

Timothy East

Deathbed Scenes

*The Christian's Companion on
Entering the Dark Valley*



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"The history of the Church confirms and illustrates the teachings of the Bible, that yielding little by little leads to yielding more and more, until all is in danger; and the tempter is never satisfied until all is lost. – Matthias Loy,
The Story of My Life

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DEATH BED SCENES;



OR, THE

CHRISTIAN'S COMPANION;

ON

Entering the Dark Valley.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
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DEDICATION.



TO

THOMAS RING, Esq.

READING.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE presumed to dedicate this work to you, without soliciting your permission; and I flatter myself that you will receive it as an expression of my gratitude, for the favours I received from you, on my first entrance into public life. To your wisdom, I was then indebted for counsel; to your influence, for the kind reception I met with, in the circle of friendship in which I moved; and to your benevolence, for assistance in my literary pursuits; and though many years have passed over me, since then, yet they have not been suffered to obliterate the remembrance of my obligations; nor to diminish that regard for your private and

public virtues, which took such an early possession of my breast. Your path has been as the "shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day;" and I trust, when called to enter the dark valley of the shadow of death, you will have the light of life beaming around you, and enter the joy of your Lord in peace. This is the fervent prayer, of,

Dear Sir,

Your greatly indebted Friend,

'THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

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But if there's an hereafter,  
And that there is, conscience uninfluenced,  
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,  
Then it must be an awful thing to die.

