used by *Zimmermannus*, as an Illustration of the preceding Stanza. See Page 74.

[Loose from hard Bonds, my God! a Mind  
 In Chains too fast, too strait confin'd.  
 I'm heal'd—set free!—from Sin made pure!  
 Thy Blood, my Christ, has wrought the Cure.  
 I feel a Pow'r my Will controul!  
 Quench thy long Drought my thirsty Soul!  
 The living Fountain now I've found,  
 Diffusing balmy Streams around.]

Then *Luther's Hymn* concludes with this eighth practical Rule.

### VIII.

Come, backward Soul! to God resign ;  
 Peace, his best Blessing, shall be thine ;  
 Boldly recumbent on his Care,  
 Cast thy felt Burthens ONLY THERE.

*Zimmermannus*, Page 88.

## L E T T E R C C I.

*On various Subjects.**Weston-Favell, Jan. 8, 1757.**Dear Sir,*

**M**ANY Thanks for your last Letter; indeed it delighted, and edified me. Think no more of making me *any Present from your Collection of Books*: It is in your Power to give me a greater Gratification, from the good Treasure of your *Heart*.

I am particularly delighted with your Interpretation of ערב את לבו. Your Sense is grand and inexpressibly important; and without your Sense, methinks the whole Translation is like a magnificent Portal, without a Hinge to turn upon.—I am edified and comforted with your Analysis of the whole Verse: a most encouraging and truly evangelical Representation of the Covenant of Grace! I am sorry, you are diverted from enlarging upon so excellent a Subject. Let this Work not be laid aside, but only postponed.

I am much pleased with your Remarks on Dr. \*\*\*'s Sermon; I saw it some Time ago, and thought with you, that he entirely mistook the Meaning of his Text; that his Views of the Gospel were very dim, and his Account of that Miracle of Grace, Salvation by Christ, very lame. I had also the Happiness to be thoroughly of your Opinion with regard to his *injudicious Outcries against Reason*; I declare, I look upon my Religion to be *Reason* in its highest Refinement. *My Reason* says, Prove all Things; admit Nothing without a satisfactory Proof; and, when any Thing is *proved* to be revealed by God, receive it as an Oracle.—I cannot but think likewise, that every Part of our Religion (though

absolutely undiscoverable *by Reason*) is, when discovered and understood, perfectly *rational*, as it comports with the Attributes of the Godhead; suits the State of Man; and is most admirably adapted to display the divine Glory, and redress human Misery: Whatever is formed with such a Tendency, to this *my Reason* most readily subscribes, and pronounces worthy of all Acceptance.

I hope, by the Time of the Arrival of the inclosed Frank, you will have a Freight ready for the Vessel; and to *me*, I assure you, it will be more precious than the Merchandize of Silver, or the Gain of fine Gold.

You have taken an effectual Method, to make me (enervated as my Arm is, and languid as my Spirits are) more punctual for the future in my Correspondence. If this Hand has Strength to hold a Pen, it shall not be tardy in executing this Office; or rather in discharging this Debt any more.

I am entirely of your Opinion, with regard to the Aspect of the Times: There seems to be a black Cloud hanging over the *protestant* World. I fear, we have *abused* our Privileges. Now perhaps the Lord is going to take his Fan in his Hand, and thoroughly purge his Floor. *Prepare* us, blessed Jesus! Be our Strength in an Hour of Trial! Be our Light in a Day of Darkness!

I have had some Thoughts of publishing a Couple of Sermons, preached on the *two preceding* Fast-Days, relative to this important Point. *One* upon *Ezek. xviii. 27.* the *other* upon *Heb. xi. 28.* Of these *two* Discourses, contrary to my usual Method, I happened to take Notes. They pretend to Nothing refined or extraordinary, they affect neither soaring Sentiments, nor lofty Style; they are studiously plain, only, I think; they enlarge more upon Christ our Sanctification, our  
Redemp-

Redemption, our only Refuge, than most of the Discourses, which I have seen written on that Occasion. Will you give me your *Advice*, and put up a *Prayer* for the divine Direction?

I long for the Arrival of your precious Cargo; to *me* it is peculiarly precious, as it makes evident, that Life and Immortality were known in ancient Times, and revealed in the ancient Scriptures. It seems to me a strange, and worse than an useless Attempt, to *controvert*, and endeavour to *overthrow* this Truth.— May you, dear Sir, have much of the Spirit of Wisdom and Understanding, to *discover* the Truth; much of the Spirit of Counsel and of Might to display, defend, and establish the Truth! even the Truth as it is in Jesus.

Your's affectionately, and gratefully,

J. HERVEY.

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## L E T T E R   C C I I .

*Advice to Physicians.*

*Sunday Morning.*

Dear Sir,

I Find by the Papers, that your old Friend Dr. \*\*\* the Physician is dead!—What a *Call* to us to get our Lamps trimmed, and our Souls ready for their Exit!—what a forcible Admonition to do Good to immortal Souls while we have Opportunity!—May the God of Glory be ever *with* you, and *bless* you with all spiritual Blessings!

I greatly wish, that those in the Practice of Physick, would study *St. Paul*, as well as *Hippocrates*;—and attend occasionally to the *religious* Wants of their Patients,

when they are consulted as to their *bodily* Disorders. *This* would be acting the Part of *Christian* Physicians. — *This* would be endeavouring to copy after the compassionate Physician of Mankind, who, while He cured the *Body*, cured the *Soul*.

Being totally and continually silent at the Patient's Bed-side, is, I think, in some Measure, denying or being ashamed of the divine Redeemer, who bought us with his Blood.—Is it not, as it were, refusing to embark in his Cause?—How many *Sick* might be improved and comforted by a Physician, without any Hindrance to his Prescriptions, Detriment to his Character, or Loss of his Time?—Oh! that these *Masters of the healing Art* would set the *Lord* always before them; and then *He* would direct their Paths!

I was looking the other Day into the Life of Sir *Philip Sidney*, who wrote the *Arcadia*, in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time,—and I find it recorded of him, that “ being shot in the Thigh in encountering the *Spaniards* near *Zutphen* in *Holland*, and parched with Thirst, a Bottle of Liquor was procured for Him,—and just as Sir *Philip* was about drinking it, a poor Soldier in the same Condition, bleeding and ghastly, was carried along by Him, and cast up his dying Eyes at the same Bottle; which Sir *Philip* perceiving, took it from his own Mouth, and gave it the poor Man with these Words, **THY NECESSITY, HONEST FRIEND, IS YET GREATER THAN MINE.**”—He told the Surgeons when they cut Him, “ that they had indeed a Man under their Hands of a sensible and delicate Nature, yet *one*, to whom the *great Redeemer* had given Power above *himself*, either to DO, or SUFFER: And therefore desired they would not throw a Blemish on their Art, through over *Tenderness*.”

His last Words were, “ Love my Memory:— Cherish my Friends:—Their Fidelity to me may assure you

you they are honest:—But above all govern your own Will and Affections, by the Will and Word of your Creator and Saviour; in ME beholding the End of this World, and all its Vanities.” I will warrant you the *Soldiers* remembered these Words of *their General*; and so would the *Sick* in like Manner, long remember the Words of their *Physician*, if He would now and then introduce a few *religious Hints*, and drop occasionally a *striking* Sentence or two, with Propriety and Seriousness.

*Worldly Craftiness* is a bad Guide; I wish you may have *religious Discretion* for *your's*, as *Telemachus* had the discreet *Mentor*.—And that you would begin (instead of paying court to the Great,) to court Souls for the everlasting Bridegroom.—*This* is your true Interest;—and will avail you, when every *worldly* Consideration will be found ineffectual.

As soon as I had read Mr. \*\*\*'s Letter, I burnt it according to your Desire.—Who can now retrieve the Syllables, Sentences and Words? Thus are the *Sins*, all the Sins of *them*, who believe in the divine Jesus, done away. What a Privilege! what a Blessing? Should not our *Souls* exult in it? Should not our *Discourse* dwell upon it?

Adieu, dear Sir,—and believe me with great Respect, and hearty Wishes for your present and eternal welfare,

Your's, &c.

JAMES HERVEY.

## L E T T E R C C I I I .

*Rymer on revealed Religion—Remarks on the Death of Swift and his Design.*

*Wednesday Morn.*

*Dear Sir,*

THE Grievance, of which you complain, like many other Grievances, is *irremediable*; for, according to the old Proverb, what is every one's Business is no one's. It is the same in *numberless* Instances:—How many *Turnpikes* are erected, where the Money taken will scarce defray the Expence of the Gates; and where the Roads neither *are*, nor ever *will be* mended; and consequently, they are Nuisances instead of Benefits; yet our Nobility and Members of Parliament pass frequently through such Turnpikes, *complain* of the Grievance, but take no Pains to *redress* it.—And even in an Affair of the highest Consequence, how negligent is the Community? I mean, in the long-expected Reformation of our Liturgy; in which, excellent as it is *upon the Whole*, there are some Passages so *justly exceptionable*\*, that every Bishop in the Kingdom will tell you, He *wishes* to have them expunged; and yet I know not for what *political*, or *timid* Reasons, it continues just as it *did*. Had our *first Reformers* been thus indolent, we still had been *Papists*.—Our Laws are a Matter of daily Complaint, and might most certainly be *abridged* to the great Benefit of the Nation: This is allowed by every Individual; but the Parliament, you see, will not *exert* themselves in bringing this important Affair to pass.

\* Mr. *Hervey* used to complain, that the *Baptismal Service*, (See Vol. II. Page 241.) and *that* for the Visitation of the Sick, were very defective, and *much* wanted Amendment.

I have



I have often wondered, that in this Age of Humanity, (for such with all its Faults it certainly is) that while *Infirmaries* are erecting in different Parts of the Kingdom, publick Bridges building, and large Collections making for charitable Uses, that there should be no Societies established for *redressing Grievances*. To found such Kind of Societies would be truly laudable, and highly beneficial: May God of his infinite Goodness and unerring Wisdom, put it into the Hearts of the Active, the Benevolent, and the Powerful, to set in *good Earnest* about the Institution of Societies for *redressing our Grievances*; some for *publick*, and others for *private* Grievances.—Were such once established, what a World of Good might be done! Then the Fatherless, the Widow, and the Injured, would have substantial Friends always at Hand, who would rescue them from their Oppressors, by taking them under their own Protection, and defending their Cause out of the Subscription *Fund*.—From *these Funds* likewise the Expence of procuring useful Acts of Parliament, or of getting ineffectual ones amended or repealed, might be defrayed.

I know you will be pleased to hear that Mr. \*\*\* has lately wrote very seriously to Mr. \*\* about his *religious* Concerns, and pressed him strongly, “ TO DETERMINE (as his Expression was) and set about Religion in *good Earnest*.”—“ Pray, dear Sir,” said He in one Part of his Letter, “ take Care, and do not *hurry away* Life:—Give that Affair a *serious* Thought; I am sure it is worth it.—I wish you *well*, (sorry am I to say I think) *better* than perhaps you wish *yourself*.—I should be glad to be mistaken.—Would to God I could persuade you resolutely to fall in Love with Religion, and espouse its Cause with all your Interest, and with all your Might.—Was *that* once and thoroughly to be the Case, what an Instrument might not you be, in the Hand of God, to

rouse Men from their Lethargy; to animate them in the Pursuit of their own eternal Welfare; and to encourage their Zeal for that of others?—Oh Sir! a Man with your Capacity, your Fortune, your Opportunities, what could there be too hard for him—except *Himself*!—By your irresistible Arguments and spirited Behaviour you knock down others on every Occasion, and carry almost every Point you undertake; why don't you knock down *yourself*?—*Aude sapere, incipe.*

“ What *Conscience* dictates to be done,  
 “ Or warns you *not* to do,  
 “ *This*, as your Hell, with Horror shun,  
 “ *That*, as your Heav'n, pursue.”

POPE'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

In another Part of his Letter, he thus interrogated Mr. \*.—“ Will not every *wise* Man, frequently *ask* Himself some such Questions as these?—Am I, or am I *not*, in the right Road?—How long shall I halt between *two* Opinions?—Is not to Day certain, and Tomorrow uncertain?—Am I *ashamed* of being religious? Have I Courage to stand it out against *God*, and not against the *World*?—Do I take proper Care of my *Children's* religious Principles?—If I destroy *myself*, shall I destroy my *Offspring* too:—and eternally?”

Towards the Conclusion he added; “ You have recommended several Books to *me*, let me recommend *Rymer's* \* *Representation of revealed Religion* to you;—though, if I was to advise Mr. \*, it should not be merely TO READ, but TO DETERMINE;—resolutely and unalterably TO DETERMINE to be a *religious* Man.—You want no Instructions, and the Time of Life with you

\* Dr. Rymer has a great Variety of new, yet solid Thoughts; expressed with a Spirit, and Peculiarity of Style extremely entertaining, and quite unaffected.

is gone a great Way.—Some People, I can tell you, suspect you for a Deist: If you really *are* so, I then *ask*, Do you act *devoutly* on your own Principles? Do you *pray* to God daily? This every Deist will allow to be *necessary*; and, till you have habituated your Mind to *Prayer*, I shall have little Expectations of doing you that important Service, which you must be sensible by my writing this Letter, I am *very desirous* of doing, as far as in me lies.—The rest must be left to a *superior* Agency; I mean the Operation of God's holy Spirit on your *Heart*.”

No Answer has yet been returned by Mr. \*\*\* to this Letter. I believe he is puzzled how to act. He cannot well pass it by in Silence; and to give any Thing under his Hand on so *interesting* a Subject as Religion, will be, to a Man of *his* Turn, very ineligible.

You see by the Papers, that *our great Wit* \* is dead.—Is it not a little remarkable, that so long before his Death, he should be deprived of his Senses?—deprived of them at the very Time he was about writing a most pernicious Book, which I am told, he intended to have published with this ludicrous Title, *viz. The Memoirs of the Reverend Mr. Jephtha Quixote, Saint Errant; the true and undoubted Son of the renowned Don Quixote, Knight Errant; who inherits all his Father's Virtues.* The *Design* of which was to *burlesque* Things sacred, as enthusiastic, and to set in a *ridiculous* Light, some of the most exemplary Christians, under the Notion of Saint Errantry.—This would have been a most malicious Piece of Wit; and being the Production of so celebrated a Genius, would have spread like Wildfire, pregnant with infinite Mischief; for as *Horace* has justly remarked,

\* Supposed to be *Dean Swift*.

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*Ridiculum acri  
Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat res\*.*

HOR. Sat. X. Lib. I.

When you reflect on *this*, and *other* Attempts to *discourage* good Men, and to render Religion *contemptible* in the Eyes of Worldlings, are you not apt to say with the *Psalmist*, “The Lord that dwelleth in Heaven shall laugh them to Scorn †?” He, though unseen, directs the *Whole* by his wise Providence; turneth Men’s Hearts as seemeth good unto him; and in *his* Hands are the Appointments of Life and Death.—To his Guidance, and to his Protection, I commend *you*, my dear Sir, and

Your’s very sincerely,

JAMES HERVEY.

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## LETTER CCIV.

*On Witherspoon’s Essay.*

*Friday Night.*

*Dear Sir,*

I Have sent you the following Letter for your Inspection, and shall make no Remarks on it myself, lest I mislead your Judgment. The Gentleman, who wrote it, means well, and is desirous of promoting the Interest of the Gospel in the Way which He apprehends to be *right*; but He thinks differently from *you*, and *me*, not

\* Thus translated by Mr. Francis,

“ For *Ridicule* shall frequently prevail,

“ And cut the *Knot*, when *graver* Reasons fail.”

† Psalm ii. 4.

only in his Notions of *imputed Righteousness*, but of *other* evangelical Peculiarities.—I have transcribed his Letter, and concealed his Name, that you may communicate your Remarks with more Freedom, than perhaps you *would* have done, had I not taken these Precautions to prevent your Discovery of my Correspondent.

Oct. 7, 1758.

*My dear Friend,*

WITHERSPOON'S Essay on the *Connection between the Doctrine of Justification by the imputed Righteousness of Christ and Holiness of Life*, dedicated to you, was lately put into my Hands.—You know, that I have an unconquerable Dislike to your favourite Expression, THE IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST. I would on no Account have used it in any of *my own* Writings; and I wish it was *universally* laid aside, particularly by every Minister in his Pulpit; because I apprehend, the *Notions*, which the Generality of People conceive of the *Imputed Righteousness of Christ*, has done as much *Mischief*, especially amongst the *lower* Sort, to the Cause of Christianity, as the Writings of Infidelity have done amongst those of a *higher* Rank.—This is my *settled* Opinion—Infidels may be, and often have been convinced; but Persons of weak Minds, habituated to the Sound of the IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST (a satisfactory Definition of which very few can give) are not only steeled against all Conviction, but are too apt to disregard Morality; and to censure and despise every Preacher and Writer, who from Principle, or any other Cause, disapproves of this CANT TERM: Pardon me, for I really think it so, and therefore cannot call it otherwise; yet I own myself a great Admirer of *Witherspoon's*

*Spoon's* \* Essay; I think it the best Defence of the Doctrine of Redemption that I have ever seen,—my principal and almost only Objection is against the Phrase, *Imputed Righteousness*. It appears to me quite unscriptural to speak of the *Righteousness of Christ being imputed to us*: It is liable to *great Abuse*, and it is not easily understood;—nor am I satisfied to use it, notwithstanding all *you* have said in its Defence; and all, that so judicious and excellent a Man as Dr. *Doddridge* (in his Sermons on *Salvation by Grace*) has said to † explain it.—I fall in, however, with *Witherspoon's* Sentiments, though I do not use his particular Phrases;—and you will observe he himself often intermixes

\* *Witherspoon's* Essay on *The Connection between the Doctrine of Justification by the imputed Righteousness of Christ, and Holiness of Life*; with some Reflections upon the Reception which that Doctrine has met with in the World, second Edition.

† The Righteousness of Christ is in the Book of God *imputed*, or set down to the Account of *all*, who are finally justified and saved, as *that* by which the Debt is balanced; and by which they are intitled to such Favours as *righteous* Persons might expect from God.—But then it is an invariable *Rule* in the divine Proceedings, that this *Righteousness*, or this *Atonement* and *Satisfaction* of Christ (for I think it matters but little, *by which* of these Names it shall be called) be a Means of delivering *those*, and *only those*, who believe.

Pursuant therefore to the Metaphor taken from Books of Account between Debtor and Creditor, when any particular Person *believes*, this is set down to his Account, as a most important Article, or as a Memorandum (if I may so express it) in the Book of God's Remembrance, that *such an one* is now actually become a *Believer*; and therefore is now intitled to Justification and Life by Christ. In *this* Sense his Faith is imputed to Him for Righteousness; yet it is not regarded by God as the grand Consideration, which balances the Account, or indeed as paying any of the *former* Debt, which it is impossible it *should*; but only as *that*, which, according to the gracious Constitution of the Gospel, gives a Man a Claim to *that*, which Christ has paid; and which God has graciously allowed as a valuable Consideration, in Regard to which He may honourably *pardou*, and *accept* all, who shall *apply* to Him in his appointed Way, or in the Way of humble Believing.

others

others to the same Purpose, as Page 17, the Saviour's Merit—Page 21, vicarious Sufferings—Acceptance of the Gospel, Page 23. Doctrine of Christ crucified,—his Atonement—Page 29. Flying to the Propitiation of Christ—Page 36, the Doctrine of Christ's Mediation, &c. &c.—By *these* it appears, that it is not the *Phrase* but the *Thing*—Justification by Christ alone, on which he lays the Stress, see Page 70, Line 47, and his Arguments will be equally forcible on *any* Man's Principles, who is not a *Socinian*.—I believe the *Doctrine*, as he has stated it in Page 15, though I should not chuse to use some of his Expressions.—His Remark, Page 61, Line 18, &c. is I think very just, and confirmed by many melancholy Facts.—Page 63, 64, 65, is perhaps too strong.—The same may be said of other Systems of Morality:—They, who embrace them, and live unsuitably, are Hypocrites. See Page 65, Line 2 and 3.

Upon the Whole, I heartily wish every Christian, especially every Minister in the Kingdom, would carefully read this very useful Treatise of *Witherspoon's*, and act accordingly;—and if I had any Acquaintance with Him, though I am hopeless of bringing *you* over to my Sentiments, I would endeavour at least to prevail on *Him* to substitute the *Merits of Christ* for the Phrase IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS in the next Edition;—and then his Book would be more extensively useful; as *many* are prejudiced against the *Imputation* of another's Righteousness.

I am, my dear Friend, (notwithstanding our *different* Opinions in some religious Points) with much real Esteem, most affectionately and most sincerely your's.

So far my Correspondent, whose Letter I shall forbear to answer till I hear *your* Sentiments; which I shall expect

expect by the first Opportunity.—I am sure if I did not think, that the Phrase *Imputed Righteousness* was strictly defensible on *scriptural* Grounds, it should never more be used, either in the Pulpit, or in the Writings of,

Dear Sir, your obliged Friend and Servant,

J. HERVEY.

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## L E T T E R CCV.

*On his Illness.*

*Weston-Favell, April 16, 1757.*

Dear Sir,

**B**ELIEVE me your Letters are far from *fatiguing* me: They *refresh* me even under my greatest Weakness. They tell me of Jesus, which was crucified, the only Cordial for my drooping Soul.

What, do you think, is the Meaning of—*But this shall be with Burning and Fuel of Fire, Isaiah ix. 5.* Is טַאָבֵלַת, a Substantive? I should rather take it for an Adjective, agreeing with אֵשׁ. Let the Interpretation of this Place fill the *Cover* of your Letter.

I am raised indeed from my Bed, but not released from my Chamber, after a violent Fever. The two preceding *Sundays* I have been *unable* to officiate for myself; and my Disorder has left upon me so grievous a Cough, as makes my Days, especially my Nights, become Labour and Sorrow.—Pray favour me with the Continuation of your Thoughts. They cheer and comfort me in my languid Estate.—The two Sermons were transcribed, before this Sickness seized me: And, since I have your Encouragement, they shall *soon* (if my Life is prolonged) be put to the Press. I propose to  
intitle



intitle them, *The Time of Danger*, and *The Way of Safety* \*. The Lord God omnipotent accompany them with his Blessing! Mean they are, as the Stones from the Shepherd's *Sling*, but I remember it is written, "They shall subdue with *Sling-stones*." In this Word do I *trust*, in this Word do I *comfort* me.—May our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God even our FATHER, give you, dear Sir, everlasting *Consolation* for all the Kindness you have shewed to

Your truly affectionate Friend,

J. HERVEY.

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## LETTER CCVI.

*Scriptural Criticism—Observations on his Friends.*

*Weston-Favell, May 19, 1757.*

*My dear Friend,*

ACCEPT my best Thanks for your welcome and valuable Letter, which found me just released from the Chamber of Sickness: The Fever is removed, the Cough abated, but my Strength like the bruised Reed. And now *my Mind* is a Fellow-Sufferer with my *Body*; this being enervated, that is enfeebled.

However, as I am delighted with your Criticisms, give me Leave to propose another Text to your Consideration, which puzzled me much, as I was reading Yesterday: You will find it in *Zech. xiv. 6, 7.* The

\* These Sermons were published in the *August* following, with another Fast Sermon, in a neat Volume, together with his *Considerations on the prevailing Custom of visiting on Sundays*: To which Volume is now added, *The Ministry of Reconciliation.*

*Hebrew* of the sixth Verse, seems to be uncommonly difficult.

A Sermon or two I am still inclined to publish. In this and in all our Ways may the God of all *Wisdom* direct us, and the God of all *Grace* prosper us, through Jesus Christ.

I have not the Honour of Lord *Dartmouth's* Acquaintance, but I hear that he is full of Grace, and valiant for the Truth; a Lover of Christ, and an Ornament to his Gospel.—Lady *Frances Shirley* is alive and full of good Works, and I hope grows up in him in all Things who is the Head. Dr. *Stonhouse* (whom you inquire after) still resides at *Northampton*; is in high Repute as a Physician, and, I trust, does not forget, or neglect “the one Thing needful;” though the World, the smiling World, is a *Syren*.—Lord, stop our *Ears* against its enchanting Song, and let our *Eyes* be blind to its inveigling Charms.—Mr. *Moses Browne* executes his Ministry at *Olney*, with much Acceptance I am informed, and with a good deal of Success.—About ten Days ago Mr. *Percy* took a Family Dinner with me.—Our Conversation turned partly upon Points of Literature, partly upon evangelical Subjects: Oh that we may taste the Sweetness, feel the Energy of the latter, and count all Things *as Dross* in Comparison of their transcendent Excellency!—Is not your Interpretation of *Zech.* xiv. 6, 7. rather too forced? Is not the following somewhat more natural and easy, if not more just?

It shall come to pass in that Day, there shall not be Light, full and strong, in Opposition to the Gloom of Night; but now Effulgence and Clearness of Vision, anon Obscurity and Dimness of Vision: Yet it shall be one real, determinate Day; whose Duration, whose Properties, and all whose Circumstances, are known to the Lord. Thus much he hath graciously revealed by his Prophet, that during the **first** Periods, the Morning and

and the Noon of this wonderful Dispensation, it shall not be entire Day nor entire Night, but a Mixture or Interchange of both. Sometimes Grace triumphant, sometimes Sin rebelling in the Hearts of Believers: Sometimes Calamity darkening, sometimes Prosperity brightening the State of the Church. However, at the Even-Tide, when such an Appearance is least expected, it shall be unmixed, prevailing, perfect Light. Then the Light of the Moon shall be as the Light of the Sun, and the Light of the Sun, as the Light of seven Days. Then the Earth shall be filled with the Knowledge of the Lord, and his People shall be *all* righteous.

Freely censure, solidly correct this Interpretation, if you think it improper; and give me Leave to expect, according to your own Appointment, a *monthly* Letter for the Comfort and Edification of,

Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate Friend and Servant,

JAMES HERVEY,

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## L E T T E R C C V I I .

*Remarks on the Letters of Theron and Aspasio.*

*Weston-Favell, Aug. 6, 1757.*

*My dear Friend,*

I Have been too tardy in acknowledging the Receipt of your Letter, which was very valuable, and deserved Thanks, as speedy as they are sincere.—The true Cause of my Delay, is this; I have been preparing two or three Sermons for the Press, which to my enervated Hand, is really a Work of Toil: Yesterday I sent them to *London*, and hope to see them *in Print* within

within the Space of a Fortnight. I purpose to have *some* upon neat Paper, for the Use of the *Gentry*, if God shall incline the Hearts of any such Persons to look into them; and *others* upon worse Paper, for the Benefit of the *Poor*, and the Conveniency of giving away.—As soon as they appear, you will give me Leave to send you a Copy; and, if you should like to give them among the *Poor*, I will send you a considerable Number.—With *them* I intend to put into your Hands a Treatise lately published, under the Title of *Letters on Theron and Aspasio*, in two small Volumes, Price Five Shillings.—The Author is a *Scotchman*, I presume, because they are printed at *Edinburgh*; and He gave Orders for a Sett to be sent to me from *Edinburgh*. He conceals his Name; and none with whom I am acquainted, are able to discover *whose* Work it is. There are some Strictures on my Performance; but by far the greatest Part of the Book is very wide from this Mark. Some Things are truly excellent, and *some* Animadversions upon me are perfectly *just*; but *others* (if I mistake not) are unfair and disingenuous. The Manner of writing is by no Means despicable, rather elegant and spirited, than coarse or dull: But there is such an implacable Bitterness of Spirit, and such an unchristian Virulence of Censure, against many of the best Men that ever lived, and best Authors that ever wrote, as much surprises and greatly offends me. I think, I never saw a Notion of *Faith* more lax, nor an Idea of *Grace* more exalted than *in this Book*. However, I will not forestall your Judgment, but will desire your Acceptance of the Piece, and to have your Remarks upon it.

If your Account of the *ancient* Believers and their Knowledge of Christ be *right*, then the *Opinion* of the Generality of Divines is *wrong*: They suppose, that the devout *Jews* saw in their Sacrifices, not barely a *nobler* Sacrifice to be offered up by the Saviour, but the

the Saviour himself, suffering, bleeding, and dying. How will you reconcile with *your* Scheme St. *Paul's* Declaration, "the Gospel was preached unto *them*," explained by *his* Definition of the Gospel, "Christ died for our Sins?" *Heb.* iv. 2. *1 Cor.* xv. 3.—You say, "Does קרות any where signify Effulgence?" In *Job* xxxi. 27. you will find קר bearing this Signification; yet I must confess, I am not thoroughly satisfied with my own Interpretation: It is too low and restricted;—for the Prophet is evidently foretelling a State of Things and a Stock of Knowledge, greatly superior to any Thing enjoyed under the *Jewish* Dispensation; and to *this* last, I think *my* Exposition is most suitable. I hope you have a long Letter ready, and will not punish my Delay, according to the Rigour of the Law of Retaliation.

I am, with unfeigned Gratitude,

and cordial Affection, your's,

JAMES HERVEY.

Pray favour me with your Dissertation on *Job*, his Time, his Country, and Religion. They are very curious Subjects, and you will enrich them with evangelical Truths.

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## L E T T E R C C V I I I .

*A Scriptural Criticism.*

*Weston-Favell, Sept. 3, 1757.*

*My dear Friend,*

**M**ANY Thanks for your last: I shall read it, and read it again; and the Lord give me a right Understanding of that most precious and important Chapter.

VOL. III.

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I hope

I hope you will accompany *my Sermons* with your Prayers to God for a *Blessing* on them, the Reader, and the Writer; and I shall be truly thankful for the Communication of any Remarks, Corrections, or Improvements, which may occur in your Perusal of them. This, and any other of my Writings I should be glad to have rectified where they are wrong, and enriched where they are impoverished, because, though such Improvements may come too late to take Place, while I live, they may, when I am dead, be admitted, and enable me to speak more usefully.

What think you of the Method taken by a *modern Critick* to interpret *Psal. lxxviii. 30.* “*Hoc in Loco, Fera Arundinis, Cætus Robustorum, & Juvenci, sunt Leones, Tauri, Pecudesque lascivientes, sive Tyranni feroces insolentesque: quibus continuata Translatione, addidit Psalterius כסף כספי, hoc est,*” [Here a Word is wanting in the Original; and not knowing from what Author the Quotation is taken, the Deficiency could not be supplied from thence] “*que de industria conculcantes & turbantes argenteos Rivos ardentés nimirum & vastantes vicinorum Judæorum Bona.*” — The Author queries, whether רץ from רץ *currere*, may, consistently with the Propriety of the *Hebrew Language*, be interpreted a *River*? Might he not also query, whether כספי is ever, among the *Hebrew Writers*, and by Way of Adjective, used to describe the Colour of the Waters? *Homer* I remember, has

——— Ποταμὸν καλλιρρόον ἀργυροδίνον.

But I am not certain, that any such Expression gained Admittance into the School of the Prophets. Your Sentiments upon this Criticism, will entertain, instruct, and oblige, Dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate Friend and Servant,

JAMES HERVEY.

L E T-

## L E T T E R CCIX.

*On his Illness.**Saturday Morning.**My dear Friend,*

**H**OW fares it with you?—Overwhelmed I find with Business!—but still, I trust, remembering Christ, and eternal Ages.

I think you reason well, and very strongly on what you propose.—May the *Wisdom*, from which nothing is hid, *direct* you in all your Undertakings!—May the *Power*, to which nothing is impossible, *prosper* your Prescriptions for *my* Benefit, and that of *others*! I assure you I shall steadily *persevere* in the Use of them, and intend to begin very soon; tho' a continued Cold and an unexpected Journey, have hitherto unfitted me from taking any Medicines of this Sort.—Mr. \*\*\* of whom you enquired after me Yesterday, told me you imputed to the Journey my Neglect in not having yet sent your Prescription to the Apothecary's—and I am obliged to your Candour for ascribing it to that Cause, and not to any Disregard of your Advice: For I am persuaded,

—————*Si Pergama dextrâ  
Defendi possent etiam hæc defensa fuissent.*

VIRG. ÆN. II.

I have just been reading *Gerhard's Christian Support under all Afflictions* \*; and a most excellent Book it is.—If

\* *Gerhard* was one of the most learned and best of Men.—This Book (in 12mo) was originally wrote in *Latin*, but is translated into various Languages. It consists of Contemplations on God's Love to Mankind;—on the Benefits of Christ's Passion;—and on the Advantages of a holy Life, with a Prayer suited to every Meditation.—There is such a Warmth, Piety, and Solidity in this Work, as to render it superior to almost every Thing of the Kind.

*your Medicines* have not the desired Effect, I must seek Relief from HIM:—From HIM; not from a Fellow Mortal!—Ah! what are all the *Consolations*, which all the Creatures in the Universe can afford, in Comparison of that grand Consolation of our condescending Lord's, “Ye are my Friends,” *John* xv. 14. “Come and inherit the Kingdom prepared for you,” *Matt.* xxv. 34. “Where the Inhabitants shall no more say I am sick,” *Ife.* xxxiii. 24.—“and where there shall be no more Death, nor Sorrow.” *Rev.* xxi. 4.

I am my dear Friend, with great Esteem, and under a due Sense of many Obligations,

Most affectionately, and most sincerely your's,

JAMES HERVEY.

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## L E T T E R CCX.

*On profaning the Lord's Day.—On Reproof.—On various Authors.*

*Saturday Morning.*

*My dear Friend,*

**I**F you have any *Law Books* by you, I wish you would look into the *Indexes*, and see what *Laws* have been made to secure the Lord's-Day from Profanation. 'Tis Pity, that *these* \* should be unknown to the common People; and still a greater Pity, that our *Justices of the Peace* should not exert themselves vigorously in an Affair of such Consequence to the *present*, and *eternal* Welfare of their Fellow-Creatures. I wish a *spirited Pamphlet* was

\* All Persons, who profane the Lord's-Day, are liable to the following *Penalties*; and it is much wished that the *Magistrates* would determine to put these *Laws in Execution* with the utmost Strictness.



was judiciously drawn up and published on this Occasion; setting the Sins of OMISSION in a true Light.— It grieves me to think how much *Good* is neglected to be done; especially by Gentlemen who have Leisure and Abilities to *plan* Schemes for the publick Benefit. But alas! so far are they from *applying* themselves in good Earnest to promote Religion, that they too generally *ridicule* or *discourage* any Attempts of this Kind.— Ah! how little do they *reflect*, that the Night is coming on apace when no Man can work; (*John* ix. 4.) and that for *all these* Things God will bring them into Judgment.

Can you tell me who was the \* Author of THE DUTY of REPROOF? The most material Objections *against*

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|---|---|
| By doing or executing any Business, or Work of their <i>ordinary Callings</i> on the Lord's-Day, or any Part thereof, (Works of Necessity and Charity only excepted)—under which Head of <i>ordinary Callings</i> is included <i>Shaving on Sundays</i> , which is a most shameful, and notorious Custom. | } By the 29th <i>Car. II. cap. 7.</i> Persons convict hereof by View of a Justice of the Peace, Confession of the Party, or Witness, are to pay Five Shillings, or be put in the Stocks two Hours: Licensed Houses besides <i>forfeit</i> their Licences. |
| By publick Crying, or Exposing to Sale any Wares, Merchandize, &c.  | } By the same Act it is Forfeiture of Goods so exposed to Sale.   |
| By Idling, or Wandering in the Time of Divine Service.  | } By the same Act Five Shillings, or Stocks two Hours.  |
| Alehouse-keepers, Vintners, Inn-keepers permitting Tipling in their Houses,   | } By 1st <i>Jac. I. cap. 9.</i> If Convicts of such Permission are to pay 10 <i>s.</i> and if Convicts of Drunkenness, disabled to an Alehouse for three Years, by 21st <i>Jac. I. cap. 7.</i>  |

\* The *Duty of Reproof* is in the Catalogue of the Books dispersed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.—Mr. *Hervey* was very delicate in his Manner of Reproving; but as he thought it his Duty, he frequently *reproved* his Friends, and others, either personally or by Letter. See *striking* Instances of this Kind in Vol. II. Page 156, 157; 164; 207. and in the present Volume, Page 22, 23; 44; 92, 93.

Reproof are there considered:—Some Cautions and Directions are added;—and in such a Manner, as may facilitate the successful Discharge of this Duty:—a Duty too much neglected, though *enjoined* us by no less Authority than the Scripture itself, which is profitable for Reproof. “Reprove one, that hath Understanding, says *Solomon*, and He will understand Knowledge.” (*Prov.* xix. 25.) And the Apostle *Paul* urges *Timothy* to reprove, rebuke and exhort, with all Long-suffering and Doctrine. (*2 Tim.* iv. 2.)—Indeed my dear Friend, you are very deficient in this Duty of *Reproof*, tho’ you have so many *Opportunities* of doing it with the utmost Propriety.—Pray read this little Pamphlet over and over again.—Weigh it thoroughly:—You will then, through the Grace of God, be zealous *in reprov- ing others*, and will readily pardon the *Freedom* I have occasionally taken in *reproving you*, whom I so much love and value. You remember Sir *George Littleton’s* Lines,

“Some Merit’s *mine* to dare to be sincere,  
But greater *your’s* Sincerity to bear.”

*Dr. Sherlock’s Defence and Continuation of his Discourse concerning the Knowledge of Jesus Christ, and our Union and Communion with him*, was put into my Hands the other Day; but in my Opinion it is *far from being a satisfactory* \* Defence.—*Antisozzo* is an unanswerable Book;

\* *Dr. Sherlock* in his *Defence, &c. &c.* Page 513. “I am charged with maintaining the *Socinian* Notion of Justification, but it is no other than what the Church of *England* owns and asserts.—I have (says He, Page 516) already vindicated most of those Expositions, which my Adversaries charge with *Socinianism*, as I have occasionally met with them; but *Mr. Ferguson* in his *Interest of Reason, &c.* Page 475, has put together some Texts which He thinks I have so expounded, as to destroy their Evidence for the Godhead of Christ:” To which Charge *Sherlock* replies.—Again, Page 534, “I have taken Notice of every Thing which was *material* in my Adversaries, and of too many Things, which were *not*. I have not particularly taken

Book \* ; and Dr. *Sherlock* never was so *gravelled* in all his Life, as he was by the Publication of that witty, keen, and solid Performance.

Do you know any one who has got *Schmidius's Greek Concordance* to the *Greek Testament*? I am told it is well executed, and it must be very serviceable, as it shews at one View in what *Sense* the same Word is used in different Passages. I will buy it, but should be glad to see it first if you can borrow it for me.

Bishop *Patrick* on *Contentment and Resignation*, I here return you; as likewise Dr. *Barrow* on the same Subject.

*Baxter* on *Universal and Special Redemption*, I must beg to keep a little longer, especially as you tell me *your* Sentiments, and *his* are nearly the same.—Our Friend Mr. \*\*\* highly esteems this Book; and he has sent me *Baxter's Aphorisms on Justification*, which he has desired me, as they are explanatory of each other, to read at the same Time.—*Baxter* in these Pieces, he tells me, steers a middle Course between the *Scylla* of *Arminius's* System, and the *Charybdis* of *Calvin's*.—When I have read them with due Attention, I shall without Reserve, communicate my Remarks to you.

Oh! my dear Friend, what *Need have we for Prayer* to be guided aright amidst so many different Opinions, even of great and good Men. *Arminius, Calvin, Baxter*, all excellent Men in their Way! yet how divided in their Notions!—but Jesus, that eternal Source of Love, will, I would charitably hope, bless *all*, who sincerely desire to *magnify* his holy Name, notwithstanding their

Notice of *ANTISOZZO*, because there was *no Need* of it; but whatever is considerable in it is answered in this my Defence." And he concludes, Page 535, "I am resolved this Controversy shall never end in a Trial of *Wit*."—A prudent Resolution! for *Sherlock* well knew, great as his Talents were, that *Alfop*, the Writer of *Antisozzo*, excelled him both in *Wit*, and *Argument*. See Letter CLIX. of this Volume.

\* See Page 45. of this Volume.

different Apprehensions on these Points.—God of his unerring *Wisdom* assist us in all our Determinations! God of his infinite *Mercy* defend us from all Error, and grant, that we may be true Followers of our Lord and Saviour, who is a Light to lighten the *Gentiles*, and the Glory of *Israel*! What a comfortable *Consideration* is it, that there *is* such a Light for my dear Friend, and for

His most affectionately and most inviolably,

JAMES HERVEY.

P. S. Please to lend me *Staynoe's Instruction for the good Education of Children*; and Dr. *Doddridge* on the *Religious Education of Children*.—I am now about writing a little \* Tract on that Subject.

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## L E T T E R C C X I.

*On various Subjects.*

*Weston-Favell, Monday Morning.*

*Dear Sir,*

I AM much obliged to you for the Loan of Dr. *Squire's Enquiry into the Foundation of the English Constitution*: The Performance seems to be curious, useful, and interesting.—But how interesting soever the Subject may be to *others*, it can be very little so now to *me*; as my Indisposition is daily increasing, and must, in all human Probability, soon put an End to my Being.

In Spite of the sarcastical Reflections you say are thrown upon me, I must recommend to every one *Marshall*

\* This was published after Mr. *Hervey's* Death, and will be found among his Miscellaneous Tracts.

on *Sanctification*, and *Jenks's Submission to the Righteousness of God*.—These are with me the two fundamental Books:—These teach *vital* Religion. Do *they*, who decry Faith, and extol their good Works, distinguish themselves by the *Practice* of them? If *not*, I must beg Leave to say, they are Self-condemned.—Only observe for the next Month (by their *Fruits* you will know them) the Conduct of *those*, who are such loud Advocates for the Merit, the Dignity of Man, and the Freedom of his Action; and of those, who rely on the active and passive Obedience of Christ. And then tell me ingenuously, *which* are the People, who pay the greatest Reverence to the *Word of God*; and in particular to the *fourth* Commandment?—Inquire which of them use *Family Prayer*?—*whose* Conversation is most edifying?—which of them *visit* \*, and *travel* on *Sundays*? and which of them pass that *holy Day*, as become *those*, who have named the Name of Christ? I will be *bold to say*, that on an impartial *Examination*, the *Majority* will be found on the Side of *those*, who embrace the Doctrine of the Imputation of Christ's Righteousness; and who expect Salvation by *Him alone*, and not by *Deeds*, which they have *done*.—Yet I should wonder how Men of Discernment (Men, who one would think should be daily sensible of their *innumerable* Failings) could possibly espouse the *opposite* Doctrines, had I not *too many* melancholy Proofs to the contrary.—You may safely *confide* in this Doctrine; for *this*, dear Sir, is not to be considered as the *particular* Opinion of *James Hervey*, but it is the *general* Opinion of our exemplary Reformers; 'tis the Doctrine of our Articles, and our Homilies.—Will you say, that our *modern* Moral-Christians, if I may so *call* them, are to

\* Mr. *Hervey* published some *Considerations on the prevailing Custom of visiting on Sundays*; which are inserted in the first Volume.

be set in Competition with Men, like *these*? I appeal to *Facts*.—Mark the *Effect* of preaching *mere Morality*, and of preaching the *Grace of Christ*.—But so long, as the *Devil* is suffered to deceive the Nations, and so long as the *Heart* is unconvinced of Sin, we may *assure* ourselves, that the Doctrines of Justification by Christ's Righteousness, and Salvation by free Grace, will meet with Opposition. Therefore St. *Paul* exhorts *Timothy*, *Λγωνίζε τον καλον αγωνα της πισειως*, “To fight the good Fight of Faith:” It is an *Address* to a Combatant, and supposes a Conflict; a noble Conflict, *καλῶς*, the finest Word in the most expressive Language, importing *all*, which is *good* and *great*: Let us not then be *ashamed* of the Cause.

My Cough is very troublesome—I can get little Rest. Medicines yield no Relief—but my never-failing Cordial is the Love of Christ.

Religion bears my Spirits up,  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the Foundation for my Hope,  
In Oaths \*, in Promises †,—in Blood ‡.

*Watts's Hymns, Book I.*

*Staynoe* ||, after whom you *inquire*, was a good Man, a Tutor at *Trinity College, Oxford*, and afterwards Rector of *St. Leonard, Foster-Lane*; and in the Year 1704, published in two Volumes Octavo, his Treatise on *Salvation by Jesus Christ*: Mine is the *second* Edition:—It is no contemptible Book, though the Style is rather too prolix, and he has some *peculiar* Notions.—But who has ever seen a *faultless* Book?—All Writers have their Failings more, or less.—No Mortal is exempted from them; not even *Homer, Virgil, or Milton* himself.—This ought to teach us *Candour*, and *Humility* in such

\* Heb. vi. 17.

† 2 Pet. i. 4.

‡ Rev. i. 5.

|| See Page 391, Vol. II.

a State of Imperfection ; and above all it should inspire us with a reverential Admiration of the *Book of God*, which alone is free from Error ; by which we are guided into all Truth ; and in which we are promised eternal Life ; procured for us by the Righteousness, Sufferings, and Mediation of Jesus Christ.—I wish, most heartily wish, you may sufficiently regard this *inestimable* Book ; and then you will be like the Tree planted by the Water-Side, which bringeth forth its Fruits in due Season ; and like that happy Man, of whom it is written by the *Psalmist*, “ Look ! whatsoever He *doeth* it shall prosper.”

I am, my dear Friend,

Affectionately, and unalterably your's,

JAMES HERVEY.





L E T T E R S

FROM THE LATE REVEREND

JAMES HERVEY, A.M.

RECTOR OF WESTON FAVELL,

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY.



## P R E F A C E.

THESE Letters, upon the Death of Lady FRANCES SHIRLEY, came into the Hands of her Executors, who were highly pleased and edified with reading them. They shewed them to several of their Friends, and they were unanimous in desiring to see them published. They had a great Respect for their Judgment, and yielded to it for the following Reasons :

THEY thought Mr. HERVEY's true Character was more legible here, than in his printed Books : For he appears the same Admirer of JESUS in his Closet, as in his Pulpit—in his private Correspondence, as when writing for the Public. His Heart appears to have been devoted with fervent Love to his divine Saviour. They could not doubt of this, who conversed much with him, who saw him at his Table, or heard him at his Prayers. But in these Letters here is fresh Proof. They breathe the warmest Sentiments of Gratitude, and demonstrate that the Love of GOD in CHRIST did actually influence his private, as well as his public Life and Conversation.

## P R E F A C E.

THE Editors acknowledge also, that they had a View to the Benefit of the Public. They had read these Letters with Pleasure and Profit. The Subject, of which most of them treat, had warmed their Hearts, and they had been the Means of kindling in their Breast the same heavenly Flame. They felt something of the Love of GOD in CHRIST. And they were led to hope and pray, that the Publication of these Letters might be blessed to others, as the Reading of them had been to themselves.

CHRISTIAN READER, they are put into thy Hands, that thou mayest profit by them; and if they prove the Means of doing thee any Good, give the Glory where it is due. Mr. HERVEY certainly intended this in writing them. You cannot peruse one Letter without seeing, that he aimed at this, with a single Eye; and with the same Aim they are now laid before thee. If the blessed GOD please to make them acceptable and useful to his People, we have our Reward.

# L E T T E R S

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY.

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## L E T T E R I.

*On the Unworthiness of the Creature, and the divine  
Mercy.*

*London, Jan. 1, 1750.*

MY LADY,

**S**INCE I have wronged your Ladyship's Condescension and Generosity, by doubting whether my last Letter would be acceptable, I cannot forbear making the speediest Reparation possible. In this, I shall take a Liberty, which your Ladyship little expects. A Liberty, which will more than compensate my late unreasonable Diffidence of your Good-nature.—To hold your Ladyship no longer in Suspence, I shall take Leave to comment upon your valued and excellent Letter. Only assuring your Ladyship, that it is not to censure, but to admire; to express my own Satisfaction in it, and to confirm your Ladyship's good Resolutions from it.

VOL. III.

Q

You

You are pleased to speak of yourself as an *unworthy Object*, before the infinitely exalted God of all. I congratulate your Ladyship, on being enabled to think meanly of yourself; and most heartily wish, That neither the Splendour of any Thing that is great, nor the Conceit of any Thing that is good in you, may ever withdraw your Eyes from looking upon yourself as sinful Dust and Ashes. But how can your Ladyship entertain such self-abasing Thoughts, who have been accustomed to universal Admiration, and to shine even in a Court?—Perhaps, you will rather ask, How shall I persevere in this amiable and advantageous Temper, notwithstanding all the adulatory Insinuations, that may be whispered in my Ear?—Indeed, my Lady, this is a very important Inquiry. And the Answer is ready.—By meditating on the unspotted Holiness, and adorable Excellencies of the great God. On the Extent and Spirituality of his righteous Law. On the exceeding Sinfulness of Sin; committed by Creatures, who are surrounded with the choicest, choicest Favours both of Providence and of Grace.

You add, “Blessed be God for all his inestimable Mercies.”—Your Ladyship does right, to exercise Gratitude. A grateful Spirit is the most pleasing to our almighty Benefactor, and the most honourable to our holy Religion; it tends to render the Possessors most serenely happy, and to fit them for a continued Communication of divine Blessings.—Let me, therefore, entreat your Ladyship to cultivate this ornamental and delightful Disposition. By frequently contemplating the free and boundless Goodness of your heavenly Father. His Goodness is altogether as immense, as his Power. It is great, beyond Words, beyond Thoughts, and can only be expressed in his glorious Gifts. And O! how marvellous are these! He has given Himself to be your Portion—his Son to be your Propitiation—his

his Spirit to be your Guide—his Promises to be your Charter—and his Kingdom, his own celestial Kingdom, to be your eternal Inheritance. Well may we cry out, with the Prophet, in joyful Astonishment, “How great is his Goodness, and how great is his Beauty!”—I hope, your Ladyship will always beware of harbouring low and dishonourable Apprehensions of the divine Benignity.

You say farther, “That you read the Bible with great Comfort.”—Persist, my Lady, in the best of Studies. This is the Way, to enlarge Knowledge; to increase Humility; to quicken Gratitude; to establish and improve every gracious Habit.—I need not expatiate on this Subject. If your Ladyship has tasted the Sweetness of this spiritual Manna, no Words of mine can give it a higher Relish.—I shall only beseech the ever-bountiful Dispenser of all Wisdom, “That the Word of Christ may dwell in your Ladyship richly.” Not only be perused, but sink into your Heart. Not only have a transient Influence, but *dwell* with an abiding Efficacy. And that, not scantily, but copiously, abundantly, *richly*.

This is one of the noblest Blessings I can wish for your Ladyship, at the Commencement of the *New Year*. This will render each revolving Year, happier than the preceding; and render all, a Preparation for, as well as an Introduction to, a blissful Eternity.

I have communicated to my worthy Friend, the Message which your Ladyship was pleased to transmit. He is all Activity and Zeal to serve poor Mr. Browne. Like one thoroughly sensible, that yet a little while, and the Distresses of our Brethren, and all Opportunities of administering to their Relief, will be no more.

I forgot to return my thankful Acknowledgments to your Ladyship, for attempting to procure me a Scarf. I knew nothing of your Ladyship's being asked, when

you was so good as to interest yourself in the Affair. And I beg of your Ladyship, not to bestow another Thought upon it. For, I assure you, I would rather decline; than solicit, such an Honour.

But, regardless as I am of that, I shall always desire the Honour, of professing and approving myself,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,

and most obedient Servant.

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## LETTER II.

