

THE
CAUSES AND CURE

OF

Spiritual Darkness.

BEING

*A Letter from an old Minister to another in
a depressed state of mind.*



Also,

THE LIFE OF

MR. JOHN BUNYAN,

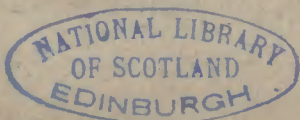
Author of

The Pilgrim's Progress, &c. &c.



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THE
CAUSES, AND CURE
OF
SPIRITUAL DARKNESS.

DEAR BROTHER,

I DO pity you with all my heart, and that not barely from a principle of common benevolence, or even Christian charity, but from real experience of perhaps the like, or worse, condition myself.

Your's I suppose to be a nervous disorder, attended with spiritual darkness and distress; if so, by attending to my story, and the reflections arising from it, you may possibly find some consolation.

About eighteen years ago, I fell into a deep and dreadful oppression of spirits, the very remembrance of which is ready to make me shudder, even to this day. There was some great disorder of body, but my mind was still more disordered, and felt the weight of all. Every thing of a distressing and terrifying nature, as to my spiritual concerns especially, seemed to be present with me. I thought myself the most mi-

serable being this side hell. I often wondered to see people afflict themselves about the common calamities of life: they appeared mere trifles, infirmities that might be easily borne; but mine was a *wounded spirit*, torn with the clearest apprehensions of the malignancy of sin, and the displeasure of an Almighty God. I not only could not see any interest I had in his pardoning mercy, but feared I was given up by him to the tyranny of my corruptions, so that I should certainly fall into some gross and scandalous sin, as a just judgment upon me, and so be left to perish with the most aggravated guilt, a monument of the Divine resentment against false pretenders to religion. I often wished to die, even though I could but dread the consequence. I sought the Lord by prayer and other means of grace; day and night, but he still hid his face from me; now and then a glimpse of hope would break in upon me, but it was of short continuance. The Bible seemed as a sealed book in which I could meet with no comfort, though often much to aggravate my distress and increase my terrors. I endeavoured to examine myself, and search for the evidences of renewing grace in my heart, but all in vain; the more I searched the more dark, and confounded, and distressed I grew. I continued to preach indeed to others, but very often with this heart-sinking conclusion, that 'I myself was cast-away.' Sometimes, even in the midst of my work, the melancholy darkness would rush upon my soul, so that I was ready to sink down in the pulpit. Though for the most part it was tolerable during the exercise, yet I generally went to the pulpit and returned from it with

trembling heart and knees. Many passages in the book of Job, and the Psalms, particularly the 88th Psalm, I felt, as I read them, with peculiar sensations. Thus I continued for more than twelve months, enjoying scarcely two comfortable days together.

At length I came to this resolution, viz. to give up the point of proving myself a child of God already, (which was what I had been labouring at all along) as a necessary medium of my comfort, and grant that I was a vile, sinful and every way unworthy creature, admit the whole charge brought against me, and seek my remedy in Christ. For I argued, there was forgiveness with God for the chief of sinners. The Blood of Christ could cleanse from ALL sin—and therefore from mine. He came to call not the righteous, but sinners to repentance; sinners without distinction of degrees, sinners as such and because they were such. It was said, that 'whosoever would, might come and take of the waters of life freely,' and 'that he would in no wise cast them out.' Hence I was led to observe that if I could not go to him as a *saint*, I might go to him as a *sinner*. I resolved, therefore, to lay aside my inquiries after the evidence of my interest in him as one of his renewed people, and look entirely to him from whom all renewing grace, and the evidences of it must come, look to him as a guilty, polluted, perishing creature that had no hope, no succour, but in the pure mercy of God through him. And thus I was led to such views of the all-sufficiency of the great Redeemer, and his willingness to save even the worst of sinners, such as I could conclude ma