BLAIR.

~~~~~

“**IT** is appointed unto men once to die.” This is a fact, which the experience of all ages attests; and ere long it will receive additional confirmation, from our own. Death, by a figure of speech is represented as an intelligent being who accomplishes his designs without consulting the convenience, or regarding the feelings of man; and pays no more homage to the monarch, who is seated on his throne, than to the pauper who is asking alms in the street. He is emphatically called an enemy—*the last enemy*, whom we may address in the following plaintive language; I know that thou wilt bring me to the grave,—to the “house appointed for all living.” “Death destroys both action and enjoyment—mocks at wisdom, strength and beauty,—disarranges our plans—robs us of our treasures—desolates our bosoms—blasts our hopes. Death extinguishes the glow

of kindness—abolishes the most tender relations of man—severs him from all that he knows, or loves;—subjects him to an ordeal which thousands of millions have passed, but none can explain; and which will be as new to the last who expires, as it was to murdered Abel—flings him, in fine, without any avail, from the experience of others, into a state of untried being. No wonder that nature trembles before it. Reason justifies the fear. Religion never makes light of it: and he who does, instead of ranking with heroes, can hardly deserve to rank with a brute.”

But the extinction of animal life, and the consequent suspension of all the functions of respiration,—of action—of expression, is an immaterial occurrence when compared with the momentous consequences which immediately follow. I do not now refer to the violence of grief which agitates, and convulses the breast of the heart-struck survivor; nor do I refer to the solemnity of interment when the body is consigned to the grave; but to the introduction of the soul into the invisible world. The scene which will then burst open on the mental eye, will be invested with degrees of transporting or terrific sublimity, which no imagination can conceive; and though the sceptic affects to regard such a scene as the illusion of the fancy, yet, when death advances to meet him, he usually starts back with horror, and clings to life with a most determined resolution.

Go into his chamber—observe his pallid countenance—his wild look—his distracted features—and if you could penetrate the deep recesses of his soul, you would behold it writhing under the tortures of its own infliction. But why? Why this tremour and alarm? Why this deep sepulchral groan? Why this awful presentiment of some unknown portion of woe? Ah why!! Is it not childish! May not all this alarm and terror be traced up to the impulse of superstitious impressions? No. He has been accustomed to laugh at superstition—he has done more,—he has been accustomed to turn the sublime truths of revelation into a theme of ridicule, to call Christ an impostor, and to treat with indifference the messages of his grace. Ah! it is this—it is the remembrance of this—and he cannot banish the remembrance of it from his mind, which now overwhelms him with dread; and he would gladly hide himself beneath the rocks and mountains of the earth, but he feels conscious that they cannot conceal him from the eye of him who sitteth on the throne; nor shelter him from the impending wrath of the Lamb.

Nor is this fictitious. No. I have taken my description, not from the impression of my own fancy, but from the facts of real life; and merely thrown into a form to strike the public eye, what I am often called to witness in my embassy of mercy to the sick and the dying.

How sublime and interesting are the discoveries of revelation, on all the questions which relate to our present and final happiness, when contrasted with the vague replies, or sullen silence of infidelity. When oppressed with guilt—when sinking under the awful sentence of condemnation which you have pronounced with your own lips; go and ask the proud philosopher who boasts, that his reason is sufficient for all the purposes of human happiness, how you are to obtain peace? Your case will perplex him, and though he may prescribe some course of moral discipline, yet it will not prove efficacious.

When approaching the grave, and dwelling with devout and solemn awe on your expected dissolution, go and ask him this question: If a man die shall he live again? He is silent. Why? He can advance only conjectures which he is conscious, rest on no substantial basis. To him futurity is a vast profound

“ Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.”

But why do I make these references? Unassisted reason cannot pass the boundaries of mortality, and assert with confidence that there is a future state of existence for man. For if it be true that we receive our information on *every subject, through the medium of our senses*, it will be obvious to every reflecting mind, that unassisted

reason is more likely to admit the annihilation of man at death, than to indulge a momentary thought of his immortality and resurrection from the dead. What does the system of animated nature teach us? Does it not teach us, that destruction is one of its fundamental laws! The species remain, but the individuals perish. The lion, after ranging the woods, feeding on inferior kinds of living animals, at last groans, and expires. The sturdy oak of the forest, which out-lives many generations of human beings at length moulders to dust. Every thing around us bears the stamp of mortality, and evinces symptoms of decay. And does not man? It is true, on some occasions, the intellect displays more than an ordinary degree of strength and acuteness, and the passions glow with more intense fervour, at the moment which precedes dissolution; yet in general, the soul and the body seem to decay together, and the grave appears to the eye of sense, to terminate their mutual career. The words of Job are finely descriptive of the perplexed state of the mind, when pondering over this deeply interesting subject. "For there is a hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; Yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away; yea,

man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? If a man die shall he live *again*? ”*

From this state of uncertainty we are relieved by the revelation of the scriptures. “The destruction of death in the final repeal of the law of mortality, and the resurrection of the body to life and happiness, was the frequent theme of ancient revelation. A sublime obscurity indeed, invested those sacred records, on which the faith and hope of patriarchs and prophets rested; and the clearness in which they appear to us, is, no doubt, reflected from the brighter illumination of the *glorious gospel*; but there was still a sufficient portion of light, to gild by its heavenly dawning, the dark valley of the shadow of death. It is the triumphant boast of revelation, that at the period when the proud philosophy of nature, assuming its highest tones, and raised to its utmost elevation, could attain to no satisfactory conclusion respecting a future state—the despised inhabitants of Judea, rejoiced that their Redeemer *lived*, and *that he should stand at the latter day upon the earth*. In their Scriptures they knew they had eternal life; and there they read, “He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.”† Long before this prediction was uttered, the venerable patriarch of Uz, had expressed his persuasion, that *in his flesh he should*

* Job xiv. 7, 8, 9, 10, 14.

† Isa. xxv. 8.

see *God*; and Hosea, at a subsequent period, recorded with eminent precision, the gracious promise. "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death I will be thy plagues; O grave I will be thy destruction."

But the subject of their prophetic contemplations is more clearly unfolded to us, by the appearance of Jesus Christ in the flesh, *who hath abolished death, and brought life and incorruption to light, through the gospel*. He drew aside the vail, which conceals the invisible world, and exhibited hell as a place of torment, originally prepared for the devil and his angels, to which place the finally impenitent will be banished—where the worm dieth not and where the fire will never be quenched, and from whence the smoke of their torment will ascend up for ever, and for ever: and he described heaven, as the paradise of innocence and joy—the local habitation of his own glory, and the glory of his Father—where the weary should rest in undisturbed security and repose, after the troubles of life—and enjoy, in the society of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, a state of unfading and endless felicity.

The imagery which he employs as descriptive of heaven, is no less simple than beautiful, and the unembarrassed ease, with which he

• Hosea xlii. 14.

speaks of it, indicates his intimate familiarity with the whole grand, and interesting scene. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."* How delightful to think of heaven as our home—our Father's house—

"Where our best friends, our kindred dwell,
Where God, our Saviour, reigns."

As the residence of our Father, it necessarily awakens those filial associations in the breast, which suppress that awfulness of apprehension we feel when anticipating an entrance into the eternal world, under any other form of description. Does a child dread going home—seeing the face of his Father—dwelling in his presence? Not if he has been dutiful—or if he have offended him—not if he be reconciled.

In this house, our Lord says, there are *many mansions*, or as the original word indicates, "quiet and enduring chambers," which no foe can enter, or lapse of time destroy. In this house, not made with hands, all the family of the redeemed will dwell for ever; while each one will occupy his distinct mansion.† There will be a locality of

* John xiv. 1, 2.

† The Author is utterly incapable of affixing any other meaning to the Saviour's promise, "I go to prepare a place for you," than that which he has given it.

residence, while the utmost range of liberty is enjoyed ; a retiring from the more sacred employments of the temple, and the more august adorations of the throne, to the tranquillity and felicity of meditation—an interchange of visits between one heir of glory and another, which will increase affection, by a more close intimacy of converse.

The apostle, when speaking of those who had departed out of life, employs an expression, which takes off the terror of dying, and almost unconsciously produces in a devout mind, a complacency in anticipation of it. “ But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep.”* *Them that sleep in Jesus.* Thus the name of death, to quote the language of the pious Dr. Watts, is altered into sleep. Christ, who has subdued it, seems to have given it this new name, that it might not have a frightful sound in the ears of his beloved. Though it was sometimes called sleep in the Old Testament ; yet that chiefly regarded the silence and darkness, and inactivity of that state : whereas in the New Testament it is called sleep, to denote that there is an awaking time. The ancient Christians, on this account, called the church-yard where they buried their dead, a sleeping place. And though the grave may be termed the prison of death, yet death is not lord of

* 1 Thess. iv. 13.

the prison; he can detain the captive there but during the pleasure of Christ, for he who is *alive for evermore*, has the keys of death and of hell; that is, of the separate state. Now this is the true reason why Christians have spoken so many kind things of death, which is the king of terrors to the natural man. They call it a release from pain and sin; a Messenger of peace, the desired hour, and the happy moment. All this is spoken while they behold it with an eye of faith in the hands of Christ, who has subdued it to himself, and constrained it to serve the designs of his love to them.

We are not to suppose, like some of our modern professors, that this expression gives any sanction to the belief, that the soul of a believer exists in an unconscious state of being, from the hour of his decease, till the morning of the resurrection. Such an opinion may have the sanction of a proud and vain philosophy, which has never bowed in submission to the authority of revelation, but against it, are directed the most plain and unequivocal assertions of the Scripture. Our Lord, when replying to the fervent prayer of the dying thief, says, "*To day shalt thou be with me in paradise.*" He does not say, that after the lapse of ages, in a state of unconscious repose, he shall be awakened by the sound of the archangel's trumpet, to a life of bliss and of glory, but that he shall spend the evening of the day in which he suffered, with him in paradise.

The apostle says, "Whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord. We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."* Here he says, that when we are absent from the body, we shall be immediately present with the Lord. When writing to the church at Philippi, he says, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ; which is far better."† When he says *for me to live is Christ*, he declares, that the present life, is to him a source of enjoyment and of honour, but he says to depart, would be an augmentation of his glory and his bliss. But how so, if in his departure he was to exist in an unconscious state of being? Did he prefer unconscious existence, to the power of thought, of reflection, of anticipation? Did he prefer the inactivity of repose, to the pleasure of successful labours? Did he desire to have his intimate and his holy fellowship with Christ, and with his Christian brethren, broken off, that he might go and lay down in silence amidst the corruptions of the grave? Would this state of uselessness and unconsciousness, have been far better than a life of unparalleled usefulness and enjoyment? Oh, no. It would have been felt by him, as a cold, chilling damp, which would have invested

* 2 Cor. v. 6, 8.

† Phil. i. 21, 23.

the grave with a gloom, too horrifying for him to have contemplated, but with terror and dismay ; but knowing that he should be with Christ, as soon as he left the body, he exclaims with devout rapture, *to die is gain.*

“ It is indeed impossible,” to quote the language of a good writer, “ in the present life, to acquire adequate conceptions of the felicity and glory of heaven. Our faculties are too feeble for the investigation of a subject so sublime and exalted. Yet if we would apply ourselves closely to it, we might come at some juster and more animating ideas of the invisible world, than those with which we are too apt to content ourselves.

“ The mind of man is so framed, that we acquire our knowledge in the present state by the aid of our senses. In condescension therefore to our weakness, and to allure us to still farther inquiries, God has thought fit in his word to represent invisible things to our imagination, by sensible objects, with which we are continually conversant.

Let us begin then with those descriptions of heaven, which are borrowed from sensible objects, and by these steps ascend to a more clear, spiritual, and enlivening view, of the blessedness of that state. And if we search the Bible, we shall there find a collection of the richest and most brilliant images that nature or art can supply ; all of them held up to our view in such a manner, as

to impress our minds with a general idea of happiness, wealth and splendour in their highest perfection. Sometimes we read of ‘treasures which moth cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal;’* of ‘a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;’† and of ‘an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled and which fadeth not away.’‡ Sometimes we are told of ‘a rest that remaineth for the people of God,’|| alluding to the land of Canaan which was given the Israelites for a quiet possession after their deliverance from Egyptian slavery, and their tedious wanderings in a barren and solitary wilderness. Sometimes we have heaven described as a ‘paradise’§ furnished with all kinds of fruits, enriched with the most delightful prospects, and watered with ‘rivers of pleasure;’** a paradise in which ‘the inhabitants are none of them sick,’†† but ‘the lamb who is in the midst of the throne feeds them, and leads them unto living fountains of waters, and the blessed God, with his own kind and soft hand, gently wipes away all tears from their eyes.’‡‡ Sometimes it is represented as a house, a house ‘not made with hands eternal in the heavens,’||| a house in which God resides, and wherein Christ hath prepared mansions or apart-

* Matt. vi. 20. † 2 Cor. iv. 17. ‡ 1 Pet. i. 4.
 || Heb. iv. 9. § Luke xxiii. 43. ** Rev xxii. 1, 2.
 †† Isa. xxxiii. 24. ‡‡ Rev. vii. 17. ||| 2 Cor. v. 1.

ments for every one of the family.* It is farther compared to a large and magnificent city, of which God is the builder, whose streets are gold, its gates pearl, and the foundation of it garnished with precious stones; a city which hath the Lord God Almighty for its sun to enlighten it, and its temple to adorn it; a city into which nothing that defileth can ever enter, whither the kings of the earth, and all the nations of the earth, bring their glory and honour, and where there is no night, but one bright eternal day.† And to give us a still more exalted idea of that blissful place, its vast extent, its splendour and magnificence, its order and regularity, its strength and safety, together with the number, wealth, peace, happiness, and glory of its inhabitants, it is described as a kingdom;‡ a kingdom which in all these respects infinitely exceeds that of the Assyrians, Greeks or Romans. Nay each one of the saints is to possess a kingdom, for they are all of them kings and priests unto God, and as such to wear crowns of righteousness and glory, and to be arrayed in robes of innocence and purity.|| But it were endless to enumerate the various figures, which Scripture hath interwoven with the accounts it gives us of the future happy state of good men. If this world, I mean the external frame of it, is amazingly

* John xiv. 2. † Rev. xxi. 9.—ult. ‡ Matt. v. 10. &c.

|| Rev. i. 6. 2 Tim. iv. 8. Rev. vii. 14.

beautiful and glorious ; if the sun, moon and stars furnish illustrious proofs of the wisdom and greatness of God ; and if even the meanest part of the creation is capable of affording entertainment and surprise to an inquisitive and contemplative mind ; how great must be the beauty, magnificence and splendor of the heavenly world ? that world where the great God gives the fullest display of his infinite perfections. O the immensity of that place ! It hath no bounds.—The brightness of it ! God is the sun.—The purity of it ! Nothing that defileth shall ever enter into it.—“ *Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.*”*

On entering this world of purity—of blessedness and of glory, the human soul, having been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and renewed by the Eternal Spirit, will be presented faultless before the presence of the only wise God our Saviour, with exceeding joy. The intellectual faculty, which is now in an enfeebled and bewildered state, liable to false impressions, and the grossest misconceptions—so circumscribed in the range of its inquiries as to be incapable of penetrating far into the region of knowledge, and more frequently confounded by the perplexities in which it is involved, than satisfied with the result

* 1 Cor. ii, 9.

of its investigations; will then acquire a degree of strength and acuteness, of which at present we can form no just conception. The illiterate Christian whose mental imbecility now approaches to a state of idiotcy, will then have a ray of pure intelligence dropt on his understanding from the fountain of all knowledge, and display an intellectual glory which will obscure the lustre of the brightest genius that ever illumined, this

“ Low diurnal sphere.”

“ All this the apostle plainly intimates. *Now I know in part*, my knowledge, however superior to that of some other men is, imperfect, and a great deal of it acquired with much difficulty and labour; *but then shall I know even as also I am known*; my mental sight shall be so strengthened and enlarged, and divine objects placed in such a point of light, as that my knowledge of them shall bear some resemblance to that of God, whose eye does not only glance at the surface of things, but enters into their nature, and instantly comprehends all their hidden qualities.”

But the most material change will be produced in the moral powers and dispositions of the mind. Pure and unmingled felicity, is less dependant on greatness of intellect, than on goodness of principle. What created being is endowed with a finer and more comprehensive mind, than the author

of all evil? but what being so miserable? And have we not living amongst us in society, men, of rare and extraordinary powers, who, as master spirits, rule and govern the intellectual world: who are the slaves of passion—the panders of vice—misanthropists, amidst all the charities of human life—driven from the moorings of social and domestic bliss by the fury of their own ungovernable passions— and doomed to live in misery and woe, even while their head is encircled with the brightest halo of human glory. Can such men pass from this world which they have corrupted by their presence, to heaven, where nothing that defileth can enter? Impossible! A change of place effects no change of character, but merely serves by the variety of its scenes, and occurrences, and society, to bring forth into display and action, the predominant principle of the mind, so that when we pass from this state of probation, to the invisible world, a voice is heard issuing from the celestial glory, saying “ He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still.”*

Hence arises the necessity of a moral transformation of the mind, which is denominated in the language of the Scripture, being born again—

* Rev. xxii. 11.

being made new creatures in Christ Jesus—being made partakers of the divine nature; but though this transformation be produced by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, yet it is not entire, while we remain in the body. The outlines of the new creature are sketched on the soul, when the new birth unto righteousness takes place; and by the subsequent operations of the divine Spirit the figure is gradually completed, but the exquisite beauty of the complexion is not given till the Saviour appears, when we shall be like him, *for we shall see him as he is.*

“Hence the best of men, have to complain of their evil propensities, stubborn prejudices, and irregular passions; which so oppress, and appal them, that they now often exclaim, ‘O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?’* Ah! the bitter sighs that arise from their sorrowful breasts, while they silently deplore these sad effects of human depravity—these remains of corruption and sin, which disgrace the soul, disturb its peace, and obstruct its progress in the divine life. But, when death has done his office, these complaints shall all instantly subside. The very moment the imprisoned spirit is set at liberty, it is *made perfect*.† It springs, as it were, into life; for here it could hardly be said to live. It is healed of every

* Rom. vii. 24. † Heb. xii. 23.

disease, and becomes perfectly healthful and happy. It breathes the pure air of the celestial regions, free from all the oppressions of this gross atmosphere. It recovers its original beauty, freedom and glory. Every corruption is totally eradicated from the heart; and every virtuous, holy and divine principle inplanted there, is at once ripened to a state of maturity. In short, as it is *created after the image of God in knowledge, righteousness and true holiness,** so it henceforth exerts all its powers in the pursuit of these great objects, with infinite ease and pleasure, and without a possibility of their enduring any disturbance or opposition whatever. Thus it *beholds the face of God in righteousness,* and *awakes* out of this world into the other *with the divine likeness.*†—And now what a blessed change is this? And in how different a state does the Christian find himself from that he was in a moment before, when he animated a frail and mortal body!”—

As so little is said of the internal economy of the heavenly world, or of the specific employments that engross the attention of the redeemed, it will be impossible for any one to give a minute description, that shall afford satisfaction, to the inquisitive mind; but I think that the Scriptures afford us a sufficient portion of information, to enable us to form some indistinct conception of

* Eph. iv. 24. and Col. iii. 10. † Psa. xvii. 15.

the sources of our most exquisite enjoyments. We shall see God. What an impression will be produced on the mind, when his majestic form is first beheld! when his paternal voice is first heard! when he lays aside the Majesty of the Creator, and assumes the mildness, and complacency of a father, receiving into his immediate presence, his beloved child! How strong! how deep! how refined! how superior in delicacy and sublimity to every other impression which we have ever felt! To stand unawed in the presence of such awful grandeur: unruffled amidst such a bright effulgence of uncreated glory as will then move around us—unabashed under the brightest emanations of purity, will impart such a high degree of conscious dignity, that we shall feel like sons of God, whose glory is no longer concealed under the veil of humanity, but openly seen and universally admired.—The Psalmist when anticipating this celestial vision says, “As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.”* And the apostle John exclaimed with rapture, “Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.”†

If we read the New Testament with attention

* Psalm xvii. † 1 John iii. 2.

we shall discern strong marks of a reciprocal affection between the Redeemer and his disciples: and it is the prospect of enjoying each other's society, that gives to heaven its most powerful charm. When pouring the word of consolation into their wounded spirit just before his departure, after having assured them, that he was going to his Father's house to prepare a place, he adds, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself: that where I am, *there* ye may be also.* When the eventful hour drew near, in which he was to finish the work he came to accomplish: in his last prayer, he lifted up his eyes to heaven and said, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."† Having assumed the human form—endured the contradiction of sinners—drank the bitter cup—worn the crown of thorns—and died the ignominious death of the cross to redeem his chosen people, he feels such an intensity of affection for them, that he will make them partakers of his own glory. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."‡

* John xiv. 3. † Ibid. xvii. 22. ‡ Rev. iii. 21.

When Stephen, the first martyr, fell a victim to the rage of his enemies, just before he expired “ he looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast *him* out of the city, and stoned *him*; and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man’s feet, whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon *God*, and saying, ‘ Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.’ ” *

When the apostle of the Gentiles, who had seen the glories of the invisible world, was devoutly meditating on his latter end, and anticipating his departure from this scene of his earthly labours, he exclaimed, “ *I have a desire to depart and be with Christ which is far better, than to enjoy the highest honours, or the most refined pleasures which earth can impart. And allow me to ask you, whose eye may now be perusing these pages, if your prevailing desire does not beat in unison with the sentiments and wishes of these holy men? Yes, if you are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ,—and if his Spirit dwell within you, I know it does. I know that you expect that a large portion of your bliss in the heavenly world will arise from the visible pre-*

* Acts vii. 55,—59.

sence, and social intercourse of Jesus Christ. Yes, the very anticipation of the first interview with him, springs a mine of feeling, rich in all that is sacred and delightful ! and sometimes when the overpowering charm of a supernatural manifestation absorbs your spirit, the language of the Poet becomes an appropriate vehicle for the utterance of your ardent and intense desires

“ To Jesus, the source of my joy,
My soul is in haste to be gone,
Then bear me, ye angels on high,
And waft me away to his throne.

Dear Saviour, whom absent I love ;
Whom having not seen I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and power.”

The devout Christian from inclination, as well as duty retires from unnecessarily associating with the men of this world, because their taste—and opinions—and habits are so uncongenial with his own—and he intermingles amongst *his own people*. But even, with them, he finds himself amongst men encompassed with infirmities—with men who possess some sterling principles, but which principles lie embedded amongst much of the weakness and imperfection of human nature. Some are treacherous, and he cannot confide in them : some are fickle, and he cannot depend on them ; some are proud, and he cannot approach

them: some are bigoted, and he cannot admire them; and some are low and vulgar in their manners, and he cannot feel any complacency in associating with them.

“But on entering heaven, he will be introduced to the society of the spirits of *just men made perfect*. Their number exceeds all human calculation, but they have all been presented faultless. No impurity of imagination! no perversity of will! no obstinacy of disposition! no irritability of temper! no selfishness of feeling; as they will be assimilated to the divine likeness, and display, though in a subordinate degree, the perfection of his character. They dwell together in unity. No evil passions will ever break their peace, or disturb the harmony of their song. With Enoch, who walked with God here on earth, we shall intimately converse in heaven. In the bosom of Abraham, the father of the faithful, we shall gently repose our weary souls. The transfigured countenance of Moses, the great law-giver of the church, we shall behold with a steady eye. And with rapturous pleasure shall we hang on the devout songs of David, the sweet singer of Israel. Patriarchs, prophets and apostles, the illustrious army of confessors, *who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,**

* Eph. iv. 24, and Col. iii. 10.

Christians of every rank and condition among men, will be our associates and companions. Their number cannot be told. Their happiness cannot be conceived. Their honours cannot be described. They are all of one mind, and one heart ; so that their friendly commerce can suffer no interruption, through difference of opinion, unhappiness of temper, or any hasty prejudices. They are knit to one another with indissoluble bands of esteem and love ; and all the rich treasures of knowledge and pleasure which each one possesses, are cheerfully laid out to promote the growing entertainment and happiness of the whole! What a blessed company this !”

No arbitrary distinctions will prevail there to cherish pride, or provoke to envy. The subject will stand on a level with his monarch ; the servant will be equal to his master ! the pauper will not be inferior to the man of wealth ; as all these distinctions, which belong exclusively to the present state, vanish away at death, the redeemed will associate in their new relationship, as the sons of God. There will be no spirit of bigotry to separate the inhabitants of heaven into distinct orders and denominations. No one will then say, I am of Paul ; or, I of Apollos ; or, I of Cephas ; but all will, unitedly say, we are of Christ, who hath loved us ; “ and washed us from our sins in his own blood :—and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father ;

to him *be* glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."* There the violence of contention ceases; the anger of fierce debate gives way to the placidity of mutual agreement; the selfishness of sectarian attachment, is succeeded by the ardour of universal love. There Calvin and Luther, Fenelon and Claude, Tillotson and Doddridge, Whitfield and Wesley, Booth and Williams, Reynolds and Montgomery, will be seen taking sweetest counsel together, and in the same temple will be heard mingling, their once jarring voices in one unbroken harmony of praise.

The pious Dr. Watts when speaking of the employment of the spirits of the just in heaven; says, "we cannot suppose that they will be eternally confined to a sedentary state of inactive contemplation:

"Contemplation indeed is a noble pleasure, and the joy of it rises high when it is fixed on the sublimest objects, and when the faculties are all exalted and refined. But surely such a sight of God and our dear Redeemer as we shall enjoy above, will awaken and animate all the active and sprightly powers of the soul, and set all the springs of love and zeal at work in the most illustrious instances of unknown and glorious duty.

"I confess heaven is described as a place of rest, that is, rest from sin and sorrow, rest from

* Rev. i. 5, 6.

pain and weariness, rest from all the toilsome labours and conflicts that we endure in a state of trial; but it can never be such a rest as lays all our active powers asleep, or renders them useless in such a vital and active world. It would diminish the happiness of the saints in glory to be unemployed there. Those spirits who have tasted unknown delight and satisfaction in many long seasons of devotion, and in a thousand painful services for their blessed Lord on earth, can hardly bear the thoughts of paying no active duties, doing no work at all for him in heaven, where business is all delight, and labour is all enjoyment. Surely *his servants shall serve him* there, as well as worship him. They shall serve him perhaps as priests in his temple, and as kings, or viceroys, in his wide dominions: for they are *made kings and priests unto God for ever*.*

“ But let us dwell a little upon their active employments, and perhaps a close and attentive meditation may lead us into an unexpected view and notice of their sacred commissions and embassies, their governments, and their holy conferences as well as their acts of worship and adoration.

“ That heaven is a place or state of worship, is certain, and beyond all controversy; for this is a very frequent description of it in the word

* Rev. v. 10.

of God. And as the great God has been pleased to appoint different forms of worship to be practised by his saints, and his churches under the different economies of his grace, so it is possible he may appoint peculiar forms of sacred magnificence to attend his own worship in the state of glory. Bowing the knee, and prostration of the body, are forms and postures of humility practised by earthly worshippers. Angels cover their faces and their feet with their wings, and cry, *Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts !** But what unknown and illustrious forms shall be consecrated by the appointment and authority of Christ, for the saints in heaven to adorn their sacred offices, is above our reach to describe or to imagine.

“ Let us consider now what parts of worship the blessed are employed in.

“ The various parts of divine worship that are practised on earth, shall doubtless be performed in heaven too ; and what other unknown worship of positive and celestial appointment shall belong to the heavenly state, is as much above our present conjecture, as the forms of it are.

“ Heaven is represented as full of praises. There is the most glorious and perfect celebration of God the Father and the Saviour in the upper world : and the highest praise is offered

* Isa. vi. 2, 3.

to them with the deepest humility. The crowns of glory are cast down at their feet, and all the powers and perfections of God, with all his labours of creation, his cares of providence, and the sweeter mysteries of his grace, shall furnish noble matter for divine praise. This work of praise is also exhibited in scripture, as attended with a song and heavenly melody. What there is in the world of separate spirits to answer the representations of harps and voices, we know not. It is possible that spirits may be capable of some sort of harmony in their language, without a tongue, and without an ear, and there may be some inimitable and transporting modulations of divine praise, without the material instruments of string or wind. The soul itself by some philosophers is said to be mere harmony; and surely then it will not wait for it till the body be raised from the dust, nor live so long destitute of all melodious joys, or of that spiritual pleasure which shall supply the place of melody, till our organs of sense shall be restored to us again.

“ But is all heaven made up of praises? Is there no prayer there? Let us consider a little: What is prayer, but the desire of a created spirit in an humble manner made known to its Creator? Does not every saint above desire to know God, to love and serve him, to be employed for his honour, and to enjoy the eternal continuance of his love and its own felicity? May not each

happy spirit in heaven exert these desires in a way of solemn address to the divine Majesty? May not the happy soul acknowledge its dependence in this manner upon its Father and its God? Is there no place in the heart of a glorified saint for such humble addresses as these? Does not every separate spirit there look and long for the resurrection, when it is certain that embodied spirits on earth who have *received the first fruits of grace and glory groan within themselves, waiting for the redemption of the body*?* And may we not suppose each holy soul sending a sacred and fervent wish after this glorious day, and lifting up a desire to its God about it, though without the uneasiness of a sigh or groan? May it not, under the influence of divine love breathe out the requests of its heart, and the expressions of its zeal for the glory and kingdom of Christ? May not the church above join with the churches below in this language, '*Father, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven*?' "Are not the souls of the martyrs that were slain, represented to us as under the altar, crying with a loud voice, *How long, O Lord, holy and true*?† This looks like the voice of prayer in heaven.

"Perhaps you will suppose there is no such service as hearing sermons, that there is no at-

* Rom. viii. 23.

† Rev. vi. 9, 10.

tendance upon the word of God there. But are we sure there are no such entertainments? Are there no lectures of divine wisdom and grace given to the younger spirits there, by spirits of a more exalted station? Or may not our Lord Jesus Christ himself be the everlasting teacher of his church? May he not at solemn seasons summon all heaven to hear him publish some new and surprising discoveries, which have never yet been made known to the ages of nature, or of grace, and are reserved to entertain the attention, and exalt the pleasure of spirits advanced to glory? Must we learn all by the mere contemplation of Christ's person? Does he never make use of speech to the instruction and joy of saints above? Moses and Elijah came down once from heaven to make a visit to Christ on Mount Tabor, and the subject of their converse with him was his death and departure from this world.*

“ Now since our Lord is ascended to heaven, are these holy souls cut off from this divine pleasure? Is Jesus for ever silent? Does he converse with his glorified saints no more? And surely if he speak, the saints will hear and attend.

“ Or it may be that our blessed Lord, even as he is man, has some noble and unknown way of communicating a long discourse, or a long train

* Luke ix. 31.

of ideas and discoveries to millions of blessed spirits at once, without the formalities of voice and language; and at some peculiar seasons he may thus instruct and delight his saints in heaven. Thus it appears there may be something among the spirits of the just above that is analogous to prayer and preaching, as well as praise. O how gustful are the pleasures of celestial worship! What unknown varieties of performance, what sublime ministrations there are, and glorious services, none can tell. And in all this variety, which may be performed in sweet succession, there is no wandering thought, no cold affection, no divided heart, no listless or indifferent worshipper. What we call rapture and extasy here on earth, is perhaps the constant and uninterrupted pleasure of the church on high in all their adorations.

“ But let the worship of the glorified saints be never so various, yet I cannot persuade myself that mere direct acts or exercises of what we properly call worship, are their only and everlasting work. The scripture tells us, there are certain seasons when the angels, those sons of God, come to present themselves before the Lord.* It is evident then, that the intervals of these seasons are spent in other employments: And when they present themselves before God, it does

* Job i. 6, and ii. 1.

not sufficiently appear that mere adoration and praise is their only business at the throne. In the very place which I have cited, it seems more natural to suppose that these angelic spirits came thither rather to render an account of their several employments, and the success of their messages to other worlds. And why may we not suppose such a blessed variety of employment among the spirits of men too?

“This supposition has some countenance in the holy scripture. The angel or messenger who appeared to St. John, and shewed him various visions, by the order of Christ, forbids the apostle to worship him, *for I am thy fellow-servant, said he, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book.** These words naturally lead one to think, that though he appeared as a messenger from Christ, and in the form of an angel, yet he was really a departed saint, a brother, a fellow-prophet, perhaps the soul of David, or Isaiah, or Moses, who would count it an honour even in their state of glory to be thus employed by their exalted Lord; and they also keep or observe and wait for the accomplishment of the sayings of that book of the Revelations, as well as the churches of their brethren, the saints on earth.

“I freely allow immediate divine worship to

* Rev. xxii. 8, 9.

take up a good part of their everlasting day, their sabbath; and therefore I suppose them to be often engaged, millions at once, in social worship; and sometimes acting apart, and raised in sublime meditation of God, or in a fixed vision of his blissful face, with an act of secret adoration, while their intellectual powers are almost lost in sweet amazement: sometimes they are entertaining themselves and their fellow-spirits with the graces and glories of the man Christ Jesus, *the Lamb that was slain in the midst of the throne*: but at other times they may be making a report to him of their faithful execution of some divine commission they received from him, to be fulfilled either in heaven or on earth, or in unknown and distant worlds.

“There may be other seasons also when they are not immediately addressing the throne, but are most delightfully engaged in recounting to each other the wondrous steps of providence, wisdom and mercy, that seized them from the very borders of hell and despair, and brought them through a thousand dangers and difficulties to the possession of that fair inheritance. When the great God shall unravel the scheme of his own counsels, shall unfold every part of his mysterious conduct, and set before them the reason of every temptation they grappled with, and of every sorrow they felt here on earth, and with what divine and successful influence they all

wrought together to train them up to heaven. What matter of surprising delight and charming conversation shall this furnish the saints with in that blessed world? And now and then in the midst of their sacred dialogues, by a sympathy of soul they shall shout together in sweet harmony, and join their exalted songs *to him that sits upon the throne and to the Lamb.* “*Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy power, to thy wisdom, and to thine abounding mercy, be renown and honour to everlasting ages.*”

“Nor is it improper or unpleasant to suppose that amongst the rest of their celestial conferences, they shall shew each other the fair and easy solution of those difficulties and deep problems in divinity, which had exercised and perplexed them here on earth, and divided them into little angry parties. They shall look back with holy shame on some of their learned and senseless distinctions, and be ready to wonder sometimes what trifles and impertinencies had engaged them in dark and furious disputes. Darkness and entanglement shall vanish at once from many of those knotty points of controversy, when they beheld them in the light of heaven: and the rest of them shall be matter of delightful instruction for superior spirits to bestow upon those of lower rank, or on souls lately arrived at the regions of light. In short, there is nothing written in the books of nature, the records of providence, or

the sacred volumes of grace, but may minister materials at special seasons for the holy conference of the saints on high. No history nor prophecy, no doctrine nor duty, no command nor promise, nor threatening in the Bible, but may recal the thoughts of the heavenly inhabitants, and engage them in sweet conversation. All things that relate to the affairs of past ages and past worlds, as well as the present regions of light and happiness where they dwell, may give them new themes of dialogue and mutual intercourse.

“And though we are very little acquainted whilst we are on earth, with any of the planetary worlds besides that which we inhabit, yet who knows how our acquaintance may be extended hereafter, amongst the inhabitants of the various and distant globes! And what frequent and swift journeys we may take thither, when we are disencumbered of this load of flesh and blood, or when our bodies are raised again, active and swift as sun-beams? Sometimes we may entertain our holy curiosity there, and find millions of new discoveries of divine power and divine contrivance in those unknown regions; and bring back from thence new lectures of divine wisdom, or tidings of the affairs of those provinces, to entertain our fellow-spirits, and to give new honours to God the Creator and the Sovereign. So a pious traveller in our lower world, visits Africa

or both the Indies : at his return he sits in a circle of attentive admirers, and recounts to them the wondrous products of those climates, and the customs and manners of those distant countries. He gratifies their curiosity with some foreign varieties, and feasts their eyes and their ears at once : Then at the end of every story, he breaks out into holy language, and adores the various riches and wisdom of God the Creator.”

But though the happiness of the redeemed be perfect, during the intermediate state, yet there is reason to believe, it will be greatly augmented, when the bodies are raised from the dead, and reunited to their former spirits. It is to this blessed hour, that the apostles, in their writings, are always directing the hope of the saints. They are ever pointing to this glorious morning, as the season when they shall receive their reward, and their prize—their promised joy, and their crown ; as though all that they had received before in their state of separation, were hardly to be named, in comparison of that “ more exceeding and eternal weight of additional glory.”

Our Lord, when addressing the multitude said, “ And this is the Father’s will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise him up again at the last day ;”^{*} and on another occasion, when assuaging the grief of the disconsolate Martha, who had

* John vi. 39.

just returned from the grave of her deceased brother, he said, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."*

"But some will say how are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?"† The absurdity of this objection is fully exposed by the apostle, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die."‡ Why should you imagine that the resurrection of the body is impossible? when, if you watch the course of nature, you have palpable evidences that it can be easily effected. You sow the grain of the field, and out of the corruption and decay of the seed which you sow, arises a new plant; "that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed its own body."|| Thou sowest a naked, lifeless seed, wholly different in appearance, in organization, and sensible qualities, from the living herb which springs from its dissolution. Cannot that power which raiseth up a new plant from the decayed grain; call forth from the dust, to which the body of man is reduced, a new and

* John xi. 25, 26.

† 1 Cor. xv. 35.

‡ Ibid. 36.

|| Ibid. 37, 38.

nobler body! Do you require additional arguments and illustrations? God has supplied them. "All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory."* He who has moulded the dust of the earth unto bodies of flesh, diversified in their natures according to the wide diversities which subsist between the different families of the animal world: He who has bestowed on the inanimate workmanship of his hands—on the orbs which roll through unbounded space, degrees of radiance so various, as those by which the earth, the moon, the sun, and the innumerable stars of heaven, are respectively distinguished: He is able to revive under another form, the decayed flesh of man, and for ever to crown it with glory, which it was incapable of sustaining before. Is not this representation true and pertinent? Even "so also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weak-

* 1 Cor. xv. 39—41.

ness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.”* And the apostle, when writing to the Philippians, says, “For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself.”† Seest thou that breathless corpse, which a few hours since was animated with life; touch it, it is cold; speak to it, it is deaf: and already has the process of corruption begun. Put on the shroud—place it in the coffin—take the last look—close it down, and then let the ministers of death carry it to the tomb. There it rests in undisturbed quietude, earth returning to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; but when the morning of the resurrection dawns, and the archangel sounds his trumpet, it shall burst asunder the bars of that sepulchral darkness, in which it was imprisoned, and spring into renewed life. “This corruptible, shall then put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written,

* 2 Cor. xv. 42, 43.

† Phil. iii. 20, 21.

death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.* Then the mystery of God in the scheme of human redemption, will be finished, and those who have been redeemed, shall “serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”† They shall then unite their voices in one loud and joyful acclamation of praise, and sing, as they cast back their recollections on their former state of captivity, “Thanks be to God, which hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”‡

As we must all pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and enter the eternal world, where our state will be fixed in

“Raptures or in woe”

for ever; no apology is necessary for that attention which we may pay to the important subject.

* 1 Cor. xv. 53---58.

† Rev. vii. 15---17.

‡ 1 Cor. xv. 57.

To die, how solemn ! Who wonders if nature shudders, and if faith sometimes staggers. There are seasons, when the light of a clear manifestation from above, throws a radiance over the dark valley, and

“ We can read our title clear,
To mansions in the skies.”

But when this light is shrouded in darkness, we are in terror, as when one awakes from a pleasant dream, to behold the devastation of the midnight storm and tempest. Some can look on death with feelings of triumph. They see nothing terrific in his form. They can walk into the grave-yard, where he deposits his dead, and muse on their destined humiliation with as much composure, as they can survey one of the most picturesque scenes of nature. They are conscious that when the “ earthly house of their tabernacle is dissolved, they have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”* But this degree of holy confidence is not enjoyed by every Christian. Many, if not the great majority, are in bondage all their life through fear of death. Though the dread of hell, no more haunts them, as when first oppressed with guilt ; yet they tremble in prospect of the final contest with their last enemy. They often

* 2 Cor. v. 1.

pourtray on their imagination, the closing scene ; and though in some favoured moments they hope to come off more than conquerors through him that loved them, yet they are driven back by their fears into a state of bondage, and live in sorrow and in grief.

“ One says, how shall I pass that awful moment that introduces me into the presence of a holy God, when I know not whether I am clothed with the righteousness of his Son, or no—whether I shall stand the test in that day ! I dread that solemn, that important hour that shall put me into an unchangeable state of misery or of blessedness. How shall I, that am a sinner, stand before that tribunal and that judge, in whose sight no mortal can be innocent ? I have abused my mercies ! slighted the admonitions of his word, and spirit ! cherished dispositions and feelings contrary to the purity of his nature ! misimproved my religious privileges ! pursued the fading honours of the world with too much eagerness ! have done but little to glorify him, and that little has sprung out of the influence of corrupt motives ! Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me ! My evidences for heaven are so dark and cloudy, that I cannot read them : they have been often sullied with fresh guilt ; and I doubt whether I have ever passed from death unto life. And if when the moment of decision arrives I should then find, that I have

been deceiving myself, that mistake can never be rectified.

“ Another, of a stronger faith but of a timorous temper says, “ How shall I endure the agonies and pangs of death? I am not afraid to enter eternity; but I dread dying; I have no doubt of a final victory, but I feel my nature recoiling in prospect of the contest with the king of terrors. I can take a view of my promised inheritance from off the top of Pisgah, but I dread the swellings of Jordan through which I must pass before I can possess it.”

“ Another is terrified at the thought of death because he knows not how to part with his relations and friends. The husband presses to his bosom the desire of his eyes and weeps when his imagination attires her in the widow's mourning. The mother throws her arms around her child, and heaves the deep groan, at thought of parting. “ If I were solitary and alone in society I could die with cheerfulness; but while such ties bind me to earth, I cannot anticipate death but with terror.”

And yet how often are those who are the most timid in prospect of death, the most calm when the eventful hour comes. The chains of their captivity are knocked off, for days—for weeks—for months before they are led out to die; and under the ineffable manifestations of divine love, have then been heard to say, “ Lo this is our

God; we have waited for him, and he will save us; this is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation.”*

The ties of nature which have bound down, the conjugal,—the parental,—and the social affections so strongly to earth, have been loosened so softly and so gradually, that the captive spirit has gained her liberty, 'ere conscious of her freedom—she has been startled into surprise, by the fact of her deliverance: and has felt a sublimity of bliss in prospect of a separation from those she loved, which has been unspeakable and full of glory. The death-bed scene of the dying Christian, has presented to the eye of the spectator, a faint vision of future glory; and he has felt, when gazing on it, its elevating—its enlivening and its transforming power.

But this is always a solemn scene; for though the departing spirit may exult in prospect of leaving a body of sin and death, and making an exchange of the toils and sorrows—of the trials, and disappointments of earth, for the perfect purity and blessedness of heaven; yet who can witness its departure without feeling the shock which is given to the sweet relationship of life? Who can enter the chamber where “the good man meets his fate,” without feeling under the

* Isa. xlv. 9.

dominion of very strong and peculiar impressions. When we see the restlessness of the tottering frame—when we feel the chilliness of death extending over the body of the friend we love—when we behold the vigour of his intellect—the ardour of his passions—the active power of his virtues about to cease their operation on earth; can we help deploring the entrance of sin which has entailed such a scene of humiliation and misery on man? and when we reflect on the awful solemnity of that hour, which ere it elapses will usher the immortal spirit into the presence of the Holy One! can we avoid bowing down at the throne of grace, and praying that the Lord would be pleased to grant to his servant an *abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*

As nothing strikes the human mind so forcibly as facts; the author in the work which he now ventures to submit to the eye of the Christian public has collected from different sources, the dying experience of many who have departed in the faith of Christ; under a hope, that it will prove an acceptable companion to the Christian, in prospect of entering the dark valley. In perusing these brief sketches of the last hours of departed worth, the intelligent reader will perceive some slight shades of difference; but on a close inspection, he will discover one uniform principle, governing and animating their minds.

A principle, on whose operations a scoffing age pours the odium of its contempt: but which displays a strength in the season of weakness, and a glory amidst the deepest humiliations of nature, that aims to demonstrate its divine origin, and its consequent superiority to all the boasted prowess of sceptical reason. This is faith in the Son of God, *who loved us, and gave himself for us.* Go boasting reason and see how thy disciple expires: and when thou hast witnessed his sudden apathy, or heart struck terror—when thou hast listened to his idle jokes, or his dreadful imprecations—when thou hast beheld the indifference with which he gives up a life, on which so many relative interests depend—or the dread which he feels in anticipation of its cessation; then enter the chamber of the dying Christian, observe his calmness or extatic joy—hearken at the *chaste, the sublime, the elevating language* which falls from his lips:—mark the holy, yet unforced submission with which he surrenders his spirit to God his Redeemer: and the confidence with which he expects a state of endless bliss, and say, whose situation is the most enviable. But this, thou hast long since placed on record, when from the mouth of the disobedient prophet thou caught the fervent prayer. *“Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”*

It is worthy of remark, that notwithstanding

the diversity of opinion, which prevails amongst the sincere disciples of the Lord Jesus, on many questions of minor importance; when they approach their latter end, they express the same sentiments, breathe the same spirit, anticipate the same felicity, and disengaging themselves from the trammels of prejudice, they mingle their affections together as fellow-heirs of the grace of life. The distinctive denomination of Churchman and Dissenter—of Presbyterian and Independent—of Methodist and Baptist—of Moravian and Friend; is cast off as a thread-bare garment which was worn during the period of their minority; and being cleansed from the defilement which they contracted in their intercourse with the world, they prepare to put on the spotless robe which is without seam woven from top throughout. With feelings of the deepest self-abasement, and with the most humiliating acknowledgement of their own demerits, they cast themselves without reserve on the grace of God, displayed through Christ Jesus. They speak of Christ in the most familiar and the most exalted terms; and ascribe their redemption, their sanctification, and their hope of glory, to the efficacy of his death; and instead of expecting to derive any superior advantages in heaven, from the peculiarity of their religious connection on earth, they will often heave the last sigh over a remembrance of their sectarian bigotry, and then exult in pros-

pect of uniting with all the redeemed, who serve the Lord day and night in the same temple. Their united testimony is, "We are saved through faith; and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."*

The author has classified the facts which he has collected; made some few alterations in the style of the original biographers, or speakers; and introduced such observations and reflections, as he deemed useful; and he now commits it to the candour of the reader, and the blessing of the Divine Spirit: fully rewarded for all his toil, if it answer the design which he has in view, of affording consolation to the timid Christian, when anticipating the hour of his departure. He has not deemed it necessary to arrange them, either in alphabetical, or historical order; but rather according to the relative degrees of interest which they possess; and though he cannot presume to hope, that his plan or the manner of its execution, will meet with unqualified approbation from his readers, yet he thinks no serious objections can be urged against it. He is not vain enough to suppose, that the spirit of modern scepticism,

* Eph. ii. 8---10.

which has transformed the seat of judicial criticism, into the sufferer's chair, will condescend to notice this publication, as it savours too strongly of the incense of pure evangelical truth to suit its taste; but if it should, as he has no apology to offer for the facts he has embodied in the work, he dreads no sarcastic violence which may be directed against them. They are facts—well attested, and which demonstrate, beyond the force of the most powerful argumentation, *the supreme importance of faith in Christ*, to support, to animate, and to entrance the human soul in the season of her departure; and when scepticism can bring forward an equal number of her disciples, who in their expiring moments, have displayed placidity, as calm; hope, as bright; joy, as great; and unshaken fortitude, as courageous, he will confess she has made some progress toward justifying her claims on the public attention. Till then, Christianity ought to be considered as reserving to herself the exclusive ability, of turning the shadow of death, into the brightness of the morning; and of giving to the death-bed scene, all its interest and glory.

