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


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AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
ADAM CLARKE, LL.D.,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

 See the Preface.)

AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
INFANCY, RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY LIFE,
OF
ADAM CLARKE, LL.D., F.A.S.,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

WRITTEN BY ONE
WHO WAS INTIMATELY ACQUAINTED WITH HIM FROM HIS
BOYHOOD TO THE SIXTIETH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

EDITED BY THE
REV. J. B. B. CLARKE, M. A.,

TRIN. COLL. CAMBRIDGE.

*Habuit a natura, genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte limaverit,
quod erat in reprehendis verbis versutum et solers; sed sæpe stomacho-
sum, nonnunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum.*

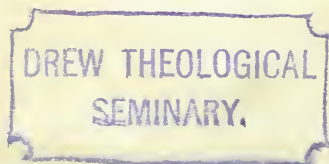
Χαρίτι δὲ Θεοῦ, εἰμι ὁ εἰμι.

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1833.





PRELACE.



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P R E F A C E.

THERE are some circumstances respecting the succeeding Memoirs which require explanation, and others which need statement.

“ If these Memoirs were written by the late Dr. Clarke, how happens it that they speak in the third person, and appear as though composed by an intimate friend ? ” — The third person was assumed in order to obviate an unpleasant appearance of egotism which Autobiography must always assume, more or less offensive, according to the skill of the Narrator. In this, Dr. Clarke did but follow the example of other great names, and availed himself of a disguise, previously made known to the Readers, that the mere Individual might not be perpetually obtruding himself upon their notice: the attention being fixed upon the passing events and described feelings, the Author temporarily forgotten, the judgment may be thus formed, not from the bias of Dr. Clarke’s felt

presence, but from the facts as recorded in the Narrative:—
a mask which gives courage but conceals no feature.

Various members of his family, as well as some of his most intimate friends, frequently and urgently pressed Dr. Clarke to publish, or prepare for publication, a Memoir of himself; stating that this would be the only effectual mode of preventing false or weak productions being palmed upon the world as faithful Memoirs. To all representations, however, he remained deaf, till one day a friend came and told him, “he had received sure information of a Life of him being even then in preparation; that all his Conversations had been taken down, all his Letters treasured up, all his Observations noted, with the view of being embodied when the anticipated event should take place to call them into public being; that little discretion would be used in selecting; since, the object being gain, all would be *published* which would *sell*; and that even were some *conscience* shown, still there was no *judgment* to direct; but indiscreet zeal, or the hope of ‘ungodly gains,’ would slay his fame in the house of his friend.”* Dr. Clarke felt the force of such observations,

* It is not one of the least remarkable facts connected with the life of Dr. Clarke, that the individual here alluded to died before the Doctor; and was visited by him and his youngest son during a long and tedious illness. There is a farther notice of this affair in the following Letter to his eldest son.

Liverpool, June 15, 1819.

MY DEAR JOHN,

SOME time ago, you wrote requesting me to set about writing the history of my Life; this is a task which, while I have contemplated,

and the next morning when he came down to breakfast, he said to his friend, "I have been up long before day,

I have feared to attempt; but I have thought *more* of the subject, since you wrote; and have lately been obliged to think deeply on it too, in consequence of receiving credible information, that my Life is ready for the greedy eye of the public, so soon as my heart shall be cold!

I came here yesterday evening, and in a private conversation with my friend Mr. —, he most solemnly begged, and charged me to begin the work, because he knew some hackneyed, and hunger-bitten scrivener was ready to praise me to death, and to murder me in verse so soon as I ceased to exist among men; and I was led to believe that all the conversations, and anecdotes relative to myself and family for several years past, have been carefully taken down, and as carefully preserved. Mr. Comer took up the same subject, and most earnestly begged me instantly to begin, and defer it no longer. Well, what can I do? the Commentary is still hanging on my hands. True, I am free from the Records, which gives me a measure of leisure, and saves me from much anxiety; laying all these considerations together, with the *semel calcanda via*, and Mr. Comer being in good earnest, and having provided and laid on his study table ruled paper for the purpose, I sat down yesterday and made a trial! * * * * And thus have I brought myself on in my journey through life, to the ninth year of my age: and unless death stop me, I shall not stop in it till this be finished. I have written it in the third person as to the subject, and in the first person as to the narrator. This form may be altered if necessary. I recollect, when Mr. Thorsby wrote his own life, the pronoun *I* occurred so often in it, that the printer was obliged to borrow *I*'s from his brother printers, as his *I*'s had run out. Your father has never been in the habit of speaking much of himself; he has never boasted, nor pretended great things; and it would ill become him, when about to pass the *great deep*, to occupy his time, or that of his Readers, with unreal history, or unceremonious, and, generally speaking, unwelcome pronouns. Now, suggest to me, my dear John, any thing that strikes you—any thing I should not forget, or any thing on which I should lay particular stress, &c. &c.

July 3. I go on but slowly with the Life; and yet I get on. A few pages more might terminate what may be called my initial and religious history, and here I might leave it, for all the purposes of illustrating either God's providence or His grace. My literary life, as it may be called, is another thing; and belongs more to the world, than to the Church of God; and I question if ever I shall attempt it. •

and have written several quarto sheets of my very close and small writing as a commencement of the history of my early life." This he continued, at various short intervals, till he brought it down to a period beyond which no inducement or solicitation could persuade him to proceed. "My *early life*," [much in this manner he would speak,] "no one can know; nor can any one describe my feelings and God's dealings with my soul, some of which are the most important circumstances in my life, and are of most consequence to the religious world:—these I have now secured, and placed in their proper light:—what therefore others could neither have known nor described so truly as I, are here prevented from being lost:—my *public life* many have known, and it is before the world; if it be of importance, there will be found some who will transmit its events to posterity; and being passed before the eyes of all men, should there be misrepresentations, there will necessarily be plenty who can correct them:—at any rate, I have done what I feel to be the most important part; for the rest, there are ample materials; and, as the living *will*, in all probability, write of the dead, let my survivors do their part.—*Nothing shall ever induce me to write the history of that portion of my life when I began to acquire fame, and great and learned men saw fit to dignify with their acquaintance, and to bestow honours and distinctions on, a Methodist Preacher.*" In this resolution he never for a moment wavered, and hence there was no more of his Life written by himself than what is contained in the present volume.

When Dr. Clarke was told of the above intention to publish after his death all that he had either written or spoken in the confidence of private friendship, or in the familiar intercourse of occasional conversations, he was very indignant, expressing his abhorrence of such "pre-meditated treachery," as a man's coming into a family to act the part of a spy,—to record mutilated opinions, hand down disjointed conversations, and to proclaim as the result of deliberate judgment what might have been either a hasty expression of feeling, or a merely casual or unimportant remark:—"In conversation or correspondence I never either spoke or wrote for the public; friendly intercourse was my sole object in the one case, and in the other relaxation from severe thought; after I have been writing and studying from five in the morning till half-past seven at night, it is hardly likely that I should come into the parlour with a disposition or preparation to shine.—I write because it is necessary, and I talk because I am cheerful and happy." The strong feeling of Dr. Clarke on this point is thus recorded, that the Public may not hereafter be deluded upon the subject, as if he had authorized *any* to take down *any* of his conversation on *any* occasion:—he had too much respect for the good sense and regard of mankind ever to come before them with inconsideration; and was the last man in the world ever to be himself a party consenting to the wounding of his hard-earned fame by the publication of unprepared documents. Such conduct he always considered as treacherous in a friend, disgraceful to a man, and shameful to a Chris-

tian. His opinion of the publishing Letters, *because* they were written by a certain individual, he has himself expressed in the following pages. (See page 200.)

The Editor of this volume has had very little trouble in the performance of his office; for the Manuscript was left in so complete a state by Dr. Clarke, that few things needed any alteration. No addition of any kind has been made, not even the insertion of any thing which the Author himself had formerly written, but had not himself introduced: this was judged necessary, that Dr. Clarke might not be rendered accountable for what another had chosen to insert: for this reason some Letters are referred to the end which might otherwise have been included and wrought into the body of the Work.

It may be expedient to add a few words concerning the remaining portion of this Work, which has been written by "A Member of the Family." For this part Dr. Clarke supplied all the materials; he gave up his Journals, his Common-place Book, his private papers, and wrote many of the accounts contained in it with his own hand; and after the whole was digested into a Narrative, up to the year 1830, he looked over it and placed his signature to each sheet as a testimony that the alleged *facts* were *true*, leaving the Author of course accountable for the manner of their expression, as well as for the mode of their combination. Any farther particulars which may be necessary will be mentioned in the Preface to the succeeding volume.

It is highly probable that many, on the perusal of this Work, may be inclined to exclaim, "We have heard strange things to-day;" and others may be excited to purer faith and greater diligence in the ways of godliness. To the latter, may the Author of all good grant an assurance to their faith, and strength and continuance to their working; while to the former, may their hesitancy be overcome, that they may walk in a like path, and the "strange things" be converted into the experienced feelings of their own hearts, and the enjoyed blessings in their own souls.

J. B. B. CLARKE.

FROME, *November*, 1832

INTRODUCTION.



INTRODUCTION.

It is to be regretted that few persons who have arrived at any degree of eminence or fame, have written Memorials of themselves, at least such as have embraced their *private* as well as their *public life*. By themselves or contemporaries their public transactions have been in general amply recorded, with the apparent motives which led them to their particular lines of action, and the objects they aimed at by thus acting: but *how* they became capable of acting such parts; how their minds acquired that impulse which gave them this direction; what part an especial Providence, parental influence, accident, or singular occurrence, and education, had, in forming the man, producing those habits which constitute his manners, and prepared him for his future lot in life, we are rarely told. And without this, we neither can trace the dispensations of Providence, nor the operations of those mental energies by which such effects have been produced. Hence the main benefit of biography is lost,—*emulation* leading to *imitation* has no scope. We cannot *follow* the man because we do not see his previous footsteps: he bursts generally on our sight, like a meteor, and we are dazzled with the view: to us he is *inimitable*

because he is enrobed with all his distinguishing perfections and eminence before we are introduced to his acquaintance. Were it otherwise, we should probably see that those who have reached the highest degrees of elevation beyond those who were born in the same circumstances and line of life, were not indebted so much to anything *extraordinary* in themselves, as to a well-timed and sedulous use of their own powers, and such advantages as their circumstances afforded; and that what occurs to others, as mere accidents, were by *them* seized and pressed into their own service, and shewed them the necessity of attentive observation, that neither occurrence nor moment, should pass by unnoticed or unimproved.

We may rest satisfied that effects, which evidently have nothing in them supernatural, spring from natural causes: that the whole is an orderly procession, and appears astonishing to us, only because we do not see that concatenation of circumstances which, by a steady operation, produced the result.

Few men can be said to have *inimitable* excellencies: let us watch them in their progress from infancy to manhood, and we shall soon be convinced that what they attained was the necessary consequence of the line they pursued, and the means they used. But these things are not known, because we have not the history of their lives in any consecutive order: that of their *infancy*, when life ordinarily gets its direction and colouring, is generally suppressed by them-

selves or narrators; possibly, because it is deemed insignificant; or because men who have risen out of the lower or middle classes of life, to *literary* or *civil* distinction, are unwilling to tell their *small beginnings*; and thus, through false shame, what would really redound to their honour, explain apparent mysteries in the Providence which conducted the affairs of their lives, and would render those lives truly and endlessly useful, by shewing that they were perfectly imitable, is lost to mankind. I say nothing of those things which may not be improperly termed *biographical romances*,—lives which were never lived, and virtues which were never practised.

To exhibit a man through every period of his life, who has obtained some distinction as well in the republic of letters as in religious society; and how he acquired this distinction, is the principal design of the following sheets: and the reason for doing this, is threefold:—1. To manifest the goodness of God to those who trust in Him; and how He causes all things to work together for the good of such persons; that He may have the praise of His own grace: and, 2dly, To prevent the publication of improper accounts, the only object of which is to raise *unholy gains*, by *impositions on the public*. 3dly. To shew to young men, who have not had those advantages which arise from elevated birth and a liberal education, how such defects may be supplied by persevering industry, and the redemption of time. Young Ministers, especially, may learn from these Memoirs a useful lesson. They see what has

been done towards mental improvement, in circumstances generally worse than their own, and that a defect in *talents* frequently arises from a defect in *self cultivation*: and that there is much less room for excuse than is generally supposed: in short, that no quarter should be shewn to those who *while away* time, and permit a sort of religious gossiping to engender in them the disgraceful habits of indolence or sloth. It is hoped, and not unreasonably, that they will see from a perusal of this work, that the divine Providence is never parsimonious in affording all necessary advantages, and if duly improved, neither they, nor the people to whom they minister, will have much cause to complain of a deficiency of gifts through inadequate supplies of Providence, or inefficient influence from grace. Those who consider such cases as that here exhibited without profit, must have an incurable hebitude of disposition, with which it would be in vain to contend, as they have reconciled themselves to its indulgence, and thus have become "such as cannot teach, and will not learn."

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THE LIFE
OF
ADAM CLARKE, LL.D.,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

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BOOK I.

MAN may be considered as having a *twofold* origin—*natural*, which is common and the same to all—*patronymic*, which belongs to the various *families* of which the whole human race is composed. This is no arbitrary distinction; it has existed from the commencement of the world; for although God has made of *one blood all the nations of men to dwell on the face of the whole earth*, so that all the inhabitants of the world have sprung from one *original pair*; yet, this family became speedily divided into *branches*, less or more famous or infamous, as the progenitor was good or bad: or, in other words, pious, wise, and useful; or, profligate, oppressive, and cruel.

This distinction existed even in the family of *Adam*, as we may see in the lives of *Cain* and *Seth*: the posterity of the former being uniformly marked as *wicked* and *cruel*, and even apostates from the true God; while the posterity of the latter were equally remarkable for all the social and moral virtues, and were the *preservers*, as well as the *patterns*, of pure and undefiled religion.

This *patronymic* distinction is not less evident in the great *Abrahamic* family,—in the descendants of *Ishmael* and *Isaac*; from the former of whom sprang the various tribes of *Idumeans* and *Arabs*, whose history occupies so large a part of the annals of the human race; and from the *latter*, all the Jewish tribes, and that singular family continued, by a chain of the most remarkable and miraculous providences, from which came *Jesus* the *Messiah*, the Almighty Saviour of the human race.

To trace this any farther would be foreign to my design; as

it has only been introduced as an apology for the slight notice that shall be taken of the family from which the subject of the present Memoir has derived his origin.

Whether the family of the *Clarks* were of Norman extraction cannot be easily ascertained. If it even were so, it is pretty evident that it did not come in with William the Conqueror; as no such name exists in any copy of the *Roll of Battle Abbey*, (several of which have been searched for this purpose,) on which roll was entered all the names of the *nobility* and distinguished families that accompanied William in his first expedition; or who afterwards came over and settled in England.

It is well known that *clericus* was originally the name of an *office*, and signified the *clerk* or *learned man*, who in primitive times, was the only person in his district who could *write* and *read*, or had taken pains to cultivate his mind in such literature as the times afforded, and, from his knowledge and skill, could be useful to his fellow citizens; and who, in consequence, did not fail to accumulate respectable *property*, which was maintained and increased in the family; one of the descendants, generally the eldest son, being brought up to *literature*, and thus succeeding to the *office* of his father, and the emolument of that office. This title, in process of time, became the *surname* of the person who bore the office; and *clericus*, *le clerc*, *the clerk*, and afterwards *Clarke*, became the *cognomen*, or *surname*, by which all the descendants of the family were distinguished. As those persons who were designed for ecclesiastical functions generally got an education superior to the rest of the community, hence they were termed *clerici*, clerks; and this is the *legal* title by which every *clergyman* is distinguished to the present day.

It has been intimated that the term *clericus*, the *clerk*, was originally given to the person who was the only one in his district that could *write* and *read*. This may seem a strange insinuation in the nineteenth century, when every child among the millions in England can read; and almost every grown up person can write. But it was not so in ancient times: can the reader believe that that there was a period when some of our own *British kings* could not write their own name! It is nevertheless a fact. About A. D. 700, *Withred* was king of Kent. He issued an ordinance, or *Charter of Liberties*, freeing all the churches under his dominion from tribute and taxation. This charter is found in the Archives of the Cathedral of Canterbury, and is published by *Wilkins* in his *Concilia*, vol. i. p. 63, and concludes in this remarkable manner:—

“Actum die sexto Aprilis, anno regni nostri octavo: Indictione duodecima, in loco qui appellatur Cilling.

“Ego Wythredus, rex Cantia, hæc omnia supra scripta et confirmavi, atque a me dictata; propria manu signum sanctæ crucis, pro ignorantia literarum expressi ✠.”

“Done the sixth day of April, [A. D. 700,] in the eighth year of our reign: Indiction xii., in the place called Killing.

“I Withred, king of Kent, have confirmed the above liberties, dictated by myself; and because I am *unlearned*, [*i. e.* cannot write,] I have, with my own hand, signed this with the sign of the holy cross ✠.”

This was not only a common case in those times, but in times later by some centuries. Many of the ancient charters are signed with *crosses*, and this was often because those who subscribed *could not write*. It is doubtful whether William the Conqueror, or any of his sons, except *Henry*, could write. The foundation charter of *Battle Abbey* has *thirteen* signatures to it: they are all *crosses*, each different, and all the names are written by the *same scribe*, but each cross is made by the person to whose name it is affixed: through a kind of complaisance, those who could write signed with a cross, to keep the king and nobles in countenance. Of this ignorance it would be easy to multiply instances.

In an ancient record, called the *Boldon Book*, which contains a census and survey of the whole bishoprick and palatinate of Durham, after the manner of *Domesday Book*, made by Bishop *Hugh de Puteaco*, or *Pudsey*, A. D. 1183, we find many proofs of men being distinguished by their offices, trades, &c., and the following instance is remarkable: among many other persons who held lands in the township of Wolsyngam in that county, and who performed *certain services* to the lord for the lands they held, according to the ancient feudal system; we find the following entry:—

Adamus CLERICUS, tenet triginta acras, et reddit unam marcam. “Adam the CLERK, (or Adam Clarke,) holds thirty acres of land, for which he pays annually one mark.”

Others *plough* and *harrow*, that is, employ so many days in ploughing and harrowing the bishop’s lands, in the way of boon or annual rent.

That the term is used as the name of an *office* here, is sufficiently evident from the names of office frequently occurring joined to the *Christian* names, to distinguish the persons who held those offices: *e. g.*:—

Alanus FULLO, tenet unum toftum et croftum pro duobus solidis, et facit quatuor porcationes autumpno. “Allen the FULLER, holds one toft and one croft, for two shillings, and makes four porcations in autumn.”

Aldredus FABER, xii. acr. et red. iii. sol. “Aldred the SMITH, holds twelve acres, for which he pays three shillings.”

Arnaldus PISTOR, *habet Cornesheved in excamb. de Frillesden, et red. xxiii. sol.* "Arnold the BAKER, has Cornsheved in exchange for Frillesden, and renders twenty-four shillings."

Walterus MOLENDINARIUS, *tenet ii. bov. et red. x. sol. de firm. et ii. sol. pro operat. suis.* "Walter the MILLER, holds two bovates of land, for which he pays ten shillings, and gives two shillings as a compensation for services."

Hugo PUNDER, *reddit pro unam acram xii. d. et unam toft. de vasto.* "Hugh the PINDER, (the man who keeps the pound or pinfold,) holds one acre, for which he gives one shilling: he has also one toft of common."

Ferrarius the SMITH; *Carpentarius* the CARPENTER; *Piscarius* the FISHER; *Firmarius* the FARMER; *Gardinarius* the GARDENER, &c. &c.; which were all names of office, became at last the surnames of whole families, throughout all their generations. See *Domesday* and *Boldon Books*, *passim*. The name of the father's office might easily be transferred to all his children, though not employed in the same business; as *Johannes filius Adami Clerici*, "John the son of Adam the Clerk," would in a very few generations be, "John Clarke the son of Adam Clarke," &c. Thus it may be conceived all surnames originally rose which express office, trade, &c. as *Butler*, *Baker*, *Chamberlain*, *Carpenter*, *Carter*, *Cook*, *Smith*, *Merchant*, *Draper*, *Roper*, *Soaper*, *Fisher*, *Fowler*, *Foster*, *Slater*, *Farmer*, *Miller*, *Fuller*, *Taylor*, *Poynder*, &c.: while others derived theirs from the places where they were born, or the estate which they held; as, *Appleton*, *Abingdon*, *Aubigny*, *Castleton*, *Cheshire*, *Cornish*, &c.

Family distinctions were probably, at first, fortuitously acquired: so, the first *Clarke* might have been a *self-taught* genius; his love of literature and the profit he had acquired by it, would naturally excite him to bring up a child in the same way; and *emulation* would induce others of the same name to continue a distinction, by which the family had acquired both honour and profit. Hence we find that this ancient family has been distinguished for many learned men; and by several who have acquired no ordinary fame in all the walks of the republic of literature. While on this subject the reader's indulgence is requested a little longer.

The ancient history of the Romans, will cast some light on this subject of surnames. The Roman names are divided into four kinds. 1. Those of the *Ingenui*, or free-born. 2. Those of the *Liberti*, or freed-men; and those of the *Servi*, or slaves. 3. The names of women. And, 4. the names of adopted persons.

The *Ingenui* had three names. 1. The PRÆNOMEN, which they assumed when they put on the *toga virilis*, or manly gown: this answers to our *Christian name*. These prænomen

mina were usually signified by *initial letters*, as is frequently the case among us: thus A. signified *Aulus*: C. *Caius*; D. *Decius*: K. *Caso*: L. *Lucius*: M. *Marcus*, and *Marcus*: N. *Numerius*: P. *Publius*: Q. *Quintus*: T. *Titus*: &c. Sometimes this was signified by *double* and *treble* letters, thus: AP. *Appius*: CN. *Cneius*: SP. *Spurius*: TI. *Tiberius*: MAM. *Mamercus*: SER. *Servius*: SEX. *Sextus*: &c.

2. The *NOMEN*, which immediately followed the *prænomen*, answering to the Grecian *patronymic*, or *family* name, ending mostly in *ius*: as *Julius*, *Tullius*, i. e. of *Julius*, of *Tullius*. Such a person of the *Julian family*, of the *Tullian family*, &c.

3. The *COGNOMEN*, which was added for the distinction of *families*; and was usually derived from some country, accident, or particular occurrence, and this divided the family into *branches*: as *Agrippa*, *Cæsar*, *Cicero*, &c. A *fourth* name was sometimes added, called *agnomen*, which was given as a title of *honor*: as Cato was termed *Sapiens*, the *wise*; Crassus, *Dives*, the *rich*; and hence came the *Africani*, *Asiatici*, *Macedonici*, &c. But these by some of the best writers are termed *cognomina*, and therefore the distinction is not necessary; *agnomen* and *cognomen* may be considered as implying the same, for they are indifferently used.

The *ingenui* were the same among the Romans as *gentlemen* among us; and they define them thus:—*Qui inter se eodem sunt nomine, ab ingenuis oriundi, quorum majorum nemo servitutem servivit, et qui Capite diminuti non sunt.* “Those who have a certain *family* name, were born of *freemen*, whose ancestors were never in servitude, and who have never been degraded from their kindred or ancient stock.”

Though it has not been found that any branch of the family of the *Clarks* claimed *nobility*, yet it has always appeared that the character of *gentility*,—*generosi*, or *ingenui*,—has been conceded to them, and to them the Roman definition of *ingenui*, is in every respect applicable. They came from a pure and ancient stock, they had never been in bondage to any man, had never been legally disgraced, and never forfeited their character. In this family I have often heard the innocent boast, *None of our family has ever served the stranger.*

The family was originally English, but from what branch of the family, or from what county in England the subject of this Memoir descended, has not been satisfactorily deduced. The family tradition is, that they went over to Ireland in the 17th century, and had part of what were called the *Debenture Lands*, and settled in the county of *Antrim*, about *Larne*, *Glenarm*, and *Grange*, where they had considerable estates. They became matrimonially connected with the *Higgisons*, *Strawbridges*, *Courtenays*, and *Boys*; the latter of whom deduce their origin in uninterrupted descent from the cele-

brated *Boyd*s of *Kilmarnock* in Scotland: some of the *Boyd*s, in virtue of the above alliance, still possess a considerable landed property in the above country. Some of the *Mac Auleys* married into this family, but changed their names to *Boyd*, in order to inherit the paternal estates. One of these, the late Hugh *Mac Auley* Boyd, Esq., sent in 1784, ambassador to the Court of Candy, by Lord Macartney, Governor General of India, (reputed by some as the author of that still celebrated political work, called the *Letters of Junius*,) has left a son, Hugh Stuart Boyd, who is equal in elegant accomplishments to his father, and his superior in classic attainments; and especially in his profound knowledge of the Greek language, and the most illustrious writers of antiquity. He possesses a part of these estates, extending to, and comprehending *Red Bay* near *Glenarm*.*

* The following two letters from Dr. Clarke, dated Dublin, June 15, and 26, 1823, will throw some more light upon the subject of the Clarke family.

I came in here last night, after a hard journey of several days: from Glasgow to Belfast we were twenty-three hours and a half, in which we encountered a violent storm, and had the wind right a-head the whole passage. I went to see my aunt *M'Ready*, which took me one hundred miles out of my way, and at very considerable expense. However, I knew it must be the last opportunity I could ever have of seeing her, and making the inquiries you wished. I found her in comparatively good health, and all her faculties as sound as a bell. I set about the inquiries; and the following is the result.