*With a Present of his Books—On the divine Mercy.*

*London, Feb. 4, 1750.*

MY LADY,

MR. WHITFIELD informed me, that your Ladyship was pleased to enquire after my Books, and was inclined to admit them into your Collection. Encouraged by this condescending Hint, they now wait upon your Ladyship, and beg the Honour of your Acceptance. This they would have done much sooner, but, being out of Print, I was under a Necessity of staying for the new Edition.

They wait upon you, my Lady, not with a View of detaining your Ladyship's Attention, one single Instant, from those inestimable and divine Volumes, the Holy Scriptures. But if, in some vacant Moment, when a Relaxation from sublimer Thoughts is requisite, they may be allowed to entertain your Ladyship, I shall think them highly privileged.

And how happy shall I think the Author, if they may be a Means of raising in your Ladyship's Mind, a more frequent **Advertence** to, and more amiable Apprehensions



hensions of, the ever-present, the all-gracious God!—That God, whose transcendent Perfections shine through universal Nature; and are displayed, with infinitely superior Lustre, in the Redemption of Mankind by Jesus Christ!—That ineffably excellent God, whom to know, is the only Wisdom; whom to love, is the truest Happiness; and whom to enjoy, in his own heavenly and everlasting Kingdom, is such a Felicity, as I cannot express, but shall most earnestly pray, that your Ladyship may possess.—This will be the most effectual, though a silent Way of testifying, with what sincere and profound Respect

I am, your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and most obedient Servant.

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### L E T T E R III.

*On her Present to him—On the divine Blessings.*

*Monday Morning.*

MY LADY,

I HAD no other View, in taking Leave to present my little Books to your Ladyship, than to testify in the most expressive Way, how highly I honour your Ladyship, and how ardently I wish your Ladyship the unequalled Joys of Religion. Your Ladyship's Acceptance was the only Reward I coveted; joined with an humble pleasing Hope, of administering some serious and improving Entertainment, in one of your Ladyship's vacant Minutes.

Since your Ladyship has added, to your condescending Acceptance, a generous Present; and doubled it,

more than doubled it, by that very obliging Manner, in which it was conferred; my Heart longs to be grateful. I know of no other Method, whereby I can express my Gratitude, than to act as your Ladyship's Almoner; and *make to your Ladyship Friends of this Mammon of Unrighteousness, which, when your Ladyship, at some very distant Period, fails, may receive you into everlasting Habitations.*

I have already promised some Cloaths to a poor but godly Man; Father of many Children, much afflicted with Sickness in his Family, and hardly furnished with necessary Apparel. I am certain, your Ladyship will approve of such a Practice; when it proceeds from a Sense of Obligation to that ineffably gracious Saviour, *who had not where to lay his Head.* Had not where to lay his blessed Head, till He hung upon the racking Cross, and laid it in the silent Grave.

In the mean Time permit me to wish—What shall I wish?—What is the best Blessing, the noblest Treasure, that Heaven and Earth can afford? This I would wish for your Ladyship. And I find it beautifully styled, (*Ephes. iii. 8.*) “the unsearchable Riches of Christ.” I find it freely offered in those inviting Words, (*Rev. iii. 8.*) “I counsel Thee to buy of me Gold tried in the Fire, that Thou mayst be rich.”—This Treasure may the God of infinitely tender Mercy, the God of unbounded Beneficence, bestow on your Ladyship! And this comprehends

*Pardon of Sin:* of every Sin, be it ever so aggravated; of all Sins, be they ever so numerous. So entire a Pardon, that they shall be “blotted out as a Cloud,” and be as though they had never been.

*An imputed Righteousness.* That immaculate Righteousness, which the incarnate God wrought out, in our Nature, and as our Surety. This is that everlasting Righteousness, which magnifies the Law, and makes it honourable,

honourable. On Consideration of this Righteousness, God, though inflexibly just, yet justified the Ungodly. This is that fine Linen, that *best Robe*, that *Marriage Garment*, spoken of in the Scriptures of Truth. In this your Ladyship may appear unblameable and irreproachable, even in the Court of Heaven, and before the Throne of Glory.

*The Gift of the divine Spirit.* Whose sacred Influences enlighten the Understanding, and renew the Heart, work Faith, and shed abroad Love; give Strength to overcome this present evil World, and make “meet for the Inheritance of Saints in Light.”—*The Riches of Christ* include *all the Promises*. Those GREAT *Promises*; those EXCEEDING GREAT *Promises*; those EXCEEDING GREAT and PRECIOUS *Promises*, which are contained in the Oracles of Inspiration. Which yield a copious Supply of present Consolation, and ascertain to Us the invaluable Reversion of eternal Felicity.

Your Ladyship will easily observe upon this Occasion, how amiable a Dispensation the *Gospel* is; which conveys all these inestimable Treasures. How beneficial a Duty *Prayer* is; which opens as it were, and stretches out the Hand, to receive these glorious Privileges. How desirable an Ordinance the *Sacrament* is; which seals, ratifies, and confirms them all to our Enjoyment.—That all, rich and incomparably excellent as they are, may be your Ladyship’s happy, happy Portion, is and always will be, both the unfeigned Desire, and earnest Prayer of, my Lady,

Your Ladyship’s most obedient,

most obliged, and truly grateful,

humble Servant.

## LETTER IV.

*On the Excellency of the Bible, and her Visit to him.*

*Wednesday Afternoon.*

AND does your Ladyship insist upon my writing the Letter, You mentioned? I was in Hopes, your Ladyship, according to your usual Indulgence, would have with-drawn your Command, and dismissed me from the Task. A Task, to which my scanty Stock of scriptural Knowledge, is absolutely unequal. Otherwise, I should rejoice to execute it, both as it would be an Instance of Obedience to your Ladyship, and might be for the Honour of that invaluable Book; which is the Magazine of our Comforts, and the Charter of our Salvation.

Let me, my Lady, be treated like *Gideon's* Son, *Judg.* viii. 20. His gallant and courageous Father, bid Him draw upon the captive Kings, and sheath his Sword in their Hearts. The Youth, weak and timorous, like myself, hesitated and recoiled. The Hero, seeing and pitying his Timidity, released Him from the Office, and performed it Himself.—Promising myself, that I also should be excused by your Ladyship, I really have not set about the Business. But, as your Ladyship is pleased to mention the Affair a second Time, I will, with my best Attention, consider the Point. And *if*—IF, my Lady, I can muster up, or the divine Teacher shall vouchsafe to suggest, any Thing worth your Ladyship's Notice; I will, with the greatest Pleasure, submit it to your Judgment.

I think, your Ladyship's Expostulations with Mr. R—— were pertinent, weighty, and closely urged. If He makes me a Visit, I shall, in *one* Particular, imitate

imitate your Ladyship's Example. Give not the least Hint, that I had the Honour of seeing You, or have had the Favour of hearing from You. But, in *another* Case, I question whether I shall be able to summon up Resolution enough, to copy after my Pattern. Or, should I attempt to speak roundly to Him, my Cheeks, pale as they are, would be encrimsoned. Instead of working Conviction in a Brother, I should suffer Disorder in myself. So tender are my Spirits! As I am sure, your Ladyship must perceive, by a certain Confusedness and Precipitancy in my Behaviour; quite contrary to that Ease and Serenity, which Every One must observe in your Ladyship. I know not how it is, but I cannot, either by the Exercise of my Reason, or even by an Advertence to God, rectify this Weakness. — But why, may your Ladyship ask, do I give You the Trouble of hearing this Complaint? — Only with a View of demonstrating to your Ladyship, That nothing considerable can be expected from a Person, to whom, as the wisest of Men speaks, “The Grass-hopper is a Burden.”

I must not conclude, without making my Acknowledgments, for the Honour of your Ladyship's Company. For, an Honour it undoubtedly was, and such I shall always esteem it. Therefore, You may depend upon it, I shall mention it to no Body: until I want to have Oil poured upon a Flame, and the Pride of my Heart, which is already too great, augmented. I would improve your Ladyship's Condescension, and learn to see in a clearer and more affecting Light, my inexpresible Obligations to my great Redeemer. Who came from *the Habitation of his Holiness and his Glory*, to visit a poor, depraved, and condemned Creature. — Where-ever your Ladyship goes, You are sure to be received with the utmost Respect. But when the all-glorious Jesus came into the World, He knew, that

He

He should *be despitefully treated; be spit upon, and buffeted; be cruelly mocked, and severely scourged; be condemned to Death, and nailed to a Cross: Yet He came—with Chearfulness and Delight He came.* Since it was, to rescue Us from Ruin, and obtain eternal Redemption for Us.—Should We not say, with the Psalmist; “How dear are thy Counsels unto us, O God!” May a Sense of thy infinitely tender Goodness, be ever warm on our Hearts, and ever influential on our Lives! Till We are admitted to see Thee, in thy own Kingdom: and love HIM with all our Souls, love HIM to all Eternity, who “loved Us, and gave Himself for Us.”

May He keep your Ladyship as the *Apple of his Eye!* keep you under the Shadow of his Wings! then You will be as safe and as happy, as can be wished by,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and most dutiful Servant.

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## LETTER V.

*Pious Wishes for her.*

MY LADY,

I HAD the Pleasure of perusing your Ladyship's Letter to Mr. *Whitfield*. And must beg of your Ladyship, not to mention any such Thing as Obligation, when your Ladyship condescends to peruse my Letters, or accept my Books. Or, if your Ladyship, thinks proper to mention the Word, that it may never be applied to your Ladyship, but always appropriated to me. For I shall always acknowledge it as a singular Favour,

Favour, whenever your Ladyship permits me, either by my little Volumes, or by a serious Epistle, to remind your Ladyship of a *crucified* REDEEMER, and of immortal Joys.

I am debarred the Pleasure of waiting upon your Ladyship this Day by a Cough; which would probably be encreased by my coming abroad, and would certainly make me troublesome to the honourable Company.—I cannot conclude, without wishing your Ladyship Abundance of Consolation and spiritual Advantage from the Ministry of my excellent Friend.—May his Word be sweetly efficacious on your Ladyship's Heart; and “drop as the Rain, distil as the Dew!” May your Ladyship enjoy such Manifestations of the dying Jesus in the sacred Ordinance, as may enkindle adoring Love, and excite penitential Sorrow!—May all the Blessings of the new Covenant be sealed and inviolably confirmed to your Ladyship! that you may become “stedfast in Faith, joyful through Hope,” and ever “abound in the Works of the Lord.”—This will impart the highest Happiness to your Ladyship, and will reflect an unfeigned Satisfaction to

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and most obedient Servant,

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## L E T T E R VI.

*On the Truth and Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.*

*Miles's Lane. Thursday Morning.*

MY LADY,

YESTERDAY I had the Pleasure of receiving your Ladyship's Letter.—If my little Attempt was so happy, as to gain your Ladyship's Approbation,  
and

and confirm your Ladyship's Esteem for the Book of God, my principal Desire was answered.—I could not entertain the least Hope of being serviceable to the best Interests of so great a Genius. But I heartily wish, that the God of the Spirits of all Flesh may convince Him, by some abler Hand, and some more effectual Means.

My Lord, however, shews a candid and generous Spirit. Especially, as I might be thought to have treated a favourite Character, perhaps, one of his intimate Acquaintance, somewhat too freely; though, I hope, not indecently or rudely.

Ah! my Lady, if the Scriptures are a Delusion, where shall We seek our Happiness? In Wealth? 'Tis a splendid Encumbrance. In Honour? 'Tis a glittering Bubble. In the Pleasures of the World? They, like the Brine of the Ocean to a thirsty Palate, will irritate, rather than satisfy. In gay entertaining Company? This is only a temporary Opiate, not a lasting Cure. And 'tis well if, like an *Opiate* whose Power is spent, it does not leave the Spirits disordered, flattened, sunk. But in the precious Promises of the Gospel, and its renewing Energy on our Hearts, in the Discoveries of God's boundless Love to poor Sinners, in the Displays of Christ's infinitely free Grace, and in the Hope of his everlasting Glory; in these *grand Specifics*, for preparing and dispensing which Revelation has the *Patent*, the true Health, Ease, and Felicity of our Nature are to be found.

For this Reason, the Scriptures are called *Wells of Salvation*. *David* declares, "In the Lord's Word will I rejoice, in the Lord's Word will I comfort me." And our most benevolent Redeemer assures us, "These Things have I spoken, that your Joy might be full."—*Let the Word of Christ*, therefore, my honoured Madam, dwell in you richly. Dwell in your Hand; dwell in your



your Heart. And give me Leave to wish, that you yourself may “ dwell under the Defence of the Most High, and abide under the Shadow of the Almighty.”

I am this Day going to remove, with my Brother's Family, to *Tottenbam*. But if your Ladyship is pleased to honour me with any Commands, they will, by being transmitted to *Miles's-Lane*, be sure to find

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and obedient Servant.

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## L E T T E R VII.

*On the Death of the Prince of Wales—The Character of true Christians.*

*Miles's-Lane, March 25, 1751.*

MY LADY,

WILL you permit my Pen to wait upon and to condole with your Ladyship on the Loss, which the Nation has sustained? A serious Letter at such a Juncture, may be no more unseasonable than a Suit of Mourning, now the Prince Royal lies a pale extended Corpse; and He that was Heir to the Crown, “ inherits Worms and creeping Things.”

Though I wish your Ladyship may long enjoy, even in this inferior State, every Honour that ennobles the Character, and every Pleasure that refines the Affections; yet give me Leave to point out to your Ladyship a far more excellent Inheritance, than all the Kingdoms of the World.—This is displayed before Us, in that inexhaustible Magazine of Truth, the Scriptures. This is consigned over to Us, in that inestimable Charter of our highest Privileges, the Bible.

There

There, my Lady, the true Christians are constituted *Heirs of the Promise*. “God, (says the Apostle) willing more abundantly to shew unto the *Heirs of Promise* the Immutability of his Counsel, confirmed it by an Oath.” Heb. vi. 17. An Inheritance this, not like the precarious Possessions of Earth; which Thieves may steal, Inundations may destroy, or Flames consume: But, which is firm as the strong Mountains, and stable as the everlasting Hills. For, though *all Flesh is* (fading as) *Grass*; and *all the Goodness thereof*, all its Splendour, its Dignity, and most admired Accomplishments, *as the Flower of the Field*; which is still more tender, and much sooner withereth than the Grass itself: yet *the Word*, the promising Word, *of our God endureth for ever*. Nay, though Heaven and Earth pass away, this shall never fail. The Felicity it offers, is more lasting than the Universe; is lasting as Eternity.

True Christians are *Heirs of Salvation*. Thus they are styled by the Herald of the great King. Who, speaking of those exalted Creatures the Angels, adds; “Are they not all ministering Spirits, sent forth to minister for Them, who shall be *Heirs of Salvation*?” Heb. i. 14.—What are all the Patrimonies that Parents can bequeathe, or all the Preferments that Monarchs can bestow? Could they be ascertained to their Possessors for a Multitude of Years; yet they are empty; they are unsatisfactory; and no more able to content the Desires of an immortal Soul, than a few Drops of the Summer-shower are sufficient to fill the vast Cavities of the Ocean. But Salvation is a Portion, large as our Wants, boundless as our Wishes; and commensurate to all our Capacities of Happiness. Salvation comprehends that *Pardon* of Sins, which blotteth out the Hand-writing of Condemnation, that is against Us. It comprehends that *Justification* of our Souls, by which We have Acceptance before the God of Heaven. It com-  
prizes

prizes that *Sanctification* of the Heart, which renews Us after the divine Image ; and that *Hope* of eternal *Glory*, which gives Us the true Enjoyment of this Life, and some sweet Anticipation of the next.

True Christians are *Heirs of a Kingdom*. For thus are they distinguished, if not in the Offices of Heraldry below, yet in the nobler Records of the Court above. In them, they are dignified with the illustrious Character of Kings and Priests. “ Unto Him that loved Us, and washed Us from our Sins in his own Blood, and *bath made Us Kings and Priests unto God.*” Rev. i. 5, 6. And the Judge of the World, when He assigns an eternal Reward to the Righteous, vouchsafes to address them in this glorious Manner ; “ Come, ye blessed of my Father, *inherit the Kingdom* prepared for You from the Foundation of the World.” A Kingdom whose Magnificence and whose Delights, receive not their Measure from our Deserts, nor even from our Thoughts ; but are proportioned to the immensely rich Goodness of the most High God, and to the unspeakably precious Merits of Jesus Christ.—True Christians, my Lady, are “ Heirs of God, and joint Heirs with Christ.” Rom. viii. 17. But what Eye can survey the Extent of this Inheritance ? Or what Words can describe its Richness ? ’Tis great as the infinite Jehovah, and glorious as his transcendent Excellencies. It consists in the Vision of his Majesty, and the Fruition of his Godhead : in the delightful Sensations of his unutterable Love, and a complete Conformity to his most holy Image.

How ! my Lady, O ! how should We admire, adore, and love that most amiable of Beings, that *Prince of the Kings of the Earth*, who, to procure for Us this blissful Inheritance, “ humbled Himself to Death, even the Death of the Cross.”—That your Ladyship may be

established in the Hope of this heavenly Heritage, and abound in the Love of its ever-blessed Author, is the frequent and earnest Prayer of,

My Lady,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and most dutiful Servant,

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## LETTER VIII.

*On his Ill-health, declining her Invitation.*

MY LADY,

I AM grieved, I assure You, and ashamed to think, that I do not, with Delight and Gratitude, accept your Ladyship's Invitation, and promise to wait upon your Ladyship on *Saturday*.—Am I then such a fullen and reserved *Cynic*, so insensible of your Ladyship's Condescension, and of the Honour I might do myself?—However faulty in other Respects, I beg of your Ladyship to believe me blameless in this Particular. It is not Inclination, but a Constitution tender as the Foam, brittle as the Bubble upon the Waters, that is my Bar.—Would your Ladyship suspect it? I have put on my Coat but once during all the Winter. And then I returned Home with a Cold, and was obliged to take to my Bed. So very much has my late violent Disorder impaired a Habit of Body, extremely enervated before!—My poor Heart, that is naturally fond of Activity, and would fain exert itself for the blessed Redeemer's Glory; that is peculiarly charmed with the Works of Creation, and knows no higher Entertainment, than a contemplative rural Excursion; is some-  
times

times apt to repine, at being cut off from its favourite Gratifications. But I desire to check such un-submissive Emotions; and rest satisfied in a chearful thankful Assurance, That what the all-gracious God ordains, is incomparably better than I could chuse for myself.— Let the Voice of Murmuring, therefore, be entirely suppressed. Complaints, be ye for ever banished from my Lips. “ Let the Praises of my God be upon my Tongue, and let all that is within me bless his holy Name.”—And I shall have a very endearing Obligation to bless his infinite Goodness, if He is pleased to make the weak Productions of my Pen, acceptable to your Ladyship’s Taste, and beneficial to your best Interests. To get Wealth by One’s Writings, is a perishing Acquisition. To win Fame, is a splendid Delusion. But, to further the Comfort and Salvation of a Fellow-Creature, of a Friend, an honour’d, and highly-esteemed Friend, this is Gain indeed. If, (ten thousand Ages hence, when I have the Pleasure of seeing your Ladyship in the Realms of Glory) I may be permitted to reflect, that, as your Ladyship honoured me with your Notice on Earth, I was in some *low, little* Degree instrumental to establish your Faith in Christ, and encrease your Joy in the Lord, how will it transport me with Gladness!— Pardon me, my Lady, if there is Vanity in the Thought. There is, I am persuaded, a superior Portion of Affection and Duty.

Your Ladyship will perceive from the preceding, that I have received the Favour of your last. And though I cannot have the Honour of waiting on your Ladyship, I shall not cease to pray, that You may have the noblest, the divinest Being, not a Visitant only, that turneth in to tarry for a Day; but a Guest, to dwell perpetually in your Heart. This is his own Promise, to them that seek his Presence, and love his Name; “ I will come unto You, and make my Abode with You, and manifest

myself unto You." And have we not Reason to love Him, who "has Pleasure in the Prosperity of his Servants:" Who "is exalted that He may have Mercy upon Us, and waiteth that He may be gracious unto Us:" Who says—and they are the most charming Words that ever were uttered—"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved You." I wish, your Ladyship would give me your Sentiments of the last Passage. For I must confess, I know not how to express myself on the Occasion. I can only wonder, admire, and adore. O! that it should be So done to Worms, to Dust, to Sinners! Who can forbear weeping for their Insensibility of such Love, and their Ingratitude to so infinitely tender a Saviour? Who would not delight to remember Him? Delight to have Communion with Him? Long, above all Things, to please and glorify Him on Earth, and have the Fruition of his glorious Godhead in Heaven?

May this be the Portion of your Ladyship, and of Him who has so frequently the Satisfaction and Honour of subscribing Himself,

Your Ladyship's most obliged  
and dutiful Servant.

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## LETTER IX.

*On the Funeral of the Prince of Wales.—On the Love of  
Christ.*

*April 14, 1751.*

MY LADY,

I BEG Leave to assure your Ladyship, that I am far from expecting any Acknowledgements, or hoping to receive Letter for Letter. I want only to be satisfied,  
that

that my sincere Concern for your Happiness, is not reckoned *impertinent*, may not be altogether unacceptable, when it puts you in Remembrance of Christ Jesus, and eternal Ages. For I am perfectly sensible, that there is a Time to be silent, as well as a Time to speak; and that it is no impossible Thing, for Zeal to be more officious, than prudent. And as I would not be defective, in my Gratitude, so neither would I be offensive, in the Manner of expressing it.

I forgot to beg your Ladyship's Pardon, for mentioning the Affair of Mr. ——. But, by mentioning it only to my dear Friend, I thought I had not transgressed your Ladyship's Injunction. However, the last Letter with which you honoured me, neither is shewn, nor shall be communicated, to any Body. Especially the concluding Sentence: which, had it related to Any but myself, I should have ventured to say, is no ignoble Character; yet, not without wondering, that your Ladyship had Courage to avow it. O! may the Lord of all Lords give you to taste the Comforts, that flow from an Union with the blessed Jesus; and to see the Honours, that are intended for the Children of God! Then, Madam, your Ladyship, will acknowledge the *One*, to be abundantly richer than all the Inhabitants on Earth; the *Other*, to be incomparably nobler than all the Honours of Birth, of Titles, or of Royalty itself.

When the Bells tolled, and the Guns fired, in order to introduce his Royal Highness's Corpse, with melancholy Solemnity, to its long Home, was not your Ladyship much impressed? Surely, every Stroke of the Bells, and every Discharge of the Cannon, had a Meaning; and spoke aloud the *Psalmist's* Admonition: "O! put not your Trust in Princes, nor in any Child of Man, for there is no Help in them. For, when the Breath of Man goeth forth, He shall turn again unto his Earth; and then all his Thoughts perish." If Princes cannot

be relied on, where shall we repose our Confidence? Is there None, of whom we may say, "Under his Shadow we shall be safe?"—There is, my Lady, there is. And, in the next Verse, the Prophet directs Us to the glorious Object. "Blessed is He, that hath the God of *Jacob* for his Help, and whose Hope is in the Lord his God." He is not impotent, perishing, or of a precarious Existence; but the great and everlasting I AM: "who made Heaven and Earth, the Sea, and all that therein is." Who is as faithful also, as He is powerful, and "keepeth his Promise for ever." Never failing his People, in any, in every, Time of Need.—May your Ladyship be established in His Favour, and filled with His Love! May He be your Shield on Earth, and your exceeding great Reward in Heaven!

Did not your Ladyship recollect, upon the same Occasion, that ever dear and infinitely illustrious Person, who laid down his Life for Mankind? That *Prince of Heaven*, and *Prince of the Kings of the Earth*, who once became a pale, bloody, and mangled Corpse for all our Sins! He died, alas! He died, not reclined on a royal Bed, but nailed to the cursed Tree: not by a natural Disease, but by the tormenting Hand of the Executioner: not with sympathizing Friends about Him, but in the Midst of infamous Felons, and surrounded with cruel Mockings. He died (surprising to relate, yet comforting to believe!) under the Wrath of God, and the Curse of the Law. And thereby delivered Us from every Evil; obtained for Us an unutterable Good.—O! that our Hearts may be affected, towards our all-gracious crucified Redeemer; as *Xenophon's Armenian Princess* was, towards her generous Consort! Your Ladyship, I presume, has heard the Story; therefore I only hint at it, but do not fatigue you with the Narrative.

Though our divine Master died, amidst such disgraceful Circumstances; his Almighty Father honoured



his Obsequies, with the most magnificent *Regalia of Mourning*. The Heavens were hung in Sackcloth, and the Sun was covered with a Veil. The Foundations of the Earth shook, and impenetrable Rocks burst asunder. The very Graves opened, and the mouldering Dead arose. The Veil of the Temple rent, and the inaccessible Place, the Holy of Holies, was disclosed to public View.—And wherefore all these awful and august Formalities, attendant on the expiring Jesus? Doubtless, to roll away the Reproach of the Cross; to attest the unequalled Dignity of his Person; and the complete Sufficiency of his Atonement.—They were designed to tell the inattentive World, That the sacred Sufferer was none other than *Immanuel*; God and Man, in one wonderful Person. Man, that He might be capable of dying; *God*, that He might overcome and abolish Death. Man, that He might be qualified for Suffering; *God*, that his Sufferings might be immensely meritorious; *able* to take away the Guilt, not of a single Criminal only, but of All Ages and All Nations, from the Beginning to the End of Time.—Have we not then, my Lady, the utmost Reason to say? Blessed, for ever blessed be God, for this unspeakable Gift!

I have been too tedious: The charming Subject, and your Ladyship's Candour, must plead for my Prolixity. My Health is so very precarious, and my Constitution so enervated, that I scarce ever am able, and am always unfit, to wait upon your Ladyship. I have often found Pleasure, in visiting the poor Tenants of the meanest Hut, where I had an Opportunity of talking on heavenly Things. How much more should I be delighted, in an Admission to your Ladyship's Company; where I should hear the same favourite Topics discoursed on, with all the Refinements of Politeness and superior Sense! But extreme Weakness, and great Languor, disqualifies me for the Enjoyment of this Satisfaction.

—However, I shall often have the pleasing Satisfaction, of praying for your Ladyship's abundant Happiness; and sometimes, I hope, you will allow me the Honour, of subscribing myself,

Your Ladyship's, most respectful,  
and sincerely grateful humble Servant.

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## LETTER X.

*On preferring the Country to Town.—The Beauties of Creation.*

*April 26, 1751.*

MY LADY,

WHEN I received the Honour of your Ladyship's Commands, I hope, your Ladyship was safely arrived at *Twickenham*, and very much refreshed with your Ride.

Mr. C——, my Lady, is not at *London*, nor is expected in Town. As I don't know Him, I have not enquired much about Him. But, I think, I have heard Somebody say, That He preaches at ——; and that one Mr. —— is to supply at the *Tabernacle*, during the Absence of my dear Friend. So that, if we are to stay for the Favour of your Ladyship's Company, till Mr. —— is upon the Spot, I fear, it will be—not like your Ladyship's Readiness to do Good, quite speedy,—but, like your Ladyship's Disposition to resent, very, very slow.

I think, your Ladyship's Preference of the Country to the City, at this delightful Season of the Year, is perfectly well-judged. Nature, rural Nature, is now in her Prime. The Air is full of Fragrance. The  
Trees

Trees are putting on their verdant Honours. Every Haw-thorn Bush will soon be a Nofegay. Every Orchard is profufely fplendid with Bloffoms. The Fields are rich with fpringing' Corn, or gay with golden Crowfoots, and filver Daifies. The Lambs bleat, the Linnets fing, and a Concert warbles from every Grove. —If Nature has fo many Charms; how inconceivably excellent and glorious is Nature's all-mighty Author!

I hope, your Ladyfhip will fee double Beauty, in the blooming Scenes of Creation, by feeing a benevolent and adorable Deity in them all. The Sun, fhining in his brighteft Luftre, will clearly difplay his Creator's Magnificence. I truft, You will be able to read the fame Leffon by the Moon's fainter Lamp, and the twinkling Tapers of the Stars.—Will not every murmuring Brook, and every melodious Bird, whisper in your Ladyfhip's Ear, That the Lord is gracious, and has Pleafure in the Satisfaction of his Servants?—Will not every fragrant Gale, and every balmy Breeze declare, How free the Communications of his Grace are, and how reviving a Senfe of his Love is?—Does not each Flower, that enamels the Garden, or embroiders the Mead, bear Witnefs to the transcendent Perfections of its Maker; and woo (if I may ufe the Expreffion) your Ladyfhip's Affection for the infinitely amiable God?—When to all thefe fweet Inducements, is added the Gift, the ineflimably precious Gift of his dear Son; who can refift fuch heavenly Goodnefs?—Ten thoufand Delicacies, to regale our Senfes; the Blood of Chrift, to expiate all our Guilt; the Influences of a divine Spirit, to fanctify our Souls, and make them meet for Glory: is not this fuper-abundant Liberality? Enough to captivate every Heart! And would captivate them, was not human Nature deplorably corrupt!

May every Object remind your Ladyfhip of thefe pleafing Truths! May they be lively, efficacious, and

instrumental to work in your Mind that happy Temper, which the Apostle beautifully describes, and which is the very Essence of true Religion. Speaking of Jesus Christ, He adds,—“ Whom, having not seen, Ye love; in Whom, though now Ye see Him not, yet believing, Ye rejoice with Joy unspeakable, and full of Glory.” 1 *Pet.* i. 8. When We live under the Power of *this benign* Religion, it will be *Spring* in our Souls. Conscience will be serene, as the Summer Sky. Holy Desires, will bud and blossom as the Rose. The Voice of Joy and Gladness, sweeter far than the Nightingale’s Song, will sooth our Hearts. And Prospects, incomparably finer than the visible Creation yields, will entertain and charm the Eye of our Faith.—May your Ladyship be blessed with an abundant Share of this Happiness! which will be a very desirable Addition to the Happiness of, My Lady,

Your Ladyship’s most respectful,  
and most dutiful Servant,

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## LETTER XI.

*On the Loving-Kindness of Christ—Remarks on the Use of the Microscope.*

*Tottenham, June 7, 1751.*

MY LADY,

**P**ERMIT me, by this Paper-Messenger, to enquire after your Ladyship’s Health, and to transmit my sincerest Wishes, for the Continuance of this and every other Blessing.

When

When I had the Honour of writing to your Ladyship some Time ago, I mentioned a delightful Passage of Scripture; which, I hope, will be written on your Memory, and spread its sweet Influence through all the Powers of your Mind. As Characters cut on the living Bark, which not only abide, but grow wider and wider with succeeding Years.

“Whom having not seen, Ye love.”—The Cause of this sacred Affection another Apostle points out. “We love HIM, before HE first loved US.” Loved Us with a *marvellous Loving-Kindness*—with a Love, that passeth Knowledge. As will evidently appear, if some of its wonderful Circumstances be considered.

To *Whom* it was exercised.—To noble, to worthy? No; but to fallen and sinful Creatures, whose Hearts were Enmity against the blessed Redeemer, and his holy Law.—Who deserved Vengeance, and were altogether become abominable.

By *Whom*.—By a Mortal, like Ourselves? By the highest Arch-Angel?—By HIM rather, whom all the Angels adore; who spoke the World into Existence; and who upholdeth all Things, by the Word of his Power.

*How* it was exercised.—Did He look kindly? Speak graciously? Or help Us with his Hand?—These were the smallest of his most merciful Vouchsafements.—He bowed the Heavens, and took our Nature. He humbled Himself lower still, and bore our Guilt.—HE, that sits on the Throne of Glory, was stretched on the cursed Tree, and laid in the gloomy Grave.

*How distinguishing* it was.—There is a Species of Beings, nobler in their Original, than the human Race. *These* violated the holy Commandment. But did *These* find Mercy?—No Pity is shewed to *Them*, while unmeasurable Compassion is extended to *Us*. *They* sink into endless Perdition, while *We* are snatched, as Brands,  
from

from the everlasting Burning. *They* are pursued with Thunder-Bolts of Wrath, while “ Mercy embraceth *Us* on every Side.”

What He procured for *Us*.—He procured for *Us* a Deliverance from the Guilt of Sin, by his great Atonement; and a Deliverance from the Tyranny of Sin, by his blessed Spirit. He procured for *Us* the matchless Honour, that *We* should be called the Sons of God; and the inestimable Privilege, that *We* should become the Heirs of Glory.—But indeed, it is impossible for a Letter, or for a Volume to declare, what the divine Redeemer has obtained for his People. All the Promises of Scripture—all the Joys of Heaven—all the Perfections of the Godhead—all, All are the Portion of Believers, and the Purchase of Immanuel’s Blood.

Should *We* not be grieved, my Lady, that *We* have loved this infinitely gracious Benefactor no more? Should *We* not desire above all Things, to love Him more ardently for the future? Or, can I form a better Wish for your Ladyship, more expressive of a grateful Heart, than that a Sense of this exceeding great Love of God our Saviour, may be shed abroad in your Heart? May be refreshing, exhilarating, delightful to your Soul, “ as the Shadow of a great Rock in a weary Land.”—It is the Prophet *Isaiab*’s elegant Comparison: the present State of the Weather, will often bring it to your Remembrance—and I hope, the God of all Power and Goodness will give *You* to know what it means, by happy, happy Experience.—To his infinitely rich and everlasting Mercies I commit your Ladyship, and beg Leave to profess myself, with the greatest Sincerity, and with equal Respect,

My Lady, your Ladyship’s  
most dutiful Servant.

P. S. Would

P. S. Would not a good *Microscope* be a refined and improving Companion for some of your Ladyship's rural Hours? I bless the Providence of God for that curious Instrument; which has discovered so much of his incomprehensible Wisdom, his amazing Power, his condescending and most profuse Goodness, even in the minutest Specks of the animalcula Creation. This would render the Fields and Gardens, an inexhaustible Fund of Entertainment. This would shew you Wonders of Mechanism, of Symmetry, and Decoration, in what We usually disregard, as the Refuse of Nature. It would raise, I believe, the most venerating and truly amiable Ideas of the Almighty Creator; and help to tune the Soul for that Song of the four and twenty Elders; "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive Glory, and Honour, and Power: for thou hast created all Things, and for thy Pleasure they are, and were created."

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## LETTER XII.

*On Peace of Mind, and a charitable Spirit.*

*Tottenham, June 27, 1751.*

MY LADY,

I HAVE heard my Brother talk of *doing Honour to a Bill*: which, I think, consists in speedy Payment. I should not do proper Honour to a Line from your Ladyship, if I did not gratefully acknowledge it, by the first Opportunity. The Reason of (what You may apprehend) my present Delay, is, That I did not receive your Ladyship's Letter, which was written on Friday, till the Thursday following.

I re-

I rejoice to hear of the peaceful State of your Ladyship's Mind. May the God of Peace and Love, encrease it ever more and more! and make all Blessings abound to you "according to his Riches in Glory by Christ Jesus!"—"Great Peace," says the Psalmist, "have They that love thy Law."—"Thou shalt keep Him in perfect Peace," says the Prophet *Isaiab*, "whose Mind is stayed on Thee."—"He is our Peace," adds the Apostle, speaking of our divine Redeemer.—From which Passages We learn, that the Way to obtain that Heart-felt Peace, which the Smiles of the World cannot give, nor the Frowns of the World take away, is, To be exercised in God's holy Word; to rely on his boundless, boundless Mercy; through the infinitely precious Merits of his dear Son.

I have not had the Favour of a Line from Lady Huntingdon, for some Months. When I was at London, to see Mrs. Whitfield, on her Return from Bristol, she told me that the good Countess's Health was very much restored by the Waters. That she was (to use her own Expression) charmingly well. I hope, this Amendment continues; and wish, it may be perpetuated.

I congratulate your Ladyship on the Happiness of a benevolent Spirit, that delights in doing Good, and in prompting Others also to Acts of Munificence. Go on, honourable Madam, and "be rich in good Works." For the ever-faithful God has said, "The liberal Soul (not barely executeth, but) deviseth liberal Things; and by liberal Things shall He stand." And the all-gracious Immanuel has declared, "It is (not blessed only, but) more blessed to give, than to receive." I am sure, He put in Practice his own Precept. What was his Life, but a Series of diffusive Charity? What was his Death, but the very Triumph of divine Goodness? O! for a Heart inflamed with his Love, and con-  
formed



formed to his Image! Let the One be the Motive, and the Other the Model of your Ladyship's Generosity. Then, will it be "a sweet-smelling Savour, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ."

Should I ever come near Twickenham, I shall find a very peculiar Pleasure, in paying my Duty to your Ladyship. Or, was I in any tolerable State of Health, nothing could detain me from taking a Journey on Purpose. But if I should never enjoy that refined Satisfaction, let me beg to be remembered sometimes in your Prayers: as, I think, I may truly say, that I never recollect your Ladyship's amiable Name, without imploring for you "All the Fulness of the Blessings of the Gospel of Christ."—To his tender and everlasting Compassions I commend your Ladyship, and beg Leave to subscribe myself,

Your Ladyship's much obliged,  
and most dutiful Servant.

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## L E T T E R XIII.

*On presenting a Tract to her—Remarks on the divine Promises.*

*Tottenham, Aug. 1, 1751.*

MY LADY,

THE little Piece mentioned in my last, having received no Orders to the contrary, takes Leave to wait upon your Ladyship. I make no Apology for its Meanness, but rather plead this Circumstance, as a Recommendation to your Acceptance. It would not become me, to offer any Thing costly. That might  
look

look like a vain Attempt, to bring your Ladyship under some Obligation. Whereas, when such a very Trifle is presented, it will evidently be a Condescension and a Favour, if your Ladyship pleases not to disdain it. As such I shall acknowledge your Admittance of this Pamphlet to your Perusal; wishing, at the same Time, and not neglecting to pray, That the Lord of all Power and Might, may in this, as He does in ten thousand Instances, produce great Good, by the slightest Instruments.

Will your Ladyship allow me to propose a *Motto*, for that little Treasury of spiritual Wealth; which, I hope, has reached you before this, and been honoured with your Acceptance? It is a *Motto*, not unworthy to be transcribed by your Ladyship's own Hand; and I will venture to add, not unworthy to be written on your Heart. May the Divine Spirit perform the one, while your Ladyship's Pen executes the other!

It is to be found *Heb.* vi. 17, 18. In which excellent Portion of Scripture, three Points of distinguished Importance are to be observed.

*To Whom* the Promises belong. To those, who fly for Refuge to the blessed Jesus. Fly from the Curse of the Law; from the Accusations of Conscience; from the Apprehensions of everlasting Vengeance—fly, not to their own Integrity, their own Reformation, or their own good Works: but to the infinitely precious, the all-justifying Righteousness and Death of Christ. *These* Persons are the Heirs of Promise. To *These* belong their unsearchable Riches. Among *These* may your Ladyship enjoy an eminent Station!

*For what Purposes*, the Promises are given:—For the most noble and the most gracious: “That We may be Partakers of a divine Nature,” according to St. Peter. That *We may have Consolation, strong Consolation,*

*lation*, according to St. Paul. They are intended to be the Means, of imparting the highest Improvement, and conveying the richest Happiness. In both these Respects, may they be signally efficacious to your Ladyship!

*How firmly* these Blessings are ascertained to the true Believer. Ascertained by nothing less, than the Word and the Oath of Jehovah Himself. And how strong is this Security! How sure is this Title! "Heaven and Earth may pass away, but not one Jot of the divine Word shall pass away." If this be said of God's Word; what shall We say, when He ratifies his Word by an inviolable Oath? What, but admire the condescending Goodness of the Lord, and be ashamed, be grieved, for the unreasonable Unbelief of our own Hearts? What, but rejoice in the Certainty of our Trust, when grounded on the Promises, and looking unto Jesus?—Can the God of Truth be capable of a Lye? or will the God of Holiness forswear Himself? Impossible. If then We daily, hourly, incessantly fly to our adored Mediator's Righteousness; it is equally impossible, that We should be disappointed of our Hope, when We humbly wait for the Accomplishment of the Promises.

When I have the Pleasure of writing to your Ladyship, I am apt to exceed the Limits of a decent Length. But I hope, I assure myself, you will be so candid, as to ascribe it wholly to that sincere Zeal for your Ladyship's present and eternal Happiness, which actuates the Heart, and prompts the Pen of

Your Ladyship's much obliged,  
and most dutiful Servant.

## LETTER XIV.

*On Recovery from a dangerous Illness—On the Plan of his Dialogues and Letters.*

*Tottenham, Sept. 23, 1751.*

MY LADY,

ACCORDING to my Promise, the first Letter I write, after my Recovery, is a Letter of grateful Acknowledgment for your Ladyship's Favour. Recovery did I say? That is too flattering a Word. For though my Hand is able to hold a Pen, my Feet are not able to carry me across the Room, without some borrowed Support.—Indeed I have been extremely ill: hovering upon the very Brink of Eternity. The Doctor was twice sent for by a special Messenger, from an Apprehension that my Dissolution was approaching.

You will probably be desirous to know, How my Mind was affected, amidst such Circumstances of Peril and Pain.—The Pain too often disturbed my Advertence to the gracious God, and interrupted my Application to his ALMIGHTY MAJESTY. Ah! how unwise is it, rather how desperately hazardous, to defer the great Work of Reconciliation with our Creator, to a languishing and dying Bed! When the Anguish is frequently so strong, that it quite shatters the Thoughts, and renders them incapable of attending to any Thing but the Load of Affliction.

With regard to Death, I humbly bless the divine Goodness, I was under no terrifying Apprehensions. It was desirable, rather than dreadful. The Thing that I longed for, rather than deprecated. A believing Contemplation of God's infinitely rich Mercy, of Christ's unspeakably meritorious Atonement and Righteousness, enabled

enabled me to say with the Apostle, “ O Death, where is thy Sting ! O Grave, where is thy Victory ? ”—How great then is the Efficacy, and how precious should be the Interests, of that holy Religion ; which could support the weakest of Creatures, when all earthly Succours failed : and could give Courage to the most obnoxious of Sinners, even when summoned to his final Trial !

Let Us labour, my honoured Lady, to be rich in Grace, and strong in Faith ; for We know not, what trying Times may be at Hand. We are sure, the End of all Things is near, and the Judge is at the Door. O ! let us daily get a clearer Knowledge of the all-sufficient Redeemer, a firmer Establishment in his Merits, and a growing Conformity to his Image. 'Tis Christ that unstings Death. 'Tis this glorious Captain of our Salvation, that emboldens Us to triumph over that last Enemy. Old *Simeon*, having the Child Jesus in the Arms of his Flesh, and the promised Mediator in the Arms of his Faith, can go down to the Chambers of the Grave with a peaceful Tranquillity.—Of the Saints, in the Revelation, it is said, “ They overcame by the Blood of the Lamb.” Overcame *what* ? Not only the Temptations of Life, but the Terrors of Death, and the Fear of eternal Judgment. They overcame All, by a believing Application of their Saviour's Death.—St. *Paul*, in that inestimable Chapter the viiith to the Romans, seems to anticipate the Arrival of the great Day ; seems to sit down, and examine, what will be the Issue of the last Trial, with regard to Himself. After a mature Consideration, He rests assured, that He shall be absolved, when He is judged. And *why* ? Because of his own good Works ? No : but because of God's free unmeasurable Grace, and Christ's immensely valuable Propitiation. Fixing his Hopes solely on this Foundation, He dares even to defy every Enemy of his Salvation. “ Who shall lay any Thing to the

Charge of God's Elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is He that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea rather that is risen again; who is even at the right Hand of God, Who also maketh Intercession for Us."—May such sweet Portions of Scripture be the Solace of your Ladyship's Heart, during the Years of Prosperity; and the Support of your Soul, when the Day of Adversity takes Place!

You are pleas'd to ask, What I am going to publish? —I was writing a little Treatise upon some of the most important Doctrines of Christianity: to be dispos'd partly into Dialogues, partly into Letters; and rendered entertaining by several descriptive Pictures in Nature and its ever-pleasing Scenes.—I have sketched out the greatest Part, in a rough unconnected Manner. But a considerable Time will be requisite, to dispose it properly, and polish it for the nice Taste of the present Age. This Time, whether it will please the sovereign Disposer of all Things, to allow: or whether my Constitution, always very infirm, but now more exceedingly enervated, will yield a sufficient Supply of animal Strength, is a great Uncertainty. But of this, my Lady, we are absolutely certain; That whatever unerring Wisdom and infinite Mercy orders, must be good, must be best.

Let me not forget to thank your Ladyship for the singular Honour You intended to do me, by favouring me with a Visit; and the high Pleasure You intended to give me, by your delightful Conversation. I ought to be thankful for the Intention, though Circumstances deprived me of the Satisfaction.

It is impossible for me, my Lady, to ascribe your Silence to any such Motive as your Humility mentions. I assure your Ladyship, I shall acknowledge it as a Favour, and I shall enjoy it as a Pleasure, if You give  
me

me Leave sometimes to enquire after your Welfare by a Letter, and to “ stir up your sincere Mind by Way of Remembrance.”

I know not how to conclude this long Epistle with a more respectful Propriety, than by turning what I have just been reading, into a Prayer: “ That You may receive not the Spirit of the World, but the Spirit of God, that You may know the Things which are freely given Us of God in Christ Jesus.” Which Prayer, while it drops from the Pen, comes warm from the Heart of

Your Ladyship’s most dutiful,  
and ever grateful Servant.

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## L E T T E R X V.

*On the Death of a Prince—On the happy Death of a young Lady.*

*Tottenham, Oct. 17, 1751.*

**A**NOTHER Prince dead, my Lady! What then is Grandeur? How vain is Power! How insignificant Honour! Since neither One, nor All, can preserve their royal Possessor from the Pit of Corruption.—“ Cease Ye from Man,” says the Voice of Scripture; “ Cease Ye from Man,” says this renewed Demonstration of human Frailty; Man, “ whose Breath is in his Nostrils.” “ For, wherein is He to be accounted of?”—Not so, “ the Prince of Peace, the Prince of the Kings of the Earth,” the divine Redeemer. He indeed was once dead for our Sins; but now liveth for evermore. Liveth, to be the Comfort, the Happiness, the Joy of his People.—Oh! that your

Ladyship may every Day improve in the Knowledge, the Faith, the Love of that inconceivably excellent Saviour!—Then will You never want a Companion, a Guide, an omnipotent Guard, through all the Dangers of this evil World. For, though Friends should be cut off, though All should forsake You, yet will not He. “Lo! I am with You always,” is his kind, his faithful Declaration, “even to the End of the World.”

I received the Honour of your Ladyship’s Letter. Which was peculiarly welcome; not only as it brought me a Proof of your Health, but as it was an Evidence of your *continued*, or rather *growing* Regard to Christ Jesus, and concern for everlasting Things.—Indeed, everlasting Things are our only grand Concern; and Christ Jesus is our only valuable Portion. *Vanity* has long ago been written on all other Acquisitions, all other Enjoyments. And whenever Death weighs them in his Scale, they are sure to be found wanting.

You mention the joyful and happy Exit of an amiable young Lady.—A Lady; and a young Lady; to triumph over the King of Terrors! See, what Faith can do! Out of Weakness it makes strong. The timorous, inspirited by Faith, fear no Evil; are bold as Lions.—Therefore, the Apostle in his most beautiful Description of the Christian Armour, says, “Above all, take the Shield of Faith.” This defends, while We stand; and makes Us Conquerors, even when We fall. This strengthens our Hands, while We live; and emboldens our Hearts, when We die. Let Us therefore, be particularly diligent to obtain, and equally careful to cultivate, this important and inestimable Grace.

It is said, I remember, of the gallant *Epaminondas*, That when He was dangerously wounded in Battle, his Soldiers carried Him, fainting and senseless, to his Tent. But, the Moment He recovered the Use of his Reason,



Reason, He asked, *whether his SHIELD was safe?*—His chief Solicitude was, That his *Shield* should not fall into the Possession of his Enemy. And *our* chief Solicitude should be, That We may obtain a true Faith; and, when it is obtained, that it fail not.—If We are strong in Faith, We shall give Glory to God, and receive Comfort to our own Souls. Whereas, if Faith languishes, it will affect our spiritual Life, as a pining Atrophy consumes the Body, or as a keen Blast withers the Leaves.

I intended to have added some Considerations, that might serve as Food to cherish, or as a Cordial to revive, our Faith. But the Remnant of my Paper betrays the Proximity of my Letter. These You will give me Leave to reserve for the Subject of another Epistle; which, I hope, will have your Ladyship's Permission, to follow this very speedily.—In the mean Time, it shall be the frequent and the pleasing Employ of my Mind, to express my Gratitude, by turning my Exhortations into Prayers, that the blessed, all-gracious, immensely merciful God, may *fulfil* in your Ladyship “all the good Pleasure of his Will, and the Work of Faith with Power.”—I cannot forbear expressing my Concern, that your Ladyship should command me to commit to the Flames, what always gives me peculiar Delight. In Letters of common Intercourse, no One expects that Regularity of Method, and Accuracy of Style, which may be necessary in Preparations for the Press. For this Reason, I hope, You will revoke the Sentence passed upon your own; and in this View always consider, and as constantly excuse those of,

My Lady,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful,  
and faithful Servant.

## LETTER XVI.

*On the Nature and Excellency of Faith.*

*Tottenham, Oct. 29, 1751.*

MY LADY,

**I**N my last, I begged Leave to write once more upon the Subject of *Faith*. In this, I look upon my Request as granted; and make Use of the Permission, which I then solicited.

That We may have a comfortable, steady Faith in *God's Love*; let Us often meditate on his stupendous Kindness in giving his Son—his only Son—his infinitely beloved Son who was dearer to the eternal Father, than all Angels, than all Worlds, and all Heavens—in giving Him, to take our inferior Nature, and to bear all our Guilt.—“ Now I know that Thou fearest me,” said God to *Abraham*, “ seeing Thou hast not withheld thy Son, thine only Son from me.” And may We not, with equal Propriety and Certainty, say? Now We know, that the Lord Almighty loveth Us; seeing He hath not withheld his Son, his only-begotten Son, but freely given Him up for our Salvation.

That We may have Faith in *Christ's Merits*; let Us often meditate on his infinite Dignity.—He is higher than the Heavens, and beyond all Imagination glorious.—The Principalities and Powers in heavenly Places, cast their Crowns at his Feet.—What speaks more than ten thousand Letters, or ten thousand Volumes could express, “ In Him dwells all the Fulness of the Godhead bodily.”—O! how immensely precious must be his Righteousness! How all-sufficient the Propitiation of his Death! How can We fail of Pardon? How can We doubt of Acceptance? If We are interested in his divinely excellent Merits,

To have a firm and delightful Trust, that these Merits are *revealed* to Us; that these Merits (incomparably precious as they are) *belong* to Us; let Us meditate on such Portions of Scripture: "He came into the World to save"—Whom? The upright and unblameable?—Then We might indeed despair—But He came into the World "to save Sinners." 1 *Tim.* i. 15.

—————*O! rejoice*  
*With more than common Joy, and set it down*  
*In Gold on lasting Pillars.*

SHAKESPERE.

Was there no other Discovery of free Grace in all the Bible, than this single Text; it would render that blessed Book, the most inestimable Treasure in the World. But, Thanks be to the divine Goodness, there are Multitudes of these charming Passages.—"He poured out his Soul," says the evangelical Prophet, *Isai.* liii. 5.—for Whom? For the faultless and unblameable? No; but *for Transgressors*: who had Nothing to recommend them to his Mercy, but their Guilt and Misery.—"He died," adds the Apostle, 1 *Pet.* iii. 18. "the Just for the Unjust." Yes, my Lady, that transcendently just and holy One, *laid down his Life*, that He might *justify the Ungodly*.