The first class, includes the death-bed scenes of those who departed in triumph: the second, those who were more calm: the third those who were agitated by alternate fear and hope—of deep depression, and elevated joy; the fourth, those

who died suddenly ; or under some peculiar circumstances, impressions or feelings ; and the fifth, the sayings of some of the eminently wise and good, when in the immediate prospect of their dissolution.

DEATH-BED SCENES.



FIRST CLASS.



THE REV. ROBERT SIMPSON, D. D.

LATE THEOLOGICAL TUTOR OF HOXTON ACADEMY.



“ The death-bed of the just is yet undrawn
By mortal hand ; it merits a divine.
Angels should paint it, angels ever there :
There, on a post of honour and of joy.
Is it his death-bed ? No, it is his shrine ;
His God maintains him in his final hour,
His final hour brings glory to his God.
Man’s glory, heaven vouchsafes to call his own :
We gaze, we weep, mix tears of grief and joy,
Amazement strikes, devotion bursts to flame ;
Christians adore, and Infidels believe.”



DR. R. SIMPSON was born at Little Tilleryo Farm, Orwell, in Kinrosshire, Scotland. On that farm the family had resided for several generations ; and one of his progenitors stands enrolled in a list of worthies, whose names have

been transmitted to us by Woodrow, as sufferers for conscience sake, in the reign of James the Second.

At the age of seven or eight, Robert was taken to reside with his maternal grandmother, a widow much esteemed in the religious circles of that vicinity. After some years spent in rural life, he removed to Dunfermline, where he apprenticed himself to a cloth-dresser and dyer, with whom he remained several years. Anxious to improve himself in the knowledge of his business, he came to England; and either in his first or second journey, he reached Cotherstone, near Barnard Castle, Durham; where he took up his abode, and sat under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Prattman, who was for many years a valuable minister of Christ in that dark part of the country.

The experience of Mr. Simpson about this period of life was rather singular. A power now attended the preaching of the word to which he before was a stranger: an arrow of conviction was sent into his heart by the plain and faithful preaching of Mr. Prattman. A single sentence from the pulpit opened his eyes. He saw the exceeding sinfulness of sin and felt its bitterness. His strong convictions wrought up his feelings to a pitch of extreme agony. His spirit found no peace; and after continuing long in this state of alarm and misery, he found relief in the free

and sovereign grace of the gospel. He formed the resolution of casting his whole care and confidence upon Christ Jesus, and almost immediately his soul found that peace, which the world can neither give nor take away. He would start from his bed at midnight, unable to sleep for joy. "For days together," said he, "I was like one transported to the third heavens, so that I could scarcely tell whether I was in the body, or out of the body. Oh! what days of heaven were those! The recollection of them, after a lapse of fifty years, is still fresh and delightful! I seemed to have got within the very GRASP of the INVISIBLE!"

Shortly after this period, being called to pray at one of the social meetings of the church, he had such an abundant outpouring of the Spirit of grace, and by his strength had such power with God, that all present were filled with surprise; when they rose from their knees, they gazed on him, and on each other, for some time, in silent admiration; till at length one said, Oh! Simpson, you have indeed been wonderfully favoured—you have been transported to the very gates of heaven, and carried us along with you; it has been with difficulty that I withheld myself from getting up several times to embrace you, as you proceeded.

These extraordinary communications of Divine influence very naturally appeared to Mr. Pratt-

man and his friends to mark out Mr. S. for some extraordinary work; and he was induced, by their advice, to direct his attention to the Christian ministry. In the year 1776, he was admitted on the recommendation of his pastor, into the Independent Academy, at Heckmondwicke, Yorkshire, then under the superintendance of the Rev. James Scott. There he remained four years, greatly beloved by his tutor, and eagerly bent upon the acquisition of knowledge, in which he profited above many.

After he had finished his academical studies, he was settled first at Haslingdon in Lancashire, then at Elswich, and then at Balton; and in 1791, he was chosen theological tutor of the Independent academy, at Hoxton, near London.

In his official capacity, he had made himself fully master of those branches of science which he undertook to teach. His attainments as a classic scholar were highly respectable. He was well read both in Greek and Latin authors; but in the Hebrew he greatly excelled.

In the earlier years of his residence at Hoxton, he connected a pastoral charge with his academic functions; but when his age and infirmities increased he resigned it, and preached only occasionally. As a preacher he was justly celebrated for his energy, and warmth of expression; and for his enthusiastic attachment to the essential doctrines of the gospel; and though

he did not excel in the gracefulness of a captivating manner, or the powers of a subduing elocution, yet he was never heard without exciting a deep interest in the pious breast; and leaving a strong impression on his audience that he was a true minister of Jesus Christ.

But I must now call the attention of the reader to the close of his life, which presents one of the most interesting death-bed scenes on which mortals ever gazed. Of the chamber where he resigned his happy spirit into the hand of the Lord Jesus: we may say in the language of Young:—

“ See here resistless demonstration dwells ;
 You see the man—you see his hold on heaven :
 Heav'n waits not the last moment ; owns her friends
 On this side death, and points them out to men,
 A lecture silent, but of sov'reign pow'r.”

During the last four years of his life, his health gradually declined, till at length the time of his departure evidently approached. In the month of May 1817, he tendered the resignation of his office to the committee of the Academy, and in a manner highly characteristic of the man. His disorders were of the most distressing kind; and demanded constant surgical attention. His sufferings became so great during the last few weeks of his life, as to allow him few moments of comparative ease; and therefore the sayings that he

uttered were more like the sayings of a martyr, than the usual expressions of good men in dying circumstances.

Through the whole of his affliction his confidence, as to the safety of his state, never failed him; though he sometimes said he wanted more sensible enjoyment. Whilst he entertained the most humbling views of himself, he had the most exalted thoughts of the riches and sovereignty of Divine grace.

“ I shall go to the gates of heaven,” said he, “ as the poor wretched, ruined, Robert Simpson, saved by sovereign grace! When I begin to tell my tale, all the harps of heaven will be silent; all the angels will be still as statues—I am sure they will.” To a friend who referred him to his former usefulness, he said, “ O! I have been a mere loiterer: I might have done much more. If I could preach once more, I would, if possible, make the cliffs of Dover ring with the sound of salvation, through the blood of the Lamb.” He most ardently longed for perfect conformity to the image of Christ here, to prepare him for the enjoyment of his presence in glory. One evening when his son-in-law, Mr. Hooper, had intimated that he was about to engage in prayer, Dr. S. said, “ I am going home, Mr. H.; but (raising his voice) I vow and protest, by the help of my God, that I will not go till I am completely conformed to the image of his Son. Now

Mr. H. pray, and be sure you tell my God, that I want to be completely holy; I know he will not be angry with me for that:

‘O! glorious hour! O! blest abode!

‘I shall be near, and like my God.’”

To Mr. G. Clayton, he said, one day, “I have been this day looking keenly into my condition, and I cannot *doubt* for the life of me. Some men have an immodest way of talking about their experience, and their assurance: ‘O! my soul, come not thou into their secret:’ and then with a brightened countenance, he added, ‘Yet I cannot, I cannot doubt.’ He spoke with disapprobation of a phrase often used by preachers—‘*venturing* on Christ.’ “When I consider the infinite dignity, and allsufficiency of Christ, I am ashamed to talk of *venturing* on him.—Oh! had I *ten thousand souls*, I would, at this moment, cast them *all* into his hands, with the utmost confidence!” What would a Socinian have felt, had he heard this instance of a triumphant faith in the Son of God? Afraid, or unwilling—instead of confiding ten thousand—he has not intrusted *one* soul to the Saviour of the world!

One day, a month previous to his death, he spoke much of the amazing love of God in Christ to sinners, and in a manner which deeply interested all around him: he referred also to many who

deny the great doctrines of the Bible, whose conduct he lamented with great anguish of heart, both on account of the glory of which they rob the Redeemer, and the certain perdition which they bring upon themselves. He also enforced the necessity of an experimental acquaintance with Divine truth: he said, "Men may quibble as much as they please, and try to settle all the nice points in divinity; it is all a farce, unless there be an experimental acquaintance with them. The glorious truths of the gospel must be seen and felt; they must be received and incorporated with all the powers of the soul."

Early in the morning of the day before he died, he offered up the following prayer for his family, with an indescribable fervour of spirit: "O God! I once more pray for my posterity. Wilt thou not hear me? Yes, I know thou wilt. Bless them—bless them—*bless them!* Wrap them up in the covenant of thy love. Hold them fast in thy embrace—mother and children. As for me, I shall soon behold thy face in righteousness." He spoke of his pains as almost insufferable, but in a moment of excruciating torture, he suddenly exclaimed, "My soul *disdains* to yield. O! my soul, bear up courageously whatever thy Lord is pleased to lay on thee, that God may be glorified." At another time he said: "I am willing to die the death of a *thousand martyrs*, so that I might bear an honourable testimony to the truth and

faithfulness of God." One morning, after passing a night of great suffering, by which nature seemed quite exhausted, suddenly throwing aside the bed-clothes, and lifting up his withered arms, he exclaimed, "Now let my soul spring into life, boundless:"—here his voice faltered; but soon after he said, as if repeating a promise, "You shall be satisfied; yes, my soul, thou *shalt* be satisfied—thou *shalt* be satisfied with seeing and enjoying."

When a colleague took his leave of him on Saturday evening—the evening before his decease—he bade him farewell, saying, 'Sir you will soon enter on an eternal Sabbath.'—"Yes," replied the dying Saint, "*it dawns.*" The last night was agonizing beyond description: the hand of death pressed heavily upon him: but nothing was permitted to darken the light in which he rejoiced, nor to deprive him of those mighty consolations which he now so greatly needed: his hope held firm unto the end, and was full of immortality. He was aware of the near approach of death, but he saw him deprived of his sting. A few hours before his dissolution, he addressed himself to the last enemy in a strain like that of the apostle, when he exclaimed, 'O! Death, where is thy sting?' Displaying his characteristic fervour, as if he saw the tyrant approaching, he said, "What art thou?—I am not afraid of thee.—Thou art a vanquished enemy, through

the blood of the cross!' Little more could be collected from his dying lips; and about twelve o'clock, on Lord's day, Dec. 21st, his happy spirit was released from its frail tenement, "to be clothed upon with its house, which is from heaven."—He was seventy-two years of age.

THE REV. JOHN VERNON,
LATE PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT
DOWN-END, NEAR BRISTOL.

Mr. John Vernon was born at Pailton, near Coventry, in the year 1785. His parents trained him up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and from a very early period in life, he felt the influence of religion on his heart; but when he became more exposed to temptation, his impressions, like the morning cloud, and early dew passed away, disappointing those early hopes, which the great seriousness of his mind, had excited in the breast of his pious friends. On leaving school, he was placed at Birmingham, where he attended the ministry of Mr. Pearce and Mr. Brewer, from both of whom he derived much benefit: his early impressions were now revived and deepened, and although he made no public profession whilst at Birmingham, yet his whole deportment evinced that his mind was imbued with the spirit of the gospel of Christ.

In 1805 he left Birmingham to visit a sister who lived at Yarmouth; and it was when tarrying with her, that he made a public profession of

his faith in Christ, by joining the Baptist Church at Norwich, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Kinghorn. Soon after this important event took place, he decided on entering the Christian Ministry, and was admitted into the Academy at Bristol. But such was the extreme delicacy of his constitution, that his studies were often interrupted by sickness and disease; and for some time he was obliged to relinquish them, under an apprehension, that he should never be able to discharge the arduous functions of the ministerial office. But it pleased God, to restore his health, and in the year 1814, he was ordained over the church of Christ, which assembled for public worship in a small chapel at Down-End. He entered on the sacred duties of his profession with much diffidence; and like most of his brethren, had many fears, lest his labours should not be crowned with success; but he had the pleasure of seeing sinners turned from darkness to light, under his ministry, and the members of the Church walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost.

He was greatly esteemed by those amongst whom he laboured; and though they sometimes dreaded the effect of his frequent indispositions on his very tender frame, yet they hoped and prayed, that a life of so much value and importance, might be preserved; but, soon after his ordination, the Lord was pleased, in his mysterious

providence, to lay him aside from his ministerial services, with a threatening appearance that he would not be able to resume them. During the whole of this illness, God was pleased so to support him, that he was enabled to look the king of terrors full in the face, without the least symptom of dismay. His friends were very much strengthened and edified by his whole deportment, and the most salutary impressions appear to have been made by his conversation, on some intelligent persons, who had been strongly prepossessed against evangelical religion.

From the nature of his complaint, his medical attendants were led to expect, till within the last few weeks of his life, that the termination would be sudden, and that, consequently, in his last hours, he would not have an opportunity of manifesting the happy influence of those principles which had regulated his life. However, he not only experienced the greatest serenity and heavenly peace, while he contemplated the more distant approach of death, but he enjoyed still increasing support and consolation, as it came nearer and nearer.

About a fortnight before the dangerous symptoms appeared, he was visited by a young friend in the ministry, who noticed the happiness he must feel in being resigned as to the event of his illness; when he exclaimed, with great animation, "Yes, *all things* are mine! whether life, or

death, or things present, or things to come ; yea, all things are mine, for I am Christ's, and Christ is God's."

On the 8th of February, his physician left him much as he had been for some time, but on the 12th, he found he had passed a very disturbed night, and was much worse ; a number of unpleasant symptoms had occurred, particularly a difficulty of breathing, which almost endangered suffocation. On entering the room, he was shocked at the change which had taken place, and at the sufferings he evidently endured. His breathing was very laborious ; he sat at the foot of the bed, with his back propt up by pillows, but was so much disturbed by a feverish heat, that he could not rest his head against them for a minute, on account of the heat they imparted to the head : this produced great restlessness. On the physician's entering the room, he could not speak ; he, however, inclined his head, smiled, and held out his hand. He took his seat by his side, and began to feel the pulsations of his heart and wrist. During this interval, Mr. Vernon asked him how he did, and when he had finished his examination, turned round, and with a smile on his countenance, said, " I hope that you are able to give me some pleasant tidings." The doctor at first did not apprehend the purport of his question, but soon found that the pleasant tidings he was so desirous to hear, were, that the

time of his sufferings would not be protracted much longer. "I am not afraid of death," said he, "but what I am very fearful of is, that if this sort of restlessness and suffering should continue, I may become impatient. It is *that* of which I am afraid." In reply, the physician assured him, that he could not continue long in such a state of suffering as he then endured; but that it must either be relieved, or terminate fatally in a short time. "How long do you think? A week, perhaps?" Certainly, if your breathing be not relieved, not so long. "Perhaps only a few days?" Certainly, without relief, a very few days. At this his countenance relaxed into a smile, and he said, "I am glad to hear *you* say so?" laying an accent on the word *you*, as the doctor had never before so explicitly acknowledged to him his conviction of his danger. He remained silent for a moment after this, and then added, in a tone full of tenderness, and in an under voice, "It will be a hard trial for poor Mrs. Vernon, and the little boy too." Two or three hours after, his difficulty of breathing was relieved; when having been placed in an arm-chair, he again inquired respecting the probability of his not having to endure a protracted struggle; and the same assurance being given as he had received before, he uttered many expressions, indicating the calm and steady assurance he enjoyed. "It is all safe: I feel quite firm; my

footing is on a rock. I know in whom I have believed." He then quoted those lines,

" There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;"

and then added, "It is all grace ! all grace ! free grace !" He then adverted, with much animation, to Zech. iv. 7, " O what a moment," said he, " when the grand fabric of redemption is completed, and the top-stone is brought with shoutings ! Grace, grace, all grace."

Feb. 13. One friend, who visited him, was much alarmed at the change a few days had effected. He was suffering acutely, and unable to speak aloud, but his smiles seemed full of glory ; and, by the most impressive signs, he indicated to his mourning friend, that the appearance of sorrow was painful to him. When she was leaving the room, he exerted himself to speak, and whispered, " He will be very gracious to you : *He* will not disappoint you." After her departure, he was much exhausted, yet he loved to mention the name of his Master, and said to another of his flock, who came to see him, " Hold on, looking unto Jesus." He spoke to another, who visited him the same day, of the happy frame of his mind, and said, " It exceeds every idea I had formed ; I have no rapture, but uniform peace ; not a cloud ; I long to be gone."

“ O that the happy hour were come
That faith were changed to sight !
I should enjoy my Lord at home,
With infinite delight.”

He dwelt on his favourite theme, free grace ! un-merited mercy. Oh ! distinguishing kindness ! How little should we talk of the creature : how much of the grace of God !

“ Grace taught my roving feet,
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And now supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.”

Friday, 14. His views became still brighter. One of his friends remarked, that he seemed to have pierced the veil ; and as visions of the heavenly state appeared before him, he longed to depart and take possession of it. When he could not speak aloud, he whispered, “ I long to speak, and tell you the happiness I feel, which is greater than I give you an idea of.” Yet he knew, and acknowledged the source from which his joy was derived. He said once, “ Though I am thus favoured, without one cloud of doubt, yet I feel myself the same sinful being as ever ; and should be equally undeserving the happiness in store for me, were I to live fifty years from this time wholly conformed to the will of God. It is all grace, free grace !”

Several friends were sitting near him, at a time when his voice failed him for a little season, who were all struck with the appearance of his countenance and manner, which had a sublimity of expression not to be described ; indicating delight and adoration, as though he was conversing with heaven ? When this rapture, as it appeared to be, abated, he endeavoured, by his significant looks, and the clasping of his hands, to inform them, that something extraordinary had passed, but could only just utter the word “ Praise ;” though after some time, he recovered the power of utterance.

This morning he gave directions respecting his funeral sermon, expressing his wish that very little might be said of himself : he considered himself an unworthy, guilty creature, and was sure that if he were saved, it was entirely of grace, through Jesus Christ. He expressed to the same friend, a wish to depart ; and being told in reply, perhaps he had more work to do, and then he would go and receive his wages : on which he exclaimed, “ Wages ! wages ! but *mark*, the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

This day his kind physician called on him, and was struck, upon entering the room, with the change that had taken place in his appearance. His countenance, however, assumed a beautiful expression, while he held out his hand to him,

and bent his head. His friend was overcome, and turned his face a little aside. "Why," said he, "you are not grieving for me!" Not for you, he replied, but we may grieve a little for ourselves. After examining his pulse, and the beating of his heart, Mr. Vernon said, "I hope your opinion is not different from what it was at your last visit?" He was told it was not. He pressed his hand, while his countenance was illumined by a radiant smile; and presently he asked, if he thought it might end soon? At this time he was so much sunk, speaking with some difficulty, that the doctor replied, he thought it would. He then lay a little while, and said "Is this dying? Am I, do you think, dying? Am I in the valley? If this is the valley, there is no darkness over any part of it: none at all." After the doctor and other friends had withdrawn for a time, he appeared restless, and much exhausted. A friend, who remained with him, remarked, that he was agitated. He repeated the word with emphasis—"Agitated! agitated! what odd words you use! I have no such word in my book. I call this good dying." Upon her saying, she meant that he had seen too many persons, he replied, "Well, if the body suffers a little, (intimating that was of no consequence), you will not have me to talk to you long."

The doctor had intended only a short visit this day, but on his return to take leave of him, Mr.

Vernon appeared so unwilling for him to go away, that he was easily prevailed upon to continue with him. Mr. Vernon seemed strongly impressed with a persuasion that he should be released in the course of that night; which at one time appeared by no means improbable. A gleam of sunshine happening to come into the room that evening, he exclaimed, "Oh! I shall see a brighter sun to-morrow—then I shall see the Sun of Righteousness!" At another time, expressing his sense of obligation to the kindness of friends by whom he was surrounded, he said, "How much I owe you all!" One who then held his hand replied, "And what do you think I owe you?" He replied by an affectionate smile, and a pressure of the hand. But this having led to some other topics of commendation of him, he exclaimed with more energy than he had shown before, and indeed with the only accent approaching to impatience that his friend had witnessed during the whole struggle, "Oh! do not talk about the creature: the difference between human character is so small; talk of grace and mercy." The expressions of hope and confidence continued uniform: there was no enthusiastic elevation, and no depression—all was calm and cheerful. In the afternoon and evening he saw the young ladies of the school, and also the servants, who appeared much affected by the pathetic addresses he made to them.

During the night, his two medical friends sat up with him by turns: he revived a good deal about midnight, and entered into an interesting conversation with one of them on various religious topics, which lasted near an hour and a half. On every subject he was as clear as in the time of his health. Once or twice his friend checked him, fearing he was talking with too much animation, and begged him not to exert himself. On this being repeated, he turned round with a smile, and said, "Why what harm will it do me? will it make me live longer?" Soon after the morning dawned, he was raised, and placed in his easy chair. He then appeared much more sunk than in the night, and two or three times called for the looking-glass, to see whether he had the impress of death on his countenance. He would have several friends breakfast in his room, with whom he conversed cheerfully concerning his approaching dissolution; when the subject of weeping being mentioned, one remarked, that a minister had lately specified on what occasions Christians might be allowed to weep: "Yes," said Mr. Vernon, "but I must be excused now, I cannot weep." Being informed that some of his friends were below, (Miss M's.) and asked whether he would see them, he turned to his doctor, who told him, that really his conversation was so desired by his friends, and might be so useful, that he was willing to *spend* him for the

good of others. He smiled, and they were admitted, as several others were in the course of the day. As one friend entered the room, he said, "They have a little disappointed me—they gave me hopes that I should not have seen this day light." He asked another, if she had ever seen any one die? and added, "This is not much like dying! The Lord has dealt very graciously with me." One remarking, that not all true Christians were so favoured: he replied, "It is very different from what I expected. I expected it would have been a dark passage, but it is all light: I am passing through the valley, but Christ is with me." Again he said, "I expected, at this hour, my sins might have risen up against me, or the enemy have been let loose upon me, but it is all light, not one cloud. I have peace. It is all of grace, free grace." He then inquired if any signs of death were perceptible? and being told that some change had taken place, he said that was encouraging. He then spoke of the state on which he was about to enter, and said, "It will be all one song there. With joy they sink to nothing there, before the Eternal All." Taking leave of one of his flock, he said, "Farewell: Count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ." After this, at a time when he hoped, and his attendants feared, that the hour of his departure was near, he said to a young friend, "Oh! It is pleasant dying; Christ

being present with me, the bitterness of death is past. What a privilege to be brought to know and trust the Saviour! Cleave to him, he will not disappoint you. You may be in this happy situation soon. Oh! if he does such things for us now, what will he do hereafter!" Once, when a friend remarked to him, "You must not be impatient to be gone;" he replied, "Is it, then, a sin, to wish to be where there is no sin?" He repeatedly quoted those lines—

" O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!"

Lord's-day, February 16th, the little he was able to say indicated that he continued to be kept in perfect peace. The doctor found him more sunk than he had seen him before, unable to articulate sufficiently to be heard, unless the ear were placed over his mouth. On his leaving him, Mr. Vernon once more asked his opinion of the possibility of his becoming materially better; who replied, that to all human appearance that was impossible, he did not expect to see him again. In the evening, he said in broken accents to one who told him his end was near,

" Now while I hear my heart strings break
How soft my minutes roll,
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul."

He said to his sister, who had come

to London to see him, " I have a blissful prospect before me : I long to realize it." At another time, " O what a scene! what a scene! I shall be with Jesus! and I shall be like him! I am fallen into the hands of him who is the way, the truth, and the life. All joy, all one song, for ever," To the surprise of every one, the flame of life still lingered in the socket. Tuesday, the 18th, a relation asked him the state of his mind; he answered, " Quite happy." A friend said, " I hope resigned to live or die?" He answered, " Not quite resigned to live."

Wednesday, the 19th, his physician saw him for the last time; his countenance wore more strongly than ever the character of death, but it was still illuminated by the same heavenly smile; and he grasped his hand with the same warmth of affection. Thursday, the 20th, the night preceding his departure, he was restless, and rather wandering, (through the influence of an opiate,) but still knew those around him, and at intervals his conversation was beautiful. Whilst rather delirious, he appeared to be addressing his little child. " Walk," said he, " in the light of God's countenance." Mrs. Vernon answered, " That would be delightful: I wish I could do so." He answered, " Grace will enable you." He then added, " Avoid even the appearance of evil: the atmosphere of it is corrupting." One hinted to him, that he had but a few hours to live; when he said, " Is it

really so? You have disappointed me so often." She answered, "It never appeared so likely before." "Oh!" said he, "that is animating!" He often said, "O that the bappy hour were come!" About three hours before his death, he was overheard to say, "I have fought the good fight—I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but to them also who love his appearing. I long to depart, and be with"——his voice failed. He afterwards said, "Oh! what a sun shall I see to morrow—the glorious Sun of Righteousness!" When the last moment arrived, he was perfectly aware of his situation, and rejoiced in the hope of the glory of God. A little before his departure, it was observed, that he could not expectorate. Something was given him to drink, which meeting with the phlegm in his throat, occasioned a little struggle. He was laid again on the pillow, apparently fetching his last breath; when suddenly, in a strong voice, widely extending his arms, and lifting up his dim eyes, as if he had a view of glory, he exclaimed "There! there! Lord Jesus come," As he said this with a surprising smile on the countenance, his eyes closed, and without one parting struggle *he entered* the joy of his Lord.

THE REV. JOHN DREDGE.

MR. DREDGE, was born at Horningsham, a beautiful village, near Frome in Somersetshire, in the year 1792. Having lost his father, when he was only eleven months old, he was left under the care of his mother, whose pious instructions, became the means of restraining him from a course of open profligacy: yet he reached the seventeenth year of his life, before he began to feel the power of religion. At this period he resided with Mr. and Mrs. Labron, at Leeds, in Yorkshire, who were members of the Methodist Society; by whose influence and example he was induced to attend the same place of worship, where he found the gospel which was preached the power of God unto salvation. When he ascended up on high he left behind him a record of his early experience, and as its perusal may afford the pious reader some consolation, I will give the following extract. "When awakened to a concern for my eternal welfare; I clearly saw that I was not prepared for death and judgment, the

remembrance of my sins was grievous : they appeared before me as “ a great multitude which no man could number ;” and were charged home with such energy upon my conscience, that they became a burden too heavy for me to bear. My whole life seemed to have been one uninterrupted scene of rebellion against God. I went to the throne of grace, and, in the name of Jesus Christ, prayed earnestly for mercy ; but the more I prayed, the more awful views I had of my state, and nothing but destruction appeared before me. In this state I remained for some time ; and was frequently tempted to think that my day of grace was past, and that God had sworn in his wrath that I should not enter into his rest. At length, encouraged by reading the word of God, and hearing the religious experience of others, I began to view Jesus Christ as the Saviour,—the only Saviour, and the all-sufficient Saviour. One morning, my mind being deeply impressed with spiritual and eternal things, I approached the God of mercy ; and prayed that if it were possible for a sinner to know on earth that his sins were forgiven, I might feel it for myself ; and while groaning under my load of guilt, and wrestling in spirit with the Lord, He manifested himself as a pardoning God, and granted me a knowledge of salvation by the remission of my sins. As soon as I believed on the Son of God, and appropriated the merits of his death to my

soul, the Holy Spirit bore witness with my spirit that I was a child of God. I then cordially united myself with the Methodists, in the bonds of social and Christian love; and have ever considered it a great privilege to have my name enrolled amongst them.

Soon after his connexion with the Methodists, having a strong desire to devote his time, and his talents to promote the spiritual welfare of others, he was encouraged to enter the ministry amongst them; and if he was not distinguished by any extraordinary powers of intellect, or of elocution, yet such was the fervour of his spirit, and the pleasing energy of his address that he usually had the entire command over the attention of his audience,

“ With eloquence innate, his soul was arm’d :
 Though harsh the precept, yet the Preacher charm’d.
 He bore his great commission in his look,
 But sweetly temper’d awe, and soften’d all he spoke.”

The Lord, who counted him faithful, putting him into the ministry, suffered him not to spend his strength for nought: but honoured his exertion in turning many to righteousness. He continued in the discharge of the sacred duties of his office without much interruption till Nov. 19th, 1819, when he was visited with an indisposition which confined him to his room, until the end of December, at which time he seemed to be in a

convalescent state, and hopes of his complete recovery were indulged. In January, 1820, he was well enough to go to Leeds, to see his mother. There he continued until Thursday, January 27, when, having to ride a mile on horseback from his mother's house to the coach-office, in a very heavy shower of rain, he was very wet; and, on his arrival at Ashby the next day, his chest and lungs were in a state of high inflammation, which terminated his valuable life.—On Saturday, 29th, his medical attendant considered his case to be hopeless: but he did not think himself in danger until Monday night following, when he concluded that the time of his departure was at hand. The thoughts of leaving the wife of his youth, and his dear child, made him for a short time start back, and cling to life; but by earnest prayer, he was enabled to make the sacrifice, and gain the victory.—On Tuesday morning, about five o'clock, he sent for me, says his biographer, that he might communicate to me the views and feelings of his dying moments. On my entrance into the room, I saw that the shades of mortality were gathering around him; but found his mind serene and undisturbed, and his soul irradiated by the dawn of celestial day. He spoke as follows: “I had not thought that my departure was so near; but I am going, and I wanted you to see the last of me, and to tell you what the Lord has done, and is still doing, for

me. I find dying work to be hard work, important work, solemn work: but all is well! I feel solid peace; and I know that I am a sinner saved by grace. I have been thinking of that passage, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.' No!" (said he, with peculiar emphasis,) 'shall never die.' This is not worthy the name of *death*. God has said, I will ransom thee from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O Death! I will be thy plagues; O Grave I will be thy destruction.' I want to be filled with joy,—to have a larger measure of glory, and of God. I have prayed for this; and God, who has excited this desire, will satisfy it."—We then united in prayer. The power of God was of a truth present to save; and we felt something of that which Jacob experienced, when he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place." Mr. Dredge then said, "This is worth living for: yea, this is worth dying for!" During the whole of this day, he wished all that came to see him to be introduced into his room that he might in death, as in life, "preach Christ," and cry "Behold the Lamb!" His soul was now triumphantly happy in God; and, with but little intermission, he "talked of the glory of his kingdom, and spoke of his power;" testifying that he was fully saved from all fear of death.—At night, he wished to have the Lord's Supper

administered to him. In this blessed ordinance his worthy father-in-law, Mrs. Dredge, two of her sisters, and a few other friends, united with him; and the Lord was again "made known unto us, in the breaking of bread." His soul seemed to feel "the overwhelming power of saving grace;" and he cried out, "'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation;'—yea, I have *felt* thy salvation." During the night his bodily sufferings were very acute; but in his patience he possessed his soul: and, indeed, during his severest affliction he never betrayed the slightest impatience. Frequently he observed, "'I know whom I have believed; and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' I feel I am a child of God; and, as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth me, and will not lay any more upon me than he will enable me to bear. Though he slay me yet will I trust in him."—To his wife he said, "I bless God for our union: our eye was single in this business; and the Lord has sanctified it. And now I leave you in the hands of God; he will be with you, and keep you: he will be a Father unto my son, and a Husband to you. Do not grieve, and so make the closing scene distressing. I am happy: let me finish my course with joy! I hope the Lord will enable you to give me up."—After this, he wished to see his son.

He affectionately embraced the dear child, (who was looking on his dying father with innocent and affecting curiosity,) and, with a full heart, and weeping eyes, pronounced his last blessing upon him, saying, "The Lord be with thee, my dear boy. I leave thee in the hands of God; and if it should please him to make thee a missionary, as good DR. B——, of Edinburgh, once observed respecting thee, thy dying father desires no greater honour." He now thought his work was finished, and with the venerable patriarch said, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord!" and again, with Simeon, added, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." He appeared to be dying, and said, "All is well! All is well! Victory! Victory! Glory! Glory! Happy! Happy!" But, after this, he revived again, and said with particular sweetness, "I thought I should have gone then; the Lord spares me to you a little longer; but I shall shortly put off this tabernacle;"—again quoting his favourite text, "He that liveth, and believeth on me, shall never die."—He often asked us to sing; and, in general, as well as our feelings and abilities would admit, we endeavoured to gratify him. While we were singing the last verse of the 213th hymn in our Hymn-book, he joined us; and when we had finished he observed, "The wings of love, and arms of faith,"—do "bear

we conqueror through." Once he said, " I have wished and prayed much for a bright and unclouded setting sun ; and, glory be to God, my sun does not set in the cloud ; all is light and joy ! Thou *art* my soul's bright morning star, and thou my rising sun ! " He added, " I would not exchange conditions with any of you. No ! ' I have a desire to depart and be with Christ,' and I pray the Lord to cut short his work in righteousness, and receive my spirit." —At another time, he wished us to sing part of the 537th hymn, and joined us in the eleventh verse,—

" Him eye to eye we there shall see ;
 Our face like his shall shine :
 O what a glorious company
 When saints and angels join ! "

At the close of this verse he said, " That glorious company ! " The fiery chariot that was descending to carry him triumphantly to his celestial home, now appeared, as it were, in view ; and he said, " I want to be with them ! " Before this, he had requested us not to leave the room ; " for," said he, " we shall have a larger measure of grace given us ; and if you are then out of the way, you will lose a blessing." Now he said, " It is come ! it is come ! I feel it ! I feel it ! " Several friends engaged in prayer ; and when we

had done, he began to pray earnestly for Mrs. Dredge, for his son, for his mother, and then for all in the room. By this exercise he seemed quite exhausted. The "silver cord" now appeared to be "loosening," the "golden bowl breaking," and the "spirit returning to God that gave it." He lay down, and whispered, "I am going; I am going. Happy! Happy! Victory! Victory!" We all thought at this time, he would have been

"—— call'd from exile home,
And led to nature's great metropolis!
And re-admitted, through the guardian hand
Of elder brother, to his Father's throne;"

but he again revived a little, and said, "Nature is sinking, but grace triumphing!

'Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.' "

Near one o'clock on Thursday morning, he wished us to sing "The Dying Christian;" after this he said, "Now,—now let me languish into life," but subjoined, "Our conflicts here shall soon be past;" and said,

"We soon shall reach the heavenly shore;
We then shall meet, to part no more."

"Yes! I shall meet you *there*, " where all the

ship's company meet!" He thanked us all repeatedly for our feeble services, and his medical attendants for their attention, and said, "The Lord reward you; I hope to meet you in heaven." When asked, if he died in the steadfast belief of the doctrines he had preached, he answered with peculiar emphasis, "Most unquestionably I do." At another time, he was asked if he felt any fear: he replied, "No, I am saved from all fear! Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." On Friday afternoon, his speech nearly failed him; but he whispered, "Glory! Glory! Happy! happy! happy! He was not heard to articulate another word. On Friday night, February 4th, 1820, his spirit dropped its mortal load, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, the eleventh of his spiritual life, and the seventh of his ministry.

"Mark with what triumph holy men expire,
And catch the rapture of their parting breath!"

THOMAS BATEMAN, M. D.

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It has often been lamented that the gentleman belonging to the medical profession, discover a fatal propensity towards scepticism; and not unfrequently step forward as its abettors or apologists. The scenes with which they are familiar, harden their hearts against the fear of death; and though when death approaches, like others, they shrink back from his grasp, yet it is but rarely we find them taking refuge under the shades of the cross. On some occasions they press the authority of their profession into the service of infidelity, by interdicting the visits of the ministers of grace to their patients, under the frivolous and impious excuse, that they will prove injurious, by neutralizing the efficacy of their skill. But here and there, we see one and another reclaimed by sovereign grace from this state of delusion, and of guilt; devoting their talents to the service of God: availing themselves of the opportunity which their professional attendance gives them, to direct the sick and the dying to Christ Jesus, who came into the world to save sinners: and after a life of honour and of usefulness, departing in peace.

THE late Dr. Bateman settled in London, in the year 1801, where he soon became confirmed in his leaning to the wretched doctrine of Materialism, which he had been already tempted to adopt during the pursuit of his anatomical and physiological studies at Edinburgh. This lamen-

able tendency was strongly increased by the society which he now fell into of some men of considerable talent, who had already espoused all the principles of that unphilosophical as well as unchristian system; and though never able *fully* to embrace these opinions himself, he was yet sufficiently influenced by them to become sceptical respecting the truth of Divine Revelation, and was therefore of course a stranger to the hopes, as well as negligent of the duties of Christianity.

In the summer of 1815 his health began to decline, and after trying for several years every expedient which he could devise to regain it, he candidly told a pious friend who was his companion, that he could not live, and after complaining of the dreadful nervous sensations which continually harrassed him, he added, "But all these sufferings are a just punishment for my long scepticism, and neglect of God and religion." This led to a conversation, in the course of which he observed, that medical men were very generally sceptical; and that the mischief arose from what he considered a natural tendency of some of their studies to lead to materialism. I replied, that the mischief appeared to me to originate rather in their neglect to examine into the evidences of the truth of the Bible, *as an actual revelation from God*; because, if a firm conviction of that were once established, the authority of the Scriptures must be paramount; and the ten-

dency of all inferior studies, in opposition to their declarations, could have no weight. He said, he believed I was right, and that he had in fact been intending to examine fully into the subject, when the complaint in his eyes came on, and shut him out from reading. Our conversation ended in his permitting me to read to him the first of "Scott's Essays on the most important Subjects in Religion," which treats of "The Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures." He listened with intense earnestness; and when it was concluded, exclaimed, "This is demonstration! complete demonstration!" He then asked me to read to him the account given in the New Testament of the resurrection of our Saviour; which I did from all the four Evangelists. I read also many other passages of Scripture, with some of which he was extremely struck; especially with that declaration, that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."\*

For two or three days he shewed increasing interest on the subject of religion; and I read to him continually the Scriptures, and other books which seemed to me best calculated to give him the information he thirsted for. When I went into his room a few mornings after, he said, "It is quite impossible to describe to you the change

\* 1 Cor. ii. 14.

which has taken place in my mind : I feel as if a new world was open to me, and all the interests and pursuits of *this* have faded into nothing in comparison with it. They seem so mean, and paltry, and insignificant, that my blindness, in living so long immersed in them, and devoted to them, is quite inconceivable and astonishing to myself." He often expressed in the strongest terms, and with many tears, his deep repentance, and his abhorrence of himself for his former sinful life and rebellion against God; but he seemed to have from the first so clear a view of the all-sufficiency of the Saviour's atonement, and of the Christian scheme of salvation, as freed him at once from that distrust of forgiveness which is so apt to afflict persons at the first sight of their sins, and of the purity and holiness of Him "with whom they have to do." The self-abasing views which he entertained of himself necessarily enhanced his sense of the pardoning love and mercy of God in Christ Jesus, thus graciously extended to him: and which he felt so strongly, that he was filled with the liveliest emotions of gratitude and joy, and in this happy state continued for several days.

During the summer months, he began to recover; but about Christmas following he took a walk, rather longer than usual, which produced increased fever and debility; and from that period



his strength and appetite visibly declined, while his spirit was as visibly ripening for heaven. His faith and patience wore strengthened ; his hope was increased ; his charity enlarged : yet he was naturally so extremely reserved in the expression of his feelings, that he rarely spoke of them till within the last month of his life, when he rejoiced “ with a joy unspeakable and full of glory,” which bore down all opposition ; for he experienced a happiness to which all the accumulated enjoyments of his whole previous life could bear no proportion or comparison, even that “ peace of God which passeth all understanding,” and which must be felt, or at least witnessed, in order to form any just conception of its nature and effects. What a striking example did he now exhibit ! From his early youth he had devoted himself with delight and industry to the acquisition of knowledge and the pursuits of literature and science ; and he had “ *had his reward*” in the honour and reputation which his success had procured for him, a reward which he keenly enjoyed and very highly prized.

But in contrasting, as he frequently did, his present happiness with all that he had formerly enjoyed and *called* happiness, he seemed always at a loss to find words to express how poor, and mean, and despicable all earthly gratifications appeared to him, when compared with that “ joy

and peace in believing," which now filled his soul ; and one "particle of which," he sometimes said, "ten thousand worlds would not tempt him to part with."

He bore his bodily afflictions with the most exemplary patience, and even cheerfulness, and continually expressed his thankfulness that they were not greater; sometimes saying, "What a blessing it is to be allowed to slip gently and gradually out of life as I am doing!" He would not allow any one to speak of his *sufferings*, always saying, "they did not deserve a stronger name than inconveniences." He neither complained himself, nor would permit others to complain for him. Once, when the nurse who attended him said, "Oh that cough! how troublesome it is!" he replied, "Have a little patience, nurse: I shall soon be in a better world; and what a glorious change that will be!" Indeed, the joy of his mind seemed to have absorbed all sense of his physical sufferings. I once remarked to him, that he appeared to have experienced no intermission of these joyful feelings; and he answered, "For some months past *never*," and never the smallest rising of any thing like impatience or complaint. His mind, naturally active and ardent, retained all its powers in full vigour to the last moment of his life; and was never once clouded or debilitated, even in the most depressing nervous

languors. Indeed, after the whole current of his tastes and affections had been turned into a new channel, its ardour and activity rather increased than diminished, from the deep conviction which he felt of the superiority of his present views and pursuits to all that had hitherto engrossed him. During the last week of his life especially, the strength and clearness of his intellect, and of his spiritual perceptions, were very remarkable; and on its being one day observed to him that as his bodily powers decayed, those of his soul seemed to become more vigorous, he replied, "They do, exactly in an inverse ratio: I have been very sensible of it."

He conversed with the greatest animation all the day, and almost all the night, preceding his death, principally on the joys of heaven and the glorious change he was soon to experience; often exclaiming, "What a happy hour will the hour of death be!" He dwelt much on the description of the new Jerusalem in the Revelation of St. John, and listened with great delight to several passages from Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and to some of Watts's hymns on the same subject. Once in the night he said to his mother, "Surely you are not in tears! Mine is a case that calls for rejoicing, and not for sorrow. Only think what it will be to drop this poor, frail, perishing body, and to go to the glories that are set before me!" Not more than an hour before his death, when he had

been expressing his faith and hope in very animated terms, I remarked to him, how striking the uniformity of faith and of feeling expressed by believers at every distance of time and place! and spoke of it as an indisputable evidence that these graces are wrought by "one and the self-same Spirit," and as a proof of the truth of the Bible, the promises and descriptions of which are thus so strikingly fulfilled and exemplified. He entered into the argument with his accustomed energy, and assented to its truth with delight. Finding himself extremely languid, he took a little milk, and desired that air might be admitted into the room; and on being asked if he felt relieved at all, said, "Very little: I can hardly distinguish, indeed, whether this is languor or drowsiness which has come over me; but it is a very agreeable feeling." Soon after, he said suddenly, "I surely must be going now, my strength sinks so fast;" and on my making some observation on the glorious prospect before him, he added, "Oh, yes! I am GLAD to go, if it be the Lord's will." He shut his eyes and lay quite composed, and by and by said, "What glory! the angels are waiting for me!"—then, after another short interval of quiet, added, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" and to those who were about him, "Farewell!" These were the last words he spoke: he gradually and gently sunk

away, and in about ten minutes breathed his last, calmly, and without a struggle, at nine in the morning of the 9th of April, the very day on which, twelve months before, his mind had first been awakened to the hopes and joys of the ever blessed Gospel !

**MR. J. W.\***

As a striking contrast to this attractive scene of bliss, I will now call the attention of my readers to the following account of the last hours of

Mr. J. W. after completing his preparatory studies, and spending several years with an eminent surgeon in London, left his friends to pass a winter at a celebrated Northern University. Immediately on his arrival in the north, his amiable disposition and superior mental acquirements, conciliated the esteem, and procured the polite attention of all to whom he was introduced.

Before three months had elapsed, by midnight studies and habits of dissipation, he so impaired his health, that very soon his constitution became completely undermined by an illness which speedily terminated fatally.

Now, behold, this amiable young man, who but a few weeks back had every prospect of spending a long life in the honourable and benevolent discharge of his professional duties; respected and caressed by all—stretched on his sofa, and when

\* The author has taken this from the *Evangelical Magazine* for 1815, page 97.

an intimate friend entered his room, he with difficulty fixed on him those eyes which a fortnight before beamed mildness and serenity, and exclaimed, with an agitated voice, “ Charles, my friend *Eternity! Eternity!* Whither, Oh, whither shall I flee?” His friend attempted to tranquilize him, by assuring him, that one possessed of his amiable qualities could have nothing to fear in the prospect of eternity. With a bewildered, vacant look, expressive of extreme mental distress, he grasped the hand of his friend, and replied, “ Is there not a righteous Judge, who has denounced eternal death on every sinner who violates his holy law in a single point? and is there a commandment which I have not broken? is there a precept which I have not disregarded?—or an offer of mercy, through Christ, which I have not rejected? How then shall I escape *His* wrath who cannot lie, and who has declared that sinners shall be *for ever* banished from his presence, and consigned to that place of torment where there is only weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth! Oh, Charles, the world has deceived me, and ruined me *for ever!* Where now is the benefit of its unsatisfying caresses? About to enter on an era which shall never terminate, how despicable do its empty pleasures and irrational pursuits appear! Its votaries attempted to instil infidel principles into my mind, and, for a time, these succeeded in quieting the remonstrances of

a conscience, which, though concealed under a cheerful countenance, has often been tortured almost to despair. Believe me, Charles, a depraved heart is the only solid objection to the contents of the Bible." Then with eyes elevated to heaven, and expressive of what cannot be described, he exclaimed, in a hollow voice, "O Thou! who art a being of spotless purity and inflexible justice, I dare not now implore the bestowment of that mercy which I have so long despised; for I have obstinately turned a deaf ear to thy gracious invitations contained in the blessed gospel? Who, O Lord, knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear so is thy wrath. Woe unto him who presumptuously striveth with his Maker! for what impotent arm can resist his power? Who among the mighty can resist His power? Who among the mighty can endure his vengeance? Who can dwell with the devouring fire, or endure everlasting burnings?—Charles, Charles, hasten to the Lamb of God, who alone can take away the sins of the world, and satisfy the equitable demands of divine justice. Turn from your unhappy and undone friend, who is about to appear at the bar of that Being, who to every despiser of his offered salvation is a *consuming fire*."

Mr. W. became insensible immediately after this, and continued in a lethargic state till midnight, when he entered an eternal world.



Who does not turn away from this spectacle of human woe, to drop the tear of tenderest pity over the memory of the departed youth ; to feel the glow of a virtuous indignation against the seducing spirit of scepticism, which first beguiles, and then tortures its victim ; and to glory in the cross of Christ,

“ ————— whose virtues can  
Restore the ruin'd creature, Man.”

**CHARLES GLOVER, Esq.****OF BIRMINGHAM.**

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It is impossible for the finest imagination to sketch a more impressive scene, than the death-bed of Mr. Glover, exhibited to the eye of the deeply interested Spectators; and though it may not produce the same overpowering effect, when viewed through the medium of the press, yet it discloses so much moral beauty, and throws around such a peculiar charm of excitement, that no devout Christian can gaze on it, without feeling an increasing attachment to that precious faith, which turns the shadow of death into the brightness of the morning; and unveils the glories of the eternal world, ere the disciple of Jesus takes his final farewell of the sorrows and imperfections of the present state.

Mr. Glover was born at Tamworth, Staffordshire, on the 15th of January, 1753. From very early life he had a profound regard for the authority of God, which became the means of guarding him against those evils to which youth in general are exposed. His natural disposition was amiable,—there was a frankness in his manners which all admired—he was supersti-

tiously attached to all the forms and ceremonies of the established church which he regularly attended, and had his mind embued with a proportionable degree of positive hatred to Methodism. As his conduct was upright before men, he thought that the eye of God discerned no imperfection in it; thus while he endeavoured to establish his own righteousness, the indignation he felt against the Methodism of the day, gave him a high degree of mental satisfaction. Having a taste for reading, he sometimes read to his mother and a few friends on a Sabbath evening; and on one occasion, when a sermon which he had read was extolled he turned to the title page to ascertain the author, but on seeing the name of George Whitfield, he was taken suddenly ill, and retired to commit the obnoxious volume to the flames. But his conscience suggested, that it would not be right to destroy what all acknowledged to be excellent. There was now a contest between conscience and prejudice; at length he resolved to spare the book and burn the title page; and the volume thus disfigured by prejudice, was preserved by Providence to be as an angel of mercy to a child of disobedience.

In the year 1774, he went to reside at Norwich; where, being less in awe of the scrutinizing eye of pharasaical bigotry, he sometimes indulged his curiosity in going to hear the Rev.

Mr. Glasscott, who preached at Lady Huntingdon's chapel; but such was the enmity of his *good heart* against the truth as it is in Jesus, that he made sport of the minister who proclaimed it— As he was going with a friend to see an execution, he met Mr. Glasscott, who said, “ Oh that young men would take warning by the fate of those who are now going to die.” This appropriate remark subdued his prejudices, and though he had previously regarded Mr. G. as a hypocrite, he now thought there could be no hypocrisy in his wishing that he might not end his days on a gallows.

From this time he attended the preaching of the gospel more regularly; light gradually broke in upon his understanding, and his heart began to disclose its hidden mysteries of iniquity.—In the following year he removed to London, where he sat under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Romaine of whose sermons he was accustomed to speak with peculiar pleasure, to the close of his life.