My father JOHN CLARKE, was son to WILLIAM Clarke, who was son to JOHN Clarke, who was son to WILLIAM Clarke. She can go no higher; and this is to my great-great-grandfather. Now for particulars.

1. My great-great-grandfather WILLIAM Clarke, was an estated gentleman of Grange, in the county of Antrim, and was appointed in 1690 to receive the *Prince of Orange*, when he came to Carrickfergus. He had received the principles of *George Fox*, and, as he could not uncover his head to any man, before he came near to the prince, he took off his hat and laid it on a stone by the wayside, and walked forward. When he met the prince, he accosted him thus: "William, thou art welcome to this kingdom."—"I thank you, sir," replied the prince; and the interview was so satisfactory to the prince, that he said, "You are, sir, the best bred gentleman I have ever met."

2. JOHN, my great-grandfather, the son of *William the Quaker*, married Miss *Anne Horseman*, daughter to — *Horseman*, mayor of Carrickfergus, whose son succeeded to the mayoralty thirty years afterwards. Of the year in which Mr. *Horseman*, the father, who married Miss *Anne Clarke*, was mayor, she cannot tell; but this may be easily ascertained by searching the records of that city and fortress. To JOHN, my great-grandfather, and Miss *Horseman*, were born EIGHTEEN sons and ONE daughter. The daughter, *Sarah*, was married to a Mr. *Williamson*, of the county Antrim;—I suppose an estated gentleman, but she does not recollect to have heard any particulars of him or his family.

William, the grandfather of Adam Clarke, married into the Boyd family; he was an intelligent religious man, a *builder* by trade, and the eldest of six brothers, who chiefly settled in the vicinity of *Maghera*, *Magherafelt*, and near the borders of the beautiful lake of *Lough Neagh*. The youngest of these

Of the eighteen sons of John, and Anne Horseman, she remembers only nine. They are the following:

1. SAMUEL *Clarke*, of *Gulladuff*, (his own estate,) who married Miss *M'Peake*, who had issue *John* and *Thomas*, of the same place, and several *daughters*.

2. ANTHONY *Clarke*, of *Ballyruff*, (his own estate,) who had issue *Anthony*, who had issue.

3. JOSEPH *Clarke*, who chose a *military life*, and was killed with General *Wolfe*, at the battle of *Quebec*; he had issue *John*; farther unknown.

4. ROBERT *Clarke*, of *Ballyruff*, (his own estate,) who had married Miss *Burnet*, and had issue *Alexander*, &c. &c.

5. WALTER *Clarke*, of *Ballyruff*, who had several daughters, of whom I have no particulars.

6. JOHN *Clarke*, a *farmer*, of whom I find nothing.

7. RICHARD *Clarke*, *captain of a ship*, and died in the *Bloody Islands*. Query—which were they?

8. HORSEMAN *Clarke*. He and several others having pursued a mad dog, and killed him, one of the company, in sport, took the dog by the legs and hit some of the others with him, among the rest *Horseman*, against whose neck some of the *foam* was spattered, and he died of hydrophobia in three days; as he was a *young* lad, he was not usually counted in the *number* of the sons, who were called the “seventeen sons,” because so many grew up to man’s estate.

9. WILLIAM *Clarke*, my grandfather, who married Miss *Boyd*, and who had issue *John*, my father, *Archibald*, *William*, and *ADAM*, after whom I was named, and who, as I found now on his stone in *Kilchroaghan* church, “died in August, 1756.” There were two daughters, *Anne*, who married Mr. *Wollock M'Kracken*; and *Mary*, who married Mr. *Alexander M'Ready*.

Archibald Boyd, my great great maternal grandfather, was a Presbyterian clergyman, and the first who preached as Protestant, in *Maghera*, after the Revolution in 1688. He married Miss *Catharine Strawberry*, a Scotch lady. Mr. *Boyd*’s sister, married the Rev. Mr. *Higginson*, rector of *Larne*, in whose family that rectory still continues. Of the rest of *this* family I think you have Adam *Boyd*’s own account.

The above are all the particulars I could gain from this interview, and I think all the leading ones that can be obtained; and we were all surprised at the amazing accuracy and precision of my aunt’s memory, she did not falter in the least; and still gave the same account in the same words.

Dublin, June 26, 1823.

Since I wrote the enclosed letter, which was early this morning, I have received yours of the 19th. From the state of the country you will see that I can make no more *excursions*; and therefore, I suppose all farther communications from my aunt must be given up. It is well that we have saved so much; I can tell you that “*Gabriel*, or, as

brothers chose a military life, and was slain with his general, the celebrated *Wolfe*, at the battle of Quebec, Oct. 18, A. D. 1759.

John, the eldest son of William, and father of Adam, was intended by his father for the Church, and in consequence got a good classical education, which having finished, he studied successively at *Edinburgh* and *Glasgow*, where he proceeded M. A., and afterwards entered as a *Sizer* in Trinity College, *Dublin*; at a time when classical merit alone could gain such an admission. His stay here was but short; a severe fever,

he is called in the family, *Geby Clarke*, was one of our ancestors, and lost the Grange Estates, by the absence of one witness, who was the only one who could attest a certain marriage." This information I had accidentally from a woman in Belfast, who saw me standing at the coach-office door, waiting for the clerk, in order to take my place for Dublin. She came up to me and told me she was one of my relatives, mentioned Samson Clarke of Belfast, who I believe was her father or uncle; and mentioned *Geby*, as being *famous* in the family. I might have had much from this woman, but not knowing her, and it being in the street, I did not encourage her to talk; I know not who she is: but I knew *Samson Clarke* of Belfast, he has been dead only about 10 years. I send you the *minutes* which Mary took while Aunt and I were conversing: there I find *Samuel* marked as the eldest of my granduncles, but whether older than *William* his brother, and my grandfather, I do not know—I always thought my grandfather Clarke the oldest. I believe all the others come in, in the order mentioned by Mary and myself; but I know my aunt expressed herself *uncertain* concerning the *priority* of some of them.

So far as I can find, the estates at *Grange*, were lost to our family, in consequence of the failure of a *proof of marriage*, in *GEBY's* case; from which I am led to think, that *those* estates came by *marriage*, and that they were not *inheritances* of the *Clarke* family: but there were several other estates, besides those, and there are some now, in the hands of some of my granduncles' sons.

If one had about a fortnight or a month to *ride about* the countries I have been in, he might make more out; but every branch of the family, knowing that they are *wrongfully* kept out of their estates, are full of jealousy, when you make any of those inquiries, thinking that you are about to *possess yourself* of their property! On this very ground, I have been very cautious in all my inquiries. I think I have heard of a *Christopher*, I am sure of a *Bartlemy* in the family, and *Gabriel*. I do not recollect to have heard of a *Francis* or *Silvester*, but doubtless my aunt could tell. I will send the questions to cousin *Allie*, and let him get me what information he can, but little can be had *but on the spot*, and I scarcely know how to get a letter direct to him, it is such an *out of the way place*. I asked my aunt particularly, if she knew any one *before* William the Quaker; she said *she did not*, so he is the utmost *a priori*, and she herself is the hindmost *a posteriori*, except our own family. About coming *originally from England*, and receiving some of the *Debenture Lands*, I have heard my father often speak, but I know no circumstances. Tomorrow I begin the Conference, and shall have no moment till it be concluded; and then I must march back.

and afterwards a premature marriage, terminated his studies, and blasted his prospects in the Church: and, although the latter step put him in possession of a woman, who made him one of the best and most affectionate of wives, yet an increase of family, and the uncertainty of any adequate ecclesiastical provision, caused him to adopt the creditable though gainless profession of a public parish schoolmaster; to which he was regularly *licensed*, according to the custom that then prevailed, in order to ensure a *Protestant* education to the youth of the country, and prevent the spread of Popish principles. By virtue of such license, all teachers in the parish had their *nomination* from the *master*; and without such could not legally perform the function of public teachers.

Before I proceed in this narrative, it may be necessary to state that Mrs. Clarke, was a descendant of the *Mac Leans*, of *Mull*; one of the Hebrides, or western isles of Scotland: and her great grandfather Laughlin More Mac Lean, called by others Neil, who was chief of his Clan and Laird of Dowart, lost his life, as did twenty of his nearest relatives and his own son, in a battle with the clan Mac Donald, in September, 1598. But their deaths were shortly after revenged by Eachin, or Hector Oig, his son and successor; who in a pitched battle defeated the Mac Donalds, and thus terminated all feuds between these two clans.*

Shortly after Mr. John Clarke's marriage, a circumstance occurred which had an embarrassing effect upon himself and family during his life. About the year 1758 or 1759, the rage of emigration to America was very prevalent in Ireland. Heavy taxation, oppressive landlords, and the small encouragement held out either to genius or industry, rendered Ireland, though perhaps on the whole, one of the finest islands in the universe, no eligible place for men of talents of any kind, howsoever directed and applied, to hope for an adequate provision or decent independence for a rising family.

America, thin in her population and extensive in her territory, held out promises of easily acquired property, immense gains by commerce, and lures of every description, to induce the ill provided for, and dissatisfied inhabitants of the mother country to carry their persons and property thither, that by their activity and industry they might enrich this rising and even then ambitious state. Mr. Clarke was persuaded among many others to indulge these golden hopes, with the expecta-

* In the Diary of Robert Birrel, this feud is thus mentioned: "About yis tyme," (between Aug. 3, and Oct. 23, 1598,) "Neil M'Lane slaine, and twentie of hes narrest freindis, and hes awen sone be M'Connel, yai being at ane tryst under trust." That is, they had engaged under a particular penalty to fight this battle. See *Fragments of Scottish History*, Edinb. 1798, 4to. p. 47, of the above mentioned Diary.

tion, if not the promise, of a *Professorship* in one of the nascent, or about to be erected universities in the new world. In an evil hour he broke up his establishment, sold his property, and with his wife and an infant son, went to the port and city of Londonderry, and took their passage in one of those merchant transport vessels then so numerous, bound for the United States.

At that time, and for many years after, this rage for emigration, was so great, that many young men, women, and whole families, artificers and husbandmen, who were not able to defray the expenses of their own passage, were encouraged by the ship-owners to embark, the owners providing them with the most miserable necessities of life for their passage, and throwing them together like slaves in a Guinea ship, on the middle passage; they went *bound*, as it was called,—the captain having the privilege of *selling* them for five or seven years, to the trans-atlantic planters, to repay the expenses of their passage and maintenance! A supine and culpable government, which never sufficiently interested itself for the welfare of this excellent Island, and its hardy and vigorous inhabitants, suffered this counterpart to the execrable West India Slave Trade, to exert its most baneful and degrading influence, among its own children, without reprehension or control; and thus, many of its best and most useful subjects were carried away to people states, which, in consequence, became their rivals, and since that time, their most formidable enemies.

Among these, as we have already seen, Mr. J. Clarke, his wife, and infant son, had embarked, and were on the eve of sailing, when Mr. Clarke's father arrived from the country, went on board, expostulated with his son, and by the influence of tears and entreaties, enforced by no small degree of parental tenderness, and duly tempered with authority, prevailed on him to change his purpose, to forfeit his passage, and to return with him to the country.

Whether this, on the whole, was the best thing that could be done in *such circumstances*, is hard to say. What would have been the result had he gone to America, we cannot tell: what was the result of his return, the following pages will in some measure show. The immediate effects were however, nearly ruinous to the family and its prospects.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune :
Omitted; all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

The "*Shallows and Miseries*" in which Mr. Clarke was *bound*, almost through life, proved that he *omitted* to take the *tide at flood*.

We have already observed that, in order to go to the conti-

nent of America, he had broken up his establishment, and converted his property into cash. Much time, and not a little of this property, had been spent in preparations for their voyage, and expected settlement in a strange country: but he found, to his cost, on his return, that it was much easier to *unsettle* than to *establish*. He was undetermined for a considerable time what mode of life was most eligible, for many projects appeared fair at a distance, which, on a nearer approach, eluded the grasp of his expectation; and others, if well-digested and cautiously and perseveringly pursued, promising honor and wealth, resembled the *horizon* which ever appears at the same distance to the traveller, though he have already passed over some thousands of miles in order to reach it. Thus,

“Disappointment laughed at hope’s career,”

till his remaining property was expended, and alternately elated and depressed with *promises* and *disappointments*, he was obliged to begin the world anew, equally destitute of advantages and means. In this state of things, nothing presented itself to him but a choice of difficulties: friends and internal resources, had equally failed; and he went and settled in an obscure village called *Moybeg*, township of Cootinaglugg, in the parish of Kilchronaghan, in the barony of Loughinshallin, in the county of Londonderry. In this obscure district, the names of which almost bid defiance to enunciation, his second son ADAM, the subject of this Memoir, was born, either in the year 1760 or 1762, most probably the former, but neither the year nor the month can be ascertained. He was baptized in the parish church by his uncle, the Rev. John Tracy, the Rector, who had married his mother’s sister. On application to the late worthy incumbent, the Rev. Mr. Bryan, to obtain a copy of the baptismal register, the following answer has been obtained:—“The archives of the church have been carefully searched, but no register during Mr. Tracy’s incumbency has been found; none having been kept during that period; or if kept, since irrecoverably lost.”

As Mr. Tracy died sometime between 1760 and 1762, and Adam Clarke was baptized by him, he must have been born within that period. The *day* and *month* are as uncertain as the *year*, only I have understood it was sometime in the *spring*.

At the request of his grandfather and grandmother Clarke, he was named *Adam*, in memory of a beloved son, who had died of the small pox, when only six years of age; and they engaged that, as soon as he could walk alone, they would take him as their own, and be at the whole charge of his education.

It may not be improper to say a few words here of his brother, who was born about three years before him. He was called *Tracy*, at the instance of his uncle the Rev. J. Tracy, already mentioned; who, having no child, promised to be at the

expense of his education, &c. Such promises are rarely fulfilled; but this pledge would probably have been redeemed, had Mr. Tracy lived, for he had already taken the child to his own house, but dying shortly after, the young lad, already spoiled by indulgence, was restored to his parents.

His father gave him a classical education, and when but a young man, he was appointed and licensed by the Consistorial Court of Derry, a schoolmaster, in a parish contiguous to that in which his father had a similar appointment, (see p. 45.) Getting weary of this mode of life, which held out but faint promises of comfort or emolument, he expressed a strong desire to study medicine, to which he had in some measure already directed his attention. His parents consented, and he was bound apprentice to Mr. Pollock, a surgeon and apothecary in the town of Magherafelt,—a gentleman equalled by few in his profession, for various and sound learning, much skill and deserved eminence in the practice of medicine; and a mind highly cultivated by his classical attainments, and by every solid principle of politeness or good breeding. Having terminated his apprenticeship with credit to himself and his master, he went to Dublin, and studied anatomy under the celebrated Dr. Cleghorne, who was professor of that science in Trinity College.

Having received letters of recommendation to some merchants in Liverpool, whose interest he hoped would obtain him an appointment in the Navy, he sailed for England.

This expectation however failed, and he went out surgeon in a *Guinea ship*, made their voyage, laid in 813 negroes, who were exchanged to them for guns, gunpowder, knives, and trinkets of different kinds, and sold in Tortola to the highest bidder, as sheep or oxen in the open market. He went a second voyage, kept a journal of the way, in which he made entries of all particulars relative to the mode of procuring, treating, and disposing of the slaves; with several other matters of high importance, relative to this inhuman and infernal traffic. The captain noticing this, pretended one day to have lost some *plate*, all the vessel must be searched, the seamen first, then all the officers were requested to give up their keys, with an apology that no suspicion attached to *them*, but merely for form's sake, lest there might be any ground left for the charge of *partiality*, &c. Surgeon Clarke immediately yielded his key, which was restored after some time; but when he next visited his chest he found that his Journal had been rifled, and *every leaf* and *page* that contained anything relative to the traffic, torn out, or mutilated, so that from this document, not one entry was left, nor could be produced in evidence against this infamous traffic, and the diabolical manner in which it was carried on. This mutilated Journal I have seen and examined; and was informed of se-

veral curious particulars by the Writer, some of which I shall take the liberty to relate.

When at *Bonny* in Africa, Surgeon Clarke had gone a good deal on shore, and travelled some way into the country, and as he was a man of pleasing manners, and amiable carriage, he gained the confidence of the natives, accommodated himself to their mode of living, and thus had the opportunity of making several valuable remarks on their civil and religious customs. From observing the males to be universally *circumcised*, he was led to think that this people might be descendants of the *ten lost Jewish Tribes*. He observed farther, that each of their huts was divided into three apartments; one served to dress their food in, one as a place of repose, and the third was for the *Juju*, the *serpent* god, which was the object of their worship. Thus every hut had its Temple, and every Temple had its Altar and worshippers.

He has informed me that, from the bodies of many of the slaves that were brought from the interior to the coast, he was obliged to extract balls, as they had been wounded in the attempts to deprive them of their liberty; their kidnappers hunting them down like wild beasts, firing upon all they could not suddenly seize, no doubt killing many, and bringing those down to the coast, whose wounds were of such a nature as to promise an easy cure. In his excursions into the country, he has seen the wives of the *chiefs*, king *Peppel*, and king *Norfolk*, as they were called, going out to the plantations to labour, their young children, (*princes* and *princesses*,) on their naked backs, holding themselves on by their hands, grasping the shoulders of their mothers, and when arrived in the field, laid down on the bare ground naked, and when weary of lying on one side, turn on the other, without ever uttering a cry; their mothers giving them the breast at such intervals as they deemed proper. The following instances of inhumanity, from among many others, I shall select for the Reader's reflections. A stout young negress, with an infant at her breast, was brought on board, and presented to the captain by one of the black dealers, who by long trafficking in flesh and blood with the inhuman European slave-dealers, had acquired all their unfeeling brutality. The captain refused to purchase her, saying "He could not be troubled with children aboard." The dealer answered, "Why massa is she no good slave? is she no able work?" "Yes," answered the captain, "she would do well enough, but I cannot receive *children*." "Well massa, would massa buy slave if she no had child?" "Yes," said the captain, "I should have no objection to her." On this the black dealer stepped up to the woman, snatched the child out of her arms, and threw it overboard; on which the captain without expressing the least concern, purchased the mother. I should add, what will per-

haps relieve the Reader's feelings, though it will not remove his honest indignation, that a negro seeing the child thrown overboard, paddled to the place with his canoe, jumped in after it, and brought it up apparently alive, and immediately made towards the shore.

This captain carried brutality and ferocity as far as they could go; even his own interest yielded to his cruelty. During this passage several of the negroes got into what is technically called the *sulks*; i. e. they refused to eat; and foreseeing their misery, chose to starve themselves to death, rather than encounter it: one in particular, could not be induced by any threats or inflicted punishments, to take his food. The captain beat him in the most inhuman manner with a small cutting whip; but without a sigh or a groan he obstinately persisted. Boiled beans were one day brought and they endeavoured to induce him to eat: he closed his teeth in determinate opposition. The captain got a piece of iron, prized open his jaws, and broke several of his teeth in the operation, he then stuffed his mouth full of the aliment, and with the butt end of his whip endeavoured to thrust it down his throat, he was instantly suffocated: and the fiend his murderer, said on perceiving it, "See, d—— them, they can die whenever they please."

He drove the second mate overboard, broke the arm of the cabin boy, with the stroke of an iron ladle, and committed all kinds of barbarous excesses.

One day when companies of the slaves were brought upon deck for the sake of fresh air, and an iron chain was passed through their fetters, and then bolted to the deck; it happened that a negro got his feet out of his fetters, and stealing softly till he got to the bowsprit, then, in order to attract the attention of his tormentors, he set up a wild loud laugh; as soon as he found he was observed, he leaped into the deep, and sunk to rise no more. The captain instantly seized his musket loaded with ball, and fired down in the place in which he sunk, that he might have the pleasure of killing him before he could be drowned. These were but parts of his ways, but I shall forbear to harrow up the blood of the Reader any longer: such cruelties are almost necessarily connected with a traffic cursed of God, and abhorred by man; and although the trade is abolished by our legislature, yet let them not suppose that the blood of it is purged away. As a nation, our reckoning is not yet settled for the wrongs of Africa.

It will not surprise the reader to hear that this captain lost his vessel in returning from the West Indies, and afterwards died in the workhouse in Liverpool.

Filled with horror at this inhuman traffic, Surgeon Clarke abandoned it after this second voyage: he married and established himself at a place called Maghull, about eight miles

from Liverpool, where for many years he had an extensive practice, and was remarkably successful. He died there in 1802, universally respected and regretted, leaving four sons and one daughter behind him. These young men were brought up principally under the direction of their uncle Adam; two embraced the medical profession, one of whom has been surgeon in his Majesty's navy for about twelve years, and has seen the most dangerous service. The oldest, a young man of singular habits, much learning and a comprehensive mind, is author of a work of deep research, entitled *An Exposition of the False Prophet, and the Number of the Apocalyptic Beast*. They are all worthy of their amiable father, and repay the pains taken in their education by their uncle.

But it is now time to return to the principal subject of these Memoirs, whom we have yet seen only on the *threshold of life*.

In the life of an infant there can be little of an interesting nature; yet there were a few things so singular as to be worthy of remark. His brother we have seen, by the manner of his education, was through the indulgence of a fond uncle nearly spoiled: and indeed he was so *softened* by this injudicious treatment, that it produced an unfavourable effect throughout life; being the first-born and a fine child he was the favourite, especially of his mother. Adam, on the other hand, met with little indulgence, was comparatively neglected, nursed with little care, and often left to make the best of his own course. He was no spoiled child, was always corrected when he deserved it; and sometimes when but a small degree of blame attached to his undirected conduct. Through this mode of bringing up, he became uncommonly hardy, was unusually patient of cold, took to his feet at *eight months*; and before he was nine months old, was accustomed to walk without guide or attendant in a field before his father's door! He was remarkably fond of *snow*; when he could little more than lisp he called it his *brother*, saw it fall with rapturous delight; and when he knew that much of it lay upon the ground, would steal out of his bed early in the morning, with nothing on but his shirt, get a little board, go out, and with it dig holes in the snow, call them *rooms*, and when he had finished his frozen apartments, *sit down* naked as he was, and thus most contentedly enjoy the fruit of his own labour!

Though by no means a lusty child, he had uncommon *strength* for his age, and his father often took pleasure in setting him to roll large stones, when neighbours or visitants came to the house.

Many of the relatives of A. C. on both sides the house, were remarkable for vast muscular powers. One of his maternal uncles, the Rev. I. M'Lean, a Clergyman, possessed incredible strength, which he often used, not in the best of causes.

He could bend iron bars with a stroke of his arm ; roll up large pewter dishes like a scroll with his fingers ; and when travelling through *Bovagh* wood, a place through which his walks frequently lay, he has been known to pull down the top of an oak-sapling, twist it into a *withe* by the mere strength of his arms and fingers, and thus working it down in a spiral form to the earth, leave it with its root in the ground, for the astonishment of all that might pass by.

One day dining at an inn with two officers, who, perhaps, unluckily for themselves, wished to be witty at the *parson's* expense ; he said something which had a tendency to lessen their self-confidence. One of them considering his honour touched, said, "Sir, were it not for your *cloth*, I would oblige you to eat the words you have spoken." Mr. M'Lean rose up in a moment, took off his coat, rolled it up in a bundle and threw it under the table, with these fearful words ; "Divinity lie thou there, and M'Lean do for thyself !" So saying, he seized the foremost of the heroes by the cuff of the neck and by the waistband of the breeches, and dashed him through the strong sash-window of the apartment, a considerable way on the opposite pavement of the street ! Such was the projectile violence, that the poor officer passed through the sash as if it had been a cobweb.

Both extremes met in this family ; a sister of this same gentleman, one of A. C.'s maternal aunts, was only *three feet high*, and died about her thirtieth year. Thus Nature was as parsimonious in the one case as she was profuse in the other : yet there was another aunt in the family, who had more muscular power than most common men.

That district might be said to be the land of strong and gigantic men. There was born and bred *Bob Dunbar*, famous for his lawless and brutal strength. In the same barony, if not in the same township, were born of ordinary parents, of the name of *Knight*, two brothers, each of whom stood *seven and a half feet* high. It was a curious sight to see these two young men (who generally went in plain *scarlet* coats) walking through a fair, in Magherafelt, as they generally stood head and shoulders above the thousands there assembled.

In the same township, Moneymore, was the celebrated *Charles Burns* born. He was a young man, and so were the *Knights*, when A. C. was a lad at school. Charles Burns was well proportioned, and measured *eight feet six inches* ! In short, all the people in that country are among either the tallest, the hardest, or the strongest in Europe.

Adam Clarke has been frequently known to thank God for the hardy manner in which he was brought up ; and to say, "My heavenly Father saw that I was likely to meet with many rude blasts in journeying through life, and he prepared me in infancy for the lot his providence destined for me ; so that

through his mercy I have been enabled to carry a profitable childhood up to hoary hairs." He would add, "He knew that I must walk *alone* through life, and therefore set me on my feet right early, that I might be prepared by long practice for the work I was appointed to perform."

It has already been observed that his grand parents promised to take him to themselves when he could be safely taken from under a mother's care. This they accordingly did; but little Adam could ill brook confinement in the house by the side of his grandmother. He was accustomed to roam about the walls and hedges; and there being a *draw-well* into which he was particularly fond of looking, when it was left uncovered; his grandmother, fearing that he might some day fall in and be drowned, sent him home to his parents.