Are We not Ungodly? Are We not Transgressors? Are We not, both by Nature and by Practice, Sinners?—Your Ladyship, I hope, will excuse the Freedom of my Speech. Nay, I am persuaded, your discerning Judgment would blame my Unfaithfulness, and be displeas'd with my Conduct, if, on religious Points, I should make those Distinctions of Honour, which, on other Occasions, I shall always observe.—I venture therefore to say again, Are We not Ungodly? Are We not Transgressors? Is not the Sinner's Name, our

unquestionable Character? If so; Christ came into the World to save *Us*. He poured out his Soul, to expiate *our* Iniquities. He died upon the Cross, that *We* might reign in Glory.—For this, We have God's own Word, his most express Word, his frequently repeated Word. And Heaven and Earth may pass away, sooner than one Jot or Tittle of his Word shall fail.

Let Us then, revolve these Truths in our Minds, not without intermingled Prayer to our Father in Heaven. And may that mighty, mighty God who stretched out the Heavens, and laid the Foundations of the Earth, say unto Us, Your Faith shall be established.—Did I not often breathe these Wishes, and often turn these Wishes into Prayers, I should be unworthy the Honour of professing myself,

Your Ladyship's

most obedient and dutiful Servant.

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## LETTER XVII.

*On his Recovery.—Mr. Romaine's Preaching.—Dr. Doddridge's dangerous Illness.*

*London, Nov. 7, 1751.*

**Y**OUR Ladyship's Favour was received, and your Commands are obeyed. The Letters, with which your Ladyship was pleased to honour me, are committed to the Fire. That consuming Element has done to them, what, I trust, the atoning Blood of Christ has done to our Sins. Who can recover the Papers, which the Flames have destroyed? They are, as though they had never been. So it fares with the Iniquities of true Believers: who *had fled*, who *do fly*, for Refuge to the Hope

Hope set before them, in the precious Propitiation of their dying Lord. They are obliterated and clean *done away*. *They shall not be mentioned unto them, neither will their God remember them any more.*

I am just come to *London*. Providence has brought me and my Brother's Family safe to *Miles's-Lane*.—The first Letter I wrote, after my Recovery from Sickness, was to pay my Duty to your Ladyship. And the first Use I make of my Pen, after my Return to Town, is, to transmit my grateful Acknowledgements. This I delayed, till my Arrival here; that, in case your Ladyship should honour me with any Commands, they might not be conveyed to a wrong Place.

I once heard Mr. *Romaine* preach. He chose for his Text, that very important and equally comfortable Scripture; "Being justified by Faith, We have Peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord."—From which He spoke upon our Saviour's vicarious Sufferings, and vicarious Obedience. Their absolute Necessity, and their complete Sufficiency for our Justification.—I think, He touched upon the transcendent Excellency of the Bible. I well remember, He directed Us to the Illumination and Influence of the Divine Spirit; in order to understand its heavenly Meaning, and feel its sacred Efficacy,—Points of the last Importance to our Happiness! I heartily wish Him abundant Success, in explaining and enforcing them to his thronged Audiences. And with no less Sincerity I wish, that your Ladyship may become, every Day, more thoroughly, more experimentally, more habitually acquainted with them.

I have no News, relating to my dear and excellent Friend, who is gone to found the Silver, the more than golden Trumpet of the Gospel, through our *American Colonies*.—Dr. *S*—— informs me, that a Letter is arrived from Dr. *Doddridge*, with an Account, That  
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the Doctor is very ill at a Village in the Neighbourhood of *Lisbon*. He thinks, We shall never see Him any more in *England*. The Departure of such valuable Persons, should tend to wean Us from the World, and endear Heaven to our Affections. *Beza* said, when He was told of *Calvin's* Death; "Now I have a fresh Motive, to be as a Stranger on Earth, and to set my Affections on Things above."

I intended to have resumed the Subject of my last, and to have made Faith, what the Apostle styles *precious Faith*, the Subject of my Epistle. But I must be content to wait for this Satisfaction, till my Paper-Messengers are admitted to another Audience by your Ladyship.—You are pleased to enquire after my Health. Indeed, my Lady, it is like the Leaves that remain, scarcely remain, on some bleak-situated Elm. Your Ladyship's, I hope, will long continue, fresh and lively as the Ever-Green. And may the Dew of heavenly Benediction abide, both in Summer and in Winter, on your Branches!—I beg Leave to subscribe myself

Your Ladyship's most dutiful Servant.

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## L E T T E R XVIII.

*On the various Effects of true Faith.*

*Miles's Lane, Nov. 17, 1751.*

MY LADY,

I CONFESS myself ashamed, that your obliging Favour of the tenth Instant, should continue so long without my grateful Acknowledgements. I hope, your Ladyship will ascribe it to the true Cause, the many Infirmities that oppress my poor Constitution. I put

off

off even this agreeable Office from Day to Day, flattering myself that the ensuing might restore my Spirits, and make my Pen less unfit to pay its Duty to your Ladyship.

I am extremely glad, if my superficial Letters on the Subject of Faith, were in any Degree acceptable to your Ladyship. I have forgot the particular Contents; but am assured, both the Writer and the Writing are very much obliged to your Candour.—One Thing, I believe, should have been added; namely, That Faith is *precious* in its *Fruits*. It is no dormant, but an active Principle. As Light never ceases to issue from the Sun, or Waters from a perennial Fountain; so, a holy Conversation, and a purified Heart, are the inseparable Effects of a true Faith. *Those* will always be more exemplary, in proportion as *this* is more lively.

Faith is characterised by the inspired Penman, as *working by Love*. This is its happy Tendency, and this its generous Language;—“Has Christ been so inconceivably gracious to me? Surely then I should be kind to my Fellow-creatures, and to his People.—Has He borne all my Sins on the Tree of his Cross? Then let me bear with Patience, the Disappointments which Providence may ordain; and bear with Meekness, the Disrespect which my Neighbours may offer.—Has He clothed me with the Robe of his immaculate Righteousness? How gladly then should I cloath his poor Servants with the Fleeces of my Sheep, and accommodate them with the Superfluities of my Wealth!—Has He purchased Life and Immortality for so despicable a Creature, so vile a Sinner? Surely then I should be zealous to glorify his blessed Name: should employ my little Stock of Talents, to magnify his Majesty, and further his sacred Cause.”—In this Faith may your Ladyship *grow exceedingly*,

I bless

I bless God for giving your Ladyship Peace and Tranquillity of Mind. It flows from this sweet Persuasion, that God is our reconciled Father, and Christ our all-sufficient Portion. This is what may be called in Mr. *Pope's* beautiful style—

*The Soul's calm Sun-shine, and the Heart-felt Joy.*

This is that “ Kingdom of God, which is not Meat and Drink,” consists in nothing external; but is “ Righteousness, and Peace, and Joy in the Holy Ghost:” Is a State of Peace and holy Joy, wrought by the Influences of the Holy Ghost, and founded upon the transcendently excellent Righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ. I cannot close this Paragraph, without breathing the Apostle's emphatical Prayer; “ May the Lord of Peace give You Peace always by all Means !”

Dull and Dark Times, as your Ladyship observes, very probably will take their Turn; in order to shew Us the Depravity that is in our Hearts, and the utter Impotence of our Nature; in order to endear the blessed Jesus to our Affections, and teach Us our inexpressible Need of his Merits.—But, even in such Moments, let Us not be cast down. For, He who is the good Shepherd has promised, That “ nothing shall pluck Us out of his Hand.” He who is inviolably faithful has declared, That “ having begun a good Work, He will perform it even unto the End.” He who is infinitely powerful has assured Us, That all these Things, instead of obstructing our Salvation, “ shall work together for our Good.”—Were We left to our own Strength, We should infallibly be overcome and perish. But this is our Security, We have an Advocate in Heaven, “ who ever liveth to make Intercession for Us.”—How willingly could I expatiate upon this delightful Topic! But I must desist. May I be permitted to make it the Subject of a Letter, which, if I live, will wait upon your  
Ladyship



Ladyship with the Congratulations of the ensuing Solemnity?—In the mean Time, I shall not cease to adore the God of all Grace, for rendering my little Books, in the smallest Measure, serviceable to your Ladyship; and shall implore (O! that I could do it more effectually!) every Blessing for your Ladyship, which my Gratitude can suggest, which your own Heart can wish, and which Christ has obtained for his People. In the Sincerity of these Words, I beg Leave to subscribe myself,

Your Ladyship's

most obliged and dutiful Servant.

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## LETTER XIX.

*On the Origin and the divine Object of true Faith.*

*Miles's Lanc, Nov. 23, 1751.*

MY LADY,

**G**IVE me Leave to enquire after your Ladyship's Health; and with my Enquiry to transmit my sincerest Wishes, that this, and every other Blessing, may be communicated, confirmed, and perpetuated to your Ladyship's Enjoyment.

When writing to your Ladyship, I would select the most pleasing, the most noble, and the most improving Subject. None that I can recollect, is more eminently possessed of these Qualities, than the Topic touched upon in my last. Which is therefore styled by the Apostle, *precious Faith*. 'Tis precious, my Lady, with Respect to its Origin—its Object—and its Fruits.

Its *Origin* is divine. If you look for its Pedigree, it is to be found in Heaven. It is wrought in the Soul,

not

not by the mere Force of Argument, not by any human Ability, but by the mighty Power of God, called, for that Reason, “Faith of the Operation of God.” The “Arm of the Lord is said to be revealed,” exerted with almighty Energy, in order to make Sinners believe, with all their Hearts, the Report of the Gospel. Of this St. *Paul* reminds his *Philippian* Converts, “To You it is given,” as a singular Favour from above, “to believe on Christ.”—Often therefore, my Lady, let Us implore this Blessing, from the beneficent Bestower of all Good. Often let Us make that humble Confession, and dart up that ardent Petition; “Lord, I believe: help Thou mine Unbelief!”

Its Object is Jesus Christ. And who, or what so precious as Christ? None but Christ, None but Christ, was the frequent and favourite Profession of a certain holy Man. “Whom have I in Heaven, but Thee,” O blessed Immanuel? was the Language of *David*. And “there is None upon Earth, that I desire in Comparison of Thee.” St. *Paul* accounted all Things but Dross, for the Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord.—For indeed “He is the Beloved of the Father, and the Hope of all the Ends of the Earth. In Him are hid all the Treasures of Wisdom and Knowledge,” together with “unsearchable Riches” of Grace and Righteousness. He is, in his Person, and all his Offices, wonderful, matchless, and adorable.—I cannot close this Point more properly, than by turning St. *John*’s Declaration concerning Himself and his Fellow-christians, into a Prayer for your Ladyship and Myself. May the God of all Goodness “give Us an Understanding,” enlightened by his blessed Spirit; “that We may know Him that is true,” the true Center of our Souls, and the true Source of our Happiness. May We also “be in Him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ;” united to Him by a living Faith, as the Scion is engrafted into  
the

the Tree; as the Members are incorporated with the Head.—Should any One ask, Why We so earnestly desire this Union? What Advantage can result from its taking Place? The next Words are an Answer. “This is the true God, and eternal Life.” This Person, is a Person of infinite Dignity, and none less than very God. This Knowledge, is a Blessing of unspeakable Worth, and nothing less than everlasting Felicity.

I perceive, I must not only close the preceding Point, but conclude my Letter also, with this important and glorious Text. And it gives me a Pleasure to consider, that mean as the Letter is, what it quotes is invaluable: Though the Arrow be of Lead, it is tipped with Gold; with something worthy of your Ladyship's Acceptance, and suited to that Respect, Esteem, and Gratitude which are due to your Ladyship, from, My Lady,

Your most obedient Servant,

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## L E T T E R XX.

*On the particular Spot where Christ was crucified.—Remarks on Christmas.*

MY LADY,

I BEG Leave to return my Thanks to your Ladyship, for the Trouble You have taken in finding out and transmitting the Passage of Scripture, which You was pleased to mention, when I had the Honour of your Ladyship's Conversation. It is fully pertinent to the Purpose, for which it was produced. It proves, beyond all Dispute, That the Temple was built by *Solomon* on *Mount Moriah*. But I question, whether this is a satisfactory Proof, that our Lord Jesus Christ was not crucified on the same Hill,

There

There might be a large extensive Mountain, whose *general* Title was *Moriab*, while some *particular* Eminence was distinguished by the Name of *Calvary*. Probably, between this and the Temple, the Walls of the City intervened. If so, Criminals destined to Execution, might go without the City; might be put to Death on *Calvary*, and yet suffer on *Moriab*. As God is sometimes said to have delivered the Law on *Horeb*, sometimes to have delivered it on *Sinai*. We have sometimes an Account, that *Moses* died on *Nebo*, sometimes that he expired on *Pisgab*. And neither of these Accounts are contradictory: because the former Names express the whole mountainous Range; the latter signify some one remarkable Cliff.

Since I wrote the foregoing, I have consulted Mr. *Maundrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem*; whose Determination is as clear, as his Authority is unquestionable. “*Calvary*, says He, is a small Eminency or Hill upon the greater Mount of *Moriab*. It was anciently appropriated to the Execution of Malefactors, and therefore shut out of the Walls of the City, as an execrable and polluted Place.”

Will your Ladyship permit me to lay aside the Critic, and act the Christian? To make one Observation on that illustrious Sufferer, to whom the Mention of *Calvary* naturally leads our Thoughts.—How we pity the poor Criminals, that lie under Sentence of Death in the Cells of *Nevogate*! We are apt to say within Ourselves, We would not be in their Condition for the whole World. How then should We be lost in Wonder, and transported with Gratitude, on every Remembrance of the blessed Jesus! Who came from the Heaven of Heavens, on purpose to be led out to Execution; resigned his Royal Throne, on purpose to hang on the accursed Tree. And by this most gracious, yet most tremendous Expedient, has delivered Us from ever-

lasting Infamy and Torment! Surely, We must relinquish true Politeness, We must cashier all that is amiable and of good Report, if We forbear to love, or cease to please, so infinitely compassionate a Redeemer.

Your Ladyship will have Multitudes to compliment You on the present Season, and wish You a *merry Christmas*. Give me Leave to wish You *all that Joy*, which the Prophet felt, when he cried out with a delighted Ardour; “To Us a Child is born! To Us a Son is given!” All the Glories of Heaven, unite in his wonderful Person. All the Happiness of Eternity, is the Fruit of his meritorious Incarnation, Obedience, and Death.

I am in Doubt, now I have written these Lines, whether I shall presume to put them into your Ladyship’s Hand. Nor am I certain, that the Message You was pleased to send in good Mr. *Whitefield’s* Letter, either requires or justifies such an Address. But to breathe out my best Wishes, and turn them into frequent Prayers for your Ladyship, this, I am assured, can never be unbecoming

Your Ladyship’s much obliged,  
most humble Servant.

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## L E T T E R XXI.

*Remarks on the Greatness and Glories of the Saviour.*

*Miles’s-Lane, Dec. 24, 1751.*

MY LADY,

**P**ERMIT me, amidst the Multitudes that will wish your Ladyship a happy *Christmas*, to add my most sincere Congratulations on the joyful Occasion.—I con-

gratulate You also on a Sentiment, which was expressed in your Ladyship's last Letter. May it be more deeply engraven on your Heart Day by Day! I well remember the Substance, though your Ladyship's strict Command has obliged me to destroy the original Words. They were to this Effect; *I know and feel, that I am not able to do the least Thing, as of myself.*—I bless God, for giving your Ladyship this Conviction. This Sense of human Weakness, disposes us to wait for the Operation of divine Power. This is one Part of that Poverty of Spirit, to which is promised the Kingdom of Heaven, or all the Blessings of the glorious Gospel. These are the Persons, that will *look unto Christ*, as the wounded *Israelites* to the brazen Serpent: will *fly to Christ*, as the Manslayer of old to the City of Refuge: will *receive Christ*, as the condemned Malefactor receives a Pardon, or the ruined Bankrupt an Estate. They will be thankfully satisfied that He has done all *for* them: earnestly desirous, that Christ should *do* all in them: and fully content, that Christ should *be* all to them: all that can any Way relate to the infinitely important Work of Salvation.

Since then We *have* nothing, and *can do* nothing of Ourselves; have We not Reason to rejoice in the Blessing, which is now commemorated? “For unto Us a Child is born, unto Us a Son is given, and the Government shall be upon his Shoulder: and his Name shall be called WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER, THE PRINCE OF PEACE.”

A Saviour so great, that the *Government is upon his Shoulder*: the Sceptre of supreme Authority is in his Hand; He has uncontrollable Power in Heaven and on Earth; and is *Head over all Things to his Church*.

So *glorious*, that his Name is called *Wonderful*: He is God and Man, in one matchless and marvellous Person; dwelling

dwelling in a Tabernacle of Clay, yet possessed of all the Fulness of the Godhead; like *Jacob's* Ladder, whose Foot was fixed on Earth, while the Summit was lost in the Skies.

So *gracious*, that He is the *Counsellor*; to instruct Us by his holy Word; to enlighten Us by his blessed Spirit; and make Us wise unto everlasting Salvation.

The mighty God: to subdue our Iniquities; to put his Laws into our Hearts; and make Us Partakers of the divine Nature.

*The Prince of Peace*: reconciling us to his Father by his Death; making Peace by the Blood of his Cross; and thereby laying a Foundation for that Peace, which the World cannot give, and which passes all Understanding.

*The everlasting Father*: to cherish Us under the Wings of his Providence and Grace; to make all Things work together for our Good; and prepare for Us an Inheritance—even the Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Unspeakably precious Blessings! May your Ladyship, by a true Faith, appropriate and be interested in them all! May You be enabled to say, with the undoubted Heirs of the Promise, “To Us a Child is born! To Us a Son is given!”—All-sufficient, ever-blessed, immensely kind Redeemer! May your Ladyship rejoice in Him, “according to the Joy of Harvest; and as Men rejoice, when they divide the Spoil.” As the Husbandman rejoices, when he reaps his Harvest, and gathers in the Fruit of his Toil: as the Soldier rejoices, when He has vanquished his Enemy, and is enriching Himself with the Prey.

I should have written upon another Subject. The grand Solemnity of the Season diverted my Thoughts. My Engagement, if your Ladyship pleases, shall be performed in another Letter. In the mean Time, I

very willingly own, my Pen is in your Ladyship's Debt; but not half so much as my thankful Heart, for all the Favours which your Ladyship has conferred on,

My Lady,

Your most obedient,

most dutiful Servant.

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## LETTER XXII.

*On the Intercession of the Lord Jesus.*

*Miles's-Lane, Jan. 7, 1752.*

MY LADY,

I HAVE the Pleasure of presenting to your Ladyship, on the Commencement of the new Year, one of the most distinguishing and noble Privileges of Christianity, *The Intercession of Christ*. Which, in whatever Light We view it, is a most comfortable Doctrine: but, when considered in its full Extent, is an inexhaustible Source of Consolation. To do this, will be the pleasing Employ of your Ladyship's own Meditations. To hint a few of its leading Properties, will be Business enough for the present Letter.

*Who* is it that intercedes?—Jesus Christ the Righteous. In whose Mouth there was no Guile. Who did always those Things, which were pleasing to his heavenly Father.—If Men, that are encompassed with Infirmities, pray and prevail; how much more prevailing must *his* Intercession be, who is “holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from Sinners,” in his Nature, in his Heart, and in all his Conversation.

To *whom* He prays.—To his own Father. Who declared by a Voice from Heaven his entire and infinite  
Com-



Complacency in fo glorious a Son. If the poor Widow made Suit to an unjust Judge, and was heard: how assuredly may We conclude, that our blessed Advocate is heard, when He intercedes in our Behalf, with his own Father, with our Father—with the Father of everlasting Compassions?

*What He pleads.*—He pleads his own Merits. His Intercession is founded on his Oblation. Therefore it is said, “His Blood speaketh better Things, than the Blood of *Abel*.” Which Text, at once, points out the Nature, and proves the Efficacy, of Christ’s Intercession. He does not intercede by prostrating Himself before the Throne, or making any verbal Supplication. But his very Appearance in Heaven, as a Lamb slain for Sinners, is a silent, a powerful Plea. As the Blood of *Abel* had a Voice, and cried aloud for Vengeance on the Murtherer: So, the Blood of Jesus has a Voice in the Ear of God, and cries more loudly for Pardon, for Grace, for every spiritual Blessing, in Behalf of his People. If the Blood of one Saint cried with such a forcible Importunity: O! what un-paralleled, what unknown Success must attend the Cry of His Blood, who is King of Saints, and the Cause of all Sanctity!

*For what He prays.*—In his last solemn Address to his almighty Father, He gives Us a Specimen of his Intercession, and a Sample (if I may use the Expression) of the Blessings He implores. He prays—That We may be “sanctified by the Truth”—That We may “be kept from Evil:” the Evil, that is in the World; and the Evil, that is in our Hearts - That We “may be one:” perfectly united to our divine Head, by a true Faith; and to One Another, by cordial Love—That We “may be with Him, where He is; and see His Glory,” and rejoice in his Joy.

*How often He intercedes.*—*Moses* interceded for the *Israelites*, while they were in the Valley, fighting with

*Amalek.* But He could not continually carry on that important Work. Whereas our HIGH-PRIEST ever liveth to make Intercession for Us. There's no Intermission of his Suit.—When some foreign Ambassadors came, pretty early in the Morning, to have an Audience with *Alexander*; they were told, “His Majesty was not stirring.” Upon which, they expressed some Surprise, that a Potentate, who had so many, and such momentous Affairs to manage, should sleep so long. The King, hearing of their Observation, ordered them to be informed; That, though “*He* slept, *Parmenio* waked.” And though We sleep, though we forget, too often forget Ourselves, and our adored Redeemer: He, the great Keeper of *Israel*, neither slumbers, nor sleeps; never, never forgets either Us, or our Interests. Nay, when We sin through the deplorable Infirmity of our Nature, He still appears in the Presence of God for Us.

*For whom* He intercedes.—This is an Inquiry of the last Importance. “I pray not for the World,” is his own Declaration. For Whom then? How shall We know, whether you and I are in the happy Number? Happy doubtless, they are, whom the great IMMANUEL remembers in his Kingdom. It would be a most desirable Privilege, to be mentioned in the Prayers of all the eminent Saints in the World. But unspeakably more desirable, to have our Names written on the Palms of his Hands, whom the Father heareth always. Permit me to mention one Mark, whereby We may determine this Doubt. Has the Lord shed abroad in our Hearts a Spirit of Grace and Supplication for Ourselves? This is a Fruit of Christ's Intercession; and a sure Sign, that He has undertaken our Cause. We should never hear the reflected Echo, if there was not first the direct Sound. And We should never have these Breathings after God and Glory, if the blessed Jesus had not acted as our Advocate with the Father.

What

What Use may We make of this Doctrine?—It should encourage Us to pray: and to pray in Faith, nothing doubting. “Having a great High-Priest, that is passed into the Heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let Us come boldly to the Throne of Grace, that We may obtain Mercy, and find Grace to help in Time of Need.” Men love to go there, where they are sure to be welcome, and expect to receive signal Benefits. Why then should we not delight to draw nigh unto the King immortal, invisible, through the Intercession of Christ: who presents our Prayers, poor as they are; adds the rich Perfume of his own Merits; and says, “Father, if I have merited ought by my Obedience unto Death, accept these Supplications. Reward Me, by blessing my People.” Who could doubt of a favourable Acceptance, if the Lord Jesus was to plead thus in behalf of our Petitions? But he pleads in a Manner, infinitely more prevailing, than these, than any, than all Words can express.

This should encourage Us to hope for Salvation; to hope, and be in nothing terrified. For thus it is written; and the Writing is of more Worth, than all the Deeds in the World; “Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost, who come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth, to make Intercession for them.” *He liveth to make Intercession*, on purpose to perform this beneficent Work. As though it were one main End of his Life, to execute this blessed Office. Surely then it will be executed with the greatest Fidelity, and with the greatest Success.—With such Success, that *He is able to save to the uttermost*. What a consolatory Saying is this! One of the choicest Cordials of the Gospel. Let Us cast our Burthen upon the Lord Jesus, and no Circumstances shall render our Salvation impracticable, no, not so much as difficult. “He can save from all

Guilt, be it ever so heinous; from all Sins, be they ever so numerous; from all Enemies, be they ever so formidable;” and to the very End of our Warfare, be it ever so long, or ever so sharp: which puts me in Mind of one Advantage more, derivable from this invaluable Article of our Faith.

It should give Us a chearful Trust of persevering unto the End. Our Lord says, “Simon, Simon, Satan has desired to have You, that He may sift You as Wheat.” And what was *Simon Peter’s* Security? His own Vigilance? His own Resolution? No: but his divine Master’s Intercession. “I have prayed for Thee,” adds the compassionate Redeemer, “therefore thy Faith shall not fail.” The Intercession of Christ, is as a Wall of Fire around his People. By this they are kept, as by an impregnable Garrison. We can never lay too little Stress on our own Performances, or our own Abilities; and never confide too much in Christ’s Righteousness, and Christ’s Intercession. Surely, his Intercession must prevail above all the Powers of Hell, above all the Temptations of the World, and all the Corruptions of our treacherous Hearts.—Blessed, for ever blessed be that sovereign Grace, which has brought your Ladyship to know, to believe in, to love this all glorious Intercessor! May your Knowledge become clearer, your Faith stronger, and your Love warmer, every Day and every Hour, till, being protected by his Intercession, and guided by his Spirit, You are received into the Kingdom of his Glory.

Several Instances of Condescension and Generosity I have received from your Ladyship. I must now take Leave to solicit another. Which is, that your Ladyship will not only excuse the Length of my Letter, but admit it as the Measure of my Respect, Esteem, and Gratitude. Then I shall look back on my Prolixity,

not

not with Pain, but with Pleasure ; if it may shew, how  
 very much I am, My Lady,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
 and dutiful Servant.

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## L E T T E R XXIII.

*On concealing her Letters—On the Excellency of the  
 Knowledge of Christ.*

*Miles's Lane, Jan. 18, 1752.*

**P**ARDON me, my honoured Lady, for suffering a  
 Letter from your Ladyship, to be in my Possession  
 a whole Week, without a grateful Acknowledgment of  
 the Favour. I have been partly out of Order ; partly  
 engaged in Business ; partly detained by Company.

I humbly thank your Ladyship, for offering to employ  
 your Interest, in behalf of my Friends or myself. I  
 hope, I shall always retain a due Sense of the Kindness,  
 even though I should have no Occasion to put your  
 Ladyship to the Trouble. I bless the God of Heaven,  
 I want for Nothing. Nothing, unless it be a Heart  
 more deeply and devoutly affected with his most unde-  
 served Goodness. My Brother also, at whose House I  
 live, is in a Course of Business, flourishing and prospere-  
 ous, as can be wished.

I beg Leave to assure your Ladyship, I am so far  
 from divulging the Contents of your Letters, that I do  
 not so much as mention the Receipt of them. And  
 for two Reasons ; lest such a Practice should foment a  
 Spirit of Pride in me, and be prejudicial to your Lad-  
 ship's Character, as degrading Yourself, in vouchsafing  
 to converse with so mean a Person ; and one that passes,  
 perhaps,

perhaps, for a Favourer of that queer Generation, called Methodists. One that is with them in his Heart, though hampered and withheld from acting, by a languishing Constitution. I would have very, very little Concern for my own Credit, but be tenderly solicitous for your Ladyship's. Though after all, the Honour that comes from this World, is scarce worth our Pursuit or our Wish. The Approbation of the King of Heaven, is our only, only Glory. May your Ladyship be owned by Him, at that all-important Day, when He shall "come to be glorified in his Saints, and admired in all them that believe!"

How glad am I to hear your Ladyship saying, I now desire to speak of nothing but Religion, and its precious Truths! May your Ladyship be more and more determined, "to know Nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." It is One of the wisest Resolutions, and was made by One of the greatest, happiest, and best of Men.—I rejoice also to find, that "You have tasted, That the Lord is gracious." "Cleave to Him," my Lady, "with full Purpose of Heart;" and "You shall see greater Things than these." For the Love of Christ, even to the weakest Believer, is inexpressible, unmeasurable, inconceivable. You will see a Sketch of it, *Matt. xii. 20.*—a clearer Proof of it, *Isai. xl. 11.*—a still richer Display of it, *Isai. xlix. 15.*

I should have transcribed these several Passages: but I apprehend, it will be more pleasing to your Ladyship, and render the Scriptures more impressive, to collect them with your own Hand. As it is more agreeable to gather a Nectarine from the Tree, or a Pink from the Parterre, than to have the one served up on the Salver, or the other presented in a Nofegay. I hope, the blessed Spirit of God will make the charming and reviving Texts, unspeakably more relishing to your Ladyship, than the most delicious Fruits; and incomparably

parably more delightful, than the most fragrant Flowers.—I intended to have enlarged upon that sweetest and noblest of all Subjects, the Love of our Lord Jesus Christ; but I perceive, it will lead me into too great a Length. For this Reason, I desist at present. But I hope, your Ladyship will not forbid me the Honour and Pleasure of writing to You again, within a little Time. When I purpose to ennoble, by this most excellent and glorious Topic, the otherwise unworthy Letter of,

My Lady, your Ladyship's  
very much obliged,  
and dutiful Servant.

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## L E T T E R   XXIV.

*On Mr. Whitfield's Voyage to America.—On the Love of Christ.—It's Original.—Commencement.—Duration.—Effect and Fruits.*

*Miles's-Lane, Feb. 4, 1752.*

MY LADY,

ON Saturday in the Afternoon, I promised myself a singular Pleasure, the Pleasure of writing to your Ladyship. But was hindered from enjoying it, by Company which could not be left, and by Business which could not be postponed.—I presume, your Ladyship has heard, that News is arrived from Mr. Whitefield. That He had a safe and speedy Voyage. Was in Health, and found all Things in good Condition at the Orphan-House.—I had no Letter. I think, he wrote but two. And this, as far as I can learn, is the most material of what they contained.—His Account  
puts

puts me in mind of that inestimable Promise, made to the Patriarch, at a very critical and dangerous Period of his Life; "Fear not, Abram: I am thy Shield, and thy exceeding great Reward." Part of which is most beautifully paraphrased by the first Genius of our Nation, and applied to all Believers.

How are thy Servants blest, O Lord!  
 How sure is their Defence!  
 Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,  
 Their Guard Omnipotence.

I think, my Lady, You have a Note under my Hand, for a few Thoughts on *The Love of Christ*. How glad am I to pay, as far as my Ability will reach, all my Obligations to your Ladyship! Especially when they are of a Nature so peculiarly pleasing. Shall we then consider

The *Original* of his Love? It is free; perfectly free; without any Desert, or the least Amiability in Us. We love our kind Friends, and generous Benefactors; those that are accomplished in Themselves, or serviceable to our Interests. But Christ loved Us, when We were *Sinners*; when We were *forgetful* of Him; nay, *Enemies* to Him, by evil Tempers, and wicked Works. He loved Us (O sovereign, most unmerited Kindness!) when We deserved *nothing*, but utter Abhorrence, and eternal Vengeance.

The *Commencement* of his Love. His Love is not of Yesterday. His Love, like his Outgoings, is from everlasting. "I have loved Thee," says He to his Church, "with an everlasting Love." We value the Affection, that is of long standing; has taken deep Root; and still continues unshaken. "How excellent, then, is thy Loving-Kindness," O blessed Jesus! which, "before the Mountains were brought forth, or ever the  
 Earth



Earth and the World were made," was fixed upon sinful Dust! O! that We, my Lady, should be in the Thoughts, be upon the very Heart, of God's adorable Son, even from the Ages of Eternity!

The *Duration* of his Love. It is invariable and eternal. "Having loved his own, He loveth them even unto the End." It neither began with Time, neither will it end with Time. As no Worthiness in Us caused it; so neither will our Failings extinguish it; no, nor our Infirmities damp it. We change frequently; our holy Frames fail; but our adored Redeemer is the "same Yesterday, to Day, and for ever." Fear not then, my honoured Lady; "neither Life nor Death, nor Things present, nor Things to come, nor any other Creature, shall be able to separate Us from the" ever tender, the ever constant, the ever triumphant *Love of God* our Saviour.

The *Effects* of his Love. It brought Him from the Heaven of Heavens, to dwell in Clay, and be lodged in a Manger. It brought Him from those happy Mansions, where is the *Fulness of Joy*, and where are *Pleasures for evermore*; to be *destitute, afflicted, tormented* in this Vale of Tears. O my Lady, it made Him, who is Heir of all Things, not to have where to lay his Head; till he was stretched on the racking Cross, and laid in the Gloom of the Grave. Unparalleled and stupendous! *Who can declare the noble Acts of the Redeemer's Love, or shew forth all his Praise?*

The *Fruits* of this Love. To this is owing all the Good We possess, or expect; every spiritual and heavenly Blessing. If our Eyes are enlightened, in any Degree, to see the Things that belong to our Peace: if our Desires are awakened, to seek the "Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away:" for this We are indebted to the Love and Grace of Christ.

If We are sanctified in Part, and desirous to grow in true Godliness: if We are perfectly justified before God, and adopted to be his Sons and Daughters: these also are Streams, which issue from that inexhaustible Fountain, THE LOVE OF CHRIST. As it was stronger than Death, in its Actings and Sufferings; it is richer than all Worlds in its precious, precious Fruits. All the inconceivable and everlasting Joys of the glorified State, are its Purchase and its Gift.

Justly, therefore, does the Scripture make Use of all the endearing Relations, that subsist among Mankind, to represent the Love of Christ. Great is the Love of a Friend; greater the Love of a Brother; greater still the Love of a Parent; greatest of all the Love of a Bridegroom: but infinitely greater than any, than all, is the Love of the ever blessed Immanuel to his People. When all has been said, all has been imagined; it transcends every Comparison; it exceeds all Thought; or, as *St. Paul* speaks, “it passes Knowledge.”—May your Ladyship have more and more exalted Apprehensions of it; and live under a delightful Sense of its Richness and Perpetuity!—May it be your sweet Incitement to every Duty, and your sovereign Cordial under all Tribulation!—And when Eternity, the vast Eternity opens, it shall be, in a Sense that no Heart can conceive, your Crown of Rejoicing; your exceeding great Reward.—And, I hope, You will sometimes pray, that it may be the present Comfort, and eternal Joy of,  
My Lady,

Your Ladyship's much obliged,  
and most dutiful humble Servant.

P. S. May I ask, whether your Ladyship has seen a little Collection of Poems, entitled *Visions*? They are extremely elegant: composed in a high and finished  
Taste;

Taste ; perfectly moral and virtuous ; and want Nothing but a little of the Savour of *that Name*, which is as Ointment poured forth. The Author reckons me in the Number of his Friends ; and I should be glad to do Him any Service. [He has a very large Family, and no very affluent Circumstances. He is going to sell the Copy ; and a quick Demand for the present Edition, would considerably encrease the Price.] Could your Ladyship speak a recommending Word for them to the polite World ? I dare venture to assure your Ladyship, it will be no Derogation to the Delicacy of your Judgment.

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## L E T T E R XXV.

*On a providential Escape from a Fire.*

*Miles's Lane, Feb. 19, 1752.*

MY LADY,

YESTERDAY I received the Honour of your Ladyship's Letter ; and, grateful for that, please myself with the Prospect of another, which your Ladyship has given me Reason to expect, before the Expiration of the Week.

As your Ladyship was just going into the Country, when You put Pen to Paper, I cannot but follow You thither, or wait upon You there, with my very best Wishes, That the God of all Goodness may " bless your Going out, and Coming in, from this Time forth for evermore." That wherever You reside, He may be ever near You, by his enlightening, comforting, sanctifying Presence.

On Sunday last, in the Afternoon, we were greatly alarmed. A Fire broke out in a Sugar-Baker's Work-House,

House, to which a Part of my Brother's Dwelling-House joins. We were all Confusion and Consternation; almost smothered with Smoke; and crouded by the Mob. Three Engines playing from various Parts of our House, and several others pouring in Water from other Quarters, by the Blessing of God, kept under the raging Element, and in a few Hours extinguished it.—It put me in Mind of that tremendous Day, when “the Heavens shall pass away with a great Noise, when the Elements will melt with fervent Heat, and the Earth with all the Works that are therein shall be burnt up.” Then, when the Possessions of the Mighty shall be no where found; may your Ladyship have *a House not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens!* When the Wealth of the Covetous shall come utterly to an End; may your Ladyship enjoy an “Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.”

To the Satisfaction I receive in forming these Wishes, give me Leave, my Lady, to add the further Pleasure of subscribing myself,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful  
humble Servant.

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## L E T T E R XXVI.

*Reflections and Improvements on Sickness.*

*Miles's-Lane, Feb. 25, 1752.*

MY LADY,

I AM sincerely sorry, to hear of your Ladyship's Indisposition. This, I hope, may venture to congratulate You, on a thorough Recovery.—These Disorders

of the earthly Tabernacle, are Pre-monitions of its final Diffolution. They have every one a Voice, and this is their Meaning; thus they address our Affections: “ Arise, and depart, for Here is not your Rest. These Tenements of Clay will soon fail. But there is a City, whose Foundations will never be removed. There are Mansions, from which the happy Inhabitants will never be dispossessed. These the blessed Jesus has purchased for You, by his precious Blood. These He has prepared for You, by his almighty Power. Beseech—O! beseech Him, to make You meet for them, by his sanctifying Spirit.”

What shall I say, my Lady, concerning the Honour You intended me? It is greater than I could have expected.—And, what, concerning the Honour to which you invite me? It is with unfeigned Regret, that I cannot accept it.—I have been a Fellow-Sufferer with your Ladyship. Have had a violent Cold, attended with feverish Symptoms. Which still hang about me; and I am sometimes apprehensive, will deliver me over to the Physician. This Disorder, it is thought, was caught, on the Day of our late Consternation and Danger. When I was driven from my Home; and in order to avoid the Fire, was obliged to wade through Water.

*Water and Fire*, put me in Mind of those terrible Desolations, which were once made by the Instrumentality of these Elements. When God made them the Sword of Vengeance, to destroy a degenerate World, and four polluted Cities. I mention this, because it leads our Thoughts to that beneficent and glorious Person, who delivers from the Wrath to come. Who, in both these Cases, was particularly typified; in the one, by the *Ark*; in the other, by *Zoar* or the Mountain. O! my Lady, let Us fly to Him—cleave to Him—make our Boast of Him—and rejoice in Him—You

know his Name. May your Ladyship know more and more of the Riches of his Goodness and the Power of his Grace! Till You see Him, and dwell for ever with Him, in that happy World, where the "Inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick." There, I hope, through the Blood of the everlasting Covenant, to meet your Ladyship: and no longer tire You with the disagreeable Mention of my Indispositions, but join with You in loving, adoring, and magnifying that dear, divinely excellent Jesus, "who loved Us, and washed Us from our Sins in his own Blood." To his infinitely tender Care I commit your Ladyship, and beg Leave to subscribe myself, with the greatest Respect, and sincerest Gratitude,

Your Ladyship's obliged,  
and dutiful Servant.

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## LETTER XXVII.

*Remarks on the Execution of a Soldier, applied to the divine Mercy.*

*Miles's-Lane, March 23, 1752.*

**W**ILL your Ladyship give me Leave, to transmit in Writing, what I heard in Conversation? An Event that lately happened; and told by a Person, who was Eye-Witness to the Whole.

A Soldier was condemned to be executed for Desertion. A young Man, in the Prime of Life, with the Bloom of Health on his Countenance.—Being come to the Place of Execution, He prepared Himself for Death, without any apparent Emotion of Fear: opened his Breast, without any Change of Countenance; and drew the

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the Cap over his Eyes, without the least Trepidation in his Limbs.—Six of his Comrades were draughted out, and ordered to advance softly forwards. Being come within four Yards of the Criminal, they received the Signal to fire; and shot each his Ball quite through the Body.—After this, the Corpse, with the Face uncovered, and the Wounds bleeding, was extended on the Ground; and the whole Regiment, to make the Terror more impressive, marched over its Legs. The Sight was so awful, that one of the Soldiers fainted away, as He passed by the dismal Spectacle; and the Account so affecting, that I observed the Tears stealing down the Cheeks of a Lady, where it was related.

Will not this help Us, my Lady, to form some faint Apprehension of God Almighty's tender and amazing Love in Christ Jesus?—When We had deserted his Service, and rebelled against his Majesty, not once, nor twice only, but Times out of Number; did He pass Sentence of Death upon Us? No: He exercised all Long-suffering towards Us.—Instead of condemning Us, He deputed his own Son, to be condemned and to suffer in our Room. He resigned the dearly beloved of his Soul, the immaculate and blessed Jesus, to receive all the Arrows of Vengeance into his Heart; to become a pale, bloody, mangled Corpse; a Spectacle of Misery to Angels and Men: on purpose, that We might go free; that We might be delivered from Punishment; and be made Heirs of eternal Happiness.

O adorable Kindness! To spare such Rebels; freely to pardon, and fully to forgive them!—Still more adorable and stupendous! to raise them from the Block, to the highest Preferments in Heaven! to exalt them from the Stake to a glorious Crown, and an everlasting Kingdom!—But, to surrender his illustrious and divine Son, to die in their Place; this is Loving-Kindness, unutterable and inconceivable. Language cannot ex-

press it. Thought is unable to reach it. May your Ladyship never forget it: continually admire it: and be habitually influenced by it!—He who withheld not his Son, but gave Him up for Us and our Salvation, will He not with Him also freely give Us all Things? That He may give your Ladyship all the Blessings of the Gospel of Peace, is the Heart's Desire, and the earnest Prayer of,

My Lady,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,

and dutiful Servant.

P. S. You have heard, I presume, from our excellent Friend in *America*. I think, He could not forget your Ladyship, as He remembered me. My Letter was very short, as He was in great Doubt, whether it would find me in the Land of the Living. Nothing at all material, only an Account of his own Welfare, otherwise I would have taken the Pleasure of communicating it to your Ladyship.

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## LETTER XXVIII.

*On his even State of Mind.—On the Mercy of the Saviour.*

*Miles's-Lane, March 31, 1752.*

MADAM,

**Y**ESTERDAY, in the Evening, I received your Ladyship's Letter; and the first Thing I do this Morning, is to return my Thanks, for the Honour it did me, and the Pleasure it gave me.

You may depend upon it, I always appear, in my Letters to your Ladyship, with one of my best Frames



of Mind: just as I should appear in Person, was I able to wait upon your Ladyship with my sprucest Suit of Cloaths. But it is not always Sunshine and Serenity in my Breast. Neither is it always Purity and Harmony in my Temper. I have so much Vanity, and so many Follies; such stupid Inattention, and odious Ingratitude; such stubborn Irresignation, and unconquerable Pride; such frequent Sallies of foolish Desire, and Workings of evil Affection; above all, such un-reasonable Unbelief in the Merits of my Saviour, and the Promises of my God; that I should not bear to have any One acquainted with the Transactions of my Heart. Any, but that tender, indulgent, gracious God, who considers “whereof We are made; who remembers that We are but Dust;” and whose Mercy is as his Majesty, exceedingly great and infinite. At his adorable Feet I would lye very very low; and make, from the Bottom of my depraved Soul, the poor Leper’s Confession, *Unclean! Unclean!* God almighty is pleased, of his singular Goodness, to preserve me from any very scandalous Out-breakings of Corruption; but I am often exercised with inward Trials; have often Reason to complain, “when I would do Good, Evil is present with me.”

This, my Lady, I believe, the wise and gracious God permits—That He may shew Us, what is in our Heart: that *it is deceitful and desperately wicked*; and may bring Us off from all Self-Admiration, to *abhor Ourselves in Dust and Ashes*.—That He may teach Us to prize our glorious Advocate and Surety more highly; to renounce our wretchedly imperfect Selves more thoroughly; and place our whole Affiance on his Son’s precious Blood, and immaculate Righteousness.—That He may quicken our Desires after brighter and more transforming Manifestations of Christ; after richer and more efficacious Communications of his Spirit.—That

He may wean our Affections more and more from this disordered State, and render Us less unwilling to be dissolved. To be dissolved, and enter into that happy World, where all Ignorance will be dispelled; all Corruption destroyed; and We shall love the Lord Jesus Christ, not only in Sincerity, but with everlasting Ardour.

At such Seasons, I think it best my Lady, to beware of too much Disquietude and Anxiety. I remember some Expressions, that dropped from a dear Friend, when I had the Honour of being in your Ladyship's Company at the Countess *Delitz's*, which tended to cherish this drooping, disconsolate Disposition. As though We ought to be scourged with the Lashes of Conscience, and hang down our Heads as a Bulrush.—But why should We covet to be scourged? when our divine Master was wounded for these Sins, and bruised for these Iniquities? Will our Uneasiness, and self-tormenting Cares add any Thing to the Value of Christ's Atonement?—Or, shall We indulge the inward Distress, in order to humble our Minds? It will sadden them; enervate them; discourage their Addresses to the Source of Good; and have just such an Effect upon them, as the Failure of animal Spirits has upon the Body. And whether this Failure of animal Spirits, fits the Body for any one Instance of Service, or any one Species of Enjoyment, let those, who have experienced the Change, judge.—No, my Lady; the truest Humility, the most genuine Abasement, is grounded on a Sense of our ever-blessed Redeemer's Love. He that is high above all Height, “humbled Himself to Death, even the Death of the Cross,” that He might make Expiation for these Offences. When We are properly impressed with this astonishing and delightful Truth, it will sink Us in Humiliation, even while it exalts Us in Hope. If We observe the Scales of a Balance; the higher  
the

the One ascends, the lower proportionably the other drops. So, the more We advance in this Faith, the more We shall encrease in Poverty of Spirit.

Therefore, when such Temptations occur, when such Defilements arise, don't be desirous, honour'd Madam, of dwelling upon the afflicting Conviction of shameful Guilt, and abominable Vileness; but turn the Eye of your Mind to the bleeding, agonizing, dying Jesus. Get rid of the Fear and the Distress, by a firm assured Belief, That the King of Heaven has smited for these Follies: that the Lord of Life has suffered Death for these Sins: and the Prince of Peace poured out his Blood for these Transgressions. That, though they are displeasing to the divine Majesty; it will be much more displeasing, if We disbelieve the Truth of his Word, or distrust the Efficacy of his beloved Son's Propitiation. — Thus, my Lady, fight the good Fight of Faith, and “overcome through the Blood of the Lamb.” By such a repeated Application of his all-sufficient infinite Merits, I hope, You will find your Soul cheared, refreshed, and filled with Abundance of Peace. Then, I am persuaded, You will find Yourself, like a Person that has shook off the Manacles from his Hands, or thrown a heavy Load from his Shoulders, far more free, enlarged, and active in the Ways of the Lord.

My Comfort on such Occasions, is principally derived from turning such Scriptures as the following into secret Prayer; *Hos.* xiv. 4. *Zech.* xiii. 1. *Heb.* ix. 13, 14. 1 *John* ii. 1, 2.

And do not let Us suspect, that the Lord Jesus abhors Us for such Infirmities, though undoubtedly sinful. No; He is a faithful and compassionate High-Priest. He was tempted in all Things like as We are, yet without Sin. He will therefore graciously receive Us; reveal Himself to Us; and say to Us by his blessed

Spirit, “ Son, Daughter, be of good Chear : I have died for all thy Misdoings.”—Should Lord ——, in his Journey to *Bath*, have the Misfortune to fall from his Horfe, or be over-turned in his Coach, and make his Appearance before the Countefs, befmeared with Blood, diffigured with Dirt, and torn with Wounds ; would her Ladyfhip loath Him on this Account ? Quite the reverfe. Her Bowels would yearn ; fhe would feel Compaffion added to her Affection ; and gently wipe away the Blood, and tenderly take Care of the Wounds. Such, or rather unfpeakably more condefcending and gracious will our Lord’s Reception of Us be, when We come weary, heavy laden, and defiled with Guilt, to find Reft in his Merits. He vouchsafes to call Himfelf our *everlafting Father* ; and will never, never be out-done by any earthly Parent in the Exercife of Compaffion and Goodnefs.

Poor —— has fome odd Tempers : which make her many Enemies. So many, that, I believe, She is almoft as univerfally difliked, as her amiable Husband is loved. But I am apt to think, People aggravate her Weaknefses. Ah ! my Lady, ’tis an unkind World. It delights to propagate defamatory Reports ; and the Ball of Cenfure, always gathers as it rolls. Where is that lovelieft of Virtues, Charity ? We fee Her charmingly pourtrayed by the fineft Pencil under Heaven ; 1 *Cor.* xiii. But when, how rarely at leaft, do we fee Her tread the Stage of Life, or enter the Circle of Converfation ? Oh ! that, commiffioned by her great Master and Pattern, She may dwell in your Ladyfhip’s Heart, and not be an utter Stranger to mine !

I fincerely wifh, that the Countefs D., and all the Perfonages of Diftinction, who have tafted that the Lord is gracious, may grow in Grace ; may be filled with the Spirit ; and be valiant in the Caufe, zealous for the Interests, of *Jesus of Nazareth*. All the Hofts  
of

of Heaven adore Him; and shall We, Creatures of the Ground, be ashamed to own Him? Angels, Men, and Devils, shall bow the Knee to Him, at the last Day; and shall We, in this our Day, blush to acknowledge our Relation to Him?

We have, doubtless, many Enemies, and probably shall not cease to be assaulted with Temptations, so long as We continue in this Wilderness. But let Us not fear, my Lady. We have a Captain and a Guide, who is as gracious as we could wish; far more gracious than We can think. Hear his own Words; and may his own Spirit write them upon your Ladyship's Heart: "For I, saith the Lord, will be unto Her a Wall of Fire round about, and will be the Glory in the Midst of Her." *Zech.* ii. 5. Only let Us look unto Him; walk closely with him; and, like good *Hezekiah*, (of whom I have just been reading) cleave unto Him.

I assure You, my Lady, I should lose a signal Satisfaction, as well as offend highly against Gratitude, if I should cease to pray for your Increase in Faith, in Holiness, and in Joy. And I have the Comfort to think, the dearly beloved Son of God, Jesus Christ the Righteous, ever liveth to make Intercession for your Ladyship, and also (as his Grace and Truth oblige me to believe) for

Your Ladyship's most obliged  
and dutiful Servant.

P. S. I have tired my own Hand, and, I fear, have tired your Ladyship's Patience. I should not at all regret the one, if your Ladyship will excuse the other.

## LETTER XXIX.

*On the Death of his Father, and his taking the Living of Weston.*

*Tottenham, May 19, 1752.*

I BEG Leave to pay my most grateful Respects to your Ladyship once more; being upon the Point to remove into *Northamptonshire*. It has pleased God to take my honoured Father to Himself. So that I am obliged to depart from my present Situation; and, if I can bear the Journey, and undergo the Fatigue, to take the Living of *Weston*. O! that I had Strength of Constitution, to watch over a Flock, and feed them with the Milk of the Word! But the Will of the Lord is best. He employs whom He will employ, and whom He will He lays aside. Wise and righteous are all His Ways.