self to be, as silenced all my doubts, scattered my fears, and gave the most delightful peace and joy to my conscience. I now learnt indeed what I thought I had (and perhaps really had) learnt before, viz. 'To live by Faith alone upon the Son of God; to make his sacrifice and righteousness my constant refuge, and draw all my consolations thence.' I found I had unawares laid too great a stress upon evidences of grace, and looked too much to them for my comfort, and too little to Christ. I plainly saw that with all the brightest evidences of grace about me, I was still a sinner, and must apply to my Saviour as such, in order to give life and vigour to my consolations and hopes: and that the spiritual life in me must be perpetually supplied from the same fountain whence I had derived what I had already experienced. I found that the seasons of darkness were not the proper seasons for seeking after evidences; but that the immediate and leading duty was, trusting in the Name of the Lord. I saw more clearly than ever, that in the great business of acceptance with God, I could bring no righteousness of my own that would avail; but that, as a creature utterly undone myself, I must look to him 'who takes away the sin of the world.'— That God never rejected any, that seriously and in earnest applied to him, because they were more guilty and unworthy than others, or accepted others because they were less so; and, in a word, that as the best must, so the worst may, come to him, through a penitent faith in the precious blood and righteousness of his Son; with equal assurance of a gracious welcome. And from that time to this (I bless God for his great

mercy) I have never had any long-continued doubt of my interest in his saving love. Whenever darkness and distress assault me, I am enabled to look to him who is the light and consolation of Israel; and remember that his grace is as free to me as another, and that he is as willing as 'able to save to the uttermost, all that come unto God by him.'

I send you this account, my dear brother, thus circumstantially, to let you see, if possible, that there has no uncommon temptation overtaken you. Remember, though you walk in darkness and have no light, yet there is a gracious provision made for all such in the Gospel, in the very nature and constitution of it in general, as well as in its precious promises and declarations in particular; so that, if we take this Gospel just as it lies in our Bibles, we shall see that there is not the least room for even the worst of sinners to despair. For even to the impenitent and unbelieving, the Gospel opens a remote hope, as it is the means of leading them to repentance and producing faith: and to the awakened and sensible sinner, an immediate hope, as the means of that holiness and comfort he seeks. The grace that saves must be entirely, absolutely, free to them; or else in the just and full conviction of their sin and guilt, it would be impossible any of them could have hope.

You want to see more of the image of God in you, more of the saint and less of the sinner; the desire is right and good; but remember, were you the purest saint on earth, that purity, though an occasion, would not be the primary ground and reason of your comfort. We are begotten

again to a lively hope, not by even our evangelical holiness, 'but by the resurrection of Christ from the dead,' and the facts, doctrines, and promises connected with it, credited and trusted as they lie in the Bible. The greatest saint must depend upon the same righteousness and strength in Christ as the greatest sinner, and the latter is as welcome to that dependance as the former; if, having the comfort of that dependance, he makes it his serious care to 'purify himself from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.' Though we are never so poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked, yet we may apply to Christ, even in this miserable condition, with assurance of success, as appears from his own word, if we apply with a view to our deliverance from the power as well as the guilt of our sins.

All this you very well know, and therefore need none of my instructions; but I meant not to instruct, but to stir up your mind by way of remembrance.

I scarcely ever knew a disconsolate Christian, however notionally clear in the doctrine of the Gospel, and the way of a sinner's acceptance with God, but that as to act and the real exercise of his mind, was some how entangled in his own righteousness; and built his comforts and hopes so much upon his evidences of renewing grace, as in some culpable degree to overlook the 'only Name given under heaven' for our consolation, and so far to miss his aim and disappoint his desires and expectations. Terrified with the charge of guilt, his first attempt usually is, to prove himself not guilty, or at least to extenuate

it, and prove it consistent with a state of grace: this diverts his attention from the proper object in that case, and to which he should first look, viz. 'the great atonement and everlasting righteousness of Jesus;' for under all convictions of sin, the proper question with respect to our comfort is, not how guilty we are, but how we may find forgiveness? And the answer is, through a penitent faith in that atonement and righteousness; for be the guilt less or more, this only can purge the conscience from it, and give us the peace of God; and for this it is all-sufficient: or take it thus,

We are sinners—we hear of a Saviour, and what he has done, and suffered, and is doing for our salvation—the questions are—

1. Are these things so? Are the facts and doctrines, declarations and promises, of the Gospel true? If we have any doubt here, our business is with the evidences of the Divinity of the Gospel.