He took the small-pox, when he was about five years old, in the natural way; *inoculation* was then scarcely known, and the usual treatment was as follows:—the patient was covered up with a load of clothes in a warm bed, the curtains drawn close to keep off every breath of air, and some spirituous liquors carefully given, in order to *strike the pock out*, as it was termed! It is no wonder that such treatment of an inflammatory disorder carried thousands to an untimely grave. Adam was covered from head to foot with this disease, but no authority or power of parents, or attendants, could confine *him* to his bed. Whenever he found an opportunity he left his bed, and ran out naked into the open air. This he did frequently, in defiance of all custom and authority; he was led to adopt the *cool regimen*, had a merciful termination of the disorder, and escaped without a single mark! He has often been heard to say, "He perfectly remembered this time, and still retained a lively impression of the relief he found in this burning disease, by exposure to the open air, though he suffered much in walking, for even the soles of his feet were covered with pustules."

This early *recollection* need not be wondered at; his memory seems to have been in exercise from his tenderest infancy; for he has been known to relate circumstances to his mother, which he had in recollection, though she knew that they had taken place when probably he was only three years of age!

When he was about six years old, an occurrence took place which deserves to be circumstantially related. At this time his father lived at Maghera, where he kept a public school, both English and classical, and where he was tutor to the son of the Rev. Dr. Barnard, then Dean of Derry, and rector of Maghera, and afterwards successively Bishop of *Kilaloe* and *Limerick*. Near to where Mr. Clarke lived was a very decent orderly family, of the name of *Brooks*, who lived on a small farm. They had *eleven* children, some of whom went regularly to Mr. Clarke's school: one, called *James*, was the

tenth child, a lovely lad, between whom and little Adam there subsisted a most intimate friendship, and strong attachment. One day when walking hand in hand in a field near the house, they sat down on a bank and began to enter into very serious conversation:—they both became much affected, and this was deepened to exquisite distress by the following observations made by little *Brooks*. “O, Addy, Addy,” said he, “what a dreadful thing is *eternity*, and, O, how dreadful to be put into hell fire and to be burnt there for ever and ever!” They both wept bitterly, and, as they could, begged God to forgive their sins; and they made to each other strong promises of amendment. They wept till they were really sick, and departed from each other with full and pensive hearts!

In reviewing this circumstance, Adam has been heard to say:—“I was then truly and deeply convinced that I was a sinner, and that I was liable to eternal punishment; and that nothing but the mercy of God could save me from it: though I was not so conscious of any other sin as that of disobedience to my parents, which at that time affected me most forcibly. When I left my little companion, I went home, told the whole to my mother with a full heart, expressing the hope that I should never more say any bad words, or refuse to do what she or my father might command. She was both surprised and affected, and gave me much encouragement, and prayed heartily for me. With a glad heart she communicated the information to my father, on whom I could see it did not make the same impression; for he had little opinion of pious resolutions in childish minds, though he feared God, and was a serious conscientious churchman. I must own that the way in which he treated it was very discouraging to my mind, and served to mingle impressions with my serious feelings, that were not friendly to their permanence: yet the impression, though it grew *faint*, did not wear away. It was laid deep in the consideration of eternity; and my accountableness to God for my conduct; and the absolute necessity of enjoying his favour, that I might never taste the bitter pains of eternal death. Had I had any person to point out the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world, I believe I should then have been found as capable of *repentance* and *faith*, (my youth and circumstances considered,) as I ever was afterwards. But I had no helper, ‘*no messenger, one among a thousand, who could shew man his righteousness.*’”

Though the place was divided between the *Church* and the *Presbyterians*, yet there was little even of the *form* of godliness, and still less of the *power*. Nor indeed, were the people excited to examine the principles of their own creed, till many years after, when the *Methodists* came into that country, “preaching repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.”

As to his little companion, *James Brooks*, there was some-

thing singular in his history. It has already been noted that he was the *tenth* child of his parents, and that the Rector of the parish was the famous Dr. *Barnard*, deservedly celebrated among the literary friends of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Mrs. Brooks having gone to the dean's one morning, to pay her *tithe*, took little James in her hand: when she had laid down her money, she observed:—"Sir, you have annually the tenth of all I possess, except my *children*; it is but justice you should have the *tenth* of *them* also. I have *eleven*, and this is my *tenth* son, whom I have brought to you as the *tithe* of my *children*, as I have brought the *tithe* of my *grain*. I hope, Sir, you will take and provide for him." To this singular address, the dean found it difficult to reply. He could not, at first, suppose the woman to be in earnest: but on her urging her application, and almost insisting on his receiving this *tenth* of her intellectual live stock, both his benevolence and humanity were affected;—he immediately accepted the child, had him clothed, &c., let him lodge with the parents for a time, and sent him to school to Mr. John Clarke. In a short time Mr. C. removed from that part of the country; and what became of the interesting young man is not known. He was always called *Tithe* by the school-boys.

In some children, as well as grown-up persons, certain unaccountable *sympathies* and *atipathies* have been observed. Adam had a singular antipathy to *large fat men*, or *men with big bellies*, as he phrased it.

A gentleman of the name of *Pearce Quinlin*, was his father's nearest neighbour: this man was remarkably corpulent; his eyes stood out with fatness, and his belly was enormously protuberant. With this gentleman Adam was a favorite, yet he ever beheld *him* with abhorrence; and could hardly be persuaded to receive the little gifts which Mr. Q. brought to obtain his friendship. The following circumstance rendered the dislike more intense.—A dumb man, who pretended to tell fortunes, called there a *spae-man*, came one day to his father's house. Mrs. Clarke, looked upon such persons with a favourable eye, as it was her opinion, that if God in the course of his providence, deprived a man of one of his senses, he compensated this by either rendering the others more *intense* and *accurate*, or by some particular *gift*: and she thought, to most that were *born dumb*, a certain degree of foreknowledge was imparted. She was therefore, ready to entertain persons of this caste: and the man in question was much noted in that country, as having been remarkably fortunate in some of his *guesses*. Adam, who was conning the wizard's face with an eye of remarkable curiosity, was presented to him, to learn what was to be his lot in life. The *artist*, after beholding him for some time, gave signs that he would be *very fond of the bottle*, *grow fat* and *have an enormous belly*! These were pre-

cisely two of the things that he held in most abhorrence. He had often seen persons *drunk*, and he considered them as dangerous madmen, or the most brutish of beasts: and his dislike to the *big belly* has already been stated. He had even then a high opinion of the power and influence of *prayer*. He thought, that the *spae-man* might possibly be correct: but he believed there was no evil awaiting him in futurity which God could not *avert*. He therefore went immediately out into a field, got into a thicket of furze-bushes, and kneeling down he most fervently uttered the following petition:—"O, Lord God, have mercy upon me, and never suffer me to be like Pearce Quinlin!" This he urged, with little variety of language, till he seemed to have a persuasion that the evil would be averted! Strange as it may appear, this prediction left a deep impression upon his mind: and he has hitherto passed through life's pilgrimage, equally dreading the *character* of the *brutal drunkard*, and the *appearance* of the *human porpoise*. Had it not been for this foolish prediction, he had possibly been less careful; and what the effects might have been we cannot calculate, for no man is impeccable.

There was little remarkable in other parts of his childhood, but that he was a very *inapt scholar*, and found it very difficult to acquire the knowledge of the *Alphabet*. For this dulness he was unmercifully censured and unseasonably chastised: and this, so far from eliciting *genius*, rather produced an increase of *hebitude*, so that himself began to despair of ever being able to acquire any knowledge by means of letters. When he was about eight years of age, he was led to entertain hopes of future improvement from the following circumstance. A neighbouring schoolmaster calling at the school where he was then endeavouring to put vowels and consonants together; was desired by the teacher to assist in hearing a few of the lads their lessons: Adam was the last that went up, not a little ashamed of his own deficiency: he however hobbled through his lesson, though in a very indifferent manner: and the teacher apologised to the stranger, and remarked that, *that lad was a grievous dunce*. The assistant, clapping young Clarke on the head, said, *Never fear, Sir, this lad will make a good scholar yet*. This was the first thing that checked his own despair of learning; and gave him hope. How injudicious is the general mode of dealing with those who are called *dull boys*. To every child learning must be a *task*; and as no young person is able to comprehend the maxim that the acquisition of learning will compensate the toil, encouragement and kind words from the teacher, are indispensably necessary to induce the learner to undergo the toil of these gymnastic exercises. *Wilful idleness* and neglect should be reprehended and punished; but where genius has not yet been developed, nor reason acquired its proper seat, the mildest

methods are the most likely to be efficient: and the smallest progress should be watched, and commended, that it may excite to farther attention and diligence. With those who are called *dull boys*, this method rarely fails.

But there are very few teachers who possess the happy art of developing genius. They have not a sufficiency of penetration to find out the bent or characteristic propensity of the minds of their pupils, in order to give them the requisite excitement and direction. In consequence, there have been innumerable native diamonds which have never shone, because they have fallen into such hands as could not distinguish them from common pebbles; and to them neither the hand nor the art of the lapidary, has ever been applied. Many children, not naturally dull, have become so under the influence of the schoolmaster.

As soon as Adam got through the *Reading made easy*, had learnt to spell pretty correctly, and could read with tolerable ease in the New Testament; his father, who wished if possible to make him a scholar, put him into *Lilly's Latin Grammar*. This was new and painful work to little Clarke, and he was stumbled by almost the first sentence which he was ordered to get by heart; not because he could not commit it to memory, but because he could not comprehend—

“In speech be these eight parts following; Noun, Pronoun, Verb, Participle, declined; Adverb, Conjunction, Preposition, Interjection, undeclined.”

He, however, committed this to memory, and repeated it and many of its fellows, without understanding one tittle of the matter; for no pains were taken to enable him to see the *reason* of those things which he was commanded to get by rote; and as the *understanding* was not instructed, the memory was uselessly burthened.

The *declensions* of *nouns* were painful, but he overcame them: the *conjugations* of the *verbs* he got more easily through, because there he perceived a species of *harmony* or *music*, and they were no burthen to his memory; though each verb was required to be conjugated after the manner of *Hoole*, yet he could pretty readily run through them all, and took delight to puzzle his school-fellows with difficult verbs, especially those which admitted great variety of inflection: e. g. *Lavo, lavas, lavi, atque lavavi; lavare, lavandi, lavando, lavandum; lautum, lautu, lotum, lotu, atque lavatum, lavatu; lavans, lauturus, loturus, atque lavaturus*.

Propria quæ maribus, he got through with difficulty, at two lines each lesson; which he was to repeat, afterwards construe, and lastly parse. With the *As in præsentî*, of the same ponderous grammar, he was puzzled beyond measure: he could not well understand the *bo fit bi, do fit di, mo fit ui, no fit vi, quo fit qui, to fit ti, &c. &c.*, and could by no means pro-

ceed: of the *reason* or probable *utility* of such things, he could form no adequate judgment: and at last this became so intolerable, that he employed two whole days and a part of the third, in fruitless endeavours to commit to memory *two lines*, with their construction, of what appeared to him, useless and incomprehensible jargon. His distress was indescribable, and he watered his book with his tears: at last he laid it by, with a broken heart, and in utter despair of ever being able to make any progress. He took up an English Testament, sneaked into an English class, and rose with them to say a lesson. The master perceiving it, said in a terrific tone, "Sir, what brought you here? where is your Latin grammar?" He burst into tears, and said, with a piteous tone, *I cannot learn it*. He had now reason to expect all the severity of the rod: but the master, getting a little moderate, perhaps moved by his tears, contented himself with saying "Go, Sirrah, and take up your grammar: if you do not speedily get that lesson, I shall pull your ears as long as *Jowler's*, (a great dog belonging to the premises,) and you shall be a *beggar* to the day of your death." These were terrible words, and seemed to express the sentence of a ruthless and unavoidable destiny. He retired and sat down by the side of a young gentleman with whom he had been in class, but who, unable to lag behind with his dulness, requested to be separated, that he might advance by himself. Here he was received with the most bitter taunts, and poignant insults. "What! have you not learned that lesson yet? O what a stupid ass! You and I began together: you are now only in *As in præsentî*, and I am in Syntax!" and then with cruel mockings, began to repeat the last lesson he had learned. The effect of this was astonishing—young Clarke was roused as from a lethargy; he felt, as he expressed himself, *as if something had broken within him*: his mind in a moment was all light. Though he felt indescribably mortified, he did not feel indignant: *what*, said he to himself, *shall I ever be a dunce*, and the butt of those fellows' insults! He snatched up his book, in a few moments committed the lesson to memory, got the construction speedily; went up and said it, without missing a word!—took up another lesson, acquired it almost immediately, said this also without a blemish, and in the course of that day wearied the master with his so often repeated returns to say lessons; and committed to memory all the Latin verses with their English construction, in which heavy and tedious *Lilly* has described the *four conjugations*, with their rules, exceptions, &c. &c. Nothing like this had ever appeared in the school before—the boys were astonished—admiration took the place of mockings and insult, and from that hour, it may be said from that *moment*, he found his memory at least capable of embracing every subject

that was brought before it, and his own long sorrow was turned into instant joy!

For such a *revolution* in the mind of a child, it will not be easy to account. He was not *idle*, and though playful never wished to indulge this disposition at the expense of instruction—his own *felt* incapacity was a most oppressive burthen; and the anguish of his heart was evidenced by the *tears* which often flowed from his eyes. *Reproof* and *punishment* produced neither *change* nor *good*, for there was nothing to be *corrected* to which they could apply. *Threatenings* were equally unavailing, because there was no *wilful* indisposition to study and application; and the fruitless *desire to learn*, shewed at least the regret of the want of that ability for the acquisition of which, he would have been willing to have made any kind of sacrifices.

At last this ability was strangely acquired, but not by *slow degrees*; there was no *conquest* over *inaptitude* and *dulness* by *persevering* and *gradual conflict*; the *power* seemed generated in a moment, and in a moment there was a transition from *darkness* to *light*, from mental imbecility to intellectual vigour, and no means nor excitements were brought into operation but those mentioned above. The reproaches of his school-fellow were the *spark* which fell on the gunpowder and inflamed it instantly. The *inflammable* matter was there before, but the *spark* was wanting. This would be a proper subject for the discussion of those who write on the philosophy of the human mind.

This detail has been made the more particular, because he ever considered it as one of the most important circumstances in his life; and he has often mentioned it as a singular Providence which gave a strong characteristic colouring to his subsequent life. This account may not be unuseful to those who have the care of youth; and it may teach the masters of the *rod* and *ferula*, that these are not the instruments of *instruction*, though extremely proper for the correction of the *obstinate* and *indolent*;—that *motives* exciting to *emulation* and to the prevention of disgrace may be, at least in some cases, more powerful and efficient than any punishment that can be inflicted on the flesh. A thorough study of the philosophy of the human mind and what constitutes *individual character*, seem essentially necessary qualifications for all those to whom the instruction of the rising generation is confided; and if this be so, there are few persons properly qualified to be competent Schoolmasters.

Let not the reader imagine from this detail, that from the time mentioned above, A. C. found no difficulty to cultivate his mind in the acquisition of knowledge; it was not so: he ever found an *initial* difficulty to comprehend any thing; and till he could comprehend in some measure the *reason* of the

thing, he could not acquire the *principle* itself. In this respect there was a great difference between him and his brother; the latter apprehended a subject at *first sight*, and knew as much of it in a short time as ever he knew after: the former was slow in apprehension and proceeded with great caution till he understood and was sure of his principles; he then proceeded with vigour, endeavouring to push those principles to the utmost of their legitimate consequences.

There was one branch of knowledge in which Adam could never make any progress; *viz. Arithmetic*. He was put to this when he was very young, before he was capable of comprehending its leading principles; and the elementary books then in common use were not happily conceived for the advantage of learners. *Fisher's Arithmetic*, was that out of which he learned the *five common rules*, and in it the examples in many cases are far from being distinct, and are often not well constructed to shew the principles of the rule which they are intended to illustrate. What can a child make of the following question in *Multiplication*:—"In ninety-eight casks of capers, each 3*cwt.* 3*qrs.* 14*lbs.*, how many hundreds?" This was a question with which he was grievously puzzled, and which when he had mastered, he thought he had performed a work of no small magnitude.

The depressed state of this Family has already been referred to, and in such a way as not to leave the Reader any great hope of its emerging and rising to affluence: this was never the case. Still, however, the best provision was made for the education of the two only sons, which the disadvantageous circumstances of the family could afford.

But how true is the saying of an eminent poet:—

*Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.*—

Slowly they rise whose virtues are oppressed
By hard distress at home.

Mr. Clarke had always a small *farm*, this was necessary for the support of a large family; his professional labours being inadequately remunerated at best, and often ill repaid by the parents of his pupils. It has no doubt been already perceived that Mr. C.'s school was of a mixed nature. He taught by himself alone, *Reading*, *Writing*, and *Arithmetic*, comprising *Bookkeeping*, *Trigonometry*, and *Navigation*; together with the Greek and Latin classics. The price at which each was taught may be reputed a curiosity:—

Reading, 1½*d.* per week; *Writing*, 2*d.*; *Writing* and *Accompts*, 4*d.*; and *Greek* and *Latin* 7*s.* per quarter. These were the *highest* terms in that country in the latter end of the eighteenth century.

Should it be supposed that the work was proportioned to the wages, it may safely be asserted, it was not. Mr. C. was a good *penman*, few, if any classical scholars superior: he was thoroughly acquainted with arithmetic, and taught it well; and of his classical knowledge, his son Adam, no mean judge in a matter of this nature, has been heard to say, "I have known many of more splendid literary talents than my father, many who could shine more *pro re nata*, in Greek and Latin learning; but a more correct scholar I never knew." Many persons of considerable eminence in all departments of science and literature were educated by Mr. Clarke,—Clergymen, Presbyterian Ministers and Popish Priests; Lawyers, Surgeons, Physicians, and Schoolmasters.

From this statement it will appear, that he required something to help out the deficiencies of his school, for the support of a numerous family: *Agriculture*, as has already been observed, of which he was particularly fond, was that to which he had recourse. On a peculiarly ungrateful soil, which he held for many years, he bestowed much of his own labour both *early* and *late*, this was the only time he had; for both in summer and winter he entered his school precisely at *eight in the morning*, which he continued till *eight* in the evening in summer, and till near *four* in the depth of winter. From *May* till *September*, he allowed *one hour* for dinner: during the rest of the year the school was continued without any intermission. He had only two vacations in the year, amounting to *three weeks* in the whole; eight days at *Easter* and a fortnight at *Christmas*. Before and after school hours was the only time in which he could do any thing in his little farm; the rest of the labor, except in those times when several hands must be employed to plant and sow, or gather in the kindly fruits of the earth, was performed, with very little foreign assistance, by his two sons. This cramped their education; but, *Omnia vincit improbus labor*; the two brothers went *day about* to school, and he who had the advantage of the day's instruction gained and remembered all he could, and imparted on his return to him who continued in the farm, all the knowledge that he had acquired in the day. Thus they were alternately *instructors* and *scholars*, and each taught and learned for the other. This was making the best of their circumstances, and such a plan is much more judicious and humane than that which studies to make *one son* a *scholar*, while the others, equally worthy of attention, are made the *drudges* of the family, whereby jealousies and family feuds are often generated.

Their Father, who was a great admirer of the *Georgics* of VIRGIL,—the finest production of the finest Poet that ever lived,—without particularly calculating that the agricultural rules in that elegant work, were in many respects applicable only to the soil and climate of *Italy*, Lat. 45, applied them in a widely

different climate, to a soil extremely dissimilar, in Lat. 55, N. This, in course, was not likely to bring about the most beneficial results. However this was the general plan on which Mr. Clarke carried on his agricultural operations; and it must be confessed, howsoever injudicious this must have been in several respects, his crops were, at least, as good as those of his neighbours.

The *School* in which A. Clarke had his Classical Education, was situated in the *skirt of a wood*, on a gently rising eminence, behind which a hill thickly covered with bushes of different kinds and growth, rose to a considerable height. In front of this little building there was a great variety of prospect, both of *hill* and *dale*, where, in their seasons, all the operations of husbandry might be distinctly seen. The boys who could be trusted, were permitted in the fine weather, to go into the wood, to study their lessons. In this most advantageous situation, Adam read the *Eclogues* and *Georgics* of Virgil, where he had almost every scene described in these poems, exhibited in real life, before his eyes. He has often said, if ever he enjoyed real intellectual happiness, it was in that place, and in that line of study. These living scenes were often finer and more impressive comments on the Roman poet, than all the laboured notes and illustrations of the *Delphin Editors*, and the *Variorum Critics*.

It was in this place, but at an earlier period than that noted above, that he composed a Satire on one of his school fellows, with whom he had fallen out, on no very sufficient grounds. The poem consisted of 175 verses; and was all composed one Saturday afternoon, after the breaking up of school, at a time in which he had not learned to write small hand, so as to be sufficiently intelligible; his brother therefore wrote them down from his mouth; some Fragments only remain, and they may be introduced here as a proof of what Dr. Johnson calls a *precocity of genius* in this way: and although they should not be deemed promissory of any poetic abilities, yet they are at least for a lad of eight or nine years of age, as good as the verses on *Master Duck*, attributed to the almost *infancy* of the above celebrated writer.

THE PARALLEL:—A POEM.

Or Verses on William W—k—n, of Portglenone, in the County of Antrim, describing the base extraction, high insignificance, and family connexions, of the said William W—k—n, alias Pigmy Will.

The Isle *Egina* as it's said,
Was once depeopled by a plague:
Nor male nor female then was spared
Save *Eacus*, who was its laird.
Great Jove to *Eacus* gave birth,
As good a wight as liv'd on earth;

- And skill'd in magic as it's said,
 He found out means to stop the plague.
 (A) The ants they saw to their surprise,
 The nation fall before their eyes ;
 And earnestly desired then,
 That he would change them into men.
 This was no sooner said than done,
 For straight to conjuring he begun ;
 Then feet and legs might there be seen,
 And bodies moving on the green ;
 With thighs, arms, shoulders, neck, and head,
 Like ghosts arising from the dead.

Multa desunt.

When all this tiny race was fram'd,
 There was one of them that was nam'd
Ninneus, he of stature small,
 The merest dwarf among them all ;
 The little *Næthius*, Pluto's client,
 Compared to him was like a giant ;—
 Nor all the race of Fairies dire,
 Nor Salamanders bred in fire,
 Nor Oberon the fairy king,
 Nor all the race of dwarfs living,
 Nor one on earth compared him 'till,
 Except the moth called *Pigmy Will*. (1)

But certes here, you'll think anon,
 This is a rare comparison ;
 That such a lad as *Ninneus* was,
 Should likened be to *Will* the dwarf.

But now, my muse, for to be brief
 On Willy's acts turn o'er a leaf.

The *Pigmy* people did declare,
 With race of *Cranes* a dreadful war ;
 And urg'd them with their winged might
 To meet them on the field to fight.

The *Cranes*, not daunted at this news,
 Ne'er doubting that they'd soon confuse
 This reptile race, void dread or fear,
 Unto the battle they drew near.

Our *Pigmy* with his *little page*, (2)
 A fearful crane did soon engage :
 She tore their face with beak and nail,
 And dealt her blows as thick as hail.
 In minutes three the page was kill'd ;
 And *Will* being well in *running* skill'd,
 Took to his heels t' avoid disgrace,
 And shun the rage of cranish race.
 But fortune's smiles, that wait on th' brave,
 Beam'd not, our hero fleet to save ;
 For soon, alas ! he fell flat down.
 The crane observing him in swoon,
 Clutch'd and lift high up in the air,
 Having fast hold of poor *WILL*'s hair.

At this unhappy change of place,
 Will made a haggard rueful face ;
 And earnestly desired to be
 Rid of his potent enemy.
 The crane fast sped, now high, now low,
 With her poor caitiff screaming foe ;
 Till coming o'er *Portnegro* town, (3)
 She loos'd her fangs, and let him down :
 And he, poor wight, like old king Log,
 Came plumb directly to a bog.

Quæcunque desunt.

When from *Portnegro* he came home,
 His friends embrac'd him one by one ;
 But father said, " I'll thrash your back, sir, (4)
 " Gin ye dinna mend your manners straight, sir !"

Cætera desunt.

Like all ancient compositions of famous and learned men, the above wonderful Poem stands in need of Notes and Illustrations.

(A) The transformation of the *ants* into *men* by *Eacus*, in the Island of *Egina*, is taken from OVID's *Metam.* Lib. VII., Fab. xxvi. and xxvii. And the story of the *pigmies* and the *cranes*, may be seen in Homer, Pliny, and Juvenal.

(1) *Pigmy Will*,—the school nick-name of the young man, William W—k—n.

(2) *Little page*,—a poor little serving lad, a sort of playmate of William's when he was at his father's house.

(3) *Portnegro*,—the town of *Portglenone*, on the River *Ban*, near to which this family dwelt.

(4) *I'll thrash your back*,—a very common expression of William's father.

But, it may be asked, how could young Clarke, at this age, get the information which enabled him to make the above classical allusions, for he had not yet read the authors to whom the verses refer ? It may be answered, that he was now *learning*, and was particularly fond of classical *history* ; and, having procured an old copy of Littleton's Dictionary, he made himself, at a very early age, entire master of all the *proper names* ; so that there was neither *person* nor *place* in the classic world, of which he could not give a ready account. This made him of great consideration among his school-fellows ; and most of them in all the forms, generally applied to him for information on the *historical* parts of their lessons.