'Tis very probable, I shall never have the Pleasure of seeing your Ladyship again, on this Side the everlasting Habitations. My enfeebled State renders me like an aged Tree, which must continue, where it is fixed: to transplant it, or to remove it, is to kill it.— O my Lady, my honour'd Lady, let Us, with those Believers of old, “cleave to the Lord with full Purpose of Heart.” Cleave to that ever-blessed and all-gracious Lord, who bore all our Sins in his own Body on the Tree: who fulfilled all Righteousness for our Justification; and ever liveth to make Intercession for Us.— Let Us “remember Him in the Night-Season, and think upon Him when We are waking.” Let Us converse with Him by silent Supplication, and believing Communion. Let Us look to Him as our amiable Pattern, and depend upon Him as our all-sufficient Propitiation. Let Us live upon Him, and rejoice in Him. That  
when

when the Hour of our Diffolution approaches, We may not change our Company, not change our Employ, but only change the Place of our Abode.—Then, my Lady, I shall hope to welcome You (for in this *one* Instance You must give me Leave to go before You) into the “House not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens.”—Till then, my best Prayers will ever attend your Ladyship: I shall wish for your Ladyship’s Happiness as ardently as for my own: and shall always be ambitious of professing myself

Your Ladyship’s most dutiful,  
most grateful humble Servant.

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## LETTER XXX.

*On his Journey thither.—Willingness to print in Defence of Scripture.*

*Weston, May 23, 1752.*

MY LADY,

I AM just arrived at *Weston*, after a pleasant Journey, in an easy Coach, and cool Weather. But much fatigued, though We allowed two Days for about seventy Miles. May the gracious God, who has brought Us safe, both make and keep Us thankful!

See! my Lady, How almost every Thing reminds Us, that Here We have no continuing City; but are Pilgrims and Sojourners below. In Heaven is our true Home. There everlasting Rest is to be enjoyed. There Sickness and Sin are banished. And there the once crucified, but now exalted Jesus, dwells and reigns for ever.—There may your Ladyship’s Affections be fixed!

And

And in this Practice may I be so wise as to imitate You : in that Place may I be so happy as to meet You.

I received your Ladyship's Favour, when I was packing up and preparing for my Journey. Which wearied my weak Constitution to such a Degree, that I was not able to pay my grateful Acknowledgements, before I left *Tottenbam*. Now I take Leave to thank you for your condescending Letter, and for giving me Leave to write to your Ladyship from the Country.

I beg you Madam not to mention any Thing like an Apology. Thanks are due to your Ladyship, for making my Letter acceptable to Others, by approving it yourself, and honouring it with your Recommendation.—I humbly bless God, if He pleases to give it Favour in the Eyes of Others; and should think it the highest Privilege, if He would vouchsafe to render it at all serviceable to their best Interests; especially, to such a distinguished and illustrious Personage, as the Princess of *W——*. May He, who is Prince of the Kings of the Earth, give her Royal Highness, to taste the Sweetness of his Word, and feel the Power of his Grace!

I assure You, my Lady, I have not the least Aversion to print any Production of mine, in case better Judges should think it might tend to maintain the Honour of the Bible, or endear that inestimable Book to Mankind. How unfeignedly should I rejoice, if I might be an Instrument of glorifying, in any Capacity or in any Degree, that amiable Redeemer; who, for my Sake, “was despised and rejected of Men.”—All I fear, is, lest acute but irreligious Minds, should discover some weak Sentiment; should find some Flaw in the Argument; and take Occasion to wound the Redeemer, and vilify his Truths, through my Inadvertence.—Be so good, my Lady, as to make (if your Ladyship thinks proper) very respectful Compliments acceptable to Dr. *Hales*, and inform Him of my Suspicions. If He would please



to revise the little Essay, with a particular View to these Apprehensions; and should think the Remarks will stand the Test of a rigorous Examination (for such they must expect) my Scruples would be very much abated.—I believe, I durst undertake to vindicate all the Observations, that are of a critical Nature with regard to the original Language, or of an historic Nature with regard to Fact.—Whether I offend against the Rules of polite and genteel Demeanour, your Ladyship is the best Judge.—There should have been References to Texts of Scripture, either quoted or alluded to.—If your Ladyship, or the Doctor, should persist in your Opinion, I wish You would be so good as to get the Paper transcribed (no Matter how close it is written) and transmitted to me in a Frank. For I have no Copy of it, only some in-coherent Minutes in Short-Hand.—May that ever-blest Being, who looks forward in the remotest Futurity, and discerns the Consequences of every Step We offer to take; may He direct Us in this and all our Purposes! Guide Us by his Grace, and receive Us into his Glory! For his Wisdom is un-erring, and his Goodness is infinite.

I know not what the Lord will do with me, or how I shall proceed. My Strength is so worn down, and my Constitution so irreparably decayed, that it will be absolutely impossible for me to discharge my ministerial Duty. And I think it will be equally impossible for me to forget your Ladyship in my best Moments, or to be insensible of your generous Kindness.

I am,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and most dutiful Servant.

## LETTER XXXI.

*On his Chaplainship.—A Description of Weston.—His first Sermon there.*

*Weston, Jan. 13, 1752.*

I AM indebted to your Ladyship for the Favour, which *Wednesday's* Post brought to my Hands. I hope, your Ladyship will, by honouring me, sometimes, with a Line, make me still more and more your Debtor. For, though I dread the Thought of contracting other Debts, I shall find a peculiar Pleasure in running deep on this Score.

My Chaplain-ship is an Honour, which I neither expected nor solicited. The whole Affair was transacted without my Knowledge, by Means of my dear Friend Mr. *Whitefield*. Who, in some Degree like his divine Master, is more ready to give, than others are to ask his kind Assistance. Had I made Application for myself, your Ladyship would have been the first Person in the World, to whom I should chuse to be obliged for procuring me such a Privilege; and I am sure, there is no One, from whom I could have greater Reason to hope for Success in such a Request.—I am sorry to incur, on any Account, your Ladyship's Displeasure. Yet, in this Case, it pleases me to observe, that even your Anger is amiable; and I can read the Benevolence of the Heart in the Frowns of the Face.

I am glad to hear, that such eminent and able Geniuses are determined to employ their Talents in so noble a Cause, as the Honour of the most High God. But can there be, my Lady, such a Creature as an Atheist in the World? There may be Pretenders to Atheism. But I verily believe, they are self-convicted and self-condemned by the Verdict of their own Breasts. How-  
ever,

ever, I shall be very much pleased to see the Scheme, which these Gentlemen propose to execute. That I may have the Satisfaction to accompany it with my Prayers, and may “with them good Luck in the Name of the Lord.”

*Weston*, my Lady, is near *Northampton*. About two Miles from the Town. Pleasantly situate; on an agreeable Eminence; on the right Side of the River; and at a proper Distance from the Meadow. My House is quite retired. It faces the Garden and the Field. So that We hear none of the tumultuous Din of the World, and see nothing but the wonderful and charming Works of the Creator! O that I may be enabled to improve this advantageous Solitude! Though secluded from the gay and the busy Scenes of Life, may I ever be present with that divine Being, who has Heaven for his Throne, and the Earth for his Foot-stool. Whose Mercy in Christ Jesus, is like his Majesty, exceeding great and infinite. Who is therefore highly to be admired, and dearly to be loved, as well as deeply to be revered.

I did, on the Day your Ladyship mentions, ascend the Pulpit; and speak, for the Space of half an Hour, to my People. But with so much Weakness—O! 'tis well that the eternal God does not want Strength of Lungs, or Delicacy of Elocution; but can do his Work, his great Work, of converting Souls, by the weakest, meanest Instruments. If it was not so, indeed my Lady I must absolutely despair of being successful in my Labour, or serviceable in my Office.

I opened my Commission to my new Parishioners, from those Words of the blessed and only Potentate; “Preach the Gospel to every Creature.” Shewed them—What the Gospel means, and what Blessings it comprehends—By whom these Blessings were purchased, and to whom they are offered—Exhorted them severally to secure to themselves a Share in these unspeakable Blessings

Blessings—And gave them to understand, that the End of my Preaching amongst them, the Design of my Conversation with them, and the principal Aim of my whole Life would be, to bring them acquainted with this delightful Doctrine, and assist them in obtaining this great Salvation.—I bless God for making my poor Discourse acceptable to my Hearers: and now I must beseech that bountiful Giver of all Good, to make it beneficial to their Souls. While I am exercising myself in this pleasing Employ, the truest Method of expressing my pastoral Affection; I hope, I shall not forget the Duty of Gratitude, which will always be owing to your Ladyship, by

Your Ladyship's most obedient,  
and most obliged Servant.

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## LETTER XXXII.

*On the Bishop of Norwich.—On the Privilege of Prayer.*

*Weston, June 20, 1752.*

MY LADY,

AN Answer to my Letter, so speedy and so obliging, is acknowledged as a double Favour. May your Ladyship find a gracious God equally ready to hear, and equally willing to fulfil, every Request of your Lips, and all the Desire of your Heart!—*Equally*, did I say? He is inconceivably more bountiful than the most generous and benevolent among the Children of Men. What is the Language of his transcendent Goodness in Christ, and how runs his faithful Promise to his People? “It shall come to pass, that before they call, I will

I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." What a sweet Encouragement is this, to make frequent Application to his divine Majesty?

The Bishop of *N—b*, I have been told, is a very fine Scholar, and a very polite Gentleman. May He crown his other Accomplishments, by acting the Part of a very zealous Christian. I am glad to hear, that He has joined the noble Association, which is determined to make a public Stand, against the Overflowings of Infidelity and Vice.—'Tis written in the Scriptures of Truth; "When the Enemy cometh in like a Flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a Standard against Him." Who knows, but, partly by the Productions of these masterly Pens, and partly by the Labours of the honest Methodists, this Prophecy may be, in some Measure, fulfilled?—May I ask your Ladyship, Whether the Performance is to consist of detached Papers, like the Spectators? Or to be comprized in a large Treatise? Whether it is to come abroad in periodical Essays? Or to make its Appearance all at once? Whether their Design is to be kept as a Secret, or whether it may be communicated in Conversation to others?—I hope, the God of Heaven has stirred up the Minds of these eminent Persons, and will accompany with his Favour the Work they undertake. For, with regard to that almighty Being, the Words of *Balak* are as true, as in their original Application of them they were false: "I wot (rather, I am assured) that He whom Thou blessest, is blessed; and He whom Thou cursest, is cursed."

Whenever You please to give me a Sight of those manuscript Papers, your Ladyship will be so good as to send them to *Miles's-Lane*, my Brother will transmit them to *Weston*. As soon as I have revised them; added the proper marginal References; and perhaps corrected some In-accuracies; they shall be returned, and wholly resigned to your Ladyship's Disposal. I

shall only beseech the great Head of the Church, who sees into the remotest Futurity, and discerns the Consequences of every Undertaking, to direct your Ladyship in all your Determinations.

What a Privilege is it, my Lady, that We have Leave, nay, have a Command, to address Ourselves to an all-wise and all-powerful Friend, in every Doubt and in every Difficulty! “Be careful (be anxious and perplexed) for nothing: but in every Thing by Prayer and Supplication, with Thanksgiving, let your Requests be made known unto God.” This is the divine Direction. What follows, is the divine Promise. “Whatsoever Ye shall ask the Father in my Name, He will give it You. Ask, and Ye shall receive, that your Joy may be full.” O! that We may be enabled to obey this Direction, and believe this Promise!—Your Ladyship remembers, how the Congregation of *Israel* were left to a mistaken Course, by neglecting this sacred Method of Information. Nor can You forget, how *David*, in a very difficult and dangerous Conjuncture, was led in the right Way, by seeking this heavenly Guidance.—I heartily wish, that your Ladyship may have the Spirit of Grace and Supplication from the living God. May, Here, be guided by his Counsel; and, Here-after, be received into his Glory.

A richer Blessing I could not mention, though I should continue writing, till my Paper was filled, and your Ladyship’s Patience tired. This therefore is the proper Time and Place, for requesting the Honour of subscribing myself,

Your Ladyship’s most obliged,  
and most dutiful Servant.

## LETTER XXXIII.

*On his taking the Living of Collingtree.—His first Sermon there.—On burning her Letters.*

*Weston, July 3, 1752.*

MY LADY,

AS I was sitting down to the pleasing Employ of paying my Duty to your Ladyship, Company came in to talk with me, on an Affair which could neither be neglected, nor postponed. To this it is owing, that your Ladyship did not receive my grateful Acknowledgments by the last Post.—The Affair is this. Advised by my Friends, importuned by my Relations, and swayed by a Concern for the Circumstances of a Mother and Sister who live with me, I have been prevailed on to take a second Benefice. This obliges me to set out for *Cambridge* without Delay, in order to be created *Master of Arts*. From thence I proceed to *London*, to get a Dispensation from the *Arch-bishop*, and the Seals from the *Lord Chancellour*. On *Wednesday* Night I hope to be in *Town*; and if I can get my Business dispatched, by *Saturday* or *Monday* at the farthest, I may return soon enough to meet our *Diocefan* on his Visitation at *Northampton*; receive Institution there; and save myself the Fatigue and Expence of a Journey to *Peterborough*. This Scheme, if practicable, will demand so much of my Time, that, I fear, it will be impossible for me to wait upon your Ladyship at *Twickenham*. Which if I could do, it would help to alleviate the Difficulties, and reconcile me to the Toil of travelling.

I was honoured with your Ladyship's Letter, just as I returned from visiting my People at *Collingtree*: the

Parish which I served, when I lived with my Father, and of which I am going to be Rector. It would have pleased your Ladyship, to have observed, how glad the honest Folks were, to see their old Curate. And why were they glad? For no other Reason, that I can conceive, but because I used to converse with them in private, just as I spoke to them from the Pulpit; and endeavoured, at every Interview, to set forward their eternal Salvation. This, I find, is the grand Secret, to win the Affections of a Flock. And in this, as in every other Part of true Christianity, our Interest and our Duty are connected. When We are bidden to obey the blessed Jesus, We are bidden to take the most effectual Way, of being happy in Ourselves, and acceptable to Others. “O! how amiable are thy Courts, thou Lord of Hosts!” said the Psalmist. And may not We, with equal Truth, reply? *O! how amiable are thy Precepts, Thou Lord Redeemer!* May they be written on your Ladyship’s Memory, by frequent Recollection; and engraven on your Heart, by the Spirit of the living God!

Here I intended to have forborn, and to detain your Ladyship’s Attention no longer. But a fresh Favour demands my Thanks.—No, my Lady; I did not laugh at the Contents of your last, (as your Ladyship is pleased to speak) but was delighted with your Condescension and Compassion. Your Ladyship knows, who it is that has said, “Condescend to Men of low Estate:” and who it is, of whom it was said, “We have not an High-Priest that cannot be touched with a Feeling of our Infirmities.” And, grateful as I am for your Favours, zealous as I am for your Happiness, I cannot wish your Ladyship a greater Blessing, than to be found obedient to that Direction, and conformed to that Pattern.

I always



I always read your Ladyship's Letters again and again, before I obey the Orders You formerly gave. But having once perused the first Part of your last, I dare not venture to look upon it any more. Your Ladyship will guess the Reason, when I assure You, that as the Magazine of Gun-Powder is to a Spark, such, such is my depraved Soul to the least Whisper of Applause. It cannot bear Praise. Elatement ensues. O! that it may drive me to Christ. See there, vain conceited Wretch—see, how loathsome thy Guilt is, how ruined thy State was; since nothing less than the Blood of the Son of God could cleanse Thee, nothing but his Death could recover Thee. See thi, and blush, and be confounded, even whilst Thou art restored.—If your Ladyship pleases to transmit those Papers to my Brother's in a few Days, the Author will take Care of them, and convey them safely to the Rector of *Weston*. Who, in both Capacities, and with the utmost Sincerity, wishes your Ladyship all Joy and Peace in the Lord Jesus; and begs Leave to profess Himself,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and most dutiful Servant.

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## L E T T E R XXXIV.

*On a Publication.—Asks to dedicate it to her Ladyship.—  
On the Imputation of Christ's Righteousness.*

*Weston, July 11, 1752.*

NOW, my Lady, I have put your Kindness, your Generosity, and forgiving Graces to the Trial. You imagined, I was in Town; had received your Letter; and yet neither waited on You in Person, nor

made any Excuse by my Pen. Which if I had done, I must have owned myself in-excusable.—But, at *Cambridge*, I was informed by a Gentleman of the spiritual Court, that I had not provided myself with all the Pre-requisites for taking a second Living. Which obliged me to alter my Measures; and, instead of proceeding from the *University* to *London*, to return Home. I now propose to set out for the Metropolis on *Monday* or *Tuesday*.

I have just received the Manuscript Papers, and the Favour of your Ladyship's Letter.—Glad I am, very glad, that my Remarks have the continued Approbation of those excellent Judges; and shall, with the utmost Alacrity, venture them abroad in the World. Hoping, they may be a Means of subserving, in some low Degree, that grand Designation of almighty Majesty, mentioned by the Psalmist; “Thou hast magnified thy Word above all thy Name.”

I think, your Ladyship's Objection was very just and weighty. I fancy, it would be most adviseable to send the little Piece abroad under my own Name, as the Acceptance (without Vanity I would speak it) which my other Essays have found from the Public, may promote the Spread of this. And—I will conceal nothing from your Ladyship—I apprehend, my Bookseller would give me something for the Copy. Which, at this Juncture, would scarcely be consistent with Prudence to neglect. The Expence of taking two Livings is very great. It will cost me, I am told, six-score Pounds. And though, I believe, I have Money enough in Bank, produced by selling the Property of my Meditations; yet, such a Succour would be welcome and serviceable:

Will your Ladyship lend your Name, either at full Length, or in initial Letters, to dignify and recommend the Performance? I humbly submit this Proposal to  
your

your Ladyship's Determination: and shall be obliged, if You allow it;—shall acquiesce, if You reject it.

I am just returned from a Visit at *Northampton*. Where I spent an agreeable (O! that it may prove an edifying) Afternoon, in Company with a Physician, a Clergyman, and a Poet. Part of our Discourse turned upon that noble, that very important, and equally comfortable Prophecy, which your Ladyship probably has treasured up in your Memory, or else may read in *Dan. ix. 24*. Among other Particulars We enquired, Why the Righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ is called an *everlasting Righteousness*?—Because of its *Imputation*; which commenced from the Beginning, and will be continued to the End of the World. By this All the Saints, in every Age, and under every Dispensation of Religion, were justified. To this *Adam*, the first Penitent, owed his Reconciliation; and to this the very last Believer of *Adam's* Race, will be indebted for his Acceptance with God.—Because of its *Efficacy*; which lasts in every Circumstance of Need, in every Hour of Trial: lasts through our whole Life, and will last even beyond our Death. Those happy Beings, who are delivered from Flesh, and entered into Rest, enjoy the Benefits of this Righteousness. When the Resurrection takes Place, and their blessed Souls are re-united to their glorified Bodies, they will enjoy the Benefits of this Righteousness far more copiously. And will still be reaping the Fruits of this Righteousness, through all the numberless and unmeasurable Ages of Eternity.

May that infinitely condescending and gracious Redeemer, who was pleased to work it out, in his own sacred Person;—who has revealed and offered it in his glorious Gospel;—vouchsafe to bring it in, apply it to your Ladyship's Soul by a lively Faith, and seal it to your Conscience by the Witness of his Spirit.

I began this Letter, with an Intention of being very short, and was thinking to make an Excuse for my Brevity. But I find there is more Occasion to apologize for my Prolixity. A Fault, which I know not how to forbear, when I have the Pleasure of writing to your Ladyship. As the best Apology for this Fault is to add no more; I shall only desire, that your Ladyship will give me Leave to inform You, when I am arrived in Town; and if I could, by any Means, be favoured with a few Minutes of your Ladyship's Conversation, it would be a singular Satisfaction to

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and most dutiful Servant.

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## LETTER XXXV.

*On the Disappointments of the World.*

*Weston, July 19, 1752.*

MY LADY,

**T**HE World is all Disappointment. Either our most favourite Schemes are defeated: or, if they succeed, frustrate our Expectations. Of the former I had lately a Proof; the latter has been the Experience of my whole Life.—Amidst such Uncertainty and Emptiness in created Things, what a Happiness it is, to have a divine and all-sufficient Redeemer! He is a sure Foundation for Repose. He is an in-exhaustible Spring of Consolation. In Him there is Merit, and Goodness, and Power enough, to make our Cup run over with an exceeding Abundance of Peace and Joy to all Eternity. Does not your Ladyship therefore often say,

say, with Delight and Gratitude, “Blessed be God for Jesus Christ?”

I had taken my Place in the *London Stage*; but a Circumstance intervened, which prevented my Journey.—The Parcel which You sent to my Brother’s, is come safe; and shall soon be returned to your Ladyship; either from the Press, or in Manuscript, which-ever You please to order. If your Ladyship determines for the former, I hope, You will be so good, as to favour me with an Answer to my last: that I may know your Resolution, with Regard to the Honour I requested; and your Sentiments, with regard to the Manner of Publication.

I now make Amends for my usual Prolixity; and detain your Ladyship no longer, than to wish You a full Enjoyment of “the unfearchable Riches of Christ,” and to profess myself

Your Ladyship’s most obliged  
and dutiful Servant,

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## L E T T E R XXXVI.

*On the Dedication to her.*

*Tottenham, July 24, 1752.*

MY LADY,

I HAVE been revolving in my Mind the Subject of your Ladyship’s Discourse. I think, at the Close of the Conversation, You permitted me to act as I judged most expedient.—Am I mistaken, or did You allow me this Liberty?—If my Memory makes a true Report, I must not dissemble in my Opinion, no, not to gratify your Ladyship’s Inclination. Though I know what  
You

You would prefer; yet, I cannot think it preferable, with regard to my little Effay.—I am persuaded, your Ladyship's Name would dignify the Piece, and give it an Air of Importance. Your Name would certainly recommend it to Multitudes; and considerably promote both its Acceptance and its Sale. Many would purchase it purely on that Account; as I myself did, when the Pamphlet entitled *Worldly Compliances* was advertised in the public Papers.

I cannot but wish, your Ladyship would, in this public Manner, countenance such Attempts for promoting the Glory of God. It seems to be one Kind of confessing our divine Master before Men: and who would not take every Opportunity of acknowledging Him in a degenerate Age, that denies even the Lord who bought them? Especially, since for our Sake He despised the Shame, and endured the Torment of the Cross: since He is now set down at the right Hand of God, and those who honour Him in Time, He will honour before the Angels of Heaven, and through the Ages of Eternity.

Some, I fancy, are apt to suspect, that None but tasteless Pedants, the dull Prisoners of a Study, have any Regard for such religious Stuff. Who, perhaps, might have a better Opinion of sacred Things, if they found them relished and patronized by Persons, qualified to grace a Court by their Presence: who are at once the most undoubted Judges, and the most admired Patterns, of all that is elegant and refined.

I need not remind your Ladyship, what an Honour it would reflect upon my Character, and how much it would raise my Esteem in the World, if I was known to be in the Number of your Ladyship's Correspondents. But, were not the other Considerations far more weighty, this Distinction, however coveted, should be readily resigned by

Your Ladyship's most dutiful Servant.

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## L E T T E R   XXXVII.

*On his being overthrown in a Carriage.—Divine Mercies.*

*Wefton, Aug. 2, 1752.*

MY LADY,

**T**O what it was owing I cannot fay, but I received not your Ladyship's Favour till *Tuesday* Night; and very early on *Wednesday* Morning, I fet out for *Northampton*, in a new Machine called *The Berlin*. Which holds four Paffengers, is drawn by a Pair of Horfes; and driven in the Manner of a Post-Chaife. On this Side *Newport*, We came up with a Stage-Coach, and made an Attempt to pafs it. This the Coach-Man perceiving, mended his Pace: which provoked the Driver of the *Berlin* to do the fame. Till they both lashed their Horfes into a full Career; and were more like running a Race, than conveying Paffengers. We very narrowly efcaped falling foul on each other's Wheels. I called out to the Fellows, but to no Purpofe. 'Tis poffible, amidft the Rattle and Hurry, they did not hear: 'tis certain, they did not regard. Within the Space of a Minute or two, what I apprehended happened. My Vehicle was overturned, and thrown with great Violence on the Ground. The Coachman toffed off his Box, and lay bleeding in the Road.—There was one Perfon in the Coach, and none but myfelf in the *Berlin*: yet neither of Us (fo fingular was the Goodnefs, fo tender the Care of divine Providence!) fufained any confiderable Hurt. I received only a flight Bruife, and had the Skin rafed from my Leg, where I might too reasonably have feared the Misfortune of broken Bones, diflocated Limbs, or a fractured Scull.

And

And have I not, my Lady, have I not abundant Reason to adopt the Psalmist's *Acknowledgment*? "Thou hast delivered my Soul from Death, mine Eyes from Tears, and Feet from falling."—Have I not abundant Reason, to make this grateful *Inquiry*? "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his Benefits towards me?"—And ought I not to add his holy *Resolution*? "I will walk before the Lord in the Land of the Living." So long as this Life exists, which has been so wonderfully and mercifully preserved, it shall be devoted to the Honour of my great Deliverer. I hope to spend it all, under a reverential Sense of his divine Presence, and in a dutiful Regard to his heavenly Will.—May I be enabled thus to think, and thus to act! And may the same good Hand, which has rescued me out of Danger, keep your Ladyship from it: keep You from every Evil, and guide You safely to the Kingdom of Glory!

With regard to the Subject of your Ladyship's Letter, I acquiesce. I beg Pardon for my Importunity, and shall mention the Affair no more. And though I can hardly, in this Particular, submit my Judgment to your Opinion, I entirely resign my Desires to your Ladyship's Inclination.—If the little Piece is published, it shall be content to want the Ornament of your Ladyship's Name. But I hope, it will not be without the Aid of your Ladyship's Prayers: that the Honour of God's venerable and inestimable Word may, in some Degree, be advanced, by those Thoughts, which were wholly owing to your Command. I am sure, when I consider the Poverty of my own Genius, and observe the rich and bright Productions of other Minds, I can see nothing, whereon to ground any Hope of Success, but only the Blessing of an omnipotent and gracious God. Who, for the Glory of his own supreme Power and free Grace, is pleased out of the Mouth of very Babes and Sucklings to perfect Praise.

I beg



I beg Leave to conclude with my very best Thanks,  
for that condescending Kindness which You lately shewed,  
and for that un-solicited Generosity which You lately  
offered to, My Lady,

Your Ladyship's much obliged,  
and, I hope, ever grateful Servant.

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## LETTER XXXVIII.

*On his first Sermon; the unsearchable Riches of Christ.—  
On her declining the Dedication.*

*Weston, Aug. 18, 1752.*

MY LADY,

I Humbly thank You, for your very obliging Inquiry  
after my Health. Blessed be the Preserver of Man,  
I suffer no bad Effects from the late Danger I was in.  
What was torn by my Fall, is healed; and what was  
bruised, I feel no more.

Since that Deliverance, I have been at *Peterborough*;  
the City where our Bishop resides; in order to receive  
Institution to my other Living. On *Sunday* I gave my  
new Charge my first Sermon; O! that God may give  
both it, and them, his heavenly Benediction!—The  
Text was taken from that noble Declaration of the  
Apostle, in which He adores his God, and congratulates  
Himself, upon the unspeakable Privilege of being a  
Minister of the Gospel. "To me, who am less than  
the least of all Saints, is this Grace given, that I should  
preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable Riches of  
Christ." *Eph. iii. 8.*

See, my Lady, the eminent Humility of this illustrious Preacher. God had ennobled Him with Gifts, and enriched Him with Graces, above his Fellows. Yet He reckons Himself, not merely a Saint of the meaner Rank; no, nor the least in the holy Class; but “less than the least” among them all. It was with Him, as it is with some flourishing and stately Tree. The higher it lifts its Head in the Air, the deeper it strikes its Root in the Soil.

The “unsearchable Riches of Christ,” I hope your Ladyship will every Day be more acquainted with, and have a larger Participation of. May You have them, and (as our gracious Master speaks on another Occasion) have them “more abundantly!”—Here let Us be covetous. Covetousness of these Treasures, is no sordid or ignoble Passion, but a generous and heavenly Disposition. Let Us “open our Mouths,” open our Desires wide, and the infinitely benevolent Jesus, in whom are hid all Riches of Merit and Righteousness, of Grace and Glory, will fill them. “Fill them (they are the Words of his own Spirit) with all the Fulness of God.”

My late Journey and much Business have engrossed too much of my Time; and diverted me from preparing my little Piece for the Press. But it shall, if the Lord please, soon come abroad. It has been upon the Anvil a second Time; is somewhat altered, and somewhat enlarged. O that it may, whenever it appears, be a *polished Shaft* in the great Immanuel’s *Quiver*! I humbly beg of the worthy Doctor, whom I long have honoured, and long have loved, that He will recommend both the Performance and the Author to the Blessing of the most High God. And if God blesses, who shall blast? “If God be for Us, who shall be against Us?” He has said, who is able to accomplish his Word—He has said to his Servants, and Those that engage in his sacred Cause,  
 “ Every

“ Every Tongue that shall rise against Thee in Judgment, Thou shalt condemn.”

As your Ladyship does not think proper to allow me the Honour of your Name, should You dislike some such *Preface* as the following?—The Reader will see, from the Date of the ensuing Letter, that it was written a considerable Time ago. From this Circumstance, He will probably imagine, that it was not intended for Publication. And in this Conjecture He is perfectly right. The Publication is owing to the honourable Personage, whose Name, though it would grace and recommend his Performance, the Author is not allowed to mention. Her Ladyship’s Command, which would admit of no Excuse, drew the Remarks from his Pen; and her Desire, which with Him will always have the Force of a Command, has brought them to the Press. —It will give Him the greatest Pleasure, if, while He is paying the Debt of Obedience and Gratitude to a noble Friend, He may support the Dignity of the divine Word; may raise its Esteem, and promote its Study, among Men. Because then, He is assured, He shall also promote the best Interests of his Fellow-Creatures, and subserve that grand Designation of the almighty Majesty, expressed by the Psalmist, “ Thou hast magnified thy Word above all thy Name.” *Psal.* cxxxviii. 2. Be so good as to favour me with your Opinion of the foregoing.

I forgot to address your Ladyship in the polite Style. My Letters, I am told, especially that which is to be made public, must be introduced by the Title *Madam*. That it is awkward and ungentle to use the Phrase, *my Lady*. Why would not You, Madam, who know these Points so well, tell me of my Fault? Tell me of my Rusticity? And let me receive some Polishing, as I receive much Pleasure, by corresponding with your Ladyship? Yet, however uncouth my Manner may

have been, I beg Leave to assure You, my Heart is sincerely grateful: filled with the most ardent Wishes for your everlasting Happiness, and with the warmest Desires to approve myself in every Instance,

Your Ladyship's most obedient  
and dutiful Servant.

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## LETTER XXXIX.

*On applying for Franks.—On publishing his Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke.*

*Weston, Aug. 29, 1752.*

MADAM,

**Y**OUR last Favour has been in my Possession almost a Week. I should have made my Acknowledgements sooner, but I apprehended, from a Hint in your Letter, that your Ladyship would be from Home. This, I hope, will find You safely returned, and thankful to that all-condescending, that ever-gracious Preserver of Men, “who blesses our Going out and our Coming in.” O! may We also be enabled, from our inmost Soul, to “bless his holy Name, from this Time forth for evermore!”

I am much obliged to your Ladyship for your benevolent Prayers, in behalf of the weakest of Christ's Ministers. May they go up with Acceptance through the Blood of the Lamb, and return with an abundant Increase into your own Bosom!

I have received no Franks from Lord N——n; and there is no Member of Parliament in this Neighbourhood, that I either am acquainted with, or can make Application to. For which Reason, if your Ladyship could

could furnish me with a few, they would be peculiarly welcome. Especially as I have already begun to transmit the Copy of my intended Pamphlet to *London*. Two Sheets, closely written, are already gone; and I have, at least, four others to go. Upon reviewing my Remarks, and comparing them with his Lordship's Letters, I thought it necessary to animadvert upon some other Particulars. Which have considerably augmented the Size, O! may they also encrease the Usefulness of the Piece!

To leave out the Word *Ladyship* in the little Preface, I think, will not answer the End, You are pleased to propose. Because, the Title occurs more than once or twice in the Course of the Letter. I hope, therefore, your Ladyship will not be displeas'd, if I take Leave to retain it.—I think, to entitle it in the following Manner—"Remarks on *Lord Bolingbroke's* Letters on the Study and Use of History; so far as they relate to the History of the Old Testament; and especially to the Case of *Noah*, denouncing a Curse upon *Canaan*. In a Letter to a Lady of Quality."—I must now endeavour to imitate the Psalmist, and make my humble Petition to Almighty God in his very apposite Words; "Prosper the Work of our Hands upon Us, O! prosper Thou our Handy-Work!" He can make it, weak and mean as it is, a polished Arrow in his Quiver. To his omnipotent Blessing I desire to commit the little Adventurer; and would depend wholly upon his Providence to give it Favour and Acceptance; to bring it into such Hands, and grant it Access to such Hearts, as He knows to be most expedient. And let me congratulate your Ladyship and myself, that We have so infinitely good, so unerringly wise a God to fly to, rely on, and rejoice in. May We walk with Him; wait on Him continually; and know by sweet, Soul-reviving, Soul-exalting Experience what that meaneth, "Our  
 VOL. III. U Fellowship

Fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ!"—That You may be a daily Proficient in this Knowledge, and an unspeakable everlasting Gainer by this Communion, is and shall be the sincere Prayer of,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and most obedient Servant.

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## LETTER XL.

*On some Franks being refused him.—On the divine Love of Christ.*

*Weston, Sept. 3, 1752.*

MADAM,

I Received the Honour of your Letter, and the Favour of your Franks, by the last Post; and very sincerely thank your Ladyship for the Supply. I cannot omit the very first Opportunity of making this Acknowledgement. Especially, because I perceive, You have condescended to make a Request in my Behalf; and have thereby (which to a generous and noble Spirit must be somewhat grating) put it into the Power of Another to affront You by a Refusal: and a Refusal so much the more ungentle and dis-obliging, as the Thing asked was so slight and inconsiderable.

I can hardly forbear blushing, vulgar and unpolite as I am, at such a poultry Trick. And I am unfeignedly sorry, that your Ladyship should meet with such unhandsome Treatment on my Account. But, my honoured Madam, mind it not. Smile rather at the poor, contracted, ungenerous Temper of worldly Men.—See

also, by this Contrast, the real Dignity of religious Persons, and the true Elevation of their Sentiments. Let me speak to dear *George Whitefield*; and, be it for myself, or be it for any Acquaintance, instead of demurring, instead of forming Excuses, He will embrace the Proposal with an apparent Complacency. He will leave no Stone un-turned; He will spare no Pains; to gratify my Inclination, and accomplish my Desire. And why? Because He esteems and loves his Friend, not with a superficial Civility, but from a Principle of Grace, and in the Bowels of Christ.

My Lord does not know me, 'tis true. But He, or his Brother had Reason to know my Father. I have heard Him relate, with what Zeal He served the *Major*; when the Earl of —— pushed Him hard for his Election at ——. That he was one of his honorary Freemen; and against such a tumultuous and enraged Party, as made Him run a Risque of his Limbs and of his Life, and not without the Expence of some Guineas. For which He never had the least Gratuity; not so much as a Piece of Venison. Though He was always remarkably staunch and sanguine for their parliamentary Interests.—And is this the Conduct of the Grandees of the Earth? This their Kindness to their Friends? Let me then for ever say with the Prophet, “Cease Ye from Man, whose Breath is in his Nostrils”—who minds his own, and not Another’s Welfare—“for wherein is He to be accounted of?”

Come, Madam, let Us take a generous Revenge. Let Us beseech the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, to bless *Him* with the Knowledge of Christ, and with all the Riches of his Gospel; who had not Benevolence enough, to grant so small a Boon to me; and had so little Honour, as to deny your Ladyship, when You vouchsafed to ask so trivial a Favour.—I hope, You will be enabled *thus* to triumph over the little ruffling

Accidents, that occur in Life. I hope, this Exercise of Christian Magnanimity, will be easy and delightful to You. And may I have Grace to imitate your Ladyship, as You imitate our divine, ever gentle, all-forgiving Master! Then perhaps the meanest of your Correspondents may, in this Respect, be greater than a Lord.

Did I mention our *divine Master*? How should the Remembrance of His Name, enkindle our Hearts, when they are cold; and calm them, when they are discomposed!—Speak We of *Greatness*? How great is He! He made the World, by his bare *Fiat*. He has, ever since, upheld it by his mighty Word. He will, ere long, give Command, and the Flames shall destroy it. He will repeat His Command, and new Heavens, and a new Earth shall arise.—Speak We of *Goodness*? How good is He! When We were ruined and undone, “He remembered Us in our low Estate.” When We were Enemies to Him, and had affronted Him by our evil Works; “He loved Us with” an infinite and “everlasting Love.” When We had merited no Favour, nothing but Vengeance at his Hands; He gave—O! what did He give? Not a few Scraps of Paper; not a Coronet, and its attendant Honours; no, nor a whole World, nor a whole Heaven; but what was inexpressibly more valuable, He gave his sublime, his glorious, his adorable Self for Us!—O! let us think of this. May God reveal this amazing Beneficence, this wonderously rich Gift in our Souls; then all earthly Things, whether they be smiling or frowning, whether they cross or coincide with our Wishes, will be “less than Nothing and Vanity.”

My Piece is now all gone to the Press. I should have been very glad, if Your Ladyship and Dr. *Hales* had seen the Additions. My Mind smites me. I fear, I have acted too precipitately. Such a Performance  
ought



ought to be mature and well-judged. It must expect to meet with a vigorous Examination, and from Readers that are none of the least sagacious, and none of the most candid. May the God of all Power and all Grace, pity my Weakness; and prosper this poor Shepherd-Boy, with his Stone and his Sling!—I will no longer trespass upon Your Patience, but only beg Leave to profess myself, with the greatest Respect, and warmest Gratitude,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and most obedient Servant.

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## L E T T E R   X L I .

*Apologies for his Warmth.—Christian Command of Temper.*

*Weston, Sept. 21, Thursday.*

MADAM,

**I** FULLY intended, on this very Morning, to have made my Acknowledgements for the Honour of your Letter, and for the Franks it contained. But Business of an urgent Nature intervened, and rendered it impossible for me to execute my Design, soon enough for the Post. I am sincerely concerned, on Account of this Disappointment; because, it must make me appear more ungrateful than I really am; and it may create in your Ladyship some Apprehensions, that your last Letter was mis-carried. Which, considering the Contents, to a Person of Honour and Delicacy, must be very disagreeable.

I once more beg of You, Madam, to pardon every Expression in my last, which, warm, unguarded, or disrespectful to Superiors, escaped from my Pen. The

Truth is, I willingly indulged the Motions of a little kindling Repentment, with a View of mitigating your Ladyship's. Imagining, that if I gave some Vent to mine, it might tend to extinguish or diminish your's. Somewhat like the Operation, which, I think, our Physicians call a *Revulsion*. When, at any Wound, the Loss of Blood has been large, and it still continues to flow, they open a Vein in some remote Part, and by diverting the Course, stop the Effusion.

I am very glad to find, that there was no Occasion for such a well-meant, though ill-judged Artifice.—May your Ladyship have an entire Command over those turbulent Affections, which too often shew the Tyrant within! and which, where-ever they domineer, make the Soul “like a troubled Sea, that cannot rest.”—May You, every Day, grow more “meek and lowly in Heart!” This is the Way to calm or prevent the Storm in the Breast, and obtain a settled Serenity of Mind.—This is the Blessing, promised under the Gospel Dispensation, and described by those figurative Expressions: “The Lion shall lie down with the Lamb: They shall beat their Swords into Plough-Shares, and their Spears into Pruning-Hooks: The rough Places shall be made smooth, and the crooked Places strait.”—This is one distinguished and precious Fruit of the Spirit; and this was most eminently and amiably exemplified, in the Conduct of our divine Master. When treated with the most contumelious, with insufferable indignity; He only remonstrated, with the utmost Gentleness, “If I have spoke Evil, bear Witness of the Evil: if well, why smitest Thou me?” When He hung, in racking Agonies, and amidst cruel Mockings, on the Cross; instead of expressing the least Indignation, He prayed, He pleaded, He procured Mercy, even for his Revilers and Murderers. “Father, forgive them,” was his Prayer. “For, they know not what they

they do," was his Plea. And the Salvation of his blood-thirsty Enemies, was the Consequence of both.

If You should enquire after the little Piece, I can hardly give any Account of it. Printing seems to be slow Work. I don't find, that so much as a single Sheet is worked off; though they have had the Manuscript almost three Weeks. The very first that is finished, and fit for Perusal, will take Leave to wait upon your Ladyship. And may the Blessing of Him, who once was hanged on a Tree, but now sits on the Throne, for ever attend your Ladyship, and what owes its Being to your Commands, on

Your most obliged and obedient Servant.

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## L E T T E R XLII.

*On publishing his Remarks.*

*Weston, Oct. 29, 1752.*

MADAM,

**I**T is a long Time, since I had the Pleasure of writing to You; and it is longer still, since I had the Honour of hearing from You. Will your Ladyship permit me to assure You, that, though I have not troubled You with my Letters, I daily remember your Favours with unfeigned Gratitude, and your Welfare with affectionate Prayers.

I had Hopes of presenting You, long before this Time, with those Remarks in Print, which You so candidly received in Manuscript. But the Printer, notwithstanding my particular Request, that the Piece might be worked off with Expedition, thinks proper to delay: and takes some Months for a little Business, which, I should think, might be dispatched in a Fort-

night.—What can I do? When a Person travels in a Stage-Coach, He must go the Pace, not which He chuses, but which the Driver pleases.—I trust, however, there is a secret Providence over-ruling such Affairs: and that He who sits at the Helm of his Church, “orders all,” even the minutest Circumstances, “in Number, Weight, and Measure.” The particular Con-juncture and proper Season of Things, it is plain, He very exactly observes. For He said, on a memorable Occasion, “My Time is not yet come.” O! that We may cheerfully commit Ourselves and all our Affairs to his unerring Guidance!

While I write this, a Packet arrives from my Book-feller, which informs me, that the Pamphlet will soon be finished. He sends for the Title-Page. Which is the last Part that is printed. Now it is going to launch into the World, may the God of Heaven and Earth give it a propitious Gale and a prosperous Voyage! That it may bring some Honour to the blessed Jesus, and support the Dignity of his holy Word. Then it will bring a greater Pleasure to the Author, than a Fleet of Merchant-men brings to the Owners, when it returns laden with the choicest Spices of the East.

I have a Request to make your Ladyship. But am so straitened for Time, that I must defer it till another Post. Would your Ladyship advise me, to ask Dr. *Hales*, whether it might be proper, by his Means, to beg of her Royal Highness to accept the Pamphlet? And, whether it would be impertinent to offer it to the *Bishop of Norwich*, or disrespectful to omit it? Shall I promise myself Your Opinion on these Points, and take the Liberty to declare by the ensuing as well as by the present Post, how respectfully and unfeignedly I am

Your Ladyship's most obliged,

and obedient Servant.

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## L E T T E R XLIII.

*An Application to her Bounty to relieve the Distressed.*

*Weston, Oct. 31, 1752.*

MADAM,

**T**HE Request I am going to make, wants the *less* Apology, because it was mentioned in my last. Or rather permit me to say, it wants *no* Apology, because I am persuaded, your Desire is to *be* good, and your Delight is to *do* Good.

I well remember, and should abhor myself if I was capable of forgetting the generous Offer You made me, when I was honoured with your Ladyship's Company in *London*. I had then enough for myself, and sufficient to spare for the Relief of others. But now reiterated Expences, and larger than I expected, and not yet ended, have almost totally exhausted my Purse. And I am not likely to receive any Rents, which may set me again upon rising Ground, for a considerable Time.—This unavoidably straitens my Hands, and makes me incapable of distributing to the Necessities of the Indigent, so liberally as I could wish. Will You, Madam, give me Leave, at this Juncture especially, to act as your Almoner? I believe, I could put about ten Pounds to very good Interest for your Ladyship. A little Linen, for those who are half naked; and an edifying Book, for those who are deplorably ignorant; might, I trust, be acceptable to God our Saviour, and serviceable to those, whom He has bought with his Blood.—If this Petition should come at a Season, when it may be in any Degree inconvenient, or unsuitable to your Ladyship's Inclination; then, I make it my farther Request, that You will please to answer it, not by making any Excuse for your Refusal, but by taking no  
Notice

Notice at all of it. Which will be perfectly satisfactory to me.—I can, I assure You, act an *implicit* Faith on your Ladyship; and believe, You have excellent Reasons for Your Conduct, though they should be hid from my Knowledge. But such is my Weakness, (O! that I may blush and be confounded under a Sense of it!) I can hardly do the same, with regard to the unerring and ever-gracious God. Can hardly acquiesce, and be cheerfully, be thankfully resigned, when He is pleased to relax the Springs of Life, and “bring down my Strength in my Journey.” “Lord, encrease our Faith,” is a Supplication, which we should often address to the Throne of Grace.

You will very soon receive the Pamphlet, which may be properly called *your own*: *Your own*, where it is pertinent or valuable; *mine*, where it is weak or injudicious. I shall take the Liberty, unless you countermand me in the Interim, to have it directed for your Ladyship, and left at Lady ———.

May the Prince of Peace give you Peace always and by all Means. Which cannot be granted to your Ladyship, without imparting a singular Satisfaction to,

Madam,

Your most obliged

and most obedient Servant,

## LETTER XLIV.

*On acknowledging her Bounty to the Poor.*

*Weston, Nov. 4, 1752.*

MADAM,

**Y**OUR Answer to my Letter, and what it contained, puts me in Mind of one very remarkable Circumstance in *Jaël's* Conduct: of whom it is said, in the sacred Ode, "He asked Water, and She gave Him Milk." I asked a Boon, and your Gift has exceeded, has doubled my Request. "May the Lord Jesus Christ do so to You, and more also!"

I humbly thank your Ladyship in Behalf of the Poor; and I beseech my divine Master, to make me a faithful Steward, both to Him and to You. I will keep an exact Account of the Distribution of your Alms, and be ready to submit it to your Inspection, whenever You please.—I clearly perceive, from your generous Grant, that You give me Leave to employ any Part of it for my own Accommodation. And I am altogether as much obliged to your Ladyship, as if I should make Use of it for my own Accommodation. But, blessed be the divine Providence, I am in no *personal* Want; only I have, at present, no Overplus for beneficent Purposes. And as Life, mine especially, is so very precarious, I am unwilling to run in Debt, even for the Sake of Charity.—No other Debt I mean, but that of Gratitude. And it will not be a Burthen upon my Spirits, but the Delight of my Heart, always to owe this to your Ladyship.

I will give Directions to my Bookfeller to send three of the Pamphlets to Dr. *Hales*; and one to your Ladyship, to be left at Lady ——. And I shall not neglect to pray, that You may enjoy the precious Promise recorded

con<sup>1</sup>ced by that charming and most consolatory Writer, the Prophet *Isaiab*. “Then shall thy Light break forth as the Morning, and thine Health shall spring forth speedily: and thy Righteousness shall go before thee; the Glory of the Lord shall be thy Rere-ward. Thou shalt call, and the Lord shall answer: thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am.” *Isaiab* lviii. 8, 9. May all that is included in these Words, all that was merited by the Redeemer’s Death, be the Portion of your Ladyship. And this will amount to a Happiness, greater than can be conceived; but is that very Happiness which is most earnestly wished for your Ladyship, by

Your greatly obliged,  
and truly grateful humble Servant.

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## L E T T E R XLV.

*The Scriptures Consolation in Affliction.—The Benefit of Temptation.*

*Weston, Nov. 7, 1752.*

MADAM,

**G**LAD should I be, very glad, if I could as effectually administer Consolation to your Mind, under every Distress; as I can assuredly promise the most inviolable Fidelity, in every Affair, which You are pleased to communicate, under the Seal of Secrecy.—However, I can apply to Him, who spoke the tempestuous Ocean into a Calm; and is able to speak the troubled Soul into Tranquillity.—“I create the Fruit of the Lips, saith the Lord; which shall be, Peace, Peace.” *Isai*. lvii. 19. The Repetition of the Word, I believe, denotes



denotes the Certainty, the Abundance, and the Permanency of the Peace; which is created by God, and is the Fruit of his Word; spoken by the Mouth, and committed to the Writings, of his Prophets and Apostles.—In all our Disquietudes therefore, my honoured Madam, let Us seek, by assiduous Application, to the Scriptures of Truth; and by humble Prayer, to the God of all Grace. The former was *David's* Resolution; “In the Lord's Word will I rejoice; in the Lord's Word will I comfort me.” The latter was *Hannah's* Practice; when “her Adversary provoked her sore, to make her fret; She poured out her Complaint unto the Lord, and shewed Him of her Trouble. And the Burthen was removed from her Spirits; her Countenance was no more sad.” (1 *Sam.* i.)

Methinks, I could almost wish, that, whatever Buffetings of Satan I myself may feel, your Ladyship might be exposed to none of his fiery Darts. But it *can* not, it *must* not be. Even You, Madam, must be exercised with Trials. Without them, Diligence would fold her Arms; Circumspection would close her Eyes; and all our Christian Graces would lose their Activity and Vigour. To be immured always in a warm Room, where no single Breath of Air could reach Us, could not be conducive to the Health of our Bodies. To be free from Trials, and exempt from Temptations, would be as little beneficial to the State of the Soul.—Nevertheless, be of good Comfort, my Lady. You know, Who has said; “My Grace is sufficient for Thee.” And it was the Saying of a good Man, a Veteran in the spiritual Warfare; “Those Temptations, which drive Us to Prayer, and make Us more attentive to the Scriptures, can not ruin Us; will never hurt Us; nay, will turn, in the Issue, to our great Advantage.”

At such Seasons, and such Disciplines, We are taught to know Ourselves. Where—at such an Hour of In-

firmity and prevailing Corruption—where is our fancied Righteousness? What Figure does our own Obedience make? Alas! it appears worthless, and most despicably mean. Then how comfortable to reflect, that though miserably defective in Ourselves, We “are complete in our divine Redeemer.”—When We see our own Righteousnesses, to be poor intermitted Scraps of Duty; to be, as the Prophet speaks, no better than “filthy Rags;” then how precious is Jesus Christ, under the Character of “The Lord our Righteousness!” Then how reviving is such a Text of Scripture; “God hath made Him, who knew no Sin, to be Sin for Us; that We might be made the Righteousness of God in Him!” 2 *Cor.* v. 21.

You do right, Madam, to overcome Evil with Good. This is a noble Conquest. May the Arm of the Almighty enable You to gain many such Victories!—You act also from the right Principle. No Consideration can so powerfully incline Us to forgive, as the bright Hope, and cheering Prospect of our own Forgiveness. Since God has remitted to Us a Debt of ten thousand, thousand Talents; shall We not readily remit a few Pence to our offending Brethren? It is *St. Paul's* Argument, and a most engaging Argument it is; “Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's Sake hath forgiven You.” May the Spirit of eternal Goodness confirm your Ladyship in this Faith! Give You a happy Persuasion, that all your Sins are blotted out by the Blood of the Lamb; that, though there are and will be Failings in You, yet there is no Condemnation for You! This will promote and facilitate the Exercise of every Virtue; just as a generous Cordial exhilarates the Spirits, invigorates the Limbs, and sheds its benign Influence through the whole Frame.