In the year 1776 he settled in Birmingham, continued in business for the space of nearly thirty years,* when he retired in the possession, (to quote his own language) of three good things

* He became a widower in the year 1796; and having continued in that state seven years, he married Miss Mansfield of Derby; who still survives him.

which seldom fall to the lot of one man,—“ A good conscience, a good constitution, and a good fortune.”

But though he had done with the commerce of the world, he did not retire into obscurity, to spend the remaining years of his life in inglorious ease. Possessing an active mind, a natural sportiveness and vivacity of disposition, a rich and chaste imagination, endowed with spiritual gifts of a superior order, glowing with a high degree of love to the dear Redeemer, and yearning over the moral degeneracy of his unenlightened neighbours ; he erected a small chapel on his premises at Spring Hill, where he used to dispense the word of life on the Sabbath evening to an attentive audience. Here the poor and the rich mingled promiscuously together, forgetting during the hallowed hour of devotion, the arbitrary distinctions of society, penetrated, enlightened and consoled by the truth which they felt to be the power of God unto salvation. “ We have many pretty things in this court, (said the pious Mrs. Mansfield, then residing at Spring Hill) but none so ornamental as these poor people, seeking the salvation of their souls.” As Mr. G. was at this time a member of the established church, his assumption of the ministerial office, and the irregularity of his conduct in presuming to preach the gospel of Christ without episcopal ordination, subjected him to the severe animadversions of his

more bigoted brethren ; but his noble mind had gained her freedom from the bondage of human opinion, and seeing the people perishing for lack of knowledge, he exerted himself to the extent of his ability to save them, not doubting but the grace of life would prove as efficacious when conveyed by the instrumentality of a lay preacher, as through the medium of a dignified ecclesiastic. Nor did he confine his labours within the pale of *any one* denomination of Christians, esteeming it an honour to proclaim salvation from any pulpit : and cheerfully contributed his substance towards advancing the cause of the Redeemer in *any place*, and amongst *any people* who revered *Him* as God over all. When at Teignmouth with his family in 1817, he preached in a chapel in the neighbourhood, which was then without a Minister ; and a young lady who had been living without God in the world, ascribed her conversion to the first sermon he delivered. In 1819, he visited Tenby, South Wales, where he was surrounded by the gay and the fashionable, but he was not ashamed to identify himself with the cause of Christ ; and at the request of the Methodists, who were held in absolute contempt, took possession of their chapel, in which he preached two or three times a week during his stay in that modern Sardis.

His course through life, if not brilliant, was

steady; and though he had attained the summit of his desires, and was in possession of a larger share of felicity than most enjoy, yet the prospect which eternity opened to his view, was so cheering that he was accustomed to speak of his dying hour with undisturbed composure. The following extract from his Diary, which is dated July 1818, will give the reader a correct specimen of the elegance and the spirituality of his mind, and demonstrate beyond the force of any argumentative reasoning the superior worth of that faith which can raise its possessor into such a region of bliss.

“ Gracious and indulgent Lord ! whilst looking through the window into this pleasant garden, I am blessed with the sight of my dearest wife and beloved sister taking their evening walk, looking after their innocent charge, gathering seed, and cropping the fading flowers. With emotions of gratitude and thankfulness I exclaim, Happy saints ! peace be unto you ! may your innocent amusements continue,—may you long live in the enjoyment of your garden, and your God ! May you escape those snares and temptations which may assault you when I am taken from you, and removed to my Father’s house ! May His indulgent care, whose gracious providence brought you to this place, still preside over you ; and may a grateful remembrance of the many

happy days we have spent together in this sequestered spot bind your hearts still closer to himself; may He be your guardian, protector and guide! I must, according to the course of time, soon leave you, or you me; but it will be only for a time, a short space and then we shall assuredly meet again, to enjoy a blissful immortality with Him and his; with his whom we have known and loved on earth; and with Him, whom, having not seen we love imperfectly, yet sincerely in this lower world. To you, my dear wife and beloved sister, I must one day say Farewell!—yes; I am daily bidding you the farewell, not of sorrow, or anguish, or regret—but of serenity, of peace, and of love. Happy indeed have we been in life, and shall we be less happy in death? O, no! In looking through this window I behold you with pleasure, because I behold you happy; but even to you also I must one day say, Farewell! I begin to be more familiarised, and less affected with these words, ‘farewell’ and ‘death,’ than I had used to be; permit me, then my dear friends, to indulge myself in the sacred pleasure of repeating them, for if it be a pleasure to die, as I hope it will, why not enjoy the pleasure of dying daily. Yes; and you also, my fond attachments, you must all be loosened, in order to be dissolved ere long; and why not gradually loosened, in order to be broken up, and receive still stronger attachments, over which even death itself shall

have no control. Every prudent man wishes to have his day's work performed before he lays himself down to rest. I also am desirous of having my 'farewells' finished in good time, that, when the night of death shall come I may have nothing to do, but to die. Farewell, then, ye sacred walks, ye fruitful trees, and fragrant flowers! Farewell, thou time-piece dial, whose faithful shadow has oft admonished me of moving time! be faithful still, and say to all who follow me, 'My master's hour is up, and he is gone, nor can you long remain.' And thou, famed image, Ceres, standing firm on thy proud pedestal, as if protectress of the shady bower, shall I bid thy sculptured form farewell? whatever thou wast to pagan Greeks, to me no idol hast thou ever been. Farewell, thou pleasant garden and convenient house! your kind accommodations I have long enjoyed, and blessed the hand which gave them! but my heart has been above them all, and my affections fixed on Him who made you all. And to you, my faithful servants, I would bid a fearless and a short farewell! hoping and expecting, ere long, to meet you safe in heaven, where distinctions and death shall alike be done away, and spirits part no more! My commands have, I hope, been reasonable; yours hath been a willing and cheerful obedience, 'not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart fearing

God.' May this fear and holy circumspection be constantly increasing when I am removed from you; and should you at any future time be tempted to sin against heaven, (which God forbid) remember you once had a master who watched for your souls. Farewell, my friends and my acquaintance! each time I meet you I say Farewell! not knowing we shall ever meet again in this land of shadows; 'for what is our life? it is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.' And you, mine enemies, where are you? I hope I have none,—so that on your account I need not reserve a single farewell. But I forget myself; one enemy I have, and one alone—the enemy of all mankind; with him I will not shake hands, but hold my peace till I arrive at yonder happy shore, and then I will exultingly shout, 'Grim Death, farewell!' I am leaving a paradise on earth to enter the paradise of God, and of glorified spirits. I leave not earth with regret, or in disgust, far otherwise: for my Lord hath favoured me above many: I am still as it well becometh me, contented and happy, willing to continue as long as He shall be pleased to appoint this earth as my abode. Yes, Lord! thou hast given me much, but promised me more;—I am rich in possession, richer in reversion,—hence my expectations are elevated. I have a hope full of

immortality, which nothing below can satisfy; things seen and temporal court my esteem, and bid high for my affections, but are outbidden by things unseen and eternal!

- - - - 'Yes, blessed Jesus!
Thou art, of all thy gifts thyself the crown.'

“Thou hast been the source of my happiness, and the centre of my joy from my youth up. Before I received these great temporal blessings I was happy in thy love alone, and shall be so again when these are all left behind.

- - - 'Blessed Redeemer!
E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die:'

and shall be after I have passed the barrier of death: for when I cease to breathe I shall not cease to live; my soul will still continue in active existence, though unseen by mortals. All the time I have sojourned upon earth, its actings and operations have been perceived through the medium of the bodily organs, but itself has never been rendered visible; and yet, though unseen, it did really exist, and shall for ever live, when death itself is dead. But, O my soul! however

conversant with life, what knowest thou of death? Thou hast never grappled with this king of terrors;—true; but my Saviour hath, and overcome Death also, not only in his own body, but in his body the Church, yea, in his weakest and most enfeebled members.

“ But death may, and often does appear in most dreadful array; and this may be my case. Indeed it may: I have no claim, no merit,—I am a poor, timid, distrustful, unworthy creature, and have been through life; yet God hath wonderfully supported me, and brought me through difficulties and dangers innumerable. In looking back I can truly say, ‘Thou, Lord, hast brought affliction upon my loins, hast caused men to ride over my head,—hast brought me through fire and through water,—and yet, after all, hast brought me out into a wealthy place.’ I know that God is a sovereign, as well in death as in life, and from the many and great favours with which I have been blessed in life, I may, perhaps, be less favoured in death; but even this is no argument against faith; I may both fear and feel much, and if He be pleased for a time to leave me in that awful hour to my own weakness, (as he justly may) the conflict of expiring nature (though not on a cross) may be dreadful indeed: *still* it is but a *conflict*, and conflicts, in the very nature of things, cannot last long. That cloud which separates me from the view of my earthly friends

having once passed, I enter glory. Faith in the blessed Redeemer bids me be fearless; and past experience also seems gently to whisper, 'Be of good courage, fear not.' Why art thou now, O my soul! rejoicing in hope, whilst many, at this moment in perfect health, as thyself, and death apparently at a distance, are nevertheless full of trembling expectation and 'a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation,' while hope is as an anchor to my soul? I will therefore bless God, and take courage, and say to my soul, 'Be strong,' yea, 'be strong.' Let me not forget how awful and frightful the most distant prospect of death used to appear, but now, blessed be God, it is not so; with many of my dear friends have I lately parted, and looked into their graves without dismay. Death's visage is changed, and his countenance seems to brighten as he approaches; and however weak in myself, why should I distrust a faithful God, who has never yet failed me? What is this noise in my ears, but the distant shout of death?—and this trembling of the hands, but his nearer advance. Yes; thou invader of mankind! I understand thy summons, and am waiting thy approach. What a mercy, that the sound in my ears is not the sound of terror in my heart;—that this shaking of the hands is not the shaking of guilt, of excess, nor of imtemperance, but only the weakness of the tremulous nerves,

‘ Which pluck’d a little more,
Will toll my bell,
And set my ransom’d sprit free.’

“ If I have one earthy wish more predominant than another, it is this, that I may discover no cowardice in death, nor dishonour God by a fretful impatience at bodily pain; nor suffer the last enemy to surprise me unawares, or take me as a reluctant criminal: but that I may meet him, and welcome him with the smile of holy fortitude, of faithful prayer, and fervent praise. But all must be left to the disposal of Him who doeth all things after the counsel of his own will. I ought not to have a single wish,—‘ it is mine to obey, it is His to provide;’ it is mine to be watchful, and prayerful, and circumspect; to keep a conscience void of offence, and to dress up my soul for the marriage feast in that marriage garment provided by my Lord, which will beautify and fit me for the converse of angels and glorified spirits. Thus may I be working out my own salvation, experiencing thy divine power, working in me both to will and to do—looking to Jesus for that grace, both promised, and provided, and treasured up in thy blessed self, to enrich and to adorn thy believing people: and thus looking, and thus living the life,—why should I fear dying the death of the righteous, and finding my last end and blessed

eternity like his? One thing is certain,—having once passed the boundary of death I have nothing to fear, having not a doubt of a blissful immortality; surely, then, He who now enables me to look on the other side the grave with hope, cannot want power to keep me on this side devoid of fear. Ere long, I hope with calm serenity to say, Farewell thou sun and moon! Farewell, ye stars of light! and thou, mighty molehill, earth, farewell! In the anticipation of this hope may we live, in the comfort of it may we die.

Amen, and Amen.”

The following extract from his diary, which bears date March 10, 1821, will throw open to the reader's view the state of his mind when first attacked by that disease which terminated in death.

“ But a few weeks since I was remarking, that I could scarcely bring myself to conclude that I was far advanced in years, feeling nothing like decay, either in body or mind; but this week has brought me a true token, a watery swollen leg. Yes; my dear friends! but be not cast down; look not so sad my dearly beloved wife and sister, rather let us rejoice that I have been so long preserved in the use and enjoyment of my health and my limbs—let us rejoice that this disease, whatever it may be, has not been brought on by imprudence or intemperance, but by the permission and appointment of an all-wise God.

‘Disease invades the chastest temperance.’

“This may be the advanced guard of death! well, be it so: I have nothing to fear, but every thing to hope. To me, ‘to live is Christ,’ and, I trust ‘to die will be gain.’ It is true I may, as I often have done, fear afflictions, and tremble at the approach of the king of terrors, for they are the effects of sin, for which I ought to be greatly humbled: yet I have an interest in the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, who conducts his people to Heaven. Lord! thou knowest I have delighted to honour thee in life, O! suffer me not to dishonour thee in death by impatience, fretfulness, or discontent—for thou knowest I am naturally a poor, timid, fearful, unbelieving creature. I have sometimes wished to depart in sleep, that I might not dishonour thee in my last moments, but this is unbelieving cowardice:

‘Only receive my soul to thee;
The manner and the time be thine.’

“Why should I distrust a God so faithful and so kind,—who hath dealt so bountifully with me through life? where shall another be found who hath received so many blessings and benefits?—where shall be found a family, and friends, and servants, so dear, so peaceful, and so happy!

Surely I have been blessed above many, and have more than faith to support my creed. What know I of sickness, or sorrow, or pain, or adversity, compared with others? I am laid under the deepest obligation to love and serve my God. O! that I could be always praising, instead of distrusting—for even now unbelief is suggesting, ‘ But how shall I stand if it should please God to bring me into deep waters!’ Hitherto ‘ I have only ran with the footmen, how shall I contend with horses?’ Lord! ‘ may thy grace be sufficient for me.’ In the swelling of the Jordan of death, ‘ may thy strength be made perfect in my weakness.’ I have, indeed, great reason to distrust myself, my sinful self, but no reason to distrust a faithful God;—nor have you, my dearest wife and sister; he has given you much, and he will give you more grace; will supply all your need out of his abundant fulness; he will support you under all circumstances, and in all dangers. We must part from each other for a time, but never from our best friend, either in time or eternity. His grace hath enabled us to bear up against the storms of prosperity, and he is almighty to sustain us in the hour of adversity, ‘ able to save to the uttermost.’ May we trust and not be afraid, for ‘ the Lord Jehovah is our strength and our song, and will be our salvation.’ Yes! my dear friends! I am to continue with you his ap-

pointed time, and I am willing to stay with you, for I have every possible tie that heart could wish to bind me to earth, and to you; but when my Father, my Friend, and Redeemer, says

‘ Come, come away ;—
I must, I would obey :’

You must, you would resign; yea, and follow me too, for

‘ There our best friends, and kindred dwell,
There God our Saviour reigns.’

He, who best knows when to bring us into this world, and when to unite our hearts, knows best when to take us out :

‘ Peace, then, our angry passions still,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be subject to His sovereign will,
And ev’ry murmur die.’

“ And will ye, my dear friends! attempt to make the rent mantle of flesh more lovely by the clothing of a fringed shroud, or the decoration of blooming flowers? Vain attempt! yet kind, as flowing from that principle of love to its once animated spirit, now fled, now happy!

“ Weep not for me thou lovely widowed wife!

weep not for me thou lovely widowed sister! weep not for yourselves! we are all safe, and shall soon be all happy together; separated yet undivided, even in death. We met on earth to live in love and peace,—we meet in heaven to part no more! Our union on earth was *sweet*, our separation shall be *short*, and our re-union *eternal!*”

He lingered on for several months, exciting the hopes and fears of his friends, till August, when his latter end was obviously drawing near. To an intimate friend he observed, “I have not ecstatic joy, but possess solid peace, and the fullest confidence. I have not any fear of death; I have carefully examined every point, and I find every thing right for both worlds.” When in health he occasionally expressed a wish that he might depart suddenly, if consistent with the will of God, being apprehensive that if long afflicted he might be impatient. A friend who had heard him thus express himself, remarked to him, when sitting by his bed-side, “You now find how groundless your fears have been lest you should not have patience in affliction.” He replied, “It is wonderful how God supports; it is not my own doing.” He said, when extremely ill, “I am in a great storm, but with Christ in the vessel I shall weather it in safety.” A friend remarked, “It will be all rest, and peace, and

happiness above ;” he answered, “ It is all peace and joy in God now.” Mrs. Glover said to him on one occasion, “ Are you capable of enjoying spiritual meditations ?” “ O yes, at times ; but when I begin to think of my mercies I am obliged to stop, the recollection of them overpowers my weak frame.” At another time he observed, “ It has been my ambition, when in health to glorify God ; and now it is my ambition to glorify him in great suffering.” On a friend saying “ I am sorry that you should be teased by taking medicines ;” he replied, “ It is the will of God and that is right.”

His medical attendant observing to him that there was some peculiarity about his pulse, he replied, with his accustomed cheerfulness, “ There is one point about my pulse which I understand, that every time it beats, it leaves the number less ; and it would be wrong in me to wish it otherwise. I do not like the term, dangerous illness ; how can it be called dangerous when a person is going to heaven ?” To one of his family he said, “ You have often refreshed me, particularly by reading the word of God. Oh ! what a divine fulness do I see in that precious word ! every sentence is a subject for me.” When his afflicted wife said to him, “ Whatever God does must be right,” he replied, “ Do you ever keep to that !”

On Saturday, August 26th he departed this life, between one and two in the morning; and entered on the possession of that inheritance, which sin cannot defile, and whose glory will never fade away.

MRS. BERRY.

Few, even among the subjects of divine grace, have ever been so favoured in their last illness and their last moments as the late estimable Mrs. Berry.*

* Mrs. Berry, the wife of the Rev. Joseph Berry of Hackney was a Christian of no ordinary description. She was endowed with a nervous intellect—strong and ardent passions; and her taste was as delicate as her power of discrimination was correct.—She was distinguished no less for the attractive amiability of her manners, than the unimpeached integrity of her principles; and while she wore with a peculiar grace of display the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, she threw out an energy of mind, in the cause of goodness which raised her to a high eminence in the esteem of her friends. In doing good she was in her element; and she not only seized, but sought opportunities to be useful. She loved the poor. She often visited them. She promoted no less than three charitable institutions in her own neighbourhood, and was secretary to them all. The ruling passion by which she was impelled and governed, was kindness “ This was a perpetual stream, flowing from the fountain of a warm heart.

“ Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
Which humour interposed too often makes.”

But such was her humility, that she was unconscious of possessing the excellencies with which her character was adorned,

Her afflicted chamber was none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven. Here was Dr. Watts's strong language realized—

And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

Some representations and expressions must not die with her. We will follow the order of time in stating them.

From the end of December, till beyond the middle of January, she scarcely ever composed herself to sleep, without repeating again and

and while these who knew her best, regarded her as an ornament to her sex, she felt her personal guilt, and impurity, and renouncing all dependence on her own virtues, looked for eternal life through the abounding mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It was the privilege and the happiness of the writer to live on terms of social intimacy with her during the last six years of her life, and he avails himself of the opportunity of paying a tribute of respect to her memory by saying, that she was one of the most accomplished—one of the most cheerful—one of the most spiritual, and one of the most amiable Christians he ever knew; and he cannot refrain from adding that if all who bear that distinguished appellation, carried their religious principles to an equal elevation, and displayed them, in the same degree of harmonious beauty, the world would have an evidence of the divinity of our common salvation which no objections could invalidate, which no sophistry could perplex, which no resistance could withstand.

again the little song said to be composed by an Indian; the second verse of which she often rehearsed with a kind of transport—

“ A few more rising suns at most
Will land me safe on Canaan’s coast.”

On the 30th of January, her husband returned from the funeral of a relative which he had been called to attend at a distance from home. A friend was then sitting in the room with her, but as soon as she had withdrawn, this beloved wife hung round the neck of her husband, and said “ My Joseph, my dearest Joseph, the time is very near that we must part. I have no cause for sorrow at the thought; but I know you will sorrow: but do not sorrow over much. My God is your God, and will be so to the end. He will also be the God of my dear children. Endeavour to make up your mind to the stroke, and be assured it is his doing who doth all things well. My tears are flowing fast, and yours are flowing fast, but they are all dropping into our Redeemer’s bosom. He knows our circumstances, and we must live upon that sure promise; *as thy day thy strength shall be!*” On his replying, “ Why my dearest creature do you think thus?” she rejoined “ I know that I am going home, and that heaven is my home; yes, my dearest home, from

the inexpressible enjoyment I have had. I have lain on that bed; and had more joy than a mere mortal could hold; such joy would not do for creatures—it would be more than they could sustain. The twenty-third psalm was a heavenly message to me, and with calmness and the certain prospect of soon entering the valley, I could say *I will fear no evil—no, not even there—for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.* I tried to sing this and much more in the night, but I had no voice; and therefore I sung it only in spirit.” Having exhausted herself with her tears and her discourse, she dropped asleep; but presently after awaking, and feeling her weakness, she said “ my flesh and my heart fail, “ but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.”

February the 2nd, while two friends were sitting by her bed-side, she expatiated most sweetly on the glories of heaven, and her assured hope of going there. As one of them left the room, her little girl entered it, and when the babe shewed herself at the corner of her curtain, she observed, “ There, I thought I never should have been able to give up that child; but now I can do even this, and do it without the least anxiety. It is my Father’s will we should separate, his will is mine: and cannot I leave her with him ?”

February 4th. Her husband in the evening

announced her medical friend was come. She was, at that instant, sitting up in bed, and reading her bible; as he entered the room she shut it, but after his departure said, "I thought to avoid ostentation " by putting my bible away, but it struck me, why should I do it? Precious book! thou art all my sweet consolation; and thou affordest me support; if the gay and the worldly are not ashamed of their cards, would it have been right for me to have been ashamed of thee? Surely not. But lest it should appear like pharisaic righteousness, I shut it and talked to Mr. — about my feelings and my prospects."—Pausing a little for breath, she added—"my present experience is truly blessed. The clouds in the air pass swiftly along, nor hide the sun from view. I do not mean the dark black clouds which are impenetrable, but the upper clouds on a summer's day: through them the sun diffuses his light and heat, so that while they pass, one is scarcely aware of them. I have my clouds, weakness, weariness, and pains; but my greatest pain is, when thinking on the pain of separation: nevertheless, through all these, Jesus, my blessed sun, is seen. He soothes and cheers me; and but for the sorrow of my dearest Joseph, I should say, I am without anxiety."

February 5th, Was spent chiefly in arranging domestic concerns, and the still more awful concerns of her funeral.—She said "if there

must be a funeral sermon, let the text be, Psalm xxiii. 4. The hymns

First.—“When langour and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away,” &c.

Second.—“Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed, &c.

Third.—“The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied,
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside, &c.

She strictly enjoined, “Let nothing be said of me, but what grace has done in me, and done for me. I have hope towards God beyond a doubt; and this hope is founded, not on frames or visions, but on a comparison of my state with the word of my God. There I read, man is a poor, lost, ignorant, unholy creature, I both believe it and feel it; but so effectually has grace wrought in me, that though lost, I cry unto God for mercy—though ignorant I go unto him for wisdom. I find the *gospel suited to my state*. I look out of myself entirely. I go as one utterly lost to Jesus Christ. I wish no alteration in the doctrine of his cross. I would be saved in the very way he has revealed,

though I had the choice of more, and millions more, if possible."

February 6th. A friend calling, she said to her "My hopes rest on the deity and atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ. I have told Mr. Berry I would have him preach no other doctrines than those he has done all along; they are doctrines suited to sinners, one of whom is his Eliza."—An old deacon, when he approached her bedside, said "well my good friend, how do you do now?" To whom she replied, "Almost at home—my precious bible, true every tittle—I never thought it could have supported me thus, but it does—I never thought I could have enjoyed so much—I have not an anxious wish—It is heaven *already* begun—I am as happy as I can be on this side heaven—

"A mortal paleness on my cheek

"And glory in my soul."

A friend from a little distance calling that evening, she spake most delightfully of her extatic joy; and as he was taking his farewell, and leaving her with the mention of the name of Jesus, she closed the conversation, repeating

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm

"On thy kind arm I fall;

"Be thou my strength and righteousness,

"My Jesus and my all."

February 11th, To several friends she said, "Jesus is very precious. I have no anxiety. Every thing is settled. My drawers, my house, my treasurer's books, my children, my all—I have nothing to do, but to die, and go home.

February 13. She said to a friend "Surely all this cannot be delusion." To another "I am not gone yet. The dross is not all taken away; I shall not go till it is." The last friend who saw her on that day, witnessed her very much enfeebled indeed, but putting his ear towards her, he distinctly heard the whisper "All is heaven and peace within." While her husband and servant were turning her in the bed, she remarked "Ah, my dear, it is hard work," and recollecting, caught up her words, "Hard did I say? no, I'll recall that word, it looks like repining; it is not hard, but requires more than nature to acquiesce in."

February 14. To a friend she observed, "It seems as if there were no enemy. He is, as good Bunyan says, 'as still as a stone.' I scarcely think of *him*. My Jesus is all my salvation, and all my desire."

February 16th. "My Jesus is very precious to me. "Had I had breath, oh how could I have sung of him in the night." On a kind friend's leaving her, she said "Tell your dear sister what I enjoy; it is not like a death bed—it is sleeping in my Jesus's arms."

February 17th. When it was thought she was actually going, she was heard to say "It is sweet to die in Jesus—Bless God "my dear I am so happy—Though I walk through the valley," &c. About a quarter past eleven o'clock that evening, while profound silence was kept, she broke it, and with seemingly more than human voice she uttered

"There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin,
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in."

Pausing, as though every word seemed a feast to her soul, she added

"For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon my tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song."

Her breath scarcely allowing her to reach the last word, she lay quietly meditating, but after waiting perhaps more than a minute, with seraphic accents she burst forth again—

"Yes thou art precious to my soul
My transport and my trust,
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust."

Her arms falling, her husband attempted to

put the one next him into bed. Speaking of her being much reduced, she said "Worms will not feast much on me.—Blessed be God I am not afraid of worms,

" Though greedy worms devour my skin
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afresh."

In the night, she begged her husband to pray once more with her. He did it: but when it was over she said "My dear, you have forgotten to pray for one thing." He asked "What is that?" "Why, that we may be prepared for and supported, in the parting hour." When he intimated the difficulty of doing it, she pleasingly and firmly replied, "Well, I can do it; and much as I love my Joseph, I can leave him to go to my Jesus." And then taking his hand, she prayed, acknowledging the kindness of God in uniting them, the happiness they had proved in each other, &c. After this she dosed and enjoyed some calm hours. About ten minutes past seven in the morning she was evidently seized for death. During her illness she had frequently requested Christian friends to pray for an easy dismissal, and God, her gracious God, answered prayer. While the perspiration was breaking forth in all directions, and every oozing drop seemed larger and larger, she inarticulately ut-

tered, in broken accents— “ Valley—Shadow—
—Home—Jesus—*Peace.*”

She seemed free from pain. Without a struggle she lay for nearly twenty minutes, and at twelve minutes before eight o'clock her head gently dropped on the left side of her pillow ; her last pulse was felt by the hand of her anguished husband, and her disembodied spirit soared to the presence of her God.

MRS. BROOKER.



Mrs. Brooker was born the 6th of November, 1764, and married on the 9th of March, 1785. She was blessed with a truly pious mother, and, from her own statement, received her first impressions at a very early period from reading that invaluable work, "Doddridge's Rise and Progress," &c. She attended the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel at Brighton, where she felt the deep convictions of sin, and where also she enjoyed the sublime consolations of mercy.

She had a deep sense of the depravity of her own heart, which often bowed her down; and the glorious truths of *free* and *sovereign* grace to lost and perishing sinners, through the *blood* and *righteousness* of a *crucified Redeemer*, were her only refuge and support. Not long before her death, she acknowledged with gratitude to God, that she had been preserved from outward gross sins,—still her prayers were expressive of deep penitential sorrow, and her highest boast was—"A sinner saved by grace!"

She was often greatly distressed at hearing of

the peculiar manifestations of the love of God to his people, because she had not enjoyed any of those highly-favoured seasons herself. A short time before her death, she united with a lady of distinction in forming a female prayer-meeting at the chapel, where she had for many years been a member. Soon after the commencement of her illness, and before medicines had been applied which could possibly produce delirium, she was favoured with an extraordinary manifestation of the love of God to her soul, such as she had often longed to enjoy, such as are sometimes experienced by highly-honoured believers, before they enter the dark valley of the shadow of death. This delightful frame which began in the evening of Saturday, the 2nd of October, continued the whole of the night, (in which she had no sleep) and the whole of the following Sabbath.—When her husband went to chapel in the morning, she said, “ Desire Mr. M—to pray for me, and tell him to praise the Lord for giving me songs in the night.” On Mr. B’s. return from worship, he found her in a sweet frame of mind, her soul was full of rapture and praise; she informed him of her having had a very extraordinary spirit of prayer for the churches; and during the afternoon and evening gave him a delightful account of what she had enjoyed. The following were among the many sentences which she uttered with peculiar fervency and pleasure—“ He brought me up also

out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings; and he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God".—When you see Mary I.—tell her.—‘ O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.’—I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.’—I could not once read Solomon’s Song, but now I see such beauty in it—‘ The Rose of Sharon!—Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth.’ I could not before enjoy that passage, ‘ Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,’ &c. I have rested upon that Scripture for years—‘ I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord’—and now I have enjoyed it. When it was mentioned, ‘ Why you see this book (meaning the Bible,) as a new book!’ she admitted she saw many things which she did not understand before. ‘ The Lord has come down,’ said she, as ‘ the God of Bethel.’ She mentioned the former part of the 103rd Psalm as a passage very much blessed to her.—‘ Who forgiveth all thy sins, who healeth all thy diseases.’ Also the 11th Hymn of the Countess of Huntingdon’s Collection, p. 16.—

‘ Oft hast thou, Lord, in tender love,
Prevented my request,
And sent thy Spirit from above,
An unexpected guest.’

In the forenoon she desired an affectionate servant who attended on her, to read that Hymn,—

‘ When langour and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.’

This hymn she desired to be read three times. Her bliss was great indeed—the Spirit of the Lord filled the tabernacle of flesh, and the pillars of it were scarcely able to support the weight of glory. She remarked to a friend afterwards, that had this season continued, it would have been more than human nature could have well borne. She considered it as a presentiment of a long illness, or death, but all doubts and painful solicitude appeared to be removed from her mind. She had seen the Lord’s salvation, and was ready to depart in peace. On Monday morning, October 4th, she said she had a merciful night; and in speaking of her experience, she said, “ I have believed this for years ; but now I enjoy it. The Lord has manifested himself to me, and all I am afraid of is, losing the sense of it, and doing any thing that may dishonour him. I would not but have had this affliction.” A little while afterwards she intimated that she had not before experienced what that passage meant,—‘ I have

loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.'

Her indisposition still continued; sometimes she was a little better, and then again worse. Three physicians were consulted on her case, but all was in vain. On Friday, December 3rd, she sat up in bed, and desired her husband to look out that Hymn in the Collection, p. 188.—

'Gentle Jesus, lovely Lamb!
Thine, and only thine, I am,
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole,' &c.

When the hymn was looked out, she desired him to sing it, and she sung the hymn with him in a very delightful manner; after which she said, 'How sweet!' On another day she wished that Hymn to be sung,—

'O for a closer walk with God,'

and made an attempt to sing the first verse herself, but was not able to proceed.

A few nights before her death, after she had been struggling hard with convulsions, she exclaimed,—'No more pain, no more sorrow, for ever and ever.'—'Angels, and Archangels, and the spirits of just men made perfect!' An evening or two afterwards, she said to her husband, 'I

have given myself up to the Lord, whether for life or for death.”

On Thursday, December 12th, the peculiar symptoms of death were upon her. A short time before the solemn period, she desired her husband to pray with her. At the close of the prayer she said, ‘ Amen !’ in a very audible and impressive manner. Not long after, she exclaimed, ‘ Into thy hand I commit my spirit—Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me !’ A few minutes afterwards an attempt was made to give her a tea-spoonful of wine-and-water, when, being a little roused, she said, “ You waked me out of sleep.” She resumed her composure, fell sweetly asleep in Jesus, and her happy spirit is no doubt before the throne of God and the Lamb.

It is natural for a Christian to long for the peculiar manifestations of the love of God, but if they are withheld, he ought not to murmur, or repine. We are to live by faith, and faith never appears more illustrious, than when it rests on the promises of a faithful God, and calmly waits the issue. If those peculiar manifestations of the love of God with which some are favoured, are withheld, they are withheld in mercy, and

though we may be tempted to doubt it, during the season of comparative darkness and dejection, yet we ought to believe the kind declaration of our compassionate Redeemer, "*What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.*" "The time of love will come," if it be anticipated by faith, and earnestly prayed for, when the shades of darkness shall be dispersed, as the fogs and mists of a hazy morning, are scattered by the rising sun, and when we shall see that the Lord's time for administering the strong consolations of hope, is the best. Sometimes on the eve of an extraordinary affliction, he lifts up, upon his people the light of his countenance, and they pass through the divided waters in peace: but in general the "intended mercy" is reserved till they are called to enter the dark valley, when they see only *the shadow of death* in their passage, and are heard to sing as they walk through it, "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

* 1 Cor. xv. 55—57.

MRS. ARGILE,

LATE OF ILKESTON, DERBYSHIRE.

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What a fine scene usually opens on the imagination of mortals, as the sun of the nuptial morn arises, and when the voice of the bride, and the bridegroom intermingle their notes in the harmony of bliss!! But alas, how soon may this scene be turned into the desolation of woe, and all the pleasant things of anticipated felicity be laid waste. The passage from the altar to the tomb, is sometimes long, and intersected with many bye paths of evil; but occasionally it is contracted within a short span of time, and the bride has scarcely thrown off her ornaments before she has to prepare for death.

But this I say, brethren, the time is short: it remaineth, that both they that have wives be as though they had none; for the fashion of this world passeth away.\*

THIS excellent woman died of a decline, within six months after her marriage. She had for some years been an honourable member of the Church under the care of the Rev. J. Shaw, whose ministry was blessed to her conversion. Mrs. A. manifested great love for the scriptures, was diligent in the means of grace, discovered a warm

\* 1 Cor. vii. 29—31.



attachment to the people of God, was anxiously concerned for the enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom; according to her ability was liberal in supporting benevolent institutions, and zealously employed her talents for the good of the rising generation. For more than seven years she was an active and useful teacher in the Sabbath school. In the enjoyment of health, and in the bloom of life, she was enabled, by Divine grace, to choose that good part that could not be taken from her. She was mercifully preserved from the paths of vice, and had her fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. On her sick-bed she was highly favoured with divine consolation, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. To some persons, who visited her, she said,

' 'Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasure while we live—  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comforts when we die.'

Though she was much afflicted, yet she experienced so much of the power of religion, that the close of her life resembled a day without clouds, and her sun set in a clear and serene sky. Those sacred truths and divine songs she committed to memory when in health became invaluable sources of comfort under her affliction.

The recital of a few of her expressions in the

prospect of death may serve to describe, in some measure, the happy state of her mind. She frequently said, with a smile, 'I know I love Christ, and I know he loves me.—He is the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.' One day, after she had been speaking of his glories, till she was quite exhausted, she reclined for some time upon her pillow until her strength was recruited, and then broke out, repeating in the most distinct and energetic manner,

'Now, through the veil of flesh I see,  
With eyes of love he looks at me—  
Now, in the gospel's clearest glass,  
He shows the beauties of his face.'

'Gently he draws my heart along,  
Both with his beauties and his tongue.  
'Rise,' saith my Lord, 'make haste away,  
'No mortal joys are worth thy stay.'

'*No: they are not.*' This she repeated several times. On another occasion, having expressed her entire submission to the will of God, she added,

'Dead be my heart to all below,  
And all below be dead to me.'

With a smile of ineffable delight, she said, 'Yes, my heart is dead to all below.' A friend

remarked, 'Then you are not afraid to die?' She answered, 'No, no! I have not been afraid to die for some time past.—I know whom I have believed, and that he will never leave me—he will never forsake me.'

For some time before her death, her mind was so completely abstracted from this world, that she could scarcely bear to hear worldly subjects introduced. When she had been exceedingly ill during the night, she would say, 'I am still waiting—I thought I should have been with my heavenly Father before this morning.' I told her she seemed like a ship that had arrived in sight of the long desired port, and was driven out to sea again. 'Yes,' she said, 'it is so.' This led me to exhort her to look to Jesus for fresh supplies of his Holy Spirit, that she might wait patiently a little longer, and then she would reach the desired haven. With these sentiments she most cordially acquiesced, and repeated the expressive words of the Poet,

• 'A few more rolling suns at most  
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast.'

One time she said, 'My afflictions are heavy, but I am not sweating great drops of blood. What are my afflictions compared with those of my blessed Jesus?'

As she drew nearer the grave, the attractions

of the celestial world became so powerful that she was ready to chide the tardy feet of death. She anticipated much pleasure in meeting all the people of God, and particularly a pious and beloved brother, who had died about two years before her. One time she said to a female friend, 'Here sits my dear mother weeping, because she has nursed a child for heaven.' Her pious mother replied, 'No, my dear, I am not weeping because you are going to heaven, but because I shall soon lose you.' She observed, 'I should be much distressed at the thoughts of leaving my mother in this world, but I please myself in thinking she will not be long after me, and we shall have a happy meeting in the kingdom of heaven.' She spoke of death with as much pleasure apparently as she ever did about going to the house of God. When she thought she should eat no more bread, she observed, with an expressive smile, 'I have now done with bread; but I am feeding on the bread of life.'

A little before her death, she said to a friend, 'I can sing Hallelujah to the Lamb.' Her strength failed, and her friend proceeded to repeat the next line of the verse, 'Who purchased our pardon.' Then summoning up all her strength, she with an elevated voice, added, 'And I'll praise him again when I pass over Jordan.' A day or two before her departure, she said to me, 'I never longed so much for any thing in my life as

I do to die, and to be with the Lord.' The affectionate manner in which she took her final leave of her minister, will never be forgotten by him and those who witnessed the affecting scene. A little before she expired, she said to a friend, ' Dying work is hard work.' To which her friend, replied, ' But the Lord has promised to be with his people when they pass through the valley of the shadow of death.' She said, ' *Yes! and he is with me, and he shall never leave me, nor forsake me:*' and soon after fell asleep in Christ, on the 17th of May, 1816, and in the 28th year of her age. By her request her death was improved, from Luke xx. 28. ' Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves.' The audience was numerous, attentive and deeply affected.

MRS. INKERSOLE,  
OF ST. NEOTS.

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To record the triumphs of faith over the tenderest sympathies of nature, and even over death itself, is a truly delightful task, calculated alike to soothe the sorrows of bereaved relatives, and to magnify the grace of God. Many memorable instances of the efficacy of religion to sustain the Christian in his utmost need, and render him 'more than conqueror' over the last enemy have been recorded; but seldom has the eye of mortals gazed on a more celestial scene than that which the following pages exhibit. A timid Christian rising above the dread of death—a beloved wife, bidding a final adieu to an affectionate husband without a sigh or a tear---a kind mother taking leave of six lovely children, without expressing an ardent wish to press them again to her bosom, is a sight which we rarely witness; and though it may present no moral attractions to the gazing throng, yet the enlightened believer can trace the finest expressions of redeeming love, and derive from it a good hope, that as his day, so his strength shall be.

MARY, late wife of Mr. Thomas Inkersole, of St. Neots, and daughter of Mr. Joseph Hall, of Northampton, was born at the latter place, on the 23rd of February, 1786. It was her privilege to enjoy the advantages of a strictly religious education, and to have been surrounded, from

her earliest days, by those who affectionately cared for her soul. To these youthful advantages, accompanied with the blessing of the Most High, are undoubtedly to be ascribed those religious impressions of which she was the subject, even in childhood; that store of scriptural knowledge with which her memory was furnished; and that tenderness of conscience, which she manifested on all occasions. In her case, as in that of thousands, who have been similarly circumstanced, religion seems to have gradually taken possession of her mind. Its influence was indeed apparent to all, except herself; but the manner of its operation was silent and imperceptible. It soon became manifest to those who attentively observed the formation of her character, that some principle, more powerful than that which education could impart, occupied her heart, and influenced her conduct; restrained a disposition naturally volatile and gay, within due limits; and led to the selection of those as the friends of her youth, whose society was likely to cherish religious feelings and habits.

In November, 1808, she entered into the conjugal relation, under circumstances of reciprocal attachment, calculated to have inspired a far less sanguine mind with the highest expectation of domestic enjoyment: but the Great Disposer of all events determined otherwise. He, who best knows, how to perfect his own work, and to ma-

ture those graces, which his Spirit has implanted, saw fit to scatter the fond illusions of hope, in order that, like the 'Captain of our salvation,' she might be 'made perfect through suffering.' From the above-mentioned period, all her remaining years were embittered, in a greater or less degree, by nervous debility, protracted sickness, and gradual decay. The frequent and strong emotions of a mind, tremblingly alive to every impression, either of joy or sorrow, and the care of a rapidly increasing family, accelerated the progress of constitutional disease, and quickly exhausted her delicate and highly susceptible frame. But the same causes, which concurred to shorten her days, rendered her piety more apparent, and proved the genuineness of those Christian graces, which adorned her character. Fearful of cherishing a false hope, and of being found at last among the *self-deceived*, she could not prevail upon herself to make a public profession of faith in Christ, till life was at too low an ebb, to admit of her yielding to the dictates of her heart. But she was destined to make that profession at a more interesting moment, in a more impressive manner, and under more deeply affecting circumstances.

The prevailing state of her mind, during the lingering months, and even years of sickness, that preceded her dissolution, may be gathered from the following brief extracts from letters, written at different periods.



In one to her mother, dated August, 1813, after having alluded to the happy death of a beloved sister, she writes thus: 'At times, I trust, this event urges me to seek the same God, and similar supports. How great the privilege of knowing that God is our God! sometimes when I feel that I have the least claim to such a relation, the world, with all its cares and pleasures, seems less than nothing, and God appears to be all in all. In the greatest conflicts, I have experienced such supports, that surely nothing but an Almighty power could impart. Help me to be thankful, and pray that I may have grace and faith given me to commit my all into his hands who cannot err.

September 10th. 'I cannot help thinking my frail tabernacle will soon be taken down; but I am in the Lord's hand. O that the end of all, may be the purification of my nature, and an entire surrender of my heart to God. I long to

———lie passive in his sovereign hands,  
And know no will but his.'

All her conversation accorded with these sentiments, and tended to prove that, though as yet she was not favoured with a strong confidence, yet her mind was meekly resigned to the divine appointment, and supported, under a most painful affliction, by a 'good hope through grace.' At

this period, she would say, in conversing with Christian friends;’ I hope, I do not deceive myself; I know that a death-bed is a detector of the heart. Pray for me, that I may be able to stand this awful, this final test! O that I may be found ready!’ At another time, when alluding to some little domestic arrangements she had been making, in prospect of confinement, a relative replied, ‘ My dear, you are always ready.’ She burst into tears, and exclaimed with much emotion, ‘ Ah! if I am but ready at last! What happiness will it be *then* to find myself prepared for my great change!’ Thus she continued for several months, habitually conversing with death, and frequently examining herself with reference to that trying hour. When at a distance, she trembled at the thought of contending with the last enemy; but as he approached, her fears subsided, and that dreaded foe assumed an angelic form. It pleased God, at length, to disperse every remaining cloud, and to favour her in her last hours with the brightest beams of sacred enjoyment.

Early in the morning of the 14th March, 1816, she requested her attendants to summon her husband to her bed-side, as she supposed herself to be dying. When he approached, he found her with her hands clasped, her eyes looking fixedly toward heaven apparently unconscious of every surrounding object, and pouring out her soul in the language of devotion.

The whole of this impressive and truly eloquent prayer cannot now be remembered, but its concluding words were these, ' Lord Jesus, receive my departing spirit; grant me thy support in my dying moments! I am a sinful creature, but thou art a God of mercy. I commit myself into thine hands, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth!' After having continued some time in fervent supplication, she turned to her sorrowing companion, and said, ' My dear, I think I am dying, but I hope Christ will carry me through. I am a poor wretch, but I shall soon be through the dark valley. I can scarcely realize being so *near* to eternal glory. I hope I do not deceive myself. No! I can trust my dear Saviour, whose love is so free, so abundant!

" Jesus can make a dying bed,  
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Though I have some fear of passing the dark valley, yet, through Christ, I shall be able to fight my way, and conquer at last. My Saviour calls me, and it is my duty to attend to his summons. I *must* go, I *must* go, I must leave you. O, my dear love and serve the Lord; be sincere, and do not serve him with half a heart; then he will support you, and be your comfort when I am gone. I am not afraid to die. Mine has indeed been a rough and tempestuous passage, but I shall soon be in heaven.' Then, as if her spirit was filled with a holy anticipation of ap-

proaching blessedness, she exclaimed with great animation, 'I shall soon see and rejoice in Him, and dwell in his presence for ever; yes!'

"There I shall see his face,  
And never, never sin,"

After having conversed during a much longer period than her exhausted frame seemed capable of bearing, her friends were anxious that she should repose for a short time; but her heart was too full of love to God, and affectionate solicitude for the welfare of others, to admit of even a moment's respite. She next requested that her six little ones might be introduced, of whom she took an affectionate farewell, adding a word of pious counsel to such as were of sufficient age to receive it, and offering up on behalf of the rest an earnest prayer to the Father of mercies. She was enabled to pass through this trying scene with great composure, till the last, (an infant little more than a fortnight old) was brought to her bedside. Then she felt for a moment a maternal pang, and expressed that if there were a wish which had been denied her, it was, that this dear infant might have been suffered to go with her—but instantly checking herself, and recovering her former serenity of mind and countenance, she said, 'but my heavenly Father knows best.' All who were acquainted with her constitutional temperament, well knew that the tranquillity displayed on this

occasion was not the result of apathy or indifference: it was the chastened submission of a mind meekly resigned to the will of God; it was the heroism of a soul detached from earth, and panting after heaven; it was grace in vigorous exercise dissolving the tenderest ties of maternal and conjugal affection, in order that the emancipated spirit might soar to its native, its eternal home.

No sooner was this impressive scene over, than her benevolent heart dictated the request, that her pastor might be summoned to witness her holy triumphs, and rejoice with her in her dying consolations. To him, on entering the chamber, she said with a smile that bespoke the fulness of her joy, 'I am indeed highly favoured amongst women. A good hope is all that I had dared to anticipate in my last moments; but I am blest with more, much more; I have an abundant assurance; I have high and delightful anticipations of approaching glory. Yes, I am quite secure, quite sure of eternal life and blessedness.' Then, with the evident design of explaining the ground of her confidence, she added,

" These lively hopes I owe  
To Jesus' dying love."

O, the cross of Christ, the work of Christ! I draw all my comfort thence. Such a Saviour can indeed save to the uttermost, *even me*, a vile unprofitable sinner.' A friend remarked, you are

going to that happy place where 'the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick;' she rejoined, as that which yielded her more grateful reflection, 'the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquities.' She often expressed her astonishment at the goodness of her heavenly Father towards her, in affording such strong consolations to one who had been so unprofitable. 'What a wonder,' she would say, 'that I should be thus blest, who have spent thirty years in sin; who have been so useless in the world; who have done so little for the honour of my Saviour! If he see fit thus to favour his faithful and tried servants, who have glorified him on the earth, it is unmerited mercy: but I have done nothing, and yet I am thus distinguished. Help me to praise my God and Saviour, for these great mercies.'

When endeavouring to realize the state of blessedness on which she was entering, and contrasting it with her present condition, she said, 'Here, I am, nothing but sin and ignorance, and imperfection—there, I shall be all intellect, and joy and purity.' One day when she found herself somewhat revived, she said, with a degree of anxiety, 'Perhaps I am returning again to life. I cannot but dread the thought of recovery, lest I should not live to God as I ought, and lest these happy impressions should wear off.' At another time, when a

near relative was taking leave of her for the night, she said, 'Perhaps when you enter my room in the morning, my spirit will have ascended to the heavenly mansions, and may witness the tears you will be shedding over my lifeless clay. But if, on the other hand, I should still be in the body, I shall be secure; for my heavenly inheritance has been purchased by a Saviour's blood.' Not unfrequently, when asked in the morning how she had spent the night, she would answer, with a countenance expressive of a slight degree of disappointment, 'I hoped I should have slid-  
den out of life: why, O! why! are his chariot wheels so long in coming!' The last time her pastor visited her, she fainted twice during a short prayer, which she had requested him to offer up for her; after recovering from these convulsive swoonings, she said with a smile, 'Well, one struggle more is over—I thought it would have been my last. I am afraid of impatience,

' But I will stay my Father's will  
And hope and wait for heaven awhile.'

Thus she remained, realizing all the triumphs of faith, and the sacred raptures of assured hope, till the morning of the 25th March, 1816, when, without a struggle or a sigh, she sweetly 'languished into life.'

## MRS. CONGREVE.



MARCH 17th, 1823, died at her own residence, at Hermitage Place, Islington, at the early age of twenty-four, Mrs. Lucy Congreve, wife of Mr. Henry Congreve, Ribbon Manufacturer, of Wood street, London. Her marriage to Mr. C. was consummated in the month of August, 1820; and during their transient union they were blessed with one *living* pledge of their mutual affection, who, with his parent, lives to mourn the loss of one endeared to all who knew her; but more especially to her surviving and afflicted husband, who could best appreciate her worth. The loss of her society is deeply, and will be lastingly felt by a select circle of friends, by whom she was much beloved for her natural amiability of deportment, and unassuming manners; but to her intimate companion in life, who was wont to hold sweet converse with her on the theme of redeeming