His love of reading was intense and unconquerable. To gratify this passion, and a *passion* it was in him, he would undergo any privations, and submit to any kind of hardship. The *pence* that he and his brother got for *being good boys*, and *doing* extra work, &c., they carefully preserved, never laying them out on *toys*, *sweetmeats*, &c., as other children did ; but

when their savings amounted to a sum for which they could purchase some interesting book, they laid it out in this way. At first they got *penny* and *twopenny histories*, afterwards *sixpenny* books, and so on, as their minds were improved and their pence increased.

Their's was a *little* library—but to them exceedingly precious; for their books were their *companions*, and in their company every vacant hour was employed. Before and after labour, were their chief times for reading; and to gain time, the necessary hours of repose were abridged. Childish history, tales, and romances, were the first subjects of their study. The following short list of their books I give as a curiosity; the names of several are, I suppose, no longer known:—

The *Reading made easy*, and *Dilworth's Spelling-Book*.
 The *famous and delightful History of Tom Thumb*.
 Ditto of *Jack the Giant Killer*.
 Ditto of *Jack Horner*.
 Ditto of *Rosewall and Lilly Ann*.
 Ditto of *Guy Earl of Warwick*.
 Ditto of the *Seven Wise Masters and Mistresses*.
 Ditto of the *Nine Worthies of the World*.
 Ditto of *Thomas Hickathrift*.
 Ditto of *Captain James Hind*.
 Ditto of the *Babes in the Wood*.
 Ditto of the *Seven Champions of Christendom*.
 Ditto of *Sir Francis Drake*.
 Ditto of the *New World*, i. e. *America*.
 Ditto of *Captain Falkner*.
 Ditto of *Montelion*, or the *Knight of the Oracle*.
 Ditto of *Robinson Crusoe*.
 Ditto of *Valentine and Orson*.
 Ditto of *Parismus and Parismenos*.
 The *Tale of the Three Bonnets*.
 The *Fairy Tales*.
Peruvian Tales.
Tartarian Tales.
Arabian Nights' Entertainments.
 The *Destruction of Troy*.
Robin Hood's Garland.
 The *History of Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly*.
 The *Life of Sir William Wallace*.
 A *Groat's worth of Wit for a Penny*.
Chevy Chase.
 The *Cherry and the Sloe*.
 The *Gentle Shepherd*.
 The *Pilgrim's Progress*.
Æsop's Fables, by *L'Estrange*.
 The *Holy War*.—*Cum multis aliis, quæ nunc prescribere longum est.*

Such were the humble materials which served as *semina* for a very large stock of *bibliographical* knowledge, and, as a

foundation, certainly very unpromising, of one of the most select and valuable private libraries in the kingdom.

“ From small beginnings mighty fabrics rise.”

According to the present mode of education, most of these articles would be proscribed, as calculated to vitiate the taste and give false impressions; especially books of *enchantment*, chivalry, &c. But is it not better to have a deeply rooted belief of the existence of an *eternal world*,—of God, *angels* and *spirits*, though mingled with such *superstition* as naturally cleaves to infant and inexperienced minds, and which maturer judgment, reflection, and experience, will easily correct,—than to be brought up in a general ignorance of God and heaven, of angels, spirits, and spiritual influence; or in *scepticism* concerning the whole? There is a sort of *Sadducean* education now highly in vogue, that is laying the foundation of general irreligion and *Deism*. Although it may not quadrate with certain received maxims, it may be here safely asserted, that it was such reading as the above, that gave A. Clarke his literary taste, and bent his mind to literary, philosophical, and metaphysical pursuits. He himself has been known to observe, “ Had I never read those books, it is probable I should never have been a *reader*, or a *scholar*, of any kind: yea, I doubt much, whether I should ever have been a religious man. Books of enchantments, &c., led me to believe in a spiritual world, and that if there were a *devil* to hurt, there was a *God* to help, who never deserted the upright: and, when I came to read the Sacred Writings, I was confirmed by their authority in the belief I had received, and have reason to thank God, that I was not educated under the modern Sadducean system.”

At this early age he read the *Pilgrim's Progress*, as he would read a book of *Chivalry*. CHRISTIAN was the great *Hero*, by whom the most appalling difficulties were surmounted, the most incredible labors performed, powerful enchantments dissolved, giants conquered, and devils quelled. It was not likely that he would see it as a *spiritual allegory*: and therefore it was no wonder that he could not comprehend how *Christian* and *Hopeful* could submit to live several days and nights in the dungeon of *Doubting Castle*, under the torture of *Giant Despair*, while the former “ had a *key* in his bosom which could open every lock in that castle.” When he read that part, and found that *Christian* actually had such a *key*, and *did use* it, and thus released both himself and his companion, he called him fifty fools for his pains; and has often since been led to express his surprise that both *John Bunyan* the author, and those who hold his creed, should not have been more aware of these great truths,—that no grace of God can

be at all effectual to the salvation of the soul, unless it be faithfully *used*;—that we may have the *power* to believe to the saving of the soul, and *yet not use that power*, and so continue in darkness and condemnation: for, although *faith* be the *gift of God*, it is only so as to the *grace* of faith, or *power* to believe; but the *act* of faith, or *believing*, is the *act of the soul*, under the aid of that *power* or *grace*; for, although, to believe *without the power*, is as “impossible as to make a world,” yet, when we have that *power*, we may believe and be saved. God no more *believes for us*, than he *repents for us*. We may have the grace of repentance,—a deep *conviction* from his spirit, that we have sinned; but we may harden our hearts against that grace, and so quench the spirit. In like manner, we may have the grace or *power to believe*, and yet *hesitate*, and not cast ourselves on Divine Mercy. *Christian* had the *key of faith* in his bosom, long before he pulled it out to open the doors of his prison house.

In hearing the history of the *Trojan War*; for his father used to recite it to his children as a *Winter Evening's Tale*; Adam was so much struck with the character of *Hector*,—his courage, his calmness, dignified carriage, filial piety, and inflexible love of his country and his family, that he was quite enamoured with it; and when he read *Burton's Nine Worthies of the World*, he longed to see Hector, whom he considered the chief of the whole; and as he had heard that in many cases the *departed* have revisited their friends and others; he has gone out into the fields by himself, when a child of seven or eight years old, and with the most ardent desire, invoked the soul of the departed Chief to appear to him; and, thinking that it could hear, has even set it a *time* and place in the fields to meet him.

Can it be supposed that the Romances which he read could be of any real service? The names of the chief of these, the Reader has already seen. With respect to these he has said, when conversing with his friends on the subject,—“I believe I should have been an *arrant coward* had I never read Romances; such was the natural timidity, or if you please, *imbecility* of my mind.” Of his *courage* none could doubt, who have seen him, while offering the salvation of God to a rebel world, surrounded and assailed by a desperate mob, standing alone, when his friends had forsaken him and fled, every man providing for his own safety. Instances of this kind will occur in the course of this Narrative.

As he had heard and read much of *enchantments* and *enchanters*, so he had heard much of *magic* and *magicians*. Whether there were any thing *real* in their pretended science he could not tell: but his curiosity prompted him strongly to inquire. He had heard of the *Occult Philosophy* of *Cornelius Agrippa*, and wonderful tales his school-fellows had told relative to this

book;—"that it was obliged to be *chained to a large block*, else it would fly, or be carried away," &c.

Hearing that a school-master at some miles' distance, had a copy, he begged his father to write a letter to the gentleman, requesting the loan of the book for a few days. Though he knew not the road, and was only about eight years of age, yet he equipped himself for the journey; and when his mother said, "Adam, you must not attempt to go; you will be lost, for you know not the road," he replied, *Never fear, mother, I shall find it well enough*. "But you will be so weary by the time you get there, that you will not have strength to return;" to which he answered, *Never fear, mother, if I can get there and get the book, I hope to get as much out of it, as will bring me home without touching the ground*. The little fellow had actually made up his mind to return to his home on the back of an angel; he was however disappointed; the man refused to lend the book.

This disappointment only served to whet and increase his curiosity: and an occurrence shortly after took place, which in some measure crowned his wishes as to a sight of this book. A family of *travelling tinkers* or *iron foundlers*,—makers of small iron pots,—came to the country. It was currently reported of them, that they were all conjurors and possessed some wonderful magical books. Adam got leave from his parents to visit them. He found a man, his wife, and a tall well-made son of about twenty years of age, and several other children, two of whom were dumb, encamped in a forsaken house, where, for the time being, they had erected a *furnace* and were hard at work. Adam's errand was soon known, and the father, a very intelligent man, began to entertain him with strange relations of what might be done by *spells, figures, diagrams, letters, fumigations*, &c. &c. All this he heard with raptures, and inquired into the particulars:—these were sparingly related, and he was told to come the next day. He went accordingly, and was well received, and to his inexpressible joy, a copy of the three books of *Cornelius Agrippa's Occult Philosophy* was produced. He touched it with fear, and read it with trembling, and asked liberty to take some notes, which was conceded. In this way, studying, talking, looking for *simples*, and preparing for *operations*, he spent several days; this eccentric community cheerfully dividing, with this indefatigable student, their morsel of *homely fare*. Every night, however, he returned home; and early in the morning revisited these occult philosophers. At length, when they had supplied all the adjacent place with their manufacture, they removed to another part of the country, entirely out of his reach; and he returned laden with spoils, for such he esteemed them; and having, as he supposed, the bounds of his knowledge considerably enlarged. His instructor, how-

ever, had told him that there was a *fourth book* of the incomparable Cornelius Agrippa, without which, as it contained the *practice* of the art, it would be useless to attempt any operations. This was discouraging; but it could not be remedied, and so he nearly remitted all study of the science, as he was unacquainted with the practical part, till he should be able to meet with this *fourth book*.

The notes which he took at this time were very *imperfect*, as he had not learned to write, so as to make them very intelligible: but his brother copied all fair; and by the help of Adam's descriptions, made those little entries pretty correct.

He was persuaded the whole was innocent, for every thing seemed to be done with a reference to and dependance upon, God. By His *terrible name* all spirits were to be *raised, employed, bound, and loosed*. The science appeared to connect both worlds, and bring about a friendly intercourse between disembodied and embodied spirits: and by it those which were fallen and wicked were to be made the *servants* and *vassals* of the good and holy.

This view of the subject, tended greatly to impose on his mind; but happening about this time to read an answer in a book entitled *The Athenian Oracle*, to the question,—“Is that magic lawful whose operations are performed in the name of God, and by solemn invocations of his power,” &c. &c.? The answer was, No:—for, concerning such things, our Lord has said: *Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? And in thy name have cast out devils? And in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me ye that work iniquity*, Mat. vii. 22, 23.

This had a proper effect, and made him proceed afterwards with caution in all these occult matters: nor did he ever attempt to use any kind of magical incantations.

This subject has been treated more particularly because many young minds have been led astray by the promises and apparent piety of this science; and have been thereby plunged into sorrows and disappointments. So much of the fear of God had young Clarke all this time, that had he not been convinced that it was consistent with religion, he never would have bent his mind to its study. Many years after this, he investigated this subject still more minutely; and saw all that could be termed the use and abuse of it.

There was, however, one good effect produced, by the report spread in the neighbourhood,—that the young Clarkes had such sovereign *magical powers*, and had such *spells* set in their house, garden, and fields, that, “if any person came to plunder or steal, he would be arrested by the power of those spells, and not be able to move from the spot in which he be-

gan his depredations, till sun-rise the next morning:" this secured their property. Previously to this, many things were stolen, particularly *poultry*; but after this, nothing was ever taken; and the family became so secure, that for months together, they neither bolted nor locked their doors; nor indeed was it necessary.

There are three or four articles in the little library mentioned above, on which it may be necessary to say a few words, because of the effects produced by them on A. C's. mind; and because of the influence they had on his future life and studies:—viz. *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *L'Estrange's Fables of Æsop*.

The reading of the first of these gave him that decided taste for *Oriental History* which has been so very useful to him in all his biblical studies. He wished to acquaint himself more particularly with a people whose customs and manners, both *religious* and *civil*, were so strange and curious; he never lost sight of this till divine providence opened his way, and placed the means in his power, to gain some acquaintance with the principal languages of the *East*. This also will be noticed in its due place.

The *Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, he read as a *real history*: no true tale was ever better or more naturally told: and none, merely fictitious, was ever told more impressingly. No history, true or feigned, had ever a more direct *moral tendency*. From it, he has often said, he learned more expressly his *duty to God*, to his *parents*, and a firmer belief in *Divine Providence*, than from all he read or heard from books or men during his early years: and as soon as they could read, he took care to put this work into the hands of his own *children*, from the conviction, that in it were combined the finest lessons, and maxims of religion and morality, with every thing interesting and fascinating in historic detail. He has always stated that the good impressions made on his mind by reading this work were never effaced.

With the *Fables of Æsop*, and his *Life* by *Planudes*, he was always much delighted. It was almost one of the first books that he could read, and it was one of the last of his boyish companions that he relinquished. The little pictures with which it was adorned, were the means of attaching his mind, in the first instance. From the *Countryman, whose Wagon had stuck fast in the mud*, he learned the necessity of strenuous exertion, while expecting the Divine succour. He often applied the words, *Thou fool! whip thy horses and set thy shoulders to the wheels, and call upon Hercules, and he will help thee*, to those who expected God by a miracle to bring them out of their difficulties, while sitting down in indolence, and supine self-despair.

The fable of the *Lark and Young Ones*, taught him the

folly of expecting that help from *neighbours and friends* which a man owed to himself, and which by the exertions of himself and family, he could furnish. From the fable of the *Farmer who wished Rain and Fair Weather in those times which he should judge most proper, and at harvest time had no crop*, he learned the folly of human anxiety concerning the weather, and the necessity of depending on divine providence. The *Braggart* who pretended to have cleared so many yards at one leap in the *Island of Rhodes*, shewed him the vanity of empty boasting; and of pretending to have done some mighty feat in some distant country, which his friends were at liberty not to credit till they had seen him perform the same at home. *The Dog in the Manger*, *The Trumpeter taken prisoner*, *The sick Kite*, *The Daw in borrowed Feathers*, &c. &c. were all to him lessons of instruction; and from them he borrowed some of the chief maxims which governed his life.

It may be proper to give here some account how the peasantry spend their long winter's evenings, in that part of Ireland in which young Clarke was born and educated.

The young people of the different families go night about, to each other's houses, and while the female part are employed in *carding* and *spinning*, the master and elder males, in *weaving linen* cloth, and some of the smaller children in filling the *lobbins*, called there *quills*, and one holding the lighted wooden candle, a *thin lath*, split from a block of *bog-fir*, called there a *split*;—a grandfather, grandmother, or some other aged person, tells *Tales of other times*; chiefly respecting the exploits of their ancestors, especially of *Fion ma cool* (*Fingal*) and his family; and their wars with the *Danes*. Some of these tales employ two or three hours in the telling. And although this custom prevailed long before any thing was heard of *Macpherson*, and his *Fingal* and *Ossian*, and their heroes; yet similar accounts to his relations, were produced in the *Noctes Hibernicæ* of these people. It is true that in these, there were many wild stories which are not found in *Macpherson*, but the substance was often the same. Perhaps this may plead something in favour of *Macpherson's* general accuracy: he did not make all his stories: but he may have greatly embellished them. As for the existence of *epic poems*, in those times, either in *Ireland*, or in the *Scotch Highlands*, it is a fiction too gross to be credited: nothing like these appear in the best told tales of the most intelligent *Shenachies*; which they tell as having received them from their fathers, and they from their fathers, and so up to an impenetrable antiquity. A.C. has been heard to say:—"The Gaelic tales are of such a nature, and take possession of the heart and memory so forcibly, that they may be related by different persons again and again, without omitting any one material circumstance. I have heard some of these tales, the telling of which took up

three full hours, that I could repeat, and have repeated afterwards, in different companies, without the loss of a single sentence. I have, in telling such, done little else than give a *verbal relation*, only mending the language, where it appeared particularly faulty." *But were those tales, to which you refer, told in verse?* "No; they were all in *prose*: but they might have been originally in verse; for the persons who related them, translated them out of their maternal tongue, which was *Irish*, alias *Gaelic*. I asked no questions relative to the *form* in which they existed in the original; because I did not know that any thing depended on it; for of *Macpherson* and his *Ossian*, and the *controversy* on that subject, no man had then heard."

In one of those *tales* which relates to *Fion ma cool*, (*Fingal*,) there is a statement of his conversion by the preaching of St. Patrick. When the chief of Erin presented himself before the Saint, he found him very decrepit, and obliged to support himself on two crutches, while he performed the ceremony of baptism. When about to sprinkle the water upon *Fingal's* head, the Saint was obliged to shift his ground, in order to stand more commodiously by the chief. In doing this he unwittingly placed the pike of his crutch upon *Fion's* foot: the ceremony being ended, when St. Patrick was about to move away, he found the end of his crutch entangled in the foot of the chief, the pike having run through it and pinned it to the ground! Expressing both his surprise and regret, he asked *Fingal*, "Why he had not informed him of the mistake at first?" the noble chief answered, "*I thought, holy father, that this had been a part of the ceremony.*" He who could have acted so must have been truly magnanimous, and sincerely desirous of becoming a Christian!

When work and tales were ended the supper was introduced, which was invariably in the winter evenings, a *basket of potatoes*, boiled, *without being peeled*; and either a *salt herring*, or a *little milk*, mostly *butter-milk*. Immediately after this simple repast all went to bed, and generally arose to work a considerable time before day.

In few parts of the world do the peasantry live a more industrious and harmless life. It should also be stated, that sometimes, instead of *tales*, they employ themselves with *rid-dles*, *puzzles*, and various trials of *wit*. Sometimes in narrative and national songs, among which are accounts of *foreign travels*, *shipwrecks*, the *Battle of the Boyne*, and the *Siege of Londonderry*. They are fond also of blazoning the piety, fortitude, noble descent, and valorous achievements of their forefathers. Feats, requiring either much *strength* or *agility*, were frequent exercises for their young men in these social meetings; such as *lifting weights*; and, in moonlight nights, out of doors, *putting the stone*, and *pitching the bar* or *iron*

crow. *Balancing* was a favorite amusement, but in this very few make much proficiency, because it requires great agility and a very steady eye. Perhaps, few ever carried this to greater perfection than young Clarke; whatever he was able to lift on his chin, *that* he could balance: *iron crows, sledge hammers, ladders, chairs, &c. &c.*, he could in a great variety of combinations balance to great perfection on chin, nose and forehead. In short, whatever he saw done in this way he could do; so that many of the common people thought he performed these feats by a supernatural agency. How much more rational and manly are such amusements than *cards, dice*, or degrading *games of hazard* of any kind! By *these*, the mind is debased, and the meanest and vilest passions excited, nourished and gratified. By *those, emulation*, corporeal strength, agility, &c. are produced and maintained. The former may make poltroons and assassins, but can never make a *man, a friend, or a hero*.

Of his *Religious Education*, scarcely any thing has been yet spoken; as it was not judged proper to mix his boyish operations and pursuits with matters of a more severe and spiritual cast.

We have already seen that, at a very early age his mind was deeply impressed with subjects of the greatest importance. This was not a transitory impression:—his mother was a woman *decidedly religious*: she was a *Presbyterian* of the old *Puritanic* school. She had been well catechised in her youth, and had read the Scriptures with great care and to much profit. She ever placed the fear of God before the eyes of her children, caused them to read and reverence the Scriptures, and endeavoured to impress the most interesting parts on their minds. If they did wrong at any time, she had recourse uniformly to the Bible, to strengthen her reproofs and to deepen conviction. In these she was so conversant and ready, that there was scarcely a delinquency, for the condemnation of which she could not easily find a portion. She seemed to find them on the *first opening*, and would generally say, "See what God has guided my eye to in a moment." Her *own* reproofs her children could in some measure bear; but when she had recourse to the *Bible*, they were terrified out of measure; such an awful sense had they of the truth of God's Word and the Majesty of the Author. One anecdote will serve to shew her manner of reproving, and the impression made by such reproofs.

Adam one day disobeyed his mother, and the disobedience was accompanied with some *look* or *gesture* that indicated an undervaluing of her authority. This was a high affront; she

immediately flew to the Bible, and opened on these words, Prov. xxx. 17, which she read and commented on in a most awful manner:—"The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." The poor culprit was cut to the heart, believing the words had been sent immediately from heaven: he went out into the field with a troubled spirit, and was musing on this horrible denunciation of Divine displeasure, when the *hoarse croak* of a *raven* sounded to his conscience an alarm more terrible than the cry of fire at midnight! He looked up and soon perceived this most ominous bird, and actually supposing it to be the *raven* of which the text spoke, coming to *pick out his eyes*, he clapped his hands on them with the utmost speed and trepidation, and ran towards the house as fast as the state of his alarm and perturbation would admit, that he might escape the impending vengeance!

The severe creed of his mother led her more frequently to represent the Supreme Being as a *God of justice*, than as the *God of mercy*: the consequence was, the children *dreaded* God, and obeyed only through *fear*:—perhaps, this was the only impression that could be made, to awaken conscience and keep it awake.

To the religious instructions of his mother, her son ever attributed, under God, that fear of the Divine Majesty, which ever prevented him from taking pleasure in sin. "My mother's reproofs and terrors never left me," said he, "till I sought and found the salvation of God. And sin was generally so burthensome to me, that I was glad to hear of deliverance from it. She taught me such reverence for the Bible, that if I had it in my hand even for the purpose of studying a chapter in order to say it as a lesson, and had been disposed with my class-fellows to sing, whistle a tune, or be facetious, I dared not do either while the book was open in my hands. In such cases I always shut it and laid it down beside me. Who will dare to lay this to the charge of *superstition*!"

We need not say that such a mother taught her children to *pray*. Each night, before they went to bed, they regularly kneeled successively at her knee and said the *Lord's Prayer*; and implored a blessing on father, mother, relatives, and friends: those who were six years old and upwards, said also the *Apostles' Creed*. She had also a *Morning Prayer* and an *Evening Prayer*, which she taught them: these prayers were in verse; who was the author we know not. As they are simple and expressive, and well suited to infant minds, I shall insert them for their *piety*, whatever may be thought of their *poetry*.

AN EVENING PRAYER, FOR A YOUNG CHILD.

" I go to my bed as to my grave,
 And pray to God my life to save.
 But if I die, before I wake,
 I pray to God my soul to take.
 Sweet Jesus now, to thee I cry,
 To grant me mercy before I die!
 To grant me mercy, and send me grace,
 That heaven may be my dwelling place!"

A MORNING PRAYER, FOR A YOUNG CHILD.

" Preserve me, Lord, amidst the crowd,
 From every thought that's vain and proud;
 And raise my wandering mind to see,
 How good it is to trust in THEE!
 From all the enemies of thy truth,
 Do thou, O Lord, preserve my youth:
 And raise my mind from worldly cares,
 From youthful sins and youthful snares!
 Lord, tho' my heart's as hard as stone,
 Let seeds of early grace be sown;
 Still watered by thy heavenly love,
 Till they spring up to joys above!"

These she caused them to conclude with the following short *dorology*.

" Give to the FATHER praise,
 And glory to the SON;
 And to the SPIRIT of his *grace*
 Be equal honour done!"

The xxiiird Psalm in the old Version she also taught them to repeat, and her two sons she caused to learn and repeat Psalm cxxviii.

For the little Prayers above mentioned, Adam ever felt a fond attachment. "They contain," said he, "the first breathings of my mind towards God; and even many years after I had known the power of God to my Salvation, I continued to repeat them, as long as I could with propriety use the term *youth*."

Every Lord's Day was strictly sanctified; no manner of work was done in the family: and the children were taught from their earliest youth to sanctify the Sabbath. On that day she took the opportunity to catechise and instruct her children, would read a chapter, sing a portion of a Psalm, and then go to prayer. While reading, she always accustomed the children who had discernment, to note some particular verse in the reading, and repeat it to her when prayer was over. This engaged all their attention, and was the means of impressing the word on their hearts as well as on their memories. She obliged

them also to get by heart the *Church Catechism*, and the *Shorter Catechism* of the Assembly of Divines.

Thus, the children had the creed of their *father*, who was a *Churchman*, and the creed of their *mother*, who was a *Presbyterian*; though she was far from being a Calvinist. But, although they went occasionally to the Presbyterian meeting, they *all* felt a decided preference for the *Church*.

Though the parents of A. C. belonged to different Christian communities, they never had any animosities on religious subjects. The parish clergyman and the Presbyterian parson, were equally welcome to the house; and the husband and wife most cheerfully permitted each other to go on their own way: nor were any means used by either to determine their children to prefer one community to the other. They were taught to fear God and expect Redemption through the Blood of the Cross, and all other matters were considered by their parents, of comparatively little moment.

As it was fashionable as well as decent for all those who attended divine worship on the Lord's Day to take a part in the *public singing*, (for *choirs* of singers, the bane of this part of religious worship, were not known in those times,) so the youth spent a part of the long winter's evenings in learning what was called *sacred music*. A person less or more skilled in this art, set up a *night school* in some of the most populous villages; and the young people attended him for two or three hours, so many nights in the week. All had books in which the same tunes were pricked; and each tune was at first *sol fa'd*, till it was tolerably well learned, and then sung to some corresponding *words*. Afterwards, each was obliged to give out some verse of his own; and lastly, as trials of skill, one made a line; by the time that was *sung*, another was obliged to find a line that would match in *measure* and *meaning*, a third did the same, and a fourth in the same way concluded the stanza; neither of these knowing any thing previously of the subject on which he should be obliged to compose his verse: these trials of skill often produced much *doggerel*, but there were, not unfrequently, some *happy lines* and *flashes of real wit*. Sometimes this contest lay between two persons, the second of whom had no more than the time in which the previous line was sung, to make that which was to be its correspondent, both in sense and measure.