You

You need not to ask my Prayers for your Ladyship. I must extinguish the warmest Emotions of my Soul, before I can cease to wish, and make Supplication for, your present Comfort, and endless Happiness. And, blessed be God, there is a great High-Priest in Heaven, who ever lives to make Intercession for You; and not only makes Intercession, but pleads all his meritorious Obedience and Death in your Behalf. To His Care, who careth for You with the tenderest and everlasting Compassion, I commit your Ladyship; and beg Leave to subscribe myself

Your most obliged,

and truly grateful humble Servant.

P. S. I cannot forbear repeating my Thanks; since You have been pleased to make a repeated Tender of your Liberality. I assure your Ladyship, that your late Donation is abundantly sufficient for my charitable Demands; that I am in no Want on my own Account; but very much delighted with your truly noble and endearing Manner of offering your Favours.

I am afraid your judicious Advice comes too late. I am apprehensive, the Pamphlet will be advertised, before my Letter can possibly reach my Bookseller. And if the Day for Publication is fixed, in several of the Papers, it cannot be altered, without infringing upon the established Laws of Trade. However, I will write; and if it be a practicable Thing, will regulate and grace my Conduct by your Ladyship's Counsel.

## LETTER XLVI.

*On presenting his Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke—On Dr. Hales.*

*Weston, Nov. 12, 1752.*

MADAM,

I AM ashamed to plead Haste, as an Excuse for Negligence or Brevity, when I have the Honour of writing to your Ladyship. But at present the Case is unavoidable; therefore, I hope, the Apology will be admitted. The truth is—Sunday is come, and I have not so much as thought upon a Text. May the unerring Spirit of Christ direct my Choice, and enable me rightly to divide the Word of Truth!

I hope, before this Time, the Remarks on Lord B——e, have waited on your Ladyship, and been received with your usual Candour.—There is one egregious Blunder committed by the Printer. Which, I fear, will make the Passage quite unintelligible. Can You tell, how to understand the latter Part of Line 20, Page 67?—Wh— is plain. But what else should be read with these Letters? Many Readers, I am apprehensive, will be at a Loss to supply the Connection. In those Copies, which were transmitted to me, I have altered it thus—Whose me—then the Sense is clear. Thus it was in the original Manuscript; and I wish, your Ladyship would take the Trouble, of writing it thus in your Copy. And if You please to suggest the same Hint to Dr. *Hales*, You would do me another Favour. Whose Ministration to Her Royal Highness, and Interviews with your Ladyship, I hope, the God of Heaven will make effectual to the Furtherance of your Faith, and Encrease of your Joy in the blessed  
Jesus.

Jesus. To whose tender Care, and everlasting Love,  
I commit your Ladyship; and beg Leave to profess  
myself,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient Servant.

P. S. I had written a short Letter to the Doctor,  
before I was favoured with your Ladyship's Hint. And  
am glad, my Conduct was so happy as to correspond  
with your Ladyship's Advice.

## LETTER XLVII.

*An Explanation to be made to Dr. Hales.*

*Wexon, Nov. 16, 1752.*

MADAM,

**P**ERMIT me to trouble You with another short  
Scribble; in order to beg Pardon for a Mistake,  
which, I find, has been committed. Four Setts of the  
Remarks, I perceive, have been sent to your Ladyship;  
at the same Time, not one was transmitted to *Dr.*  
*Hales*. I have explained to the *Doctor* the Cause of  
this Blunder; and from Him, I beg of your Ladyship  
to satisfy Yourself, and receive an Excuse for me.

If your Ladyship discerns any Thing improper in  
the Additions, I have made; or if You hear any Cen-  
sures passed, upon any Part of the Performance; let  
me entreat You to communicate them to the Author.  
That, in Case another Edition is required, (which my  
Bookfeller mentions as no improbable Affair) some  
suitable Corrections may be made.

Give me Leave to conclude with wishing, that the inestimable Word, which You have animated me to vindicate, may dwell in your Ladyship richly. Dwell in your Memory; dwell in your Affections; dwell in your Heart; and be influential on all your Conversation. A greater Happiness I could not wish, for the most generous Friend in the World; therefore it is the Happiness most earnestly wish'd for your Ladyship, by

Your most obedient

and ever grateful Servant.

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## LETTER XLVIII.

*On her intended Kindness to him—On his Illness.*

*Weston, Dec. 5, 1752.*

MADAM,

**M**AY I ask, How You have acquired the Art, of conferring real Favours, on the Occasion of imaginary Wants? I little thought, that the ambiguous Representation of my late Confinement, would have brought me under a new Obligation to your Ladyship. But indeed your kind Intention of procuring a GREAT Sum, to extricate me from the Difficulties, in which You supposed me to be involved, has drawn a proportionably large Bill upon my Gratitude.

I thank You, Madam, for what You intended, as well as for what You have conferred. Yet, if I know my own Heart, I should suffer much, before I could prevail upon myself to draw your Ladyship into such Trouble. Should I, to remedy the Effects of my own Misconduct, straiten, perplex, and embarrass a gene-

rous noble Friend? The Thought grieves me: the Action itself would wound me.

Yet, how often have I read, that, to make me rich, the Lord of all Things “had not where to lay his Head.” To obtain Joy and Gladness for me, the Prince of Peace was sorrowful, “sorrowful even unto Death.” To cleanse me from all Guilt, to present me without Spot or Blemish before his Throne, the ever-blessed Son of God was content to spill the last Drop of his Blood.—How often have I read all this, yet continued unaffected, and stupidly insensible!—May your Ladyship’s Heart glow with Gratitude, overflow with Thankfulness, on every Remembrance of this adored and gracious Redeemer. May I be smitten with Remorse, and overwhelmed with Shame, for my vile, vile Ingratitude to so divinely compassionate a Saviour. And so much the more, the more I am assured of his Readiness to forgive all my Provocations, and to love me as freely as if I had never offended.

I am much obliged to your Ladyship for taking the Trouble of transmitting the Sentiments of your critical Acquaintance. If I live to write another Letter, I will return my Opinion with Relation to them—This is designedly short; to correspond with my weak State of Health. For I am again confined: though, blessed be God, not “in Durance vile.” I preached on Sunday; and, I believe, renewed my Cold: so that this Morning I have lost my Voice. But I thank the divine Providence, that I have a Hand to write a Word of Christ, though my Tongue is disabled for speaking of the pleasing Subject.—What a dying Life is mine! Every Blast pierces me, and every Cold crushes me. Blessed, for ever blessed be God through Christ, for a better Life and happier State in the Heavens. Where We shall be languid no more, afflicted no more; and

(O! delightful Consideration!) be ungrateful to the dying Jesus no more, sin against the ever-amiable God no more.—May your Ladyship have many Foretastes of this blifsful State, here on Earth; and, in due Time, an abundant Entrance into the Fulness of its Joy!—Permit me the Pleasure and the Honour of subscribing myself,

Madam,

Your most obliged,  
most obedient Servant.

## LETTER XLIX.

*Remarks on Gen. ix. 25.—On the Snow—On the Divinity of the Saviour.*

*Weston, Dec. 21, 1752.*

MADAM,

**I**N my last, I promised to lay before your Ladyship, what I apprehend to be a more correct Sense of *Gen. ix. 25*. That which I have given, is, I think, an undoubted Truth; is deducible from the original Words; and is not without its Patrons. But the Sense, in which, upon more mature Consideration, I should chuse to understand the Passage, is—Curfed is *Ham*, curfed is *Canaan*. Their Guilt is chargeable upon themselves alone. They are the sole Authors of their own Sin, and the sole Causes of their own Ruin. Whereas, *blessed be*, or *blessed is* (not *Shem* primarily and principally) but *the Lord God of Shem*.—Who is the Cause of all the Good, that exists in, or is performed by, any of his People. He works in them both to will and do, according to his Good Pleasure.



Not unto them therefore, not unto them, but unto their God and Saviour be all the Glory.

Thus far I had written, when an Incident called me off; and rendered it impossible for me to finish, soon enough for the last Post.—When I sat down to pen the preceding, We were visited by a remarkable Stranger. One, who has not been seen in all these Parts, for many Months. Fair to Admiration. But, like all her Sister-Beauties, fading and extremely transient.—Perhaps, your Ladyship may conjecture, Whom or What I mean. I mean a Flight of Snow: which fell in the Night; and, during the Space of about Half a Day, covered our Fields. I am pleased with the Appearance of this wintry Guest; because it gives me a fine Idea of that spotless Purity, which, I trust, your Ladyship will derive, from the precious Blood of Christ.

How endearing are his Words, and how inestimable his Promise! “Come now, and let Us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your Sins be as Scarlet, they shall be white as Snow; though they be red like Crimson, they shall be as Wool.” *Isai. i. 18.*—How noble is the Declaration, and how triumphant the Faith of *David*, speaking upon the same Subject! “Thou shalt purge me with Hyssop, and I shall be clean: thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than Snow.”—These Passages must certainly refer to the Blood of the everlasting Covenant, without which there is no Remission. They cannot but relate to that Blood of the LAMB, *which taketh away the Sins of the World.* And is not this a Proof of his real Divinity? For if no Man, no Creature, can take away *any* Sin: how great must HE be, how infinitely glorious, who can take away ALL Sins! So entirely take them away, that not the least Spot or Blemish shall remain.

Since our Lord is very God; the Maker of ALL Things, and Upholder of the Universe; the King of

Angels, and Judge of Men; no Wonder, such Efficacy attends the Sacrifice of his Death. No Wonder, that his People, washed in his Blood, and arrayed in his Righteousness, should be found unblameable and un-reprovable. The Mountain Snows are not so white, the Garden Lilies are not so fair, the Stars of Heaven are not so bright, as those blessed happy Souls, who have *put on the Lord Jesus Christ*.—What Reason have We, Madam, what abundant Reason, to rejoice in such a Saviour! Let Us study his inconceivable Dignity, and implore the Influences of that blessed Spirit, whose Office it is, to testify of Christ, and reveal Him in our Hearts.

I should be much delighted to join your honourable and devout Assembly at the Countess Delits's. Though debarred of this Pleasure on Earth, I hope to enjoy it in Heaven. In the mean Time, I most heartily pray, that great Power may accompany my dear Friend's Preaching, and great Grace be on all your Souls. That You may *be stedfast in Faith, and fervent in Spirit: and serving the Lord, adorning his Gospel, and rejoicing in Hope of his everlasting Glory*. These Blessings I take Leave to wish for your Ladyship, and my other noble Friends, at the approaching Solemnity. These Blessings, if vouchsafed from above, will make a Festival in the Heart: even that Festival, which the Prophet so beautifully describes, under the Image of a magnificent and sumptuous Banquet. *Isai. xxv. 6, 7, 8, 9*. At this more than royal Banquet may You, Madam, have a distinguished Seat; and may some Crumbs from the Table, fall to the Share of,

Your Ladyship's obliged,

obedient, grateful, humble Servant.

## L E T T E R L.

*Reflections on sudden Death—On Preparation for it.*

*Wilton, Jan. 23, 1753.*

MADAM,

**M**Y Brother, I dare say, esteems it an Honour and a Pleasure to execute your Commands. And I am apt to think, all your Ladyship's Commands are of such a Nature, as to be Benefits, rather than Tasks. They are calculated for the Advantage of Others, more than for your own. Somewhat like the Precepts of our divine Master, all whose *Prohibitions* import, *Do thyself no Harm*: and all his *Injunctions* imply, Possess the highest Good.

That awful Stroke of sudden Death, which your obliging Letter mentions, will, I hope, be blessed to your Ladyship's spiritual Improvement. Such alarming Instances of human Frailty, are, I think, one Species of that Wisdom, which *crieth without, and uttereth her Voice in the Streets*. And this is the Purport of the Admonition; "Take ye Heed; watch and pray: for Ye know not, when the Time is." Cultivate a more incessant Communion with God: live, by Faith, on the Merits of his dear Son: cherish all the Influences of his blessed Spirit. Then will You not only not be in Bondage through Fear of Death, but shall taste somewhat of Heaven even upon Earth. And when the Moment of Dissolution comes, You shall change your Place, not your Company; You shall relinquish your Clay, but lose none of your Joys.

Would your Ladyship see in another Light, What is our proper Preparation for all Changes—How We may be fortified against all the Vicissitudes of Life, and

against the final Approach of Death—Be pleased to peruse *Rev. xii. 1.* Those, who are arrayed like that illustrious Woman; affected like Her; adorned like Her; they are fitted for every Alteration. They need fear no Evil. To them, to live is Christ, and to die will be Gain.—I give my Answer in these Words, because they are very picturesque, and exceedingly striking. They will be a fine Subject for your Ladyship's Meditation. And I most sincerely wish, that You may know them, more and more, by your own Experience; till You arrive at that happy Place, and enter into those blissful Mansions, where the Scene of this noble Vision lay, and where alone true Felicity is to be found.

I have lately comforted the Heart of a poor old Saint and his infirm Wife, with Part of your charitable Donation. And am going to order some Relief, to an ancient Widow and her afflicted Daughter; whose Distresses, were I to relate them, would pierce your Heart with Sorrow. And, I trust, it will give You equal Joy to reflect, that the Father of Mercies is pleased to make Use of your Ladyship's Instrumentality, in administering Comfort amidst such great Tribulation.

Give me Leave, before I conclude, to turn the Declaration of a Prince and an Apostle, into a Prayer for your Ladyship. *May the Blessing of Him that is ready to perish come upon You!* May You cause the Heart of many Widows to sing for Joy! And, in your own Heart, have much of that *Kingdom of God which is not Meat and Drink, but Righteousness, and Peace, and Joy in the Holy Ghost!*—May I ask, When those Papers make their Appearance, which the worthy *Dr. Hales* so often mentioned; and for the Publication of which, if I remember right, the Month of January was fixed, in a Letter to

Your Ladyship's most obliged  
and very obedient humble Servant.

## L E T T E R L I.

*On his Illness—On St. John's being in the Spirit—On the Character of Christ as Alpha and Omega.*

*Wexon, Feb. 26, 1753.*

MADAM,

I AM really in Suspense, I must beg of You to determine, Whether I have done right or wrong. A Fortnight, almost a whole Fortnight, have I been in Possession of your Ladyship's Letter; without making any Acknowledgment for the Favour, till this Day.—The Truth is, I have been sadly indisposed; languid and dispirited; out of Humour with myself, and displeas'd with my own Thoughts. And should I, in such a disagreeable Habit, appear before your Ladyship? Should I present to my honourable Friend, what was disgustful even to myself!—As You shall decide this Question, I will condemn or acquit the Prisoner at the Bar; and will continue or alter my Practice accordingly.

Methinks, I see You smile at Us fanciful and hippish Folks. Smile, my Lady, and welcome. Only do not think me insensible of the Honour of your Correspondence, nor altogether ungrateful for the various Instances of your Generosity. Such a Suspicion would afflict me, more than a foggy Day, or a lowering Sky.

In a Letter, which some Time ago, I had the Pleasure of writing to your Ladyship, there are two Passages, which may possibly want some farther Proof, or some clearer Explication.—The Character of Christ, *I am Alpha and Omega*, Page 67. Line 15.—The Remarks on the Book of *Chronicles*, Page 70, in the Note.—Will You give me Leave, Madam, to illustrate the former, and to exemplify the latter? In both which, I  
hope,

hope, We shall find Manna, heavenly Manna, for the Nourishment of our Faith: and not be obliged to gather it, from the Thorns of Controversy.

The Character of our Lord, makes a Part of the *Revelation*, vouchsafed to St. John. *Revel.* i. 8. In which, We are entertained, We are struck, We are transported, with the grandest Images that ever were conceived, and the sublimest Descriptions that ever were drawn. We may challenge *Homer*, challenge *Pindar*, and defy their most devoted Admirers, to produce a Parallel.—A Parallel! No. The Imagery of the Apostle, is somewhat like the Person of his Immanuel. Whose Appearance—not his Vengeance, not his Wrath, nor his Frown—but his *bare Appearance*, is insupportably splendid and glorious. Nothing in Nature can vie with it. Nothing in Nature can stand before it. “From his Face the Earth and the Heaven flee away, and there is found no Place for them.” *Revel.* xx. 11.

In this Book, the Images occur more frequently, and the Colour is more brilliant, than in any other, even, of the sacred Compositions. It was intended to close the canonical Writings; and is not unlike a Capital of Gems, on a Column of Gold. Or, to speak more properly, it closes them with a Dignity, that must always be admired; but will never be equalled; perhaps, never fully understood, till We enter into that City, “which hath no Need of the Sun, neither of the Moon to shine in it; for the Glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof.” *Rev.* xxi. 23.

To a Person of true Taste, and free from Prejudice, this, I think, is no inconsiderable Argument for the *divine* Original of the Work. Whence could an illiterate Fisherman, have been furnished with such inimitably noble Ideas, but from the immediate Influence of Heaven?

Heaven? How could this plain, artless, and unimproved Mind soar so high; so far above all the Flights of human Genius; were it not upon the Wings of Inspiration.

How solemn and alarming is the Introduction! “I was in the Spirit on the Lord’s Day, and heard behind me a great Voice, as of a Trumpet.”—It was *the Lord’s Day*. The Day, on which Christ arose; and conquered Death, and triumphed over the Grave. The Day, on which the Holy Ghost came down upon the Apostles; and made their Understandings clear as the Light, and their Tongues piercing as the Fire. The Day, on which all inferior Business is discontinued, and every earthly Care suspended; in order to give, both a Type, and a Foretaste, of *that* everlasting Rest, *which remaineth for the People of God*.

*He was in the Spirit*. Not only wrapped in Contemplation; wrestling in Prayer; and his Soul ascending in Praise: which are spiritual Exercises, and suited to the Day: but under an extraordinary Influence of the divine Spirit. This illuminated his Mind: this enlivened his Imagination: and set before Him the most magnificent Scenes, that Heaven and Earth afford. Even while he was confined amidst the barren Sands, the naked Rocks, and solitary Wilds of *Patmos*. Whether He was banished, “for the Word of God, and for the Testimony of Jesus Christ.” *Rev. i. 9.*

In these solitary Wilds, *He hears behind Him a great Voice*; as loud, and probably as melodious, *as a Trumpet*. Which may remind your Ladyship, of those beautiful and awakening Lines in the *Messiah*—

Hark! a glad Voice, the lonely Desert cheers:  
Prepare the Way. A GOD, a GOD appears!  
A GOD! A GOD! The vocal Hills reply;  
The Rocks proclaim th’ approaching Deity.

It is indeed THE DEITY, who approaches. It is indeed HIS Voice, that is heard. It is the Voice, that spake at the Beginning, and the World was made: the Voice, that spake from Mount *Sinai*, and the Center shook: that will speak at the last, and Time shall be no more.

And what says this wonderful Voice? The Subject is like the Speaker, *great and marvellous*. "I am Alpha and Omega; the First and the Last." The true, the self-existent, the eternal God. "Which is, and which was, and which is to come." In this high Capacity, under this august Character, our Lord Jesus Christ is the efficient Cause, and the ultimate End of all Things.

Consider Him as Mediator, He is the Source and the Center of all the divine Dispensations: from whom they all proceed, and in whom they all terminate.—But He is more peculiarly the Origin and Foundation, of all those Purposes of redeeming Love; which were formed by the blessed and only Potentate, "before the Mountains were brought forth, or ever the Earth and the World were made." Those Purposes, which the Lord Jehovah formed, to save an innumerable Multitude of fallen sinful Men: bringing them, from a State of Ignorance, to the Knowledge of his adorable Perfections; and, from a State of Wickedness, to a delightful Communion with his most holy Majesty.—Which is the most distinguished Honour, and the most consummate Happiness, that an Arch-angel can enjoy. Yet is intended (I most heartily congratulate You on the Occasion) for You, Madam—and intended also (how shall I admire? O! how shall I sufficiently admire, *the exceeding Riches of Grace?*) for

Your Ladyship's most obedient,  
and ever grateful Servant.

P. S.



P. S. I hope, your Ladyship will take the Case into Consideration, which is mentioned at the Beginning. However, I shall venture to trouble You once more, and transmit the Sequel of this little Sketch, before I receive your Decision.

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## L E T T E R   L I I.

*On the Character of Christ, as Prophet, Priest, King, the  
Alpha and Omega.*

*Weston, March 24, 1753.*

MADAM,

**P**ERMIT me, without any Ceremony, or the Formality of a Preface, to resume the Subject of my former Letter.

Consider Christ as a Prophet, He is “the first and last:” the sole Inspirer of every Prophet, and the final Object of all Prophecy. “A Prophet like *Moses*,” says the sacred Oracle: in this Respect principally, that as *Moses* was superior to all other Prophets; so Christ is greatly, is incomparably superior to *Moses* himself.—Do Prophets speak of future Events, and of People yet unborn, with as much Clearness and Certainty, as if the People were present, as if the Events were past? They do. Yet not they, but the Spirit of Christ, which is *with* them, which is *in* them.—He is Truth itself. “In Him are hid all the Treasures of Wisdom and Knowledge. None teacheth like Him.”

Consider Him as the High-Priest of our Profession; both in Nature and Practice, He is *holy*, *harmless*, and perfectly *undefiled*. In Dignity of Office, He is “higher than the Heavens.” In the Continuance of his Ministration,

stration, He is “ a Priest for ever after the Order of *Melchisedek*.” His Death is the great, the all-atoning Sacrifice, which taketh away the Sin of the World. It is the Altar that sanctifies, the Incense that perfumes, every other Oblation. By this “ We have Access with Boldness, into the Holy of Holies;” and by this We trust to “ have an abundant Entrance into the Kingdom of Glory.”

Consider Him as King, He is the First and the Last. *David's* Royal Sceptre, and *Solomon's* Ivory Throne; are but Shadows of his Sovereignty.—The Kingdom of Providence is his; the Father hath committed all Judgment unto the Son.—The Kingdom of Grace is his; “ He is Head over all Things to the Church.”—The Kingdom of Glory is his; “ He is gone into Heaven, Angels, Authorities, and Powers being made subject unto Him.”—His Word is his Sceptre, and “ He rules in the Hearts of his People;” there “ He writes his Laws,” and there “ He subdues their Enemies,” even those Lusts which war against the Soul.”

He is the Sum and Substance of all the great Things, which are written by *Moses*, the *Prophets*, and *Apostles*. He is that Almighty Word, whose *Fiat* is recorded in *Genesis*, and by Whom the Worlds were made. He is that Sun of Righteousness, whose Rising is foretold by *Malachi*, and whose Beams have brought Life and Immortality to Light. He is that supreme Judge, whose Tribunal is erected in the Visions of *John* the Divine, and at whose Bar the Dead both small and great are to be convened.

In the Duties of Religion, in the Graces of Christianity, in the Comforts and Victories of the Christian, He is the First and the Last.—Would We exercise Ourselves in the Duty of Prayer? Our Lord has declared, “ Whatsoever Ye shall ask the Father in my Name, He will give You.”—Would We offer the  
spiritual

ſpiritual Sacrifice of Praise? The Apoſtle has ſet us an Example; “I thank my God through Jeſus Chriſt.”—Is Joy a deſirable State? The ſame infallible Director ſays; “Rejoice in the Lord Jeſus always: and again I ſay, Rejoice in God your Saviour.” For, He makes You “always to triumph:” through Him You overcome Sin, and Death, and Hell: Ye are “more than Conquerors through Him that loved You.”

In a Word, Chriſt is All.—As all the Fountains, the Rivers, and the Clouds, proceed from the Sea; ſo, all our Salvation, our Holineſs, and our Happineſs, are found in Chriſt: from the firſt Gleam of Hope, that dawns in the penitent Breſt, even to the rapturous Song of Thankſgiving, which ſounds from the glorified Believer’s Tongue.

Since then We have a Redeemer, who is “Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the Ending; which was, and which is, and which is to come;” the Almighty: what can be a more reaſonable Inference, or a more beneficial Improvement of the Doctrines, than his own encouraging Exhortation, “Fear not?”—Was He the *laſt*, but not the *firſt*, who would begin the good Work in Us, or ſet forward our eternal Felicity? Was He the *firſt only*, and *not the laſt*, We might be apprehenſive, leſt He ſhould deſert the good Work, before it were accompliſhed. But as He is both the *firſt* and the *laſt*, He will “not faint nor be diſcouraged, till He has fulfilled all the good Pleaſure of his Will, and the Work of Faith with Power. He will ſanctify His Servants wholly; and preſerve their whole Spirit, Soul, and Body, blameleſs unto the Day of his own glorious Appearing.”

Having ſuch a King, what ſhould We fear? If He be for Us, who can be againſt Us? He has Bowels of Compaſſion to pity Us, and the Arm of Omnipotence to ſuccour Us. Therefore let the Children of *Sion* be joyful

joyful in their King. Let them say boldly with the heroic Apostle; "I am persuaded, that neither Death, nor Life; nor Angels, nor Principalities, nor Powers; nor Things present, nor Things to come; nor Height, nor Depth; nor any other Creature, shall be able to separate Us from his Love, or pluck Us from his Hand."

Having such a Prophet, let Us sit at his Feet, with pious *Mary*. Let Us exercise Ourselves in his Word, Day and Night, with holy *David*. And let Us, with the Disciples of old, wait for the Teachings of his divine Spirit. He can teach, not our Ears only, but our Hearts. He can give Us "all Riches of the full Assurance of Understanding." He can fill our Souls, and fill the World, with heavenly Wisdom, "as the Waters cover the Sea."

Having such a Priest, what may We not hope? If the idolatrous *Micah* could say, "Now I know that the Lord will do me Good, seeing I have a Levite to my Priest," *Judg.* xvii. 13. how much more may We every One profess; Now I am assured, the Lord Jehovah will do me Good, seeing "We have a great High-Priest, that is passed into the Heavens, Jesus the Son of God."—We need not wish for "thousands of Rams, or ten thousands of Rivers of Oil." His Death is a Propitiation of infinite Efficacy: sufficient to expiate all Guilt; sufficient to procure all Blessings.—We need not wish "for Horses of Fire, and Chariots of Fire." His Intercession is our Defence against all the Assaults of Temptation, and our Preservative amidst all the Dangers of Apostacy.

If, in all the preceding Instances, Jesus Christ is *the first and the last*, should He not be so likewise—in our Esteem? Should We not "account all Things but Loss, for the Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord?"—In our Desires? Should not this be the Language of our Hearts? "Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?

Thee? and there is none upon Earth, that I desire in Comparison of Thee?"—In our Glorifying? Ought not this to be our unalterable Resolution, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ?"—In our Aims? "Whether We eat or drink, or whatever We do, should We not do all to the Glory of God" our Saviour?—In our Life and Death? That "whether We live, We may live unto the Lord; or whether We die, We may die unto the Lord: so that, living or dying, We may be the Lord's."

Then, Madam, You will not think it strange, that Christ is the constant Topic, both of my Tongue and Pen. You will not censure it, as a pedantic Practice, that, in all the Letters, which I have the Honour of writing to your Ladyship, Christ is still the leading Theme, or the ultimate Point.—A very famous Wit, I know, characterizes a Pedant, as One who turns every Conversation to some favourite and peculiar Subject. If this be a true Definition, the wisest and best Men, that ever lived, were the greatest Pedants. The most excellent and only divine Book in the World, is a Series of Pedantry.—To imitate such Pedants, and adopt such Pedantry, I hope, will always be my Study and my Delight. And, zealous as I am for your Ladyship's Dignity, I dare venture to wish, that in this Respect You may be *not only almost, but altogether* like,

Madam, your most obliged,

and very obedient humble Servant.

P. S. Forgive me, my honoured Lady, if I have done wrong or acted disrespectfully, in delaying my Letter. I have been oppressed with such insuperable Languors of Constitution, as have made me diffident of myself; displeas'd with my own Thoughts; averſe to Application of every Kind. And, (would You think

it?) I can hardly bear to revise the Lines, which are now written to your Ladyship. I hope, their Patroness will be more indulgent than their Author, or else wretched will be their Fate.

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## LETTER LIII.

*On the Want of religious Acquaintance.—The All-sufficiency of Christ.—Remarks on an Author.*

*Weston, April 1, 1753.*

MADAM,

GIVE me Leave to thank You, for your very obliging Inquiry after my Health. I can give no very agreeable Account of it. As You will easily conjecture, when I wish, that your Ladyship's may be the very Reverse of mine.—However, I desire to bless God, that I am not racked with Pain; that I am enabled, in any Sort, to “preach and teach Jesus Christ;” and that, ere long, this “Corruptible will put on Incorruption, and this Mortal will put on Immortality. Then shall be brought to pass,” in its fullest Extent, “the Saying that is written: They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their Strength. They shall mount up with Wings like the Eagle. They shall walk, and not be weary: they shall run, and not faint.”

The Scarcity of religious Acquaintance, I believe, is a general Complaint. For my Part, I can find very few among the wealthy or fashionable, who delight in edifying Conversation. Therefore, they are seldom troubled with my Company, and as seldom vouchsafe to visit me.—How glad should I have been, had Providence so ordered my Situation, to have waited on your Ladyship, and talked of the *Lord*, who was a  
*Servant*

*Servant* for Us—the *Judge*, who was *condemned* for Us—the King, who *died* for Us!—But though We cannot talk of Him, We may speak to Him, by Prayer; and He will speak to Us, by his Word. And “never Man spake like Him.” He giveth goodly Words. The Law of Kindness is on his Lips. Honey and Milk are under his Tongue. He speaks, that We may have Joy; that our Joy may abide; that our Joy may be full. O! that his Word may dwell in Us richly!

What You say of some Persons, brings to my Mind that affecting and tender Expostulation of our blessed Lord; “Will Ye also go away?”—May the wise and noble Answer of the Disciples be the invariable Language of our Hearts! “Lord, to whom shall We go? Thou hast the Words of eternal Life.” Eternal Life is our only Happiness. If We fall short of this, *We are of all Creatures most miserable*. And in Thee, blessed Jesus, in Thee alone this inestimable Portion is to be found. Thy heavenly Doctrine has brought it to Light. Thy Death and Obedience have purchased it for poor Sinners. Thy Spirit makes meet for this blissful Inheritance. And thy Promise, thy inviolable Promise, has ascertained it to our Enjoyment.

I have not seen my dear Friend *Whitefield*; but shall esteem it a Privilege and a Delight, to receive Him under my Roof.—I have just got a Sight of the Book You mention. The Author, I find, makes every Incident, related in Scripture, some Way or other significative of Christ. Nay, every Name, whether of Persons or of Places, is, according to his Interpretation, pregnant with some evangelical Doctrine. His Method is very ingenious; to the pious Mind, which loves the Lord Jesus Christ, it must be pleasing and instructive; but whether it be the real Meaning of the Holy Spirit, or whether it will approve itself to the Judgment of Those, who are “of quick Understanding in the Fear

of the Lord," I am at a Loss to determine. However, I rejoice to see so much Learning captivated to the Obedience of Faith: freely owning, that Man is nothing, human Attainments are nothing; but *Christ* and his Righteousness, *Christ* and his Grace, are All in All.

Your Ladyship will now give me a Dismission.—It is *Sunday Morning*. I must prepare for my People's Edification: Though I do not often chuse a Text from the Canticles; yet I am much inclined to preach on that charming Passage: "Who is this that cometh up out of the Wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?" While I, in much Weakness, discourse upon it; may You, Madam, contemplate it, experience it, enjoy it! And hold on, in this comfortable happy Course, till You pass, from the Wilderness of this World, into the heavenly *Canaan*, and the Paradise of God!—There, I hope, will be the present Conversation, and there the final Abode of

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and most dutiful Servant:

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## LETTER LIV.

*His Request of a few Franks.—On the Love of Christ.*

*Wesley, April 7, 1753:*

MADAM;

YOU will have a Beggar at your Door, or rather a Beggar in your Hand. And I must honestly own, He is so proud a Beggar, that if He could do without your Alms, or supply Himself elsewhere, Your Ladyship had not been troubled with this Application.—After such a Confession, can You open your Hand, and gratify



gratify his Request?—You can: I am persuaded, You can. And may your Charity be so strong and exalted, as to triumph over many such, yea and greater Trials!—What would this troublesome and importunate Man have? Does He want Silver and Gold? Or, “would He be spoken for to the King, or to the Captain of the Host?” 2 *Kings* iv. 13.—No, Madam. Of the former, blessed be the divine Providence, He “has enough, and to spare.” As to the latter, He answers with the *Sbunamite*, “I dwell among mine own People;” perfectly content with my Station, and without a single Wish for a higher. But if your Ladyship would be so good, as to procure for Him, and transmit to Him, a few Franks; You will very much oblige Him, and put it into his Power to oblige some of his distant Correspondents.

Beggars, I know, ought not to be tedious. I will therefore take care to avoid this offensive Circumstance. Only let me wish, that You, Madam, who are so ready to assist Others, may have “the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the Heavens, for your Help, and in his Excellency on the Sky.”—That You, who are so willing to relieve the Necessities of others, may have for your own Portion “the unsearchable Riches of Christ.” May have all those inestimable Blessings and glorious Privileges, which were purchased for You, by the Blood of Him, whom Angels adore—by the Blood of Him, who upholdeth all Things—by the Blood of Him, who will judge the World.—Then, Madam, You will have a Portion, too great for Words to express; but not too great for Him, most sincerely and ardently wish, who ventures to beg one more Favour, the Favour and Honour of subscribing Himself,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,  
and ever grateful humble Servant.

## LETTER LV.

*On the Benefit of Sicknefs.—On the Mercy and the Sufferings  
of the Saviour.*

*Wefton, April 21, 1753.*

MADAM,

SHALL I be forward to make my Requests, but backward to make my Acknowledgements? Your Favour fo speedily granted, and in fo obliging a Manner, would render my Silence inexcufable. Let me exprefs my Gratitude, by wifhing You the Accomplifhment of that Promise; “ It fhall come to pafs, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet fpeaking, I will hear.” *Ifai. lxx. 24.*

I hope, this will find your Ladyfhip freed from that troublefome Diforder, the Head-Ach. The Diforder is troublefome, but it comes on a kind Errand. Its Miniftry may be fomewhat importunate, but its Message is gracious. It fays to your Affections, “ Arife, and depart, for here is not your Reft. There is a Land, where the Inhabitants fhall no more fay, I am fick. A Land, in which is the Fulnefs of Joys, and Pleafures for evermore. There your true Happinefs is; there let your Heart be alfo.”

Yesterday, I doubt not, You was thinking of Him, “ who loved Us; and washed Us from our Sins, in his own Blood.”—Did You not follow Him to *Gethfemane*, and view Him in that memorable Garden? He is expofed to the chilling Damps of the Night: He is prostrate upon the cold Ground: yet, He fweats—fweats profufely,—fweats great Drops—great Drops of Blood, falling down upon the Earth.—Did You not ask your Lord, with Wonder and Sorrow; “ Wherefore art Thou red in thine Apparel, and thy Garments like  
Him

Him that treadeth in the Wine-Fat?" *Ifai.* lxiii. 3. And was not this the gracious Answer? "I am prostrate upon the Ground; that Thou, Sinner, mayest be exalted to the Heaven of Heavens. My Garments are red, and my Body weeps Blood; that thou mayest walk in white Robes, and rejoice in the Favour of God for ever."

Did you not behold Him tied to the Post, without Friend to pity Him, or Eye to compassionate Him? While the merciless Executioners ply the Scourge; redouble their Strokes; smite Him again and again; and cut Gashes in his Flesh, like the Furrows, which the Plough tears in the Field. *Pfal.* cxxix. 3.

As though the Scourge had not fetched Blood enough from his Back and Sides, *they crown Him with Thorns.* What a Mœckery was this! What a Torment! And how did His blessed Head ach!—They crush the Thorns into his Temples; they beat them down with the Cane; they drive them deep into his Flesh, and nail them in his very Scull. O! what a Shower of Blood must rain upon his Face and his Neck!

All this does not satisfy the Barbarity of the Jews, nor sufficiently express the Goodness of our Lord. He will give Us still greater Proofs of his Love, and yet stronger Assurances of a complete Atonement.—They nail Him to the Cross. They pierce his Hands and his Feet. They hammer the dreadful Iron, through his racked Sinews, and convulsed Nerves. On these dreadful Nails his Body hangs: not for a few Minutes only, which would occasion Pain inconceivable; but for several tedious, dismal Hours. During all which Time, the Weight of his Body writhing with Torture must widen the Wounds; must encrease the Anguish; and keep the crimson Streams incessantly flowing.

Are there not Wounds and Bruises more than enough already? His Skin is rent with Whips: his Head is

mangled with Thorns: his Hands and Feet are cleft with Nails: "there is no whole Part in his Body." After all these Sufferings, must he receive another Wound? Must his Heart, his very Heart be stabbed? Yes, Madam, for your Sins and Mine, his Heart is stabbed: his Heart is cut asunder: a Spear is plunged into his very Heart, and forthwith issues the little Remainder of Blood that was left in this immaculate and divine Victim.

What Love was here!—What a Propitiation is this!—Great Reason had the Apostle to say; "He loved Us; and washed Us from our Sins, in his own Blood."—May the Contemplation and Belief of this precious Truth, be the Delight of your Soul in Life; the Comfort of your Heart in Death; and the Cause of your Confidence and Triumph, at the great and terrible Day of the Lord!—To the Pleasure I take in forming such a Wish, let me add the Honour of professing myself,

Your Ladyship's most obliged  
and most obedient Servant.

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## LETTER LVI.

*On the Excellency of the Bible.—On improving from the Scenes of Nature.*

*Weston, May 10, 1753.*

MADAM,

**W**HO ever sailed round the World, without meeting with rude Blasts; and opposing Winds? And None can pass to the Land of everlasting Rest, free from all Disturbance, exempt from every Molestation.—But happy will these Disturbances be, if they wear  
Us

Us from the World, and drive Us to our God. Of whom it is said, "Thou shalt hide them privily by thine own Presence from the provoking of all Men: thou shalt keep them secretly in thy Tabernacle from the Strife of Tongues."

When We enter into the World, methinks, We launch into a troubled Sea. When We retire into the Closet, and exercise Ourselves in God's Word, We find a quiet Haven.—I hope, this, and indeed every Occurrence, will endear the Bible to your Ladyship; will attach, more and more inseparably, both your Affection and your Attention to the Scriptures. They are Sources of Peace, as well as Oracles of Truth.—Let me speak my own Sentiments, and address my honoured Friend, in the Language of that incomparable Book, I would recommend: "Bind it continually upon thine Heart, and tie it about thy Neck. When Thou walkest, it shall lead Thee; when Thou sleepest, it shall keep Thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with Thee."

This, I presume, will find You in your rural recess. Permit me to congratulate You on the Occasion; and to wish You much of the divine Presence, while You contemplate the divine Works. In the magnificent Lamp of Day, You will see a Shadow of that Sun of Righteousness; who arises, on a lost World, "with Healing under his Wings."—In the boundless Extent of the Skies, You will behold somewhat like a little Pattern of that everlasting Mercy; which "pardoneth Iniquity, and passeth by the Transgression of the Remnant of his Heritage."—The copious, the majestic, the never-ceasing Flow of the neighbouring River, will remind You of that in-exhaustible Fulness, which dwells in our adored Redeemer: will prompt You to thirst after those "living Waters," of which whosoever drinks, "shall thirst no more; but they shall be in Him a Well  
of

of Waters, springing up to eternal Life :” will encourage You to expect the Accomplishment of that precious Promise, “ I the Lord do keep it : I will water it every Moment : lest any hurt it, I will keep it Night and Day.”—Water it every Moment!—How benign and gracious is that Expression ! How perfectly well suited to our urgent and incessant Necessities ! Had it been said, Every *Week* ; every *Day* ; every *Hour* ; it had been too little for our Exigencies. But this is just such a Supply as We want. May it be your never-failing Refreshment in this Life ! and an Antepast of your inconceivable Happiness in a better Life !—Your Command, with relation to the Affair, communicated in your last, shall be punctually obeyed.—I am now going to set out for *Northampton*. Where I am to preach the Visitation Sermon. I know not how I shall speak, so as to be heard, in that very large and lofty Church. May the Lord God Omnipotent make “ his Strength perfect, in my” extreme “ Weakness !” My Text is, (what, I dare believe, is a favourite Portion of Scripture with your Ladyship) “ God forbid, that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.” O ! for the Eloquence of an *Apollos*, and the Fervour of a *Boanerges*, to treat worthily of such a Subject. I am quite ashamed of my poor, jejune, spiritless Composition. And I am no less ashamed of my Unbelief : that I dare not trust God for Utterance ; but, before an Audience that is critical forsooth, must use my Notes. Ah ! Madam, see my Foolishness and vouchsafe your Pity. And as You sometimes condescend to honour me with a Letter, sometime be pleased to remember in your Prayers

Your Ladyship’s much obliged,  
and ever grateful humble Servant.

## L E T T E R LVII.

*On the Humiliation and Love of Christ.**Weston, May 24, 1753.*

MADAM,

**H**OW much am I obliged to You, not only for complying with my late Request, but for making the Enquiry in your own Person, and so speedily favouring me with an Answer! Indeed, my Lady, I am deeply sensible of your Condescension and Kindness. O! that your Reward may be from the Lord, and your Recompence from your God! That You may find his Ear ever open to your Prayers; and his Hand ever stretched out, to uphold, to protect, to multiply Blessings upon You!

I have ordered my Bookfeller to transmit seven of the Sermons to Dr. *Hales*, according to his Direction. One for each of his Royal Patrons; and one, I hope, He will please to accept Himself. May the Lord Jesus Christ sanctify (for to Him nothing is impossible) such a slight Discourse, to their Edification and Comfort!

My Bookfeller has Orders to lodge a Packet at Lady ——'s, directed to your Ladyship; which will contain four. *Two* You will permit me to present to your Ladyship; and to beg the Favour of You to send the other, *one* to Lady *Chesterfield*, the *other* to the Countess of *Delits*. And may the Father of Mercies send his heavenly Blessing with all!

I have been thinking Should one of those Royal Personages, who perhaps may honour my Discourse with a Perusal, vouchsafe to call at my House, or make me a transient Visit; I should be astonished at the Favour—Should One of them submit to Poverty, or

go into voluntary Exile, to do me Good; I should be lost in Wonder. It would create a painful Delight—But, should Any of them, open their Bosom to the Sword, or tinge the Axe with their Blood, in order to save me from Ruin! My Heart can hardly bear the Thought. Surely, I should much rather bid Death welcome, than obtain Life at such a Price.—Yet, my honoured Madam, did not HE, who is *Prince of the Kings of the Earth*, leave his celestial Throne for me? Did He not stoop to the lowest Humiliation, and had he where to lay his Head for me? Was He not willing, nay, desirous to die; to die, like the vilest Slave, and in the severest Torment, for me? These are his Words; “I have a Baptism to be baptised withal; and how am I straitened, till it be accomplished!” He longed (all-gracious, ever-blessed Being!) He longed for the Hour, when He should give Us this amazing Demonstration of his Love. When He should speak it, in dying Pangs; and write it, in his Heart’s Blood.—Can I wish You, Madam, a greater Blessing; than that You may be enabled “to comprehend with all Saints, what is the Length and Breadth, and Height and Depth of this Love?”—And pray, don’t dishonour this adorable and boundless Love, by entertaining hard or forbidding Apprehensions of the *altogether-lovely* Jesus. Doubt not, but He has laid down his Life, in divinely tender Compassion to your precious Soul: That He has bore all your Sins, and fully expiated your Guilt: That He has the same Bowels of Mercy for You now, as when He hung in Agonies on the cursed Tree; will withhold from You no Manner of Thing that is good; and *will never leave You, nor forsake You*, till He brings You to his own blissful Presence, and heavenly Kingdom. I beg Leave to profess myself,

Your Ladyship’s much obliged,

and truly grateful humble Servant.



## L E T T E R LVIII.

*On spiritual Peace.**Wexton, June 12, 1753.*

MADAM,

I AM sorry to hear; that You have not been perfectly well. Might my Wishes prevail, You should have no more Complaints of this Kind.—But perhaps it may be expedient for Us, to be visited with some Affliction. It may tend to wean our Affections from a Vale of Tears; and raise and fix them there, where true Joys are to be found.—In those *Mansions*, which *Christ is gone to prepare*; in those alone, complete Happiness, and consummate Righteousness dwell. Every Languor that oppresses Us, every Pain that chastiseth Us, is a friendly Monitor. It tells Us, that We are *Strangers and Pilgrims* below. It bids us look upon the *heavenly Habitations*, as our Home; and never think Ourselves *thoroughly* happy, till We are *absent from the Body, and present with the Lord*.—May the Disorders, which I daily feel, have this desirable Effect on my Heart! May your Ladyship receive the Admonition much seldomer, and improve it much better!

You give me Pleasure, by informing me, that my mean Present, and superficial Sermon, met with Acceptance.—Dr. *Hales* is very obliging. Surely, Candour, Condescension, and Benevolence make up his Soul. I cannot wish Him a greater Good, than an Advance in this excellent Temper, and an Increase of every spiritual Blessing.—Lady *Chesterfield* does me an Honour; and I beg of Her and the Countess *Delits* to accept my grateful Acknowledgments. May they and your Ladyship enjoy the Privileges mentioned in the Discourse!

Discourse ! Then, though the one be very mean, and very small ; the other will be exceeding great, inestimably precious, and just such as I wish for my honourable Friends.

But why, my honoured Madam, why should You not enjoy the Rest You desire ?—The ever-blessed and ever compassionate Jesus, *invites You to come to Him ; and promises, that He will give You Rest. And He is faithful that promises. Heaven and Earth may pass away, but one Iota or Tittle of his Word shall not fail.*—This is what We have prayed for many Years, in the Devotions of our Church : “ That We may pass our Time in Rest and Quietness :” in a holy Tranquillity of Mind, sweetened with inward Peace, and brightened with heavenly Hope. And let Us not doubt, but the gracious God does hear, and will hear our Prayers, through the great Atonement, and prevailing Intercession of his dear Son.—Our Church, teaching Us to pray for that Peace of Conscience, which the World cannot give, adds ; “ That our Hearts may be set to obey thy Commandments.” Very justly intimating, that spiritual Peace is a most effectual Promoter of Holiness ; and one of the best Preservatives from the Allurements of Vanity, and the Temptations to Evil. I hope, therefore, that the all-bountiful God, who *hath Pleasure in the Prosperity of his Servants*, will *give You all Joy and Peace in believing.*—It is the Supplication of an Apostle, which I have adopted for your Ladyship. You will please to observe the *Expression* ; how full it is, and how rich. *Peace*—and not *only* Peace, but *Joy*—and not *only some*, but *all Peace and Joy*. Let me beg of You not to forget the *Direction*, or the Way wherein these Mercies are to be obtained—in believing. May the Father of Compassions, and the God of all Comfort, enable You truly to believe ; and You will experience that Peace, which passeth all Understanding.

derstanding. Enable You truly to believe—That your Sins, Infirmities, and Follies, have all been punished in your divine Redeemer—That his perfect Obedience and everlasting Righteousness, render You acceptable and complete before God—That He intercedes for You at his Father's right Hand, that You may be Partaker of the Holy Ghost *the Comforter*; may be kept from Evil, the Evil which is in your Heart, and which is in the World; that You may be made *faithful unto Death, and inherit a Crown of Life*.—This Faith is a Source, is the *only* Source, of substantial and lasting Consolation.

But what are the Obstacles, and who are the Enemies, of your Repose? Tell them, Madam, I send them a Challenge. Employ me in your Service. If they dare give me the Meeting, I question not but I shall give a proper Account of them to your Ladyship.—Perhaps, You wonder, that so puny a Creature should pretend to act the Hero; and may be afraid to trust your Interests, in so feeble a Hand.—Fear not, my good Madam. My Hand is feeble, I confess. But I have a Sword of heavenly Temper; powerful and resistless. Which shall put them all to Flight, or lay them dead at your Feet.

Shall I beg the Favour of a few more Franks? and run more and more in Debt to your Generosity? till I become, more than I can well express, your Ladyship's

obliged, repeatedly obliged

humble Servant.

## LETTER LIX.

*On receiving some Franks.—On restraining Grace.—On the divine Righteousness.*

*Weston, June 30, 1753.*

MADAM;

I BELIEVE, I hope at least; You have thought my Professions of Respect, Gratitude, and Duty, to be very sincere. But you never apprehended, till the Receipt of my last Letter, that I had Zeal and Courage enough, to fight a Duel for your Ladyship. But I dare stand to my Challenge; and undertake to encounter not *one* only; but *all* the Enemies of your Tranquillity. For He, whose Word is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged Sword, hath said, *Great shall be the Peace of thy Children.*

But what must I say, for having the Honour of your Letter, and the Favour of your Franks, somewhat more than a Week; and not making my Acknowledgments all this while?—Indeed I know not what to say. I am ashamed of myself. And I will tell You the very Truth, that I may be ashamed of myself more and more.—I have often intended to write. Yet when I came to set Pen to Paper, I knew not what to indite: My Thoughts were all locked up. They sympathized with external Nature. As there was a Drought upon the Earth, so the Springs of Invention (if ever I had any) were drained.—And now I am very unfit to converse with your Ladyship: I am out of Humour and angry. Angry at myself; for giving You Reason to suspect my Sense of your Kindnesses: and angry with my Servant, whom I have sent abroad; with Orders to be at Home in due Time, and get my Horse ready for  
 at

an Airing. And though I have given Him Leave to take his Pleasure twice this Week already, He thinks proper to indulge the third Time; and stays much longer than He need, much longer than He ought:

It is unmanly, I own, and unchristian, to be discomposed at such Trifles. Yet I bless the restraining Grace of my God, that I am not abandoned to Excess of Passion; and hurried into furious Words, or outrageous Deeds. What would not the deceitful Heart of Man commit, if the Goodness of our heavenly Father did not interpose, to check, to curb, and controul? And adored be his gracious Name! He has promised never to leave, nor to forsake (finally forsake) his People. "Though they fall, they shall not be cast away, because the Lord upholdeth them with his Hand."

You see, Madam, how weak, how despicable, how depraved I am: and will learn from hence, *not to think of your poor Correspondent, more highly than You ought to think.*—May I see from hence, how unspeakably I need a better Righteousness than my own! Alas! how flimsy at the best, how tattered at the worst, is the Cloathing of my own Attainments, my own Performances! But *the Robe of Righteousness, and the Garment of Salvation*, which Christ has prepared, is perfect, and entire, *wanting nothing*. Believers are complete in Him. As their Iniquities were imputed to Him; so his Obedience is imputed to them. "The Lord made Him to be Sin for Us, who knew no Sin; that We might be made the Righteousness of God in Him."

I hope, this everlasting and glorious Righteousness of our divine Redeemer will be precious, exceedingly precious to your Ladyship. May You have the clearest Apprehensions of it, and an established Interest in it! May this be your Support, this your Consolation, under all the Failings of the present State: till the Shadows

of Imperfection and Mortality flee away; and the Day of Immortality and Glory dawns.—Permit me, Madam, though with much Confusion, yet with the deepest Esteem, to subscribe myself

Your Ladyship's most obliged  
and most obedient humble Servant.

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## LETTER LX.