grace, and dying love—it is a loss which can better be conceived of than expressed.

The disease which proved mortal to her frame, was a violent attack of inflammatory fever, which succeeded the birth of her second infant, whom she survived only a few days. Her affliction, though transient in its duration, was exceedingly acute and painful to endure: the inflammation became every day, from its commencement, increasingly alarming; and it was deemed necessary, by her medical attendants, to bleed her so frequently, that she was extremely reduced in bodily strength; yet, she was never heard to murmur, but, on the contrary, it was frequently her cry, “Oh! how unworthy are my pains of body, the very name of afflictions, compared with the sufferings of Jesus, when suspended on a bloody cross.” The anxiety of Mr. Congreve, and surrounding relatives, for the recovery of the deceased, was now extreme, and in this extremity he was frequently led to a throne of grace, to beg, in submission to his Heavenly Father’s will, for the restoration of the object whom he fondly loved. Every means which human skill could devise, were applied to that end; but death, who has no favourites, at length baffled all hope, and she expired without a struggle or a groan. During her spiritual life and warfare, a period of nine years, she was a

timid, though a sincere Christian. Up to the last two days, previous to her dissolution, she had been much subjected to the fear of death, which held her soul in bondage. She was blessed with a conscience which was exceedingly tender, but when the fountain of the great deep was opened up to her view, and she was led to discover the hidden evils of her heart, she would weep bitterly. Being taught her need of Christ as a complete Saviour, and made fully and feelingly conscious of her fallen state by nature and by practice, she became ardently desirous to be saved by sovereign grace alone, that Jesus might wear the crown; and the very fear that she should at length be found a deceiver, would produce in her mind overwhelming sorrow. She would frequently (bathed in tears) exclaim to her husband, after he had been expressing his joyful anticipation of spending with her a blessed and never ending eternity, to sing of a dear Redeemer's dying love, whose presence constitutes our paradise, "O that I may wear that starry crown, and triumph in Almighty grace! O that I was as fully convinced of my interest in the redemption of Christ, as I am assured of yours; yet, blessed be the Lord, for the small hope I have in his mercy; I am a great sinner, but when I see him as he is, I will praise him as I ought." She was frequently

impressed with a sense of the divine goodness and forbearance, with her evil manners in the wilderness, which kept her humble at her Master's feet. Such was her habitual fear, it was very seldom indeed that she could to her comfort, adopt the language of a strong and lively faith, and say, "Jesus is mine and I am his;" yet her anchor, hope, which was firm and abiding on the rock of ages, was cast within the veil, and salvation by the cross, was all her desire.

About one in the morning of the 17th, her husband was called up to obtain medical aid, as the inflammatory symptoms produced an increase of pain almost insupportable. But, Oh! how light must have been the pains of body she then endured, compared with the anguish of her mind in prospect of dissolution, without a single ray of hope; but, both in exercise together, made the burden (but for divine support) too intolerable to bear. It appeared that the Lord had a great work to accomplish in a short time; and afflicting as her conflicts were to endure, the end thereof was blessed beyond degree. Satan had desired to have her to sift as wheat, and for a short period, for the trial of her faith, he was permitted to assault her soul in every part. God the Spirit, was pleased to suspend his divine, illuminating, and heart cheering influences—the Sun of Righteousness

had withdrawn his cheering rays, and like some bewildered and benighted traveller, all weary and beclouded, her evidences became dark as midnight, and unbelief usurped his reigning power, and filled her mind with dread. The agony of her soul was now extreme! at this moment, with a countenance which pourtrayed the most indescribable solicitude, bordering on deep despair, she cried out to her husband, who had but just entered the room; - "Oh! my dear Henry, Eternity is opening upon me, and I have no hope, I fear my past profession of love to Jesus, and interest in him, is all delusive. I shall see him, but not nigh, Oh! how have I neglected his ordinances! How cold have been my affections! Oh, can there be ground of hope of one so vile? Oh! what shall I do? Whither shall I fly? Oh! to be interested in the love of Jesus, 'tis worth a million worlds." These words were uttered with an energy and with a tone of voice, which fully developed the utmost agitation of her soul. Her husband, fully aware from whence these suggestions arose attempted every means in his power, to become an instrument of consoling her, and directing her views from the depths of sin, to fulness of pardon by the atoning blood, and justifying righteousness of her Saviour, who came to seek and to save lost perishing sinners, made sensible of their guilt. He assured her that Jesus would

cast out none who came to him for mercy; and that however vile she felt herself to be, she was fully welcome to the fountain of love and mercy. "Oh! how gracious has the Lord been to give a discovery of your wretchedness and misery. Acknowledge it all, plead guilty to all the accusations of satan as to your short comings and deserts—tell him you owe ten thousand talents, and have nothing to pay, but that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin. His atonement is complete, and his promise is sure to all who feel their need of his salvation, which is as free as the very air you breathe: and rely upon it; if you are enabled thus to use the sword, you will soon be left a conqueror on the field—if you are enabled to take refuge in Jesus, you will find Him faithful to the end." "Oh (said she) I am too unworthy of such mercies—this salvation is for you, 'tis not for me." Her husband then narrated his experience, to evince how correspondent it was to her own; and referred to the case of the dying thief, for a full confirmation of the efficacy of redeeming blood to expiate all guilt, and to evince the completeness of a Saviour's righteousness, which fully answered every demand of a violated law, and restored to inflexible justice all its honours and requirements. "Oh! (said she with energy) I know that Jesus is able—I wish I could say he was willing to save one so unworthy." Still all was to no purpose; for not-

withstanding he recapitulated the gracious promises of the gospel, yet until the Spirit of all grace was pleased to make the application to her soul, and produce the exercise of faith all proved of no avail. Jehovah at length was pleased to say to Satan, "Thus far hast thou gone, but thou shalt go no further." The arch enemy of her soul was permitted thus, for a short season, most severely to buffet her to the end, that she might behold the turpitude of evil, and feel the bitterness of sin; that she might, in the issue, glorify the Redeemer in her great deliverance, and become weaned from the sub-lenary vanities of all terrestrial good. At the destined moment she was enabled to reach forth the hand of faith and say, "Rejoice not against me O mine enemy, for though I fall I shall rise again," &c. The conflict being terminated, a calm and heavenly tranquillity succeeded, which was the harbinger of the most transporting joys. While overwhelmed with sorrow from a consciousness of her sinfulness, and manifold backslidings of heart from the ways of peace and righteousness, and while writing bitter things against herself, Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, arose upon her soul, the gloomy clouds of unbelief began to break, dispelling the misty shades of night, which ushered into her soul joys unspeakable and full of glory. O how altered then became the scene!

Now she could not find words to express what she saw of the unspeakable worth of Jesus, whom she beheld to be, both able and willing to save to the uttermost! then, in the fullest confidence of faith she could say, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." Being well assured she could not survive long, she awaited the summons of death as a true friend. Oh, how did she check the growing anxiety of her partner, her affectionate mother, and surrounding friends; for the continuance of her life, observing, "Oh! why do you wish me to live.—I long, yea, even faint, to be with my beloved Jesus! to me to live is Christ, and to die will be my eternal gain!" Then, she exclaimed—"Oh, rejoice with me—here we live to part, yet we shall soon meet again in our Heavenly Father's Kingdom, no more to part for ever. I am only going a short time before you, into the hands of a covenant-keeping God I commend you, and our dear little boy. He is ever faithful, and that Jesus, on whose bosom I soon shall calmly repose, will safely conduct you home; and he has done all things well. My afflictions are heavy to endure, but the Lord has not laid upon me more than he has enabled me to bear: but oh! what are they? Not to be compared either with the afflictions he sustained, or the immortal weight of glory which shall follow. No, I will not call them afflictions."

She was frequently expressing that all her hopes of salvation, were founded on the *finished* work of Christ. She disclaimed all other trust, renouncing all her righteousness as filthy rags, and rejoiced exceedingly that salvation, from first to last, was all of rich, free and sovereign grace. The happy serenity of her mind, in prospect of a speedy dissolution, was most pleasing to all who witnessed her last moments; and the unshaken confidence of her soul, as to her personal interest in Christ, from the moment her combat with Satan ceased, to the termination of her course, yielded her celestial delights, beyond description transporting. And when her voice could not distinctly articulate, the heavenly smiles which illuminated her countenance, shed more than natural radiance all around.

The night preceding her dissolution, she spent wholly in conversation with her friends on the riches of redeeming love, and in praising her dear Redeemer for his rich grace manifested to her, the chief of sinners. She many times said, "I could not have thought it possible I could have so much lost all fear of death, as I have done; but it has no sting to me.—'O grave, where is thy victory! O death where is thy sting.'" It was truly astonishing to all who attended her bed-side that night, that her body was not exhausted by excessive fatigue, as there were but few momentary intervals of silence. This night



will be long remembered by those who had the gratification of witnessing the holy transports of her soul. She requested an aunt (who with her mother and her nurse, sat up with her) to spend a short time with her in prayer, which she did with much liberty ; after which the dear sufferer conversed with them on the blessedness awaiting her spirit, when freed from mortality ; and spoke most confidently as to its speedy entrance through the gates of paradise, to be for ever with the Lord. She frequently said to them in the solemn seasons of the night, " Oh ! when shall I be with my dearly beloved Jesus ? How long do you suppose I shall be, ere I leave *dull* mortality behind, and flee beyond the grave. I shall behold many in heaven I once loved ; and oh, how delightfully shall we sing together of that unequalled love and grace which has brought us thither." A short interval of silence ensued, and suddenly, as though she had awakened from a delightful dream, in an extacy of joy, she clasped her hands, and directing her eyes upwards, exclaimed—" Oh blessed, blessed Jesus, I behold thee on thy mercy's seat, interceding for me. Oh blessed Jesus receive my spirit !"

On the morning of the day she expired, she perceived her husband entering the room extremely disconsolate, which seemed to agitate her mind. She affectionately clasped his hand, and

said, "Oh my love, do not be sorrowful—grieve not for me, I have had a most blessed night, and am not far from the delightful abode, where sin and sorrow can never come. I shall soon see Jesus as he is; here I have been an unprofitable servant, but the Lord has saved me with an everlasting salvation. Rather rejoice that I am going home! And oh! what delight will it afford me, when I welcome your safe arrival at the destined port.

" Why does your face, ye humble saints  
These mournful colours wear;  
What doubts are these disturb your faith,  
And nourish your despair,"

Oh! rejoice, that I shall very soon take possession of the mansion prepared for me. O what a worthless creature am I; yea, I am a very cumberer of the ground; but in heaven I shall see the smiling face of my beloved Jesus, and never, never sin! Oh! how delightful will it be to dwell with Jesus for ever without sin! Come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Her husband asked her "Whether she had any fears as to her state, and on what her hope was founded?" To which she replied, "I have no fears because the contest is over, and the victory is won. I have no hope but through the *completely* finished work of Jesus, who hath finished transgression, and made a

full end of sin. In his complete atonement I trust, and of his righteousness I make my boast." In this strain of holy triumph did she continue with little intermission, until her voice could no longer be heard. Her husband perceiving her time to be short, lost no opportunity, when his mind was less absorbed in grief, in uniting with her in ascriptions of praise to Jehovah, who had made her a vessel of mercy. He congratulated her on her near approach to joys unspeakable and full of glory; bidding her to be of good cheer, assuring her that soon the body of sin and death, which had so much annoyed her, would for ever cease its tormenting smart, when she would shine transcendently glorious in the raiment of her Saviour's righteousness, having a crown of glory on her head, and a palm of victory in her hand; while she would sing unceasing hallelujahs to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever. "Yes (said she)

" And least the shadow of a spot,  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,  
And cast it all around, &c."

Oh! the peculiar blessedness of a finished salvation. How suitable is it to my case! (then clasping the hand of her husband, she said with much animation and feeling)

“Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to the cross I cling.”

He assured her she would find him faithful. “O yes, (said she) you know His honour is engaged to save the weakest of his sheep. I know that he abideth faithful, and blessed be his name for ever.”

About two hours previous to her departure, she sent for her servants to speak to them separately which she did in a solemn and impressive way; and having committed her husband, and babe, and other relatives, to the care of a faithful God; she said, “Now I have done with all earthly vanities.” Shortly after she bid a *final* adieu to the transitory scenes of time, and fell asleep in the soft embraces of her beloved Saviour!

## FREDERICA MARIA ALLENDORF.



MISS ALLENDORF, was born at Cothen, in Germany, in November 1736. Her father was first Chaplain to the Prince of Anhalt-Cothen, and afterwards minister of St. Ulrick's Church, at Halle, and master of the Lutheran Academy there. At a very early period of life she began to seek the Lord God of her Fathers; and at the age of sixteen, devoted herself to the service of the Redeemer, by receiving the memorials of his death. From the day when she made such a decided profession of her faith in him; it was easily discernible that the work of grace deepened in her soul: it manifested itself in the fruits of the Spirit, in a child-like love and veneration of God, her Saviour, and his word, and a lively affection for his servants.

After passing through various scenes of trial, of temptation, and of perplexity, which she fancied eminently conducive to her spiritual improvement, she wrote in her diary on her birth

day in 1755, as follows:—"Another year is added to my life, Merciful God! whose government of me this year has been in much mildness and indulgence, for the sake of thy Son's atoning sacrifice, let me this day find forgiveness of the many sins, which I have committed in the course of my life, and especially during the year past. O Jesus! thou only Mediator between God and man, let thy speaking blood undertake my desperate cause. My past actions, do thou cover: my future life, do thou govern. And, with this my earnest prayer, I also thank thee, O Saviour, for thy great long suffering, for thy dear word, for thy faithfulness, for all the gracious strivings of thy Spirit, for every necessary in temporal and in spiritual things, and for all the assistance thou hast vouchsafed me. Especially my soul praises thee that thou hast made the last year my year of jubilee, in which I have found the ground wherein my anchor may ever remain firm. What ever still offends in me, be pleased to subdue. Thou alone knowest what fear of self-deceit, what doubts of thy grace, what sorrow of heart amidst all thy consolations, are still found in me. On these accounts I beseech thee to stand by me in life, in suffering, and in death: Amen."

On another occasion, when lamenting that she had no assurance of final salvation, she awoke with these words deeply impressed on her mind.

“ Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.” This sprang a new mine of feeling in her breast ; and led her, as she passed along her solitary way to Church, into the following train of meditation : “ why may I not return home with the forgiveness of my sins, as I come out so heavily burthened on this account. But my heart answered : ah ! no ; it is impossible ; though every thing were possible, this is not. Glory be to God ! my Saviour’s thoughts were not as my thoughts. I had scarce entered the church, and sat down unobserved, when these words, which I heard the minister make use of in a most affectionate prayer, came with great power to my soul : ‘ O Jesus ! look this day on all weary souls, who can only breathe to thee the humble petition, God, be merciful to me a sinner ! Send to all who thus mourn, the great and precious gift of assurance that all their sins are forgiven. Lord Jesus, they need it in affliction, in death and at judgment.’ ”

In the early part of the service, the minister explained that passage : “ God has exalted Jesus with his right hand, to give unto Israel repentance and remission of sins ;” and he thence shewed, that Jesus is the procurer and the dispenser of the blessings of salvation. He then made use of the following words : “ Hear, O soul ! thy tears, the voice of thy mourning, thy faith pressing towards Jesus, already touch

his heart: he must have compassion. Sittest thou in whatever corner thou may; whatever distress of soul thou mayest be in, and though no man know of it; art thou anxiously looking for consolation, and wilt not be satisfied with any merely human comfort; desirest thou nothing so much as forgiveness of thy sins; dost thou long to be a child of God; and dost thou find in thyself these tokens, that thou regardest the divine consolations as thy only relief, thine adoption to be a child of God as thy highest honour, and the forgiveness of sins as thy greatest good: then thou hast it: thy sins are forgiven thee, *all* of them *for evermore*. I, *even I*, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions. Jesus also says to *thee*, "Be of good cheer! entertain a firm confidence, my son, my daughter, that all thy sins are forgiven thee, even thy sins, all, all of them, for ever; the sins of thy education, and the sins of thy habit; original sin, and actual sin; sins of commission, and sins of omission: I, *even I* am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for my own sake."

"The effect which these and similar expressions had on me, I cannot describe. Tears ran down my cheeks, and I was filled with wonder at the riches of God's mercy which he had shewed to me, the chief of sinners. Indeed if I had looked to my own feelings only to be satisfied as



to my being forgiven or not, I might well lose all courage: for I did not feel any extraordinary joy or sensible sweetness, but rather fear, bashfulness, humiliation, and doubt: but because Jesus himself says that my sins are forgiven me, I glorify him by believing these words without feeling. If I am deceived, these words have deceived me; and, at the last day I will, with humble confidence, represent to him that I sincerely desired not to deceive myself, and on that account surrendered myself to him that he might shew me the right way. I felt him now inviting me to come unto him as weary and heavy-laden. I came to him, and he bade me be of good cheer, for he had cast all my sins into the depths of the sea. Now, now at length I believe, though still with trembling, that Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, is also my Saviour. This evening, while I was singing an hymn, I threw myself at the feet of the Saviour in earnest prayer and supplication. Here I fell into a sharp conflict. My scarcely-kindled, infant faith, was assailed by all the power of unbelief; and the struggle continued the whole of that night and the following day. Now, for the first time, I learned what it is to fight the fight of faith. It was oft suggested to me, can this be assurance, when thou wast never before so full of doubts as thou art now? Canst thou have justification,—a state in which God absolves from all sin; and yet be burdened and distressed as thou

art? where is thy peace, which is so intimately connected with justification? With many tears and in deep anguish I often exclaimed :

‘ To thee from ruin’s brink I cry ;  
 Help, Saviour, help me, or I die ;  
 Make haste to help me Lord !’

But thou knowest best if a state of joy be profitable for me. I will not prescribe to thee, because I perceive I am not called to feel, but to believe.\* This only I ask, O Saviour, that Satan

\* This paragraph, in very simple language, describes the nature of faith in Christ; and throws open to our view the manner in which it pleads the promises of mercy. It springs up under the influence of the Holy Spirit, as the light suddenly shining in a dark place, and though it does not instantaneously dispel every gloomy fear, and darkening doubt, yet it casts the anchor of its hope on Christ, the rock of his people, and there fixes its trust. Its language is, “Thou hast died for sinners, and hast promised that “him that cometh unto thee shall in no wise be cast out.” I believe this. I come unto thee. I rely on thy death, and thy death alone for salvation. I pray for peace—for an assurance of my acceptance—for a good hope through grace, that when the days of my mourning are ended, I may be admitted into thy gracious presence; but I am willing to wait

“Thine own well chosen hour,”

for the bestowment of these undeserved blessings, *because I perceive I am not called to feel, but to believe.*” And to believe in Christ is a duty, for which we stand responsible; but

may not be permitted to suggest to me with effect, that all my experience is but a fancy. Lord, help me, for the sake of thy promise, that thou wilt not quench the smoking flax. *And if thou wilt not do it, thou surely wilt not permit the enemy to accomplish it.*

“Jesus, I will not leave thee, till  
 Thy voice I hear, thy love I feel :  
 Lo! to thy cross I flee.  
 On oaths and promises I trust;  
 To *these* thou canst not but be just :  
 And these were giv’n for *me*.  
 Yes, Lord, I am and will be thine.  
 (Hear it, ye heaven’s!) and thou art mine.”

Thou dost not condemn me. I have come to thee with all my wretchedness, and have asked

we are not under the same obligation to possess an assurance of it. Faith is essential to salvation ; but we can be saved without peace, and without any full assurance of hope. “He that believeth shall be saved ;” saith the blessed Redeemer ; why then should you attempt to increase the difficulties of salvation by supposing that you cannot be saved unless you are filled with joy and peace in believing ? To induce you to form such an opinion is one of the devices of Satan, who labours to perplex and depress those whom he cannot ruin : and happy are they who can detect its fallacy, and pray against its pernicious tendency. They will soon rise out of the darkness of uncertainty and suspicion, into the enjoyment of that peace that passeth all understanding, and partake, in communion with the Saviour, of the first fruits of the celestial inheritance, on this side the waters of separation.

and, at length, obtained a declaration that thou hast pardoned me, not from any man or angel, but from thyself on thy throne of grace.

On the 26th of September, being very weak, she said, "Oh! that the Lord may take me away this day." Being reminded of the Saviour's saying, "My hour is not yet come;" she replied "It tarries long;" and added, "All of you praise God, when I close my eyes." In the course of the following night, her weakness greatly increasing, she prayed, "Lord Jesus, my Saviour! I come to thee, because thou invitest sinners to come to thee: only as a great sinner I come; but thou hast redeemed me, and not with corruptible gold and silver, but with thy own holy and precious blood, that I might be thy property. Thou hast atoned for all my sins; now therefore pardon all the sins of my childhood and youth. I confide in thy word: if I am deceived, thy word has deceived me; but it cannot deceive. Be gracious to my troubled parents and sisters; stand by them and strengthen them: and forgive me every thing wherein I have disobeyed or grieved them. Suffer me not to continue in this pain; but as thou hast passed through painful afflictions, bring me out of mine also. In thy blood am I clean. On thee I will live and die. I commit body and soul to thee. Lord Jesus, I live to thee; I die to thee; I am thine living and dead: O save me everlastingly. Amen!"

About midnight she was in the greatest bodily pain, and her soul seemed to endure a strong conflict. At her request the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to her. She was asked if any one should pray in her stead, as she was so weak; but she replied: "No, I will pray." Like Esther, she came deeply humbling herself before the throne of her gracious King, to touch and kiss his sceptre, and thus addressed herself to him: "O Lord Jesus! I confess to thee all my sins which I have committed from my childhood to the present moment, throughout the twenty years of my life. Pardon them for the sake of thy cross: and pardon what is defective in my repentance. I am a great sinner, but thou art the great Saviour. Thou callest me to come to thee: I now come, just as I am: receive me. I am now about to partake of this thy holy sacrament for the last time: give me power to come to thee.

' Prostrate I thy grace implore;  
 Free it is, I cannot doubt:  
 Blind or lame, or sick, or poor,  
 None that come thou wilt cast out;  
 Lo! I venture to thy feast;  
 Take me, Saviour to thy breast.' "

She then partook of the ordinance.

On the 27th of September, she said; "My pain is very great; but the holy communion has

so unspeakably refreshed me, that I do not heed it." And a little after she added, "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life: *he hath it already; and I also have it.* That is a precious word." Being asked if she believed it, she replied, "Yes; now I believe it." Her pain becoming more and more violent, she prayed earnestly for deliverance, and seemed to think her Saviour tarried long. Having fallen into a swoon, on her coming to herself she said: "I thought my friend was come to say, this very day thou shalt be with me in paradise. O Jesus! write these words deep in my heart, and make them sweet to me in my last agony. I have requested this of thee; and thou mayest grant it, because thou hast promised to grant thy children's requests."

On the 28th of September, after lying still some time, she cried out: "At last! at last!"

'When thy chariot shall arrive,  
Sent to bring thy servant home,  
How my spirit will revive!  
Come, my Saviour, quickly come.'

Lord Jesus! my help in trouble, now deliver me. Oh! if I could, I would fall down before thee, and pray, Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! Oh! how glad shall I be when I close my eyes in death. Often in time of health

I have wished to be in heaven, and now the hour draws nigh."

That night she repeated these lines :

" In peaceful confidence I keep  
My soul, and close my eyes :  
My Shepherd watches while I sleep,  
Why should a fear arise."

The 29th September, a short time before her death, which took place about four in the afternoon ; she requested a hymn might be sung ; and when it was ended, she observed, that her deliverance was near, and then said to her troubled friends, who were standing around her, " Now all of you leave me in peace ; my eyes fail ; I can see no longer." She then clasped her dying hands, lifted them, and prayed, " Now, O Lord ! come to my help, and be thou greatly, greatly, glorified in me !"

Thus she fell asleep amidst the prayers and tears of her surrounding friends, and in the flower of her youth, being not more than 21 years and 10 months old.

## MISS ELIZABETH RUSSEL.



MISS RUSSEL, was born at Portsea, in the year 1798. Favoured with a religious education, and under the guidance of parents who knew the importance of the charge committed to them, she happily escaped many errors into which she might otherwise have fallen; and her days glided peaceably away, occupied in assisting her mother in domestic affairs, and in endeavouring, to the utmost of her power, to promote the harmony and happiness of the family. When about fourteen years of age, she was received into the Sunday-School as an assistant-teacher; where her affable manners, and excellent disposition, soon secured for her general esteem. In the sixteenth year of her age, she heard a sermon, which produced a strong impression on her mind, and led her to reflect with deep seriousness on the important truths of religion. She now saw, and felt herself a sinner; and though she had been preserved from many of the follies, and vanities to which others were addicted, and had uniformly paid



a conscientious attention to the *means of grace*, yet she was convinced, of the necessity of an internal moral change, and that her salvation, like that of the dying malefactor, must be by grace alone.

Her religious experience was of the most genuine description. She lamented deeply the depravity of her nature; and feeling her need of mercy ardently implored it of her heavenly Father. Her petitions were heard and answered. By the illumination of the Holy Spirit, she discovered the way of salvation through the atoning blood of Christ. She understood how the Almighty could be "just, and yet the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus;" and, relying on his merits and intercession, she obtained peace of conscience, and went on her way rejoicing.

Her subsequent conduct was such as adorned her profession. Indeed, diffident and modest, she *said* but little; and seemed desirous that her actions should speak louder than her words. To her duties, as a teacher, she attended with punctuality; and there was no class in the school that exceeded her's in good order, and attention to learning. Steady and regular in her attendance on the means of grace; particularly kind and affectionate to her relatives; loving and obedient to her parents, and ever most anxious to serve and please them;—she cheer-

fully passed on her way, bringing forth the fruits of the spirit, to the honour and glory of God.

A short time before her last illness, in a letter, dated February 23d, 1821, she mentions having entered into a solemn engagement with God to live more closely to him, and to set apart some portion of time thrice every day for private prayer.—During the summer of 1821, she complained of indisposition; and her countenance too plainly told, that the fears of her friends concerning her were not without cause. Yet cheerful and serene, she endeavoured to bear up against her disorder, and not till it became impossible for her to go out, did she relinquish her attendance in the school, or on the public ordinances of religion. In October, her illness much increased, and a friend inquired of her what were her views of divine things, now that she was afflicted. She replied, “Since I have been worse, I find my confidence in God stronger than ever: pray that I may be supported, and resigned to his will.” From this time, her disorder continued to gain strength, but she did truly manifest the most exemplary resignation.

“ Amidst accumulated woes,  
That premature afflictions bring,  
Submission’s sacred hymn arose,  
Warbling from every mournful string.

When o'er thy dawn the darkness spread,  
And deeper every moment grew ;  
When rudely round thy youthful head  
The chilling blasts of sickness blew ;

Religion heard no 'plainings loud ,  
The sigh in secret stole from thee :  
And Pity, from the dropping cloud,  
Shed tears of holy sympathy."

In the visits paid to her by the writer of this account, he always found her enabled to converse on death and eternity without terror. Her language was, "If I live, it will be well: if I die, it will be well." And when her enfeebled frame was racked with acute pain, her spirit was calm and tranquil; no murmur escaped her lips; her trust was in God; to Him her prayers were offered; and from his bounteous hand she received supporting grace. Her principal concern was, not for herself, but for her affectionate mother, whom, with the greatest tenderness, she entreated not to grieve for her. "O my dear mother," she frequently exclaimed, "do not grieve for me: your tears distress me." On one of these occasions, a friend observed to her, "Perhaps your mother's giving vent to her grief may give her some relief; she must feel; she has a mother's heart;"—"Yes," she replied, "and I have a daughter's heart;" her countenance at the same time glowing with filial love, and her tears of affection mingling with those of her much-loved parent.

About a fortnight before her death, conversing with a friend, she entered largely into an account of her religious experience, and observed how gracious the Lord had been to her. "Indeed," she remarked, "I often felt what I could not express. For some time I suspected that I was suffering my attention to be engaged too much with the concerns of this world, so that I did not enjoy religion so much as I did before. I am surprised that this should have been the case: but previously to my illness, I was led by the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit to cleave more closely to him." She then spake with much pleasure of the comfort she had felt in her class-meeting, and observed, "While we have sometimes been singing,

' There is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.'

I have felt my heart lifted up above itself."— From the whole of her conversation it appeared that she had not sat under a plain and heart-searching ministry in vain; the glorious truths of the gospel had reached her heart; she had treasured them there, and in this, the time of need, she felt their gracious influence to support and

comfort her while she passed through the valley of the shadow of death.

On Thursday the 31st, a friend spoke to her of the happiness she would soon possess in the kingdom of God. "Ah," she exclaimed, "I am utterly unworthy of the least of his mercies! If he were to spurn me from his presence for ever, it would be no more than just!" "True," replied her friend, "but behold the cross of Christ; there hangs all human hope!" A short interval of mental prayer now took place, when suddenly with a loud voice, she exclaimed, "Blessed Jesus, I believe! Lord, I believe! I love thee, O yes, I do love thee! I now can resign all for thee!"—

On Saturday, February 2nd, conceiving herself to be near eternity, she requested that the family might be assembled in her room; and then in the most affectionate manner addressed them, solemnly admonishing them to guard against sin, and with many tears, entreating all to live to God, that they might meet her in heaven. On Sunday the 3rd, she said to those around her, in a most sweet tone of voice, "He says he will come and take me to glory. My Saviour has said so; he will come and take me to glory; this is better than all!" From the whole of her remarks at this time, it appeared that her faith in Christ was strong and vigorous; although very ill, yet she retained the powers of her mind unimpaired; with the fullest

conviction that her earthly race was nearly run, her confidence was unshaken. Thus, while death and eternity, with all their important consequences were at hand, no distressing fears, no awful forebodings, harassed her in the prospect of approaching dissolution; although just about to "say to corruption, 'Thou art my mother, and to the worm, Thou art my sister,'" yet she was not dismayed; the cold dark grave alarmed her not; death had lost its sting, and the grave its victory. How was it that a female in the bloom of youth, lovely and beloved, and whose prospects of happiness were as bright as those of most;—how was it, that one whose connexions were such as to promise her a full share of earthly bliss, could without a murmur resign all? How was it, that where philosophers, kings, and heroes, have failed, a humble, timid young woman triumphed? The answer is plain. It was Religion! It was her faith in Christ, and a sure and certain hope of a blissful immortality, which made her more than conqueror over death.

" Her God sustain'd her in the final hour !"

On Monday the 4th, she was considerably revived, and expressed her thankfulness for having been supported by divine grace, during her severe sufferings on the preceding day. On being asked, how she felt her mind, when she

seemed so near eternity ; she replied, " All is peace trusting in God." Her father and mother standing by her bed-side, she said to her father, " I am going to glory." Looking earnestly at her mother, and putting her arms round her neck, in an affectionate tone, she said, " O my dear dear mother ! I wish you were going with me. I think we shall meet again. O my dear mother, live piously, and we shall meet, never again to part !"

From this time she continued to wait the approach of death, in a state of mind truly enviable. Her mother observing how hard it was to give her up, the sound caught the sufferer's ear, and she exclaimed, " Not give me to Jesus, my dear mother ! to whom would you give me ?" On Friday morning, February 8th, 1822, it became evident that the moment of dissolution drew near. Of this she was fully sensible, and while her friends were endeavouring to render her every assistance, she sweetly smiled and said, " It is of no use." " No," my dear, replied her weeping attendant ; " but we wish to smooth your passage." She again smiled, and said, " Very well !" Her father coming into the room, she took an affectionate leave of him, and observed, " The storm will soon be over ; I shall soon be in heaven." It was a solemn hour ; earth was receding ; its joys and sorrows pleased and pained no more. The immortal spirit was about to

quit its tabernacle, and take its flight, to appear before the tribunal of the Judge eternal, and receive its everlasting doom; yet she did not shrink, but with holy confidence exclaimed, "I shall soon be in heaven." She requested to be raised up in the bed: this was done; she then reclined gently back, and, without a struggle, left her friends below, and joined her kindred spirits in the skies.

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## REFLECTIONS.



Is it possible to gaze on the triumphs which such Death-Bed Scenes exhibit, without being convinced of the reality and dignity of religion? "I am aware that some will object to the strain of devout extacy, which characterizes the sentiments and language of these saints, in their dying moments; but I am persuaded they will meet with nothing, however ecstatic and elevated, but what corresponds to the dictates of Scripture, and the analogy of faith. He who recollects that the Scriptures speak of a *peace which passeth all understanding*, and of a *joy unspeakable and full of glory*, will not be offended at these lively expressions, he will be more disposed to lament the low state of his own religious feeling, than to suspect the propriety of sentiments the most rational and scriptural, merely because they rise to a pitch that he has never reached. The sacred oracles afford no countenance to the supposition that devotional

feelings are to be condemned as visionary and enthusiastic, merely on account of their intenseness and elevation: provided they be of a right kind, and spring from legitimate sources, they never teach us to suspect they can be carried too far.

That the objects which interest the heart in religion are infinitely more durable and important than all others, will not be disputed; and why should it be deemed irrational to be affected by them in a degree somewhat suitable to their value, especially in the near prospect of their full and perfect possession? Why should it be deemed strange and irrational for a dying saint, who has spent his life in the pursuit of immortal good, to feel an unspeakable ecstasy at finding he has just touched the goal, finished his course, and in a few moments is to be crowned with life everlasting? While he dwells on the inconceivably glorious prospect before him, and feels himself lost in wonder and gratitude, and almost oppressed with a sense of his unutterable obligations to the love of his Creator and Redeemer, nothing can be more natural and proper than his sentiments and conduct. While the Scriptures retain their rank as the only rule of faith and practice, while there are those who feel the power of true religion, such Death-Bed Scenes as these will be contemplated with veneration and delight. It affords no inconsiderable confirmation of the truth of Christianity, that the most celebrated

sages of pagan antiquity, whose last moments have been exhibited with inimitable propriety and beauty, present nothing equal nor similar, nothing of that singular combination of humility and elevation, that self-renouncing greatness, in which the creature appears annihilated, and God all in all. I am much mistaken if the serious reader will not find in the scenes which have been exhibited, the most perfect form of Christianity; he will find it, not as it is too often, clouded with doubts and oppressed with sorrows; he will behold it ascend the mount, transfigured, glorified, and encircled with the beams of celestial majesty."

And if the extatic joy which has been felt in prospect of entering the invisible world, by those whose obituaries have been given in the preceding pages be traced up to its source, it will be found to spring from faith in the death and intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ. His peculiar, though unseen presence, gave to them in their last moments, all their elevated bliss; but that presence always bore a special reference to the exercise of their faith in him. They saw more clearly than most, the evil of sin—the depravity of their own nature—the defects which were apparent in the best obedience they had ever paid to the sanctity of the divine law; and if they had been left to the natural tendency of these discoveries, they would have sunk into the

deepest depression, and would have departed in an agony of mind too acute and awful for description. But in the redemption made by Christ Jesus, they saw "Mercy and truth meeting together; righteousness and peace embracing each other;"\* and placing all their dependance on its efficacy, they "rejoiced in hope of the glory of God." Though their moral character was adorned with the beauties of virtue, and the relative duties of social life had been discharged by them, with a uniformity and delicacy of feeling equalled by few, and surpassed by none, yet they forbore to make any allusion to themselves, except to deplore their infirmities—deriving all their hope from this fact, that "we are saved by grace through faith; and that not of ourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."†

And though many deem it an act of presumption to anticipate such a triumphant death, yet may there not be lurking under this admission, more unbelief, than humility? Why may we not anticipate it? Are we sinners? So were they—are we abased in the divine presence on account of our depravity and unworthiness? So were they. Have we our fears lest our faith should fail us in

\* Ps. lxxxv. 10.

† Eph. ii. 8, 9, 10.

the trying hour? So had they. Did they not ascribe all their peace, their joy, their hope of glory, to the sovereign grace of God, abounding towards them, through the Lord Jesus Christ, and is not that grace able to abound to an equal degree towards us? Has He impoverished its riches by giving to others? or will he leave us destitute because we feel too unworthy of his regard? No. Impossible! Are we not commanded to give diligence to make our calling and election sure? and to induce us, does not the Apostle say, "For so an entrance shall be administered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."\*

“ Then let our souls march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heavenly gate,  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

There shall we wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in our glorious leader's praise.

\* 2 Peter i. 11.

# DEATH-BED SCENES.



## SECOND CLASS.



BUT while the experience of some, in their last moments, develops the native tendency of Christianity to raise the human mind above the fear of death, and fill it with unutterable joy in prospect of an immediate participation of the glory of heaven, it ought not to be considered as a standard to ordinary Christians. It shews us, beyond the force of the most luminous reasoning, what is attainable in religion; but it does not warrant us to say, that such an order of feeling is *essential* to salvation. "Thousands die in the Lord, who are not indulged with the privilege of dying in triumph." They depart in peace, but their peace is not the overflowing excitation of enraptured feeling, but the calm unruffled serenity of a mind which feels itself prepared for the great change. The serene and tranquil death of a believer, is

no less a visible attestation of the excellence of his faith in Christ, than his rapturous and triumphant: and may be considered by some, a more natural frame of mind on such a solemn occasion, if not a more enviable. For while it is admitted, that the glories of the unseen world, possess an intrinsic value which justifies the most eager and intense longing after their participation; it cannot be denied, but that the remaining imperfections of the soul have a tendency to induce a certain degree of fear, which must, in proportion to its strength, repress and deaden them; and if, under these opposing influences, the mind can be kept calm in the immediate prospect of the final decision, it is as much as some will feel disposed to anticipate. And when we consider that in the commencement, and progress, and termination of the work of grace in the human heart, the Divine Spirit is pleased to conduct his immediate operations in accordance with the natural character of the mind—piercing with deeper convictions of guilt, and animating with stronger consolations of hope, those of quick and powerful passions, than those of dull, and morbid;—subjecting those of a volatile, and inconstant mental temperature, to more sudden transitions, from the most enraptured bliss to the most profound and cheerless gloom, while the sedate, and decided, have an even flow of spiritual enjoyment, it will not excite our surprise to find that by far the largest proportion of true believ-

ers, depart out of life, in a state of tranquillity, which is as remote from the transport of joy, as it is from the bondage of fear. In those who are far advanced in life, and some who are under the dominion of a nervous affection, the energy of the animal passions is abated; and though their belief in Christ, and their dependence on the efficacy of his death, is as implicit and as firm, as at any former period of their life, yet being physically incapable of any strong excitation, the utmost they can enjoy according to the more fixed laws of the divine administration, is that peace which passeth all understanding. "But when we mention peace, we mean not the stupid security of a mind that refuses to reflect; we mean a tranquillity which rests on an unshaken basis, which no anticipations however remote, no power of reflecting however piercing or profound, no evolutions which time may disclose or eternity conceal, are capable of impairing: a peace which is founded on the *oath*, and promise of him who cannot lie, which springing from the consciousness of an ineffable alliance which the Father of Spirits, makes us to share in his fulness, to become a partner with him in his eternity: a repose pure and serene as the unruffled wave, which reflects the heavens from its bosom, while it is accompanied with a feeling of exultation and triumph, natural to such as are conscious that ere



long, having overcome, they shall possess all things."

In the death of Scott, we see less of the rapture of faith, than in that of Simpson : and the veteran Fuller, who had exhausted the energy of his great mind in his master's service, threw out fewer expressions of impassioned feeling, than Dredge, who died in the vigour of his days : and though this may excite some degree of astonishment when we consider that they all possessed like precious faith, yet, if we analyze the predominant qualities of their minds, and duly consider the influence which physical causes were allowed to exercise over them, we shall have a practical illustration of the foregoing reasoning ; and may derive no small degree of consolation against those fears which sometimes spring up to overcast our prospects, when we cannot shout victory, before the conquest is obtained. In their experience, we see the current of divine consolation, ebbing and flowing, with the varying strength of their animal passions, while in each, it is that pure water of life of which they who drink shall live for ever. In them we see the same principle, working the same moral effects, though in a different degree of excitation ; and supporting them under the same prospect of an entrance into the eternal world, though not with an equal degree of buoyancy ; and while they mutually ascribed their salvation to the free and sovereign grace of God, yet

we see that, *that* grace, varies in the degrees of its blissful manifestations in accordance with the natural character, and physical state of the mind. Then let no one who is *looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life*, be depressed, because he has not the rapture of faith; nor think that the style of his entrance into the kingdom, will be less honourable or less safe, because it is with the gentle drifting of the tide, rather than with crowded sails, under a full gale of consolation and joy.

## THE REV. THOMAS SCOTT.

RECTOR OF ASTON SANDFORD.

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“ As some tall tow’r, or lofty mountain’s brow,
 Detains the sun, illustrious from its height,
 While rising vapours, and descending shades,
 With damps and darkness, drown the spacious vale.
 Undamp’t by doubt, undarken’d by despair,
 The Christian, thus augustly rears his head,
 At that black hour, which gen’ral horror sheds
 On the low level of th’ inglorious throng:
 Sweet *peace*, and heav’nly *hope*, and humble joy,
 Divinely beam on his exalted soul:
 _____and crown him for the skies,
 With incommunicable lustre, bright.”

YOUNG.

THE Rev. T. Scott, was born in Braytoft, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1747. He received when young, a good education, and was designed for the medical profession, but giving a decided preference to the Christian ministry, he ultimately obtained ordination from the Bishop of Lincoln, in 1772. On his first entrance into the ministry, and for several years afterwards, he resolutely opposed, and often ridiculed, the essential doc-

trines of Christianity; but being gradually lead, under the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit, to discover his error, he cordially embraced them, and became one of the most able advocates and defenders of Evangelical truth, the Church of England ever contained. He was a good Preacher, an able writer, and a devout Christian; and though, he never attained a state of perfection in any departments of his labours, or modifications of his character, yet ages may elapse before his equal appears amongst us.*

I will now mention some particulars of his *departure* to a heavenly state.

During several years preceding the event itself, his bodily infirmities had been gradually increasing. His strength and natural spirits at times sensibly failed. His own impression was that his departure was approaching, and he contemplated it with great calmness and tranquillity. He preached more than once from the words of St. Peter, with an evident reference to his own case, "Knowing that I must shortly put off this my

* As a very interesting life of this extraordinary man is published by his son, the Rev. Mr. John Scott, the writer does not think it necessary to enter on any detail of particulars beyond that of exhibiting the closing scene, which is taken from a funeral sermon preached and published by the Rev. D. Wilson.

tabernacle.”* He said to a friend, about two years since, “ I feel nature giving way ; I am weary of my journey, and wish to be at home, if it be God’s will ;” meaning that he “ desired to depart and to be with Christ.”† The nearer he came to the time of his dismissal, he became the more earnest in prayer, that God would uphold him during the scenes of suffering and trial which might await him before his last hour, expressing at the same time the deepest conviction of his own weakness and unworthiness, and his constant need of divine mercy. He had been particularly anxious during the entire period of his ministry to be preserved from dishonouring his holy profession ; and now, as life wore away, he became more and more fervent in prayer for grace, that he might not say or do any thing that should lessen the weight of what he had previously taught and written.

Increasing deafness precluded him almost entirely from conversation. His spirits also failed him more and more, and he would sometimes burst into tears, whilst he assured his affectionate family that he had no assignable cause of distress whatever. But his judgment and habits of close thought seemed to remain unimpaired still. His

* 2 Pet. i. 14.

† Phil. i. 63.

last discourse was delivered on Sunday, March 4th, from the words of the apostle Paul, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"* In the evening of the same day he expounded as usual to several of his parishioners assembled in his rectory, from the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican.† He entered with much animation into both these subjects; and in the evening he applied to himself, in a very affecting manner the prayer of the penitent publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." In this striking manner did he close his public testimony to "the faith" which he had "kept" during his whole preceding ministry.

On Saturday, March 10th, he was seized with inflammatory fever, a disease which had frequently endangered his life before, and which now, being aggravated by some internal malady, terminated his long and useful course after an illness of five weeks. The paroxysms of fever were so violent that his bodily sufferings were most severe, and his mind at times sympathized with the frail tenement in which it was detained. Faith and "patience" however had their "per-

* Rom. viii. 32.

† Luke xviii.

fect work,"* and no period of his life exhibited more striking exercises of the holy principles and habits by which he had so long been governed, than these last days of conflict and sorrow.

Before I proceed to give some particulars of his most instructive and affecting departure, I must observe that I lay no stress on them as to the evidence of his state before God. It is the tenor of the life, not that of the few morbid and suffering scenes which precede dissolution, that fixes the character.

But, though no importance is to be attached to these hours of fainting mortality with reference to the acceptance and final triumph of the dying Christian, yet where it pleases God to afford one of his departing servants, as in the instance before us, such a measure of faith and self-possession as to close a holy and most consistent life with a testimony which sealed, amidst the pains of acute disease, and in the most impressive manner, all his doctrines and instructions during forty-five preceding years, we are called on, I think, to record with gratitude the divine benefit, and to use it with humility for the confirmation of our own faith and joy.

It must be recollected, then, that under the

* James i. 4.

pressure of high inflammatory fever, and the morbid apprehensions, distressing feelings, and agitating gloom and dejection arising from it, the holy sentiments I am about to notice were uttered. We must also remember that the great adversary of souls probably employed every device to aggravate his sufferings by the injection of doubts and dismay. We are not, therefore, to look for the uniform exercises and actings of hope and joy, but rather for those other habits and graces of which his disease did not render him incapable, and which marked the fixed spiritual excellencies of his character. Accordingly, in the midst of all his sufferings, his state was *sublimely Christian*. His anxiety was not so much concerning his ultimate safety, as lest he should say or do any thing which might betray impatience, discourage, or distress his family, dishonour his principles, or displease the Saviour whom he loved. When, from the united effect of morbid agitation and the assaults of Satan, doubts harassed his mind as to his own acceptance with God; yet even then his awful sense of eternity, his view of the infinite importance of a future state, his apprehensions of the evil of sin, of the holiness of God, and the inestimable value of Christ, his unaffected self-abasement, his patience and unreserved submission to the will of God, his constant spirit of fervent prayer, the blessings which he poured forth on all around him,

and the minute and tender attention which he evinced to their circumstances and feelings, were bright evidences to every adequate judge, of his meetness for heaven. A few specimens of his prayers and sentiments will illustrate these remarks.

The spiritual habit of his mind, under the anguish of bodily sufferings which clouded at times his apprehensions of his own state before God, may be judged of by such expressions as these : “ I think nothing of my bodily pains ; my soul is all ; I trust all will end well ; but it is a dreadful conflict ; I fear, I hope, I tremble, I pray.— Oh, to enter eternity with one doubt on the mind ! Eternity ! Eternity ! Eternity ! Eternity ! ” “ Pity, pity, pity, Lord—Deliver me, Lord ; suffer not Satan to prevail.”—“ Oh, what a thing sin is ! Who knoweth the power of his wrath ? If this be the way to heaven, what must the way to hell be ? If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear ? ”*—“ Death is a new acquaintance, and a terrible one, except as Christ giveth us the victory and the assurance of it. ‘ My flesh and my heart ’ seem as if they wanted to ‘ fail ’* and could not. Who can tell what that tie is, which binds body and soul together ? How easily it is loosened in some, what a wrench and tear it is

* 1 Peter iv. 18.

* Ps. lxxiii. 26.

in others. Lord, loosen it, if it be thy will!"—He cried out on one occasion, when in great sufferings, "O death, when wilt thou finish this? Thou answerest, 'When God sends me.' Grant me patience, O merciful God."—Some refreshment being brought which he was unwilling to take, seeming to fear lest it should stupify him, he was told it was to make him more comfortable; "That," he replied, "is death's work; or rather Christ's work by death; but I will do as I am bid." A friend saying to him, "You know our Saviour prayed that 'the cup might pass from him;† so that it is not wrong to shrink from sufferings;" "No," he replied, "I do not think it all wrong; I hope; but I cannot but fear; it is such an eternal risk, of such infinite importance, that the slightest fear seems to counterbalance even prevalent hope. But I leave this in the hands of a Saviour, who is infinite in wisdom, power, and love; and I pray for patience."—"For a dying man, all is mercy; I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord;‡ preserve me yet."

He received much consolation in the midst of inexpressible sufferings, on receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He said, "I wish to receive it as a means of grace; some lay too much stress on it in dying circumstances, and

† Matt. xxvi. 39.

‡ Gen. xlix. 18.

some too little—perhaps God will bless it to me.” The fervour of the venerable man during the service, his emaciated form, and the tears and sobs of all present, were most affecting. In the midst of the service, he fell back, as if expiring, and his son thought he had departed; but he revived again, and after the sacrament was concluded, said, with transport, “ Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”* Peace and comfort had broken through the clouds which overhung his mind; and he observed to a friend, “ The sacrament was beneficial to me; I received Christ, and Christ received me. I feel a calmness which I did not expect. I bless God for it.” He continued frequently repeating texts of Scripture and verses of hymns, at intervals, during the four-and-twenty hours that followed. No one can describe his look and manner. “ Oh,” said he, among other things, “ to realize the fulness of joy, to have done with temptation,—‘ they shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more’—‘ the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall feed them’—‘ these are they that came out of great tribulation’—‘ we know not what we shall be’—‘ the righteous hath hope in his death, not driven

* Luke xi. 20, 30.

away in his wickedness"—This is heaven begun. I have done with darkness for ever, for ever; Satan is vanquished; nothing more remains but salvation with eternal glory, eternal glory."