2. Are those declarations and promises, &c. free and open to all without exception, who see their need of the grace therein implied? If we have any doubt here, the due consideration of the nature and design of the Gospel—the infinite worth of the atonement—the style and language of the invitations and promises, &c. will afford abundant means of satisfaction. Nothing in the world can be more true and certain, than, 'that God so loved the world, as to send his only begotten Son into it;' and it is as true, that 'who-soever believeth on him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' Which believing is neither more nor less, as to what is essential to the point,

than a hearty and sincere crediting of the truth of this declaration; and a humble, penitent reliance upon the promise connected with it, as the word of the eternal God; from a sense of the need of his grace, and with a view to the obtaining it. It is, as our Lord himself represents it in the context, just the same thing, as the stung Israelites looking to the brazen serpent for a cure.— Though wounded ever so deeply, if they cast an eye upon this medium, with a faith in the divine appointment and promises, they were as assuredly healed, as if they had received only the slightest injury; and that this was the case of all who so looked, without exception. Under convictions of our lost condition, and desire after deliverance, the first thing is believing, or looking by faith to Jesus, and trusting in his atonement, righteousness, and power. This is the foundation of all prayer, and every approach to God. For he that cometh unto God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of all that diligently seek him. He that would find light, and life, and peace with God, must first believe there are such blessings, and the way in which they are to be obtained, viz. through Jesus Christ.— Without some sort of credit to the divine testimony, some trust in the divine promises, it would be impossible to have any real hope towards God, and without hope there can be nothing done in religion. Instead, therefore, of these inquiries and reasonings about matters not immediately pertaining to the exercise of faith, our business is to apply ourselves directly to that exercise, assuring ourselves of the truth of the promises, and relying upon them in humble confidence that they shall be made good to us.

But here, perhaps, the distressed Christian may be ready to say, 'Faith is the gift of God, and I do not find he has given me that gift; I cannot believe, though I much desire it.' To such a one I would answer, Faith is undoubtedly the gift of God, but the power to believe and trust, does not lie where such as you generally think it does, viz. in a certain active energy in the mind; but it lies in the fulness and clearness of the evidence of the truth, and a capacity to receive it, for all faith begins in persuasion, and persuasion is the result of evidence. Hence we read of believers being persuaded of the promises, and that faith is the evidence (conviction or evincement) of things not seen.

We cannot doubt the testimony of God when once we are convinced it is his testimony; nor, (if sensible of our misery; and really desirous of deliverance,) can we avoid putting a confidence in those promises of deliverance that we believe God has made us. These acts of the mind will follow in the circumstances supposed, unless we purposely and wilfully withhold them against conviction, which no serious mind can do. Our inability to believe, therefore, lies rather in the want of light than of power, i. e. the want of evidence as to the truth, reality, and importance of the object of our faith, or the want of a capacity to perceive it. Both these are the gifts of God. The means of both he has put into our hands, with assurances of blessing the use of them. 'Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. Upon that word the marks of Divinity and truth are imprinted with the most glorious and affecting evidence. The glorious

Spirit that dictated it still breathes in it. It is spirit and life, the power of God to salvation. It enlightens the soul, it convinces of sin and of righteousness, and thus tends to produce in us a just sense of our misery, and the suitableness, excellency, and all sufficiency of Christ as a Saviour. A serious and attentive regard to this word, accompanied with prayer, and that degree of faith such a conduct implies as already given, must be the sure way of increasing faith, and filling the mind with true consolation. 'Hear, and your souls shall live.'