*Remarks on the State of his Mind.—On the Excellency of Christ.*

*Weston, July 15, 1753.*

MADAM,

**T**O be continually writing the same Thing, I know, is to violate the Rules of Delicacy. But your Acts of Condescension and Kindness are so incessant, that I must either trespass upon Gratitude, or offend against Elegance. Of the two, I chuse rather to be thought inelegant than ungrateful. Therefore, though my last Letter brought your Ladyship my best Thanks, this begs Leave to make the same Acknowledgments; for your welcome Present of a parcel of Franks, and for your obliging Offer to supply me with more.—I believe, I shall have no Occasion, to trouble You very soon. I shall want none, I am pretty certain, for the Services which You seem to suspect. I have no Business going forward with the Printer. My last little Essay, had remained in the Obscurity of Short-Hand: if the Father of the afflicted Youth, had not impertuned me to send my Sermon on a begging Errand. I gave it Him, as a Kind of Lottery-Ticket; not without some Hopes, and many Prayers, that it might meet  
with

with Success, and come up a Prize. Nor have I Reason to repent, but Cause to bless the divine Providence. For, though He printed two thousand, He tells me, they are almost all sold. May this teach me, and may happier nobler Experience teach your Ladyship, the Truth of that Royal Maxim; “Commit thy Way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass.”

I thought, I should amuse You (and how glad shall I be, if I have comforted You!) by drawing back the Curtain, and giving You a View of my Heart.—A View! No, Madam, it was only a Glance. Could You see all the Folly and Irregularity, all the Meanness and Absurdity, all the Inclinations to Sin, and every Motion of Evil; You would admire the divine Goodness, which bears with so vile and base a Wretch. You would see accomplished, in the most glaring Manner, that scriptural Description; “The Heart is deceitful above all Things, and desperately wicked.” You would be apt to say, with Eyes lifted up to Heaven; Blessed be God for Jesus Christ! That poor Sinners have his divine Blood to cleanse them, and his unspotted Righteousness to justify them!

I assure You, Madam; that, notwithstanding all my Prayers, all my Vigilance, all my Endeavours; I have so much unsubdued Corruption remaining in my Soul, as would sink me in Despair, or hurry me into Distraction; were it not for that great, that amiable, that delightful Name, “The Lord our Righteousness.”—But hither I fly (O! that I might do it every Moment!) On this I trust, (O! that I could do it with full Assurance of *Faith!*) For thus I argue: Though my Depravity is great, greater far is my Saviour’s Merit. What can equal the Merit of God’s glorious, God’s *inconceivably* glorious Son? It is neither Rant nor Enthusiasm, it is the Voice of Sobriety and Reason to say;

There never was, never can be any Thing, so immensely precious, as the Obedience and Death of Him, who was once fastened with Nails to the Cross, but now sits at the right Hand of the Majesty in the Heavens.—Good Madam, let Us never forget this our Resting-Place. Even our Infirmities may be serviceable, if they teach Us to renounce Ourselves, and quicken our Application to Christ. *Noah's Dove* would fain have found somewhat to settle on; some Branch of a Tree, or some Top of a Mountain. But finding nothing, after all her wearisome Excursion, she was constrained to return, and take up her Abode in the Ark. This seems to be an Emblem of the Soul, that seeks for Comfort and Salvation. We try; we try again and again; We try ten thousand Times, to get something of our own; on which to fix our Hope, from which to derive our Consolation. But when, after repeated Experiments, We perceive, That *all We have, all We do*, is miserably deficient, is shamefully depraved: then, if the Holy Spirit testify of Christ in our Hearts, We are made willing, We are made desirous, to come to the all-sufficient Redeemer. Then We come to Him, as the Prodigal to his Father, not for something only, but for our All; with no other Recommendation, if it may be so termed, but our Misery and Indigence.

Then, We look unto Christ, as the Needle points to the North. Then, We cleave unto Christ, *as the Girdle of a Man cleaveth unto his Loins*. Then, We count ALL Things but Dress, that We may win Christ, and be found in Him.—O! how dear and desirable, are the *unsearchable Riches* of a Saviour, to such wretched Insolvents; such absolute Bankrupts!—And dare I call my right honourable, and highly honoured Correspondent, a Bankrupt?—I dare do this, and more. I beseech the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ to convince Her thoroughly, that such is her State in spi-  
ritual



ritual Things. Because, this Conviction is the Way, not to treasure only, but to a Kingdom. “Blessed are the poor in Spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.” And how earnestly do I long, to have my noble Benefactress, possess “a Treasure, that will never fail; a Kingdom, that will never be removed;” and a Blessedness, that is inconceivable and everlasting!

I am pleased to hear your Account of Lord \_\_\_\_\_, and his distinguished Accomplishments. I hope, the many Prayers of his godly Mother will be heard on his Behalf. That He may be like *Joseph, Obadiab, and Daniel*. Who, to all the fine Qualities, which form the Gentleman, the Politician, the Hero, added *the Faith of God's Elect*. This, I am persuaded, was far from obscuring the illustrious Figure, which they made while on Earth; and, I am very sure, it is no Blemish in their Character, now they are numbered with Saints in Glory everlasting.

If You, Madam, make an Apology for the Length of your Letter, what must I say?—I know, what the polite World would say, were they to see this tedious and indigested Epistle; that I had committed a most unhappy Mistake, and sent You my Sermon-Notes instead of a Letter.—But if You should be so candid, as to measure the Sincerity of my Respect, by the Length of my Letter; and read, in the Number of my Lines, the Ardour of my Wishes for your Happiness; this will be a singular Satisfaction to,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and most obedient Servant.

## LETTER LXI.

*On Christ as the Place of Refuge.*

*Weston, Aug. 4, 1753.*

MADAM,

SOME Time ago, I sent You a very long Letter; and now I take Leave, to trouble You with another.—If You ask my Reason for doing so: it is, I assure your Ladyship, principally with this View; That You may not think, I expect Letter for Letter.—No, Madam: I have a deeper Sense of the Benefits, which I have received from your Friendship, than to stand upon any such Terms; and a juster Esteem of the Honour, which I enjoy in your Correspondence, than to indulge any such Arrogance.—When You please to write, I am delighted. When You think proper to be silent, I am content. In both Cases, and at all Times, I think, I may venture to say, without Vanity or without Falshood, I am grateful. Heartily wishing, and often praying; *That our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God even our Father, may give You everlasting Consolation, and good Hope through Grace! May comfort your Heart, and establish You in every good Word and Work!*

Will your Ladyship permit me, to fill up the Remainder of my Paper with the Thoughts, which have been the Subject of our Discourse at the Tea-Table, and which are still warm on my own Mind?—The Weather being wet and tempestuous, brought to our Remembrance that chearing and comfortable Passage, where it is said of Christ Jesus; “ He shall be for a Place of Refuge, and for a Covert from Storm and from Rain.”

How,

How, or in what Respects, shall Christ answer these desirable Purposes?—Because, He is our Surety. He has put Himself in our Stead. He has undertaken to answer all Accufations, that may be brought againſt Us; and to ſatisfy all Demands, that may be made upon Us.

Has the Law of God any Charge againſt Us?—It has. The Law ſaith, “Curſed is He that continueth not in all Things that are written in the Book of the Law to do them. And inſtead of continuing in ALL, We have continued in NONE. We have not *perfectly* kept any, but have repeatedly broke all the Commandments. Broke them, if not in the outward Act, yet in our Hearts—If not in the Sight of our Fellow-Creatures, yet before the all-ſeeing God—If not in the literal, yet in the ſpiritual Senſe of the Precepts. Therefore, the Law pronounces Us accuſed: and the Law cannot be broken. Heaven and Earth may paſs away, ſooner than one Iota or Tittle of its Commands ſhall be unfulfilled, or of its Threatnings unexecuted. To reſcue Us from this dreadful Condition, the bleſſed Jeſus ſaid; “Upon me be their Curſe. I am content to be treated as an accuſed Creature. Let all that Ignominy and Wrath, which are due to the vileſt Tranſgreſſors—let it all fall upon me.”

Had the *juſtice* of God any Controverſy with Us? It had. Juſtice ſolemnly declared, *The Soul that ſinneth, ſhall die.* All We have ſinned, and dealt wickedly. Death therefore is our due: Death temporal, ſpiritual, and eternal.—But our adored Redeemer put Himſelf at our Head; became reſponſible for all our Provocations; and ſaid, as it is moſt ſweetly recorded in the Book of *Job*, “Deliver them from going down into the Pit: I have found a Ransom.” “Here am I; prepared and determined to expiate their Iniquities: though it coſt me Tears and Groans, Agonies and Blood.”—Accordingly, the Sword of inflexible Juſtice awoke; ſheathed

itself in his sacred Heart; and took full Vengeance on the Royal and Immaculate Lord, that it might spare his mean and sinful Servants.

The *Authority* of God had a Demand upon Us; That We should keep the divine Law, or else never expect a Title to eternal Life. "This do, and Thou shalt live;" is a Decree, that will never be repealed.—It was impossible for our *fallen* Nature, to perform the heavenly Commandment, in all the Extent of its Requirements. Therefore, our ever-gracious Master became our Surety. He, who gave the Law, was made under the Law. He, who is Ruler over all, subjected Himself to our Obligations: in our Place, and in our Stead, He fulfilled all, that the Law commanded. On purpose, that He might answer that amiable Character, "The Lord our Righteousness." On Purpose, saith the inspired Writer, That "by *his* Obedience *We* might be made righteous." *Rom. v. 19.*

In these Respects, the Lord Jesus is a Refuge and Shelter. A *Refuge*, ever open and free of Access to all Sinners: a *Shelter*, inviolably secure and never to be penetrated by any Danger. *Lot* was safe, when He fled to *Zoar*. *Noah* was safe, when He was shut up in the Ark. The Prophet was safe, when Chariots of Fire and Horses of Fire were all around Him. And are not they equally safe, who fly to this divinely excellent Mediator? Who are interested in his atoning Death, his justifying Righteousness, his prevailing Intercession? They may boldly say; they may rejoice and sing; "We have a strong City," in our great Redeemer's Grace and Love. "Salvation," Salvation itself, "hath God appointed for our Walls and Bulwarks."

While Others, therefore, are hastening to gay Amusements: while Others are pushing their Way to Preferences, or aspiring after worldly Honours: may You, Madam, be pursuing the heavenly Plan, and "flying  
for

for Refuge to the Hope set before You."—Did I know a more desirable Blessing, or a more distinguished Happiness, *this* would not be the invariable Wish of,

Your Ladyship's

most obliged humble Servant.

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## L E T T E R LXII.

*On the mystic Authors.—On the Christian's Prospects beyond the Grave.*

*Weston, Sept. 3, 1753.*

MADAM,

**I** FULLY intended to seize the very first Opportunity of acknowledging the Honour of your last: but have been obliged, by successive Interruptions, to postpone this Satisfaction, till the present Moment.—I beg of your Ladyship never to mention the Word *forgive*, as it stands connected in your Letter. Expect nothing from me, but the Respect, which I owe to your Dignity, and the Gratitude, which I owe for your Favours.

Mr. ——— I seldom see. We rarely meet, but our Sentiments clash, and some sparring Blows intervene. This does not indeed alienate our Affections, or destroy our Friendship; but it renders our Interviews less pleasing, and less improving.—He is inseparably attached to his mystic Writers, and not a little zealous to propagate their Peculiarities. He can hardly forbear obtruding them, on every Occasion, and in every Company. Which, to my certain Knowledge, has prejudiced Some, disgusted Others, and startled More.—Whereas, when He does not soar in those super-celestial Heights, but condescends to talk on a Level with the Apprehensions

hensions of common Christians; none is more acceptable, none more useful.

See, Madam, what Need We have, to seek for Wisdom from above! That the blessed God may guide Us with his Counsel, and enable Us “to behave Ourselves wisely in all our Ways.” A Point of such great Importance, that it is mentioned, and by the Holy Spirit of God, no less than four Times in one Chapter, concerning *David*, 1 *Sam.* xviii. 5, 14, 15, 30. Does not your Ladyship often remember, and as often plead in humble Prayer, such Promises as those, *Psal.* xxxii. 8. *Isai.* lviii. 11.

I am glad to hear, that Mr. — is so full of Joy. May his Joy be lasting, as well as flowing! Though I sincerely wish it, yet I hardly expect it. For I think, his Notions are calculated, to bring the Soul into Bondage; and oppress it with Sadness; rather than to create that “Peace of God, which passeth all Understanding,” or shed abroad that Joy in the Heart, which “no Man taketh from Us.”

I have no Thought of seeing *London*. Though to enjoy your Ladyship’s Company, would be a very great Inducement. My frequent Infirmities are a Chain, which confines me to the Spot, where I am settled. When You cast your Eye upon an aged Tree, say, “That is a Picture of *Hervey*.” Where the One, and where the Other is fixed, there they both must continue. Only with this Difference, that the latter hopes, ere long, to be transplanted into the Courts of the living God. Then, He may be seen “to revive as the Corn, and grow as the Vine.” Then, “his Leaf shall not fade;” and “look, whatsoever He doeth, it shall prosper.”—There, I trust to meet your Ladyship. There to see You, walking among the Angels of Light; or sitting on a Throne of Glory; or prostrate at those Feet, which were pierced with Irons, and nailed to the cursed Tree,  
for

for your Salvation. This perhaps, when we see clearly the Lengths and Breadths, the Heights and Depths of our adored Redeemer's Love, will be esteemed the most desirable Posture, and the most delightful Employ.

Till I am admitted to this Honour, I shall always be ambitious to profess myself,

Your Ladyship's most obedient  
and very humble Servant.

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## L E T T E R LXIII.

*On his Silence and Illness.*

*Weston, Nov. 17, 1753.*

MADAM,

I HAVE neither read nor written a single Line, since I had the Pleasure of perusing your Letter. Entertainment and Business must both stand aside, while I pay my grateful Acknowledgements to your Ladyship.—You are pleased to ask, “If I am angry?” And You will give me Leave to answer without Ceremony; “That I am angry: very angry.”—Can You bear such Language, such a Reply, from a Person so highly obliged to your Generosity?—Yes, Madam; You will not only bear it, but approve it, when I farther declare, That all my Anger falls upon *myself*.

My Silence, I must own, seems sullen and disrespectful. And for this I am angry, at this I am grieved, that I should so much as *seem* wanting in my Duty to a valuable and honoured Friend. But my Conduct, upon Examination, may perhaps put on a different Aspect, and appear decent and becoming. I have been very ill: indeed, Madam, I have; notwithstanding what the

Wine-Merchant says: whose Spirits, I suppose, are like the Commodity He deals in, mantling and florid; and who will not allow me to be indisposed, unless I keep my Chamber, or send for the Doctor. But my Constitution has been drooping, and my Spirits upon the Ebb. I have been ashamed of myself, and dissatisfied with my own Thoughts. And should I, in such a disagreeable Habit, obtrude myself or my Sentiments on your Ladyship's Notice?—The whole World, I dare say, would pronounce my Behaviour right. The whole World would be of Opinion, That the lucid Intervals of Life should be appropriated to your Correspondence. That only my shining Moments, only the Gleams of Sprightliness and Joy (if any such I have) should be devoted to your Service. These, however few, or however dim, they may be at present; I hope, they will ere long be brighter and more abundant. There is a Time, and there is a World, when “the Light of the Sun will be as the Light of seven Days;” when our Sun will no more go down, but shine with an un-intermitted and everlasting Lustre.—“This Hope,” says the sacred Writer, “We have as an Anchor of the Soul, sure and stedfast.” And this Anchor is fixed on the ineffable Merit, Righteousness, and Intercession of our divine Redeemer. Can I wish You a better Blessing, than that You may “abound in this Hope, through the Power of the Holy Ghost?”—’Tis impossible to conceive a more real Happiness!—May You therefore, Madam, wait all the Days of your appointed Time, confiding in Jesus your Saviour, and “rejoicing in Hope of the Glory of God!”—It is the Wish, and I should be without Excuse, if it was not also the Prayer of,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and most obedient Servant.



## L E T T E R L X I V .

*Reflections on the Incarnation of the Lord Jesus.—Dr. Shuckford's Approbation of his Remarks.*

*Weston, Dec. 24, 1753.*

MADAM,

I CANNOT pass this joyful Solemnity, without congratulating You on the happy Occasion. Give me Leave to address your Ladyship with the Compliments of the Season; and to assure You, that they are as sincere from me, as they are customary from all.

God made Flesh, is the greatest Honour to our Nature, and the greatest Blessing to our Persons, that can possibly be conceived. When therefore We commemorate this glorious and delightful Transaction, there justly may be amongst Us, as there was at the "Feast of Tabernacles, very great Gladness."

Now I mention the Feast of Tabernacles, might not the Celebration of that Festival be a Type of our Lord's Incarnation? The Ceremony was very remarkable, and equally pleasing: for which Reason, You will permit me to transcribe the Account. "Ye shall take the Boughs of goodly Trees, Branches of Palm-Trees, and the Boughs of thick Trees, and Willows of the Brook, and ye shall dwell in Booths seven Days."

The immediate Design of this Ordinance was, to keep up, among the *Israelites*, the Remembrance of that wonderful Period; when the whole Nation of their Ancestors, for the Space of forty Years, dwelt neither in Cities, nor Villages, nor Houses, but in Tents and in the Wilderness. For thus adds the sacred Ritual; "That your Generations may know, that I made the Children of *Israel* to dwell in Booths, when I brought them out of the Land of *Egypt*."

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The remote, and the nobler Design might be, to foreflew that far more amazing, and infinitely more benign Event, when the Son of the most High God condescended to become Man: to take up his Abode in a Tenement of Clay, and a Vale of Tears.—This seems probable, from the general Tenour of the *Jewish* Institutions; which was to be a shadowy Representation “of good Things to come.”—It is still more probable, from the Expression made Use of by the inspired Writer; “The Word was made Flesh, and dwelt,” or as the Original imports, *pitched his Tent, tabernacled among Us*.—Here, Madam, We have a scriptural Clue, to lead Us into the spiritual Sense: and, following such a Guide in our Allegories, We are sure not to allegorize at random.

May We adore the Goodness of this stupendous Vouchsafement, and rejoice in the Benefits resulting from it.—Hence We learn, more effectually than from all the Eloquence of Words, or from the greatest Multiplicity of other Gifts, What Manner of Love the eternal God bears even to his fallen Creatures—Since the Lord of all was Partaker of our Flesh and Blood, We may cheerfully expect to be made Partakers of the divine Nature.—And since the King immortal disdained not to inhabit our inferior World, We may humbly hope not to be denied Admittance into the everlasting Kingdom. Not to be denied Admittance? Rather, to have an abundant Entrance. “For We know,” says the Apostle, We have an assured Trust, “that when our earthly House of this Tabernacle is dissolved, We have a Building of God, an House not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens.”

Let me wish You, Madam, to abound in this blessed Hope, through the Power of the Holy Ghost. That You may live in the delightful Views of entering, in due Time, into those blissful Mansions; and of enjoy-  
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ing, for ever, their magnificent and glorious Lord. This will make it Christmas, or a Season of Joy and Triumph, all the Year round.—To this Wish permit me to add, what it is as much my Ambition, as my Duty to profess, that I am

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
most obedient humble Servant.

P. S. Shall I subjoin an Extract from a Book lately published, by an Author remarkable and eminent in the learned World? It may look like Vanity; and, I fear, is not wholly free from it. But, I think, my principal Motive is your Ladyship's Satisfaction. Because, it relates to a little Piece, in which You, Madam, are concerned; which indeed owes its Being to your Injunctions. Dr. *Shuckford*; to whom I am entirely unknown, and whom I know only by his celebrated Treatise, entitled *The Connection*, &c. is pleased to write thus, in his last Work; "How dogmatically He can abuse the Scriptures (speaking of Lord B.) not really knowing them, must be evident to every One, that will read Mr. H——'s most excellent Remarks on Lord B——'s Letters; a Treatise worthy Every One's attentive Consideration."—I bless God, for giving it Acceptance, with so able a Judge; and I humbly beg, that it may be for the Honour, not of the Writer, who will soon be no more; but of that sacred Word, which abideth for ever.

## LETTER LXV.

*On the Improbability of the Prince being pleased with his Writings.*

*Weston, Jan. 2, 1754.*

MADAM,

TO favour me with your Advice, and without delaying a single Post, is doubly kind and obliging. I really think, You have happily solved my Difficulty, and properly adjusted Matters between the *Bishop* and the *Doctor*. To give or drop such a Hint, as your Ladyship proposes, in my Letter to the *Bishop*, is all that I dare venture to do. And in doing this, I shall pay a due Regard to the Motion of the worthy *Doctor*, yet not act contrary to Decency and Self-diffidence.—Nevertheless, I cannot persuade myself, that the Prince will ever relish, or that the Persons about him would be willing to have Him imbibe, such Notions as mine. My Notions would tell Him, that, amidst all his Royal Grandeur, He is a poor undone Sinner; that, amidst all his Royal Power, He is “unable to think a good Thought,” or do any Thing to effect his Recovery. That, for Recovery and Salvation He must be obliged, wholly obliged, obliged as much as the meanest of his Subjects, to the Prince of Peace; to the Blood of his Cross, and the Grace of his Spirit. And do You imagine, Madam, that such Doctrines will go down at Court? Will Humility be welcome in the Headquarters of Vanity?—To God indeed nothing is impossible. The Hearts of Kings are in the Hand of the Lord. I am glad, your Ladyship approves my Alterations. Having received your Approbation, they are gone to the Press.—I should have acknowledged your Goodness, in giving me your valuable Advice, and sending

ſending me a freſh Supply of Franks. By the laſt Poſt I ſhould have made my Acknowledgements; but I was full of Buſineſs in preparing a ſcriptural Index for my Book. And even now it is not finiſhed; ſtill my Hands are engaged; and I have ſcarce a Moment to ſpare. Which I believe, which I am perſuaded, You will admit as an Excufe for the Shortneſs of my Letter; and if You ſhould be pleaſed to think, the Gratitude of my Heart is the very Reverſe of the Scantineſs of my Epiſtle, You will think the Truth of,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged humble Servant.

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## L E T T E R L X V I.

*On Chriſtian Humility.—On true Applauſe.*

*Weſton, Jan. 26, 1754.*

MADAM,

**P**ERMIT me to acknowledge, with Pleaſure and Gratitude, the Receipt of your laſt obliging Letter.—This, I hope, will find your Ladyſhip recovered, from the Fatigue of attending, and from the Affliction of loſing, a valuable Friend.—Friends, though a delightful, are a precarious Poſſeſſion. Here, they are only lent Us for a few Moments: in Heaven, they will be our own for ever. Let Us then, according to our reſpective Abilities, facilitate and expedite each other's Progreſs to that Land of Life, of Love, and inviolable Security.

I am obliged to Lord N——, for having any tolerable Opinion of a certain Perſon and his Writings.—With regard to the Affair of the Franks, I was unſpeakably

more concerned for your Ladyship, than for myself. It grieved me to think, that You should condescend, in my Favour, to ask, and, on my Account, have the Mortification of a Denial. I dare say, You don't often do the former; and I assure myself, You have not often met with the latter.—I rejoice, however, that You are enabled to disregard such ruffling Accidents, and are superior to such low Vexations. They would almost break a proud Person's Heart, but will not break an humble Person's Rest.—May your Ladyship be more and more conformed to the Example of that divine Being, who is illustrious and admirable for every Excellency, but for nothing more than his Humility, Meekness, and Lowliness of Mind! This may not be the *modish*, but it is the *real* Delicacy and Dignity. It is the Fashion, that prevails in the Court of Heaven, and will be in Vogue through the Ages of Eternity.

What I took Leave to lay before your Ladyship, with regard to a late Pamphlet, was for the Sake of your own Honour; and, if Need be, for the Vindication of your Judgment. I am determined to mention it to no One besides. For, what have I to do with Applause? Or, if I should covet any Thing of this Nature, What is the *true* Applause?—The Seal of God; the Testimony of the Reader's Conscience; his Saying, as He reads, “This is instructive; this is animating; this is comfortable. This cheers my Heart, or quickens my Graces: this enlightens my Understanding, and *does* my Soul *Good like a Medicine*.”—This is truly valuable Praise. After this alone I would aspire. And this comes, not from the Voice of Fame, but from the Operations of the Blessed Spirit.

I believe, I am not acquainted with the Author, who was so happy as to please your Ladyship's Taste, and to establish your Faith. *Taylor* upon *Faith working by Love*, is what I never read; O! that I may know its  
Truth

Truth by happy Experience! The Love of Christ is the true Source of Repentance, the true Spur of Obedience, and the true Persuasive to Mortification. It will make even the stern Countenance of that dreaded Duty wear a Smile. Under its Influence, the difficult Task of Self-Denial becomes, not practicable only, but easy and eligible. We shall, without Reluctance, deny Ourselves for His Sake, who has obtained Pardon of Sin and eternal Redemption for Us. We shall gladly renounce any alluring Vanity for His Honour, who has made Us "Children of God, and Heirs of Glory." We shall be "ready to distribute and willing to communicate," for the Relief of the afflicted Servants; when We believe, that their exalted Lord emptied even his Veins, and laid down his very Life, for our Salvation.—May that glorious God who pours the Light of Day through the Universe, "shed abroad this Love of Christ" in your Ladyship's Heart.

And O! what abundant Reason have We to love that all-gracious Redeemer!—You love the generous Lady, who left You all that She possessed. This eminent Act of Kindness endears her Memory, and increases your Affection. How dear then! how transcendently dear and precious, should the blessed Jesus be to your Ladyship! Since he *lived* for You; *died* for You; and not only *remembered* You in his Will, but *bequeathed* to You all his *unsearchable Riches*.—I have an authentic Copy of his Will; and, when I have the Honour of writing to You again, I propose to transcribe two or three of the noble Clauses, which specify some of those inestimable Legacies, given to You, Madam, and to

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and most obedient humble Servant.

## LETTER LXVII.

*On seasonable Rains, after a Drought.—On the Scripture Promises.—On his Publications.*

Weston, June 1, 1754.

MADAM,

**I** SCARCELY know how to express my Thankfulness for the double Favour, of excusing my long Silence, and sealing my Pardon by a welcome Present. May the great eternal God abundantly bless You with his Love, sealing “You unto the Day of Redemption!”

My Brother brought the Franks. Their Number gave me a pleasing Idea of your Ladyship’s Generosity. Other People will hardly come up to our Requests. It is your Delight to exceed our Expectations. And as it is your Delight, it is also your Honour and your Happiness. This is to imitate the supreme Benefactor, who “prevents” poor Sinners “with the Blessings of his Goodness.” Who, when We deserved no Mercy, gave Us the most unspeakably precious Gift. Gave his Son, his divine and adorable Son, “to be made Sin for Us, that We might be made the Righteousness of God in Him.”

We have had, after a long Succession of very dry Weather, the most seasonable and refreshing Rains. *The God of Nature* has watered the Earth, and made it fruitful. The Meadows are covered with Herbage, and the Fields stand thick with Corn. “The little Hills (according to the Psalmist’s beautiful Description) clap their Hands, and the Vallies laugh and sing.” And will *the God of Grace* withhold his blessed Spirit? Will He fructify the Clods of the Ground, and leave the Souls, the immortal Souls of his People, barren and desolate?



desolate? No; “He hath spoken in his Holiness,” and solemnly promised; “I will pour Waters upon Him that is thirsty, and Rivers upon the dry Ground; I will pour my Spirit.” Not drop or distill, but *pour*—and not Waters only, but *Rivers*—Communications of my Grace, *copious* as the liquid Treasures, and incessant as the everlasting Flow, of the majestic Stream. May this blessed Promise be made good to You, Madam! Fly for Refuge to Jesus Christ, and it is your’s. Lean upon your beloved Redeemer, and verily it shall be fulfilled.

I have enclosed a little Collection of scriptural Promises, relating to the most important Interests of the Christian, and the most pressing Exigencies of his probationary State. I have caused two thousand of them to be printed: in order to dispose of them among my Friends and the Poor. If pasted, the one at the Beginning, the other at the End of their Bibles, they may be a little Casket of spiritual Consolation.—Be so good as to accept the Trifle, and I will think of the Serpent that presented a Rose to Jupiter; the lowest Reptile to the Monarch of Heaven. Should your Ladyship chuse to do the Paper an Honour, by giving it to any Persons, You will please to command a Supply. The Contents of it, I hope, will comfort, enlighten, and edify their Hearts.

May I promise myself the Benefit of your Opinion, concerning the Publication of *three* Volumes. As You know the Taste and Temper of the polite World, I should be much obliged for your Advice. And I beg You will not flatter my Vanity; but if You think, that *three* Volumes on a *religious* Subject will be *insupportable*, be so kind as to tell me plainly. I would fain write, what may be acceptable, in order to write what may be useful; and, for my own Part, I really am

afraid, that so *large* a Work will be less likely to subserve such a Design. Your Ladyship's Sentiments on the Subject, would have much Weight with, and would be very welcome to,

Madam,

Your most obedient,

and grateful humble Servant.

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## LETTER LXVIII.

*On burning her Letters.—On her Bounty.—On Difference of Opinions.—On his Publications.*

*Weston, June 16, 1754.*

MADAM,

I HAVE now before me a great Favourite; who is condemned to die, and must suffer Execution, the Moment I have finished my Letter to your Ladyship. —Can You guess, Who or What I mean? It is your own obliging Letter; which, with all your Favours of this Kind, hath been sentenced to the Flames by your own Orders; and must, as all its Predecessors have done, perish, unless You please to revoke the Doom.

I was guilty of a great Mistake, in the last Letter which I had the Honour of writing to your Ladyship. I compared the enclosed Paper to the Present of a Rose. Whereas, it was really a *Bank-Note*: richer than the Note, which, about a Year and Half ago, a certain Lady of Quality was pleased to transmit to a Country Gentleman, for the Benefit of his poor Neighbours.

'Tis a Note upon the Bank of Heaven: a Note under God's own Hand: a Note for Treasures of inestimable

effinable Worth and everlasting Duration.—Yet I do not pretend, Madam, to lay You under any Obligation, or to compensate for your own Generosity. Because, I am not the Bestower, but only the Bearer of the Gift.—May that all-sufficient God, from whom it comes, enable You to use it! Enable You by Faith and Prayer, to *draw for* whatever You want—for *Grace to help in every Time of Need*—for all “the unsearchable Riches of Christ.”

I wish, with your Ladyship, that my good Friend Mr. ——— had not been so lavish in his Praises of Mr. ———. But I verily believe, He obeyed the Dictates of his Conscience, in all that He wrote.—I must say likewise, that I am not much delighted, and not at all edified, by his partly philosophic, partly casuistic Preface. But He may intend it for the Benefit of other Readers. To those, I heartily wish, it may be blessed, and all his Labours, and all his Writings, to the Honour of our common Lord.—There may be a gracious Providence, in suffering the Sentiments of his Servants to be somewhat diversified. By this Means, every Case may be suited, and every Person properly addressed. The *Word of GRACE*, which publisheth Life and Peace by Jesus Christ, may be, like the Manna in the Wilderness, pleasing to every Palate, and profitable to every *Israelite*.

I am much encouraged, and perhaps too much pleased, with the Reply of the young Lady. She has paid me such a Compliment, as I know not how to acknowledge; unless I may be permitted to wish—What? That she may shine at a Court, or be the Toast of the Age? No: but that She may perceive, What a Sinner, What a Rebel, What an undone Creature, lies hid under that blooming Countenance, and engaging Person. This will be the Way of bringing

Her to prize that adorably tender and compassionate Saviour, who died to deliver Her *from the Wrath to come*.—If She should think this a very coarse Return for her polite Speech, I would beg of her to cast a Look upon the Gold in her Purse, or the Diamond on her Ring. These, She will observe, were first lodged *very low*, before they arose to their present high Estimation.

I have still another Scruple, which respects not the gay and splendid World, but the mean and penurious. I would gladly have my Books in those Hands, which hold the Plough, and ply the Distaff.—Because, these Persons are as nearly related to the all-creating God, and as highly beloved by the ever-blessed Jesus, as those who wear a Crown, or wield a Sceptre. But these will hardly be able to purchase *three* Volumes.

I thank your Ladyship for your kind Offer, in Reference to the Princess. But my Work is so far from being ready to come abroad, that it is not yet in the Press. The necessary Preliminaries, one of which is the Number of the Volumes, are not settled. Though, as to this Particular, I begin to be pretty well satisfied.

My Brother returned to London, long before I received your Commands, concerning the little printed Papers. Otherwise, He would have been glad of the Pleasure of conveying them to your Ladyship. In this Frank, and in another, You will find half a Dozen enclosed; some in a larger and some in a smaller Character. I am not without Hopes, that the divine Blessing may accompany them. God, though infinitely exalted, does *not despise the Day of small Things*. And whatever He blesses, whether it be great or small, is blessed indeed. May this Blessing of the Most High ever rest upon your Ladyship; and, through the Atonement and

Intercession of our Great High-Priest, never depart  
from, Madam,

Your most obliged,  
and most obedient Servant,

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## L E T T E R L X I X .

*On the Plan of his Theron and Aspasio.*

*Weston, Sept. 28, 1754.*

MADAM,

I OUGHT to make an Apology for my long Silence. Yet instead of bringing an Apology, I come with a Request.—It is not to crave a Bank-Note, which You once bestowed. Nor to rescue me from an Arrest, which You generously projected to do; when You heard that I was under Confinement, but knew not that it was by Sickness. It is to request the Honour of your Name; to dignify and recommend my Book, which has been, for a considerable Time, committed to the Press. It will, I believe, be entitled

THERON AND ASPASIO,

OR A

S E R I E S

OF

D I A L O G U E S

AND

L E T T E R S

Upon the most *important* and *interesting* Subjects.

The

The Whole will constitute three Volumes. It will, I apprehend, make its Appearance, about the Time appointed for the Meeting of the Parliament. And I know no Person, whose Name will give the Author more Satisfaction, or be a higher Recommendation to his Performance, than your Ladyship's.—I dare not, however, gratify myself in this Particular, without asking your Leave; and I think, You cannot consistently with Prudence grant your Leave, till You have seen what the Author proposes to say. Permit me therefore to submit the following Attempt to your Ladyship's Judgment. Which, I trust, will neither be offensive to your Delicacy, nor is incompatible with my Character as a Minister of the Gospel.

To the Right Honourable

LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY, &c.—*See the  
Dedication to THERON and ASPASIO.*

I hope, Madam, You will find nothing in this Address, that may be painful to Humility. And if so, give me Leave to promise Myself, that You will not withhold this Instance of your Condescension and Favour from

The Author of

*Theron and Aspasio.*

## L E T T E R LXX.

*On the Dedication to her.*

Nov. 24.

MADAM,

ACCEPT my most grateful Acknowledgments for your last Favour. You have highly obliged me, in permitting me to grace my Work with your Name. —I have been, ever since I received your Ladyship's Letter, engaged to keep no less than eight Hands constantly employed in Printing. Which has taken up all my Time. Otherwise, I should long before this, have given myself the Pleasure, which I am now enjoying.

Be so kind, Madam, as to favour me with your Advice, Whether I should present the Book to the Princess. I must, I apprehend, present it to the Prince's Preceptor; because, He is our Diocesan, and treated me in a very genteel Manner, when I received Institution from Him.

The Piece, I believe, in a Fortnight or three Weeks, will be ready for public View.—This is the last Frank I have. Could You, Madam, accommodate me with a fresh Supply? At this Juncture, a few of those Vehicles would be very welcome and serviceable. If You could indulge this Request, and lodge them with Mr. *Rivington* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, He would transmit them in his first Parcel to, Madam,

Your most obliged

humble Servant.

## LETTER LXXI.

*On presenting his Piece to the Princesses.—His Letter from the Bishop of Peterborough.*

MADAM,

**Y**OUR Favour deserved the speediest Acknowledgment. To grant my Request, was obliging; to grant it so speedily, was like Yourself. The very first Post should have brought my Thanks, but my Hands were tied. Tied by the Business of the Press. For, We have not yet finished the Book. You can hardly imagine, what Obstructions and Mistakes happen, in the Process of such a Work. Especially, when the Author is at a Distance from the Press.

I take it for granted, your Ladyship approves of my presenting the Piece to the Princesses. But would You have me attempt to put into the Hands of the Prince? Dr. Hales's Expression seems to intimate some such Thing.—But I fear, this will be looked upon, as an Act of unbecoming Forwardness.—I question, whether the Bishop would think it a proper Book for his Royal Highness's Collection. I dare say, Mr. S—— (who, I am told, is the principal Director of the Prince's Conduct) would banish it, not for a Term of Years, but for ever; and not to the American Colonies, but to the Country of the Hottentots.—I dare not expect, that the Bishop Himself will like it.—But perhaps He will dislike my Practice, if I do not pay Him the Compliment. When He gave Us a Charge, at his last Visitation, He inveighed against Enthusiasm on the one Hand, and Profaneness on the other. And some of our reverend Brethren took Notice, that, when delivering Himself on the former Topic, He frequently  
threw



threw his Eye upon my Friend *H*—— and me. However, this I must say, That He wrote me a very handsome Letter, when I presented Him with the Remarks on Lord *B*——; and in a private Letter, which I happened to see, expressed no Disapprobation concerning the Meditations. All this I mention to your Ladyship, but to no Body else. And I promise myself, You will condescend to keep, as well as to give Counsel. I will speak the Truth as it is in Jesus, with Boldness and without Reserve. But of other People, and their Sentiments or Behaviour, I would speak with the utmost Caution, or rather not speak at all.

Be so good, Madam, as to favour me with your Opinion on this Point. And be assured, I have no Ambition of obtruding my Essay on such exalted Personages. I dare trust it with Divine Providence. He, for whose Honour I write, has all Souls in his Hand; and can open whatever Doors, whatever Hearts He pleases, for the Reception of the Book.

I was pleased with your delicate Remark on the sincere and honest Doctor's Expression. And why will You not vouchsafe to make such Criticisms upon the Style and Sentiments of another Person? Especially, in those Lines which He is to have the Honour of addressing to your Ladyship in the most public Manner; and which may tell distant Nations, perhaps tell the Children that are yet unborn, that You did not disdain to be a Friend to,

Madam,

Your most obliged,

humble Servant.

## LETTER LXXII.

*Remarks on Adulation.**Weston, Dec. 15, 1754.*

MADAM,

GIVE me Leave to thank You, and very sincerely, for your ingenious Criticisms on my Dedication. This I should have done sooner, had I not waited for the Opportunity of transmitting the enclosed. Here You see the Essay somewhat altered. It is, what the Printers call, the Proof-Sheet. Incorrect and on slovenly Paper. This Indelicacy Your Ladyship will be so good as to excuse. If I had staid, till it was neatly finished, it would be too late to receive your Opinion, at least to admit of your Improvements.

Permit me to think, that the Terms *accomplished Personage*, as they stand connected, cannot justly offend your Humility. I have asserted nothing; the Expression is general and indeterminate; and if the World should make the Application to Lady *Fanny Shirley*, I am persuaded, the Writer will neither be charged with Falshood, nor suspected of Flattery.

I know not how to part with the Words *wife* and *happy*. That You have chosen the *better* Part, at least that You have chosen the *religious* Part, is evident to all. Blindness must see it, and Prejudice cannot deny it. That to do this, is true Wisdom, and the only Way to Happiness, must—for the Honour of our Lord, and the Dignity of his Cause—must be maintained. If I had said, that your Ladyship had made the greatest Proficiency in Religion, that You are a most shining Ornament to the Gospel, this might reasonably give You Offence; this, even when true, ought not to be said

said to any Person's Face. As to this Particular, I suppose You defective. "I wish You may BE, what You patronize." I take the Liberty to exhort You to advance, as One that has not yet attained.

Upon the whole; I would strictly guard against whatever had the least Approach to Adulation. It is a mean Artifice: it is also a shallow Device, such as defeats its own End; and instead of honouring, tends to discredit both the Giver and the Receiver.—I assure You, honoured Madam, it would grieve me beyond Expression, if any Thing should drop from my Pen, that might awaken the least Vanity in your Mind, or injure that most precious Virtue, Humility. This would be Poison instead of Balm. The High and Holy One *that inhabits Eternity, beholds the Vain and Conceited afar off*. There is no greater Object of his Indignation and Abhorrence. But He *has respect unto the Lowly*: He dwells *with the Humble*: to them his Son Jesus Christ *is precious*; and they will be *to the Praise of the Glory of his Grace*.

Would You think it proper to shew the Dedication to Dr. Hales, and hear his Judgment upon it? And will You be so obliging, as to favour me with your farther Sentiments upon this Subject? This Part need not be printed yet, as my Bookseller informs me, it will be impossible to publish before Christmas. He stays for the larger Edition, which was begun later, and proceeds but slowly.

The Franks are come to my Hand; and as I shall have Occasion, at this Juncture, to write many Letters, a few more, when You can conveniently procure and transmit them, will be very acceptable to,

Your Ladyship's most obliged

humble Servant.

## LETTER LXXIII.

*On the Prince's reading his Books.*

*Weston, Dec. 26, 1754.*

MADAM,

PARDON me, if in my last I seemed too tenacious of my own Opinion, and not to pay a proper Deference to your Judgment. I wrote in a Hurry; but have since considered more maturely, what You proposed, and what I remonstrated. Have therefore attempted to alter what You disapproved. Only You will allow me to retain the Words *accomplished Personage*, or, if You chuse it rather, *accomplished Person*.—For the Credit of our holy Religion I would retain this Expression. Because, the giddy World have a Notion, or the malicious World would suggest, that None but Clowns and Rustics embrace the Gospel; that Christianity is to be found no where, but among the Refuse of Humanity.—Another Reason is, because I think, there is no Danger of your Ladyship's being vain, on Account of this Character. The Accomplishments of refined Manners and genteel Behaviour, are no more to a Person of your Rank in Life, than a little Knowledge of Latin and Greek is, to One who has received an Academic Education. I have no Reason to pique myself on this common Acquirement, but should have very great Reason to be ashamed, if I was totally destitute of it.—Besides, You will please to consider, that it is by no Means said, Your Ladyship is the accomplished Person. This, however I might think it undeniably true, I could not be so adulatory as to speak directly to your Face; nor imagine You so indelicate, as to be pleased with so gross a Compliment.

If

If You have not destroyed the Proof-Sheet, please to suppose all that is printed, from Page vi. Line 4. expunged; and read as follows;

Is there any Thing in the Amusements of the Gay, &c. See the Dedication.

Favour me, good Madam, with your impartial Sentiments. This Part of my Book, You see, is printed in a remarkable Manner; and being the first that meets the Reader's Eye, being dignified also with your Ladyship's Name, it will be more nicely observed, and more critically examined.

I have a fresh Obligation to Your Ladyship, for procuring me the Opinion of good Dr. *Hales*. I cannot but be pleased with his Approbation, and hope I shall be thankful to God, for giving me Favour and good Understanding in the Eyes of so valuable a Person. But I really fear, He suffers his friendly Temper to draw the Veil over his critical Discernment. Or else, let me speak it in Confidence of your Ladyship's Secrecy, I think, the Doctor does not know the World, nor understand Mankind. I do not apprehend, indeed I cannot persuade myself, that the Bishop will undertake to present the Books, or even consent to his Royal Pupil's reading them.—In Case the Bishop should present them, who knows in what Manner He may do it? Suppose, He should shrug his Shoulders, and say; An ambitious and conceited Clergyman of his Diocese by the Importunity of Request, in a Manner, forced Him upon this Office. How ungraceful would the Affair appear, and how unsuitable to Decorum of Conduct!—Upon the whole, I am in a State of real Perplexity. I would not seem to slight the *Doctor's* Opinion, much less reject his Solicitation, yet I cannot prevail on myself to think, that to execute the Proposal would be the Propriety of Action.—I hope, Madam, You will

give me your free Advice, and help to extricate me from this Embarrassment, into which Yourself, yes, You Yourself have led me. For I should never have been known to such grand Personages, if You had not condescended to introduce me. My Name had never been heard by a Royal Ear, if it had not received some Credit by your Ladyship's Notice.

Above all, may the Lord Jesus Christ, that Wonderful Counsellor, vouchsafe to direct me in all my Ways! May I aim at nothing but the Honour of his blessed Name, nothing but the Furtherance of his glorious Gospel, and may He be, according to his faithful Promise, *my Sun and my Shield!* May He be also *the Strength of your Heart*, the Joy of your Life, and *your Portion for ever!*—I am, Madam,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient Servant.

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## LETTER LXXIV.

*On Illness.—On Resignation to the divine Will.—On his Disagreement with Mr. John Wesley.*

*Weston, Jan. 9, 1755.*

MADAM,

LAST Night I had the Honour of your Letter. And the Pleasure was as great as the Honour. Therefore, on this Day, the very first Opportunity, I beg Leave to make my truly grateful Acknowledgements.—I would also thank the gracious God, who has restored to your Ladyship that best of earthly Blessings, Health. May this be your inseparable Attendant on the left Hand; while Peace of Conscience is your un-

divided Companion on the right ; and the blessed Spirit of God, testifying of Jesus Christ, goes before You, as an unerring Guide. Thus circumstanced, the Journey through the Wilderness of Life, will be rendered agreeable ; and the Passage through the Shades of Death, not dreadful.

Your Ladyship's conjecture is too true. I have indeed been very much out of Order. Visited with a Cough, which almost tore me to Pieces. I verily thought, it would have rent the House of Clay, and set the oppressed Inhabitant free. It still hangs upon me, but is somewhat less vehement. O for that happy World, where these frail, sickly, languishing Bodies will be made like unto Christ's Body. And who can describe, or who can imagine the Beauty, the Majesty, the Perfection of that wonderful Body ? For my Part, I stedfastly believe, that it is by far the most highly finished and the most exquisitely fine Formation, that God ever brought into Existence through all the Extent of material Nature. May I not congratulate You, Madam, on the Thought—that such a Dwelling is intended, such a Shrine is provided, for the everlasting Abode of your precious Soul ?

The Advice You gave Mr. —, is a Lesson for a Saint, or a Hermit. To have our own Wills subdued, resigned, and sacrificed to God's, is a high Attainment in the Christian Life. If We think, that the Lord acts in an arbitrary Manner ; disappoints and afflicts Us, to shew his Sovereignty ; or because He is resolved to break our Humour, and curb our Inclination ; We shall rather be inclined to fret and murmur, than dutifully and chearfully to acquiesce. Here then, as in all other Cases, We must *walk by Faith*, and the thorny Path will be smooth, the steep Ascent will be a Plain. If We believe, that God wounded his dear Son with the Sword of an Enemy and Avenger, but chastises Us

with the Rod of a Father ; that, through the great Propitiation, Wrath is removed, and all Dispensations proceed from Love, all Events work together for our Good ; then We shall be reconciled to the Cup. The Draught is not Poison, but Medicine. Nothing will make it go down so readily, or sit so easily, as this Consideration. In this Faith may your Ladyship grow strong, even as your bodily Strength encreases ; and, I trust, will encrease, till your Health is established, as well as restored.

It becomes me to thank You, for your continued Kindness to Mr. ——. Though I am satisfied You do not much desire Thanks from either of Us, but that We both thank God on your Behalf. To bring some Glory to God, is the Height of your Ladyship's Ambition. Prime Ministers and Conquerors may have a different, but I am very sure, they cannot have a nobler Ambition.—I speak without Flattery, when I take Leave to declare, that your Indignation was truly becoming, when it was expressed against the untractable and capricious Temper of ——. If the poor Man relates what You said, I fancy, He will not venture to preserve the Emphasis of your Air and Accent. I wish, therefore, the vain selfish Creature had seen and heard You. Because, “ as the North-Wind driveth away Rain, so doth an angry Countenance” a silly froward Humour,—I am not certain, that You expect to have the enclosed Letter returned ; and though I am sufficiently certain, that it is not worth your Expectation, yet as it is your Ladyship's Property, I dare not withhold it. The Person hinted at, is Mr. *John Wesley*. He takes me very roundly to Task, on the Score of Predestination. At which I am much surprized. Because a Reader, ten Times less penetrating than He is, may easily see, that this Doctrine (be it true or false) makes no Part of my Scheme ; never comes under Consideration ; is pur-  
posely



posely and carefully avoided. I cannot but fear, He has some sinister Design. Put the Wolf's Skin on the Sheep, and the Flock will shun Him, the Dogs will worry Him. I do not charge such an Artifice, but sometimes I cannot help forming a Suspicion.—If I live to do myself the Honour of writing again to your Ladyship, I hope, You will give me Leave to relate the whole Affair, as it stands between Mr. *Wesley* and myself.—It is well, Madam, that You are pretty much recovered; otherwise, this long Letter would tire your Spirits; and now, I imagine, it will try your Patience. But if, while it tries, it improves it, You will be a Gainer even from the officious Prolivity of,

Your Ladyship's

most obedient humble Servant.

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## L E T T E R LXXV.

*On the Dedication of Theron and Aspasio to her.*

*Weston, Feb. 9, 1755.*

MADAM,

**T**O write is a Favour, and not to write, for the Reason, which your Ladyship mentions, is a Favour. So that You have the Art, to make, both, your Letters and your Silence obliging.

The Bookseller has at last informed me, that my Presents will be ready to be sent on *Wednesday*. So that now I have Abundance of Letters to write, by Way of Introduction to *Theron* and *Aspasio*. And first let me address their Patroness.—From You, Madam, I shall only beg Pardon, for deviating from the common Strain of Dedication. I have written more like your Pastor,

than your Flatterer. And as One who seems desirous to make You happy, rather than vain. Methinks, I hear some *petit Maitre*—if any such should be at the Pains to go through one of the Pages—say; “Why this Clown is solicitous to point out the Way to *Heaven*, rather than to say all Manner of fine Things of her *Ladyship*.”—Be it so, Sir; her *Ladyship* forgives me; nay, more, approves my Conduct; and there is such a Thing as *Conscience*, with which You are little acquainted, that adds its Approbation to all. And, having all this to countenance and support me, I believe, I shall sit very calm and easy under your Censures.

Let me once more return my Thanks to your *Ladyship*, for permitting me to grace my Essay with your Name. I trust, it is a Name, that is written in the Book of Life, and written on the Palms of our exalted Redeemer's Hands. I hope to shew my Gratitude to its Owner, by imploring for Her all spiritual Blessings, and that the Piece which she reads, may testify of Christ to her Soul. Then that, *even that*, will be one, though the least of the Blessings which I wish.—I will order the Books to be delivered, by the very first Messenger on *Wednesday*, and according to your Directions.

I hope, when You receive *Theron* and *Aspasio*, You will favour me with your *free* Sentiments concerning them. And if they are taken any Notice of by the polite World, be so kind, Madam, as to give me a Hint of their Opinion. You need not be afraid of grieving their Author. He remembers what his divine Master says, “Blessed is He, that shall not be offended in me!” Intimating, that Multitudes *will* be offended.—Besides, by learning what prejudices and disgusts the elegant Reader, I shall be the better enabled to obviate such Prejudices, and attempt a Reconciliation of the Judgment to my Doctrines.

This

This Day I propose, with the divine Assistance, to open and apply to my People, that invaluable Text, *Acts* iii. 26. May You, Madam, abundantly enjoy the Blessing, and may it be clearly, convincingly, acceptably displayed by

Your most obedient,  
humble Servant.

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## L E T T E R LXXVI.

*On a Present being intended for him; his Wish for Houbigant's Hebrew Bible.*

*Weston, Feb. 23, 1755.*

MADAM,

I WRITE this, in some Measure to beg Pardon for the prodigious Haste and Rapidity, with which I was obliged to write my last Letter. In some Measure to beg your Ladyship's Opinion upon a Hint, which your own Letter has occasioned.