The following expressions mark, perhaps, more clearly than any of those I have already given, the union of unshaken trust in Christ, with a full and anxious perception of the unutterable importance of an eternal state: "This is my dying day (to his apprehension it was so); still I have the last struggle, great sufferings to pass; and what that is, what that wrench is, who can tell me? Lord, give me patience, fortitude, holy courage! I have heard persons treat almost with ridicule the expression, 'Put underneath me the everlasting arms;'† but it is exactly what I feel I want; everlasting arms to raise me up; to be 'strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man.'‡ I am in full possession of all my faculties; I know I am dying; I feel the immense, the infinite importance of the crisis; 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;'‡ thou art all I want. Blessed be God,

* Ps. xvi. 11. Rev. vii. 14, 16, 17. 1 John, iii. 2. Prov. xiv. 32.

† Deut. xxxiii. 27.

‡ Eph. iii. 16.

there is one Saviour, though but one in the whole universe; and

‘ His love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.’

Among many other Christian graces which were conspicuous during his severe sufferings of body and mind, a spirit of fervent unremitted prayer was most distinguished. His supplications were, so to speak, “a wrestling”|| with God. During his darkest moments, that might, with reverence, be almost applied to him which is written of the Saviour, “Being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly.”* On the Sundays, and during the hours of family devotion, he was commonly engaged in fervent intercessions for his wife, his children, his neighbours, his country, the church, his enemies, and mankind at large. Frequently he used the affecting prayer in the Burial office, “Suffer me not at my last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee :” or that in the Communion Service, “Fulfil me with thy grace and heavenly benediction.” Often he adopted the expression of our Lord, “Father, glorify thy name.”† At other times he expanded

† Acts vii. 59.

* Luke xxii. 44.

|| Gen. xxxii. 24--26.

† John xii. 28.

this brief prayer in words like these : “ O Lord, magnify in me thy glory, thy justice, thy hatred of sin, thy love, thy truth, thy pity ; and then take me to thyself ! ” He also said on one occasion with much solemnity, “ I have always been a praying man ; the hypocrite will not pray always ; † I have always determined to enter eternity praying, Lord, save me ! Now the time is come.”

His humility, forgiveness of injuries, and love to all men, especially to his opponents, were farther evidences of the habit of his mind. He frequently said that he felt no resentment against his adversaries ; but compassion for them so far as they were wrong, and love to them and desire for their salvation. “ God is love,” said he, “ ‘ and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him ; ’ — ‘ faith worketh by love. ’ * One evidence I have of meetness for heaven, I feel such love to all mankind, to every man on earth, especially to those who have opposed my views of the Gospel.”

His submission, patience, faith in Holy Scripture, and love of holiness, were not less remarkable. “ The way,” he said “ is dark and deep ; but His (our Saviour’s) was much deeper, and darker.” On one occasion, he remarked to the physician, on the subject of taking a medicine,

* Job xxvii. 8—10.

† 1 John, iv. 16.

“ I do not fear death ; I desire to depart if it be the Lord’s will ; but I want to do my duty : I would not shorten my sufferings by the least sin.”—He asked at another time, “ When will this end ? ” and his son answering, “ In God’s good time ; ” “ Ah,” he replied, “ that is a good expression, I thank you for it ; in God’s good time ; ” and he repeated it frequently till the close of his sickness. He referred also to the text, “ Our light affliction, which is but for a moment ; ”* and commented on it thus, “ *Light* compared with what sin deserves, with what the damned endure,—with what even the Saviour suffered ! ”—At another time he prayed, “ May Christ be unto me wisdom, righteousness, *justification*, redemption : ” † and added, “ Lord, let me have all, though I should forget to ask aright.”—He cited likewise the words of the devout Poet, ‡

“ Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord ;
Whose hope still hovering round thy word ; ”

and emphatically observed, “ round thy word, not hunting after any new revelation ; I want nothing new, nothing but the old doctrine.” He quoted also these lines,

“ Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more.”

* 2 Cor. iv. 6.

† 1 Cor. i. 30.

‡ Watts.

and added, with much force, " Ah, a thousand times the worst!" One of his prayers likewise was, " Change this vile body of humiliation, that that it may be like thy glorious body, O Saviour; but above all, let me have thy glorious holiness both of body and soul!"*

On the subject of his writings, he never expressed a single doubt or regret as to any of the great truths he had maintained in them; but he spoke of them in other respects, with the deepest humility: " Oh, what an awful responsibility rests upon me! I have done what I could; Lord, forgive, bless."

A message having been communicated to him from a friend which included something expressive of the great benefits his writings had produced to the Church, he stopped the speaker, and said, " Now this does me harm. The last sermon I preached, or something like a sermon, was from the words of the publican, ' God be merciful to me a sinner.' I take them to myself. I am a sinner; nay more, not merely a sinner, but the sinner, the chief of sinners: and if God do but save me, all the glory and praise shall be his, ' Christ is all;'[†] he is my only hope.

" Hide me, O my Saviour, hide."

* Phil. iii. 21.

† Col. iii. 11.

At times he was able clearly to distinguish the boundary between the agitation arising from disease and temptation, and the exercises of habitual faith in his Saviour. "I vary in my feelings; but the great event cannot depend on what passes in a few half-delirious days; my hope rests on a better foundation; no; it depends on my 'receiving the reconciliation,'* on my being 'found in Christ,' and made 'the righteousness of God in him.' "† "I have not that comfort I could wish for, but I think my mind is made up to bear quietly whatever God may please to send, however uncomfortable, even to the end, if it may be for his glory."—"Had any other person done for us what Christ has; raised us from such a deplorably lost wicked state, shed his blood for us, and sent his Spirit to sanctify us, would he not be greatly offended if we were to doubt his perfecting his own work? And yet we are apt to doubt. God forgive this with all the rest of our offences. 'He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?' "‡

Finally his fixed principles of Christian grace were observable in the advice which he gave to different persons during this scene of suffering.

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Rom. viii. 11.

† Phil. iii. 9. 2 Cor. v. 21.

‡ Rom. viii. 32.

To a grandson of about fourteen years of age, he said, "God bless you and make you a blessing. Be ambitious, if I may so speak, to be useful. You see a great sufferer; but, oh! think not worse of Christ, nor worse of religion for that: think worse of sin; none suffer but sinners. Seek and serve God. Religion is all that is valuable. You may think it does little for me now; but it is *all*. You have had greater advantages than others; you have been planted in the courts of the Lord; but oh! (raising his emaciated hand with amazing energy,) despise not the birth-right; lest afterwards you find it not, though you seek it earnestly with tears."* To a young clergyman he gave this advice, 'Hate sin more; love Christ more: pray more earnestly; beware of covetousness; avoid animal indulgences; if you would lie easy on a dying bed.' To another young clergyman who was labouring usefully under discouraging circumstances, he said, "Count it an honour, without reward, in the midst of frowns and opposition, to preach 'the unsearchable riches of Christ'† to poor sinners, and to help to send his holy word all over the earth, by sea and by land. None but Jesus can do us good; nor can we do good to others but by him. I have suffered more this fortnight than

* Heb. xii. 16, 17.

† Eph. iii. 8.

in all my seventy-four years;* and Christ has appeared to me a hundred, yea, a thousand times, if possible, more precious and glorious than ever; sin more hateful and evil; salvation more to be desired and valued; the love of Christ and the power of Christ infinitely greater—

‘ More than all in Thee I find.’

I have found more in Him than I ever expected to want.”

After such statements, it is consolatory, though not necessary, to add, that as he approached the time of his dismissal, faith and patience yet more completely triumphed, Satan was not permitted to assault him, his morbid fears and apprehensions were all removed, calm resignation possessed his mind, and without a groan or struggle he fell asleep in Christ. The affectionate and faithful friend in whose arms he expired, has sent me a particular account of the closing scene. From this touching narrative I cannot help citing a few words :

“ One of his last efforts was to give his hand to his weeping servant; which was a beautiful evidence, that the tender attention to the feelings

* Possibly the venerable sufferer may have been mistaken in this opinion. The expression however marks the intenseness of his sufferings.

of those around him, which marked his whole illness, continued to form a prominent feature in his state of mind even to the last. After this, which took place about five minutes before his death, he appeared to be lost in prayer; but just at the moment when he reclined his head on my breast, the expression of his countenance suddenly changed from that of prayer, and indicated, as I conceived, a transition to feelings of admiring and adoring praise, with a calmness and peace which is quite inexpressible. The idea strongly impressed upon my mind, was, that the veil which intercepts eternal things from *our* view was removed, and that, like Stephen, he saw things invisible to mortal eye." He died on Monday, April 16th, 1821, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

The death-bed of so eminent a servant of God as Mr. Scott, and one to whom the the public stood so largely indebted for instruction and comfort, was a scene to be watched with the deepest interest by large numbers of bye-standers. And partly the general love and reverence for the individual, partly that false persuasion so prevalent that the dying hour will, in all cases, be proportioned to the advancement of the living man, had cherished, in some of his friends, an over sanguine anticipation that this last scene of his honoured life was to be a sort of extacy, and partake more of the character of a translation than of that awful struggle which often marks the separation of soul and body. The writings of Mr. Scott himself are no where chargeable with a tendency to cherish any such delusion with regard to himself. He would have been disposed to adopt the

language of his meek and beloved associate and friend John Newton, "Shew me not how a man dies, but how he lives."

The remarkable sufferings of so eminent a saint in his last sickness, may perhaps at first perplex the mind of a young Christian. But such a person should remember that the way to heaven is ordinarily a way of tribulation; and that the greatest honour God puts on his servants, is to call them to such circumstances of affliction as display and manifest his grace. What would have crushed a weak and unstable penitent, with immature knowledge of the promises of salvation, only illustrated the faith of the venerable subject of this obituary. God adapts the burden to the strength. As to the anguish and darkness which at times rested on his mind, they were clearly the combined effects of disease and of the temptations of the adversary. The return of comfort, as his fever remitted, made this quite certain; and he was himself able, as we have seen, at times, to make the distinction. But even in the midst of his afflictive feelings, it is manifest to every real judge of such a case that a living and strong faith was in vigorous activity. For consolation is one thing, faith another. This latter grace often lays hold of the promises made in Christ with the firmest grasp, at the very time when hope and comfort are interrupted by the morbid state of the bodily and mental powers. Our feelings and frames, thank God, are not the foundation on which we build. Never perhaps was stronger faith exhibited, even by our Saviour himself, than when he uttered those piercing words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

But it may be further remarked, that very important ends were doubtless to be answered by these sufferings, not only to the Church generally, but to the venerable sufferer himself. Possibly his extraordinary talents, his extensive success, his long and familiar acquaintance with all the topics of theology, his surprising influence over a wide circle of readers, may have required this last struggle to check every remaining tendency to self-elevation, and make him feel more deeply than ever,

what he confessed through life in so unfeigned a manner, that he was in himself nothing but a most guilty and unworthy sinner.

If, however, any difficulty remains, it is more than sufficient to say, that it is our duty to resolve such cases into the unerring wisdom of God. We know nothing. Our concern, both as to ourselves and others, is, "to be dumb and not open our mouth"* at what God does. Happy, infinitely happy, is it for us to know, that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and that "no temptation will take us but what is common to man: but that God is faithful, who will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it."†

* Psalm xxxix. 8

† Rom. viii. 28. 1 Cor. x. 13.

REV. ANDREW FULLER.



ANDREW FULLER, was born at Isleham, a small village in the county of Cambridge, in the year 1754. His parents were engaged in husbandry, and intending him for the same line of life (in which indeed he continued to be occupied till about the age of twenty,) they conferred upon him only the common rudiments of an English education. Eminent as Mr. Fuller afterwards became for piety and usefulness, his minority was spent in the vain and sinful pursuits incident to young men; and the narrative of his early years, while it furnishes a lamentable proof of the depravity of human nature, strikingly illustrates the doctrine of the sovereign efficacy of renewing grace; its riches and freeness to the chief of sinners.

His parents were Dissenters of the Calvinistic persuasion, and of course took him with

them to their stated place of public worship; but the preaching which he attended was not adapted to awaken conscience, for the minister had seldom any thing to say but to believers; and "what believing was," says Mr. Fuller, "I neither knew nor cared to know. I remember, however, about this time, as I was walking alone, I put the question to myself *What is faith?* There is much made of it; what is it? That question I could not answer, but contented myself with thinking it was not of immediate concern, and hoping I should understand it as I grew older."

From this time the exercises of his mind were for several years painfully harassing; to such a degree, indeed, as occasionally to render life itself a burden. The need of such a Saviour as Christ, and of such a salvation as that which the gospel reveals, was abundantly apparent to his mind, but "I was not then aware," says he "that *any* poor sinner had a warrant to believe in Christ for the salvation of his soul; but supposed there must be some kind of qualification to entitle him to do it; yet I was aware that I had no qualification—I well remember that I perceived something attracting in the Saviour—and as the eye of my mind was more fixed on him, my guilt and fears were gradually and insensibly removed. I now found rest for my troubled soul, and I reckon

that I should have found it sooner, if I had not entertained the notion of my having no warrant to come to Christ without some previous qualification. I mention this, because it may be the case with others, who may be kept in darkness and despondency by erroneous views of the gospel."

When about the age of sixteen, he began to feel the powerful influence of the truth upon his heart, producing repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and in the following year he made a public profession of religion, by joining a Baptist church at Soham. The intense agony of his mind had subsided before he took this step: and now his sorrow was turned into joy, and he describes (in his diary) the pleasure he experienced in religious pursuits, as according with the following language of Dr. Watts:

"The day glides swiftly o'er their heads
Made up of Innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move."

He entered the Christian ministry, under inauspicious circumstances, in the year 1775, and became the pastor of the church of which he had previously been a member; and after la-

bouring in this station for several years, he removed to Kettering, in Northamptonshire, in 1783.

From his entrance into public life, to the close of his arduous course, he devoted the energies of his great mind, to the cause of pure, evangelical religion; and though he did not equal some of his cotemporaries, in the more attractive charms of composition, yet he was inferior to no one, in the vigour of his intellect. As a preacher, he was always practical, but his practical exhortations were founded on evangelical principles. His expositions were clear, simple, and natural; and his addresses to the conscience close, pungent, and often eminently pathetic.

As an author he possessed much originality, simplicity, and perspicuity. His reasoning was forcible, his propositions were guarded, and his inferences naturally educed. He called no man master, yet he never affected singularity, but endeavoured to confine himself to the simplicity of scripture.

But it was from his connection with the Baptist Missionary Society, that he derived most of his celebrity; which society was more indebted to his individual exertions, for its justly acquired popularity, than to those of any other man;—when assailed, he wrote in its defence; when its treasury was exhausted, he traversed the three kingdoms to raise money to replenish it; and

often went from house to house, to collect private subscriptions; and though he stood associated with many wise and faithful men, yet he felt the whole weight of its claims and responsibility resting upon himself.

In short, the history of Mr. Fuller's life for the last twenty years, was so completely identified with that of the Mission, that all its principal transactions must be referred to his agency. He was of himself a host, and no man can ever supply his place. The Mission to India was in a great measure his own production; he formed and moulded it with exquisite skill, watched over and directed all its movements, and seemed to be present in every place wherever its effects were visible. It grew up with him, and was inwrought into the very elements and constitution of his mind. He seemed to have no thoughts, no cares, but what related to its interests. In serving the Mission; he had no idea of sparing himself; but while his health was constantly impaired by the greatness of his exertions, he persevered in them with unabating ardour to the very last. He appears indeed to have expected that these labours would cost him his life, but it affected him not; and had it not been for the unusual strength and vigour of his constitution, he would have fallen a sacrifice much sooner than he did. The sentiments which he delivered in his sermon at Bedford, May 6, 1801, exactly fourteen years before

his death, were highly characteristic, and premonitory of that event.

“ It is not impossible,” said he, “ that we may live to see things of which at present we have scarcely any conception : but whether we do or not, Jesus lives, and his kingdom must encrease. And what if while we are scaling the walls of the enemy, we should a few of us lose our lives ? We must die some way ; and can we desire to die in a better cause ? Probably many of the Israelites, who went up with Joshua to possess the land, perished in the attempt : yet this was no objection to a perseverance in the cause. In carrying the glad tidings of eternal life to Jews and Gentiles, Stephen and James, with many others, fell sacrifices at an early period : yet no one was discouraged on this account, but rather stimulated to follow the example.”

The latter part of Mr. Fuller's life passed over without any material occurrence to interrupt its tranquillity, or to augment his acquired celebrity. His health began to decline, but his labours were unabated. About the month of September, 1814, he went to Leicester to assist at the ordination of Mr. Yates, who was intending to join the Baptist Missionaries in India. On this occasion he appeared remarkably solemn, and was deeply affected. He preached and prayed as one standing on the verge of eternity. He was at that time in a state of ill health, and had a strong pre-

sentiment that he should see his Leicester friends no more. But nothing moved him, and his first wish was, to finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. During his stay at Leicester he was so overwhelmed with anxieties and cares about the Mission, an object ever near his heart, that few of his friends could obtain any conversation with him. Before the services of the day were ended, he sunk under the weight of his infirmities, and was obliged to send for medical aid; but his disorder, which is said to have arisen from a scirrhus liver, admitted only of a little temporary relief. He acknowledged that "he was very ill," adding that "his work was nearly done; that he could not spare time to nurse himself, but must labour as long as he could." His indisposition continued through the winter, and he was almost incapacitated for any exertion; yet as the spring approached, he so far recruited as to be able to go to Clipstone, a distance of twelve miles, at Easter, and assist at the ordination of Mr. Mack, over the Baptist church in that place. His sermon on this occasion is said to have been peculiarly tender, solemn and impressive. Many of his friends were led, from the manner in which he expressed himself, to forbode that it would be the last time they should hear him, and that they should see his face no more. When he came down from the pulpit, being asked

by a friend how he found himself, his reply was, "I am very ill—a dying man;" and on a second interview he added, "All his over—my work is nearly finished; I shall see you no more: the blessing of the Lord attend you. Farewell." This was on the 20th of March; but he returned home, and on the following Sabbath, April 2nd, appeared for the last time in his own pulpit, where, in the afternoon of the day, he preached his last sermon.

Finding that his strength was going from him; and that the period of his dissolution was drawing nigh, he wrote the following letter to his much esteemed and excellent friend Dr. Ryland at Bristol, which discloses the state of his mind in prospect of that great and solemn event.

Kettering, April 23th, 1815.

My dearest Friend,

We have enjoyed much together, which, I hope, will prove, an earnest of greater enjoyment in another world. We have also wrought together in the Lord's vineyard; and he has given us to reap together, in a measure in his vintage. I expect this is nearly over; but I trust, we shall meet, and part no more. I have very little hope of recovery; but I am satisfied to drink of the cup which my heavenly Father giveth me to drink! Without experience, no one can conceive of the depression of my spirits; yet I have no

despondency, I know whom I have believed, and that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day. I am a poor guilty creature; but Jesus is an Almighty Saviour. I have preached and written much against the abuse of the doctrine of grace; but that doctrine is all my salvation, and all my desire. I have no other hope of salvation than what arises from mere sovereign grace through the atonement of my Lord and Saviour: with this hope, I can go into eternity with composure. Come Lord Jesus! Come when thou wilt, here I am; let him do with me as seemeth him good!—If I should never more see your face in the flesh, I could wish one last testimony of our brotherly love, and of the truth of the gospel, to be expressed by your coming over and preaching my funeral sermon, if it can be, from Rom. viii. 10. I can dictate no more;—but am, ever yours, very dear Sir,

ANDREW FULLER.

If there was an inseparable connection between a life of eminent devotedness to God, and a triumphant death, we should naturally expect to find, the death-bed scene of Fullers's departure illumined with the brightest vision of celestial glory, and expect to hear fall from his lips, some of the most impassioned expressions of animated bliss, that ever sounded on mortal ear. But it was not so. He died in the faith of Christ; and

he was favoured with a good hope through grace ; but with no rapture. He was brought down from the lofty eminence of his intellectual greatness, to the lowest state of self-abasement ; and though capable, beyond most of his cotemporaries, of viewing the entire harmony of the scheme of redemption, and tracing the moral effect of that scheme, in developing the equity, and benevolence of the divine character, and in purifying and exalting the human ; yet he was reduced to the absolute necessity of deriving his consolation and his hope, from a simple recognition of Jesus-Christ, as an Almighty Saviour. Many who have displayed less zeal in their life, have been favoured with more enjoyment in their death ; and though it might have been expected, from the vigour of his understanding, that he would have stood in majestic triumph, as the king of terrors advanced upon him, yet it has pleased God to give us another proof, that the conquest of death is obtained, not by the strength of the human intellect, but a divine faith, which never throws out more energy, than when having to exert itself in the *dark* valley, which is but partially illumined with the light of life.

In compliance with the wishes of his friends, he was preparing to try the waters at Cheltenham ; but his disorder increased upon him so rapidly, that he could not undertake the journey. At length, on the 7th of May, the summons came

to release him from all his sufferings: and a friend who was admitted into the most familiar intimacy with the state of his mind, says

“ Respecting our dear friend, many will be disappointed as to his dying experience; so little being known of the feelings of his mind. While he was able to converse, the substance of what he said, was, he had no raptures, no despondency. His feelings were not so much in exercise as his judgment. A short time before, he was so ill that he could not see, or converse with any one: he said to one of his deacons, ‘ I am a great sinner; and if I am saved, it can only be by great and sovereign grace:’ repeating the words very emphatically, ‘ by great and sovereign grace!’

In the early part of the morning of the day on which he died, he said to one of the family, just loud enough to be heard, I wish I had strength to worship with you.’ By this he knew it was the Lord’s day. He added, ‘ My eyes are dim:’ and he appeared to be nearly blind. For nearly half an hour before he expired he was thought to be in fervent prayer. Nothing could be made out of what he said, except two words, which were supposed to be, ‘ help me!’ He then struggled, sighed three times, fell back, and in five minutes expired. I have thought that the peculiar trait of his character was manifest in death. You know, that when he had an important object be-

fore him, he steadily pursued it, looking neither on this side nor on the other; but steady to that one object, he pursued it with all his might. It was so with him, even in death. He had to grapple with the king of terrors: he could think of nothing else: he felt he had nothing to do but to die; and, in his case, it was hard indeed: his sufferings were inexpressibly great: added to this the lowering nature of the disorder, and that he suffered the more because of his great remaining natural strength to struggle with the fatal complaint. He was heard to say, putting his hand on his breast, ‘Oh, this deadly wound!’ At another time, ‘All misery centres here!’ His son said, “Bodily misery, father?” ‘O yes,’ said he, ‘I can think of nothing else!’—Well, my brother, it is over, all is over with him. The conflict is done. His rest and his reward were to be entered upon together. Of him it may be said,

“The labours of this mortal life
End in a large reward!”

The late excellent Mr. Toller, a cotemporary preacher with him in the same town, though of another denomination, says in a funeral sermon which he delivered on the occasion of his death. “In nothing can I so fully join issue with him, as

in the manner of his dying. Had he gone off full of rapture and transport, I might have said, *Oh let me die the triumphant death of the righteous.* But it would have been far more than I could have realized or expected in my own case, but the state of his mind towards the last, appears to have been, if I may so express it, after my own heart; He died *as a penitent sinner at the foot of the cross.*"

THE REV. BENJAMIN DAVIES, D. D.



Dr. Davies, was born at Canerw, in the county of Carmarthen, in the year 1740; and having when very young been brought to feel the experimental influence of the truth upon his heart, he devoted himself to the service of the Redeemer, and during a long and laborious life, he was distinguished no less by the uniform consistency of his conduct, than the fervour of his devotional spirit. From the proficiency which he had made in learning he was chosen, when only twenty-six years of age, tutor of the Independent Academy at Abergavenny, presiding at the same time, as pastor over the church of Christ, which was formed in the same town; and for fourteen years, continued to discharge the varied, and numerous duties of his offices with so much punctuality, and assiduity, and acceptance, that his removal was deeply regretted by all who knew him.

In 1781, he was chosen resident and classical tutor, of the Independent Academy at Homer-ton; and in 1783, he united with the duties of

this office, those of the pastoral charge, over the Church of Christ, in Fetter Lane London. He filled the professor's chair in this institution about six years, when owing to the depression of his spirits, he resigned it; and though he continued to preside over his pastoral charge till the year 1795, yet in the month of July he was compelled by his frequent indispositions, to dissolve his connection with the church.

He now withdrew from public life, residing first at Reading—then at Wells—and afterwards at Bath; and though he sometimes preached for the respective ministers on whose labours he attended, yet his infirmities prevented him from engaging in any stated labours.

The excellent Mr Jay, whose evangelical ministry, he had enjoyed during the latter years of his life, in a funeral sermon which he delivered, gives the following description of his character.

“ A *Christian* is the highest style of man ;” and how well he deserved the name, all who knew him, in every place where he lived, will judge.—He was never backwards to speak of his experience. His religion was not only real but eminent; he feared God above many. His character was uniform and consistent; he was the same in his domestic life and in his official capacity—an Israelite indeed. I consider him as having been one of the most devout men I was ever acquainted with; he was uncommonly

attached to the house of God ; and since his confinement it was not unusual for him to weep on Sabbath morning on account of his detention from sacred ordinances. In family worship, his manner was never cold or uninteresting. In conversation on religious subjects he was firm, yet remarkably candid ; in sentiment he was a moderate Calvinist and a firm Nonconformist, yet he maintained a happy intercourse with Christians of other denominations."

After having spent such a long life, in the service of Christ, and been enabled through grace, to display so much of the excellence of the Christian character ;—being exempted, as his latter end approached, from those duties and engagements which sometimes impair the strength of the devotional spirit, while they consume the vital energy of the animal passions, we should very naturally expect, when tracing the supposed connection, between an exemplary life, and a triumphant death, that this aged disciple would have gone off the stage with shouts of triumph. But it was not so. Like the great Fuller, he died in faith ; and like him, he had a good hope through grace, yet he was indulged with no transport. His peace, like the flowing river, was unruffled ; and though on the eve of his departure, he felt a depression, occasioned by the lowly views he had of his own character, yet it was a depression without dread—an involun-

tary misgiving of his soul, when diverted for a moment from the foundation of his confidence, which reacted with greater force to produce an implicit reliance on that divine strength, which animates the most timid, and supports the weakest, in their expiring hour.

“ There is” observes Mr. Jay, “ sometimes too much stress laid on the frame and language of dying persons : but where the dying experience is consistent with previous character, it is always worthy of regard.

“ The first time I saw our honoured friend in his final illness, he said, ‘ I am going. I have done with the world, and I am not unwilling to leave it, for I know where I am going ; and, though not impatient, I long to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.’ When I took my leave of him, intending a journey to London, he said, ‘ I have not raptures, but I have peace. Perhaps I may be gone before your return ; do not attempt to embalm me. If you say any thing of me, let it be neither more nor less than this, that I die a poor penitent, at the foot of the Cross, deriving all my hopes from the Saviour.’

“ After he had taken to his bed, at my first interview with him, I said, Well, my old friend, how is it with you ? He answered, ‘ I know who has saved me, and called me with a holy calling, not according to my works, but according to his own purpose,’ (alluding to a sermon I had lately

preached.) I have been examining my foundation, and it is broad and firm. I find it cannot be shaken. What satisfaction do I derive from the obedience and sufferings of my Redeemer! I am relying upon him."

"At my next interview, he said, 'I am afraid I said too much when you was here last. I thought I spoke with too much confidence: I have felt much depression since; yet I have been supported.'

"His dismissal was gradual and gentle till within twenty-four hours of his departure, when he was tried with violent pains, which often produced a groan, but never a murmur. The former things are passed away; he has entered into his rest; and who is not now ready to say, 'Let us also go and die with him?' 'Let us not be slothful, but followers of them, who, through faith and patience, now inherit the promises.'"

THE REV. G. STONEHOUSE.



The Rev. G. Stonehouse, the Pastor of a Baptist Church, at Cranbrook in Kent, departed this life the 21st of January, 1813, in the 63rd year of his age. He was a man of eminent piety, and such was the uniform spirituality of his mind, that like Enoch he walked with God; and yet while the dread of death was not suffered to corrode or distress him, he was not favoured in his last moments with those enraptured feelings, with which some are indulged, in the immediate prospect of entering the joy of their Lord.

Being asked by a brother minister, some time previous to his death, if he was comfortable in his mind? He replied, "I am very comfortable, my mind is calm and easy." If the fear of death was destroyed? He answered, "I have no more fear of dying than of going to bed. I only

want to to be dismissed." If the enemy was permitted to assault him? He said, "Not much," and observed, "The doctrines of grace can support a soul in the nearest prospect of death."

At another time he said, he was "rejoicing in a hope full of immortality, founded on the blood and obedience of Jesus." He was enabled to resign up his family and Church into the hands of the Lord without murmuring. He spoke of his death, and the manner in which he wished his interment, &c. to be conducted, with less anxiety than persons often discover when taking a journey.

Having united fervently in prayer with some friends, he said, "Let us sing a hymn;" and gave out and raised a tune to "Awake and sing the song, &c."

Being at another time asked, if he enjoyed consolation of mind? he replied, "What do you mean by consolation? if by it you mean a transporting frame of mind, I have it not; but if by it you mean a solid peace, springing from the atoning blood of Jesus, that I do possess, a peace which passeth all understanding. It is absurd to suppose that my frames or feelings can alter the purposes or promises of Jehovah." Being then much affected, he exclaimed, "Precious faith, precious promises, precious blood! I have tried them over and over

again, and they have never failed me yet, nor ever will." His son said to him, I hope that when I come to die, death may not trouble me more than it does you. He answered, ' I leave the same antidote behind me, the same grant, the same promises." Being again interrogated relative to consolation ; he replied, " I do not find any transporting joys ; but blessed be God I shall never lose my hope till it be lost in enjoyment. My entire expectation of future happiness arises from the merits of Christ. I love his person and his work." His last words were " Happy in Christ."

The gospel of Jesus Christ, is very properly denominated a restorative scheme of grace, which is intended to heal all the moral disorders of our nature ; and being framed by unerring wisdom, to suit men of every age, of every country, and of every description of character, it is no less efficacious now, than when it was first revealed. Possessing the immutability of its divine author, it is the same, amidst all the evolutions of time, and the mutations of providence, and allows us to plead the same promises, which animated the hope of our pious ancestors, and to anticipate the same rest, as that which they enjoy. And though we live at a remote distance of time, from the period, when the great propitiatory sacrifice was offered up, yet that circumstance is an advantage to our faith, because we have the accumulating evidence of their testimony in favour of its efficacy ; and perceive through the medium of their living and dying experience, that it answers the moral design for which it was presented. It is through faith, in the merits of the Redeemer's death that the guilty

obtain pardon, and peace, and are enabled in their expiring moments to rise superior to the fear of Death; and if we possess like precious faith, we need not dread the approach of the last enemy, as we have the same antidote, the same grant, the same promises, as our forefathers who have preceded us, in their passage through "the dark valley."

WILLIAM STEADMAN.



In the following obituary of an amiable and intelligent youth, the pious reader may trace some resemblance to his own experience, and from the tranquillity of *his* death, derive a hope, notwithstanding the doubts which often agitate and perplex him, that his latter end will be peace.

WILLIAM STEADMAN was the eldest son of the Rev. William Steadman, tutor of the Baptist Academy, at Bradford, Yorkshire. From a child he was always inoffensive, and attentive to the externals of religion; but was first brought to think seriously about his state as a sinner, under a sermon, preached by Mr. Pengelly, when supplying for his father whilst at Dock, when eleven years of age. From that time he had very different views of sin and its deserts to what he had before, and saw more of his need of such a salvation as the gospel exhibits. When his father removed from Plymouth Dock to Bradford, which was soon after, he continued to discover

prevailing concern about divine things. A sermon which his father preached one Lord's day morning, was made of great use to him, by leading him to see more clearly the way of a sinner's acceptance with God, and to trust in Christ alone for life and salvation. He was desirous of making a public profession of religion, and though it was hoped that he was now the subject of a change of heart, yet it was thought proper to defer this for the present, on account of his youth. When nearly fourteen, he renewed his application, and gave such an account of himself as a sinner, and Christ as a Saviour, as led his father and other friends to believe that God had made him a subject of his grace, and to think that they ought to encourage him: accordingly he was baptized by his father, and added to the church, under his pastoral care, on the 10th of April, 1808: being fourteen years and three days old.

It was with great pleasure the friends of Jesus beheld one so young following his divine Master, and publicly avowing himself to be the Lord's; but none with such joyful and grateful hearts as his dear parents, towards whom he always conducted himself with filial affection and kindness. As a professor of religion he was much respected and beloved by the church to which he belonged: amiable in his disposition, and pleasing and engaging in his

manners, he acquired the esteem of all who knew him. He was regular in his attendance on the worship and ordinances of God's house; and at meetings for social prayer and intercourse, he frequently took a part both in prayer and in giving his thoughts on passages of scripture. In the evening devotions of the family he went to prayer, in turn, with the students, under the tuition of his father; and all much to the satisfaction of those who united with him. His abilities were of a very superior kind, and his learning was considerable, both in the classics and the sciences. Though comparatively a child in years, yet a man, and beyond most men, in knowledge and understanding; and with all his superior endowments, he ever appeared the humble, modest, unassuming youth.

His father, and his other friends thought him qualified by the Lord Jesus for filling some important situation in his Church; but these hopes were soon disappointed; for the Lord had otherwise determined. For a considerable time after he had known the truth as it is in Jesus, he enjoyed comfort and peace, and seemed to be making great progress in divine knowledge. He was occasionally troubled with fears about the safety of his state, and the reality of the change which he had undergone; which at length prevailed very much upon him. At times he enjoyed some comfort, but was for the most part low and fearful.

On some occasions he spake with great pleasure of the delightful views he had had a few months before of the glory of God in the way of salvation by the Lord Jesus.

In the end of July he went on a visit to Newcastle to Mr. Thompson's, an intimate friend of his father, when he was taken alarmingly ill. The doctor pronounced it an inflammation in the chest of considerable standing. He grew better and returned; but was never after well. I saw him soon after he returned home; he spoke his mind freely, but seemed very unhappy, fearing that he had been but deceiving himself and others by making a profession, and that he had never known the grace of God in truth. My mind was a good deal affected at finding him so uncomfortable, and I did all I could to encourage him. I told him that even though he had not as yet known the Lord, and that he had hitherto been deceiving himself, as he supposed; still there was encouragement for him to look to the atoning sacrifice of Christ, and believe in his name, and that through his death he might still obtain the pardon of sin, and peace to his mind. He acknowledged that *that* was the only way, and that he had no reason to despair. The state of his mind varied a good deal; sometimes he expressed confidence in the Redeemer, at other times unbelief prevailed, and then he was troubled and unhappy.

About the beginning of February he grew considerably worse ; and for the most part afterwards he was confined within doors. He lamented much to me once, soon after this, the loss he sustained in being unable to attend the worship and ordinances of God's house. " I have wearisome times," he said, " whilst others are at chapel and meeting—but ah ! I have not valued and improved my privileges as I ought to have done ; and now God has deprived me of them." I told him that he was still highly favoured, as he had his bible and the conversation of religious friends, and the promise that God would be with him in secret, though he was unable to attend his worship in public. " True," he said, " but still I feel a want." He did not seem altogether so unhappy as when I saw him before : but was still afraid, notwithstanding the general knowledge which he had of the way of salvation, and the pleasure which he had felt in times past in contemplating the character and work of Christ, that he never had had that experimental knowledge of him as *his own* Saviour, which was necessary to constitute him a true Christian ; or that deep conviction of sin which would have led him to hate it as he ought, and to value and love such a precious saviour as Christ is. I directed him as before to the free grace of God as revealed in the gospel, and told him that I hoped he would soon have to say with the

Psalmist, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, &c. "Well," he said, "I hope I shall; but be sure and pray for me." On one occasion when asking him how he felt his mind, he said, "I think I am better; and feel as if I could trust more in the Lord, than when you were here before; but not so well by far as I could wish, I want to know more of Christ, and to see my interest in him more clearly."

On the 11th of May, about six in the evening, he was taken very ill, and thought himself dying. At first he was alarmed, but on speaking of the prayer of the publican, he exclaimed, "Ah it would be a glorious thing, if the Lord should have mercy on me." Something being said of the all-sufficiency of Christ, he said, "Ah! but I cannot see him; however, He is! He is! though I cannot see him:" he then seemed greatly encouraged. His father went to prayer with him, after which he seemed quite comfortable, and said, that he was quite willing to die, and to leave his dear parents and all his other friends, for it would be but for a little while. He expressed a desire to go to heaven to be with the saints, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and said, that the best of all was, that Christ was in heaven; and as for death, that Christ has suffered it; and then repeated with great emphasis, *Whither the fore-runner has for us entered*; referring to both death and heaven. On

his reviving, he seemed disappointed, and feared spiritual pride; "for now I shall be thought to die like a saint." This was a turn in his disorder, for he never afterwards recovered his former strength. After this his mind never relapsed into a gloomy despairing state, but for the most part now he was easy, and sometimes he was comfortable, expressing his confidence in Christ. He often complained of not being able to think, but wished to hear others talk about Christ and heaven. Occasionally he spoke of the solemn awfulness of death, but said, "There is a great Redeemer." During part of the last weeks of his life, he slept most of his time. It afforded him much pleasure to meditate on Christ's seeing of the travail of his soul. He said the day before his death, "If the Lord had intended to destroy me, he would not have shewed me all this;" and on the evening of the same day, "I am in the hand of God." "Yes," said his father, "of a gracious God," in which he acquiesced. He fell asleep in Jesus, and exchanged this for another and a better world, on the 12th of June, 1811.

When, the child of an irreligious parent is brought to the knowledge of the truth, the change in his disposition, and natural taste, and habits, is usually so sudden, and so entire, that he very rarely doubts it; and is obliged to ascribe it to the immediate influence of the grace of God upon his heart. His

transition from darkness to light, is not the gradual progression of a moral determination, but something like an instantaneous movement of his powers—not the unconscious abandonment of evil, and choice of good, but the sudden and resolute decision of his soul, on which he can look back in the future stages of his religious history, without even doubting its reality, or the cause of its production. But it is often the reverse with the child of pious parents; especially when renewed in early life. Having been restrained from acts of open immorality by the force of example, by the precepts of authority, or by the dictates of his own conscience, when he passes from death unto life, the consequent change in his deportment, is almost imperceptible; and though he may have a new order of feeling excited in his breast in the early days of his experience, as an indubitable evidence of his conversion, yet when that spiritual excitement subsides, his mind often sinks into a state of despondency, under an apprehension that he has been permitted to deceive himself, and others. It is true, that he may, even if this were the case, come by faith to the Redeemer, and be accepted, but then there would be a change of feeling, that would satisfy him, that he is accepted in the Beloved; his fears would then be scattered, and he would enjoy the light of life. But if he have felt the great moral change, even while he doubts it; if he have previously exercised faith in the Redeemer and be actually united to him; how can it be expected, that a renewed approach will be productive of any other feelings, than those which he has experienced. Is not the promise of eternal life, which is made to us, through the mediation of Christ, guaranteed to us by the faithfulness of God; and is it not by a firm and implicit dependence on that promise, that we are to expect peace and hope? And though nothing is more common than for a young disciple, who has always enjoyed the benefit of religious instruction, to suspect the genuineness of his conversion, and to conclude that there is some essential defect in the primary causes which have led to a more serious attention to personal religion, yet on a supposition that he has

been converted, and is under the influence of right principles, can he expect to derive consolation, except from the exercise of faith in the Redeemer? Suppose, for example, by a patient investigation he is led to perceive, that he has not deceived himself, that he always has been a disciple from the hour he professed to be one, and that the causes which led to this decision, were what he judged them to be, when he first felt their operative power, he has arrived at the satisfactory conclusion, that he is sincere; but will he substitute his sincerity in religion, in the place of a Saviour? Ought he to derive his highest consolation from this source, or to place any dependence on it? And is it not to this refined species of delusion that we may ascribe most of those fears and misgivings, which agitate and convulse the feelings of many, through every period of their religious history? Instead of looking to Christ, depending on Christ, living by faith in Christ, and honouring him, by a steadfast belief in the efficacy of his death, and the fidelity of his character, they are looking to themselves for some moral discovery, which they have never made; for some spiritual attainment, which they have never acquired; and for some elevation of feeling, which they have never reached; but to expect, while thus engaged, to enjoy the full assurance of hope, or to anticipate, with unruffled confidence a state of future glory, would be no less unscriptural, than it would prove delusive.

This is one of the great mistakes which is often committed by the children of the pious, and which should be guarded against in the first days of their profession, or their future path may be shaded by the darkening clouds of doubt and suspicion, and though they may have intermitting seasons of enjoyment, when faith springs up under some powerfully exciting cause, yet they will never enjoy that perpetual sunshine of bliss, which beams on the soul, which lives the life of faith in Him; nor can they expect to depart in the extacy of bliss. And yet they are safe. As their fullest assurance would never make their final salvation, more certain, neither will their perpetual misgivings, render it less secure; and though like the unstable

youth, whose obituary has given rise to these remarks, they may, while living, feel the perpetual alternation of hope and fear, of deep despondency and elevated joy, yet, like him, they may, in their last moments, enjoy a calm which no fear can ruffle, and fall asleep in Jesus, under a firm persuasion, that they shall be for ever with the Lord.

MRS. MANSFIELD.



THE late Mrs. Mansfield, who resided at Derby, till within a few years of her decease, received her earliest religious impressions, when reading the following words, "And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee: for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee."* When she began to distinguish herself, by her devout attachment to the cause of the Redeemer, she had to endure the opprobrium of her relations, and the reproaches of the world; but she held on her way with such steady firmness, and displayed so much excellence of character, that she ultimately triumphed over all opposition, gained the esteem of those who once reproached her for her enthusiasm, and had the gratification of seeing her two daughters imbibing her faith, and following her steps.

* Psa. ix. 10.

Her views of divine truth were remarkably correct; and she gloried in the high and distinguishing doctrines of free grace—frequently lamenting the departure of the present day from those principles which “humble the sinner, exalt the Saviour, and promote holiness.” Possessed of a clear and strong intellectual capacity, she easily discriminated between truth and error, however specious the covering of the latter might be; and never employed equivocation in the avowal of what she believed.

The ordinances of the Lord’s house she greatly delighted in; and, whenever her health would permit, punctually attended divine worship three times on the Lord’s Day, and the early morning prayer-meetings; together with all week-day services, even when advanced beyond her 70th year. Private prayer she devoutly and habitually regarded; and those who attended upon her testify, that for many years she never received either nourishment or medicine, without first looking up to God for his blessing upon it.

After having “adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour” for a long period of time, and considerably contributed to the promotion of the rising cause of Christ at Derby, she removed to Birmingham, to reside with her daughters, the eldest having entered into the marriage union with Mr. Charles Glover.*

* See page 103 of this work.

Having long laboured under great bodily infirmities, it was apprehended that the approaches of the last enemy would have been in a lingering and painful manner: under the expectation of this, she bowed with calm submission to the will of God; and, fully sensible of her own weakness, prayed for the upholding power of the Spirit of Christ, that He might be glorified in her sufferings. Though enabled for a long course of years to bring honour to the Lord, by a close walk with him, and entertaining pure evangelical views of his method of freely justifying a sinner through faith in the blood and righteousness of his own dear Son, no one was more free from those presumptive notions which too frequently characterize the abusers of this glorious truth. Deeply abased in her own eyes, she put away from herself the consolation arising from an assurance of her personal interest in this invaluable blessing, thinking it "too great to be bestowed on such a wretch!" Indeed, few persons had more abasing views of themselves, or lay lower in their own eyes. "She hoped all would be well;" but would say no more. A peculiarly severe jealousy over herself continually predominated; and while she was indulged with affluence and every earthly good, her great concern was, that all might be well between God and her soul.

Thus this venerable matron, approximating to her eternal rest, lived low in the dust, with her

eyes fixed upon the transactions of Calvary. The last Lord's Day that she spent upon earth, in the course of her reading, she placed a pin in these words,

“ My peace and safety lie in this,
My Creditor my Surety is ;
The judgment-day I fear the less ;
My Judge is made my righteousness.”

Contrary to expectation, nature suddenly gave way ; and it was perceivable that the clay tenement would soon be in ruins. Her family, occupying “ the painful post of observation,” in the most scrupulous exercise of the purest affection, waited “ round the death-bed of the just,” and God proved himself kind and faithful.

After conflicting with death all night, she revived in the morning, and delivered many an affecting expression of gratitude and praise. One of her daughters asking her if she was too hot, —she replied, “ Neither too hot, nor too cold ; neither finger-ache, nor toe-ache. God is very gracious to me, and always has been ; only a little shortness of breath ; but not much.”

Her friends spoke to her of the goodness and love of God ; to which she answered, “ Ah ! I long forgot him ; but he did not forget me !” Here her strength failed. Whilst her lips were blackening and her eyes closing in death, her son-in-law said, ‘ The blood of Christ is of more

value than a thousand worlds ;'—she added, “ It is inestimable !”

A little before her final departure, she raised her hand as if feeling for something, when the nurse asked her if she wanted any thing ; to which, with a voice now faltering in death, she immediately replied, “ Christ Jesus is my hope ! I shall want nothing. Where He is, want cannot be ! They will not, they cannot want !”

In the decease of this eminent saint, we see no rapture and no despondency ; but an equilibrium of feeling which was sustained by the reciprocal influence of a jealousy which was ever awake, and a confidence in the Redeemer, which was never suffered to be shaken—afraid to speak in the language of strong assurance of her final salvation, when viewing the personal imperfections of her character ; yet entertaining no doubt when adverting to the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ—and displaying in the closing scene that calmness, which no dread of death could ruffle, and that animation of hope, which if less vigorous than the high pulsations of transporting bliss, was more in unison with the uniform state of her religious frame through a long course of practical devotedness to God. Thus demonstrating that the good hope through grace, which often rises and sinks in its operations on the mind of a Christian during his progressive meetness for the celestial state, answers the same purpose in “ the final hour,” as the highest degrees of assurance, and throws over the death-bed scene a softened radiance of glory equally attractive, and often more animating to the interested spectators.

MRS. SHOVELLER.



In the history of pure and undefiled religion, we often meet with facts which confirm the truth of the following couplet:---

**"Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God *designs* to give."**

But I do not recollect ever meeting with a more interesting confirmation of it, than in the experience of Mrs. S. Having buried most of her children in their infancy; in the birth of another son, she devoted him to God, and prayed that he might, like Samuel, live to minister before him in his temple; and when at a subsequent period of her life, she was prevented, through indisposition, attending the public means of grace, she spent the greater part of one evening, while he was listening to the joyful sound, in wrestling for his conversion; and while she prayed, the word of the Lord came with power, and he became a new creature in Christ Jesus. What an encouragement to pray! But where can I select terms sufficiently delicate and strong, to describe the enraptured feelings of this dying saint, who was permitted to see this son called to move in a sphere of usefulness as a minister of the gospel; and thus have all her desires in reference to her children granted before her dismissal from the body—a privilege, which all Christian parents covet, but few enjoy: and if they trace their failure to its real cause, it will probably be found in the neglect of that ardent spirit of importunate prayer, which appears to have characterized the sacred devotions of Mrs. S. through life.

MRS. SHOVELLER, wife of the Rev. John Shoveller, of Poole, was the eldest daughter of the late Rev. Joseph Horsey, who, for many years, fulfilled the duties of the pastoral office, over the Baptist church at Portsea.

A sermon, delivered by Mr. Tuppen, (predecessor of Mr. Griffin, of Portsea, and afterwards of Mr. Jay, of Bath,) was owned by the Sacred Spirit for the alarming of her conscience, and urging her to seek an interest in the blood which cleanseth from all sins. About a twelvemonth afterwards, she joined the Baptist church at Portsea, and so put on the robe of a public religious profession, which, for more than forty years she maintained in its purity and beauty.

The seeds of divine truth sown in her heart seemed to develop themselves with increasing vigour, and to produce more and more fruit, the longer she continued on earth; and her experience, latterly, manifested—that the Lord was preparing her for the fruition of the “inheritance of the saints in light.”

She was a great friend to private retirement, as an exercise which she knew, greatly tended to the cherishment of pious feeling, and to the promotion of a growth in grace. In this way, therefore, with her Bible, Rowe's Devout Exercises of the Heart, the Divine Breathings of a Pious Soul, and other publications of a devotional kind, she spent considerable portions of

her time—soaring above the vanities of the world, holding sublime, spiritual communion with her God.