But there is, perhaps, still a difficulty that the humble Christian cannot easily get over.—He doubts his right to the promises of grace; but here also he generally mistakes. He lays it upon some unattainable qualification in himself, and which he thinks he must attain before he can embrace the promise in question, and which he seeks not by faith in Christ, but by some work or works of the law, some duties, which, not being done in faith, can avail nothing; and thus, as the prophet expresses it, he spends his 'money for that which is not bread, and labour for that which satisfieth not.'

The primary ground of all right that sinful creatures can have in the Gospel mercy, is, the free and express grant of it from God himself. The primary medium of putting us in possession of that right, is the atonement and righteousness of Christ; the next is that of believing the testimony of God concerning these things, and trusting in it. This is the scriptural representation. The qualifications which the perplexed and disconsolate Christian seeks with so much anxiety;

therefore, are rather the effects and consequence of this grant, atonement, and faith, and not preliminaries to believing; or preparatories to faith. It is true, there must, in the nature of things, be some sense of the evil of sin and desire of deliverance, without which little regard will be paid to the gospel mercy and way; but these, his very uneasiness and distress shew that he has already; and by the very terms of the promise, he that is 'weary and heavy-laden may trust in Christ for rest.' If he thirst for them, he may come 'and take of the water of life freely.' And, indeed, what qualifications can a guilty, polluted, impotent creature bring to his Saviour, beyond a sight and feeling of his misery and a desire of deliverance? Holiness in principle, and the fruits of it in practice, are necessary to the final enjoyment of eternal life; but not necessary to our believing the Gospel promises; because that belief itself is necessary to our holiness; for the heart is said to be purified by faith. The proper answer to every one that says, 'what shall I do to be saved?' is that of the apostle, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Believe what God has testified concerning his Son, as the great propitiation for sin, and you will find that the experience of the efficacy of his blood, to purge the conscience from dead works, and his power to save us from our spiritual blindness and depravity, and every evil, will follow. It is for want of entering thoroughly into this distinction, and mistaking the nature of faith, and the order and place appointed for it, in the great affair of salvation, that so many sincere Christians live so great strangers to the solid and lasting consolations of Christ.

Forgive me, my dear friend and brother, that I have run on this tiresome length: I do not, however mean to teach you, of whom I am better qualified to learn, but to remind you of such things as have a tendency to disperse the gloom that may hang over your mind. However, be of good courage and wait on the Lord, and your strength, in his due time, shall be renewed. He is pleased with those who hope in his mercy:—
hope therefore in him, and you will yet praise his delivering grace.

THE LIFE

OF

Mr. JOHN BUNYAN.

—COO—

MR. JOHN BUNYAN, the celebrated author of the Pilgrim's Progress, and many other useful works, was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in the year 1628.

His parents were very poor, but gave him the best education in their power. Such, however, was his extreme depravity, that he addicted himself, even in childhood, to the basest of practises, particularly to cursing and swearing, in which he exceeded the worst of his wicked companions,

and arrived at such a sad pre-eminence in sin, that he became the ring-leader of the profane.

Yet, amidst all these enormities, God left not himself without a witness in his bosom. He had many severe checks of conscience, and terrifying thoughts of hell. After days spent in sin, his dreams were sometimes peculiarly frightful. The fears of death and judgment intruded into his gayest hours of vanity and pleasure. The Lord was also pleased to mingle mercies with his judgments, by granting him several remarkable deliverances from death. Once he fell into the river Ouse; at another time he fell into an arm of the sea, and narrowly escaped being drowned. When he was 17 years of age, he became a soldier; and at the siege of Leicester, being drawn out to stand sentinel, another desired to take his place: he consented, and thereby escaped being shot through the head with a musket-ball, which took off his comrade.

But neither mercies nor judgments made any durable impression on his hardened heart. He was not only insensible of the evil and danger of sin, but an enemy to every thing serious. The thought of religion, or the very appearance of it in others, was an intolerable burden to him.