This method of singing and making *alternate* verses, is certainly very ancient; we may find traces of it among the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*: and in *Homer*, *Theocritus*, and *Virgil*, it is expressly mentioned. The song of *Moses*, of *Deborah* and *Barak*, and the fifth chapter of *Isaiah*, and other portions in the Old Testament, seem to have been composed in the same way. *Homer*, *Theocritus*, and *Virgil*, are direct proofs. A quotation from each will shew that this humble singing of

the aboriginal Irish peasantry, is not without the sanction of an illustrious antiquity.

Ὡς τότε μὲν προπᾶν ἡμᾶρ ἐς ἡέλιον καταδύντα
Δαινυντ'· οὐδ' ἐπὶ θυμὸς ἐδευετο δαίσιος εἵσης,
Οὐ μὲν φορμιγγὸς περικαλλέος, ἣν ἐχ' Ἀπολλων,
Μουσαῶν θ', αἱ αἰδὼν ἀμειβομέναι σπὶ καλῇ.

ILIAD I. verse 601.

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong
In feasts ambrosial and celestial song:
Apollo tun'd the lyre: the Muses round
With *voice alternate* aid the silver sound.

POPE.

Thus the shepherds, cowherds, and goatherds, in *Theocritus*:—

Ἀλλ' ἀγε δῆ, (ξύνᾳ γὰρ ὁδὸς, ξύνᾳ δὲ καὶ αἶψ)
Βωκολιασδωμεσθα' ταχ' ὥτερος ἄλλον οἴασει.

IDYLL. VII. verse 35.

But let us carol the Bucolic lay,
Since ours one common sun, one common way.
Alternate transport may our joy infuse.

POLWHEELE.

Χ' δι μὲν παῖδες αἰδὼν, ὃ δ' αἰπόλος ἠθέλε κριναι.
Ἔϊτα δ' ἀμοιβαιτὴν ὑπελάβανε Δαφνίς αἰδᾶν
Βωκολικὰν· οὕτω δὲ Μενάλκας ἀρξάτο πρᾶτος.

IDYLL. VIII. verse 28.

The goatherd not unwilling to decide,
As in *alternate* songs the *rivals* vied;
They hastened with *contending* pipes to play;
And first Menalcas breathed the rural lay.

POLWHEELE.

Virgil mentions the *alternate* singing, and gives a *reason* for it, which he appears to have borrowed from *Homer*:—

Incipe, Damœta: tu deinde sequere, Menalca.
Alternis dictis: amant alterna Camœnæ.

ECLOG. III. verse 58.

The challenge to Damœtas shall belong;
Menalcas shall sustain his under song;
Each in his turn, your tuneful numbers bring;
By turns, the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DRYDEN.

It may be added, that their *sacred tunes* were few, very *flat*, and mostly of *common and long measure*; and probably of Scottish extraction. Tunes entitled *French, London, York, Abbey, Elgin, Dumfries, Newton, Dublin, &c., &c.*, and the *Old Hundredth Psalm*, were some of the chief: and one or other of these tunes might be heard in every church and meeting-house through a whole district or county on the Lord's Day.

The Irish Papists used no singing in that part of the country, in their mass-houses. Their singing was chiefly confined to *funeral occasions*; and seems to be the simple remains of an exceedingly remote antiquity; and to have been of Asiatic extraction; as the manner in which it was performed by the ancient Jews, appears to be precisely the same with that in which it is performed by the present Irish Papists, the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country.

The *Caoinian*, *Irish howl*, or *Irish cry*, as some term it, has been much spoken of, but is little understood. It is a species of the *alternate music* already referred to; and was generally practised among the Papists in Dr. Clarke's youth; and he himself has been often present at it: it was then in a state of less perfection than it had been, and now is falling into entire disuse. The priests having displaced it, by their strong recommendation of the *Gregorian Chant*.

Mr. Beauford, in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, gives a good account of it:—

"The body of the deceased, dressed in grave-clothes, and ornamented with flowers, and odoriferous herbs, was usually placed on a table or elevated place. The relations and the *Caioniers*, i. e. the persons who sung the funeral songs and lamentations, ranged themselves in two divisions, one at the head, and the other at the feet of the corpse.

"The *Bards* and *Croteries*, i. e. those who composed the songs, and related the *genealogy*, &c., of the deceased, having before prepared the funeral *Caionian*, the chief bard of the *head chorus* began, by singing the first stanza, in a *low doleful tune*, which was softly accompanied by the harp; at the conclusion, the *last semi-chorus* began the lamentation, or *ullaloo*, from the final note of the preceding stanza, in which they were answered by the *head semi-chorus*, and then both united in one *general chorus*.

"The *chorus* of the first stanza being ended, the *chief bard* of the first *semi-chorus* sang the second stanza, the *strain* of which was taken from the concluding note of the preceding chorus; which being ended, the *head semi-chorus* began the *gol*, or *lamentations*, in which they were answered by that of the *foot*; and then as before, both united in the general full chorus. And thus *alternately*, were the *song* and *choruses* performed during the night.

"The *genealogy*, rank, possessions, virtues, and vices, of the deceased, were rehearsed; and a number of interrogations were addressed to the *dead person*; as 'Why did he die?' If married, 'Whether his wife was faithful to him: his sons dutiful, and good warriors?' If a *matron*, 'Whether her daughter were fair or chaste?' If a *young man*, 'Whether he had been crossed in love?' or 'If the blue eyed maids of Erin treated him with scorn?' &c., &c.

“Each versicle of the *Caoinian* consisted only of *four feet*, and each foot was commonly of *two syllables*: the *three* first required no correspondence, but the *fourth* was to correspond with the terminations of the other versicles.”

The music-master whose lessons A. C. attended, willing to stand on at least equal ground with all his competitors, and to secure a competent number of *scholars*, proposed that he would divide the usual hours into two parts, teach *singing* in the former part, and *dancing* in the other. This brought him several additional scholars, and his school went on much to his own advantage. At first Adam despised this silly adjunct to what he had always deemed of great importance; and for a considerable time took no part in it; as it appeared little else than a mad *freak*, as long as it lasted. At length, through considerable *persuasion*, his steadfastness was overcome; by long looking, it began to appear harmless;—by and bye graceful, and lastly an elegant accomplishment! It was now, *cast in your lot with us*: he did so; and as it was always a maxim with him to do whatever he did with his might; he bent much of his attention to this, and soon became superior to most of his school-fellows. Formerly he went to the school for the sake of the *singing*,—now he went most for the sake of the *dancing*: leaving his understanding uninfluenced, it took fast hold of his passions. If prevented at any time from going, he felt uneasy, sometimes vexed, and often what is called *cross*: his temper in such cases, being rarely under his own control.

His own opinion of the whole of this business may be best told in his own words. “*Mala Ave*, when about 12 or 13 years of age, I learned to *dance*. I long resisted all solicitations to this employment, but at last I suffered myself to be overcome; and learnt, and profited beyond most of my fellows. I grew passionately fond of it, would scarcely walk but in *measured time*, and was constantly *tripping*, *moving*, and *shuffling*, in all times and places. I began now to value myself, which, as far as I can recollect, I had never thought of before; I grew impatient of control, was fond of company, wished to mingle more than I had ever done, with young people; I got also a passion for *better clothing*, than that which fell to my lot in life, was discontented when I found a neighbour’s son *dressed better* than myself. I lost the spirit of *subordination*, did not *love work*, imbibed a spirit of *idleness*, and in short, drunk in all the brain-sickening effluvia of *pleasure*; dancing and company took the place of *reading* and *study*; and the authority of my parents was feared indeed, but not respected; and few serious impressions could prevail in a mind imbued now with frivolity, and the love of pleasure; yet I entered into no disreputable assembly, and in no one case, ever kept any improper company; I formed no

illegal connection, nor associated with any whose characters were either tarnished or suspicious. Nevertheless, *dancing* was to me a *perverting influence*, an *unmixed moral evil*: for although by the mercy of God, it led me not to depravity of manners, it greatly weakened the *moral principle*, drowned the voice of a well instructed conscience, and was the first cause of impelling me *to seek my happiness in this life*. Every thing yielded to the disposition it had produced, and every thing was absorbed by it. I have it justly in abhorrence for the moral injury it did me; and I can testify, (as far as my own observations have extended, and they have had a pretty wide range,) I have known it to produce the same evil in others that it produced in me. I consider it therefore, as a branch of that *worldly education*, which leads from heaven to earth, from things spiritual to things sensual, and from God to Satan. Let them plead for it who will; I know it to be *evil*, and that *only*. They who bring up their children in this way, or send them to those schools where *dancing* is taught, are consecrating them to the service of Moloch, and cultivating the passions, so as to cause them to bring forth the weeds of a fallen nature, with an additional rankness, deep rooted inveteracy, and inexhaustible fertility. *Nemo sobrius saltat*, 'no man in his senses will dance,' said Cicero, a heathen: shame on those Christians who advocate a cause by which many *sons* have become profligate, and many *daughters* have been ruined." Such was the experience of A. Clarke in *dancing*, and such was his opinion of the practice. Against this branch of fashionable education he, on all proper occasions, lifted up his voice. Many years after this he wrote a paper on the subject, which was inserted in vol. xv. of the *Arminian Magazine*; this was in consequence of an attempt made to bring it into the boarding schools of the Methodists. Under the influence of this depraving practice, A. C. did not long continue: in less than two years it began and terminated with him.

It was now high time to think of casting his lot for life. At first he was designed for the *Ministry*; and he himself wished it, without knowing what he desired. But the circumstances of the family, there being now *seven children*, two sons and five daughters, rendered it impracticable to maintain him at one of the Universities. That scheme therefore was dropped; and his parents next proposed to place him with a Surgeon and Apothecary of their acquaintance: this purpose also miscarried, when just on the eve of completion; and, as his brother had about this time finished his apprenticeship, and gone to sea, the family began to think that it would be best for them to retain at home, this, their *only remaining son*, that he might assist his father in the school, and succeed him when it should please God to render him unfit for the employment. This

was no lure to Adam's mind ; he saw plainly that his father had much trouble, with great labour and anxiety, for very small gains. And besides, it was not a line of life for which he had ever felt any predilection. How his lot was afterwards determined will shortly appear.

It may be necessary in this place to mention two accidents, both of which had very nearly proved fatal to young Clarke. Having occasion to bring home a sack of grain from a neighbouring village ; it was laid over the bare back of his horse, and to keep it steady, he rode on the top ; one end being much heavier than the other, he found it difficult to keep it on : at last it preponderated so much, that it fell, and he under it ; his back happened to come in contact with a pointed stone : he was taken up apparently dead ; a person attempted to draw some blood from his arm, but in vain, none would flow, and his face, neck, &c. turned quite black. He lay insensible for more than two hours, during the greater part of which time, he was not known even to breathe, so that all said *he is dead*. He was brought near the fire and rubbed with warm cloths ; at length a plentiful flow of blood from the orifice in his arm, was the means of promoting that respiration which had been so long obstructed. All had given him over for dead, and even now that he began to breathe, but with an oppressive sense of the acutest pain, few entertained hopes that he could long survive this accident. In about 24 hours it was thought that he might in an easy chair be carried home, which was about a mile distant. He however utterly refused to get into the chair, but while the men carried it, held it with his right hand, and walked by its side, and thus reached his father's house ; and in a short time, to the great surprise of all who had witnessed the accident, was completely restored. Had he not been designed for matters of great and high importance, it is not likely in the ordinary course of nature he could have survived this accident.

The second accident had like to have proved completely fatal, because it happened where he could have no succour. At this time his father had removed to the vicinity of Coleraine, in the parish of Agherton, very near that beautiful strand, where the river *Ban* empties itself into the *Deucalionian Sea*. One morning, as was sometimes his custom, he rode a mare of his father's into the sea to bathe her ; the sea was comparatively calm, the morning very fine, and he thought he might ride beyond the *breakers*, as the shore in that place was remarkably smooth and flat. The mare went with great reluctance, and plunged several times ; he urged her forwards, and at last he got beyond the breakers into the *swells*. A terrible swell coming, from which it was too late to retreat, overwhelmed both the horse and its rider. There was no person in sight, and no help at hand : the description which

he afterwards gave will be best known from his own words.

“In company one day with the late Dr. *Ietsom*, of London, the conversation turning on the resuscitation of persons apparently dead from drowning; Dr. L. said, ‘Of all that I have seen restored, or questioned afterwards; I never found one who had the smallest recollection of any thing that passed from the moment they went under water, till the time in which they were restored to life and thought.’ Dr. Clarke answered, ‘Dr. L., I knew a case to the contrary.’ ‘Did you indeed?’ ‘Yes, Dr. L., and the case was *my own*: I was once drowned,’—and then I related the circumstances; and added, ‘I saw my danger, but thought the mare would swim, and I knew I could ride; when we were both overwhelmed, it appeared to me that I had gone to the bottom with my *eyes open*. At first I thought I saw the bottom clearly, and then felt neither apprehension nor pain;—on the contrary, I felt as if I had been in the most delightful situation: my mind was tranquil, and uncommonly happy; I felt as if in *Paradise*, and yet I do not recollect that I saw any person; the impressions of happiness seemed not to be derived from any thing *around me*, but from the state of my mind; and yet I had a general apprehension of pleasing objects; and I cannot recollect that any thing appeared *defined*, nor did my eye take in any object, only I had a general impression of a *green colour*, such as of fields or gardens; but my happiness did not arise from these, but appeared to consist merely in the tranquil, indescribably tranquil, state of my mind. By and bye I seemed to awake as out of a slumber, and felt *unutterable pain*, and *difficulty of breathing*; and now I found I had been carried by a strong wave, and left in very shallow water upon the shore; and the pain I felt was occasioned by the air once more inflating my lungs, and producing respiration. How long I had been under water I cannot tell: it may however be guessed at by this circumstance:—when restored to the power of reflection, I looked for the mare, and saw her walking leisurely down shore towards home; then about *half a mile distant from the place where we were submerged*. Now I aver, 1. That in being drowned, *I felt no pain*. 2. That I did not for a single moment lose my *consciousness*. 3. I felt indescribably happy, and though dead, as to the total suspension of all the functions of life, yet I felt no pain in dying: and I take for granted from this circumstance, that those who die by drowning, feel no pain; and that probably, it is the easiest of all deaths. 4. That I felt no pain till once more exposed to the action of the atmospheric air; and then I felt great pain and anguish in returning to life; which anguish, had I continued under water, I should have never felt. 5. That animation must have been totally suspended from the

time I must have been under water : which time might be in some measure ascertained by the distance the mare was from the place of my submersion, which was at least half a mile, and she was not, when I first observed her, making any speed. 6. Whether there were any thing preternatural in my escape, I cannot tell : or whether a *ground swell* had not in a merely natural way borne me to the shore, and the retrocession of the tide, (for it was then ebbing,) left me exposed to the open air, I cannot tell. My preservation might have been the effect of *natural* causes ; and yet it appears to be more rational to attribute it to a superior agency. Here then, Dr. L., is a case widely different, it appears, from those you have witnessed : and which argues very little for the modish doctrine of the *materiality of the soul.*' Dr. Letsom appeared puzzled with this relation, but did not attempt to make any remarks on it. Perhaps the subject itself may not be unworthy of the consideration of some of our *minute philosophers.*"

I shall relate two other remarkable accidents which occurred in his neighbourhood about this time.

A neighbouring farmer, Mr. David Reed, had the reputation in the country of being extremely rich. Several attempts had been made to rob his house, but they had all failed. At last a servant, who had lately lived with him, and knew the way of the house, plotted with one *Cain*, a cooper, and one *Digny*, a schoolmaster, and a fellow of the name of *M'Henry*, to rob the house on a Sabbath evening. Neither of them lived in that neighbourhood : they rendezvoused in a town called *Garvagh*, about a mile and a half from the place, where they purchased a couple of candles. They left that about eleven o'clock at night, and concealed themselves somewhere in the fields, till about two in the morning. They then came to the house and had a consultation, *which* was the best method of entering.—At first they got a long ladder and reared it against the house, intending to strip off some of the thatch above the kitchen, and enter that way, as there was no flooring above it. This they afterwards gave up as too tedious, and likely to lead to a discovery. They were now about to abandon their design, when *Digny*, a man of desperate courage, upbraided them with cowardice ; and said, " Will you resign an enterprise in which you are likely to acquire so large a booty, because there appear to be some difficulties in the way ?" After a little parley, they came to the resolution to take the house by storm, and *Digny* agreed to enter first, by suddenly dashing the kitchen window to pieces. He stripped off his coat and waistcoat, tied a garter round each arm to confine his shirt, one about each knee to render him more firm, and one round his waist, in which he stuck his *pistols*, and tied a handkerchief over his face, with three holes cut in it, one for his mouth and two for his eyes. He then, in a moment, dashed the window to pieces, passed

through it, and leaped down from the sill, and though he alighted on a spinning-wheel, and broke it in pieces, yet he did not stumble! He flew in a moment to the door, unlocked it, and let two of the gang in, the fourth, *M'Henry*, standing without as sentry. The lock being a very good one, the bolt went back with so loud a noise as to awaken Mr. Reed, who lay in a room off the kitchen, on the same floor. A young man of the name of *Kennedy*, a servant in the family, lay in a room next to that of his master, only separated from it by a narrow passage, which divided two sets of rooms on the right and left.—*Cooper Cain*, and the other accomplice, went immediately to the fire, which being in that country formed of turf was raked up in its own ashes, and began to pull out the coals in order to light their candle. Mr. Reed having been awakened as before related, jumped out of bed, ran up the passage towards the kitchen, and cried out "Who is there?" *Digny*, who was standing ready with his hanger drawn, waiting for the light, which the others were endeavoring to procure, hearing the voice, made a blow at the place whence it came, but did not see that the old man had not yet passed through the door into the kitchen; the hanger caught the bricks above the door head, broke out more than a pound weight off one of them, above the lintel, slid down, and laid Mr. Reed's right cheek open from the eye to the lower jaw. Had he been six inches more advanced the blow would have cleft his head in two. The old man feeling himself wounded, sprang desperately forward and seized the assassin, who immediately dropped his hanger, which he could no longer use, (for Mr. Reed, who was a powerful man, had seized him by both his arms,) closed in and grappled with Mr. R. *Kennedy*, who had been awake even before the window was broken, arose, and while his master and *Digny* were struggling in the passage, got past them, went into the kitchen where a charged gun was hanging on hooks high up on the wall, ascended a large chest, seized the gun, which he not being able to get readily out of the *hooks*, with a desperate pull brought the hook out of the wall, descended from the chest, squeezed by his master and the assassin, still struggling in the passage, cocked it, and was going to fire, but could not discern his master from the robber. With great presence of mind he delayed till *Cain* and his confederate having succeeded in lighting their candle, (which they found very difficult, not having a match,) he was able to discern between his master and *Digny*. In that moment he fired, and shot the latter through the heart, who instantly fell, and Mr. Reed on the top of him. *Kennedy* having discharged his piece, immediately cried out, "I have shot one of them, hand me the other gun." *Cain* and his accomplice hearing the report, and seeing what was done, immediately extinguished their candle, issued out at the door, and they and *M'Henry* fled for their lives.

Though it has taken some time to describe the circumstances of this transaction, yet the Reader must not imagine that much time had elapsed from the forcible entry till the death of *Digny*. All these circumstances were crowded into two or three minutes. *Kennedy* then flew to the door, relocked it, threw chairs, tables, &c. against it and the window, reloaded his gun, into which in his hurry, he put nearly eleven inches of powder and shot, and stood ready to meet another attack.

But who can describe the horrors of this family, expecting every moment a more powerful assault, none daring to go out, or open the door to seek for help, the house being at some distance from the rest of the village! There were in the house, only Mr. Reed, an aged, infirm sister, a little boy, and *Kennedy* the servant man. Mr. Reed, partly with the alarm, partly with the wound and consequent loss of blood, was reduced to great weakness, and his mind became so disturbed that he could scarcely believe the slain assassin who lay on the floor, was not his own servant *Kennedy* who had been shot by the robber.

At length after several hours of the deepest anxiety, daylight returned, and brought assurance and confidence to this distressed family. The issue of this business was, *M^r Henry* turned king's evidence, and the old servant was taken and hanged; but Cooper *Cain* fled, and was never heard of more. *Digny* was buried like a dog without coffin, &c. in the church-yard, but afterwards had an untimely resurrection. One of A. C.'s school-fellows, who was then apprentice to a surgeon, came with a fellow-apprentice to the grave-yard after night, dug him up, put him in a sack, laid him across a horse, one of them riding behind to hold him on, and thus carried him to Coleraine, a distance of *twelve* miles, which they reached before daylight; and taking him to the market-house, one of the surgeons, Mr. *Ellison*, opened him and gave the young men a lecture on the subject in general; after which he was buried at the foot of the *rampart*. *Kennedy* got forty pounds at the county assizes: his master put him to school for a time, and it was naturally supposed, that as he had no child he would provide for him during life, but Mr. R. died soon after and left his preserver nothing!

There was a circumstance in the case worthy of remark: Mr. R. had lent his gun to a man who lived several miles off: on Saturday evening, *Kennedy* asked liberty from his master to go and bring home the gun, which was with difficulty granted. Had not the gun been brought home that night, there is no doubt the house would not only have been robbed, but every soul murdered; as it was evident they had intended to leave no person alive to tell tales.

The second instance I have to relate, was still more melancholy. An *equestrian* came to that country, and performed

several remarkable feats of horsemanship. He could manage the wildest horses; and permitted people to fire off guns and pistols while practising the most dangerous positions. He had appointed a day to perform in a large open field; multitudes went to see him, and many fired off guns during the exhibition. A nephew of the same Mr. Reed was on the ground, and had the same gun with him with which Digny was shot. He, supposing that it had been discharged and charged again with powder only, (whereas it had a heavy charge of *duck-shot*,) fired low near the horse's side, as the equestrian rode by in that part of the ring. Lieutenant Stephen Church, A. C.'s brother, and Mr. William Clark, one of his school-fellows, standing together in the opposite side of the ring, the principal part of the charge entered the Lieutenant's right leg, and tore it almost to pieces. Several shot entered one of the legs of Mr. W. Clark, and A. C.'s brother had his shoe ploughed in several places, by the shot, but he was not wounded. A mortification taking place, the leg was amputated in a very unskillful manner, and the Lieutenant shortly after died. What was very remarkable in this case was; Lieut. C. had lived what was called a *GAY*, that is, a *worldly, careless, life*; without, apparently, any sense of *religion*: from the moment he was wounded, he laid his eternal interests most deeply to heart; and spent the interval between the accident and his death, which was some weeks, in deeply mourning for past errors, and in incessant prayer for redemption through the Friend of sinners.

It is worthy of remark that, that gun, which was esteemed the best in the neighbourhood, had killed *Digny*, killed *Lieut. Church*, and killed a *nephew* of Mr. Reed's;—he was found in a field, where he had gone out on a fowling excursion, lying against a bank, his brains blown out, and the gun lying by his side! This circumstance would have served for a place in the *Miscellanies* of Sir *John Aubrey*, who might suppose that fatalities were attached to *particular instruments*, as well as to *particular places and times*.

Shortly after Lieutenant Church received his wound, his brother, *George Church*, Esq., a gentleman of very large estates, was killed by a fall from his horse. Previously to these two disasters, *strange noises* were heard in the mansion-house called the *Grove*. The doors were said to have opened and shut of themselves; sometimes all the pewter dishes, &c. on the dresser in the kitchen, were so violently agitated as to appear to have been thrown down on the floor, though nothing was moved from its place. Sometimes *heavy treading* was heard where no human being was; and often, as if a person had fallen at whole length on the floor, above the kitchen! A. C. sat up one whole night in that kitchen, during Lieut. Church's indisposition, and most distinctly heard

the above noises, shortly before Mr. G. Church was killed by the fall from his horse. After the death of the two brothers, these noises were heard no more ! What was the cause of the noises was never discovered.

While on the subject of *omens*, it may not be improper to notice the opinion concerning *Fairies*, then so prevalent in that country. It is really astonishing how many grave, sober, sensible, and even religious people, have united in asserting the fact of their existence ! and even from their own personal knowledge, as having seen, or heard, or conversed with them ! At a near neighbour's, according to the report of the family, was their principal rendezvous in that country. The good woman of the house declared in the most solemn manner to Mrs. Clarke, that a number of those *gentle people*, as she termed them, occasionally frequented her house ; that they often conversed with her, one of them putting its hands on her eyes, during the time, which hands she represented, from the sensation she had, to be about the size of those of a child of four or five years of age ! This good woman with her whole family, were worn down with the visits, conversations, &c. &c. of these generally invisible gentry. Their lives were almost a burthen to them ; and they had little prosperity in their secular affairs. But these accounts were not confined to *them* : the whole neighbourhood was full of them, and the belief was general if not universal. From the natural curiosity of A. C. it needs not to be wondered that he wished to see matters of this sort. He and his brother frequently supposed that they heard noises and music altogether unearthly. Often they have remarked that small fires had been kindled over night in places where they knew there were none the preceding day ; and at such sights, it was usual for them to say to each other, *The fairies have been here last night*. Whatsoever may be said of such imaginings and sights, though not one in a million may have even the shadow of truth, yet *sober* proofs of the existence of a *spiritual world*, should not be lightly regarded. We may ridicule *such* accounts, till the Holy Scriptures themselves may come in for their share of infidel abuse.