For the salvation of her children, she felt a most ardent desire, which was continually manifested by her affectionate expostulations with them, on the evil of sin, on the excellence of religion, and on the suitableness of that salvation, exhibited in the gospel. With tears falling from her eyes, and a heart full of holy agony, has she often besought them to be reconciled to God, and, leading them to a throne of grace, wrestled mightily with her Heavenly Father on their behalf. It is hoped, her prayers, in this respect, have been answered. Six of her offspring she buried in their infancy; a seventh attained the age of five years, who after giving the most indubitable evidence of decided piety, left the world in a flight of sacred rapture. Her two surviving children have both declared themselves disciples of the Saviour. The one, some years since, joined the Baptist church at Portsea, and was the last to whom her grandfather, (Mr. Horsey,) ever administered the ordinance of baptism. His remark, on this occasion, will not soon be forgotten. While standing at the edge of the water, he exclaimed, “What a happy man am I! I have lived to see all my children called by grace and united to the church of Jesus Christ, and now I have the happiness of baptiz-

ing my little grand-daughter, and thus introducing her into the visible society of the saints." The other, she had the pleasure of seeing baptized, by the hands of his own father, at Poole, where he joined the church under the pastoral care of Mr. Bulgin, by which church he has been called to the ministry. One short extract will be given here, on account of its peculiar testimony to the importance of prayer: Referring to the day of her son's birth, she thus writes, as soon as she was able to sit up, August 4, 1796: "This day, the Lord mercifully appeared for me. He heard my prayers, and sent deliverance. O what shall I render to him for his great kindness towards me. May my life be spared entirely for his glory. I want to feel more love to him, who has done so much for me. The Lord has given us a son; O that this son of ours may be a child of his; like Samuel, may he minister before the Lord, and be employed in declaring the truths of the everlasting gospel. O, my God, grant me this honour, if agreeable to thy precious will." Frequently, on the return of his birth-day, are there notations of the same agonizing requests at the throne of grace; and, it is remarkable, that, on the very evening when the word was brought home by the power of the Holy Ghost to his soul, that she was prevented, by indisposition, from going out, and now, thought she, I'll pour out my soul on behalf of my

dear son. The agony of her mind, on that occasion, she has often remarked, was beyond any thing she could possibly express; while, with her whole body quite prostrate, and her face on the floor, she besought the Father of Mercies for the salvation of her child. This circumstance was remarked in her funeral sermon:—"What an evening was this!" said the preacher, "the minister preaching—the youth hearing—the mother wrestling in prayer—the spirit of God effectually applying the word to the soul, and angels rejoicing."

She was on a visit to her friends and relatives at Portsea, when attacked with the affliction which terminated her earthly existence, and, from the first, she believed, that she should not recover. She was not long confined to the bed of sickness; the king of terrors was speedy in fulfilling the dire decree: yet she continued long enough to leave behind an illustrious testimony of the support, which religion can give at the closing hours of life. On the arrival of her husband from Poole, she said to him, "My dear, I shall not return with you; this affliction will carry me to my heavenly home. I should like, were it the will of God, to live a little longer with you, for we have spent many happy years together; but I have no will of my own, the Lord's will be done. I have often enjoyed much secret and sweet communion with God

in your study." Having then offered up a most fervent prayer for his temporal and spiritual prosperity, and for the usefulness of his ministry, she observed, "I have no fears about dying, blessed be God; I have not my rock to seek for now; that would be miserable indeed. *Real religion is of the highest importance.*" Observing some of her friends, who were collected round her bed, weeping, "Oh," said she, "why should you grieve, 'for dying is but going home;' I am only going a little before, you will soon follow, and then we shall be all together again, never more to part." Breaking forth in a holy transport, she exclaimed,

"To be with God, and taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above."

The exercise of submission in her, was required to be directed, not so much to the expected issue of the disorder, as to the possibility of recovery; she, therefore, requested her husband, in praying with her, that he would not pray for her life. And when she seemed a little better, and her friends were pleased with some faint hope that she might recover, she observed, "I would rather go now, if it be the will of God: I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; but should the Lord be pleased to raise me again, I hope it will be for his glory, and for the promotion of his blessed cause, otherwise I had rather die this very minute."

On the arrival of her son from Bristol, who had been sent for on account of her alarming illness, her eyes, apparently sinking into the shades of death, began to brighten; she received him for a moment with a sort of joyful amazement, and then throwing her dying arms round his neck, tenderly embraced him; and, after the most affectionate endearments she assured him, that she had often prayed for him; and then offered up some earnest petitions to God on his behalf, as a Christian, and as a preacher of the truth, that he might be preserved from the snares of youth—be blessed with personal piety, and be made eminently useful in the church of Christ. At another time, she observed, “I have lived to see my prayers answered in both my children being called by grace, and my dear son moving in a sphere of usefulness; and now I can say, ‘Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.’” Frequently, as she perceived the rapid strides of death towards her, she said, with a degree of holy confidence; “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.” When she appeared to be just departing, her husband observed to her, “Christ will never forsake his people in the time of trial.” “O no,” she replied, with eagerness, “that he never will;” the faith and hope which, through divine grace,

she had been enabled to exercise through a pilgrimage of many years, seemed to increase in their firmness and stability, as she drew near to the invisible world. Her confidence of being made a partaker of the heavenly glory, was founded alone on the great propitiation of Christ, and the cross was the only source of all the rich streams of consolation, by which she was so refreshed in her dying hours. A little before she stepped into the stream of death, looking beyond to her bright inheritance, she said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come take me to thyself:" and, whilst under a more than ordinary attack of pain, she said to her sister,

" Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!"

These were her last words. After this the powers of utterance failed; yet her countenance was an index of the happy state of her mind, and from the motion of her lips it was evident that she was still holding communion with the Holy One. Under the influence of these happy feelings she continued, till she sweetly fell asleep, and her spirit entered into the rest which remaineth for the people of God.

MRS. ESTHER COPE.



On Tuesday, Feb. 6, 1821, died at Birmingham, in her 63rd year, Esther, the wife of Mr. W. Cope. She was the child of a pious mother: but though deeply impressed at times by the momentous truths of religion, she remained for many years a stranger to their transforming and consoling power. At the age of twenty-four she was married to a Mr. L. whose impure life soon drove her from her home, to seek a quiet and honourable maintenance as a housekeeper in a gentleman's family. While in this situation, where she was deprived of the means of grace, she dreamt that she was taken very ill, and being led out of doors for air, she heard some delightful singing, and walked to the place from whence it proceeded. She listened till she awoke. When she awoke from her dream she was alarmed, believing that this was a representation of heaven, which she should see, but would not be permitted

to enter. Soon after this, the state of her mind became so gloomy and dejected, that she was obliged to leave her situation. Her friends called in a Mr. Foxall, a pious surgeon of Walsal, who at once perceived the cause of her distress, and recommended her to go and hear the gospel. This excited her astonishment, as she could not perceive the connexion between hearing a sermon, and obtaining relief from a load of mental grief which was sinking her into despair. But He whose invisible hand, had inflicted the wound, now appeared to heal it.

. When lead out one day for the benefit of the air, she saw a number of people going to a place of worship, and she resolved to follow them. When she drew near, she recognized the scene of her vision, and actually heard the same tune sung which had charmed her in her dream. The Rev. Mr. Hewitt of Bedworth, after the preceding parts of the service had been conducted, announced for his Text, 1 Pet. v. 7. "Casting all your care upon him," &c. The word came with power, the scales of ignorance fell from the eyes of her understanding, her heart felt the unction of the truth, and she said, as she passed from the house of mercy, "What! and does the Lord care for me? Oh then that is enough."

Having lost her first husband by death, she removed to Birmingham; and in the year 1786 married Mr. Cope. This union was a happy one.

Soon after the Rev. J. Brewer became the pastor of the church of Christ assembling at Carr's Lane, she was received with her husband into communion, and during the whole period of her future life adorned the profession which she had made.

In November 1819, when attending to her domestic duties, a large quantity of boiling water fell upon her, by which she was very much injured. This affliction, though intensely severe, she bore with exemplary patience, and indulged the hope that it might be the means of introducing her into the presence of her invisible Lord. But from this she was recovering, when it pleased God on the following Christmas-day to visit her with a paralytic stroke, which deprived her of the use of one side. She lingered in a state of great suffering, till the 6th of February, when

“ One gentle sigh her fetters broke ;
We scarce could say she's gone,
Before her happy spirit took
Her station near the throne.”

Mrs. Cope was distinguished as a Christian, by the simplicity of her manners, the uniform spirituality of her mind, her non-conformity to the world, her extensive acquaintance with the Scriptures, and her attachment to the external means of grace :—and as a member of the church, her

love of peace, her attention to the junior members, and to those of the congregation who were under religious impressions, her fervent prayers for the prosperity and happiness of her pastor, combined to render her character interesting, and her decease a loss which cannot be easily repaired

Amidst all her diligence in business, and no one was more active, she retained the fervour of a devotional spirit. She often said, "I have Christ, and what else can I desire; and if it were not for my dear family, and the hope of being useful, I think I could not stay; for there is nothing here that is worth my stay; there is nothing like my God!"

Comparatively few are indulged with the same degree of spiritual enjoyment as she was favoured with, during almost the whole of her life. Three days before her departure she said to her husband and daughter, "Lest I should not be sensible in death, hear me now.* I have not had

* To be favoured with such an uninterrupted assurance of a personal interest in the covenant of redemption, is a privilege which very few are permitted to enjoy; and though at times they may feel a degree of dejection, because they are not indulged with it, yet they ought not to be. For though it may be denominated the high place of bliss, it is more exposed to the assaults of the Prince of the power of the Air, than the lowly hope; and if from its eminence it can see more clearly the land which is afar off, yet when the King conceals his beauty, and allows the powers of darkness to make a vigorous attack, the

a doubt of my interest in the covenant of redemption for thirty-five years ; I have not the *shadow*

agitation and the convulsion which is sometimes produced, exceeds the force of language to describe. It is true that many of the Lord's people imagine that such a degree of assurance must exclude all mental pain, and fill the mind with the raptures of delight ; but as every religious frame has its attendant impulses, and counteractions, there is probably a more equal distribution of religious enjoyment than some imagine ; and if we were intimately familiar with the experience of those who can habitually

Read their title clear
To mansions in the skies,

we should often find them labouring under doubts and temptations, from which we are exempted, from whom this privilege is withheld. They may not doubt the certainty of their final happiness, when they can believe in the existence of another world, and the authenticity of the sacred volume, but it is on these points they are often assailed ; and then the ordinary means of our consolation can afford no relief. For if we doubt the existence of a God, we cannot pray in faith ; and if we doubt the existence of another world, we cannot anticipate a state of future blessedness : and though these doubts are not permitted to gain a permanent influence over the mind, yet during the period of their continuance, they are as the earthquake passing under the foundation of our faith, while the clouds of darkness gather around us,---filling us with dismay and terror. If then the pious reader is anxious to attain that strong assurance, with which some few are favoured, let him not suppose that it will be a state of undisturbed felicity ; and if he should be in the possession of it, let him not be high minded, but fear. "In my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved." "Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong, ; thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled."*

* Psalm xxx. 6, 7.

of a doubt now. I shall die, but I have a sweet assurance that I shall be for ever with the Lord. I have not the triumphs I had ; but I feel that a mercy, for I have not strength to bear them."

A short time before her decease, her physician requested her not to talk ; but so intense was her affection for the Saviour, that she could not refrain bearing her dying testimony to his worth and preciousness—" What, not speak of him ? she said to a friend, " who has done so much for me !

' I'll speak the honours of his name
With my last labouring breath ;
When speechless, clasp Him in my arms,
The antidote of death.'

To her children she said, ' I am dying, but no cloud intercepts my view. Christ is my Redeemer—I am vile, but he has washed me.—I am united to him—follow me, and we shall meet again." She then addressed her husband—" You have been a good husband to me, and our separation will not be long, we shall meet soon, and

" There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit," &c.

A few hours before her death, the veil of darkness was thrown over her mind, which concealed from her those bright visions of glory, that had so long animated her hope, and feeling a momen-

tary surprise, she said to her husband, "What is this? I feel a cloud! I am in darkness!" He replied, that it was to shew her, that though, she was near the end of her journey, treading as on the borders of the heavenly land, that she still needed faith to enable her to pass through the valley; but he observed "you need fear no evil: you have only to imitate good old Jacob, when, he gathered up his feet, and died in peace." She felt the force of these remarks; regained her composure, which was never afterwards disturbed.

When making some reference to her funeral sermon, she said, "Oh tell Mr. E. to keep me in the back ground? I am a poor guilty sinner, saved by the blood of Christ! Tell him to exalt the Saviour, tell him to entreat sinners to come to him. I have found him ever precious, Oh my dear Saviour, why tarry thy chariot wheels? When shall I enter thy presence! I long to see thee face to face!"

After having taken leave of her family, she said, "I am dying, but God will be with you." She then repeated with great animation the following lines.

"The gospel bears my spirit up," &c.

and soon after fell asleep in Jesus, leaving an unblemished reputation, as a decisive proof of the genuine nature of her faith.

DEATH-BED SCENES.



THIRD CLASS.



At thought of death, a cold sick shuddering came,
Nature's infirmity:—but faith was given,
The flame that lifts the sacrifice to heaven:
Through doubt and darkness then, beyond the skies,
Eternal prospects open'd on their eyes,
Already seemed the immortal spirit free,
And death was swallowed up in victory.

MONTGOMERY.

INTRODUCTION.

BUT lest I should be suspected of sketching the scenes of my description, from the visions of fancy, rather than the facts which have fallen under my personal observation, I would remark that some of the most eminent Christians, I have ever known, and whose "last end" has been peace, have, when in the immediate prospect of

their dissolution, felt an instinctive dread of death; and have shrunk back from its approach, even while they have anticipated the final issue with complacent delight. They have trembled and rejoiced,—sunk into a melancholy depression, and risen to full assurance of hope,—wept tears of sorrow, and talked in strains of the highest rapture, as they have alternatively meditated on the act of dying, and the consequences of it; and though they have been enabled to gain the victory over their fears, yet, not till they have been almost exhausted in the contest.

This interchange of feeling, which they have experienced in their last moments, may be traced to the continued influence of disease, and the suggestions of Satan, and though it may be marked by some peculiar circumstances of impression, yet it may not be very dissimilar, to their ordinary experience through life. Some few, I grant, are favoured in their spiritual pilgrimage with a uniform placidity of mind, which no fears can ruffle, and can anticipate, without any misgivings, a state of future happiness; but they are the “hidden ones,” who are sheltered from the stormy blast of temptations, who are rarely brought into contact with the conflicting elements of evil, and who possess an evenness of natural temper and disposition.

But the majority of real Christians, who are exposed to the evil of the world, are allowed to

feel its influence, if not in corrupting their principles, yet in disturbing their peace. They walk in the twilight of enjoyment, where the sun and the shade are struggling together for the victory, rather than in a region of pure unmixed happiness. They are not permitted to enjoy an unwavering confidence, nor are they doomed to perpetual dread, but alternatively animated by a good hope through grace, and a fear that produceth a degree of torment; and though occasionally raised out of this conflicting state of feeling, yet they fall back into it, and become subject to the excitements which it very naturally produces. And as there is a uniformity in the experience of most Christians, from the period they first yield themselves to God, to the close of their life, it would discover a lamentable degree of ignorance of the order of the divine dispensations, to expect that they who live under the alternate influence of hope and fear, should be favoured in their last moments, with *perfect peace*, or the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.

“The sagacious and observant Bunyan took a different view of the subject, and accordingly he represents his deeper and more experienced *Christian* as encountering, on his first entrance into “the river,” and in some parts of his passage, a degree of darkness and apprehension, from which the younger disciple, *Hopeful*, is mercifully exempted. Is not this natural and

supported by facts? The deeper views which such characters have taken of sin; the more profound sense they have of their own unworthiness, the more awful impressions of eternity, and the apprehensions which long experience has taught them to form of the deceitfulness of the human heart, all conspire to this end. Moreover, it is a common observation, that where Almighty God has communicated strong faith, he commonly subjects it to severe trials. If any can conceive of nothing superior to present comfort, to them this may be puzzling; but it need not be so to others. The result, in such cases, proves honourable to God, and edifying to his saints. What tried and tempted spirit, for example, has not been animated in its conflicts by the exclamation wrung from holy Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him?"

But though they may be called to pass through deep waters, and to walk in darkness, on their entrance into the valley of the shadow of death; and though they may be left to feel all the influence which disease may exercise over their mental faculties, and may be exposed to the violent temptations of Satan; yet they are not left, without those glimmerings of light, which enable them to discover the land-marks of their faith, nor are they left without the presence of Him, through

whose grace, they are strengthened to overcome the great adversary. When the darkest shades hang over the horizon of their vision, the clouds are sometimes seen to disperse, and the sun of *righteousness ariseth upon them with healing in his beams*; and after their severest contests with the powers of darkness, they enjoy times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. And though some who affect to treat the agency of Satan over the human mind, as a fiction of the imagination, may be disposed to turn into ridicule the recognition of that influence in occasioning the deep mental depressions under which some of the most eminent servants of God labour in their last moments, yet as they cannot be accounted for, in many cases, on any other principle, I feel under no obligation to vindicate it from the objections which may be brought against it. In the connection in which it stands, it is entirely devoid of the light and airy appearance of a speculative opinion,—assuming all the peculiarities of an awful and solemn fact. A fact, attested by experience, and by a uniformity of experience which no artifice could produce, and which no sophistry can impeach; and to which the strongest believer is as much exposed as the weakest. However it is delightful to see in the obituaries which are given in the following pages, that as the subjects of them drew

near the closing scene, their fears gradually subsided, their hope and confidence became stronger and brighter, and though when the last enemy was seen, as from the heights, they trembled in prospect of the contest, yet when they met him in the valley they could sing, "*O death, where is thy sting?*"* What it is to die, we know not; nor do we know what the awful and tremulous feelings, are, which sometimes agitate the breast of the Christian, when in the immediate prospect of death; nor can any language describe the darkness which occasionally comes over his mind, nor the terror which seizes him, when the great adversary is permitted to try him by the force of his temptations, and horrid suggestions; but we know, that He who has given to us "*like precious faith,*" will not "*leave us, nor forsake us,*" when we most need his assistance: "So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper,"† and notwithstanding our gloomy fears we may adopt the triumphant language of the Apostle, "For 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 the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."‡

* 1 Cor. xv. 55—57

† Heb. xiii. 6.

‡ Rom. viii. 38, 39.

MR. JOHN TUCK,

Late Deacon of the Baptist Church,

BADCOX LANE, FROME.



MR. JOHN TUCK was born at Wells, November 30, 1751, where he constantly attended the episcopal church; but, on the removal of his friends to Frome, he left the Establishment, and united with the Dissenters, as their sentiments and mode of worship were most agreeable to his own views of divine truth. He was the subject of serious impressions at a very early period of his life, which were deepened and matured under the ministry of the late Rev. John Kingdon, by whom he was baptized, October 5, 1770, and afterwards received into the church. After occupying the station of a private member nearly twenty-two years, he was called by the unanimous voice of his brethren to the office of deacon; and never was a man more anxious to fill that office in a becoming manner, more solicitous for the

peace and prosperity of the church, or more tenacious of its respectability and its honour.

For many months previous to his death, a rapid religious improvement was evident to all his intimate friends, which, together with an increasing debility of body, induced many of them to suppose, that it would not be long before he would take possession of his eternal inheritance. As he approached the verge of mortality, he became more and more indifferent to all earthly concerns: and if obliged to attend a little time to business, he seemed impatient to break from it, that he might ascend to those divine contemplations, which engrossed and fixed his attention.

Coming down stairs one morning, about two months previous to his decease, he asked one of his daughters, if she thought that believers before their death were ever favoured with extraordinary manifestations of divine goodness and love? On her replying, that she thought it very probable, in order to prepare them for the solemn and trying change that awaited them, he said, "I know not whether this be my case, or not; but I have had feelings this morning which I cannot describe." Being desired to state the nature of them, he said, that he had enjoyed an uncommon view of the character of God, in his wisdom, and love, and mercy, which produced sensations that were indescribable; and though the intenseness of the feeling had then subsided,

yet the serenity and pleasure which sat on his countenance plainly shewed that its effects still remained : it seemed as if he had made a visit to the celestial regions.

One evening he accosted his daughter, (who was silently watching his pale and sickly countenance) rather abruptly, inquiring whether she had ever attentively read the 8th of Romans, and added, " I have been thinking of that expression, ' It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again.' The subject of the resurrection has occupied much of my attention lately: on that all my hopes depend, for if Christ be not raised, our faith is vain, we are yet in our sins." On her repeating the declaration of our Lord, " I am the resurrection and the life," &c. his feelings overpowered him, tears filled his eyes, and when able to speak, he said, " I wish you to mind that, when I die, if it should be thought worth while to preach a funeral sermon for such a poor unworthy creature as I am, this be the text, ' It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again.' "

Speaking of his death one day, his daughter said to him, " Would you be willing, father, to leave us, were the message to come to call you home ?" He replied, " Were I to consult my own feelings, I should wish to stay a little longer for my family, my friends, and the church ; but I am perfectly resigned to the divine will, and I

leave all in the hands of infinite wisdom. When I am wanted no longer here, I hope I shall be willing to go.”

Calling her to him, about three weeks before his death, he asked her if she thought his complaint would end in death? After expressing her fears that it would, he said, “Well, my child, you must pray for me, and I will try to pray for you.” She observed, that he had done that many times. “Yes,” said he, “I have many times mentioned your name, and when I think that the prayers of so poor and mean a creature as I am, have been answered, it seems too much to believe. O! to think that the Almighty should ever so favour me, as to call any of my children by his grace—but when I think again that any of them may be lost, it almost overwhelms me.”

One of his sons, on a succeeding evening, having read to him several hymns, which evidently produced the most pleasing and tender emotions, observed, that for a good man “to live was Christ, and to die gain.” “How beautiful,” he replied, “has Dr. Watts described the death of Moses :

Sweet was the journey to the sky,
 The wondrous prophet try'd :
 ‘Climb up the mount,’ said God, ‘and die :’
 The prophet climb'd, and died.

His son then remarked, that Dr. Watts, when near death, said, "I am no more afraid to die, than I am of walking out of one room into another." "No," he answered, "and why should he? The souls of Watts and Griffith were fitted for heaven by close and intimate communion with Christ upon earth. I have often thought," he added, "that Dr. Watts had clearer discoveries of the glories of heaven, than any other uninspired writer; and it was no wonder: such delightful anticipations of glory were the natural result of his great and intimate fellowship with Christ. How beautiful are these lines!

"O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more controul,
The sacred pleasures of the soul."

His son rejoined, "What renders heaven so attractive to the good man is, what Dr. Watts has so finely described in these two lines,

"There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin."

"Yes," added his father, "the presence of Christ, and the absence of sin, constitute heaven."

While his daughter was sitting by his side one

morning, he said where do you think heaven is ?" She answered, that no conjectures on that head could be satisfactory. " But," he replied, " it is where Christ is, and that is enough." He then said, " How can we see God ? for since he is a pure spirit, we can have no idea how he is to be seen." She then repeated the sentiment of Dr. Watts : " The God shines gracious through the man." " Yes," he answered, with eager delight, " there we shall see the full blaze of the Divinity, shining through the person of Christ."

A few mornings before his death, while his daughter was serving him with his breakfast, he said to her, " Come here my child, sit down by me ; I am persuaded now that I shall not be long with you ; I shall soon be taken from you ; but I feel anxious for you. May the Lord bless you, and take you under his protection, and direct you, and keep you all through life ; may you be comfortable and happy, a respectable and useful character ; may you always cultivate a meek and peaceable disposition ; always be ready to give up your own inclination, where conscience is not concerned, for the sake of peace. Try to do good ; do not forget the profession you have made ; maintain it with honour. May the Lord bless you, my child, and make you a blessing. Be useful in the world, and, as far as it lies in you be useful to the church."

A friend having called to see him, asked

him if he knew her? "Yes," he replied, "I do; and I shall soon be with your father. I am going to dwell with Christ for ever and ever;" and presently after with evident emotions of wonder and delight, he exclaimed, "To be with Christ! to be with Christ! I am going to Jesus!" On being asked, if his fears were gone? "Yes! yes!" he answered, "I have nothing but happiness."

His joys, however, were not uninterrupted; for soon after this a thick gloom fell upon his mind, which induced him to doubt the reality of his religion. "I am almost afraid," he said to his daughter one morning, "that I am not a Christian; that I do not know what saving faith is." She replied, "These doubts are only the suggestions of Satan; they will last but a little while: you will not be troubled with them in the hour of death." "Will it be so?" said he, "now mind, if it proves to be as you say, I will inform you of it." Accordingly on the afternoon preceding his transition to the skies, as she was sitting on the bed-side, he took her hand between both of his, and holding them up in the attitude of prayer, with his eyes fixed upward, he said, "My poor child, all is well, all is well!" She said, "Then you are happy, father?" "O yes!" he replied, "yes! yes!" The conflict, while it lasted, was distressing; but so far was it from injuring his soul, that it

gave additional glory to his victory over the powers of darkness.

Soon after this, one of his brethren in office entering his chamber, said to him, "You are almost in heaven, and will soon obtain the crown." His eyes immediately brightened with joy, and pointing upwards, he said, "Yes! yes!" and added, "These are they who came out of great tribulation." Being asked, whether he were in pain, he answered, "Yes: but in heaven there shall be no more pain. Death has lost his sting. O come! come!" and then looking at two of his family, he said, "I would rather, I would rather go. Oh! to dwell with him!

"Millions of years my wondering eyes!"

His speech faltered—his breathing soon after became difficult, and on the following morning he breathed his soul into the hands of that Redeemer whom he had loved and served with so much fervour and sincerity.

The writer had the pleasure of living on terms of friendly intimacy with Mr. Tuck, for the space of nearly twelve years; and he takes this opportunity of saying, as a mark of respect to his memory, that he uniformly exhibited some of the finest qualities of the Christian character; and though, like others, he was a man of infirmities, yet for meekness of wisdom, candour and liberality of spirit, integrity and uprightness of principle, and universal benevolence of disposition and feeling, he

rose to an eminence as much above the level of many professors, as the lofty summit of the cloud capt mountain is above the top of the mole hill of the desert. To see such a man favoured, in the decline of life, with extraordinary manifestations of the love of God, reminds us of the dispensation of grace, which exempted Enoch from the bitterness of death ; and though an intermitting season of darkness came over him just before his departure, yet that circumstance renders his experience more truly interesting and impressive, by reminding us, that the most eminent saints are not exempted from the visitations of sorrow, while the momentary cessation of their animated bliss, merely serves to call into more prominent and vigorous exercise their faith, and their patience, and to give them a keener relish for the returning light of joy. To suppose that the Wicked One, would make no assault, if permitted, on such a rich heir of glory, would be to betray an ignorance of the activity and malignity of his disposition ; and while in his discomfiture we trace the faithfulness and the power of the Captain of our salvation, we almost unconsciously derive fresh energy of soul to withstand him. If then the pious reader should, as the shadows of death are falling upon him, hear the roaring of the lion, or feel the perplexing insinuations and suggestions of the old serpent, let him not be astonished,—let him not be cast down, by supposing that his faith is fainting, or that his past enjoyments and anticipations are delusions that will never be realized, for he has an example before him, of one who was holy and useful in his life, alternately exercised with the most animating and depressing feelings—suffering a momentary terror which no resources of personal courage could alleviate, yet rising out of this state of mental agitation into the fulness of joy, and retiring from the scene of conflict, waving the palm of victory, as he sung the triumphant song.

MRS. SKINNER.

ANN, the late wife of Mr. William Skinner, jun., banker, of Stockton-upon-Tees, was born July 11, 1797. Through the kind providence of God, who wisely appoints the "bounds of our habitation," the lines had fallen to her in pleasant places, and she enjoyed a goodly heritage. She was blessed with a disposition affectionate, lively, and grateful; and with parents who brought her under the preaching of the gospel, which became the means of convincing her of her natural alienation from God—of her own personal transgression, and of her need of a Saviour. This was about the fifteenth year of her age.

In the summer of 1815, she went to London for the completion of her education. She was committed by her judicious friends into the hands of those who possessed, not only superior ability to direct her youthful mind in a course of useful studies, but also of superior piety. Here she enjoyed many religious pri-

vileges ; but although for awhile she continued to use them, yet she neglected to “ keep her heart with all diligence.” A lax observance of the duties of private devotion too generally precedes their entire abandonment, and soon induces a proportionate indifference to the more public means of grace. And when these two mighty bulwarks of piety are enfeebled, the Christian becomes an easy prey to his spiritual enemies. She was often visited by some of her fashionable relatives in town. Their kindness won on her affections ; and, as the vacation drew near, she received repeated solicitations to pass it with them. It was not without misgivings of conscience, that she acceded to the proposal ; but having done so, she ventured into a sphere where every thing was calculated to allure her soul from things invisible and divine. In this situation, the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to “ convince of sin,” frequently warned her of her danger : yet, alas ! the smiles of the world, and the kindness of its votaries had a paralyzing influence over her mind. During the intervening months of her continuance in the metropolis, she became more indifferent to serious subjects, and her heart increasingly obtuse to religious feelings. So effectually had the world turned her aside from God, that forbidden objects chiefly engrossed her desires and affections.

In the month of June, 1816, she returned

home, when her change of disposition and deportment sufficiently corroborated the apprehension that her relish for spiritual enjoyments had become nearly, if not totally, extinct. Such, however, was the amiable flexibility of her disposition that she consented to accompany the other members of her family, as formerly, to the ministry of the word amongst that people of whom she had lately felt ashamed. It was not long before the Lord again vouchsafed to bless the means of his own appointment, and awakened afresh that conscience, which had been so fatally lulled into insensibility by the opiates of worldly enjoyment. The "sword of the Spirit" penetrated with mighty force into her heart. She experienced now, not the "still small voice," or the gentle drawings of divine love, but "the whirlwind and storm" of infinite displeasure, "the wormwood and the gall" of bitter repentance. She saw from whence she had fallen, and trembled to behold the awful consequences if she remained in such a state. In a private prayer-meeting, held in the evening of the 20th of June, 1817, she was overwhelmed with a full perception of her perilous condition; and her desire for salvation proportionably increased. After the conclusion of this meeting, she retired to her own room with a female friend, where they joined in fervent supplication, until, casting herself on the Blood of Atonement, the

secret voice of God said with power to her soul, "I am thy salvation." Her servile fears were given to the wind, and she bounded into the liberty of the children of God, exulting in the plenitude of his manifested mercy.

The subsequent state of her mind will be best developed by the following extracts from communications to the excellent friend above-mentioned:

"A few minutes will I spend in conversing with my dear friend, before the bustle of a party comes on. — —, and — — —, will be my companions this evening: however, I trust, through Christ strengthening me, I shall be enabled to keep my mind and thoughts above this vain world. I take up the cross as one that I am obliged to undergo. This morning, being rather engaged in the things of this life, I found it difficult to keep a composed spirit. Private prayer at noon was an unspeakable blessing. My heart and desires were fixed on eternal realities. I have prayed earnestly for a deadness to the world; and I hope my prayer is, in some measure, answered. I want deep humility, that I may be truly willing to be any thing, or nothing, in any circumstances of life, satisfied if I be the Lord's. O that I could live altogether for another world,—above earthly comforts, and desiring only those which are heavenly and divine!

"After being in the society of worldly people, how delightful is it to enter the closet, and pour

out our hearts before the Lord, who is ever ready to hear the cry of his tempted followers! This has been my privilege to-night. How totally insufficient are earthly pleasures to satisfy the immortal spirit; and yet how much precious time have I lost in pleasure and self-gratification!"

At another time, she writes thus:—

"I shall not have much time to spend with you, my beloved friend, this evening;—the little I have shall be devoted to Jesus, and his matchless love. I often feel a want of words to express my meaning on this inexhaustible subject. The language of my heart will be best understood in the words of the Psalmist: 'What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?' I am blessed with health, and every other comfort, and above all with a measure of love to God, and with a desire to love him better, and observe him with all my powers.

On the 6th of July, 1820, she entered the marriage state with Mr. W. Skinner, under auspices which seemed to promise a sum of conjugal felicity equivalent to their utmost wishes: but, alas! its duration has been transient as a passing vapour, and swifter than the wind.

She had learned experience from what she suffered in her early failure through *indecision*; and now in her new and important situation, DECISION was a prominent feature

in her character. The line of separation from the world was drawn, and never passed. In the sphere in which she had to move, it was impossible to avoid, on some occasions, coming in contact with those whose views and opinions differed from her own; but she was not ashamed of her Lord and Master. In such unsought intercourse, she stood forth his dauntless champion, and advocated with peculiar energy the cause of that people whose doctrines she had embraced, from investigation and firm conviction, and to whose community she had heartily united herself in love and fellowship. She was not an *indifferent* Methodist. Every privilege she enjoyed amongst them was highly prized. Many times has she quitted pleasing and profitable company, contrary to the rules of ceremonious politeness, to attend the means of grace.

Notwithstanding her accession of cares, as mistress of a large family, she attended with undiminished assiduity to her duties as a Collector for the Bible and Missionary Societies;—assisted in the Adult and Sunday-Schools;—and visited the sick and indigent, whose cases uniformly impressed her sympathizing heart, and obtained from her benevolence ample alleviation. Not content with what she herself administered, it was often her custom to solicit the pecuniary aid of others, in order to mitigate the diversified sufferings of man.

Nor was it in *external* duties alone that Mrs. Skinner's piety was exemplified. In all these she steadily persevered, without intermission; but, to those who had most intimate converse with her, it was evident that, for many months previous to the event of her dissolution, she was loosening from earth, and ripening for eternal glory.

The following short extracts from her correspondence with the friend before alluded to, will confirm this fact.

“ August, 1821.—How many blessings, my dear H., have we enjoyed, since we became acquainted with divine things! But, alas! I have to lament their misimprovement; and yet the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, is still extended towards me. For some months past, I have been, at times, overwhelmed with the sight of my own worthlessness, and at the same time filled with love and gratitude for my mercies. My afflictions though trifling in their nature, have been graciously sanctified, and I am enabled, in some measure, to live detached from the present world, and to keep my heart fixed on spiritual objects. This morning I felt my mind, much drawn out in prayer that I may be made altogether what God would have me to be; and I sensibly experience that my will is yielding to the will of my heavenly Father. You have seen me weep sometimes; but they have been tears of gratitude to my

God, for his love manifested to me" "Daily, yea, hourly, have I need to fall into the dust of self-abasement, for the non-improvement of my unnumbered privileges; and my best performances are not to be offered up, till washed in the atoning blood of Jesus. O may I ever be enabled to live at the footstool of Him who hath purchased with his own blood eternal redemption for us, and who lives at his Father's right hand to plead the cause of guilty, lost, and condemned sinners. I feel thankful for the seasons I sometimes enjoy at a throne of grace; and I trust that my desires after a full conformity to all his righteous will are increasing.

For some time before her removal to a better world, her state of health was frequently such as detained her from the public means of grace; but she carefully improved the appointed seasons, by reading, prayer, and spiritual converse.

On the symptoms of her case becoming more alarming her medical attendant wished that the aid of a physician should be called in. The knowledge of this circumstance led her at once to conclude that considerable danger alone could prompt her friends to such a measure. Her intellectual powers, previously, somewhat irregular in their exercise, now became still more affected. And it was very apparent to those at all acquainted with the devices and machinations of Satan, that the invisible adversary was permitted

to work on the bodily and mental weakness of this suffering child of God. The appalling accusation that *she was an hypocrite*, rent her enfeebled spirit with indescribable anguish. It was to her "the hour, and power of darkness." To many who witnessed this scene, it was, no doubt, a matter of astonishment that one who had devoted herself to God as she had done, should be thus exercised. But such conflicts are not uncommon, even in the dying experience of those who have been eminent for holiness. The Lord, for the manifestation of his own faithfulness and power, is sometimes pleased to give Satan leave to try what he *can do*. The experiment answers many good purposes. The tempted saint is humbled, yet approved; surrounding friends are instructed; Satan, in the issue, is disappointed; and the wisdom and mercy of the Lord in his darkest dispensations towards his people are gloriously illustrated. These blessed effects were strikingly exhibited in the case of Mrs. Skinner. On the morning of the succeeding Tuesday, this tremendous storm subsided into holy calmness and serenity; but her weakness was too great to allow of her then expressing much of what she felt. On the following Thursday she appeared better, and being raised out of bed for a few moments, one of her kind attendants said, "My dear, you are much better;" she replied, "Yes; 'it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in

our eyes.'” She afterwards added, “I have had such promises, such sweet promises!” Being laid again in bed, she recited the words of David with solemn composure, “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.” A little after, she quoted our Saviour’s delightful words to his disciples:—“In my Father’s house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you.” From this time to the day preceding her death, she constantly spoke of the clear manifestations of God’s love towards her. At one period, her strength was sufficient to warrant her conversing a little with her beloved friends. They uniformly found her in the spirit of praise and thanksgiving; and, at times, she hardly appeared to have language to express her feelings. On one occasion she said, with great composure, “I have learned to hang upon Christ,” and emphatically repeated, “simply to hang upon Christ.” In this exercise of holy confidence, notwithstanding some occasional efforts of the Tempter to distress her, she was enabled habitually to persevere.

Notwithstanding the temporary improvement in her health, she retained a fixed persuasion of her speedy dissolution. The first indications of the recurrence of serious symptoms took place on Tuesday, May 28th. On Friday the 31st she

became still worse; but her mind was all serenity and peace. On the following Sunday she said to her eldest sister, "Will you find the chapter which has that delightful promise, 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.' It has been impressed on my mind with power." In the evening when Mr. S. and her sister H. were on the point of leaving her, she said, "We must pray." After they had accordingly commended their beloved invalid to God, she herself broke out in prayer. The subject and manner of her supplications greatly impressed their minds. Every expression bespoke intimate communion with the Father, through the Son, by the eternal Spirit. Every request terminated in perfect acquiescence to the will of God. Thus sweetly did she close her last sabbath on earth; brightly exemplifying her preparation for that endless bliss, on the threshold of which she seemed already to have entered.

On Wednesday her mind was elevated above all earthly things. She observed, "I am afraid of looking to the world; heavenly things are every thing to me." In the evening of this day, one of her sisters, when sitting beside her, observed to her that she seemed better; she replied, with sacred ardour, "But the best of all is, the Lord draws nigh."

June 7th, the day on which she died, she said,

—“ These light afflictions, which endure but for a moment,”—here she sunk upon her pillow, when a near relative added,—“ shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” “ Yes,” she faintly replied, “ *for me.*” In the afternoon she struggled to speak, but the power of utterance had almost failed. A sister beside her asked, “ is Jesus precious to you ?” With difficulty she answered, “ Yes, yes ;” and a little after distinctly said, “ I shall get to heaven !” Whilst several promises and passages of divine truth were repeated, she listened with deep attention ; and when the following lines met her ear,

“ Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last ! ”

She just repeated the word “ *My.*” This was the last word she was able to articulate ; and at the solemn midnight hour, her happy spirit made its escape to endless rest. Thus terminated the short but useful life of Mrs. William Skinner, wanting one month of the twenty-fifth year of her age.

MRS. HORNE.



The following statement of the closing scene of Mrs. Horne's life is given by her husband; a missionary in Jamaica, belonging to the Wesleyan Methodist Society.

ON our arrival in Jamaica, myself and my colleague soon began to feel the debilitating effects of a tropical climate; but Mrs. Horne was by no means so seriously affected. Her spirits were good, her soul was happy, and she was actively and incessantly employed; so that, while sickness brought us to the brink of the grave, she enjoyed perfect health, with very little exception, until the week before that in which she died. Business having rendered it necessary for me to go to Kingston, she requested to accompany me principally with a view to provide various articles for the family. While there, on Thursday, Aug. 5th, 1819, she complained of head-ache and feverishness, and before night was obliged to retire to her room. The usual medicines were

taken immediately; but the fever continued. Other means were used to procure an intermission, but all failed; and, by the following Thursday morning, it was evident that her mortal race was nearly run. Perceiving that no hope of life remained, I said to her, "It is likely the Lord is going to take you from me." "Is it?" said she, and added, "I may recover." I told her the Physician's opinion; and said, "You must not calculate upon living; though with God nothing is impossible." On my asking the state of her mind, and how she could meet God, she said, "I hope he will finish the work he has begun:" and after a little pause, exclaimed,

"Not a cloud shall arise, to darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment the Lord from my eyes."

She added, "An abundant entrance shall be ministered unto me into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ:"

"The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of heavenly bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his."

After taking leave of her dear infant, we then commended her to God in prayer, in which she joined with great favour. Our friends having retired, we had some conversation about our tem-

poral affairs, on which she gave me directions and advice, worthy of a dying saint. She had now done with the world ; her conversation was truly in heaven ; and she continually spoke of the things of God or breathed out her soul towards him. She was very happy in God all the day ; and often praised him for his rich mercy towards her. In the afternoon, I asked her whether she would rather die or live ? She said, “ I have no choice now ; I cannot wish any thing now, but God’s will. I am altogether at his disposal.” To this sentiment she adhered as long as she lived.—On Friday, Aug. 13th, she was very weak. I said to her, in the morning, “ My dear, we have now but a little time to be together.” She seemed startled, and said, “ I am not prepared ;” and began to pray more earnestly. In a few minutes, however, the cloud vanished, and she cried, in a rapture of grateful joy, “ Glory, glory be to God !” About this time, she said to Mrs. Johnstone, “ My husband and child are the only ties I have to earth.” Mrs. J. said, “ They are tender ties ; but God is all sufficient ;” to which she replied, “ O yes ! he has done it ! he has helped me ; I can give up all.” Recollecting her dear departed sister, (Jane,) who had died very happy about the year 1809, she was filled with joy unspeakable in the sure prospect of soon meeting her, and being for ever with the Lord. In the night she cried out, “ Glory, glory

be to God! I can praise him. There is not a cloud between my soul and my God. From my childhood I have feared him. My gracious Saviour is now with me; Jesus is here! He is precious to my soul. O, if I had now to seek salvation, what would become of me; but, thank God! the work is not now to be done!" At one time she appeared to be suffering under temptation from Satan; and was heard to say, "O thou robber! vain is thy attempt; for Jesus is here. About the same time, she said to me, with some indications of mental distress, "Whither shall I go? I answered. "Go to God, my dear; to the Lord Jesus, whom you love." That blessed name was balm to her soul; and her eyes sparkled with joy. After some time she was again somewhat troubled, and said repeatedly, "Where is God Almighty?" I said, "He is here with you." "O yes," said she, "he is with me;" after which she was perfectly calm and composed. She called me to her, for the last time; and, after a while, exclaimed, "My God!"—which were her last words. While I was commending her to God, she closed her eyes; and her happy spirit took its flight to the mansions of glory on Saturday, Aug. 14th, 1819, in the twenty-sixth year of her age.

In this short indisposition which preceded the death of Mrs. H., we see that the transition from a state of peace to sorrow; from confidence in God, to mistrust; and from the

hope which is full of immortality, to the fear that produceth torment, is sometimes so sudden in the experience of a Christian, that one, who is not skilled in the ways of righteousness, would suppose it to be a proof of the want of fixed principles in religion; but this would be a wrong conclusion. It is the will of God, that all who are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, shall, while in the body not only feel the evil, and bitterness of sin; but also what it is to endure the fiery darts of the Wicked One; and we often find, that when they are removed by sickness from all danger of being seduced or overcome, by temptations which he brings to act on the senses, that they are more exposed to *mental* conflicts. As he cannot entice them to sin by any act of open transgression, he attempts to undermine their confidence in God; and aware that it is not in his power to seduce them from the faith, he directs the whole force of his malignity against the destruction of their peace. But though he gain a triumph, it is only a momentary one. He may succeed, for wise and important reasons, in bringing the darkness of despondency and sorrow over the mind; but the light will again spring up to disperse the gloom, and diffuse joy and peace through the soul. And if the pious reader, should like others, be subjected to such sudden alternation of feeling, he ought not to be astonished or depressed, as though the Lord had in anger withdrawn the manifestations of his love; for the more violent the storm, the sooner it will be over, and the rapidity of the changes, is a plain indication that the serenity of an unruffled calm will soon be enjoyed. Be not alarmed! for as the powers of this world have not been able to separate you from the "love of Christ," neither shall the "principalities" of the next; but after a few more encounters, you shall come off more than a conqueror, and enter the joy of your Lord in triumph.

MRS. NAPIER.



MRS. NAPIER, of Laurence Kirk, Kincardineshire, at an early period of life, became decidedly pious; and though she lived in a place where she enjoyed but few religious advantages, yet she made great attainments in knowledge and in grace, and was favoured with intimate communion with God. After the birth of her second child, the indisposition under which she had long laboured, was pronounced by her medical attendant to be a confirmed consumption. When this communication was made to her, she received it, as the sentence of death, and consented to wean her infant as the only probable means of averting its speedy infliction. "Now," says her husband, "our troubles came upon us like an armed man;" but the greatest was the mental distress of Mrs. N. She had lost that assurance of her interest in the mediation of the Saviour, and her acceptance with God, which she had so long enjoyed. A horror of great darkness came over her, no

less intense and foreboding, than that which bound down the venerable patriarch, when he he was on the eve of receiving an extraordinary manifestation of grace from heaven.

Her happiness vanished; nor was there a promise in the word of God that could afford her relief! She beheld herself one of the chief of sinners, and was strongly tempted to think that all her former experience was mere delusion. She saw herself dying, but the thought of leaving her husband and children, was like a dagger to her soul. On seeing the child in the nurse's hands she burst out into a flood of tears, and said to her husband, "I am heartily sorry that my heart is so fixed on any thing in this world, as it is on these children and on you." Her husband answered, "My dear, we should not have our hearts fixed upon any thing that is in this world: seeing they can afford us no happiness, we should not let them engross our affections, nor draw our souls from God. I am fully of opinion that you are dying, and as far as I can see, it is at no great distance. I exhort you, therefore, to take your heart off the things of time, and to fix it upon things durable as God himself." She replied, "I can by no means tear my heart, as yet, from my children, but I am confident that God in his good time will give me strength to do it." "Yes, my dear," said he, "trust in him, and he will help you." Still con-

tinuing to grow worse, she thought of going into the country to see if it would have any good effect upon her, to which her husband readily agreed, as much for her being out of the view of her family, as any hopes he had of her recovery. At this time the state of her mind occupied almost all her thoughts. Shortly after she went into the country, her husband went to see her, and though she grew no better, as to her health, he found her resigned to the will of God. She said, "I can *now* give up all things, my children, and my beloved partner, whenever God is pleased to call for me." She soon went home so much better as to flatter the hopes of her dear husband. But alas! in about ten days after, she relapsed into her former state; and the enemy of her soul was again suffered to perplex her; but she continued to wrestle with God in prayer till she overcame. Her prayers were remarkably fervent and powerful. Her husband overheard her, one afternoon in her closet, pouring out her heart in the most melting manner. When she came out, he said, "My dear, you have been wrestling, like Jacob, with God, and like him, I hope you have prevailed." "Yes," she replied, "blessed be God, he has softened my hard heart, and given me to see the folly of placing my heart on the things of time." From this time the light of God's countenance shone upon her with little intermis-

sion. In all her sufferings she manifested the greatest patience. She said, "My sufferings are nothing compared with what Christ suffered for me, or what my sins deserve. I wish to suffer with patience what the Lord is pleased to inflict, that he may make me perfect through suffering." Soon after this she was confined to her bed, and it was evident that her dissolution drew nigh. Being asked one day, "Is death clothed with terror in your view?" She said, "No: I have not the least fear of death, for my Lord hath taken the sting from death, and victory from the grave; and the light of his countenance shall light me through its dark vale, and bring me safe to his bright abode, where I shall praise him through all eternity. While sitting in her chair, a circumstance led to the following words: "I know he will provide for them; (her family) yes, I can give them up to God, without reserve." As she had been for some time rather reserved, her husband said to her one day, "My dear, how is it that you speak so little to us; is it because you are incapable of speaking?" She answered, "No: I am as capable of speaking as ever, but there is a weight upon my spirits which hinders me from saying much. But though I speak little, I feel much, and enjoy much of the presence and love of my blessed Jesus." "I am sorry," she continued, "that I cannot say more for Christ than