The first step towards his reformation was his marriage with a woman, whose parents were accounted religious. Though extremely poor, she had two books left her by her father, *The Practice of Piety*, and *The Plain Man's Path-way to Heaven*. In these they read together occasionally; and though not convinced of his lost condition; upon reading these, and hearing a Sermon against Sabbath-breaking, he formed some

desires of reformation, and of performing a few religious duties, which he then thought would be enough to carry him to heaven. These convictions were not sufficient to keep him from his beloved sports, even in the afternoon of that Sabbath on which he had received them; when, being engaged in a game, a sentence was impressed on his mind so forcibly, that he thought it like a voice from heaven, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?" This excited a dreadful consternation in his mind, which was instantly followed with a suggestion, that he was an enormous, unparalleled sinner—that it was now too late to seek after heaven—and that his transgressions were beyond the reach of mercy. Despair reached his mind, and he formed this desperate conclusion—that he must be miserable if he left his sins, and miserable if he continued in his sins; and therefore he determined to take his fill of them, as the only pleasure he was ever likely to have. It may be justly feared that multitudes perish by such temptations as these. Their language is, "There is no hope, but we will walk after our own devices, and we will every one do the imagination of his evil heart."

Contriving how to gratify himself with sin, yet deriving no satisfaction from it, he continued about a month longer: when it pleased God to give him a severe check by means of a woman, who, though a notorious sinner herself, was so shocked at the oaths he uttered, that she told him, "He was the ugliest fellow for swearing that she ever heard in her life, and that he was enough to spoil all the youth in the town, if they

came into his company." By this reproof, from such a person, he was entirely confounded; and from that moment, he refrained, in general, from swearing, though before, he scarcely ever spoke a sentence without an oath.

About this time he had several remarkable dreams, in which he thought that the earth quaked and opened her mouth to receive him—that the end of the world, and the day of judgment, were arrived. Once he dreamed that he was just dropping into the flames among the damned, and that a person in white shining raiment suddenly plucked him as a brand out of the fire. These dreams made impressions upon his mind never to be forgotten, and perhaps inclined him many years after to publish the master-piece of all his works, *THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*, under the similitude of a dream.

Soon after, he fell into the company of a poor man, who made a profession of religion, whose discourse of religion and of the Scriptures so affected him, that he applied himself to reading the Bible, especially the historical parts of it; but he was yet ignorant of the corruption of human nature, and of the need and worth of Jesus Christ as a Saviour.

However, a reformation of manners took place, which was so remarkable, that his neighbours were greatly surprized at it, and often complimented him upon it. By these commendations he was greatly puffed up with pride, and began to think himself a very good Christian; and, to use his own words, "That no man in England could please God better than he." But all this was only lopping off the branches of sin, while

the root of an unregenerated nature still remained. With much difficulty, and by slow degrees, he refrained from his accustomed diversions of dancing and ringing; from the latter, by the apprehension that one of the bells, or even the steeple, might fall, and crush him to death. But hitherto he remained ignorant of Christ, and was "going about to establish his own righteousness." He was yet of that generation "who are pure in their own eyes; and yet not washed from their filthiness."

Not long after, the providence of God so ordered it, that he went to work at Bedford, and happening to hear some women, who were sitting at a door, talk about the things of God, his curiosity induced him to listen to them; but he soon found their conversation above his reach. They were speaking of the new birth, and the work of God on their hearts—how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature—how God had visited their souls with his love in Christ Jesus—with what promises they had been refreshed, comforted, and supported, under affliction and the temptations of the enemy. They also talked of the wretchedness of their own hearts, and of their unbelief—of renouncing their own works and righteousness, as insufficient to justify them before God. All this appeared to be spoken in such spiritual language, in such a gracious manner, and with such an air of Christian joy and cheerfulness, that he seemed like one who had found a new world. This conversation was of great service to him: He now saw that his case was not so good as he had fondly imagined—that among all his thoughts of religion, that