BOOK II.

I COME now to the most important part of A. C.'s life,—that in which he began to perceive the importance of pure and undefiled Religion: and in which he began to discern and relish the power of divine truth. It is not to be supposed that there can be any great variety in the experience of religious people. *Repentance, faith, and holiness*, are unchangeable in their nature, and uniform in their effects. Religion has to do with *one God, one Mediator, one sacrifice*; it recommends *one faith*, enjoins *one baptism*, proclaims *one heaven*, and *one hell*. All these are unchangeable both in their nature and their effects. *One Gospel* is the fountain whence all these things are derived; and that Gospel being the *everlasting Gospel*, was, is, and will be, the *same*, from its first publication, till time shall be no more. *Novelty*, therefore, on such subjects, cannot be expected: he who has read the conversion and religious experience of one sensible man, has, in substance, read that of ten thousand.

Yet still it is a subject of laudable curiosity to know, how a mind such as that of Adam Clarke's became first enlightened; on what grounds he first received that religious creed of which he was afterwards so powerful an advocate; and why he became so decisively attached to that body of religious people in whose communion he still remains.

We have already noticed the bringing up of A. C. and the care that a religious mother took of the spiritual concerns of her children; and the good effects of that education, in opening their minds to religious truth, and keeping their hearts susceptible of divine impressions. We have also seen, what effects this produced on the mind of Adam in particular, filling his heart with the *fear of God*, a *deep reverence* for the *Bible*, and the most cordial approbation of the principles of Christianity in general. We are now to witness the vegetation of that seed which was cast into a soil which God had fitted for its reception; where it took deep root, and brought forth such fruits as gave no equivocal evidence of a thorough scriptural conversion. He had hitherto sat principally under the ministry of the Rev. W. Smith, of Miliburn, near Coleraine, Rector of the parish of Aglerton. He was a good man, full of humanity and benevolence, and preached, as far as he knew it, most conscientiously, the Gospel of Christ; but on

the doctrine of *justification by faith*, or the way in which a sinner is to be reconciled to God, he was either not very clear, or was never explicit. He was fond of Adam because he was almost the only person who assisted the clerk in the Church service, and especially the *singing*.

Besides his general attendance at church with his father, Adam occasionally went to the Presbyterian meeting-house, where the trumpet gave a very uncertain sound, as both pastor and people were verging closely on *Socinianism*. A general forgetfulness of God prevailed in the parish; which, as to religious matters, was divided between the *Church* and the *Presbyterians*: and there was scarcely a person in it, decidedly pious, though there were several that feared God, and but few that were grossly profane or profligate. In that parish there was not one Roman Catholic family. The state of *experimental* religion was very low, though there were still some old people who talked about the *godliness of their ancestors*; and seemed to feel no small satisfaction, and even spiritual safety, in being able to say *We have Abraham for our father*. Even Mrs. Clarke, for the want of the means of grace, and the doctrine that is according to godliness, had lost ground, and began to be remiss in her domestic practice of piety. The place needed reformation, but faithful reprovers were wanting;—like the *foolish virgins*, they were all either slumbering or sleeping, and it required a voice like the *midnight cry*, to awake them. This voice, God, in his endless mercy, shortly sent.

About the year 1777, the Methodist preachers, who had been for some time established in Coleraine, visited the parish of Agherton. Of this people A. C. had never before heard, except once from a paragraph in a newspaper, where it was remarked as a singular thing, and well worthy of notice, that—“A *Methodist preacher*, ministering in the *open air*, to a large congregation, a heavy shower of rain falling, the people began to disperse to seek shelter in their houses, which the preacher observing, told them that ‘rain was one of the chief blessings of God’s providence, that without it there could be neither *seed time*, nor *harvest*, nor indeed any green thing on the face of the earth: and will you,’ said he, ‘fly from the gift of God?’ The people felt the reproof, gathered more closely together, and though the rain continued to descend, heard patiently and piously to the end of the discourse.”

One evening, after school hours, a young gentleman, one of A. C.’s school-fellows, came to him, and surprised him by saying “Come, Adam, let us go to *Burnside*, there is a Methodist preacher to be there this evening, and we shall have nice fun.” Now, although Adam was sufficiently playful, and was always ready to embrace any opportunity for diversion and amusement, yet he was puzzled to understand how *preaching* and

playing could be associated; or how a time set apart for *devotion*, could be proper for *amusement*; for he had been always taught to hold preaching in reverence, whether he heard it in the church, or in the Presbyterian meeting. He engaged however to go, yet without the slightest expectation of the promised *diversion*. He went accordingly, and found many people assembled in a BARN: in a short time the preacher entered, a plain, serious looking man, but widely different in his dress, from any clerical gentleman he had ever before seen. His name was *John Brettel*; he was many years a very respectable itinerant preacher among the Methodists, as was also his brother *Jeremiah*, and sprung from a very respectable family in Birmingham. A. C. fixed his eyes upon him, and was not at all surprised with his first sentence, which was this, "I see several lads there, I hope they will be quiet and behave well; if not, they shall be put out of the house." As Adam expected no diversion, he was not disappointed by this declaration. He did not recollect the text, and the discourse did not make any particular impression on his mind: but he was rather surprised by the following assertion, "The Westminster divines," said the preacher, "have asserted in their Catechism, *that no mere man, since the fall, can keep God's commandments: but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed: but the Scriptures promise us salvation from all our sin: and I must credit them in preference to the Westminster divines.*" Adam had learned his Catechism, as before stated, and had given implicit credence to this assertion: but he reasoned thus with himself, "If the Scriptures say the contrary, certainly I should believe the Scriptures in preference to the catechism."

After preaching was ended, Mr. Brettel went into the man's house, whose barn he had occupied, and several people followed him, and among the rest, young Clarke. He talked much on the necessity of Repentance, Faith, Holiness, &c.; and exhorted the people to turn to God with all their hearts, and not to defer it. This second meeting broke up in about half an hour, and the preacher and his friends returned to Coleraine. There was with him, among others, Mr. Stephen Douthitt, well known in Coleraine, as an irreproachable pattern of practical Christianity; and an ornament to the Methodist's society in that place, for nearly half a century.

On his return to his father's house, Adam reflected a good deal on the *man*, his *manner*, and his *conversation*. And thought, if these people talk so *continually* about religion, both in public and private, they must have a painful time of it.

The next week Mr. B. came to another part of the neighbourhood, and Adam went to hear him: his text was, *Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me.*—Rev. iii. 20. He pointed out the various

methods which God used in order to awaken and alarm impenitent sinners; and the dreadful consequences of slighting, resisting, or neglecting these calls,—ruin final and eternal must be the inevitable consequence; “but God,” said he, “always fires the warning cannon before he discharges the murdering piece?” This was the last time he heard Mr. Brettel: other preachers succeeded him in Coleraine, and occasionally visited Agherton, and most of the neighbouring towns and villages; and when they were within his reach, A. C. attended their ministry. At length that truly apostolic man, Mr. *Thomas Barber*, came to the place; and with indefatigable diligence and zeal went through all the country, preaching Christ Crucified, and Redemption through his Blood; in dwelling-houses, barns, school-houses, the open air, &c. &c.; and many were awakened under his ministry. Mrs. Clarke, Adam’s mother, went to hear, and immediately pronounced, “this is the doctrine of the Reformers—this is true unadulterated Christianity.” In this she greatly rejoiced, and pressed all her family to go and hear for themselves. Mr. Clarke went, and he bore testimony that it was “the genuine doctrine of the Established Church.” The preacher was invited to their house, which he and all his successors, ever had as their home, and were always entertained according to the best circumstances of the family. Under the preaching and pious advices of this excellent man, Adam’s mind got gradually enlightened and improved: he had no *violent* awakenings; his heart was in a good measure, by his mother’s pious care, prepared to receive the seed of the kingdom, and the *doctrine* of God “dropped on him as the rain, his speech distilled on him as dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as showers upon the grass.” He followed this preacher every where within his reach; left all childish diversions, became sedate and sober, prayed in private and read the Scriptures; till at last his parents began to think he was likely to be *righteous over much*; he however went on and attended closely to his work in the *farm*; sometimes from *four* o’clock in the morning till between *six* and *seven* at night; and then felt quite happy to be permitted to run *three* or *four* miles into the country to hear a sermon! By these means he was generally enabled to hear *four* sermons a-week, when the preacher was in that part of the country: and none could say, that to attend this preaching he had ever left undone one half-hour’s work, or omitted to perform any thing in its proper season. Far from making him *slothful*, the desire he had for his salvation, tended to make him still more active in the secular concerns of the family. Formerly he could *while away* time, and often play when he should have been at *work*: now, he did every thing from *conscience*, he served his father as he would have served the merest stranger, in whose employment

he should spend every hour of the day. Nay, to labour with his hands was now his *delight*,—he felt the full force of those words of the apostle, *Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord*. From his own experience he could say, *I love to work with my hands*; and as he saw others who were under the same religious concern doubly active in their affairs of life, while earnestly seeking the salvation of their souls, he knew that the reproach which many raised against those who were so intent in their attendance on the means of grace—*Ye are idle, ye are slothful,—ye do not love work—ye neglect your families to gad after preaching, &c.*—was a most unfounded slander, deduced from Pharaoh the first persecutor of the Church of God; and shamelessly continued until now. He ever bore testimony, that he had found in all his own religious experience, and in the acquaintance he had with the work of God in others, that men became *economists of time*, and diligent in their avocations, in proportion as they were earnest for the salvation of their souls. *This* reproach has long been urged against the *Methodists*, by those who had no religion; because the diligence of the former in their spiritual concerns, was a standing reproof to the others who were living without a Scriptural hope, and without God in the world.

Prayer also was his delight. He could no longer be satisfied with *morning* and *evening*; he was awakened from the dream that this was sufficient, by the following questions of Mr. Barber. “Adam, do you think that God, for Christ’s sake, has forgiven you your sins?” No, Sir, *I have no evidence of this*. “Adam, do you pray?” Yes, Sir. “How often do you pray in private?” *Every morning and evening*. “Adam, did you ever hear of any person finding peace with God, who only prayed in private *twice in the day*?” He felt ashamed and confounded; and discerned at once that he was not sufficiently *in earnest*, nor sufficiently *awakened* to a due sense of his state. Though he could say, that often during the day, he was accustomed to lift up his heart to God; yet he was not then aware that this requires much *less light* and *heat* than are requisite in solemn pleading with God.

He now began to quicken his pace, for he heard in almost every sermon, that it was the privilege of all the people of God to *know*, by the testimony of the Holy Spirit in their consciences, that their sins were forgiven them, for Christ’s sake; and that when they became adopted into the heavenly family, and were made children of God, *God sent forth the Spirit of his Son into their hearts, crying Abba, Father*. This he earnestly sought, but was damped in his ardor after this blessing by the sayings of many, of whose judgment he had a favourable opinion, that to know their sins forgiven them, was the privilege only of a few, and those the most fa-

voured of God's people. On this point they made the following distinctions:—

“There is a twofold species of *saving faith*,—the faith of *assurance*, and the faith of *adherence*. The former the privilege of very few; the latter, the privilege of all true Christians. The former the most *comfortable*, but the latter equally *safe*. Trusting in an unseen Christ, will deceive no man: but if he may have the comforts of the Spirit, so much the better.”

He now determined to search the Scriptures to see whether these things were *so*; and as he had never yet read the New Testament *regularly through*, he began that work; and, with deep attention and earnest prayer, read over the whole from beginning to end; spending in this employment almost every leisure moment. With this diligence the merciful God was well pleased, for he shed light both upon his heart, and upon his book. It was indeed a *new* book to him,—he read, and felt, and wept, and prayed; was often depressed, then encouraged; his eyes were opened, and he beheld wonders in this divine Law. By this reading he acquired and fixed his Creed in all its *articles*, not one of which he ever after found reason to change, though he had not as yet that full confidence of each, which he afterwards acquired. At this time he had read *none* of the writings of the *Methodists*; and from them he never learned that *creed*, which, on after examination, he found to be precisely the same with theirs. He could say, “I have not received my creed from *man*, nor by *man*.” He learned it—(without consulting *bodies of divinity, human creeds, confessions of faith*, or such like,)—from the fountain head of truth, the Oracles of the living God.

He now felt increasing anxiety, not only for his own soul, but for those of his family, his school-fellows, and his neighbours. He rejoiced to see numbers attending the word preached, and a society formed in an adjoining village called *Mullihicall*, though himself never thought of becoming a member in *it*, or in any other. His mother had gone to see *how* what was called *class-meeting* was conducted, and on her return spoke highly of the meeting. She desired her son Adam to accompany her the next Lord's day to the said meeting. He went with some reluctance. After singing and prayer, the leader spoke to each person severally concerning his spiritual state. Adam listened with deep attention, and was surprised to hear one of his neighbours speak to this effect: “I was once darkness, but now I am light in the Lord: I was once a slave to sin, but now I am made free by the grace of Christ: I once felt the horrors of a guilty conscience, but now I know and feel that God has blotted out my sins.” He was deeply struck with these declarations; and though he knew that this man had been a giddy foolish trifler, a drummer to a

company of volunteers, yet knowing that he had seriously attended the preaching for some time, he had no doubt of the truth of this testimony. Some others expressed themselves in the same way ; while others deplored their hardness of heart, and darkness of mind. He now began to feel very uneasy : he thought "this is no place for me to be in : I have no *right* to be here : these people should have none to witness their religious meetings, but those who belong to some society : " and, in short, he felt grieved that his mother should have been so inconsiderate as to have brought him there. He was afraid lest the leader should question him ; and he knew he had nothing to say that would be creditable to himself or profitable to others : at last he was questioned, and got off with a sort of general answer. The meeting broke up, and he was returning home, melancholy and unhappy. The leader, Mr. Andrew Hunter, of Coleraine, joined him on the road, and began to speak to him on spiritual matters, in a most affectionate and pathetic way ; earnestly pressed him to give his whole heart to God ; for, said he, *You may be a burning and shining light in a benighted land.* Why these words should have deeply affected him he could not tell ; but so it was ; he was cut to the heart : instead of being rich and increased in spiritual goods, as he once fondly thought, he now saw that he was wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. All his past diligence, prayer, reading, &c., appeared as nothing,—in vain he looked *within* and *without* for something to *recommend* him to God ; but there was nothing,—multitudes of evils which before were undiscovered, were now pointed out to his conscience as by a sun-beam. He was filled with confusion and distress ; wherever he looked he saw nothing but himself. The light which penetrated his mind, led him into all the chambers of the house of imagery ; and everywhere he saw idols set up in opposition to the worship of the true God. He wished to flee from himself, and looked with envy on *stocks and stones*, for they had not offended a just God, and were incapable of bearing his displeasure.

The season was fine, the fields were beautifully clothed with green, the herds browsed contentedly in their pastures, and the birds were singing melodiously, some in the air, some in the trees and bushes ; but, alas, *his* eyes and his ears were now no longer inlets to pleasure. In point of gratification, nature was to him a universal blank, for he felt himself destitute of the *image* and *approbation* of his Maker ; and, besides this consciousness, there needed no other *hell* to constitute his misery. His doleful language was, "O that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to his seat ! Behold, I go forward, but he is not there : and backward, but I cannot perceive Him : on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold Him, he hideth himself on the right hand, that I

cannot see Him.”—*Job* xxiii. 3, 8, 9. He was afraid even to look towards God, because he felt himself *unholy*, and yet he knew that his help could come from none other than Him whom he had offended; and whose image he did not bear, and consequently could not have his *approbation*. On a subject of this kind, even an enemy to the Christian faith, may teach an important truth. “It was once demanded of the fourth Calif *Aalee*, ‘If the canopy of heaven were a bow, and the earth were the cord thereof; if *calamities* were arrows, and mankind were the mark for these arrows! and if almighty God, the tremendous and the glorious, were the unerring Archer, to whom could the sons of Adam flee for protection?’ The Calif answered, saying; ‘The sons of Adam must flee unto the Lord.’”—*Teemour*.

Mr. Barber, who had always watched over him for good, and had lately formed a class of those who desired to save their souls;—without acquainting him with it, had entered Adam’s name among the rest. When he heard this, it did not please him, but he said, “Since they have put down my name, I will, by the help of God, meet with them;” and he did so for several weeks. One morning he was detained by illness: the next time he permitted a trifling hinderance to prevent him: and the third morning he felt no desire to go: thus he was absent three weeks.

It pleased God at this time to permit Satan to sift him as wheat. It was a strong article in his creed that the *Passion and Death of Christ were held out through the whole of the New Testament as sacrificial and expiatory*; and that His *Death* was a sufficient ransom, sacrifice, and atonement for the sin of the world: for He, by the grace of God, had tasted death for every man. This doctrine was the only basis of his hope; and yet he had not that faith by which he could lay hold on the merit of that Sacrifice for his personal salvation. Were this foundation to be destroyed, what could he do, or where flee for refuge? How it was shaken in his mind I am about to relate.

He had long been intimate in the house of a very respectable family in the neighbourhood. He was there as their own child: for him they had all a very strong affection, and he felt for them in return, both affection and reverence. One evening the conversation in the family turned on the *Doctrine of the Atonement*; and some observations then made filled his soul with doubts and fears. It was, in short, stated by one present, that, “the Methodists were guilty of idolatry, for they gave that worship to Jesus Christ that belonged to the Father only.” He came home full of confusion: “What have I been doing? Have I been adding *idolatry* to all the rest of my transgressions? Have I had two Gods instead of one?” He went into the *boviere*, (shippon,) the first place he came to, and kneeled down among the cattle, and began to ask pardon of God, fear-

ing that he had given that glory to another, which was due to Him alone. He was not satisfied, however, with this; he thought he should go farther, and leave the *name* of CHRIST out of all his prayers; this proceeded so far that he did not like to converse about Him. What he had lately heard, represented Him to his mind as an usurper; and at last he could not bear to see His name in any religious book. Darkness now entered into his mind, his spiritual fervor gradually diminished, till it was at last entirely gone. He prayed, but it was a *form*: he read, but it was without *unction*. He felt this lamentable change, and began earnestly to inquire whence it had arisen? Importunate prayer, his former refuge, was suggested to his mind, as the only help; for he had none to whom he could open his heart. That he might not be perceived by any of the family, he went once more among the cattle, a place to which he had often resorted, and fell down before his Maker, and prayed to this effect,—“O Lord God Almighty, look with pity on the state of my soul! I am sinful, ignorant, and confused. I know not what to say, or what to believe. If I be in an error, O Lord God, lead me into thy truth! Thou knowest I would not deceive myself: Thou knowest I esteem thy approbation beyond life itself. O, my God, teach me what is right! if I be in an error, O shew it to me, and deliver me from it! O deliver me from it, and teach me Thy truth! O God hear, and have mercy upon me,—*for the sake of JESUS CHRIST!*”—These last words had no sooner dropped from his lips, than he started as if alarmed at himself. “What! have I been again praying in the name of *Jesus*?—was this right?” Immediately his soul was filled with light, the name of *Jesus* was like the most odoriferous ointment poured out, he could clasp it to his heart, and say, “Yes, my only Lord and Saviour, thou hast died for me,—by Thee alone I can come unto God,—there is no other Name given from heaven among men by which we can be saved! Through the merit of thy Blood, I will take confidence, and approach unto God! He now felt that he was delivered from those *depths of Satan*, by which his soul was nearly engulfed.

This narrow escape from sentiments which would have been fatal, if not finally ruinous to him, he ever held as a most special interference of God; and he always found it his duty to caution men strongly against the *Arian* and *Socinian* errors. It was this, without any suggestions from man, led him to examine the reputed orthodox, but spurious doctrine, of the *Eternal Sonship of Christ*; which he soon found, and has since *demonstrated*, that no man can hold, and hold the *eternal unoriginate nature* of Jesus Christ. For, if His *divine nature* be in *any sense* whatever *derived*, His *eternity*, and by consequence His *Godhead*, is destroyed; and if His *Godhead*, then His *Atonement*. On this point he has produced a simple argu-

ment in his Note on Luke i. 35, which is absolutely unanswerable. Attempts have been made to confute his doctrine, but they are all absurd, as long as that argument remains unanswered.

The argument is simply this:—"1. If Christ be the *Son of God*, as to his *Divine Nature*, then he cannot be *eternal*, for *Son* implies a *Father*; and *Father* implies, in reference to *Son*, precedence in *time*, if not in nature too. *Father* and *Son* imply the notion of *generation*, and generation implies a *time* in which it was effected; and *time* also *antecedent* to such generation. 2. If Christ be the *Son of God*, as to his *Divine nature*, then the *Father* is of necessity *prior*, consequently, in Godhead *superior* to him. 3. Again, if this *Divine nature* were *begotten* of the *Father*, then it must have been in *time*, i. e. there must have been a period in which it *did not* exist; and a period when it *began* to exist. This destroys the *eternity* of our blessed Lord, and robs him at once of his *Godhead*. 4. To say that he was *begotten from all eternity*, is absurd; and the phrase *Eternal Son* is a positive self-contradiction. Eternity is that which had no beginning, and stands in no reference to *TIME*. *SON* supposes *time*, *generation*, and *father*, and time also *antecedent* to such generation; therefore, the theologic conjunction of these two terms, *son* and *eternity*, is absolutely impossible, as they imply essentially different and opposite ideas."*

The Reader will see from this case, which I have circumstantially related:—1. How dangerous it is for young converts to go into the company not merely of the ungodly, but of those who are given to doubtful disputations. 2. How completely subversive it must be to a penitent soul to frequent the company of those, howsoever decent and orderly they may be in their conduct, who deny, as a vicarious Atonement, the Lord that bought them. Take away this foundation, and it is utterly impossible for any true *penitent* to entertain any hope of mercy. 3. People may hold this doctrine who never felt the guilt of sin, their own sore, and the plague of their heart; but let a man see himself a *sinner*, contemplate the infinite purity and justice of God, and the awful strictness of his *law*; and then he will feel that in heaven, in earth, in time, in eternity, there is neither hope nor help for his soul, if he have not a Sacrifice to bring to the Divine Majesty, of merit sufficient to atone for all his crimes, and give him a right to an inheritance among them that are sanctified. It is trifling with conscience to talk of confiding in the *Divine benevolence*, while the fragments of a broken law are every where lying under the sinner's feet. 4. A. C.'s mind, while he was looking for Redemption through

* On this subject I am aware that much difference of opinion exists in the Established Church: some holding the doctrine, others denying it.

the Blood of the covenant, was imbued with divine fervour; he *ran* the ways of God's commandments, and was exemplary in every part of his conduct, as well as fervent in his devotion; but when his faith in the Atonement was for even a short time staggered by subtle insinuations, his devotion was damped, his spiritual affections paralysed, he grew weary of a *cross* which he had no strength to bear, and though he was preserved from all outward sin, and was orderly in his deportment, piety towards God no longer triumphed, he lost all comfort, and indeed all prospect of it, and became good for nothing. This was not a solitary case: all who have abandoned the doctrine of *Christ crucified* for the sin of the world, have been affected in a similar way. Those brought up in the opposite creed, seem to suffer less from it than those do who apostatise from what is called the *orthodox faith*. 5. We see in this place the kindness of God: He never will abandon them who sincerely seek Him. He heard the prayer of this sincere distressed young man: and instead of suggesting arguments to his mind, by which he might successfully combat the opposing doctrine, He *impressed his heart at once with the truth*; and answered his prayer to be led into the right way, by leading him in a moment to pray with confidence, in the name of JESUS. This was what he could not do before; and in this petition, every objection was either answered or absorbed.

A. C. has often been led to observe that, in this temporary perversion of his creed, Satan had more influence than the arguments he had heard against the truth: they were slight and transient, they perplexed the mind a little; the great enemy took advantage of the temporary confusion, and for some days, fished successfully in the troubled waters.

Having again got upon the Rock, he had once more a comfortable prospect of the promised land, and set out afresh for the heavenly rest. Though greatly encouraged, he had not yet found rest for his soul. He heard others talk of the *Witness of the Spirit*, and knew several who rejoiced in it with joy unspeakable; and he was determined never to give up, till he was made a partaker of the same grace. His distress was great, yet it neither arose from a *fear of hell*, nor from any consciousness of God's hatred to him, but from the deep-felt want of the approbation and *Image of God*.

In seeking this, he had a species of mournful rejoicing, and often vented and expressed the feelings of his heart in words, expressive of his ardent desire to experience the power and peace, the pardon and salvation of his God.