I do, but though I could speak with the tongue of an angel, I could not declare the half of what I feel and enjoy. I have a great desire to say something for my dear Lord, but I cannot. It seems as if he had bound my tongue, because I would not speak for him when I *could*, and now when I would, I *cannot*. But blessed be his name, he knows my desire, that I wish to glorify him in all that I say or do. Glory be to him, I have neither doubt nor cloud upon my mind; it is the nature of my complaint that makes me so dull in my spirits; and till it is removed, I doubt much whether my dullness will leave me. I can rejoice that the enemy of my soul has nothing to do with me. No! he is bound, and though he hath buffeted me long, he has no power over me *now*: for the Lord is my portion, my strength, my hope, my all." On being asked by a friend, if she felt her mind stayed upon the Lord, and resigned to his will, she replied, "Yes, my heart is stayed upon him alone: glory be to God, he is a rock, his work is perfect; and I feel my soul happy in him. Although my joy is not so great as some have experienced, yet I have a firm confidence and a well-grounded hope, blooming with immortality. 'And though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet, in my flesh shall I see God.' Job. xix. 26. I am fully resigned to his will, and whatever

he commands; I cheerfully obey. If it be his will that I should

“ Linger out a few more years in pain.”

I can say, “ Thy will be done in all things.”

Her mother-in-law said to her, “ I see that you are dying, and I am convinced, that death cannot be far distant from you, though I was loth to believe it.” “ Yes,” she replied, “ I believe it is the case; and you must give me up to God. Although I have had many happy days amongst you, and although my heart is uncommonly attached to you all, yet I can part with you to go to Jesus, who loved me, and gave himself for me. I am dying, but I am going to glory. O! that we all may meet again, when pain, parting, and death, shall be no more.” About this time (which was but a month before her death) she gave directions concerning her funeral, with as much composure of mind as if it was any common transaction. When all around her were melted into tears, she said, “ My friends, do not grieve so much for me, for I can assure you, it will be well with me when I leave you and this world of grief.”

On her husband taking the child from the cradle, he asked, “ Do you feel any unwillingness to part with this child?” She answered, “ Not in the least: the Lord can provide for him without me, as well as with me; and I can

give you all up to Him who is the orphan's stay, and the helper of all them that are in distress." In the course of the day, several persons called to see her : when they were gone. she said, " I am sorry that so many inquire after my body, without making any inquiry after the welfare of my soul, which is of so much more value. O that they knew how much I feel for them !" From this time till her death, her sufferings were great, and she got but little sleep either night or day. One morning, it being observed to her, " You have had a hard night ;" she said, " A very painful night, indeed ; but it is over, and will no more return."

The evening before her decease, she said to her husband—I leave this world without a murmur." " When you go," he replied, " you will leave me those good qualities which I have so much admired in you for many years." She said, " I have nothing to leave you that is good ; and, if there be any good quality about me, I wish the Lord may give you a double portion of it ; and what is bad, O bury it with my body, that it may never be heard of." About five in the morning, she desired something to wet her mouth. When she got a little wine and water, which was all the support she had taken the day before, she said, " Blessed be the Lord, for this and all his mercies : he is kind and merciful to me ; while many of his dear children have scarcely the necessaries

of life, I have its luxuries, and kind people to attend me." "I wonder," she continued (addressing herself to her husband) "that you can be so attentive to me now, that I am nothing but a burden upon the earth." "I could be content, my dear," said he, "to have you, as you are, all my life, were it not for what you suffer, rather than live without you." "One of us," said she, "must go first, and it is better that I should be the person." "Yes, my dear," he rejoined, "and you will welcome me to the celestial city." "If it be God's will," she replied, "I shall be glad to do it." One of her most intimate friends said, "You are near to glory: do you feel Jesus precious?" "Yes," said she, "He is my all in all." These were amongst the last words she uttered; for soon her happy spirit took its flight to the regions of eternal day, in the thirty-second year of her age, on the 30th of December, 1813.*

* Entire resignation to the divine will, is one of the highest attainments of personal religion; but it is an attainment which we cannot easily or suddenly acquire. It requires a peculiar degree of grace from on high, and as that grace is usually conveyed in a gradual and imperceptible manner, it requires a preparatory dispensation of affliction to bring it to perfection. Hence we often find, in watching the developement of the principles of the human mind, that when troubles rush in upon it with a sudden violence, there is sometimes a sullen resistance made to the will of God, instead of a spontaneous submission—a secret rebellion of the passions, instead of a complacent acquiescence: and what is the consequence? The loss of spiritual

enjoyment—that holy and ineffible delight, which arises from an intimate fellowship with God, which is necessarily interrupted when there is any opposition raised against the order of his procedure. When this opposition is fixed and uniform, it bespeaks a mind in a state of entire alienation from him, but its casual and momentary resistance, is not incompatible with the possession of the principle of general submission: and though it may please the Holy One of Israel to *suspend* the gracious manifestations of his love during the period it is in a state of action, yet he will soften down all the murmuring dispositions, and after having induced the resignation which he requires, will again lift up the light of his countenance and give joy and peace. And though the Writer does not wish to record a sentence which shall have a tendency to reconcile his readers to the slightest expression of dissatisfaction with the will of God, or diminish in their estimation the magnitude of its guilt; yet he may be permitted to remark, that there may be a momentary resistance, without any impeachment of the principle of general acquiescence. To expect a wife, who is young in years, and ardent in attachment: or a mother, whose bosom is glowing with all the warmth of maternal affection, to hear the heavy tidings of her approaching dissolution, without feeling a momentary shock, and the vibration of that shock, agitating and convulsing her whole frame, would be to betray our ignorance of the laws by which the human mind is governed; yet we see, when it has spent its violence, the mind recovering its original state of composure, and under the influence of that grace, which “*helps our infirmities,*” very often displaying a high degree of complacency in the mysterious dispensation.

MISS J. D. OFFTY.

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It appears from the diary of Miss Jane Deborah Offty, that she was called by divine grace about the year 1783, under the ministry of the Rev. Richard Cecil: the sermon she dates her first lasting impressions from was founded on Matt. xii. 43, 44. On that occasion she thus writes: "I have reason in particular to bless God for that sermon; it led me to examine the matter over and over again, and to seek that grace which bringeth salvation, and teaches its subject to deny all ungodliness, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world."

From that time to her death, though she did not enjoy so much of that appropriating faith which leads its possessor to say, "He is my beloved and my friend," yet she could always say, "Jesus Christ was the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely."

She was a timid, fearful Christian; but she was not a wavering one: the uniform language of her heart was—"If I perish it shall be at the feet of Christ." She waited the fulfilment of his promises, and believed, that none who trust in him shall be confounded." What honour the Lord put upon this determined faith will appear by the closing scene of her life.

At the commencement of her long affliction, nothing remarkable appeared, except the patience and resignation with which she met the alarming progress of the disease. To a friend who said to her, "Your sufferings must have been very heavy!" she replied, "Not one too many; I have committed my way to the Lord for thirty years, and he has always chosen what was best for me."

Hitherto she enjoyed but little of his smiles, which constitute the bliss of heaven. She said one morning, "If it is but light through the valley, O what a mercy! but if not, what shall I do?" It was observed in answer, she would be equally safe if it was dark all the way; "Yes," she replied, "but I wish it much, for the sake of those who see me die, as well as for my own comfort."

On one occasion she said, "How superior are my accommodations to what my dear Saviour had; I have not only every comfort, but every

wish anticipated, by the most tender and affectionate solicitude;\* He had nothing but a manger.

\* Let the pious reader imitate her example, and compare his present situation with the Redeemer's when he was on earth. His birth place was a stable; his cradle a manger! When he appeared amongst his countrymen, he was despised and rejected; insulted and spit upon; smote by the rude hand of violence; and taken to Calvary, where he was executed as a traitor against Cæsar, and a blasphemer against God; and when in his last moments he said, *I thirst*, the people gave him vinegar mixed with gall to drink. But even these indignities and the sufferings which he endured from the nails that pierced his hands and his feet, and the thorns that lacerated his temple, were "light afflictions" when compared with the anguish of his spirit, "when it pleased the Lord to bruise him, and put him to grief." Under reproach, and contempt, and every kind of torturous cruelty, he was dumb and opened not his mouth; but when God forsook him, he asked in agony, "*Why? Why hast thou forsaken me?*" Compare the circumstances attendant on your death, with those which attended his. You are not dragged into public notice, and made a spectacle of ignominy, but permitted to rest on your bed, surrounded by your kind and affectionate friends—no tortures are inflicted on your body by the malignity of your enemies, but every expedient which kindness can devise is employed to abate the sufferings you endure—if you thirst some refreshing draught is given to refresh you—when in pain, the voice of friendship is heard dropping its animating expressions of sympathy; and though you may have some darkening clouds pass over your mind, yet you are not without your spiritual consolations. Is not the disciple placed in a more enviable situation than the Master? The heir of salvation more highly favoured than its illustrious *Author!*

Why should I complain of want or distress, of affliction or pain? He told me no less—

“ The heirs of salvation  
I know from his word,  
Through much tribulation  
Must follow their Lord.”

O no! after this I will not—my hands were not pierced for him—his were for me.”

On January 22, she expressed great uneasiness lest, after all, she should have been deceiving herself, and should not be found on the right foundation. She was asked upon what foundation she would be, she eagerly replied—“ Jesus Christ to be sure is all I want; he alone can afford me any hope!” She was asked if that was not fleeing to him for refuge? after a short pause she said, “ Why yes, it must be, it must be; then I am entitled to strong consolation:” as to the plea she used before God, she said nothing but mercy would do for her, adding

“ Thy mercy my God,  
Is the theme of my song,  
The joy of my heart,  
And the boast of my tongue.”

She was then reminded “ The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, and in those who hope in his mercy,” when she was enabled to lay hold on that consolatory passage.

January 23, She said, to a friend, " I want to tell you how happy I am ; I am sure all is well —how I wish you enjoyed what I do ; pray do not grieve for me, I am secure for eternity—

' More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven.' "

So delightful and rapturous was her frame throughout this day, that it was feared she would exhaust herself too much, her weakness was so great : she said, " I can never say enough of the mercy afforded ; how

' Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
And trust his firm decrees ;  
Sweet to be passive in his hand,  
And know no will but his.'

On recovering from a fainting fit she said, to some of her family, " I have had all that was good for me on earth, and now I am going to the full enjoyment of bliss in heaven, where I shall see the King in his beauty, Mr. Forster too, and Mr. Cecil, and Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob : O who could have thought I should die so happy ? what a miracle !

' Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillars are !'



and how soft are mine ! I have been fearing death fifty years, and now all my fears are gone ; and one step more will land me where all the ship's company meet

' Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath !'

" O," said she, " I shall soon sing in heaven, ' Worthy the Lamb to receive riches, and power, and honour, and glory, and blessing ;' and why me, dear Lord ? O, why me ? Is it possible—what shall I ? I shall—his precious blood was shed for me ! Jesus Christ is a friend in health and sickness, in prosperity and adversity, in the hour of death and the day of judgment."

January 29, she said I am happy, happy, happy, happy ! Hallelujah, Hallelujah ! Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb !" She then lay a very long time insensible ; but when again collected and able to speak, she said

" Death cannot make our souls afraid,  
If God be with us there ;"

" Dying is only like walking home." She soon after this went off again, but was once more sensible ; and said very distinctly, but with a long pause, " Chained, foe."

On February 1, her happy spirit took its flight, in the fifty-fifth year of her age.

# DEATH-BED SCENES.



## FOURTH CLASS.



JOHN DICKINSON, Esq.  
OF BIRMINGHAM.



I heard a voice from heaven  
Say, "Blessed is the doom  
Of them whose trust is in the Lord,  
When sinking to the tomb!"

The Holy Spirit spake—  
And I his words repeat—  
"Blessed are they," for after toil  
To mortals, rest is sweet.



Mr. Dickinson was born at Chester, July 21, 1762. His father who was a respectable tradesman in that city, died when he was very young and left him under the care of his uncle Mr. T. Jones. At the age of fifteen he removed to Birmingham, and was apprenticed to Mr. Samuel Hammond, who carried on the trade of a button

**maker.** During the time of his servitude he conducted himself with so much propriety, and acquired such an ascendancy in the esteem and confidence of his master, that when it expired he was admitted into partnership with him, in connexion with another gentleman. On the 14th of June, 1792, he married Mrs. Rebecca Adams, of West Bromwich; a lady of exemplary piety, distinguished not more by her suavity of manners than her active benevolence; and who still survives him. This union was productive of a larger measure of domestic happiness than usually falls to the lot of man; and was uniformly regarded by him as the choicest gift ever bestowed on him by the hand of Providence. He remained in business till the year 1816, when he retired to enjoy the fruit of his labours.

Though he had received a religious education, and had been trained up in the fear of the Lord, yet it was not till after his settlement in Birmingham that he began to feel the power of truth. At this time he attended the ministry of the late amiable, candid, and zealous Mr. Riland, who preached at St. Mary's chapel, and it was under his ministry that the truth enlightened his understanding, and became the means of effecting that moral transformation which the Redeemer emphatically denominates "being born again." Of the fact of this change he felt conscious: and he lived to demonstrate, that it is not the fanciful

conception of fanaticism, as is too often asserted, but the production of a supernatural power, in which all mental purity originates. Having passed from a state of spiritual death to spiritual life, from that hour he devoted himself to the service of God, through the mediation of Jesus Christ; and having the virtues of the Christian character engrafted on a disposition naturally amiable, they shone with peculiar lustre.

He was favoured with almost an uninterrupted share of health for many years; and though all knew that he was mortal, yet no one calculated on his death till it was announced. On Wednesday, September, 12, 1821, he took the chair at the public Meeting of business connected with the Missionary Society, of the united counties of Warwick, Worcester, and Stafford, which was held in Ebenezer Chapel; and though he had often charmed an audience with his chaste eloquence, yet never did he plead the cause of Missions in a more lucid, striking, and impressive manner, or with more effect, than at this time. On the following Friday evening he left a Committee, which he generally attended, and returned home in perfect health; but about 4 o'clock on Saturday morning, he felt indisposed. Medical assistance was called in, but it was not till Monday afternoon that any one was apprehensive of danger. His pastor, who was then with

him, said, "This Sir, is a severe and painful affliction; but it is sent by your Father." "Yes, Sir," he replied, "and sent in mercy." Soon after this he said, "Pray." "What shall I pray for?" "Pray for faith, for patience, and for resignation; and, if it be the will of God, that I may live a short season longer." A few hours before his decease his pastor asked him how he felt in his mind, to which question he returned the following reply: "*I have many things to lament, but I am a sinner at the cross, expecting to be saved by grace.*" After a short pause he added, "*All is well, all is well.*" He lingered on, in a dosing state, till near seven o'clock, when he fell asleep in Jesus, unconscious of the great change awaiting him, till the glories of the invisible world burst open upon his redeemed spirit.

It was the writer's privilege and honour to enjoy the friendship of Mr. D. during the few last years of his life; and though he has often wept over the grave of his friend, yet he never wept so much, as when Mr. D. died: and while he cherishes the remembrance of many with whom he has taken sweet counsel and walked to the house of God in company, yet there is no one, of all the friends he has lost, whose memory emits a sweeter fragrance. The Reader may find a sketch of the character of this extraordinary man in the *Evangelical Magazine*, for June, 1822.

## HENRY WARNE, Esq.



On January 3, 1815, died at St. Columb, in Cornwall, Henry Warne, Esq. aged 72. This excellent man was called early in life (it is believed when at school) to the saving knowledge of divine truth, by the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Walker, of Truro.

The sterling nature of his religion will best appear by his dying feelings and expressions, with which his whole life was in unison. About the latter end of October, 1814, he was impressed with the idea that he was soon to leave the body. To a friend who called to see him, he said, "Though my outward man decayeth, my inward man is renewed day by day—I have no fear of death! I am happy both in body and soul." The decay of nature had greatly impaired his mental faculties, yet his spiritual discernment was clear. He could tell those around what intercourse he had with heaven, and how bright

were his prospects of immortality. His own enjoyments prompted him to check the appearance of concern in others, saying he could not bear to see a gloomy countenance. He often shed tears of joy at the prospect of death. In the night of December 7, when awaking from sleep, he exclaimed, "I am saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation; my sins, which are many, are all forgiven;" and repeated from Dr. Watts,

‘ I'll praise my Maker with my breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.’

On the 12th, his enjoyments appeared suspended, and his soul harrassed: he exclaimed— "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" &c. but on the following day he again enjoyed the beams of the Sun of Righteousness; when he remarked, "the dealings of God with the soul are wonderful. I can now look on death with pleasure! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." On the 14th he felt himself much weaker, and in the night broke out in the following language:—"I long to leave this body of clay, to meet my dear wife and child in glory, and to fall down at the feet of the blessed Jesus. I have no fear of death, the Lord has promised strength equal to my day. The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but the Lord's kindness

shall not depart from me; neither shall the covenant his of peace be removed. I cannot express my joys." In the morning he continued in the same frame, and said, "O death,—glory—what delightful sounds!—My cup runneth over! O Death, where is thy sting!—O Grave, where is thy victory. Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. It is all of grace." From this period he had but few intervals of recollection; all of which were employed in praise. About four days before his death, when a friend proposed the following question, "Have you nothing to say to us," he replied, "Yes, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord—I know that my Redeemer liveth—Christ is mine, and I am his—whom have I in heaven but thee," &c. After this he spoke but little; but, it was discoverable that his soul was secretly supported by the prospect of eternal and unfading glory.

The writer in the discharge of his professional engagements as a minister of the gospel, has sometimes met with Christians, who have, through age and infirmity, been reduced to such a state of mental imbecility, that they have had effaced from their memory nearly all the impressions which they have ever received, from the objects which strike the senses: but during this period of decay they have still retained, clear and distinct, their knowledge of Christ Jesus as their Saviour and Redeemer: and amidst the gloom that has rested over the apparent extinction of their intellectual faculties, the hope of immortality has broken out to illumine the scene, and to impart to them in



their expiring hour a joy which no language can describe. He has been reminded on such occasions, of the language of the apostle, who says, "*though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.*"\*

We are told that in many instances the body and the mind appear to decay together. Hence there is often a loss of the memory with the loss of animal vivacity,—a loss of intellectual vigour with the loss of physical strength,—a loss of imaginative sprightliness with a loss of sensitive acuteness. Yes, I know it. I have seen the mind and the body undergoing something like this reciprocal decay, before the final separation. But even under these circumstances the soul has preserved its moral and spiritual animation and vigour. Its memory has lost its impression of earthly objects, but not its impression of heavenly. The intellect has fallen down prostrate before the counsels and schemes of human wisdom, as incapable of comprehending them, but it has retained its clear and sublime perceptions of the plan of human redemption. The fancy has been incapacitated, for lofty flights, amongst the conceptions of the judgment, and no longer able, to express "thoughts that glow in words that burn," yet even in this darkened hour, it has soared into a higher and purer region, where it has heard sounds to mortal ears unknown, and seen visions of glory, which a Raphael's pencil could not sketch. The affections have died off from the relationships of life on which they once fastened with intense ardour, but it has been to undergo a moral purification that they might be placed more entirely on objects which are unseen and eternal. What a strong collateral argument does this supply not only in favour of the immortality of the soul, but of the supreme excellence of that faith in a Mediator, which can keep the mind in perfect peace, and animate it with the brightest visions of bliss, even when it appears to be sinking into a state of intellectual darkness and extinction.

\* 2 Cor. iv. 16.

## MR. JOHN WARNER.



The late Rev. Samuel Lowell, of Bristol, sent the following account to the Editor of the Evangelical Magazine in the year 1808.

On or about the eleventh of February, John Warner, aged 31, being greatly afflicted with an asthma, which had brought on a consumption, came from Wales to Bristol, hoping to receive some benefit from the change of air.

On Saturday evening, February 28, I received a note requesting that I would, if possible, make him a visit immediately. On being introduced to the afflicted man, he appeared to have no more knowledge of me than I had of him. After a few general remarks, respecting affliction, the solemnities of death, and the importance of exchanging worlds, I endeavoured to draw him into a more particular conversation. He once or twice said, that he thought he wanted something, which he had not; but that he scarcely knew

what it was. Excepting what may be supposed to be suggested by this declaration, his mind appeared dark, bewildered, and comparatively unimpressed. With great self-complacency, he told me he had never been guilty of any particular sins; and was not, therefore, uneasy on that score. To every thing I said, he gave that unlimited assent, which, when coming from an unenlightened person, has always appeared to me peculiarly embarrassing. To every truth stated, his monotonous reply was, 'Yes, Sir,'—'To be sure, Sir,'—'Certainly, Sir;' and the like. I now felt (as I have often done under similar circumstances,) discouraged, perplexed, and grieved; and could not but deeply lament the mental darkness in which the poor man appeared to be enveloped.

After a short pause, I frankly confessed that I knew not what to say to him, observing that he appeared to have no wants; that the blessings of the gospel were for the poor, the wretched, and the lost;—that if he were lamenting his sins, crying for mercy, and enquiring the way of salvation, I thought I should know how to address him; but that with his present views, the gospel must necessarily appear to him of very little value.

I represented sin as being infinitely displeasing to the blessed God; and, with mingled fidelity and tenderness, testified that if he died

unpardoned, he would be found in circumstances unspeakably awful. I then asked him, if he had been accustomed to hear preaching of any kind; to which he replied, "Not during the last six or seven years: my service would not allow of it." On my remarking that it was a pity he should have accepted of such a service, and that he had better have been in another situation where he might have enjoyed religious instruction, even though he had had but half bread, with peculiar earnestness he replied, 'O! I wish I had, I wish I had.'

A scene now succeeded which astonished me, and which will never be effaced from my remembrance.

This man, whose language so recently betrayed the benighted state of his mind, and whose words were so ill chosen as very imperfectly to convey his ideas, instantaneously became energetic, impressive, and indeed eloquent.

After a solemn pause, as nearly as I can recollect, he thus exclaimed,—'What, and is it too late! Is all lost? Is my poor soul abandoned? Have I lived in the neglect of all these things, and is it come to this? O, what, what shall I do? O, my sins! O, my poor soul! O, my God! my God! shall I be cast off for ever? What must I do to be saved? Is there no way open for me? O, what, what must I do to be saved? These and words nearly to the same

effect, were repeated again and again, until his strength was exhausted, and he became silent. My heart was deeply affected; and when I found myself in possession of my speaking powers, I preached unto him Jesus and his salvation; represented his love in visiting our world, and in dying for sinners; and endeavoured to explain the connexion which infinite wisdom had ordained between faith and the enjoyment of the blessings of pardon and eternal life! To his grand question, I assured him the gospel gave but one answer, the same which was given to the Philippian jailer, when, in a similar agony of mind, he made the same enquiry; unto whom the inspired apostle replied, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' I proceeded to explain the nature of faith; and repeated a variety of passages, in which we are commanded to believe in Christ, and to commit our souls into his hands as the only Mediator between God and man. Several times did I repeat those well-known scriptures, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.' 'Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' 'Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.'

After another pause, my astonishment was greatly increased by the impressive manner in which he exclaimed, 'What is this! Is it an

angel's voice I hear? An angel sent to visit me, and to instruct me in the great concerns of my poor soul! And is it indeed true? Did the Son of God come from heaven to suffer and die for sinners? And must I believe in him? O, I will believe on him! I will come unto him! I will trust in him! I will commit my soul into his hands! I was then encouraged to say, and I said it with peculiar solemnity of spirit, "And thou shalt be saved." At this moment there was an evident struggle between the power of Faith and the remains of Unbelief; for with every mark of anxious solicitude, he cried, 'But is it not too late?' I assured him that it was not; and reminded him of the salvation of the penitent thief; adding, "The blessed Jesus, by whom that poor sinner was pardoned, and through whom he now enjoys the happiness of the eternal world, is still the same; and if you believe on him, and commit your soul into his hands, you will most assuredly share in the blessedness of the same salvation."

He then, with a peculiarly plaintive tone, exclaimed, 'O, my God, my God! Is this a messenger from heaven? A messenger sent to instruct me in the way of my salvation? And will God thus open a way for me? Will he be merciful to me? Will he indeed save me? Will he save my poor soul? O, if I live, I'll serve him! I will serve him, I will serve him!' On which

I said, "Shall we unite in prayer to him?" He eagerly assented. My heart was full and so were the hearts of the friends that were present;— every word and every tone of the afflicted man now greatly interested the feelings of us all; and we together poured out our souls before the Lord. It was a solemn season; and all seemed conscious of the divine presence. When we arose from our knees, I proceeded to take my leave of him for the present; informing him, that I should be engaged the whole of the next day, it being the Sabbath; but I would, by the divine permission, see him again about eight o'clock in the evening. With the most tender affection he pressed my hand, detained me a short time, pronouncing innumerable blessings upon me; and assuring me what pleasure it would yield him to see me again; and how thankful he should be for my instruction and my prayers.

. In less than an hour, however, after I left him, he died; but I believe that he died in the Lord; and that he will share in the blessedness of 'the first resurrection.'"

## AN EXTRAORDINARY CONVERSION IN AMERICA.



THE Rev. Dr. Mason was, some time since, requested to visit a lady in dying circumstances, who, together with her husband, openly avowed infidel principles, though they attended on his ministry.

On approaching her bedside, he asked her if she felt herself a sinner, and the need of a Saviour? She frankly told him she did not; but that she believed the doctrine of a Mediator to be all a farce. "Then," said the Doctor, "I have no consolation for you;—not one word of comfort. There is not a single passage in the Bible that warrants me to speak peace to any one who rejects the Mediator provided for lost sinners. You must abide the consequences of your infidelity." So saying, he was on the point of leaving the room, when some one said "Well, but Doctor, if you cannot speak consolation to her, you can pray for her." To this



he assented, and kneeling down by the bedside, prayed for her as a guilty sinner just sinking into hell; and then arising from his knees, he left the house.

A day or two after, he received a message from the lady herself, earnestly desiring that he would come to see her, and without delay! He immediately obeyed the summons. But what was his amazement, when on entering the room, she held out her hand to him, and said with a benignant smile, "It is all true,—all that you said on Sunday is true. I have seen myself the wretched sinner you described me to be in prayer. I have seen Christ to be that all-sufficient Saviour you said he was; and God has mercifully snatched me from the abyss of infidelity, in which I was sunk, and placed me on the Rock of Ages. There I am secure—there I shall remain—I know in whom I have believed."

All this was like a dream to him; but she proceeded, and displayed as accurate a knowledge of the way of salvation revealed in the Gospel, and as firm a reliance on it, as if she had been a disciple of Christ for many years. Yet there was nothing like boasting or presumption; all was humility, resignation, and confidence. She charged her husband to educate their daughter in the fear of God: and, above all, to keep her from those novels, and books of

infidel sensibility, by which she had been brought so near to ruin! On the evening of the same day she expired, in fulness of joy and peace in believing.

The account which the Doctor received from her attendants was, that the prayer he offered up by the bedside, fastened upon her mind: and, shortly after he had left her, she became alarmed about the state of her soul. Indeed, at one period, her agony was such, that, (although on Sunday, her voice was so feeble she could scarcely be heard) her cries were distinctly heard from the second story to the cellar of the house, and that at length she found peace in believing.

“Effectual, fervent prayer prevails,  
When every other method fails.”

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### LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

SOME years ago, a respectable tradesman of the city of London, of unquestionable piety, was exceedingly troubled in his mind respecting the safety of his future state. During a bodily affliction, which eventually proved fatal, he became still more doubtful of his interest in Christ, although many friends endeavoured to encourage

him in relying on the all-sufficiency of that grace, on which his hopes had been fixed for years previously to his being thus tempted. A short time before his dissolution, he exclaimed with horror and anguish, ' I die a confirmed hypocrite !' A friend by his bed-side, seeing him apparently motionless said, ' He is gone !' which the wife (who was in an adjoining room) hearing, immediately came in, and, with strong emotion of grief, threw herself on the bed of her supposed lifeless husband ; when, to the great surprise of surrounding friends, he again opened his eyes, and fixing them on his wife, said (as though he were certain of his eternal safety) ' Cruel love ! cruel love ! I was just entering my heavenly Father's gate, and you have disturbed me !' and instantly expired.

The reader may judge how great relief such an exclamation must have afforded those Christian friends who, but a few moments before, were the sad witnesses of his despair. Timid Christians should learn from this to be cautious of forming such rash conclusions respecting their final doom. Nor should surviving friends conclude, that the death-bed of those whose lives and conduct have been consistent with the gospel of Christ, is without hope, because they cannot leave such pleasant and visible testimony as is desirable.

## MISS MANSILL,

OF ATHY, KILDARE COUNTY.

Miss Mansill was brought to the knowledge of the truth under the ministry of the Rev. T. Kelly. For some years she 'walked worthy of the vocation wherewith she was called:' and 'adorned by her conversation, the doctrine of God her Saviour.' She possessed, in an eminent degree, the meekness of the Christian character, — seemed, in every thing, to be governed by a single eye to the glory of her Lord; and manifested an uncommon solicitude for the conversion of her fellow-sinners. Her first convictions were so deep, as even to affect her health; and her separation from the world was sudden and decided. Notwithstanding this, she became an example of the danger of neglecting our Lord's precept, 'Watch and pray.' The world became a snare to her; she mingled too much with those who mind earthly things; and at length partook, to a melancholy degree, of their spirit. Her fall was,

like the fall of believers in general, gradual. She at first ventured a little way, and was emboldened by degrees to venture farther, till all her peace of conscience forsook her, and her former pleasure and liveliness in the ways of God were changed to weariness and formality.

While in this awful situation, she was seized with one of the most malignant putrid fevers that had ever fallen under the observation of the physicians by whom she was attended. When she felt the approach of the disorder, she seemed to have been fully persuaded that it would prove a sickness unto death; and from that time all the concerns of life appeared to her as nothing. For many days after her confinement, she was a total stranger to peace; and on being asked by a friend how she found her mind, she answered, 'I did not take heed to my ways, therefore, the hand of the Lord is upon me.' The same question being repeated some time after, she said, 'My bodily pain, it is true, is very great; but, when compared to the trouble of my mind, it is nothing,—my heart is ready to break in pieces!' Indeed, the distress of her mind is not to be described. It was even painful for some time to speak to her of the Saviour: the mention of his name only augmented her distress, by bringing to her recollection the happiness she once enjoyed in his service. She was conscious that she had followed strange gods; and that she

could now derive no help from them; therefore, she said, "My heart is sore pained within me, and the terrors of death are fallen upon me; fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me." She had not one comfortable view of the Saviour; and her mind was filled with 'a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation.' Despair was painted on her countenance; and the thought of meeting God filled her soul with horror.

After this season of darkness had lasted for some days, the Sun of Righteousness arose upon her soul, with healing in his wings. This change soon discovered itself in the expression of her countenance; which now wore a smile of joy, declarative of the feelings of her soul. Being asked, some time after, how she found herself, she said, 'My body has been greatly distressed; but my soul has been in a heavenly state! My thoughts of Jesus have refreshed my spirit; and of his love to me I have not a single doubt. O what a Saviour have I!'

When speaking of death, she said, 'Though I am now happy in God, yet what shall I do when the hour of my departure comes? If the doubts which distressed me so much should return, I must sink under them. O, my dear Saviour, leave me not!' At these words she shed many tears. Being told that Jesus would 'never leave her, nor forsake her;' and 'that he would safely

conduct her through the valley of the shadow of Death,—she said, ‘ All is well !’

A little time after, she said, I am highly favoured indeed ! What am I, that I should be taken from this accursed world to dwell with Jesus ! O, my dear Saviour, come quickly, that I may see thee as thou art !’ When her pain was particularly violent, she would say, ‘ I know that all will be soon over ; and I shall enter a ‘ house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’ O, my blessed Jesus, in this tabernacle I groan, being burthened ! I long to sleep with thee ! Come, my Saviour, come to deliver me from pain of body, and let me enter into the rest prepared for thy people !’ The following emphatical prayer deserves to be recorded, as it marks the deep consciousness which she felt of her departure from God :—‘ O thou, who art the living God, quicken my soul ! True, Lord, I have grieved thy Holy Spirit ! I have departed from the path of holiness,—I have brought reproach upon the holy cause of the gospel,—I have distressed the righteous, and betrayed my Saviour ! Forgive, forgive, O thou King of Glory, for my dear Saviour’s sake ! Thou hast forgiven me, my God : I know thou hast pardoned my sin ; I know in whom I have believed ! Let thy good Spirit never depart from me : keep the love of the world for ever out of my heart. Father, heal all my back-slidings,

love me freely, and guard me that I fall no more : let the Holy Spirit comfort me ; and thy power support me in the hour of death ! Other lords have had dominion over me ; but now thou art my *only* Lord ! Bring me safe to thyself at last, for the sake of my dear Redeemer, Jesus Christ !” She then said, ‘ I have told him all things,—will you now pray for me ?’ Her joy was at this time beyond description. When no longer able to speak, she signified by her gestures that her soul was happy. She fell asleep in Jesus on the 7th of January, 1808.

In this case, we see the good Shepherd recovering his wandering sheep : “ *making her to lie down in green pastures : leading her beside the still waters,*”<sup>\*</sup> and illumining the dark valley through which she had to pass, with the light of his countenance ; but let no Christian presume to draw an encouragement from this extraordinary dispensation of grace, to draw back to the world, lest he should be left to feel in his last moments the bitter pangs of despair, and go out of life,

“ Without one chearful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glim’ring day.”

\* Psalm xxiii. 2.





# DEATH-BED SCENES.



## FIFTH CLASS.



THE SAYINGS OF SOME OF THE EMINENTLY WISE AND  
GOOD, WHEN IN THE IMMEDIATE PROSPECT OF  
THEIR DISSOLUTION.



“ O what were life .

Even in the warm and summer-light of joy  
Without those hopes, that like refreshing gales  
At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul  
Breath'd from the ocean of eternity.  
And oh! without them who could bear the storms,  
That fall in roaring blackness o'er the waters  
Of agitated life! Then hopes arise  
All round our sinking souls, like those fair birds  
O'er whose soft plumes the tempest hath no power,  
Waving their snow-white wings amid the darkness,  
And willing us with gentle motion, on  
To some calm island! on whose silvery strand,  
Dropping at once, they fold their silent pinions,  
And as we touch the shores of paradise  
In love and beauty walk around our feet!”

## REV. ROBERT BRUCE,

WHEN he was very old, and through infirmity confined to his chamber, he was asked by one of his friends, how matters stood between God and his soul? To which he made this return: "When I was a young man I was diligent, and lived by faith in the Son of God; but being now old, he condescends to feed me with sensible tokens of his favour."

And in the morning before the Lord removed him, being at breakfast, and having, as usual eaten an egg, he said to his daughter, "I think I am yet hungry; you may bring me another egg." But having mused awhile, he said, "Hold; daughter, hold; my Master calls me." With these words his sight failed him: whereupon he called for the Bible and said, "Turn to the 8th chapter to the Romans, and set my finger on the words,—I am persuaded that neither death nor life, &c. shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord." When this was done he said "Now is my finger upon them?" Being told it was, he said, "Now God be with you, my children: I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night." And immediately expired.

## MRS. JANE RATCLIFFE,

Who was no less eminent for the fervour of her devotion than the strength of her faith; when she drew near the close of life, assigned the following reasons why she wished to die.

“ I desire to die, because I want, while I live here, the glorious presence of God, which I love and long for; and that sweet fellowship of angels and saints, who would be as glad to see me with them, as I should be to see them about me; and would entertain me with unwearied delight.

“ I desire to die, because, while I live, I shall want the perfection of my nature, and be as a banished child from my father’s house.

“ I desire to die, because I would not live to offend so good a God, and grieve his Holy Spirit. For his loving-kindness is better than life, and he is abundant in mercy to me; and it often lies as a heavy load upon my heart to think of displeasing him.

“ I desire to die, because this world is infected with the plague of sin; and I myself am tainted with the same disease: so that while I live here, I can be in no place, nor in any company, where I shall not be in danger of being infected, or of infecting others.

“ I cannot but desire to die, when I consider that sin, like a leprosy, hath so corrupted me, that there is no soundness in me. My mind, my memory, my will, and affections, and my very conscience, are still impure. I therefore desire heaven for holiness, rather than for happiness, that I may sin no more.

“ I desire to die, because nothing in this world can give me solid and durable contentment. I like life the less, and am the more desirous to die, when I consider the misery that may come both on my body and estate. I may be left in the hands of the sons of violence. Besides, I daily suffer the loss of friends, who were the companions of my life; and those whom I lose by my life, I shall find by my death, and enjoy in another world for ever. With regard to my children; I am not troubled; for that God who hath given them life and breath, and all they have, while I am living, can provide for them when I am dead. My God will be their God, if they be his: and if they be not, what comfort would it be me for me to live to behold it? Life would be bitter to

me, if I should see them dishonour God, whom I so greatly love.

“ I fear not death, because it is but the separation of the soul from the body, and that is but a shadow of the body of death, Romans vii. 24. Whereas the separation of the soul from God by sin, Isaiah lix. 2. and of soul and body for sin, is death indeed.

“ I fear not death, because it is an enemy that hath been often vanquished; and because I am armed for it, and the weapons of my warfare are mighty through God, and I am assured of victory.

“ I do not fear death for the pain of it, for I am persuaded I have endured as great pain in life as I shall find in death, and death will cure me of all sorts of pain. Besides, Christ died a terrible and cursed death, to the end that any kind of death might be blessed to me. And that God who hath greatly loved me in life, will not neglect me in death; but will, by his Spirit, succour and strengthen me all the time of the combat.

“ I do not fear death for any loss, for I shall but lose my body by it, and that is but a prison to my soul; an old decayed house, a ragged garment; nay, I shall not lose that; for I shall have it restored at my Saviour's second coming, made much better than it is now; for this vile body shall be like the body of Christ, and by death I shall obtain a far better life.”

For her comfort in her last hours, she had put

into the following form some memoirs of the principal mercies and blessings she had received from God. "How shall I praise God for my conversion? For his word, both in respect of my affection to it, and the wonderful comforts I have had from it? For hearing of my prayers? For godly sorrow? For fellowship with the godly? For joy in the Holy Ghost? For the desire of death? For contempt of the world? For private helps and comforts? For giving me some strength against my sin? For preserving me from gross evils, both before and after my calling? &c."

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### REV. THOMAS HOOKER.

When one who stood weeping by the bed-side of the Rev. T. Hooker, said to him, "Sir, you are going to receive the reward of all your labours;" he replied: "Brother, I am going to receive mercy." At last he closed his eyes with his own hands, and gently stroking his forehead, with a smile in his countenance, he gave a little groan, and so expired, July 7th, 1647.

A worthy spectator of his death, in a letter to Mr. Cotton, had these words: "Truly, Sir, the sight of his death will make me have more pleasant thoughts of death than ever I had in all my life."

## REV. JOHN JANEWAY.

When the Rev. JOHN JANEWAY, who had been favoured with extraordinary manifestations of the true love of God, during his affliction, drew near his latter end, he said to his mother and his brethren who stood by him : “ Dear mother, I beseech you earnestly, as ever I desired any thing of you in all my life, that you would cheerfully give me up to Christ. I beseech you do not hinder me, now I am going to rest and glory. I am afraid of your prayers, lest they pull one way, and mine another.” And then turning to his brethren, he said : “ I charge you all, do not pray for my life any more. You do me wrong if you do. O that glory, that unspeakable glory which I behold ! My heart is full, my heart is full. Christ smiles, and I cannot but smile. Can you find in your heart to stop me, who am now going to the complete and everlasting enjoyment of Christ ? Would you keep me from my crown ? The arms of my blessed Saviour are open to embrace me. The angels stand ready to carry my soul into his bosom. O, did you but see what I see, you would all cry out with me, How long, dear Lord, how long ! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly ! O, why are his chariot wheels so long a coming ?”

Though he was, towards his end, usually in a



triumphant frame, yet he had some small intermissions. He would cry out, "Hold out faith and patience, yet a little while, and your work is done;" and when he found not his heart raised up to the highest pitch of thankfulness, admiration, and love, he would with great sorrow bemoan himself, and cry out in this language: "And what is the matter now, O my soul? What wilt thou, canst thou, thus slight this admirable and astonishing condescension of God to thee? Seems it a small matter, that the great Jehovah should deal thus familiarly with this worm?"

And then he broke out again into another ecstasy of joy and praise. "Stand astonished, O ye heavens! and wonder, O ye angels, at this infinite grace! Was ever any under heaven more beholden to free grace than I? O bless the Lord with me! Come, let us shout for joy, and boast in the God of our salvation. O, help me to praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever!"

To others, he said, "O my friends, stand and wonder; come, look upon a dying man and wonder; I cannot myself but wonder. Was there ever a greater kindness! Was there ever more sensible manifestations of rich grace! O, why me, Lord? Why me? Sure this is akin to heaven: and if I were never to enjoy any more than this, it were well worth all the torments men and devils could invent, to come through even a hell to such transcendent joys as these. If this be dying, dying is

sweet. Let no Christian ever be afraid of dying. O, death is sweet to me! This bed is soft. Christ's arms, his smiles and visits, sure they would turn hell into heaven! O, that you did but see and feel what I do! Come, and behold a dying man more cheerful than ever you saw any healthful man in the midst of his sweetest enjoyments. O Sirs, worldly pleasures are pitiful things compared with one glimpse of his glory which shines so strongly into my soul. O, why should any of you be so sad, when I am so glad! This, this is the hour that I have waited for."

About forty-eight hours before his death, his eyes were dim, his sight failed, and every part had the symptoms of death upon it; yet even then, if possible, his joys were greater still. He spake like one entering into the gates of the new Jerusalem: not a word dropped from his mouth, but it breathed of Christ and heaven! most of his work was praise: an hundred times admiring the boundless love of God to him. "O, why me, Lord? Why me?"

He took leave of his friends every evening, expecting to see them no more till the morning of the resurrection. "Now," says the dying saint, "I want but one thing, and that is, a speedy lift to heaven. O, help me, help me to praise and admire him that hath done such astonishing wonders for my soul! Come, help me with praise: all is too little: Come, help me, all ye glorious and mighty

Angels, who are skilful in this heavenly work of praise. Praise is now my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment for ever. Come, let us lift up our voice in praise; I with you, as long as my breath doth last, and when I have none, I shall do it better."

According to his desire, most of the time was spent in praise, and he would still be crying out, "More praise still! O help me to praise him! I have nothing else to do. I have done with prayer, and all other ordinances. I have almost done with conversing with mortals. I shall presently be beholding Christ himself, that died for me, and loved me, and washed me in his blood. I shall in a few hours be in eternity, singing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb. I shall presently stand upon Mount Sion with an innumerable company of angels: and the spirits of the just made perfect, and Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant. I shall hear the voice of much people, and be one amongst them which say, Hallelujah; salvation, glory, and honour, and power unto the Lord our God! And again, we say, Hallelujah! Methinks I stand, as it were, one foot in heaven, and the other on earth. Methinks I hear the melody of heaven, and by faith I see the angels waiting to carry my soul to the bosom of Jesus, and I shall be for ever with the Lord in glory. And who can choose but rejoice in all this?"

## REV. THOMAS SHEPARD.

On the Lord's Day at noon, I visited him, says my author, and at my parting with him, he said : " My hopes are built on the free mercy of God, and the rich merit of Christ ; and I do believe that if I am taken out of the world, I shall only change my place : I shall neither change my company nor communion."

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## REV. ROBERT FLEMING.

While his groans and strugglings in his sickness were plain indications that his body was in no small pain and disorder, his account of himself shewed that the irons did not enter his soul : for his answer to his friends, who asked him from time to time how he did, was always : " I am very well ;" or, " I was never better ;" or, " I feel no sickness." But finding in himself little or no ability for wonted meditation and prayer, he said to some about him : " I have been unable to form one serious thought since I fell sick ; unable to apply myself to God as I ought : but though I have not been unable to apply myself to God, he hath applied himself to me ; and one of his manifestations hath been such, that I could have borne no more."

**REV. RICHARD BURNHAM.**

His dear companion, in a flood of tears, asked him, "How she should bear to part with him?" At which he was much affected, and said, (taking her by the hand :) "My dear, don't let us part in a shower. It will be but a little while, and we shall meet never to be parted more. This I doubt not of, through the riches of Divine grace,—it is all of grace; perhaps not more than one winter, or two at farthest."

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**REV. THOMAS VINCENT.**

Having lain silent some time, a friend desired that he would give him his hand, as a token that the clouds were scattered; which he did, saying: "I am upheld in the arms of a Mediator."

## REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

A little before his death he said : “ Come, my dearest Jesus, the nearer the more precious, the more welcome.” Another time his joy was so great that in an extasy he cried out? “ I cannot contain it! What manner of love is this to a poor worm? I cannot express the thousandth part of what praise is due to thee. It is but little I can give thee, but Lord, help me to give thee my all. I will die praising thee, and rejoice that others can praise thee better. I shall be satisfied with thy likeness! satisfied! satisfied! O, my dearest Jesus, I come!” Thus died this excellent man, Dec. 31st, 1696, in the 77th year of his age.

A few days before his death, he composed the following lines; having been silent for some time, he called Mrs. Wesley to him, and desired her to write as he dictated ;

“ In age and feebleness extreme,  
Who shall a sinful worm redeem ?  
Jesus, my only hope thou art,  
Strength of my failing flesh and heart ;  
O, could I catch a smile from thee,  
And drop into Eternity !”

## REV. JOHN EYRE,

When near the close of life said to a friend, I have been praying for my family, and all my friends by name, as many as I can recollect; and the charge the Lord has committed to me, I have resigned to him again. I do not say I will go before, and prepare you mansions. No; blessed be God, they are already prepared! And my friends I shall not lose: I shall meet them again, for I have long broken off all friendship with the world." Upon his friend observing, ' You have not been left in this affliction?' " Oh, no!" said he, in an extacy, " I do not indeed know what Heaven is, but I have had such views, that it seems worth while to leave Heaven, and come down to enjoy them over again. But on these joys I lay no stress;—I had rather go out of the world in poverty of spirit, than with the greatest joy!"

## REV. BENJAMIN DAVIS.

On a friend suggesting to him during his illness the possibility of his recovery, he replied, "O no; if God saw fit to restore me, he would bless the means used for my recovery; but my work is done; and, glory be to his name, I am not without my reward in this life, for my consolations are neither few nor small: I know in whom I have believed, and he is able to keep me; and though I descend to the valley of death, he will be with me. He has the keys of death and hell at his girdle: the one cannot arrest till he commands; the other cannot open its mouth to destroy, while I have his merits to plead. Oh! who can fathom the love of Jesus? 'it passeth knowledge.' About three weeks before his death, his pains were exceedingly violent; yet the greater his sufferings, the more abundant were his consolations. His own language gives the best idea of the satisfactions he then experienced. 'To go to your Father,



and to my Father, to your God, and to my God; Oh, what joy I feel!

‘ Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,  
That sets my longing soul at large,  
Unbinds my chains, breaks up my cell,  
And gives me with my God to dwell.’

And then with tears of inexpressible delight, and a countenance beaming seraphic animation, he exclaimed, ‘ Thy presence, O Lord, overwhelms me; it is more than I can bear: this poor earthen vessel is running over; *Glory, Glory, Glory*, be unto thy name! Just afterwards, a friend coming in, he said, ‘ You are come too late for our joys, but you are no stranger to them; the Captain of my salvation was made perfect through suffering, and, blessed be his name, he leadeth me on to conquest and a crown: what should I have done now, if (after having preached to others for nearly forty years) I had not his consolations! *He is my way, my truth, and my life*, and I am his: for years I have never feared the consequences of death, but oftentimes the pains; but, blessed be his name, he takes my pains away. Perfectly sensible of the near approach of death, about ten days before his dissolution, he expressed a desire that his family might be called

around his bed, in order that he might once more address them; and on being informed that all were present, he with an emphasis which will never be forgotten, said, 'My dear children, I charge you, in the presence of that God before whom I must shortly appear, that ye walk in the strait and narrow path, that not one of you be found at the left hand of the Judge in the great day. How can I endure the thought, that either of my dear children should be for ever under the wrath of God, or forced to dwell in everlasting burnings! I have exhorted you, and prayed often for you; but my prayers are nearly ended, you must now pray for yourselves. O strive to enter in at the strait gate, and let me entreat you to be decided for the Lord: One thing more I have to say to you: very soon you will have but one parent: I charge you with my dying breath, be kind to her; do every thing you can to make her comfortable; attend to her counsel, for she will never advise you to any thing but what will tend to your comfort here, and your happiness hereafter.'



cannot be; to be dying and so composed! Another time, when his friends had been expressing similar apprehensions, he said, 'If it be so, the will of the Lord be done. The Lord be with him who goes, and with those who are left behind.' On the Sabbath immediately preceding his departure, he began in his sleep to sing both correctly and melodiously. The earnestness with which he sang, soon waked him, and he said, with surprise, 'I have been singing.' 'Yes,' said one, 'do you know what you were singing?' He replied, 'Yes—

'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,  
Does his successive journies run.'

'The name of Jesus, when the power of it is felt, is enough to make any one sing.'

On a friend returning from the Sacrament, and informing him, that his pastor prayed earnestly for him and his family, his countenance expressed a pleasurable emotion; and turning to his wife, he said, 'I anticipated it. It is no wonder, my dear, that we both have felt so calm.' On Monday he appeared to be dying, and when a little revived his countenance was greatly altered: this being remarked, he said, 'Am I altered? What! any thing

more like death?" Being answered in the affirmative, he appeared rejoiced, and said, "I am glad to hear any thing of that sort: it is better to depart and be with Christ."

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### JOSEPH HARDCASTLE, Esq.

Just before he breathed his last, said, "My last act of faith I wish to be, to take the blood of Jesus as the High Priest did, when he entered behind the veil, and when I have passed the veil, to appear with it before the throne."

THE END.

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