You was pleas'd to tell me, your Sentiments were asked, concerning some Present, which a certain Lady intended to make to the Author of *Theron and Aspasio*. I assure You, Madam, He had no Expectation of any, only that his Books might be favourably accepted, and attended with the divine Blessing. If they might be the Means of spreading abroad the Savour of Christ's Name; of promoting the Knowledge of his glorious Excellency, his free Grace, and everlasting Righteousness, He shall think Himself unspeakably indebted to the Giver of all Good.

But since the afore-mentioned Affair was started, give me Leave to say, that my Thirst after Books is very

much allayed; I have bid adieu to the curious and entertaining Inventions of Wit or Discoveries of Science; my principal Attention is now devoted to the sacred Oracles of Inspiration. These I should be glad to have in their noblest Form and highest Perfection. And I find, there is now published a very fine Edition of the Hebrew Scriptures by Father *Houbigant*.—If the Point should ever come upon the Carpet again, be pleased, *if You think it proper*, just to suggest, that You dare venture to affirm, from a general Knowledge of his Taste, that *such* a Present would be singularly acceptable, and, I hope, it would be beneficial.

I do not know the Price. Though I fear it will be costly; as it consists of four *Tomes* in *Folio*, and as *Hebrew* Printing is uncommonly expensive. In the enclosed Paper, the Book is advertised, and some small Account given of its Contents. I have marked the Passages with Crosses, that your Ladyship may not have Trouble of searching.—After all I leave the whole to your Ladyship's Discretion; and shall think my Interests very safe, and the Propriety of my Conduct equally secure, if You will condescend to undertake for both.

Good Mr. *Whitefield*, I am informed, meets with great Favour, and preaches with great Success in our Colonies. The Lord makes Him, as the Prophet speaks, “like his goodly Horse in the Battle. He goes forth conquering and to conquer.” May You also, my honourable Madam, go forth in the Strength of the Lord Jesus Christ; and travel “with Singing unto Sion, where everlasting Joy shall be upon your Head.” And there, among “the innumerable Company of Just Men made perfect,” may You see

Your most obliged, humble Servant.

## L E T T E R LXXVII.

*On his Works.—Remarks on Mr. Law's Writings.*

*Weston, March 1, 1755.*

MADAM,

WHAT a Pleasure shall I enjoy, if the Lord Jesus vouchsafes to make my Books acceptable to your Ladyship, and edifying to your Soul! I say *acceptable*; for, You may depend upon it, many People will be disgusted with them and their Sentiments. You remember, Who it is that says, “Blessed is He, who-soever shall not be offended in Me.”—Christ himself was a Sign, that should be spoken against; his Doctrine was to some *Foolishness*, and to others *a Stumbling-Block*; and the Preachers of it, were sometimes pronounced *mad*, and generally treated as the *Offscouring of all Things*. So that You will not be surpris'd, if You should see the Book, which is adorned with your Ladyship's Name, fiercely attacked, severely censured, and illiberally reproached. Not that I have as yet received any such Compliments, but I have long ago given myself Warning of their Approach.

Pray, Madam, do not be so injurious to Yourself, as to suppose that what You write, can be disagreeable to me. I never see any Thing disagreeable in your Letters, unless it be what the Printers call *The large Whites*.—Mr. Law's last Book I have not seen; neither indeed do I desire to see it: especially if it be written in the same Strain, as one of his Letters upon Divine Love, which happened to fall in my Way. *Fall in my Way!* No, truly. It did not *fall*, but *soared*. Soared in mystical Flights and metaphysical Subtilties, far too high for my groveling Apprehensions to follow. And  
not

not *in my Way*, but as far remote from my trite and vulgar Way of thinking, as *Britain* is from *Japan*.— O! Madam, let Us adhere to the Scriptures; as new-born Babes desire the sincere Milk of the Word; and implore the Influences of the blessed Spirit, that We may grow thereby.

I should be uneasy about the Contents of my last Letter, were they in any other Hands, but your Ladyship's. If what I mentioned be an improper Proposal, You will have such a kind Regard to the unadvised Writer, as to stifle and suppress his Project. And I do assure You, Madam, I can bear to have it suppressed. My Heart is not set upon that or any other Book. As I have the Bible in its pure and sacred Original, I can dispense with the Circumstance of a grand and pompous Form.

I have received a very friendly Letter from the *Bishop*: and Dr. *Hales* has transmitted to me the Thanks of her Royal Highness. Alas, Madam! What Good does this do me? Or, if I were presented to a Deanery, what Service would that do me, when I stand at the great Tribunal? Blessed Jesus, let not my poor Endeavours be rewarded with such Chaff. Be Thou glorified; let Souls be edified; and then *they* who read, and *be* who wrote, may one Day rejoice together.

You see, Madam, I do not leave much of the *large White*, when I have the Honour of subscribing myself,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,

humble Servant.

## LETTER LXXVIII.

*On receiving a Present of Books from her.*

*Weston, March 16, 1755.*

MADAM,

YESTERDAY I received your noble Present—a magnificent and beautiful Sett of Books! The Paper fine, the Type grand, the Binding rich, the principal Contents invaluable. What the Notes are, I am not able to judge; not having, as yet, Time to make an Examination.—When I think of this Instance of your Ladyship's Munificence; the Care, the Trouble, the Expence to which You have submitted; when I reflect on the free, generous, obliging Air, with which all was undertaken, all dispatched, and all presented; may I not very justly turn, what was sometimes used by Way of Imprecation, into an Act of Devotion and an Expression of Gratitude? “The Lord,” the good Lord, “do so to You,” Madam, “and more also!”—And there is great Reason to trust, that He will not only answer, but *outdo* and infinitely surpass even the warmest Wishes, which a grateful Heart can form. For thus I find it written, in that sacred Book which You have been pleased to put into my Possession; thus it is declared by the Spirit of divine Inspiration; “Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto You; and therefore will He be exalted, that He may have Mercy upon You: for the Lord is a God of Judgment, blessed are all they that wait for Him.”

I wonder, how your Ladyship found the Books. If I remember right, there was no Direction of this Sort, in the printed Advertisement.

The Franks likewise are come; and tell me, what a *condescending* as well as *liberal* Friend I have in Lady

FRANCES

FRANCES SHIRLEY. Who neither disdains small, nor grudges large and expensive Offices of Kindness; but whether it be the Case of a Letter, or a superb and costly Volume, is *ready to distribute and willing to communicate*. May the Lord Jesus Christ be your Friend and Portion; be your Shield, my dear and honourable Madam, and your exceeding great Reward. And when I forget to pray for these Blessings, then let me no longer enjoy the Pleasure of professing myself

Your Ladyship's most obliged

and most obedient humble Servant.

P. S. The Bookfeller fully executed your Ladyship's Orders, for the Books were nicely packed up, and came without the least Injury, and are the *finest* Volumes in my Study. May they also be the most useful!

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## LETTER LXXIX.

*Requests to hear what Faults are found with his Writings.*

March 22, 1755.

MADAM,

I AM not a little glad, if any Thing that *Theron* or *Aspasio* say, meets with your Approbation. May the Lord Jesus Christ make me thankful, and make the Essay a Blessing to your Soul. How mighty is his Arm, and how gracious is his Heart! He *can* work by the *weakest* Instruments, and often *does* work by the *unworthiest*. When I remember this, I have Hope; when I forget or disbelieve it, I am discouraged.

Though nothing would please me more, than to furnish out the Page of Pleasure and Improvement for your  
Ladyship;



Ladyship; yet I should be very much obliged, if, in your tender and delicate Manner, You would point out the Faults: what You *hear* to be Faults: or what You *think* to be Faults. The harshest Truths, communicated in such a Way, would cease to be offensive. But I assure You, they would not be harsh to me. I expect, that, in a Work of this Size, there are Escapes and Improproprieties not a few. Be so good therefore as to say, *This* Expression was inelegant, and disgusted me; *this* was obscure, and puzzled me. *Here* the Sentiments are redundant; *there* the Argument is defective. In *one* Place, your Persons speak too much like the mere Scholar; in *another*, they make too near an Approach to the Dialect of the Rustic. I heard *such a Passage* blamed at one Time; and *such an Opinion* censured at another.

Is not Mr. ——— an Author? Has not He written the Roman History? If He be the Gentleman I apprehend, He has an Eagle's Eye, and will easily discern the Defects, which if in Conversation You would learn, and in a Letter would please to transmit, the Information might be highly serviceable, as it would be truly acceptable.—I expect to receive more Advantage from my Enemies, than my Friends. The latter peruse with Partiality; the former will examine with Rigour. Yet I have been prevailed on, by the Solicitations of my Bookseller, to commit another Edition to the Press, before any of my Adversaries, or rather Adversaries to my *Doctrine*, have appeared on the Stage.

It gives me Satisfaction to hear, that your Ladyship approves Letter V. This is really the Corner-Stone, which supports the Whole; the Hinge, on which the precious Privilege of a Saviour's imputed Righteousness turns. May your Ladyship be enabled, every Day, to see more and more the glorious Excellency of this distin-

distinguished Prerogative, and live in the habitual Enjoyment of the unspeakable Blessing. To wish this, and turn such Wishes into Prayer, is the only Way in which I can duly express my Gratitude for your Generosity to,  
Madam,

Your most obliged

humble Servant.

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## LETTER LXXX.

*On her early rising.—On his Manner of Preaching.*

*Weston, April 1, 1755.*

MADAM,

**F**OR the Sake of my honourable and honoured Patroness, I rejoice and bless God, if He pleases to give my Books any favourable Acceptance. O! may his eternal Spirit vouchsafe to breathe upon the tender Plant! Then *its Branches shall spread, and its Smell shall be as Lebanon. Its Branches shall spread*; it shall be received with Approbation; it shall find its Way into many Hands; and be diffused far and near. *Its Smell shall be as Lebanon*; welcome to the Reader, as the Gales which have swept that odoriferous Mountain, are to the Traveller; when they meet Him on his sultry Journey, and refresh Him with their Coolness, and delight Him with their Fragrance.—Thus shall it be with the Books, which the Lord God Omnipotent condescends to countenance and honour. *Hosea xiv. 6.*

I am glad, your Ladyship approves the closing Part. Give me Leave to wish, that it may be woven into the very Texture of your Heart. May You experience all  
that

that *Assasio* says! And *be found in Christ—be one with Christ—be complete in Christ.* Happy then, substantially happy will You be, in Life; and happy, beyond all Imagination happy, at Death.

*Breakfast at Four in the Morning!* Is it really F—O—U—R? Or have I mistook your Characters? As You have honoured me with so many Letters, I have Reason to be pretty well acquainted with the Turn of your Pen. Yet I can hardly believe my own Eyes. Does Lady Frances Shirley ever rise so early, for the Sake of serious Conversation and spiritual Improvement? At this Rate, Madam, You enjoy a Day, before the Generality of Persons of Quality begin it.—This was the Practice of our divine Master. He frequently *rose up a great while before Day*, for the important Exercise of Devotion. At those early Hours, may You enjoy much of his heavenly Presence, and drink in large Draughts of Consolation from those *Wells of Salvation—the Scriptures!*

The Method which Mr. H——— takes to obtain Comfort, is perfectly right. *Hannah was a Woman of a sorrowful Spirit; She was in Bitterness of Soul; but She prayed to the Lord, and her Countenance was no more sad.*—The Word of God was written for this very End, that *We through Patience and Comfort of the Scriptures might have Hope.* We should therefore treasure it up in our Memories, and beseech God to write it on our Hearts, that it may be a Cordial to our Spirits in the Hour of Trouble. This is what I earnestly recommend to my People, and frame all my public Discourses, so as to promote and facilitate this desirable End. Having named the Text, when I come to handle the Subject, I select some precious Portion of Scripture; desire my Hearers to *turn to it in their Bibles*; and then (as God enables) enlarge upon it. By this Means, Persons of the weakest Memory may, if not carry away, yet retrieve

trieve the Substance of the Sermon. May, like the blessed Virgin, lay it up in their Minds, and *ponder it in their Hearts*. My last Text was *Heb. x. 14*. From this I endeavoured to shew, that Christ has obtained perfect Redemption for Sinners—perfect Deliverance from Hell, *Zeck. ix. 11*.—perfect Peace with God, *Coloss. i. 20*.—a free Admittance into Heaven, *Rev. vii. 14, 15*.—the Gift of true Sanctification, *Heb. xiii. 20, 21*. And all this by *one* Offering, because it is divine, all-sufficient, and of infinite Value.—Now, in Case my Hearers should forget every Part of the Minister's Discourse, yet if they *recollect*, and *ponder*, and *pray over* these Portions of God's Word, they may have abundant Matter for Edification.—I believe, You love to crop a *Snow-Drop* or an *Hepatica* with your own Hand. For which Reason, I have not transcribed those Passages, that You may have the Pleasure of gathering for Yourself those Flowers of Heaven. With these may your Soul be richly replenished, and be a *Garden enclosed* for Jesus to walk in.

Your most obliged,

humble Servant.

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## L E T T E R LXXXI.

*On his Letter from the Bishop on the Excellency of Christ.*

*Weston, June 1, 1755.*

MADAM,

I SHOULD be the most unreasonable of Creatures, if I did not firmly believe, what You are pleased, with so much condescending Goodness, to assure me of—That I have a real Friend, in my truly honourable  
and

and highly honoured Correspondent. Yet let me not make too free with Generosity and Beneficence. I had no Thoughts, when I wrote about the Bibles, of any Thing but an Application to Mr. K——. I did not know, but He might be glad of such an Opportunity to do good; and therefore all that I desired, was, to have it put in his Way.—To tell Your Ladyship the real Truth, I do not want such Books for myself. Blessed be God, my own Writings are a Fund for such charitable Expences. But I had some other Ministers, whose Circumstances are less affluent, in my Eye.—These I proposed to supply with a few Bibles; by disposing of which, in a judicious Manner, among their Neighbours, they may win their Affections, and promote their Salvation.—Having laid before You, Madam, the Truth of the Case, act as You think proper. Reverse or execute your Intention, just as You please. Either Way, I shall be satisfied, obliged, and thankful.

I fear, I should put your Ladyship to too much Trouble, if I should beg a short Account of Mr. G——'s Treatment.—I hope Mr. Campbell, when He pleads the Cause, will be, as the Prophet *Jeremiah* speaks, “valiant for the Truth.” Our *Bishop*, I presume, was not concerned in the Affair. This Week He sent me a very friendly and polite Letter; sweetened with much Approbation, and seasoned with some Remarks, of a critical and refined Nature. It is the second his Lordship has favoured me with on the Subject. As it relates to *your own Book*, perhaps it may not be disagreeable to your Ladyship to peruse it. I will therefore take the Liberty to enclose it, together with the young Man's from Biddeford. That You may see, at one View, the Sentiments of the Courtier and the Mechanic, the improved Scholar and the Man of natural Sense. The latter Letter You will please to commit to the Flames, that it may not enflame my

Vanity ; the first You will be so good as to return, that it may tend to the Improvement of *Theron* and *Aspasio*. Though, I must confess, the Observations, all but the last, come too late to have due Regard paid to them.

The vain Amusements and empty Pleasures of the World, I hope, will endear the Motto and its Subject to your Affections. In Jesus is infinite Dignity and everlasting Righteousness. To contemplate Him, is a Source of the sublimest Pleasure ; to call Him our own, is a Foundation for the most solid Happiness.—That both, that *all* these may be your Ladyship's Portion, is the sincere Prayer of,

Madam,  
Your most obliged  
and most obedient Servant.

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## LETTER LXXXII.

*On the Bible and his Letters.*

*Weston, June 19.*

MADAM,

**Y**OU will observe, from the Frank which encloses this Letter, that I have received your Ladyship's Favour. The Books are come ; and noble Books they are. The Lord Jesus enable me to dispose of them in such a Manner, that Glory may redound to his Name, and Good be communicated to his People!—The Franks also are arrived. May I be assisted to make a proper Use of these also ! That they may be the Vehicle of some edifying Truths, and a Means of diffusing the Knowledge of a crucified Redeemer!—O that the first (the Bibles I mean) might be like the Pillar of Fire in

the Wilderness, or the meridian Sun in the Firmament; the latter (my epistolary Correspondence) like a burning Coal, or a glowing Spark from the Altar, to enkindle the Love of the Lord our Righteousness!

For both these Presents You will please to accept my best Thanks; and may the good Lord turn my poor Thanks into heavenly Blessings!

Almost all my former Letters have been most unfashionably, most ungentlely prolix. For once I will endeavour to be politely concise: nor give your Ladyship the Trouble of turning the Paper, and reading a tedious Scrawl, but only beg the Honour of subscribing myself,  
Madam,

Your most obliged,  
and very humble Servant,

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## LETTER LXXXIII.

*On various Subjects.*

*Weston, July 5, 1755.*

MADAM,

WHEN I commend your Judgment in spiritual Things, I do it not from Flattery, but from a conscious Joy. I bless God on this Behalf myself, and I give your Ladyship Occasion to praise his Holy Name on the same Account. And not only to praise Him for past Mercies, but to hope more cheerfully and assuredly for a Continuation, or rather for an Augmentation of them. All the Lord's Gifts are a Pledge and an Earnest of richer Favours. Methinks, they come inscribed with this delightful and encouraging Motto, "Thou shalt see greater Things than these."

Ah, Madam! do not wonder, if you observe in worldly People an Enmity against the Children of God and the Servants of Christ. As soon may Fire and Water incorporate, as the Contrarieties of their Temper be reconciled. You know Who hath said, "If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute You." This, though the natural Tendency of Men's Spirits, is over-ruled by the Highest for the Good of his People. *David*, when persecuted by *Saul*, could fly even to an idolatrous City, *Gath*. And shall not the Followers of Jesus fly to their everlasting Father's Arms, when they are calumniated or cruelly treated by their Fellow-Creatures? Especially, since He has declared, that He "will gather them, as a Hen gathereth her Chickens under her Wings." With infinite Compassion He will receive them, and with Almighty Power *protect* them.—I do not wish my honoured Lady to be a Partaker of Persecution; but I most heartily wish her a perpetual Residence under those Wings of eternal Love. That She may have all the Safety, Repose, and Comfort, without any of the embittering Circumstances. Being led thither by Choice, not driven thither by the Scourge.

I am glad to hear, that the Report of Sir J——L——r's Death is false. Glad, because He is so complaisant to my noble Friend, and so generous to my worthy Soldier.—I hope, He (the Soldier, I mean) is a real Child of God. And see! by what unthought of, wonderful Ways the great immortal Father provides for the Welfare of his Children! Who would have suspected, that a common Soldier in Captain R——'s Troop, who, a few Months ago, had not so much as heard of Lady Frances Shirley's Name, should now be brought to her Knowledge; be honoured with her Regard; and obtain his Desires by her Interest? Who  
would



would not covet, who would not be ambitious, to be a Child of the Most High? Since He can influence any or all Hearts in Favour of his Sons and Daughters.— My good Madam, prize this Privilege above all your Honours. Prize it far beyond all your high Titles or illustrious Lineage. You are by Birth the Daughter of an Earl; but by Grace You are a Child of God. As such, go to Him with Pleasure and Confidence; make known all your Requests in his indulgent Ear; expect from Him all spiritual Blessings in this World, and *an Inheritance incorruptible and undefiled* in another World. And may We bless, for ever bless the divine Jesus, through whose Humiliation and Death We enjoy this great Prerogative. “Ye are the Children of God,” says the Apostle, “through Faith in Jesus Christ.” To which our Lord himself adds, *I go to My Father and Your Father*; first *my* Father, and then *yours*; yours because of me, your Relation to me, and Union with me.

I have just now read, advertised in the Magazine, the following Book, “An Epistle from Charles Wesley to John Wesley.” Has your Ladyship seen or heard of it? If You have, be so good as to inform me of the Design and Contents. I hope, there is no Hostility commenced between the Brothers. I have no Connection nor Correspondence with them, but should be sorry for such an Event. For your Account of this Piece I shall be, as for your Account of Mr. G——r’s Treatment,

Madam,

Your most obliged,  
and obedient humble Servant.

## LETTER LXXXIV.

*On a Visit from Mr. T——.—Remarks on Dr. Crisp.*

*Weston, Oct. 14, 1755.*

MADAM,

I FULLY intended myself the Pleasure of writing to your Ladyship by the last Post: but, by an unexpected Visit from a Relation, was prevented.—I hope, Mr. T—— has, before this Time, delivered my Letter; and that my Acknowledgments, poor as they are, have been honoured with your Acceptance.

Mr. T—— staid with me but a little while. He came, just as I was going to take Horse, for a little Air and Exercise. We had some Discourse, at our first Interview, on the matchless Excellencies and *unsearchable Riches of Christ*. The holy Scriptures were the Subject of our next Conversation. We encouraged one another to *search* them, and to enrich our Memories with them. That from them, accompanied by the Divine Spirit, We may be *thoroughly furnished* for our ministerial Office, and for *every good Work*. O! that they may *dwell in us richly*; and be *mixed with Faith*, while We read them, contemplate them, talk of them.

I am pleased with your Ladyship's Criticisms upon the Books You peruse. They shew, that You remember the Apostle's Rule, *Prove all Things*. May You also be enabled to follow his excellent Direction, *Hold fast that which is good*.—Dr. Crisp proceeds upon that important, but too much disregarded Principle, That We should work, not *for* Life, but *from* Life. Our Works should proceed from the Spirit of the Lord Jesus, dwelling in our Hearts; and then they will be truly good. They should aim, not at obtaining Salvation

tion for Ourselves, but at glorifying Him, who hath obtained eternal Redemption for Us; and then they will be truly acceptable.

The Apostle says, as You rightly observe, *Repent and be baptized*. But if a poor Sinner had asked Him this Question, How shall I repent? What shall melt my stony Heart? What shall make me abhor myself and my most beloved Lusts? To this Effect He would probably have replied—Nothing but the Grace of God manifested in Christ. Believe, that the Lord hath delivered up his dearest Son to die in your Stead. Believe, that the blessed Jesus has borne every one of your Sins, in his bleeding Body, and on the cursed Tree. This, under the Influence of the Holy Ghost, will soften the hard Heart. This will alienate your Affections from all Iniquity. By this You will be taught godly Sorrow, *Zech. xii. 10.* and evangelical Humiliation, *Ezek. xxxvi.*

Your two Books upon the *Catechism* shall be disposed of. I wish, they may prove a Blessing, wherever they go. Is not this a proper Treatise, to be admitted into the Catalogue of *the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge*?—May He that *was dead, but is alive for evermore*, be the Delight of your Heart and the Strength of your Salvation! In the mean Time, or rather at all Times, permit me to be, Madam,

Your most obedient,

as I am your most obliged,

humble Servant.

## LETTER LXXXV.

*Remarks on Predestination.**Weston, Nov. 25.*

MADAM,

I HAD taken Paper out of my Drawers, on purpose to acknowledge the Receipt of your *double* Favour, by the last Post. But when I came to address myself to the pleasing Business, I could not find your first Letter. This Instant, opening Dr. *Cripp*, it made its Appearance.

I am not at all surpris'd, my good Lady, to find You or Mr. K—— making Objections to the Doctrine of Predestination. I wish Mr. K—— would pass over those few and short Passages, which treat of that controverted Point. I did not, in any wise, recommend this Book, on Account of those Passages; but on Account of what is plain and edifying, of universal Concernment and exceedingly comfortable. Suppose, a Reader disapproves that particular Tenet; methinks, He should not be prejudic'd, purely on such a Consideration, against those Truths, which are worthy of all Acceptation.

Predestination is an Abyss, in which our Thoughts may be drown'd; especially, if We have not “our Senses exercis'd to discern both Good and Evil.” But there are pleasant Streams in our Author, which are not too deep for our Capacity, and which afford Us the sweetest Refreshment. To these let Us advert; by these let Us fix our Abode. As to the other Points, let Us say with the moderate and judicious *Elibu* (not, “I am certain it cannot be so:”—This does not bespeak an humble child-like Spirit. But) *that which I see not, teach Thou me.*

There

There is, doubtless, Abundance to be said against Predestination. And Abundance has been said, with great Force of Argument, for its Support; and that, by Men of the most eminent Learning and exalted Piety. As this is the Case; and as it is not necessary to Faith and Salvation, either that We should embrace, or that We should reject the Doctrine; I think, We may prudently and safely acquiesce in the Advice of a great Scholar and a great Saint; “Let a Man go to the Grammar-School of Faith and Holiness, before He enters the University of Election and Predestination.” I am at the Grammar-School; and there, perhaps, I shall continue, till I hear the Voice from Heaven, saying; *Come up hither, and I will shew Thee*, what Thou couldst not comprehend in the Regions below.—Madam, shall I have the Honour of your Ladyship for a Form-Fellow? *You* shall be the Head-Scholar; only be content to allow Us your Company, and do not leave Us for a higher Class. Let Us study the Glories of Christ’s Person, and the Love of his Heart; let Us contemplate his infinite Satisfaction and everlasting Righteousness. May the Knowledge of these grand Doctrines be revealed in our Hearts by the blessed Spirit! May the Faith of these unspeakable Privileges comfort our Souls, purify our Affections, and *work by Love!* Then, We shall, ere long, see every dark mysterious Point cleared up to our full Satisfaction. We shall see, without a Veil, the shining and adorable Perfections of our God. We shall know his unsearchable Counsels and wonderful Ways, *even as We are known.*

In the mean Time, if worthy Mr. K—— dislikes the Book, there is no great Harm done, as it was not a very expensive Purchase. I would beg Leave to decline all Controversy. I can very freely converse or correspond with Persons, who either adopt or discard Predestination. Provided, they will not drag in the  
 litigated

litigated Proposition, and force me to engage in Disputation. But if they are determined to obtrude the Bone of Contention, I had much rather remain alone and in Silence. For I readily confess, that I am not Master of the Subject. Therefore, it would be very unadvised in me, to undertake either its Establishment or Refutation.

I believe, I must desire your Ladyship to return this Letter, with your free Remarks upon it. Because, I do not know, but I shall be obliged to explain myself on this Subject, before the Public. Because, a Person who makes a great Figure in the religious World, has sent me some critical Remarks and pretty keen Censures on my late Work; but inveighs particularly against my Predestination Principles. At which I am somewhat surpris'd. Because, I have (whatever my Sentiments are) studiously avoided this Peculiarity; I have but barely mentioned it; in the Apostle's own Words; only in an incidental Manner; and without explaining, enlarging upon, or inculcating it. My Paper permits me to do no more, than that I am,

Your Ladyship's most obedient  
and most humble Servant.

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## LETTER LXXXVI.

*Enquiring after her Health.*

*Weston, Dec. 13, 1755.*

MADAM,

YOUR last very much alarmed me. I hope, this will find You abundantly better. I hope, our great Physician has *rebuked the Fever*, and restored You  
to

to Health. And I humbly beg of God, that your Ladyship may live in the Exercise of that important Duty, and in the Enjoyment of that precious Promise, mentioned by the Prophet—"They that wait upon the Lord, shall renew their Strength."

Be so good, Madam, as to rejoice my Heart by a Line, and send me the welcome News, that your Recovery is completed. I will then, when your Spirits are recruited, venture to trouble your Ladyship with a longer Letter. I will then return the Manuscript enclosed in your last; and I will trust, ere long, to meet your Ladyship in those happy Regions—"where the Inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick"—where "Death shall be swallowed up in Victory"—where "the Lord God will wipe away all Tears from our Eyes"—and, what is unspeakably more desirable, will remove all Ignorance from our Understanding, and all Corruption from our Heart.—Blessed Hope! May it, every Day, shine brighter and brighter upon your Ladyship, and upon,

Madam,

Your most obliged

and obedient Servant.

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## L E T T E R LXXXVII.

*On the Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.*

*London, Jan. 16, 1756.*

MADAM,

**N**O, my Lady: I do not presume to *give Advice*, when I have the Honour of writing to your Ladyship. My Letters come on no such Errand; but with more humble and decent Views. They wait upon  
your

your Ladyship, not to dictate Precepts, but to propose some Points of Importance to *your own* Consideration. They come, on much the same Design, and in the very same Capacity, as the Servant at *Philip's* Door: where He was ordered to repeat daily that instructive Admonition, "Sir, remember That You must die." Which was nothing more, than reminding the Monarch of what He knew, but might not so habitually advert to.

I hope, your Ladyship is more and more delighted with that incomparable Book, the BIBLE: justly so called, by way of distinguished Superiority to all other Compositions in the World. I heartily wish, your Ladyship may see the Glories, and taste the Sweetness, of the divine Word. Your Ladyship will then have Reason to say, "Among all the Libraries of the Learned, among all the Entertainments of the Polite, There is None, there is Nothing like IT."

The Scriptures, my Lady, are intended by their ever-blessed Author, for the most desirable and gracious Purposes. Infomuch, that a royal and inspired Penman knew not how to express his Gratitude for such an inestimable Treasure. "Lord, what Love have I unto thy Law!" It's Worth is so great; my Esteem for it is so dear; that I have no adequate Words, to declare either the One or the Other. But, where my Tongue is defective, there let my Practice speak. *All the Day long is my Study in it.*—A Commendation this, which your Ladyship will easily discern, to be far more emphatical than all the Strains of Eloquence. A Commendation which, I flatter myself, your Ladyship will adopt; and, as it came from the Mouth of a King, will not be ashamed to make it your own.

If We take a Survey of all our Wants, We shall find an abundant Supply in this heavenly Magazine.—Are We in Quest of Knowledge? The Scriptures are calculated



calculated to communicate this Blessing. "When thy Word goeth forth, it giveth Light and Understanding unto the Simple." It is called, *A Light shining in a dark Place*; illuminating the dark Corners, (can your Ladyship bear the Expression? if I add) the gloomy Dungeon, of the human Heart. The Psalmist most elegantly compares the holy Word of God to the magnificent Lamp of Day. *That* as richly furnished to pour sacred Wisdom through the Soul, as *this* to diffuse meaner Splendors through the Firmament. It is, to say all in a Word, "able to make wise unto Salvation, through the Faith which is in Jesus Christ."

Do We want that precious *Faith*, mentioned in the preceding Quotation? This, though the Gift of God, is wrought by his Word. *Faith cometh by hearing*, by reading, by meditating on, the Oracles of eternal Truth. These testify of Christ. They display his almighty Power, and infinite Goodness; the Fulness of his Grace, and the Freeness of his Merits: In them, He is evidently set forth, both crucified, and exalted: most beautifully portrayed, in his sublime Honours, and unsearchable Riches.—They therefore are admirably suited, to create a supreme Esteem of *Christ*; to excite an ardent Longing for *Christ*; and produce an unfeigned Acquiescence in *Christ*. Thus are they fitted, by way of noble Instrument, to work that leading Christian Grace, a lively Faith.

Are We desirous of being renewed after the *divine Likeness*?—This is the very Essence of Religion. A Qualification, indispensably necessary for our Enjoyment of future Blessedness. An Endowment, in Comparison of which, Sceptres and Coronets are empty Toys. The Apostle says upon this Subject, and his Words are worthy to be written on the Tables of every Heart; "God has given Us exceeding Great and precious Promises,

Promises, that by these Ye might be Partakers of the divine Nature." These are a Refiner's Fire, to burn up the Dross of inbred Corruption; and a sacred Seal, to instamp the amiable Image of our Redeemer on the Mind. In short; those Volumes of Inspiration are adapted and ordained by unerring Wisdom, "to make the Man of God perfect; thoroughly furnished to every good Work."—I believe, it would not be improper, if your Ladyship addressed Yourself to the Study of the Bible, with these grand Advantages in View. And I assure your Ladyship, I shall not cease to pray, that You may not only partake of them, but be filled with them; or, as One of your favourite Authors expresses Himself, *be filled with all the Fulness of God*.—Thus would I make my Acknowledgments to your Ladyship, for the Favour of your Letter, and for allowing me the Honour of subscribing myself,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,  
and obliged Servant.

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## LETTER LXXXVIII.

*Reflections on Sickness.*

*Wexen, Thursday Morning.*

MADAM,

**L**AST Night, I had the Honour of your Letter. It found me, though recovered from my Fever, extremely weak. My Feet can hardly support the Body, and my Hands but feebly hold the Pen. Otherwise, I had sooner acknowledged your Ladyship's preceding Favour,

I hope,

I hope, our wonderful Counsellor will, by these Disorders, teach me to prize more highly that Inheritance, which *is incorruptible, undefiled, and never fades. Undefiled*, I suppose, means—Has nothing to cloud its Lustre or embitter its Sweets; has Health without Sickness, and Expectation without Disappointment; where Holiness shall neither feel Corruption, nor fear Temptation; and Happiness shall know neither Measure, Decline, nor End.

May your Ladyship have this blissful Inheritance ever in View—have a lively Hope of possessing it through *the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the Dead*—and under the Influence of this blessed Hope, be enabled to *purify Yourself, even as He is pure.*

You was pleased to enquire, Whether I have laid aside the Thoughts of publishing a little Piece. One Scheme which I had formed, I believe, will prove entirely abortive. Another, which I had projected, I am still inclined to execute. Which is, to print two or three Sermons, preached on the late *Fast-Days*. These, for some particular Reasons, I happened to take down in Short-hand. As I have seen no Discourses on this Occasion, that were sufficiently *evangelical*, I have a strong Desire, for the Supply of this *one Defect only*, to appear on the Stage.—Will You be so good as to favour with your Advice, and beg of God all-wise to direct,

Madam,

Your most obliged,

humble Servant.

## LETTER LXXXIX.

*On the King of Prussia.—Christ All in All.—On Building.*

MADAM,

I AM much pleased with, therefore ought to be very thankful for, your Account of the King of *Prussia's* Behaviour. It is truly noble, and speaks a sincere Sense of Religion. Only I want to have his Religion wear the *Image* and *Superscription* of the Gospel. So that we might truly call it *Christian*. This, in due Time, I trust, will be accomplished; and He “will honour the Son even as He honours the Father.”

Indeed, Madam, in true Religion, Christ is the “Alpha and Omega; the first and the last;” the All in All.—Would any One “come to the Father?” It is only “by Him that We have Access.”—Are We accepted *before* God? It is wholly “in the beloved Son,” and his consummate Righteousness.—Would We have Comfort now? Christ is “the Consolation of *Israel*.” The Works, which He has performed; the Death, which He has suffered; these please God, and satisfy Justice; these therefore quiet the Sinner’s Conscience, and enable Him to go “on his Way rejoicing.”—Would We enter into the Realms of Glory, and stand before the Throne of God? Having washed our Robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb, We are admitted to this Honour, and partake of this Blessedness.—May your Ladyship grow daily in the Knowledge of this divinely excellent Saviour! Because this is the Way to *grow in Grace*, in *Peace*, and in *all Godliness*.—I beg Leave to be, with the deepest Respect,

Your Ladyship’s most obliged,  
and most obedient Servant.

P. S.

P. S. Will You be so good as to inform me, what Mr. *How* said upon the Subject of Building. A Saying, at which one of your Letters hinted. The Masons are going on apace with my new House. But I have no Trouble about them; having agreed with the Architect, to execute the Work for such a Sum. The Restoration of my Health, after which You are so obliging as to enquire, is “like the Sun in Gibeon.” I have but just ventured into the Air; never yet so far as the Church. May your Health, Madam, be as the Sun, “when He goeth forth in his Strength!”—I hope for the Pleasure of hearing, that my honoured Patroness, the Countess of *Chesterfield*, is recovered of her Cold.

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## L E T T E R X C.

*On openly acknowledging the Saviour.—Why he prints His Name in Capitals.*

*Wexon, March 9.*

MADAM,

**Y**OUR Prudence and your Kindness lay an equal Claim to my grateful Acknowledgements. The Step You have taken, is much more judicious, than any that I could have suggested; and as You Yourself are willing to defray Part of the Expence, is much more generous than I ought to have expected.—May the blessed Jesus fulfil his Promise, and more than recompense all my Obligations; May He guide You continually; give You an established, an assured Interest in his unspeakable Treasures; and “supply all Your Need according to his Riches in Glory!”

My Bookseller informs me, that *Theron and Aspasio* meet with a favourable Reception from the Public. God is pleased to give them Acceptance in the Sight of the World. Infomuch that He is entering upon another Edition, though the first was very numerous. See, Madam, if God will bless, who can blast? If He will prosper, how needless are all little Artifices and inferior Recommendations!

I remember, a very ingenious Gentleman once shewed me a Composition in Manuscript. He intended it for the Press, and asked my Opinion. It was moral, it was delicate, it was highly finished. But I ventured to tell Him, There was *one Thing* wanting. The Name and the Merits of the divinely excellent Jesus: without which, I feared, the God of Heaven would not accompany it with his Grace; and without which, I was very sure, the Enemy of Souls would *laugh it to Scorn*.—The Gentleman seemed to be struck with Surprise. The Name of Jesus, He replied! This single Circumstance would frustrate all my Expectations; would infallibly obstruct the Sale; and make every Reader of Refinement throw it aside with Disdain.—Now, Madam, I am willing to put the Matter to a Trial, and myself to practice the Advice I gave. So far from secreting the amiable, the majestic Names of Jesus and the adorable Trinity, that I have printed them in grand and conspicuous Capitals. That all the World may see, I look upon it as my highest Honour, to acknowledge, to venerate, to magnify my God and Saviour. And if He has no Power over the Hearts of Men, or nothing to do with the Events of the World; if Acceptance and Success are none of his Gifts, have no Dependance on his Smile; then I am content, perfectly content to be without them.

You chide me for enclosing my Letters to your Ladyship in a Frank. But I promise myself, You will not  
be

be very angry with me, on this Account. Nay, You cannot, You must not, be angry with me at all. You must not constrain me to be *unjust*. And what will it be, but absolute Injustice, to make You pay Sixpence, for that which is not worth any Thing? which is more than paid for, by your Ladyship's Acceptance.

I wish, Lady —— may be enabled by Faith “to see the Lord's Christ.” That is the only Way to have Comfort in Affliction, and to sing, like the three *Hebrew* Youths, in the fiery Furnace: that is the only Way to depart, like good old *Simeon*, in Peace, and with Hopes full of Immortality. Let me wish the same Blessing for *Lady Frances Shirley*; because this is the only Method to sweeten and exalt Life; to make it a Privilege to live, or Gain to die. Permit my Pen to add, what my very Heart dictates, that I am,

Your much obliged

and most grateful Servant.

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## L E T T E R XCI.

*On entire Devotedness to God.*

**W**HY does Lady FRANCES mention the Word *Condescension*, when She is pleased to honour me with a Letter? Indeed, Madam, You have nothing to do with that Word. It is mine by an exclusive Right. It expresses what You alone can practise, and what I alone must acknowledge.

How does your Ladyship know, that I “speak to my People an Hour together?”—I must confess, I do so sometimes. But I always blame myself for it. It detains the Congregation too long. It renders the Dis-

course tiresome to be heard, and almost impossible to be remembered. This is one of the Inconveniences attending the extempore Method of Preaching. We forget how the Time passës away; We advert not to the Length of our Harangue; and, being desirous of impressing our Hearers, are insensibly betrayed into an undue Prolixity.

I congratulate Mr. K—— on his Wisdom and Happiness, in giving up Himself without Reserve to the blessed God. Ah! why should We delay this important Duty? Why should We be reluctant in this delightful Affair?—One Cause of our Backwardness is our stubborn Selfishness and strong Corruption. Another Reason is, that We do not attempt it in the proper Way. We consider perhaps the Reasonableness of it; We urge on our Consciences the Necessity of it; and We labour with our Hearts, if by any Means we may bring them to the Practice of it. But we seldom apply the endearing Motives of the Gospel. St. Paul says; “I beseech You therefore Brethren, by the Mercies of God, that ye present your Bodies a living Sacrifice.” Here, the Duty of surrendering Ourselves to the Almighty, is inculcated; and the easy, the expeditious Manner of doing it, is displayed.—We are to present *our Bodies*; not in Contradistinction to our Souls, but in Allusion to the whole burnt Offerings of old. In which, not a single Joint, or the Fat on the Kidneys only, but the Whole of the Animal was set apart for the Victim. So we are to devote, not this Talent or that only, but ALL We have and ALL We are, to the Glory of his Name, and to the Good Pleasure of his Will.—“A living Sacrifice:” not dead in carnal Pleasure, not asleep in spiritual Indolence. But awake and active for our divine Master; fervent and zealous in his sacred Service.—What should engage Us to all This? The most inviting and the most forcible of Inducements; “the Mercies of our God.”

He



He has given Himself and all his sublime Perfections, to be our Portion. He has given his Son, his infinite Atonement and everlasting Righteousness, to be our Salvation. He has given his Spirit, to testify of Christ in our Hearts, to apply this great Salvation to our Souls, and to make all Grace abound towards Us. All this He has given freely, irrevocably, eternally.—And can We, under the Influence of such a Faith, can We forbear the Enquiry of the Psalmist, “What Return shall I make unto the Lord, for all the Benefits that He hath done unto me?” Such a Faith will overcome the Perverseness of our Inclinations. Such a Faith will make the Work of Resignation pleasing. Between the Mind, actuated with such a Faith, and destitute of it, there is as much Difference, as between the liquid and the solid Metal. In this precious Faith, therefore, may your Ladyship ever abide, and ever advance!

Mr. —'s Pamphlet I have not seen. When it comes to my Hand, I will, without any Disguise, inform your Ladyship, how it affects me on the Perusal; whether with Delight or Disgust.—Let me observe the Humility of the Apostle, in the Verse quoted above. “I beseech You, Brethren.” Though He might command, as invested with the Authority of Christ, He rather beseeches. And though he was the chiefest of Saints, He calls the weakest, meanest Christian, his Brother. As You have imitated Him in these, may You imitate Him in all Respects; and being like Him on Earth, be with Him in Heaven.

Your most obliged  
humble Servant.

## LETTER XCII.

*On a Poem called the Arbour.—On Prayer.*

*Weston, June 12, 1756.*

MADAM,

**I** BEG Pardon for being so tardy in acknowledging your last Favour. Indeed, I intended to have paid the Debt of Gratitude much sooner. But sometimes Weakness un-nerved, at other Times Business had my Hands.

Your Ladyship is obeyed. I will publish nothing as yet. But shall be glad to hear the Reasons, which You have to alledge. These will make my Obedience rational, and the Result of Judgment. Whereas now it is implicit, and the Exercise of Duty.

Indeed, Madam, I know how to pity You, when necessitated to go through Scenes of Pomp and Hurry. To me they would be irksome to the last Degree. I wish, we had the Honour of your Ladyship's Residence at *Weston*. Our Manor-House is occupied by a Gentleman, who greatly dislikes my Doctrine. A Brother-Clergyman too!

The *Arbour* you rightly guess, is no Performance of mine. I have not seen the Poem; but I saw an Extract from it, which was very picturesque and pleasing. I fancy, there is one Peculiarity wanting in it, which, I hope, will always attend and adorn, whatever this Pen writes, or this Tongue utters. I mean, the Name, the Grace, the Righteousness and Death of Jesus Christ. Without this, I should think every Discourse and every Composition, like the Ring without the Diamond, or the Body without the Soul.

Yes,

Yes, Madam; I will with Pleasure pray for my honoured Benefactress. And if I forget to shew my Thankfulness for your Favour in this Manner, *let my right Hand forget her Cuming*. And I have the Satisfaction to inform You, that an infinitely nobler Advocate prays for You. He, who sees Angels worshipping at his Feet, is an Intercessor for your Ladyship. And what is the Subject of his Intercession, We learn *John xiv. 16*. Charming Text! Inestimable Privilege! Methinks, I should not interrupt or divert your Attention, while You are meditating on so precious a Portion of Scripture. Give me Leave therefore to withdraw; only allowing me the Honour, before I retire, to profess myself,

Madam,

Your most obliged

humble Servant,

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## LETTER XCIII.

*Dr. Crisp's Sermons recommended.—On Mr. T—*

MADAM,

I HOPE, before this Time, You are acquainted with the true Reason of my neglecting to write by Sunday's Post. It was not, "because I have nothing to say." Was I to address many other Persons of Quality, I should certainly find my Thoughts and my Pen hampered with this Difficulty. But as your Ladyship permits me to expatiate upon Religion, I shall never be at a Loss for a Subject. I have a Fund of Materials, various as the Contents of the Bible; vast as the Perfections of our God; and, like the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, absolutely inexhaustible.

Do not harbour any Fear, Madam, concerning the Propriety of your sending Dr. *Crisp's* Sermons to Mr. *K*——. They are, I think, the very Discourses which He wants. Especially, if He is inclined to Distress of Conscience, on Account of his spiritual State. I know not any Treatises more proper, or more excellently calculated, to administer solid Consolation. They are, under the divine Influence, one of my first Counsellors, and principal Comforters. They often drop *Manna* and *Balm* upon my fainting and sickly Graces. The Lord Jesus Christ grant, that your Ladyship may experience the Soul-cheering, Conscience-healing, Heart-reviving Power of these precious Doctrines!

The Doctor has, as You justly observe, some Expressions, which seem to contradict positive Commands or peremptory Assertions of Scripture. But these Expressions, when examined and explained, will generally be found to coincide with the *Truth as it is in Jesus*. They are not contrary to the pure Word of the Gospel, but to our pre-conceived and legal Ideas. We have not been accustomed to the joyful Sound of Grace and Salvation—ininitely rich Grace, and perfectly free Salvation—therefore they are a *strange* Language to our Ears. O! that We may more frequently hear, and more diligently read, till, like the *Colossian* Converts, We *know the Grace of God in Truth!*

I hope, Mr. *T*—— will prove a serious and useful Minister. He seems not to dislike, but to relish Christian Conversation; such as the Apostle calls *good*, and adapted to the Use of edifying. Who knows, but the God of all Wisdom may make his Interviews with your Ladyship a Blessing to his Soul? If the deepest Respect for your high Station and fine Accomplishments can influence, You have singular Advantages on your Side. But these Madam, You have learned to possess, as  
though

though You possessed them not. You place no Dependence on them, but on Him only, who is the Light of the World; who *has the seven Stars in his right Hand*; and qualifies Ministers for the Discharge of their important Office. Do not You remember one of your own Sex, celebrated by the greatest ecclesiastic Historian in the World, who taught even a most eloquent Teacher? Who *expounded to Him*, with much Acceptance, and with equal Success, *the Way of God more perfectly?*

Mr. T—— was right in his Conjecture relating to my Sermons. I have never, since I was Minister of this Place, used written Notes. So that all my public Discourses are vanished into Air; unless the blessed Spirit has left any Traces of them, on the Hearts of the Hearers. And though I have many Discourses, that were written before I discontinued the Use of Notes, they are all penned in Short-hand, and are intelligible to none but the Writer.—You will easily conclude, from the preceding Lines, that your Ladyship's Favour, dated on Tuesday, was duly received, and it is gratefully acknowledged by, Madam,

Your most obliged,  
and very obedient humble Servant.

## LETTER XCIV.

On Mr. K——.—On Dr. Crisp's Writings.

Weston, Nov. 15.

MADAM,

I JOIN my Thanks with your's, to the God of our Life and Health, for delivering You from your late Indisposition. May the Hand, that restored, preserve the Vigour and Activity of your Constitution; and enable you to devote every renewed Power, every remaining Moment, to Him *who died for your Sins, and rose again for your Justification!*

May I beg Leave to ask your Ladyship, What Authors Mr. K—— has principally read, and what are his favourite Books? He seems to write somewhat in the Strain of the *Hutchinsonians*.—I do not wonder, that People object to Dr. *Crisp*, and such Divines as magnify the exalted Saviour, who sits at God's right Hand; but pour Contempt upon the fallen Creatures, who dwell in Houses of Clay: who would represent the divine Redeemer, as the meridian Sun, and all the Race of Adam, as Glow-Worms of the Night.—There was a Time, when I should have joined, most heartily joined in the Opposition. For then I sought *to establish my own Righteousness*. I would fain *be* something; would fain *do* something, to *inherit eternal Life*; and could not brook a total *Submission to the Righteousness of God*. But repeated Infirmities, repeated Sins, and repeated Sorrows, have been the Means, under the Influence of the Spirit, to cure me of this arrogant Temper.—It is now the daily Desire of my Soul, to see more and more the Littleness, the Insufficiency, the Meanness of all that is called my own. But to delight myself in the  
*unsearch-*

*unsearchable Riches*, and triumph in the transcendent Excellencies of Christ Jesus *my Lord*.—And I do assure You, Madam, that when I wander from this Path, I *stumble upon dark Mountains*; I fall into Briars and Thorns; I lose my Peace, my Tranquility, my Hope. —If this be the Case, as it really is, your Ladyship will allow, that I have Reason, notwithstanding every contrary Suggestion, to adhere inseparably to *this Way*.

I beg Pardon for speaking so much of *Self*, that despicable Idol Self. Many, I am sensible, would look upon it as inexcusable Folly and Vanity. But I write to a Friend, the Candour of whose Mind is equal to the Dignity of her Station; who will give me Leave to use the Freedom of an Associate, even while I address a Superior, a Benefactor, a Patroness.

Mr. T——t reminds me of a humourous but judicious Answer, which Dr. *Cheney* (who was reckoned as un-orthodox in Physic, as Dr. Crisp in Divinity) gave to a Person, consulting Him about the Recovery of his Health. “ Sir, you are not bad enough for me.” None but the deeply disordered would submit to *Cheney’s* mortifying Prescriptions. And none but the *wearied and heavy-laden* will come to Christ, or relish a *Crisp*.

You make me smile, when you place me in the Pontific Chair. No, Madam; this shall not be my Station, as, I am sure, it is not my Ambition. But, if You please, I will act as your Gentleman-Usher; I will endeavour to perform the same Office for your Ladyship, as Philip executed for those Greeks, who said, *Sir, We would see Jesus*.—They were come to Jerusalem at a grand Festival. But all the Entertainments, and all the Diversions of the Season, were to them insipid Things, compared with the Pleasure of conversing with Christ.—Wise and exemplary Strangers! May my honoured Correspondent imitate You, in this Particular! Count nothing dear, nothing grand,  
nothing

nothing desirable, in comparifon of feeing—Jefus and his Glories—Jefus and his Righteoufnefs—Jefus and his eternal Heaven! and O! may She fee all thefe as HER OWN!

Mr. R———— will have at Northampton, a large Church to preach in, and a large Sphere to act in, May his Zeal and his Succefs be larger than both! I have not heard of the Earthquake, which You mention. It is awful indeed, to have the Foundations of the Earth fhake, and its Surface reek with the Blood of the Slain. May thefe Events, and whatever elfe indicates the Difpleafure of the Moft High, teach Us to prize the great Propitiation, incite Us to fly into the inviolable Sanctuary, Jefus Chrift.

Your Ladyfhip's moft obedient,  
and very humble Servant,

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## LETTER XCV.