In this state of mind, he thought it right to receive for the first time, the *Sacrament of the LORD'S SUPPER*. This design he communicated to Mr. Barber, who encouraged him in it; but, as the *Rubric* requires, that those who intend to receive the Holy Sacrament, shall signify their intentions some

time before, to the minister; he purposed to wait on Mr. Smith, the Rector, and signify his wish, and ask his permission. He accordingly went, and Mr. S. received him with great affection and tenderness. He was much affected in witnessing so strong a desire in so young a person; and said, "I should be glad, Master Clarke, if you would go to the Rev. Mr. Younge, of Coleraine, he is a very wise and good man, and will examine you, and give you the best advice; and if you will go now, I will write a note by you to Mr. Younge." Adam agreed, and went. Mr. Younge also behaved towards him with much tenderness and affability, examined him out of the *Catechism*, and particularly explained the last answer to him, relative to the *duty* of them who come to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper: viz. "To examine themselves whether they repent them truly of their former sins,—whether they steadfastly purpose to lead a new life,—have a lively faith in God's mercy, through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of his Death; and be in charity with all men:" and observed, "It is not your being able to say this by heart, that is the qualification here required; but your *heart* must be impressed with, and *feel* all these things." The answers of Adam seemed to be satisfactory to Mr. Younge, for he wrote a note back to Mr. Smith, which when he read, he seemed quite rejoiced, and said, "Mr. Y. tells me that I may safely admit you to the Lord's table."

As he was now about to perform one of the most solemn acts of his life, and was greatly afraid of communicating *unworthily*, and so eating and drinking his own damnation, (as it is unhappily expressed, 1 Cor. xi. 29, instead of *condemnation*,) he purposed to go through the *Week's Preparation*; a book which, however well intended, has been the means of misleading many, by causing them to trust in the punctual performance of the duties therein required, for a short time before that sacred ordinance, without that change of heart and life so essentially necessary to the Christian character. Adam, however, used it with earnest and deep concern; and as, in the course of that week, he was obliged to go a short journey on his father's business, which took up the whole day, (Thursday,) and he could not go through the prescribed prayers and meditations; for fear of coming short, he did double work on *Friday*, and brought the two days into one! If this were mistaken piety, it was at least sincere.

On the morning of Easter Sunday, the day appointed for the Sacrament, he repaired to the church; and after sermon went with his father to the Communion Table. When Mr. Smith came to him with the sacred bread, he was much affected, and when he had said, *The body of our Lord Jesus Christ which was given for thee*, he was quite overcome; he sobbed, the tears gushed from his eyes, and he could not for

some seconds proceed to the end of the sentence. Here was one proof of a godly pastor ; he felt especially for the *young* of his flock, and was ready to carry the lambs in his bosom. In this holy ordinance Adam's mind was deeply impressed with the necessity of giving himself wholly up to the service of God ; and he considered the act of communicating, as one by which he had most solemnly and publicly bound himself to be all that Christianity requires in her votaries, through His especial assistance, by whom that Christianity came. But he did not receive it as a seal of the pardon of his sins ; or as a pledge of the kingdom of heaven. Nothing could satisfy him, but a pardon *felt* in his heart, and registered in his conscience by the light and power of the Holy Spirit ; and he well knew, that an entry into the kingdom of glory, depended on his living to God in this world, regaining the divine image, and dying with Christ in him the hope of glory. He received it therefore as a memorial of the Sacrifice of Christ, by which pardon, holiness, and heaven, were purchased for mankind.

It would be well if all communicants, and all pastors, treated this most sacred ordinance as young Clarke and his minister did. On both sides it was supposed, and properly, that too much caution could not be used. Adam on his part, attended conscientiously to the rubric, and consulted his minister : the minister on his part, proceeded with a godly caution, lest he should distribute improperly those sacred elements.—Is not the same caution still necessary ! but is it in general observed ? Why is not this ordinance which represents the agony and bloody sweat, the cross and passion, the precious death and burial, and in a word, the redemption of a lost world, by the sacrificial offering of the Lord Jesus, more devoutly and frequently impressed on the minds of young hearers, with the solemnity of that obligation ? Let proper warning be given, and strong exhortation to due preparation ; for surely it is as possible *now* to eat and drink our own condemnation in England, as it was to the Greek converts, eighteen hundred years ago, in Corinth.

Though often encouraged, so that he

“ Seemed to sit with cherubs bright,
Some moments on a throne of love,”

he had not yet found that peace and *assurance* of which he was in pursuit : and it may seem strange, that one who was following God so *sincerely*, should have been so long without that powerful consolation of religion. But God is Sovereign of his own ways ; and he gives and withholds according to his godly wisdom. Adam was ever ready to vindicate the ways of God in this respect. “ It was necessary,” said he, “ that *I* should have hard travail. God was preparing me for an important work. I must, emphatically, sell all to get the pearl

of great price. If I had *lightly* come by the consolations of the Gospel, I might have let them go *as lightly*. It was good that I bore the yoke in my youth. The experience that I learned in my long tribulation, was none of the least of my qualifications as a minister of the Gospel."

He was now come to that point, beyond which God did not think proper any longer to delay the manifestation of Himself to the soul of his ardent follower: and indeed such were his concern and distress, that had it been longer deferred, the spirit that God had made, would have failed before him.

One morning, in great distress of soul, he went out to his work in the field: he began, but could not proceed, so great was his spiritual anguish. He fell down on his knees on the earth, and prayed, but seemed to be without power or faith. He arose, endeavoured to work, but could not: even his physical strength appeared to have departed from him. He again endeavoured to pray, but the gate of heaven seemed as if barred against him. His faith in the Atonement, so far as it concerned himself, was almost entirely gone; he could not believe that Jesus had died for *him*; the thickest darkness seemed to gather round, and settle on his soul. He fell flat on his face on the earth, and endeavoured to pray, but still there was no answer: he arose, but he was so weak, that he could scarcely stand. His agonies were indescribable; he seemed to be forever separated from God and the glory of His power. *Death*, in any form, he could have preferred to his present feelings, if that death could have put an *end* to them. No fear of hell produced these terrible conflicts. He had not God's approbation; he had not *God's image*. He felt that without a *sense of his favour*, he could not live. Where to go, what to say, and what to do, he found not; even the *words* of prayer at last failed; he could neither plead nor wrestle with God.

O, Reader, lay these things to heart. Here was a lad that had never been a profligate, had been brought up in the fear of God, and who, for a considerable time had been earnestly seeking His peace, apparently cut off from life and hope! This did not arise from any *natural infirmity of his own mind*:—none who knew him, in any period of his life, could suspect this:—it was a sense of the *displeasure* of a holy God, from having sinned against him; and yet his sins were those of a *little boy*, which most would be disposed to pass by; for he was not of an age to be guilty of flagrant crimes; and yet how sorely did he suffer, in seeking to be born again; to have his conscience purged from dead works, and to have his *nature renewed*!—He was then being prepared for that work to which he was afterwards to be called; the struggle was great, that he himself might not easily turn again to folly, and thus bring condemnation on himself, and a reproach upon God's cause; and it was, in all probability, necessary that he should expe-

rience this deep anguish, that *feeling* the bitterness of sin, he might warn others more earnestly; and *knowing* the throes and travail of a sinner's soul, he might speak *assuredly* to the most despairing, of the power of Christ's Sacrifice, and of the indwelling consolations of the Spirit of God.—God appeared to have *turned aside his ways, and pulled him to pieces*;—*He had bent his bow, and made him a mark for His arrows: he was filled with bitterness, and made drunken as with worm-wood:—his soul was removed far off from peace, and he forgot prosperity.* Yet even here, though his stroke was heavier than his groaning, he could say, "It is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed."—*Lam. iii. 11—22.* See him in his agony upon the bare ground, almost petrified with anguish, and dumb with grief! Reader, hast thou sinned? Hast thou repented? Hast thou peace with thy God, or art thou still in the gall of bitterness, and bond of iniquity? These are solemn, yea, awful questions. May God enable thee to answer them to the safety of thy soul!

But we must return to him whom we have left in agonies indescribable. It is said, *the time of man's extremity is the time of God's opportunity.* He now felt strongly in his soul, *Pray to Christ*;—another word for, *Come to the Holiest through the Blood of Jesus.* He looked up confidently to the Saviour of sinners, his agony subsided, his soul became calm. A glow of happiness seemed to thrill through his whole frame, all guilt and condemnation were gone. He examined his conscience, and found it no longer a register of sins against God. He looked to heaven, and all was sunshine; he searched for his distress, but could not find it. He felt indescribably happy, but could not tell the cause;—a change had taken place within him, of a nature wholly unknown before, and for which he had no name. He sat down upon the ridge where he had been working, full of ineffable delight. He praised God, and he could not describe for what,—for he could give no name to his work. His heart was light, his physical strength returned, and he could bound like a roe. He felt a sudden transition from darkness to light—from guilt and oppressive fear, to confidence and peace. He could now draw nigh to God with more confidence than he ever could to his earthly father:—he had *freedom of access*, and he had *freedom of speech.* He was like a person who had got into a new world, where although every object was strange, yet each was pleasing; and now he could magnify God for his *creation*, a thing he never could do before! O what a change was here! and yet, lest he should be overwhelmed with it, its *name* and its *nature* were in a great measure hidden from his eyes. Shortly after, his friend Mr. Barber came to his father's house: when he departed, Adam accompanied him a little on the way. When they came in sight of the field that had witnessed the agonies

of his heart and the breaking of his chains, he told Mr. B. what had taken place. The man of God took off his hat, and with tears flowing down his cheeks, gave thanks unto God. "O Adam," said he, "I rejoice in this; I have been daily in expectation that God would shine upon your soul, and bless you with the adoption of his children." Adam stared at him, and said within himself, "O, he thinks surely that I am justified, that God has forgiven me my sins, that I am now his child. O, blessed be God, I believe, I feel I am justified, through the Redemption that is in Jesus." Now he clearly saw what God had done; and although he had felt the blessing before, and was happy in the possession of it, it was only *now* that he could call it by its *name*. Now, he saw and felt, that "being justified by faith, he had peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom he had received the atonement."

He continued in peace and happiness all the week: the next Lord's day there was a love-feast in Coleraine;—he went to it, and during the first prayer, kneeled in a corner with his face to the wall. While praying, the Lord Jesus seemed to appear to the eyes of his mind, as he is described, Rev. i. 13, 14. *clothed with a garment down to his feet, and girt about the breasts with a golden girdle: his head and his hair white as snow, and his eyes like a flame of fire.* And though in strong prayer before, he suddenly stopped, and said, though not perhaps in a voice to be heard by those who were by him—"Come nearer, Oh! Lord Jesus, that I may see thee more distinctly." Immediately he felt as if God had shone upon the work he had wrought, and called it by its own name; he fully, and clearly knew that he was a child of God; the Spirit of God bore this witness in his conscience, and he could no more have doubted of it, than he could have doubted of the reality of his existence, or the identity of his person.—

"Meridian evidence put doubt to flight."

In ordinary minds, or those naturally *feeble*, all this might pass for delusion; his penitential fears and distresses might appear as the effects of a gloomy *superstition*; and his subsequent peace and happiness, and the sudden nature of his inward change, as the consequences of the workings of a strong *imagination*, apt, under religious impressions, to degenerate into *enthusiasm*.

The Reader may rest assured that no one was more jealous on these points than the person in question. He was accustomed to examine every thing to the bottom; and, as it ever was a maxim with him, that *Revelation* and *reason* went hand in hand;—that neither contained any thing contrary to the other;—so he sought in each, for proofs of those things contained in its fellow. He was ever afraid of being deceived,

and that led him scrupulously to examine every thing that professed to come from God. He believed nothing in salvation on the mere assertion of any man: nor did he yield consent at any time, till Revelation and its handmaid *reason*, had said, *these things are true*.

Preaching once in Plymouth, on the *Witness of the Spirit* in the souls of believers:—after having produced and commented on those Scriptures, which are supposed most pointedly to contain that doctrine, he said,—

“It might have been doubted that we have misunderstood these Scriptures, and made them the basis of an article, which they do not fairly and naturally support, if the general testimony of all the sincere converts to the gospel of Christ had not illustrated the facts; and had not the experience of those converts been uniform in this particular, while in many cases, their habits of life, education, and natural temperament, were widely different. And this not only among persons bred up with the same *general views* of Christianity,—in the *same Christian communion*; but among persons bred up in *different* communions, with *creeds* in many respects *diametrically* opposite to each other! And farther, this has been the same in persons of different *climates* and countries. All those who have been convinced of sin, righteousness, and judgment—have truly repented of their sins, and taken refuge in the Blood of the Cross; have had their burden of guilt taken away, and the peace of God communicated, and with it the Spirit of God witnessing with their spirit that they *were the sons and daughters of God Almighty*: so that they had no more doubt of their acceptance with God, than they had of their existence.

“But it may be objected farther:—the human mind easily gets under the dominion of *superstition* and *imagination*; and then a variety of feelings, apparently divine, may be accounted for on *natural* principles. To this I answer—1st. Superstition is never known to produce *settled peace* and *happiness*,—it is generally the parent of *gloomy apprehensions* and *irrational fears*: but surely the man who has broken the laws of his Maker, and lived in open rebellion against him, cannot be supposed to be under the influence of *superstition*, when he is apprehensive of the wrath of God, and fears to fall into the bitter pains of an eternal death? Such fears are as *rational* as they are *scriptural*; and the *broken and contrite heart*, is ever considered, through the whole Oracles of God, as *essentially necessary* to the finding redemption in Christ. Therefore, such *fears, feelings* and *apprehensions*, are not the offspring of a *gloomy superstition*; but the fruit and evidence of a genuine scriptural *repentance*. 2dly. *Imagination* cannot long support a *mental imposture*. To persuade the soul that it is passed from darkness to light,—that it is in the favor of God,—that it is an heir of glory, &c., will require strong *excitement* indeed:

and the stronger the *exciting cause*, or *stimulus*, the sooner the *excitability*, and its effects will be exhausted. A person may imagine himself for a moment to be a *king*, or to be a *child of God*; but that reverie, where there is no radical *derangement of mind*, must be *transient*. The person must soon awake and return to himself. 3d. But it is impossible that imagination can have any thing to do in this case, any farther than any other faculty of the mind, in natural operation: for, the person must *walk* according as he is directed by the *Word of God*, abhorring evil, and cleaving to that which is good: and the sense of God's approbation in his conscience, lasts no longer than he acts under the *spirit of obedience*: God continuing the evidence of his approbation to his conscience while *he walks in newness of life*. Has *imagination* ever produced a *life of piety*? Now, multitudes are found who have had this testimony uninterruptedly for many years together. Could *imagination* produce this? If so, it is an *unique* case; for there is none other in which an excitement of the imagination has sustained the impression with any such *permanence*. And all the operations of this faculty prove, that, to an effect of this kind, it is *wholly inadequate*. If then it can sustain impressions in spiritual matters for years together, this must be totally *preter natural*, and the effect of a miraculous operation;—and thus *miracle* must be resorted to, to explain away a doctrine, which some men, because they themselves do not experience it, deny that any others can.

“But might I, without offence, speak a word concerning *myself*? A great necessity alone, would vindicate to my own mind the introduction, in this public way, of any thing relative to myself. But you will bear with my folly, should any of you think it such. I, also, have professed to know that God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven me all my sins; and being thus converted, I am come forth to strengthen my brethren, and preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. Most of you know that I am no *enthusiast*,—that I have given no evidences of a strong *imagination*,—that I am far from being the subject of *sudden hopes* or *fears*,—that it requires strong reasons and clear argumentation to convince me of the truth of *any proposition*, not previously known. Now, I do profess to have received, through God's eternal mercy, a clear evidence of my acceptance with God; and it was given me after a sore night of spiritual affliction; and precisely in that way in which the Scriptures, already quoted, promise this blessing. It has also been accompanied with *power over sin*; and it is now upwards of *seven years* since I received it, and I hold it, through the same mercy, *as explicitly, as clearly, and as satisfactorily* as ever. No work of *imagination* could have ever produced or maintained any feeling like this. I am, therefore, safe in affirming, for all these reasons, that we

have neither misunderstood nor misapplied the Scriptures in question."

The subsequent experience of A. C. equally verified the truth of the preceding statements.

We have now brought down the account of this, in many respects, singular person, to an era which he ever considered the most important in his religious life: for now he had gained decisive experimental proof of the truth of the articles of his creed: and each point was confirmed to him with greater evidence. Now, he could give a *reason* of the hope that was in him; and in every respect, his own faith was justified to his understanding. He had found true happiness in religion: and this he knew it *must* afford, if it were of God: for he saw, that Religion was a *commerce between God and man*; and was intended to be the means of re-establishing him in that communion with his Maker, and the happiness consequent on it, which he had lost by the *fall*.

All notions of religion, merely as a *system of duties* which we owe to God, fell, in his apprehension, infinitely *short* of its nature and intention. To the perfection, happiness, or gratification, of the *infinite mind*, no *creature* can be necessary. Religion was not made for God; but for MAN. It is an institution of the Divine Benevolence, for human happiness. Nor can God be pleased with any man's religion or faith, but as far as they lead him to happiness,—*i. e.* to the enjoyment of God; without which there can be no *felicity*; for God is the Source of intellectual happiness, and from him alone, it can be derived: and in *union* with whom alone, it can be enjoyed. *Animal gratifications* may be acquired by means of the various matters that are suited to the *senses*: but gratification and happiness are widely different: the former may exist where the latter is entirely unknown.

After this, A. C. continued a little longer at school. Though he could not well enter into the spirit of *Lucian* and *Juvenal*, which he then read; yet he was surprised to find how *easy*, in comparison of former times, learning appeared. The grace which he had received, greatly illumined and improved his understanding and judgment. Difficulties seemed to have vanished, and learning appeared now little more to him, than an exercise and cultivation of memory. He has been often heard to say: "After I found the peace of God to my conscience; and was assured of my interest in the Lord Jesus; I believe I may safely assert, that I learned more in one day, on an average, than formerly I could do, with equal application, in a whole *month*. And no wonder, my soul began to rise out of the ruins of its fall, by the favour of the Eternal Spirit,

It was not on the *affections* or the *passions*, this Spirit worked; but upon *understanding*, *judgment*, and *will*: these being rectified and brought under a divine influence, the lower faculties came on in their train, purified and refined. The change in my *heart* was the effect of the *change* in my immortal spirit. I saw, from my own case, that religion was the gate to true learning and science; and that *those* who went through their studies without this, had, at least, *double* work to do; and, in the end, not an equal produce. My mind became enlarged to take in any thing useful. I was now separated from every thing that could impede my studies, obscure or debase my mind. Learning and science I knew came from God, because, he is the Fountain of all knowledge: and, properly speaking, these things belong to man;—God created them, not for *Himself*—not for *angels*—but for *man*; and he fulfils not the design of his Creator, who does not cultivate his mind in all useful knowledge, to the utmost of his circumstances and power.”

At the same time, he was convinced that studies, which were not connected with religion, and which did not lead to God, not having His will and glory for their objects, could never be sanctified; and consequently, could never be ultimately useful, either to their possessors, or to others.

As he was told by the highest authority, that “the heavens declare the glory of God; the firmament sheweth forth his handy work;” and, as *mere inspection* served only to fill him with wonder and astonishment, without giving him such information as might enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, he wished much to gain some acquaintance with the science of *astronomy*. About this time a friend lent him that incomparable work of Dr. DERHAM, entitled *Astro-theology*: and another particular friend, made him a present of a small, but excellent, achromatic telescope. The *Bible* and Dr. *Derham* he read in union, at all spare times of the day: and his *telescope* he used as often as possible in the night season. He was delighted with the *phases* of the *moon*; and these he carefully watched through her *decrease* and *increase*; and found little difficulty in the belief that the *moon* was a habitable and inhabited world: and that all the *planets* were doubtless the same:—all of them, abodes of intelligent beings, formed and supported by the same beneficent hand, and in reference to the same gracious end.

RAY's *Wisdom of God in the Creation*, gave him still more particular information, and was the means of directing his mind to the study of *natural philosophy*. All these things were the means of establishing his soul in the thorough belief of the truth: and, as these authors professedly shew *God* in His *Works*, so his faith stood, not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God. The doctrine of *gravitation*, was to

him a series of wonders in itself; and the *centripetal* and *centrifugal* motions of all the planets, primary and secondary, gave him the most exalted idea of the wisdom, skill, and providence of God. Though he had no instructor in these things, and no instruments but his little telescope, yet he gained so much philosophical knowledge, as gave him to see the hand of God in every tree, plant, and stone, while he had scarcely any objects but his native fields, and never went abroad to mingle with the gay or the giddy—the scientific or the polite.

And thus his life, exempt from public haunts,
Found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.ⁿ

And although he was not favoured by what is called *fortune*, yet he was the constant care of *Providence*; and he was taught to watch its openings, and make the best of his circumstances.

“Happy was he,
That could translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a still.”

The knowledge of *hard words* in those sciences, he obtained from a very useful, but now almost unknown work, entitled, *Dictionarum Anglo Britannicum, or, A General English Dictionary*: by *John Kersey*, 8vo. Lond. 1715. A Dictionary which contains more valuable matter for *students*, than any other of its size yet offered to the public. The *Dictionary of Benj. Martin*, which he afterwards got, was also very useful. This latter work he always considered, for correctness of *etymology*, and accuracy of *definition*, by far the best on its plan, before or since published.

But we must leave him as to his literary pursuits, for a while, that we may see him labouring to promote the best interests of his own family, his neighbours, and his school-fellows.

Except on the Lord's Day, family prayer was not observed in his father's house. This was, to him, a cause of great affliction. He laboured to get it established; but all in vain, unless himself would officiate! This he found a cross which he feared he should never be able to take up, or, if taken up, be able to bear. His *youth* was his principal hinderance. This burthen, however, it appeared God had laid upon his conscience. He struggled against it for a while, till he felt condemned in his own mind. At last he took up this, to him, tremendous cross, and prayed with his father, mother, and family: they were highly pleased; and as long as he was under their roof, he was, in this respect, their *chaplain*: yet, he ever felt it a cross, though God gave him power to bear it. A prayerless family has God's curse. If the parents will not perform family prayer, if there be a converted child in the

family, it devolves on *him*: and should *he* refuse, he will soon lose the comforts of religion.

The conversation of Adam, made a serious impression on all the family. The fear of God spread more generally through the whole than ever: the Scriptures were more carefully read; and private prayer was not neglected. At the same time the practice of piety became the proof of the prevalence of religious principles in each. His fourth sister, *Hannah*, entered the Methodist's society with him, and was a long time his *only companion* in the family. Adam and this sister were often accustomed to walk in the fields and talk about God and their souls; and then retire for prayer to God. This young woman was afterwards married to Mr. Thomas Exley, M. A., of Bristol, and bore him several children; and died happy in God. Her children all became pious.

The next fruit of his labour, was his eldest sister. She was a cautious sensible woman; and did not join the society, till she was thoroughly convinced of the truth of their doctrines, and the excellency of their discipline. She afterwards married the Rev. W. M. Johnson, LL. D., Rector of St. Perrans-Uthno, in Cornwall. She is still living, and has a numerous family.

All the rest of the family, became constant hearers of the Methodists; and most of them members of the society: but as he, soon after the period of which we are now speaking, removed from that country, he did not witness all the results of his own labours. His parents continued to entertain the Methodist Preachers, while they lived: and most of their children who were settled in life, have had the same honour.

With his school-fellows, A. C. was not inactive. When he had opportunity, he spoke to them concerning their salvation, and incited them to hear the Methodist Preachers. One, *Andrew Coleman*, who was much attached to him, heard and became deeply in earnest for his salvation. He was a young man of fine natural parts, and a good scholar. He afterwards became an itinerant preacher among the Methodists: but his race, though it promised to be luminous, was very short: for in consequence of lying in a damp bed, he had a premature and deeply regretted death. His school-fellow, Adam, wrote a short account of him, which was published in the Methodist Memorial; and as it is strictly connected with the present narrative, and contains some curious information, I shall here insert it.

“ANDREW COLEMAN was born in *Coleraine*, in the north of *Ireland*, of very respectable parents. As he appeared to have a more than ordinary taste for learning, he was put to school at an early age, and soon made great progress in reading and

merchants' accompts. He was afterwards removed to a grammar-school, where he profited beyond all his fellows. None of his own standing, could keep pace with him; and he outstripped many who had begun their classical course long before him. He soon became master of the Latin and Greek languages, and made considerable progress in Hebrew. To these studies he joined geometry, astronomy, chronology, history, and most branches of the mathematics. As he was remarkably blest with an amazingly comprehensive mind, and vigorous retentive memory, he fathomed the depth of every study, and could not be contented with a superficial knowledge of any subject. The acquisition of useful learning was more to him than his necessary food; and he neglected no opportunity of cultivating his mind. Whatever he read he made his own; and whatever he learned, he retained; so that his stock of knowledge was continually increasing.

"Owing to the straitened circumstances of his parents, (who had been reduced to great want, from a state of considerable affluence,) he was, in general, unable to procure those books which were necessary in his particular studies; so that in many cases he was obliged to explore his way in the regions of science without any other light or guide than that which the Father of Lights had kindled in his own mind. But notwithstanding this disadvantage, to which might be added, his very delicate constitution, and his being often obliged to work hard to purchase time to attend his school, he attained to such a pitch of mental cultivation before his 17th year, as few have been able to acquire in the course of a long life.

"Having finished his classical studies, he was obliged to take up a little school in order to procure himself the necessities of life, as the impaired state of his parents' circumstances did not permit him to hope for any assistance from that quarter. What he acquired by his labours in this way, he gave for the support of his family, and often went whole days without food that he might help to support those from whom he received his being. This he considered as one of his first duties; and he discharged it to the uttermost of his power.