grand essential of it, THE NEW BIRTH, had never entered his mind—that he had never derived comfort from the promises of God—that he had never known the plague of his own heart, having never taken notice of his secret thoughts—and that he was entirely unacquainted with Satan's temptations, and the way to resist them. He therefore frequented the company of those persons, to obtain information; his mind was constantly intent upon gaining spiritual knowledge, and his whole soul was so fixed on eternal things, that it was difficult to draw his mind from heaven to earth. He now began to read his Bible with new eyes: it became inexpressibly sweet and pleasant to him, because it held forth a Saviour whom he now felt the want of. Reading, meditation, and prayer to understand the scriptures, were his delightful employment. Now the enemy of souls assaulted him with his temptations. One of the principal was, Whether he was elected or not? But it pleased God to relieve him, by impressing his mind with such words as these; "Look at the generations of old, and see, did ever any trust in God and were confounded?" This gave him much encouragement, as if it had been said, "Begin at Genesis, and read to the end of the Revelations, and try if you can find any that ever trusted in God and were confounded, and if none that trusted in God ever miscarried, then your duty is to trust in God, and not concern yourself about election, which is a secret thing."

Another temptation that violently assaulted him, was, "How if the day of grace should be past and gone?" But after many days spent in

bitterness of spirit, he was relieved by that blessed word, "Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled;" and "Yet there is room."

Many more were his temptations, of which the reader may find a large account in a Tract written by himself, entitled, "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners." But the Lord, who knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation, was pleased to deliver him out of all his spiritual distresses, filling his soul with joy and peace in believing. To this happy event, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, the conversation he had with experienced Christians, and the valuable labours of Mr. Gifford, then minister of the Gospel at Bedford, were chiefly conducive. When 27 years of age, Mr. Bunyan joined a pious congregation of Christians at Bedford. His natural abilities, eminent grace, and remarkable temptations, soon pointed him out as a proper person for the ministry: Curiosity naturally excited multitudes to attend his preaching, and he soon found that his labours were not in vain in the Lord. Such were his diffidence and modesty, that at first he thought it incredible, that God should speak to the hearts of sinners by his means. But he was encouraged by many seals of his ministry. His views of the work, and his method in it, deserve notice and imitation. The Lord gave him much compassion for perishing sinners. He studied with great diligence to find out such words as might awaken the conscience; and he laboured much to hold forth Christ in all his offices, and relations, and to condemn all those false props on which worldly men lean and perish, This fidelity excited many enemies, and

the time in which he lived being a time of persecution for conscience, he was thrown into prison, and there continued, in the whole, for 12 years.

During this tedious imprisonment he was enabled to possess his mind in much patience. The Lord was very gracious to him. He says himself that he never had such an insight into the Scriptures before. He had much sweet communion with God, clear views of the forgiveness of sins, and the foretastes of his eternal bliss.—The thoughts of his afflicted family would sometimes press upon his mind, especially the case of one of his four children, who was blind. Mr. Bunyan was a man of strong affections; a tender husband, and a very indulgent parent. But he was supported under this affliction by these two Scriptures, “Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.”—The Lord said, “Verily it shall be well with thy remnant; verily I will cause the enemy to entreat thee well in the time of evil.”

He was not idle during his long and severe confinement, but was a diligent student of his Bible, which, with the Book of Martyrs, composed his whole library. His own hands also ministered to the necessity of his indigent family; but he was still more usefully employed, preaching to all who could get access to the jail, and with a spirit and power that surprised his hearers.

It was here also that he composed several useful treatises, especially *THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*; a book which has done more good, perhaps, than any other, except the Bible; and by

writing which, he has probably been more extensively useful than if he had enjoyed the unrestrained exercise of his public ministry.

At length the Lord, who has all hearts in his hands, disposed Dr. Barlow, then Bishop of Lincoln, and others, to pity his undeserved sufferings, and to interest themselves in procuring his enlargement — a circumstance which certainly does them honour.

His active Spirit soon improved the liberty afforded him. He visited the people of God in several places, especially the afflicted, tempted, persecuted, to whom he was now well qualified to speak a word in season. He also took this opportunity of paying his grateful acknowledgments to his friends, whose kind assistance he had experienced in prison; and, as occasion offered, he preached the Gospel with great boldness and acceptance, particularly to the congregation at Bedford, of which he was now chosen minister.