*On being confined by Sicknefs.—Recommending a Servant.—  
On Mr. Whitefield's Conduct.*

*Wefton, Nov. 25.*

MADAM,

**W**ILL You give me Leave, for once, to indulge a Conjecture, that I over-hear your Thoughts? Hear You reasoning within Yourself—“ Two Letters fent: And neither of them answered! Are thefe his Expreffions of Gratitude?—However, I can forgive; and afcribe his Conduct to any Thing, rather than an evil Principle.”—Can your Ladyfhip forgive me? That is more than I could do to myfelf, if I had not too fubftantial a Reafon for my late Silence.—The Reafon is,



is, what Many might be ashamed to tell, in such plain Language as I use, when I inform your Ladyship, That I have been arrested. Have been in close Confinement for several Days. And could find None, no not One, that was both willing and able to bail me.—Now, Madam, for your Christian Courage; Dare You risque your Reputation, by taking Notice of a Prisoner? Can a Lady of Quality stoop to correspond with such a contemptible Creature?—“ Yes, You reply. I hope, I shall always think it my Honour, to acknowledge my divine Master, even in the meanest of his People. I hope, I shall never be ashamed of his Ministers, though they were in *Bonds*, in *Imprisonments*, in *Deaths*.—He was *higher* than all *Heavens*, and has a *Name above every Name*. Yet, for my Sake, how willingly, how cheerfully, did He submit to be *numbered* with Malefactors; and to be nailed, as a Spectacle of Infamy, on the cursed Tree! Surely then I shall reckon my Character, my Dignity, my Fortune, only so far valuable, as they may bring Glory to his Name, and do Service to his Cause.”

To keep your Ladyship no longer in Suspense. I really am a Prisoner; and, in some Sense, the Prisoner of Jesus Christ. The Writ that was served on me, is his sovereign and holy Will. The Action, that lies against me, is my Sinfulness, and Mis-Improvement of my Talent. The Officer, that arrested me, is Sickness. And the Place of my Confinement, is my Chamber.—This Representation of my Case, I trust, will incline your Ladyship to excuse my Remissness in acknowledging your late Favours; and incite You to put up a compassionate Prayer in my Behalf, That I may be enabled to bless the Hand, and kiss the Rod, that smites me. I thank the Physician, that prescribes my Medicines, though disgustful and expensive. I thank the  
Surgeon,

Surgeon, that has pierced my Vein, and taken away even Part of my vital Blood. Because, I am assured, they intend my Welfare. And is there not infinitely greater Reason, to thank the unerring and tender Providence of my God, who never *afflicts* arbitrarily, but graciously; nor *grieves the Children of Men*, but for their spiritual and eternal Good?

I am much obliged to You, Madam, for transmitting to me without Disguise, the Remarks made on my Pamphlet.—I was myself much in Doubt, concerning the Propriety of “*Hannibal’s oracular Doom.*” Had determined to expunge it; or to have mentioned it, only as the Opinion of an eminent Commentator; but not to have laid any Strefs at all upon it. Meeting accidentally with the Passage from Mr. *Ridley’s* Sermon, I was induced, upon his Authority, to retain it. Pray, is it objected That the Translation is improper? Or, that the Fact is of no Weight, though the Translation should be allowed?—With regard to the Change of Sentiment introduced in that Clause, *Blessed be, &c.* I fear, I have mistaken the Sense of sacred Writ: have departed from the most easy and natural Interpretation of the Words; have dropped the Doctrine, which gives the greatest Glory to God, and suggests the most important Admonition to Man. I should be glad to learn from the ingenious Critic, (for a Critic He is, and truly perspicacious) what that fine Idea may be, which I have been so unhappy as to lose. I have settled in my own Mind, what other Sense I would propose; and should be desirous to see, whether his and mine coincide.

I assure You, Madam, I had much rather see my Errors corrected, than hear my Praises trumpeted: And shall be ready, not only without Reluctance, but with unfeigned Pleasure, to retract my Opinion, and confess  
my

my Mistake, wherever the least Iota or Tittle of divine Truth has been injured by my Pen.—Be so good as to communicate such Animadversions, when they occur in Conversation.

Does your Ladyship want a Maid-Servant? Or know of any mild-tempered, condescending, serious Lady that wants a Maid to wait on Her? There is in my Parish a young Woman, who, I think, would make, in all Respects, a valuable Servant. Very neat, and has a genteel Air. Good-natured, and perfectly honest. Quite sensible, and has a fine Hand with her Needle, or at ironing. Some Years ago, being out of Place, she lived in our Family, rather than have no Employ. Continued with Us more than a Year, but deserved a much better Place. A better Place she got, and for several Years held. But is now out of Service again. I verily think, she would give great Satisfaction, wherever she was employed; otherwise, I would not presume to mention Her, in this Manner to your Ladyship.

Your Query about my dear Friend *Whitefield's* Intention, I am not Casuist enough to answer. Indeed I am quite an Ignoramus in the *Canons*. I should apprehend, in a Land of Liberty and Toleration, none can hinder or hurt him. Indeed if He expects to enjoy the Emoluments of the Establishment, He must conform to its Orders. But these, You know, he neither claims nor covets. If He proceeds, as He proposes, they will say He is a *Separatist*, or call Him a *Fanatic*. This they do *now*: and this, I imagine, is all they *can* do, in case He puts his Design in Practice.

Perhaps, your Ladyship is ready to say, A pretty long Epistle this, from a Sick Man. If Sickness makes him so long-winded, I shall wish, for my own, as well as for his Ease, that He may soon recover, and not quickly relapse.—And I shall not cease to wish, that the Voice of Joy and Health may be in your Dwellings  
below;

below; till you enter into the Joy and Honour of your Lord, in the Mansions above. And though I, for my Part, have no Hope of the former; may some Share of the Latter fall to the Lot of, Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged  
and obedient Servant.

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## L E T T E R XCVI.

*On her lending Theron and Aspasio.—On Mr. T——'s  
Character of him.*

MADAM,

ASCRIBE it not to Insensibility; ascribe it not to Indolence; ascribe it rather to a deep Engagement in Business, that I have not made my Acknowledgments for the Honour of your last Letter, by an earlier Post. I was so engaged, that I did but just accomplish my Purpose, notwithstanding I took Leave to rely on your Ladyship's Indulgence, and postpone the Payment of my Debt of Gratitude.

So you lend *Theron* and *Aspasio*, Madam! You are not ashamed of such old-fashioned Gentry! Nay, by sending them abroad, You make them itinerant Preachers; and what is more, You countenance their Message, and avow their Doctrine. May the God of all Grace likewise vouchsafe to countenance their Message, and accompany it with his divine Spirit! Then it will be no Disgrace to your Ladyship, at least in another Scene of Things, to have honoured them with your Name; neither will it be any Grief of Heart, at least in a dying Hour, to have seconded and furthered their Design.

Will

Will You promise, Madam, not to suspect me of Flattery? And will You ascribe all the Glory to our gracious God? if I venture to say that Lady *F—s S—y* is a better Casuist, has juster Notions of Divinity, than his Lordship of ——. I dare not write the Word at length. I hardly dare specify the initial and final Letters. I durst not mention them. But indeed, with regard to the Purport of Page 70. Vol. II. I must appeal from the *Lawn* to the *Brocade*. And I know you will not be offended, if I take Leave to refer You to a fine Prayer, suitable to the Occasion, and infinitely important; *Phil.* i. 9, 10, 11.

I am pleased, exceedingly pleased, at your very humane and candid Manner of ascribing this Inaccuracy of Judgment, to Haste, to Hurry, to any Thing, rather than deliberate Thought. Well, Madam; if no Body learns any Thing valuable from my Books, I will endeavour to learn *Candour* from your Remark occasioned by them.

Pray, let me know, what that Term of Honour is, by which the General is pleased to distinguish our worthy Soldier. I shall be eager to know, whether the Report is true, which You heard concerning the General's sudden Death. Such alarming Providences cry, "Be Ye also ready!" O! that we may look unto Jesus; confiding in his Blood, and conforming to his Image! Then let the last Enemy come. We have nothing to fear. "There is no Condemnation to them that are in Jesus Christ."

I am surprized at the Character, which Mr. *T—* gave of *J— H—*. I thought, I had been looked upon, by my Brethren the Clergy, in a very contemptible Light. I would be humbly thankful to God, if He keeps me from dishonouring my sacred Profession. But O! what a Happiness is it, and what a high Distinction, to be enabled to "adorn the Gospel of God our Saviour." May this be the Privilege of your Ladyship's

Life and Conversation; then You will have no Cause to regret the Want of a ducal Coronet.—I am an utter Stranger to Mr. T——. Never spoke to Him, nor so much as personally know Him. I can therefore no otherwise contribute to the Accomplishment of your Desire, than by adding my Prayers to your Wishes—that He, and all the Clergy may *preach* and *teach* Jesus Christ; may *spend* and *be spent* in the sacred Service; may have their Labours attended with a general Welcome, and with abundant Success. And if I pray for Others, You Madam can never be forgotten by

Your most obedient

and most obliged humble Servant.

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## LETTER XCVII.

*On building a new House.*

MADAM,

YOU Once gave me Reason to hope, that I should receive from your Pen, the History of poor R——. May I take Leave to remind your Ladyship of what, I believe, has slipt from *your*, though not from *my* Memory.

I have been much encumbered with Business of a Nature which I do not like. Necessitated I am to build a new House, even though myself am tottering over the Grave; that “House appointed for all Living.” May your Ladyship’s Thoughts be on “the House not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens.” Thither our blessed Redeemer is gone; there He “is entered as our Forerunner;” and has taken Possession of those blissful Mansions in our Name. And is not this a most  
engaging

engaging Motive to remember them; to have our Conversation in them; and to walk as becomes the Heirs of Glory?

Have I not often tired your Patience by the monstrous Length of my Letters? My Thoughts shall now stand in a *white Sheet*, by Way of Penance for the Trespases committed by,

Madam,

Your frequently offending,  
but not quite incorrigible,  
humble Servant.

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## L E T T E R XCVIII.

*On the Danger of the World.—On Impatience of Temper.*

MADAM,

**I**T grieves me; that I have not answered your last Letter with more Speed. Because your last Letter seemed to breathe an Air of Tenderness and Anxiety; which gave me a sympathizing Pain. The Cause of my Delay was a Disorder in my Health; which brought me under the Surgeon's Lancet, and the Physician's Discipline. My poor enfeebled Constitution is not yet recovered. Though, I bless the Divine Providence, I was enabled to give my People the usual Lecture last Night.

Indeed, my Lady, I pity your Situation. I know the Fanny which the World bears to all that is serious and sacred. But "this is the Victory, which overcometh the World, even our Faith." Faith—of what? Of those two Privileges, which made a Part of our public Discourse; on the last Lord's Day; "Christ died for our Sins." 1 Cor. xv. 3. "This is the Record, that

God hath given to Us eternal Life." 1 *John* v. 11. The Believer, comforting Himself in this Word of the Lord, says; Though I am a Mark to be shot at by the Arrows of the Tongue, yet, blessed be God, my Sins are done away; the Lord hath laid on Christ all my Iniquities; and "there is no Condemnation" for me. Though the Enemies of Religion would embitter, by their envenomed Reflections, my Portion on Earth; yet, Thanks to redeeming Grace, I have "an Inheritance" in Heaven, that is "incorruptible, undefiled, and never fades."—May my honoured Lady drink deep of these spiritual Consolations! and be refreshed in her Christian Warfare!

Why does your Ladyship mention some little Impatience in your Temper? Why acknowlege a Weakness and Imperfection? This might lessen You in the Esteem of Others; but it makes me admire and love your Sincerity. Yet I am afraid to trust myself with such Secrets; and shall immediately commit the Letter, as, in Obedience to your positive Orders, I have committed all your other epistolary Favours, to the Flames. Ah, Madam! Who is there, that does not more or less experience, what You complain of? But what is our Remedy? Shall we pore upon our Blemishes, and fasten our Eyes upon our Wounds? This will encrease our Anguish. Let us rather turn our View to Him, who was typified by the brazen Serpent. "By his Stripes we are healed." Let Us look to Jesus Christ, the blessed Son of God, delivered to Death for these our Faults, and for all our Sins. Consider—not what I have done? What I have deserved? But what Christ hath done; what Christ hath deserved. Here the glorious Gospel answers; "Christ hath done all Things well," and this is the Ground of thy Justification. Christ has deserved eternal Life; and this, not for Himself, but for Thee.—He that diverts his Attention from



this divinely excellent Object, must unavoidably fall into Distress and Perplexity.—I think, if I remember right, You have no *Motto* to your Coat of Arms. Will your Ladyship give me Leave to recommend one? Yet, not to be engraven on your Seal, but on your Heart.—However, I shall not offer to suggest it, till I have your Permission. As soon as I know, that You indulge me in this Liberty, I will transmit the Sentence, together with the Reasons for my Choice.—I am now going to write to Dr. *Hales*, to desire his Interest with the Princess of Wales in Behalf of a worthy religious Man, a Trooper in General *Ligonier's* Regiment; who has served his Majesty 16 Years, and having a Wife and Family, would now be glad to be dismissed, and to enjoy some of the Bounty Money which is frequently allowed to disbanded Soldiers. Do, Madam, second my Application to the Doctor.

Your most, &c. &c.

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## L E T T E R X C I X .

*On the Righteous rejoicing at the Day of Judgment.*

*Weston, Jan. 8, 1757.*

MADAM,

YOU are pleased to ask; “How I dare write to You as a Casuist?”—To which Expostulation I reply; That You must thank Yourself if I have been so daring, Why have You been so obliging on all Occasions, as to make me lay aside even my natural Timidity? Why have You been so “Condescending to One of low Estate,” as to make me almost forget, that the Writer is a poor Rustic, and his Correspondent

a Lady of Quality?—You see, Madam, I mend one Fault, by committing another; I have the additional Impudence, to charge my audacious Language upon your own distinguished Goodness.

Let me beg Leave, *very seriously* to assure your Ladyship; that, if I had the Honour of waiting on You in Person, I should more frequently ask your Opinion, concerning Texts of Scripture. Because this Book is your Study and your Delight. Because these Inquiries would lead You to consider important Passages with more Attention; and such a Practice would tend to assist me in understanding them, and to direct me in explaining them.—From your Answer, I have learned my own Blunder. Your Answer as far as it goes, is perfectly right. But I was defective in stating the Case. I did not make my right honourable Expositor sensible of the Difficulty, which lay before me. This was the puzzling Point; How the Psalmist could represent it, as Matter of Joy, that the Lord God omnipotent was coming to *judge* the Earth? Is not this the most startling and tremendous Prospect imaginable?—Should it be replied; No. The Righteous are exhorted to be “looking for and hastening to the Coming of the Day of God.” To them it will be a Day of glorious Recompence: to them, therefore, it may well be the Object of joyful Expectation.—True. But the Psalmist speaks of *the Earth*. He means not the few Righteous, that were to be found in it; but the Inhabitants of the Earth in general. Who were in no Condition to rejoice at the coming of an infinitely holy Judge, who was to try the very Secrets of their Hearts.

I see no possible Way of removing this Objection, but by giving a singular or peculiar Interpretation to the Word, *Judge*. Let it denote what the *Judges* of old, those illustrious Conquerors and Deliverers, did for the afflicted Israelites. The same, only in a spiritual Capacity,

Capacity, will the Lord Redeemer do for a ruined World. Then the Passage will convey the following, truly delightful Sense—"Let the Heavens rejoice, and let the Earth be glad: let the Sea make a Noise, and all that therein is: for He cometh," not to summon the guilty Nations to his Tribunal, but to deliver them from the Guilt of Sin, and from the Damnation of Hell. "He cometh" (transporting News! ineffable Grace!) to give Himself for their Ransom; and, by this immensely grand Atonement, to redeem them from all Iniquity; from its destructive Consequences, and from its domineering Power.

I hope, poor R—— will have Reason to bless God for your Ladyship. Then I shall not regret, that I was instrumental in introducing Him to your Notice.—I am obliged to you, Madam, for lending *Theron* and *Aspasio*. It is like putting the Mite into Exchange. O! may our blessed and heavenly Master, at his Coming, receive his own with Usury!—You need not doubt, but my best Prayers attend LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY. And She has no Reason to doubt, She has abundant Cause to be assured, that He who sits at God's right Hand, maketh Intercession for Her. If You please to command me, I will endeavour to prove this from Scripture, and make it as plain, as if She was mentioned by Name.—Permit me the Pleasure of wishing You, Madam, many happy new Years; and the Honour of professing myself

Your Ladyship's most obliged  
and obedient Servant,

## LETTER C.

*On various Subjects.*

*Weston, Jan. 19, 1757.*

MADAM,

IT was not without some uneasy Reflections, that I neglected, by the last Post, to acknowledge the Favour of your Letter. But I then was, and still am very busy, in transcribing a little Piece, which may possibly see the Light. If ever it should come to your Hands, You will hardly believe your own Eyes. I believe, I must not offer to make a Present of it to your Ladyship, or to any Person; there will be so little in it, that tends to Edification. I sometimes am ready to blame myself for intermeddling; but I had a strange, almost irresistible Inclination. May He, "in whom are hid all the Treasures of Wisdom and Knowledge," fulfil his Promise; and guide the Blind, in the Way which they know not.

Thanks, many Thanks to your Ladyship, for your very genteel Reprimand of the *Doctor*. I hope, it did Him Good, when He received it; I assure You, it gave me no small Pleasure to read it.

I hope, God will make Lord *D——th* "stedfast and immoveable;" enable Him "always to encrease in Faith, and always to abound in the Works of the Lord." — May Success attend your generous Endeavours to serve that worthy Man, *R——*. And may unerring Wisdom direct your Heart, and guide your Hand, in the other Affair You mention. I am, I may say, a perfect Stranger to Mr. ——. I saw Him, indeed, once or twice in *London*, but have heard nothing of Him since that Time; and should not know Him, if I were

to meet Him. He seemed, if I remember right, to be under Distress of Mind, and not to have a clear View of the rich Grace of the Gospel. May I take the Liberty to ask, What the Sin is, with which Mr. — is charged? I will then tell your Ladyship, what I have frequently thought to be the meaning of the Passage You quote; *There is a Sin unto Death, I do not say, that He shall pray for it.*—Never ask me, good Madam, whether You shall give away *Tberon* and *Aspasio*. I shall be sure to answer, like the two Daughters of the Horseleech, *Prov. xxx. 15.* Or, as the wise Man, “In the Morning sow thy Seed, and in the Evening with-hold not thine Hand. For thou knowest not, which may prosper, this or that.”—I very rarely see Mr. R——. He has so much Business upon his Hands, and his Neighbour so seldom stirs abroad.—I wish, the unhappy Youth in *Newgate* may prove a second *Onesimus*. That He may see the Goodness of God, in giving Him your Ladyship’s favourable Regard; but see it ten thousand Times more, in giving his own Son to make Reconciliation for the Sins of the People. May this transcendent Goodness be revealed more and more in all our Hearts! fill Us with Joy; animate Us to Obedience; and sweetly lead us to evangelical Repentance! Permit me to be, amidst the Sincerity of such Wishes,

Madam,

Your ever obedient Servant.

## LETTER CI.

*On the Conduct towards those who cause Offence.*

*Wexon, Jan. 27, 1757.*

MADAM,

**I**NDEED, Madam, I know not what to say, in relation to your Command, of giving my Opinion a second Time. The Case, which your Ladyship has represented, is enough to make one shudder. Lord, what is Man, if forsaken by thy Spirit! O, do Thou “never leave Us, nor forsake Us;” but deliver Us from every evil Work, and preserve Us to thy heavenly Kingdom!

The Apostle, who was not inferior to the present Christians in Tenderness and Benevolence, says, “If any One who is called a Brother,” who has made a public and distinguishing Profession of Christianity, be a *ἔσ*. “with such a One neither converse, nor so much as eat.” Have no Intercourse with Him; renounce his Acquaintance. That he may be brought to a Sense of his Guilt, and return to God by Faith in Jesus Christ.—If your Ladyship pleases to take any Notice of his Letter, I think it would not be amiss to hint at the horrid Story; and ask him, whether he has ever read such a Text, as 1 Cor. v. 11. Then I hope, the Wisdom of God will direct your Proceedings, and the Mercy of God will heal his Backslidings.

Do you know, Madam, whether Mr. — was in Connection with —, when this dark Transaction came abroad! Does He still associate with them, and is He still acknowledged by them? It puts me in Mind of that very important and very delightful Portion of Scripture, *Tit. ii. 11, 12, 13, 14.* Which shews Us the evangelical, and the only effectual Method, of be-

coming pure in Heart, and of being freed from the Dominion of Sin. May this Grace be more and more revealed in your Ladyship's Mind; appearing in all its celestial Richness, and appearing as your own Inheritance!

The Book You mention, was intended to be no more than a Pamphlet; and I begin to think, it will prove to be a mere nothing. There is in it but little of the Serious, and too much of the Humourous. Which seems not very consistent with my Office, and not likely to bring Glory to my divine Master. I believe, therefore, it will, like the Snows which covered our Houses while I was writing, sink, disappear, and be as though it had never been.

When You have an Opportunity of procuring Franks, be pleased, Madam, to remember, and then I am sure You need not be sollicitated to oblige

Your Ladyship's

most obedient humble Servant.

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## L E T T E R CII.

*On the Freedom of divine Mercy.*

*Weston, Feb. 19, 1757.*

MADAM,

**F**OR Forty Franks, how many Acknowledgements do I owe! Which are more peculiarly welcome, as I read in them an Expression of your Ladyship's friendly Regard, and as they came, not after a long Delay, or upon repeated Sollicitation, but upon the very first Intimation of my Wants. This is obliging indeed! This is acting like Yourself; with a Beneficence as superior and distinguished as your Quality.

Do

Do I say this by Way of Compliment or to flatter my honourable Lady? Far from it. I mention it, in order to assist Us in taking a clearer View, or rather a better Glimpse of the divine Benignity. Do You scorn, Madam, to do ungenerous or little Things? Do You bestow your Favours, with that genteel and noble Air, which becomes your exalted Station? How much more certainly will our God act conformably to his immensely glorious and amiable Perfections? Especially as his great Decree is, To do all for the Display and Honour of his Grace. How rich then must his Gifts be, infinitely beyond all Patterns or Models; infinitely beyond all Words or Thoughts!

When He gives Christ, a Portion more precious than all Worlds, to poor Sinners freely—When He gives eternal Life and heavenly Happiness to poor Sinners freely—When He gives his most blessed Spirit and all spiritual Blessings, to poor Sinners freely—Then He acts in Conformity to his sublimely great and gracious Attributes. These Mercies then let us cheerfully and confidently expect. Not because We are, or shall be, *worthy*; but because God is inconceivably Good. Because his Justice being glorified in Christ Jesus, there is no End of his Compassion, there is no Measure of his Liberality.

Pleasing Subject! May your Ladyship's Thoughts pursue it, with much Delight and to great Advantage! —I am called away to attend on other Business. But let me first beg the Favour of receiving, what You partly promised, the Account of poor R——; of his Misfortunes; and, I hope, You will be able to add, of his singular Relief by Means of your Ladyship's Interest. —May I also ask to know, how you thought proper to proceed, in the Affair relating to Mr. ——? —The Packet directed to Mr. R——, shall be sent Tomorrow. Last Week, He was so kind as to give me  
his



his Company at *Weston*. When we talked of our common Benefactress, and wished her “everlasting Consolation and good Hope through Grace.” In which Wish, though Multitudes concur, yet None more cordially or more ardently than,

Madam,

Your most obliged

and most obedient Servant.

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### L E T T E R CIII.

*On States of Coldness.—Marshall's Mystery of Sanctification recommended.*

March 5, 1757.

MADAM,

I DESIRE to bless God, if any Sentence from this Pen has been so happy, as to give You the least Pleasure, Comfort, or Advantage. Were my Abilities equal to my Wishes, or proportioned to my Obligations, the *little* should soon become *great*.—It is owing to the Influence of God's blessed Spirit, if any Thing that We speak or write, is rendered efficacious. And this good Spirit, I trust, He will pour upon your Ladyship more and more copiously. Because, it is said by our Divine Master; “I came, that they might have Life, and that they might have more abundantly.” Because, it is elsewhere declared by Him; “I will pray the Father, and He shall give You another Comforter, that He may abide with You for ever.”—See, Madam, on what a strong Foundation our Hopes are built! To procure for Us a Title to these Blessings, and ascertain to Us the Enjoyment of these Blessings, was the great End of our

our Lord's Coming in the Flesh, is the grand Import of his Intercession in Heaven.

We shall often feel our Devotion (as You very properly expresses it) *benumbed*; and though not really, yet seemingly dead. That is the Time, in which Faith should exert itself. Then We should say with the Prophet; *Behold, God is my Salvation; I will trust and not be afraid.* The Blood of my incarnate God makes me whiter than Snow; in his Obedience I am completely righteous; and through his Intercession I am eternally safe. Thus should Faith be as an Ever-Green, while all our other Graces are like the Boughs of yonder Elm, in its present leafless and forlorn Condition. This is the Way to have our Deadness enlivened, and to make our spiritual Numbness glow. It is by Means of this precious Faith, that *the Wilderness buds and blossoms as a Rose.*

Poor Mr. ———! I pity his Circumstances. They are certainly very miserable. And abundantly more so, because the Misery is but too deserved: To labour under such Infamy, and have no Consolation in Christ! To be a Burthen to Himself, and a Reproach to his Religion! How cutting, how afflictive!—What does He do for a Livelihood! I wonder, how his Wife and Children subsist.—I think, it would not be proper for your Ladyship, to allow Him the Honour of waiting upon You. Yet if I might have Leave to speak, I should be very apt to plead a little in his Behalf. Not because he is *worthy*, but because He is (as We all were, when Christ became our Salvation) *wretched, helpless, ruined.* O *Israel*, says the compassionate Redeemer, *thou hast destroyed Thyself, but in ME is thy Help found.*

Has your Ladyship seen a Book, entitled *The Gospel Mystery of Sanctification*, written by Mr. Marshall; now re-published, with a recommendatory Letter by Mr. Hervey?

*Hervey*? It is a Book, which has been and is singularly comforting, edifying, beneficial to my own Heart; and from an earnest Desire, that it might be made equally or more eminently so to your's, I would venture to recommend it to your Ladyship. The Reading of this Book, I have sometimes thought, is like the Eating of Olives. Which, on the first Trial, are generally insipid, if not disgustful. But upon a repeated Use, they become palatable, pleasing, and delicious.—I return Mr. ———'s Letter, I shall hope for Mr. R———'s History, and beg Leave to subscribe myself,

Madam, Your most obedient,  
and very humble Servant.

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## L E T T E R C I V.

*On the Spring.—On Faith.*

*Weston, April 2, 1757.*

MADAM,

**I**T is long since I had the Pleasure of writing to You; I longer still, since I had the Honour of hearing from You. My Loss, I hope, does not proceed from your Illness, or any afflictive Indisposition. Engagements, I presume, of the genteel or beneficent Kind, whereby You oblige the Polite, or succour the Distressed, have made a Demand upon your Time larger than ordinary.

I wish your Ladyship a confirmed State of Health, to enjoy the Delights of this opening Season. Now the Year is putting on her beautiful Attire. God is sending forth his Spirit in order to renew the Face of the Earth. It is extremely pleasing to observe, how the Hedges begin to bud. The Buds, every Day, swell

swell more and more upon the Sight. The universal Green is continually enlarging in its Extent, or brightening its Aspect.—Thus may your Ladyship's Faith in Christ grow and encrease. That precious Faith, which brings Honour to his holy Name, and Comfort to the Sinner's Soul. Which regards and treats Him according to his infinite Glory, and infinite Grace; as the true God; as the great God; as God over all, blessed for evermore.

This noble Faith acknowledges and uses Him, as an All-sufficient Saviour from the *Guilt*, and an Almighty Saviour from the *Power* of Sin. It firmly trusts, that the Death of Jesus has *finished Transgression*, and *made Reconciliation for Iniquity*; that the Spirit of Christ will subdue Corruption, *renew Us after the Image of God*, and animate Us to all the Duties of Religion.—This is Faith: the *Faith of the Operation of God*; whose *Fruit is Holiness, and the End everlasting Life*. Can I then wish my honoured Friend a greater Blessing, than that this Faith may be operative and progressive in her Heart, as the Bloom and Verdure will soon be diffusive over all the Face of Nature?

Could I think of a more exalted or more comprehensive Blessing, this should not be the habitual Wish of,  
Madam,

Your most obedient,  
and most obliged Servant.

## L E T T E R C V.

*On Christian Conversation.*

May 31, 1757.

MADAM,

PERMIT me to wish You many edifying and delightful Interviews with Lord D——th and his Lady. Of such Interviews, I think, We may use the Words, which I have just been speaking upon to my Family; *It is good for Us to be Here.* Oftentimes, while We are talking, Grace is administered, and the Fire kindles. We have brighter Views of Christ, and firmer Faith in his infinitely rich Atonement. So may *the Hearts* of my honourable Friend and her noble Acquaintance *burn within them*, whenever they confer about *the Lamb that was slain*, and the inestimable Fruits of his Blood.

This, I hope, will find your Ladyship safely returned from your late Excursion. Not without Gratitude to that eternal Providence, which is about our Path, and keeps Us in all our Ways. Which hath said of his People; *Left any hurt them, I will keep them Night and Day.*

Your Opinion, concerning my Intention to publish two or three Sermons, I acknowledge as a real Favour. And I think, your Ladyship has some Reason to grant me such Favours, because You are sensible, they are not bestowed in vain. Witness the Design, relating to a Discourse, lately published by our Bishop elect.

I began to officiate for myself on Sunday; but was much disordered by the Business. Yesterday under Apprehensions of a Relapse. Still it is uncertain, whether the Die will turn up Sickness or Health. It puts

me in Mind of that emphatical Expression, and that desirable Change, *Mortality shall be swallowed up of Life.*

With the utmost Esteem, and sincerest Gratitude, I beg Leave to subscribe myself,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,

humble Servant.

## LETTER CVI.

*On the Excellency of Christ.—Jenks recommended.*

MADAM,

IT is indeed a delightful Sight, to see a Person of Lord D——th's Dignity and Politeness, closing his Letter with the Name of Jesus Christ. May We all know more and more of that Just One! Then it will appear meet and right; not a pious Extravagance, but a most rational Determination, *to count all Things but Loss for the Excellency of Christ Jesus our Lord.* He is higher than the Heavens, and more illustrious than the Angels; He is the very *Brightness of his Father's Glory*, and in *Him dwells all the Fulness of the Godhead.* *To whom then, may He justly say, will ye liken me? Or what Likeness will ye compare unto me?* Gold, sure, must be sordid Dust, compared with his *unsearchable Riches*; and human Righteousness no better than *filthy Rags*, set in Competition with his most perfect Obedience and meritorious Sufferings.

I think, I shall never have Reason to be ashamed of recommending Mr. *Jenks*. He is one of those Authors, who, though not so captivating on the first Glance, will  
be

be more pleasing and profitable, the more We converse, and the better We are acquainted with them.

Your Observation, I acknowledge, is very just, with regard to the Writings of Mr. *Adam* and Mr. *Hervey*. Mine are not fit for ordinary People; I never give them to such Persons; and dissuade this Class of Men from procuring them. O! that, accompanied by God's blessed Spirit, they may be of some Service to the more refined Part of the World! May testify of his Grace, and exalt the divine Saviour; which, I am persuaded, is the most effectual Way to introduce Newness of Heart, and promote Holiness of Life.

To pray for your Ladyship I can never forget, so long as there remains a Spark of Gratitude in my Heart. And I beseech You to remember—ever remember—that You have a better Advocate, than ten thousand of the greatest Saints on Earth. *He ever lives to make Intercession for You*, who is set down on the right Hand of the Majesty on high, and sees all Things put under his Feet. Blessed be his holy Name! He was our Sacrifice on the Cross; He is our Advocate in Heaven; and He will be our Portion to Eternity.—Permit me, Madam, to profess myself,

Your most obliged,  
and obedient Servant.

## LETTER CVII.

*On presenting a Publication.*

*Weston, Aug. 27, 1757.*

**I**NDEED, Madam, I did think it long, very long, since I had the Pleasure of hearing from You; and was determined, this Morning, to have enquired after your Ladyship's Health. Blessed be God, that your Silence was not owing to Sickness; that neither Pain nor Indisposition laid the Embargo upon your Pen.

Be pleased to accept my best Thanks for your unwearied Generosity to poor *R*——. Indeed, I believe, He will answer the Character, which your Candour has given Him; and I hope your charitable Endeavours to serve him will not be in vain. To Yourself, I am sure, they will not. Because, He has said, who is Truth and Goodness; *A Cup of cold Water, given to a poor Creature, because He belongs to Me, shall in no wise lose its Reward.* May the Love of that most beneficent Redeemer, be ever warm in your Ladyship's Heart; and ever prompt your Hand, your Tongue, your Pen, to every good Word and Work!

You set me a hard Task, Madam, when You command me to say, What should be done in the Case of unhappy ——. Permit me to declare, that I cannot answer this Question to my own Satisfaction. How then can I think of giving an Answer satisfactory to your Ladyship?

Shall I beg of your Ladyship to accept a little Essay, that is going to make its Appearance in the Form of Sermons? They will be sent, by the Bookseller, to Lady *A*——*F*——'s, directed for Yourself. May I also request the Favour of your Prayers in their Behalf?



half? That the God of Almighty Power would vouchsafe to accompany them with his Blessing; bid them sound an Alarm to the Careless, and administer Consolation to the Awakened; bid them testify of his infinitely free Grace, and glorify his most beloved Son. *Whom* to know, is *Wisdom*: whom to receive, is *Happiness*.

What will the Bishop of *Peterborough* think? Will He suspect *Himself* to be meant in the Preface? Read it, I presume He will. Curiosity will prompt Him to see, what proceeds from a Clergyman of his own *Diocese*. O! that it may not exasperate, but *admonish* Him. I was once, in the Days of my Self-Righteousness, admonished by a Person, as much my Inferior, in Point of Education and Literature, as the Author of those Sermons is inferior, in every Thing, to my Lord of *Peterborough*.—Upon second Thoughts, I fancy, all such Hints or Remonstrances will be reckoned utterly beneath the Notice of our great People. They will scorn to bestow a Thought upon them. How then should We admire the Condescension of the exalted Jehovah, who does *not despise the Day of small Things!* Does not disdain to smile even upon such low and feeble Attempts to magnify his Name, and edify his People!

Will your Ladyship excuse my not sending a Frank? And will You, for *your own Sake*, as well as for mine, remember, as You have often done, your impoverished, but

most obedient,

humble Servant.

## LETTER CVIII.

*On her Present of Sweet-Meats.—On burning her Letter.*

*Weston, Sept. 9, 1757.*

MADAM,

YESTERDAY I received your very kind, and very valuable Present. Hardly knowing how to express my Gratitude, or return my Thanks, for your ready Attention to all my Requests, and generous Supply of all my Wants. May the Lord, *who is rich in Mercy*, enable You to know Him, and imitate Him in this lovely Attribute ever more and more!

For the Sweet-Meats permit me to wish, That the holy Word of God, revealing Christ, and free Justification through his Righteousness, may be *sweeter* to your Ladyship's Taste, *than Honey and the Honey-Comb*.—As to the Franks, I humbly beg of God, that I may use them to his Glory, and make them a Means of spreading abroad the Savour of Christ Jesus's Name.

I think, my Bookseller acted injudiciously, in cloathing the Sermons with Black. It has too solemn and melancholy an Aspect. I would have my Discourses on a *Fast-Day* dressed, as our divine Master directs Us to dress Ourselves. *Thou, when Thou fastest, anoint thy Head, and wash thy Face.*

If You do any of my Sermons the Honour, of putting them into the Hand of Sir *William S——e*, I most heartily beseech the Omnipotent God to accompany them with a Blessing. That they may not be *as Clouds without Water*, but may *drop as the Rain, and distil as the Dew.*

Strange indeed was the Controversy between your Ladyship and your generous Neighbour. I hope, You was vanquished, and He carried his Point. If such was the

the Spirit, and such the Nature of our Controversies, I should be glad to see them become general, and should wish to have all the World set together by the Ears. Then, our Lord's memorable Words would express the *intended*, as they now express the *eventual*, Effect of his Coming; *Think Ye, that I came to send Peace on Earth, I tell You, nay; but rather Division.*

Whenever You enjoin me to speak, or to be silent, I trust, You will find me all Conformity and Duty. One Instance, and no inconsiderable one, of my Punctuality in this Respect, I can give. Which is, that of all the Letters, with which your Ladyship has been pleased to honour me, I have one, *only one* remaining. And on that, the Place, the Initials of your Name, every tell-tale Peculiarity, are expunged. This will declare, more expressively than my Pen, how sincerely and thoroughly I am,

Your Ladyship's obedient,  
and dutiful Servant.

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## L E T T E R C I X.

*On Joy in believing.*

*Wiston, Oct. 8, 1757.*

MADAM,

**P**ERMIT me to beg Pardon; and what is more, permit me to promise myself Pardon; though I have too long deferred to acknowledge your last Letter; the Honour it did me, and the Pleasure it gave me. Thursday last was, with Us, so very dirty below, and very rainy above, that I could hardly prevail with myself to send my Servant to the Post-Office.

But if my best Wishes and Prayers might prevail, this will find your Ladyship perfectly recovered from your late Indisposition; and *filled with all Joy and Peace in believing*.—It is observable, the Apostle says, *all Joy, all Peace, is to be derived, not from practising, but believing*; not from any Thing in Ourselves, but from the Fullness that is in Christ.—From believing, that our Sins are laid upon the blessed Jesus; and removed from Us, *as far as the East is from the West*. That Christ, the Lord of Glory, is *made unto Us Righteousness*: his Integrity and Obedience, his Duties and Graces, his most perfect Deeds and Sufferings, being *imputed to Us*. Inasmuch that We stand before God, are regarded and shall be treated of God, as if We Ourselves had actually performed and exercised all this consummate Holiness. Just as the late Elizabeth, when united by the matrimonial Band, to the Emperor of the Muscovites, was no longer regarded as the Woman of low Birth, but as the Consort of the greatest Monarch on Earth.

I bless God for the signal Mercy, if He is pleased to give my Sermons any Favour and Acceptance. I humbly beseech Him, to make them as a pointed Arrow, that they may enter; as a barbed Arrow, that they may abide.

I am, Madam,

Your most obliged

humble Servant.

## L E T T E R C X.

*On the Excellency of Christ.**Weston, Nov. 2, 1757.*

MADAM,

I AM truly sensible of the Honour You do me, in admitting me to such a Degree of your Confidence, and communicating your Thoughts with so little Reserve. I hope, your Ladyship will never have Reason to complain, that I make an undue Use of such Condescension; either by making the Purport of your Letters the Subject of inconsiderate Tattle, or by forgetting the Dignity and Superiority of your Station.

I trust, my dear Friend's Sermon will be to your Ladyship's Soul, *as a Dew from the Lord*. Refreshing your Heart, and invigorating your Faith, as the Morning Dews revive and quicken the languishing Herbs. The Case of the impotent Man at Bethesda, is too just a Representation of our Faith. Was our Faith stronger; did We *stedfastly* believe in our Incarnate God; *believe*, that every one of our Iniquities are laid on Him; that whatever He did and suffered for the Redemption of Sinners, He did and suffered for Us—were We *rooted and grounded* in this Belief, how would it cheer our Thoughts, and enliven our Hopes! How would it draw the Thorn from our Consciences, and pour Balm, the Balm of Heaven, on our Souls!

While Wars distress many Parts of the World, and Rumours of Wars alarm almost all the World, may that be fulfilled to You, Madam, which is spoken by the Prophet *Isaiab*; "My People shall dwell in a peaceable Habitation, and in sure Dwellings, and in quiet Resting-Places." This Resting-Place is Christ, his  
precious

precious Blood and everlasting Righteousness. Here I leave You. Here may every Change of Circumstance find You. Then You will be found as safe and happy, as is most unfeignedly wished by

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and obedient Servant.

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## LETTER CXI.

*On various Subjects.*

*Weston, Dec. 17, 1757.*

MADAM,

**I** BEG Pardon for being silent so long, and not enquiring after your Health. One Cause was, the Loss of my own. Which delivered me over to the Hands of the Physician and Surgeon, to the Discipline of the Draught and the Lancet. Which have, I bless God, relieved me from a violent Cold, attended with a Fever.—I hope, the Divine Providence has preserved your Ladyship from such Afflictions; and I beseech the Divine Majesty to grant, that You may long enjoy that Balm of Nature Health, and eternally enjoy that Balm of Heaven Christ!

Mrs. Lefevre's Letters, I have never seen, and shall most thankfully receive them, as a Present from your Ladyship. Hoping, that as You are pleased to give me the Book, the Lord Jesus will endow You, Madam, with the Spirit it breathes.

I have been extremely hurried for a considerable Time, and all my Family in much Disorder, by removing into a new Abode; in order to have my old  
one

one taken down and rebuilt. Nor even yet have We completed the troublesome **A**ffair.

When Lady *Frances* favours me with the intended Present, shall I beg of Her to add a few Franks to the Gift? These are particularly serviceable to me. Because, some of my remote Correspondents are unable to procure them; and I must either furnish them, or else have no Benefit from this Privilege of Parliament. So that I frequently send a Letter, with a Frank enclosed. Which causes a larger Consumption than ordinary.

Permit me to select a Promise from the Book of *Isaiab*, as my Wish for your Ladyship, at the ensuing Solemnity; “The Ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Sion with Songs, and everlasting Joy shall be upon their Heads.” “They shall obtain Joy and Gladness,” from the Righteousness, the Blood, the infinite Merit of their incarnate God, “and Sorrow and Sighing shall flee away.”—Amidst the Sincerity and Ardour of such Wishes, I beg Leave to profess myself,

Madam,

Your most obliged,

humble Servant.

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## L E T T E R    C X I I .

*On her Kindness to him.*

*Weston, Jan. 3, 1758.*

**T**EN thousand Thanks to my honoured Lady, for her very valuable, and very obliging Present. The Sweet-Meats were the latter; the Franks and the Book

Book the former. I know not how to express my Gratitude, unless it be by wishing for your Ladyship, what was the Subject of my short Exhortation to my Family last Night; *I will give you the sure Mercies of David.* May this be the magnificent and glorious New-Year's Gift of Jehovah, to them, to my People, and more abundantly to You, Madam.

I have not read, only just dipped into, Mrs. Leffevre's Letters. For indeed I have been exceedingly ill, since I had the Honour of writing to your Ladyship last. So ill, that the current Report was, "Mr. Hervey is dead." This is the first Letter I have attempted to write, since this severe Attack.

Be so good, Madam, as to return my most grateful Acknowledgments to the generous Lord D——th; together with my ardent Wishes, that he may *shine as a Light in the Midst of a crooked and perverse Generation.* Shine before God, in the immaculate and everlasting Righteousness of Christ; shine before Men, in all the Beauties of evangelical Holiness.

When You mention the Housekeeper's Readiness to serve me, I say; *Whence is this to me?* Doubtless, because Lady Frances condescends to express a Regard for me. And will not Angels and Arch-Angels be much more ready to do Us Service? Will not *the King immortal and invisible* be much more willing to bless Us? Since the divinely excellent Jesus has owned Us, loved Us, died for Us?

For your late, as well as for many preceding Favours, most amiably and politely conferred, I must always be,

Madam,

Your greatly obliged

and very obedient Servant.



## L E T T E R CXIII.

*On the Mercy of Christ a Support in Weakness.*

*Weston, Jan. 21, 1758.*

MADAM,

**Y**OUR very obliging Letter deserved a more speedy Acknowledgment; but my late Illness has brought me so very low, and rendered me so extremely weak, that my Hand is scarce able to execute the Dictates of my Heart. I do not go out of my Room till Dinner-Time; and then it is rather to see my Relations eat, than to take Refreshment myself.

Amidst all the Languors of decaying Nature, this, Madam, is the most sovereign Support.—Free Justification through Jesus Christ. A comfortable Persuasion, that “He has removed our Sins from Us, as far as the East is from the West;” that “He has cast them all into the Depths of the Sea;” and will “present Us to Himself, not having Spot, or Wrinkle, or any such Thing.” May this inestimable Blessing be your Ladyship’s Joy in Life, and Consolation in Death!

Your Advice concerning the great People, I will endeavour to observe; and am sorry for the Report, which gave Occasion to it.—Will your Ladyship excuse my enfeebled Hand, if it adds nothing more than the deep Respect and unfeigned Gratitude of,

Madam,

Your greatly obliged

and very obedient Servant.

## LETTER CXIV.

*On his Illness.—Remarks on the King of Prussia.*

*Weslon, Feb. 5, 1758.*

MADAM,

**P**ERMIT me to pay, my Thanks at least for your valuable Prescription. My Sister has made the Broth, it is pleasing to the Stomach, and chearing to the Spirits. But I am still surprisngly weak and languid. O! that I may be “strong in Faith, steadfast in Hope, and rooted in Charity!” And not I only, but your Ladyship also.

It is extremely obliging in your Ladyship to excuse my short and dilatory Letters. And more so, to favour me with an important Article of News. I rejoice to hear, that the King of Prussia is a real Christian. Yet I cannot but wonder, that nothing of the christian Spirit appears in any of his Compositions. His late Hymn was written just in the Taste of the ancient Heathens. And in an Ode, which He composed on the Subject of Death, I do not remember any Acknowledgment of Christ or his Atonement, no, nor so much as a Hint at that illustrious Conqueror of our last Enemy. Whose Blood takes away Sin; makes the Soul more free from Guilt, than these new-fallen Snows are from Stain; and thereby Death is unftung. So, and so only, it becomes Gain to die.

I hope, your Ladyship will ere long honour me with another Line; and, by acquainting me with the Continuance of your Health, give me some Consolation under the Declension of mine. Who begs Leave to be,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

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## LETTER CXV.

*On his Illness.—His Prospect beyond the Grave.*

March 12, 1758.

MADAM,

YOUR Orders are executed. The Letters are burnt. So—said One, who sat by, and saw the Papers perishing in the Flames—So let our carnal Affections, and corrupt Desires, perish under His Influence, who acts as a Refiner's Fire; who “baptizes with the Holy Ghost and with Fire;” who will ere long “be revealed in flaming Fire, to take Vengeance on them that obey not his Gospel.”

Your Ladyship's kind Enquiries after my Health, demand my best Acknowledgments, and a speedy Answer. I wish, I could answer in such a Manner, as might give Pleasure to your benevolent Heart. But I am not yet able to preach. Have not been at Church since *Christmas*.—Why do I enlarge on this Subject? Let me observe the Rule enjoined, concerning the Dead and the Absent; “Either say Good of them, or else say nothing about them.”—Well; there is a Time coming, when We shall serve our gracious God, without Weariness and without Intermision, Day and Night, for ever and ever.—On that happy Period may our Eye and our Expectation be fixed. That happy State may We look upon as our own, freely given to Us of God, in Consideration of his dear Son's inconceivably precious Propitiation. Thus may we be “looking for and hastening to the Coming of the Day of God.” This is the powerful Means of enlivening, what your Ladyship truly calls our dull, and of elevating our earthly Minds. For “He that hath this Hope, purifieth Himself.” The

natural Tendency of such Hope, is, to refine the Temper, and exalt the Soul. Somewhat like the continual Influx of pure transparent Water from the Spring Head, after the River has been swollen, discoloured, and defiled by long and heavy Rains.

I should have esteemed Mr. ——'s Company a Favour. And had He not the personal Recommendations of good Sense and Seriousness, his Coming from your Ladyship or bringing News of your Health, would have entitled Him to all the Respect and Civility I was able to shew.

I think, I once saw Mr. *How's* Meditations. But it was just so as the Man, of whom St. *James* speaks, seeth his natural Face in a Glass. "He goeth his Way, and straitway forgetteth what Manner of Person He is."

Let me tell You, Madam, You committed a little Mistake, in the last Clause of your Letter. "Your Brother, You say, is as kind to me in *his* Way, as You are in yours." Your Thoughts were in a Hurry. Your Attention was diverted. Otherwise You must have written, as You always love to write Truth, to this Effect—"He has as much Reason to be grateful, as You." And I dare answer for it, the Obligation would have been as readily acknowledged by Him, as it is and ever will be, by

Your Ladyship's most obedient,

humble Servant.

## L E T T E R C X V I.

*On her Benevolence.—On the Prince of Wales.*

*Wotton, May 6, 1758.*

MADAM,

**P**ERMIT me to congratulate You, on the frequent Opportunities You enjoy, of doing Good to our poor Fellow-Creatures. On this also let me congratulate your Ladyship, that You have a Heart to make Use of the valuable Occasions; and, at the same Time, an Understanding to discern their utter Insufficiency in the great Concern of Justification before God.—You know, that Your “Peace is made, not by corruptible Things, Silver or Gold, but by” that which is greater than the Earth; higher than the Heavens; more glorious than the Angels of Light, grander than all the Creation of God; even by the infinitely “precious Blood of Christ.”

You are entitled to my Thanks, as well as to poor *R——*'s, for every Exertion of your Interest in his Behalf. As the Waters, exhaled from the Ocean, return in fruitful Showers all over the Land; so, I trust, these Acts of your Beneficence, exercised to me and to Others, will return in copious Blessings on your Heart, your Life, and all your Ways.

The little Piece inserted in the *British Chronicle*, found its Way thither, without my Direction, and without my Knowledge. It was written at the Request of Dr. *S——*, and by *Him* transmitted to the Press. There is a Passage or two, that wants Correction. But, as it is likely to sink, and rise no more, Improvement is not very material.

It is reported in the Country, that the *Prince of Wales* is remarkably serious; exemplary in his Attendance on

the public Worship of God; and not intoxicated with the *Circean* Cup of the Court. May I ask, whether your Ladyship hears such an Account from Dr. *Hales*, and can confirm it by such an authentic Testimony?

Your polite Acknowledgments to Dr. *S*—— shall be communicated in a Ticket this Day; and your manifold Favours to his Friend will be acknowledged so long as he is

JAMES HERVEY.

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## LETTER CXVII.

*Remarks on modern Prophecies.—Reflections on Whit-Sunday.*

May 13, 1758.

MADAM,

I AM glad to hear, that Mr. *Whitefield* was honoured with such Company; and that such honourable Company were blessed with his Conversation. I am sure, He did “not keep Silence from good Words.” May his Words, which he whispers in the Ear in Closets, and “proclaims” as with a Trumpet “on the House-Tops, be the Power of God to the Salvation of the Hearers!”

I never saw the Predictions, which your Ladyship mentions. I am, to all such Intrusions into Futurity and their boasted Discoveries, an incorrigible Sceptic.—The Letters of a tender, sensible, religious Wife, written to a Husband preparing for Execution, must, I apprehend, be very affecting. I had rather see two such Pieces, than two hundred modern Prophecies.

We are now going to commemorate the Mission of the eternal Spirit. Whose Office is, to “purify the Heart” and make the Sinner *holy*. This He executes, by  
“testifying

“testifying of Christ;” by shewing Us our Pardon and Justification, our Salvation and Happiness, in that most glorious Surety. Thus He comforts the Soul; and thus “establishest” it, “in every good Word, and Work,” and Temper.—May your Ladyship enjoy more and more of his sacred Influences; and see more and more your Completeness in Christ! This will dispose You to love God, to keep his Commandments, and promote his Glory. Just as lively Spirits and a joyous State of Mind, dispose People to be affable in their Conversation and chearful in their Carriage.

Your Ladyship will allow me the Honour of professing myself

Your most obedient  
humble Servant.

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## L E T T E R   C X V I I I .

*On his Sickness.*

*Weston-Favell, \* Dec. 16, 1758.*

MADAM,

I HAVE received your Ladyship's Favour, and should have answered it before now; but I have been extremely ill, and still remain so bad, as to be obliged to make Use of the Pen of Another, to inform your Ladyship, that I am,      Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,  
and most obedient, humble Servant.

\* Mr. HERVEY died on the 25th of this Month.











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