Amidst all his popularity and success, he was kept humble, and was seldom or never known to speak of himself. His whole behaviour was exemplary, so that malice herself is defied to find, even on the narrowest inspection, a single stain upon his reputation and moral character.

His valuable life, worn out with sufferings, age, and ministerial sorrows, was closed with a memorable act of Christian charity. He was well known under the blessed character of a peacemaker. He was therefore desired by a young gentleman in the neighbourhood of Bedford, to interpose, as a mediator, between himself and his offended father, who lived at Reading, in

Berkshire; this friendly business he cheerfully undertook, and happily effected. But in his return to London, being overtaken with excessive rain, he came to a friend's, on Snow Hill, very wet, and was seized with a violent fever, the pains of which he bore with great patience, resigning himself to the will of God, and desiring to be dissolved, that he might be with Christ; looking upon life as a delay of that blessedness which his soul was aspiring to, and thirsting after. In this holy longing frame of spirit, after a sickness of ten days, he breathed out his soul into the hands of his blessed Redeemer, on the 31st of August, 1688, aged 60 years.

His natural abilities were remarkably great; his fancy and invention uncommonly fertile. His wit was sharp and quick; his memory tenacious, it being customary for him to commit his sermons to writing after he had preached them.— His works are collected in two volumes folio, and contain as many Tracts as he lived years. His judgment was sound and deep in the doctrines of the Gospel, as his writings sufficiently evince. His piety and sincerity towards God were apparent to all who conversed with him. He constantly maintained the God-like principle of love, resolving to have communion with the saints, as such, without respect to lesser differences and opinions; often bewailing the distinguishing appellations and denominations of Christians. He was a man of heroic courage, resolute for Christ and the Gospel, and bold in reproofing sin, both in public and private; yet mild, condescending, and affable to all. Thus lived and died a man, in whose character, conduct, and usefulness, that

Scripture was remarkably verified—"Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; that no flesh should glory in his presence." (1 Cor. i. 26, 29.)

The Morning Walk Improved;

Or, Little Mary accosted by the affectionate Stranger.

Pass me not so my little child!

Trust me, I've tender thoughts for thee,
Sweet floweret, opening in the wild,
Young bud of Immortality!

I saw thee sporting 'mong yon flowers,
With lightsome heart and look of love;
And I bethought me of the bowers
Of bliss and innocence above.

Wilt listen to a stranger's talk?
Wilt hear his prayer, and heed his warning?
Wilt think and say, as home you walk,
We've gathered goodly flowers this morning.

This lily blooms, this lily dies;
Soon o'er its little hour of bliss:
But *thou* may'st rise to yonder skies,
And bloom a flower of Paradise.

Think'st thou of this, my little child,
 While life's young visions dance before thee,
 And still thy little lot has smiled,
 And God has held his banner o'er thee?

O! it is good that infant hearts
 Should early link themselves with Heaven;
 That when earth's dream of hope departs,
 May high and nobler hopes be given.

The world is new, the world is fair;
 This busy world's still bright to thee;
 Nor hast thou seen a shade of care,
 Yet dim its morning radiancy.

But ah! the hour of grief must come;
 Life's vernal bloom must soon be over;
 And thou wilt weep, in anguish dumb,
 Its sad illusions to discover.

A parent carried to the tomb—
 A heartless, selfish world will show
 Here Happiness hath not its home,
 And sin hath blighted all below.

But may'st *thou* find the Well of Peace;
 And deeply drink its heavenly waters;
 That sin in thee may wholly cease,
 And Heaven may take thee 'mong its daughters.

O! who while oft his eye is caught
 By childhood's sweet and gentle face,
 Can choose but pause, in prayerful thought,
 Their endless destinies to trace?

'Twas this that caus'd me stay thee so,
 And press thy little hand in mine;
 God bless thee, child! and make thee know
 His grace, his peace, his love divine.

FINIS.