"About the year 1778, it pleased God to awaken and bring to the knowledge of the truth, one of his school-fellows, Mr. A. C., now one of our travelling preachers. As a very tender friendship subsisted between those two, they often spoke together of the things of God, and attended the ministry of *Mr. Thomas Barber*, who was acting as a Missionary at his own cost, and emphatically performing the work of an Evangelist through an extensive tract of country near the sea-coasts of the county of *Antrim*. His mind was soon found to be very susceptible of divine impressions—it became gradually enlightened: and having earnestly sought redemption in the

blood of the cross, he received it, to the unspeakable joy of his soul.

"After some time he was employed as a class-leader, and at the entreaties of several, began to exhort in different country places in the vicinity of *Coleraine*. Being naturally very timid, it was some time before he could be prevailed on to take a text; and when he at last submitted his own judgment to that of his friends, and began to preach, his word met with universal acceptance.

"In July 1785, he was well recommended to the Dublin Conference as a fit person to travel. He was accordingly received on trial, and sent to the *Sligo* Circuit. He was in the 18th year of his age, and nearly six feet high, the rapid growth of his body appearing to keep pace with that of his mind. But it was soon found, he had passed the meridian of his life. The circuit to which he was sent, was a severe one—he laboured to the uttermost of his power, and in about nine months he fulfilled his course, having fallen into a rapid consumption. He returned to his mother's house a short time before the ensuing Conference; and though every assistance was afforded him by the amiable Society of *Coleraine*, and the affectionate family in which he received his education, he sunk apace, and having suffered awhile with the utmost patience and resignation, he fell asleep in Jesus, June 18th, 1786, aged 18 years and two months, and soon gained the blessed region where the inhabitant shall no more say, *I am sick*. He had the happiness of seeing his mother and grandmother brought to an acquaintance with the truth, before his departure; and his last words to them, as his holy soul prepared to take its flight into the eternal world, were, *Follow me!* Mr. *Wm. West* preached his funeral sermon out of doors, to an audience that no house could contain: and the high estimation in which he was held, was evinced by the *many thousands* who attended his remains to the grave. The funeral procession extended more than half a mile! The evening before he died, he desired to be carried out in his chair to see the setting sun: his desire was complied with; and, having beheld it awhile with pleasing emotion, till it sunk under the horizon, he observed, 'This sun has hitherto been partially obscured to me, but it shall be no more so for ever!' And about the time it began to re-enlighten that part of the earth, his happy soul soared away to the regions of glory.

"To many it might appear that this amiable young man was taken away in the midst of his usefulness. But a little reflection will shew us that God's ways are all equal. He never removes any of his servants till they have *accomplished* the work he has given them to do. Extraordinary talents are not given merely in reference to *this world*.—They refer also to *eternity*; and shall there have their consummation, and

plentitude of employ. Far be it from God to light up such tapers to burn only for a moment in the dark night of life, and then to extinguish them for ever in the damps of death. Heaven is the region where the spirits of just men *made perfect* live, thrive, and eternally expand their powers in the service, and to the glory of *Him* from whom they have derived their being.

“The extensive learning of Mr. *Coleman*, was his least excellence. This indeed, he accounted but dross and dung in comparison of the excellence of the knowledge of Jesus Christ crucified. Through this, the world and all its enjoyments were crucified to him. It was this, that opened the kingdom of heaven to his soul, supported him in his sufferings, and caused him to triumph over death.

“His very retentive memory has already been noted: when he was about *fourteen* years of age, he had the whole of the *Common-Prayer* by heart. He had made himself such a master of the *Æneid* of *Virgil*, and the *Paradise Lost* of *Milton*, at the same age, that on the mention of any line in either of those poems, he could immediately tell the *book* in which it occurred, and the *number* of the *line*! His natural disposition was uncommonly amiable.—His own excellences were so deeply hidden from himself, that the foot of pride never appeared to come against him. He was a steady friend, and a most affectionate and dutiful child. His manner, both in preaching and conversation, was plain and artless. He humbled himself at the feet of all: and the invariable language of his heart, both to God and man, was *What, I know not, that teach thou me.*”*

For the salvation of his neighbours Adam Clarke felt an ardent concern: he spoke to each of them concerning spiritual things as often as he had opportunity—went to the houses of several, and wherever it was acceptable, prayed with them, and read a portion of the Holy Scriptures, and endeavoured to expound those portions which best suited the state of their minds.

He did not confine his labour to his immediate neighbourhood, but went several miles into the country, in all directions, exhorting and beseeching the people to turn to God. In such work he spent the whole of the Sabbath. Often he had to travel *four, six*, and more miles on the Sabbath morning to meet a class. As those classes generally met about eight o'clock in the morning, he was obliged in the winter season, to set out

* The above account of his early friend was written by Dr. Clarke for the “Methodist Memorial.”

two hours before daylight ; and frequently in snow, rain, frost, &c. ; nor did any kind of weather *ever* prevent him from taking these long journeys. Having the love of God shed abroad in his heart, he loved the souls of men, and found no difficulty in obedience :—" *Love feels no load.*" Obedience is painful only to him who has not the love of God in his soul.

In the summer time, after having met one of those distant classes, it was his custom to go to the top of some mountain or high hill ; and, having taken a view of the different villages which lay scattered over the lower country, arrange them in his mind, proceed to that which was nearest, walk into it, and enter the first open door ; and, after accosting the inhabitants with *Peace be to this house*, ask them if they were willing he should pray with them ? When they consented, he then inquired whether they had any objection to call in a few of their neighbours ? When this was done, he generally gave out a verse of a hymn, sung it, and then gave them an exhortation, prayed with them, and departed to another village, pursuing the same method. It is remarkable that, in no case was he ever refused the permission he sought. He was very *young*, and this, with his very serious deportment, and the singularity of his conduct, made in all cases a powerful impression in his favour, which his prayers and exhortations never failed to increase. On this plan he has in the course of one day, visited *nine* or *ten* villages at considerable distances from each other, and from his own home ; and spoke publicly as many times ! In these excursions he never went to those villages where the Methodists had established preaching ; but to those principally which had no helper ; lying at a considerable distance as they generally did from places of public worship. This was sore travail, as, besides speaking so many times, he has walked above twenty miles, and often had little if any thing to eat. But he went on his way rejoicing, and could always sing—

" When I do my Master's will,
I carry my heaven about me still."

Though, as we have seen, he was never expert at figures, yet he wished to learn some of the more ornamental branches of the mathematics ; and for this end his father placed him under the care of a very eminent mathematician in Coleraine. He continued with this gentleman only long enough to learn *Dialling* in a general way : I mention this circumstance, because the last *secular act* of his life, by which he endeavored to *gain his bread*, was performed in this science. An acquaintance, Mr. S. H. desired A. C. to make him a horizontal brass dial for his garden. Adam provided the brass, laid on the lines, engraved it himself, and charged for the instrument *five shillings* ! He called, for this moderate compensation for his skill and labour two or three times ; and the last, just before he left

the kingdom: but he never received the cash. He had made several before, for small profits: this last terminated all his operations in *gnomonics*.

About the winter of 1778 he attempted to learn *French*. There was no person in the neighbourhood that could help him in the language. Mr. Edward Murphy, of great eminence as a classical teacher, and who then kept his school in the church of Desart Martin, not far from Magherafelt, was the only person who could teach the language in that country. He went thither, lodged with a friend, several miles from the place, attended Mr. Murphy's school, walking out every morning and back every night, in the depth of winter, and sat in the cold church without fire, during the day. This was severe work; but in no case did ever A. C. find a *royal road* to any point of knowledge, or branch of learning.

Adam had often amused himself with making short hymns, and turning several of the Psalms of David into metre. He once even undertook *Solomon's Song*; and turned the *four first chapters* into stanzas of four lines, eights and sixes! but no fragments of these early productions remain, or can be recovered. When his judgment became a little more matured, he devoted his rhyming hours to much better purposes, and paid no attention to the fruit of his juvenile attempts in this line, for which he entertained no kind of respect, but merely as they were proofs of a pious and sincere mind.

He was put apprentice to Mr. *Francis Bennet*, a linen merchant of Coleraine; and a distant relative of his own, with every prospect of secular advantage. This was in opposition to the opinion of all his religious friends; who were fully persuaded that God had called him to a different employment. His parents, however, not being able, as has already been shewn, to put him in the regular ministry, thought an apprenticeship with Mr. Bennet, on the advantageous ground which his kindness caused him to propose, was a direct opening of Providence, which would eventually lead to a respectable competency. As to himself, he was entirely passive: as yet he knew not the design of the Lord, and his grand point was,—not to get money, but to save his soul.

He went at first a *month* on trial; that being ended, as much to Mr. B.'s satisfaction, as he could reasonably wish; his parents were expected to take the first opportunity to have him formally *bound*. This was strangely neglected from time to time, till at last he had been with Mr. Bennet *eleven months*. During this time, his religious friends strongly and incessantly exhorted him not to enter an apprenticeship, as God had most assuredly called him to the work of the ministry. He laid these things before his parents, who gave them their most decided negative, and insisted on his continuance with Mr. B. This brought him into great perplexity: he had begun to

doubt whether the business was such a one as would well comport with his spiritual profit. He thought he saw several things in it that he could hardly do with a clear conscience; and particularly he saw that he must necessarily be much exposed to public company, in attending fairs and markets, in order to purchase the linen from the weavers. A clear conscience he thought would be better than the best inheritance; and he was perfectly willing to earn his bread with the sweat of his brow at the most laborious and servile employment, rather than gain thousands with the prospect of suffering spiritual loss.

Mr. *John Bredin*, an eminent minister of God, was then on the Coleraine and Londonderry circuit. He paid much attention to Adam, lent him books, and took considerable pains to instruct him in the most important matters, and to cultivate his mind. He, supposing that God had called him to the work of the ministry, wrote concerning him to the late Rev. J. Wesley; who kindly offered to take him for a time to his great school, at Kingswood, near Bristol; where he might increase his classical knowledge, have the opportunity of exercising his ministerial talents in the various societies in that neighbourhood, and thus be better qualified for the general work of the ministry. This he laid before his parents, who received the proposal rather with indignation than with mere dissatisfaction; and entered a strong protest against it. At the same time Mr. Bennet made him a very advantageous offer: told him if he did not like *his* business he would advance him money, either to be employed in some business at home, or to trade in Irish produce, (butter, hides, and tallow,) to England. This proposal he diligently concealed from his parents, as his mind now strongly led him to embrace the proposal of Mr. Wesley, and to go to England. He accordingly thanked Mr. Bennet for his kind offer, but told him that he had made up his mind to quit the business: and in a short time they parted in a state of friendship and affectionate attachment, which has continued to the present day.

Before I conclude this part of my narrative, I must mention some circumstances which took place while he was with Mr. Bennet.

On many accounts his residence in Coleraine was highly useful to his religious growth, and his increase in useful knowledge; though he had some trials of the most distressing kind. He had now the opportunity of sitting under a very instructive and powerful ministry, several times in the week; and conversing with a deeply religious and sensible people. He had, and enjoyed, all the means of grace. The preaching at *five o'clock in the morning*, he found peculiarly useful, because it was always on subjects immediately connected with Christian experience, and with the life of God in the

soul of man. He met also with some valuable and sensible friends in that most excellent society, among whom were Mr. *Robert Douthitt*, from whose conversation and almost parental tenderness, he reaped the highest profit. The two *Hunters*, *Andrew* and *William*, cared much for his soul, and watched over him for good. He had a useful companion in Mr. *John M'Kenny*, whose son is now one of the Missionaries in the Island of Ceylon. Indeed the whole of that most excellent and intelligent society, laboured to promote his welfare, all believing that God had called him to fill some important office in his church.

Dr. Clarke used to say, "Two books lent me by Miss Younge, of Coleraine, afterwards Mrs. *Rutherford*, were rendered useful to me beyond all others I had ever read, the *Bible* excepted. One was Mr. Wesley's Abridgment of Mr. *Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest*, and the other the *Journal of Mr. David Brainard*, Missionary among the American Indians. From the first I got a deeper acquaintance with experimental Christianity: and from the second I imbibed the spirit of a *Missionary*. The former contributed to make me a *better Christian*; and the latter formed my mind to the model of the *Christian Ministry*. If I continue to be a Christian, I owe it, under God, to the former; if I ever was a preacher, I owe it, under the same grace, to the latter?" On this account he always expressed the highest respect for Mrs. *Rutherford*:—he considered her as a *mother* in Israel, and as one who had been instrumental to him of great good. Mr. *Rutherford's* preaching was also a great blessing to him. He was a good and useful preacher, and an unblemished Christian. He was accustomed to come to the parish of Agherton, where A. C.'s father resided, and to preach in different places. Adam heard him every where; and in returning from the places of preaching, was in the habit of walking behind him, and took delight in *literally* treading in his steps: this was before he had any personal acquaintance with him. One evening Mr. R. noticing a little lad trotting after him, whom he had often observed at the preaching, turned about and said, "Well, child, God hath said, *I love them, that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.*" He said no more, and Adam pondered these words in his heart; and thus reasoned on them: "What does he mean by *they that seek me early*? I rise early, and my first work is prayer—is that what is meant? No, it is they who seek God *early in life*—when they are *young*: then, thus I seek, and thus I will seek the Lord. He said also, *they shall find me*: others, perhaps, may seek and not find; but God says to the *young*, *they SHALL find.*" This gave him great encouragement. Other preachers took no notice of him; probably supposing that one so young, could not be expected to have much concern for his soul. Experience, however, has in-

disputably shewn, that the true light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, shines often very powerfully on infant minds : and that we cannot be too attentive to their cultivation, and that the best fruits may be expected from a careful management of such soils. But to return.—

For several months after Adam came to Mr. Bennet's, he had a grievous cross, not to say *plague*, in one of the servants.—She was excessively boisterous and profane : rejected, in the most awful manner, every good advice which was given to her ; she seemed to have an implacable enmity against Adam, because he was religious : and strange to tell, on *no other ground*.—Persecution about religion is rarely, if ever, the work of the *human heart* merely, for persecution on such an account, is as *unnatural*, as it is absurd. It is the *two spirits* that are in opposition to each other. Every genuine Christian has the spirit of God in him ; every *sinner* that of the devil. The latter works on all the fallen nature, on that carnal mind especially which is enmity against God ; and thus the poor miserable sinner is diabolically impelled to act against his own interests, often against the clear convictions of his own conscience ; and thus to war against his Maker. Such was certainly the case with that servant. Adam bore all her insolence and insults without even a complaint. “O Molly, Molly,” he would say, “you will surely repent for this : why will you sin against God, and your own soul ? have I ever done you any harm ? have I even spoken one cross or unkind word to you ?” Her principal answer was, “Ah, d—— your Methodism ; and d—— the Methodists.” He continued to pray strongly for her, that God might convert her soul. His prayers were at last heard : she was struck with the deepest convictions a human heart could feel, or a human mind bear. She literally roared for the disquiet of her soul. He was now obliged to use every kind of persuasive,—ransack the Bible for promises to sinners penitent,—to prevent her from falling into absolute despair. She was sometimes so terrified at the apprehension of God's judgments, the sinfulness of her heart, and the wickedness of her life, that she appeared to choose strangling rather than life ; and was often on the verge of laying violent hands upon herself. Her continual application to him for direction and advice, was at last excessively burdensome : because her mind was so distracted, that she could scarcely profit by any. She had been a strong sinner ; and now she was arrested by a strong hand. At last, after passing through indescribable mental agony, she was enabled to behold the Lamb of God which takes away the sin of the world, and found redemption in his blood, the remission of her sins. Now, indeed, the lion became a lamb. All her fierce and violent tempers were removed ; she became meek and gentle, diligent in business, and fervent in spirit serving the Lord. He saw her thirty years after this, and found her walk-

ing steadily in the way that leads to the kingdom of God. Let no one despair of the salvation of even the most hardened.— This woman has since acknowledged that she has often felt the keenest twinges of conscience when she has been most violent in her contradicting and blaspheming.

He had another severe cross while in this family. There was an old relative of the family, who was what is commonly called *bed-ridden*, and being left to the care of the servants, she was totally neglected. She had all the infirmities of old age, was very disagreeable in her manners, and crooked in her tempers. On these accounts, the servants, who had no religion, and little humanity, left her entirely to herself, except when they carried her a morsel of food. Adam was accustomed to go into her room every night to speak to her about her soul, and pray with her. Seeing her most deplorable and desolate state, he took upon him, after remonstrating with the maid-servants in vain, to perform for her the most humiliating services; which, with the circumstances that required them, are such as cannot be described. These he continued for *several months*. Death at last relieved her from life, and a load of uncommom wretchedness, and him from an oppressive load, under which nothing but the grace of God, working on a nature full of benevolence and charity, could have supported him. Known, to God alone, are the services he performed for this woman, and the distress he suffered in performing them.

With another circumstance, which took place during his residence with Mr. Bennet, this part of the narrative shall be closed.

He had long held it his duty to reprove sin wherever he met with it, and indeed he could scarcely go anywhere without meeting it. His manner of reproof was the most mild and humble. If they were his inferiors, he spoke to them at once: if they were his equals or a little above, he sought to find them alone, and then affectionately mentioned the impropriety of their conduct, both as it respected God and themselves. If they were removed above him several degrees, he generally *wrote* to them; always signing his name: for he could not endure the pusillanimity of shrinking under the covert of darkness, in order to hide himself from the cross of Christ, while endeavouring to perform what he believed to be his duty:—most took it well, and from others he never heard. This however became a heavy burden to him; and he longed to get out of that *public life* where he witnessed little else than vanity, profaneness, and wickedness. His spirits were greatly worn down, and his bodily strength prostrated. The earliest entry found in his Journals relates to this; from which I shall make the following Extracts, as they shew the tenderness of his conscience, and the uprightness of his heart. I shall give them in his own artless phrase.

"Sept. 17, 1781. Rose before *five*, went to the Barracks [a place so called, where the Methodists preached.] Came back full of heaviness, owing, I believe, to my not reproving sin; for I heard — swear '*faith*' on Sunday night. Resolved to speak concerning this the first opportunity. Spoke this morning; — I believe has taken it ill. Seeing it is my duty, Lord, give me strength to persevere in it! Though all the world should be my enemy, if God be on my side, they cannot be successful against me. Reproved two others for swearing, before 12 o'clock. Lord Jesus, put a stop to the tide of iniquity by which the sons of corruption are carried down the stream of sin; and turn a pure language upon the hearts of the people! Amen!

"Sept. 18. Rose this morning with a serene mind. Spent a considerable time in prayer. O may I be preserved this day from all the snares of the world, the flesh, and the devil, through the power of that grace which is ever ready to help me! Amen. Read the xvth chap. of John: O may I be a lively experiencer of the blessed promises contained in it.— Christ tells us, if we abide in him, he will abide in us: and that severed from him, we can do nothing. Forbid it, gracious Lord! that I should ever leave thee! Then shall I not fear the power of any adversary. Reproved two or three others to day, for swearing: I dare not suffer sin upon my brother.— Read the xvth chap. of John: eternal praise be to the Lamb of the Most High God, for the promise—*In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace.* What solid comfort to the believer is contained in the 24th verse,—*Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name: ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.*"

It was the opinion of an eminent divine, that much *temptation*, as well as *prayer* and *reading*, are necessary to make a Christian and a minister. It is requisite that he who is to be a judge of so many *cases of conscience*, should clearly understand them. But is this possible, unless he have passed through those states and circumstances, on which these cases are founded? I trow not. He who has not been deeply exercised in the furnace of affliction and trial, is never likely to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. How can a man, unexperienced in spiritual trials, build up the Church of Christ!

That *he* might not trust in himself or any thing he had acquired, there was given him a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet him. As his grand enemy could not succeed in tempting him to commit outward sin, he strove with all his skill and cunning, to harass his mind; and cause him to push the principles which regulate moral conduct beyond their natural boundaries. Fasting, abstinence, and the most solemn regard for truth, he carried to the utmost pitch of scru-

pulous observance. He became so scrupulous about his food, and practised such an excessive degree of self-denial, that he was worn down to little else than skin and bone.

As he saw the world full of *hollow friendships*, *shallow pretensions* to religion, *outsides* of all kinds, and *real substantial* wickedness, he was led to contemplate the Almighty as the God of *truth*, and the God of *justice*. His views of him under these characters, often nearly swallowed up his soul: and the terror of the God of *truth* and *justice* made him afraid. He became doubly watchful in all his conduct: guarded the avenues of his heart, took care to do nothing for which he had not the authority of God's Word, and the testimony of his conscience; and spoke little and with extreme caution. From this he was led to analyze his words in such a way, in order that he might speak nothing but what was indubitable truth; that at last every thing appeared to him to be *hypothetical*, and a general system of *doubtfulness* in every thing relative to himself took place. This had a very awful, and indeed almost fatal, effect upon his memory, so much afraid was he lest he should say any thing that was not strictly *true*, and on many subjects he would not get full information, that he might no longer *affirm* or deny any thing. He distrusted his *memory* and the evidence of his *senses* so much, that the former seemed to record transactions no longer, and the latter only served for personal preservation. When he has gone an errand, and returned, he has given in the most embarrassing account. "Adam, have you been at —?" "I think I have, Sir." "Did you see Mr. —?" "I believe I did." "Did you deliver the message?" "I think so." "What did he say?" "I cannot say: I am not sure that he said so and so, if I have ever been there and seen him;—and I am not sure that he did not say what I think I have just now told you." "Why, Adam, I cannot tell what you mean! Pray be more attentive in future." After some time, the empire of *doubt* became so established, that he appeared to himself as a *visionary being*: and the whole world as little else than a congeries of *ill-connected ideas*. He thought at last, that the whole of life, and indeed universal nature, was a dream: he could reflect that he had what were termed *dreams*, and in them all appeared to be *realities*, but when he awoke, he found all *unreal mockeries*: and why might not his present state be the same? At length he doubted whether he ever had such dreams; whether he ever made such reflections, or whether he ever now thought or reflected! However ideal all this may appear to the Reader, his sufferings in consequence were most distressingly *real*. He spoke to a particular friend on the subject: he stared, was confounded, knew nothing of the matter, and could give him no advice. After suffering exquisitely, he went to one of the preachers, and began as well he could, to

lay his case before him : the Preacher said abruptly—"What, are you going mad?—It is a shame for *you* to be occupied with such nonsense." He hastened away from him, and never after opened his mind to any person on the subject. In this state of distress and misery he continued for *three weeks*, and they appeared like *centuries*. He prayed much, immediately forgot that he had prayed, and went to prayer again! He either forgot to do what he was ordered; or forgot when he had done it that he had been thus employed, and wondered to find the work done which he had been sent to execute, though himself a little before had been the agent! It is worthy of remark that, all this time, the being of God, and the truth of the Sacred Writings, had never become a subject of doubt. These were the *foundations*; had these been ideally destroyed, what could his righteous soul have done? He was sifted as wheat; all the trials he ever came through, were nothing compared with this. Why was it suffered? Partly for his *own* sake, and partly for the sake of *others*. He ever felt from this, how sovereignly necessary was the curb and superintendence of *reason*, to bind, control, connect and arrange the figments of imagination, and the excursions of fancy: and he found that reason itself was nothing, or nothing to be depended on, longer than it acted under the incumbent energy of the living God. This taught him the precarious nature of imagination and fancy, the excellence of reason, and the necessity of a continual indwelling influence of the Divine Spirit. But, as many of the states through which he passed were, in the order of the all-wise providence of God, in reference to his *ministerial character*; so was this. He has often said, "I believe there is not a state, or stage of feeling or trial that any person can be in, that God has not either *led* me through, or permitted me to be *dragged* through; insomuch, that in all my ministerial life, and the vast multitude of cases of conscience which came before me, I never met with one that I did not understand; so that I can say with the apostle, *Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.* 2 Cor. i. 3, 4."

But the Reader is no doubt anxious to know how this charm was dissolved; and how the soul of this distressed young man was delivered? It was simply as follows:—It has already been seen that he was both harassed in his *mind*, and perplexed and injured in his memory: he needed a *twofold* help, and, when they became indispensably necessary, God sent them. While in this distracted state, he went one evening to the prayer-meeting; for he was most punctual and conscientious in all the means of grace. One of those who engaged

in prayer, who knew nothing of his state, was led to pray thus:—"Lord, if there be any here, against whom the accuser of the brethren hath stood up, succour that soul, and cast the accuser down." Immediately he thought, "I am the person: the accuser of the brethren hath stood up, and is standing up against me: Lord, cast him down, and deliver me!" It was immediately done: he was enabled to penetrate the wiles of the seducer; and the divine light and consolation instantly returned.

How he was succoured in the ravages made on his *memory* will next appear. One day Mr. Bennet having desired him to do something, which he had done, but had forgotten; and, being questioned on it, answered in his usual way of doubtfulness, but rather from a conviction that it was undone; Mr. B., knowing that it was done, said to him in a solemn manner, "Adam, you have totally lost your memory:—you are in a very deplorable state,—you have not a particle of memory remaining." With these words Adam seemed to awaken as from a deep trance. He turned his eye inwardly, saw his mind in total confusion: nothing had *rule*: confusion seemed confounded by confusion—every where appeared the

"Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum."

He flew to prayer, which was ever his strong hold: God shone upon his mind and gave him a renewed consciousness of his favour. He thought he would try and see whether his memory were impaired: he took up Mr. *Blair's* Poem on the *Grave*, and attempted to commit to memory the first paragraph: with great labour he succeeded: but found it very difficult to recollect the lines consecutively. When he could repeat the paragraph off book, in its natural order, he thought he would not burden his mind any farther for the present, and laid down the book and went to his work. After a short time he endeavoured to repeat those lines; but what his surprise to find them entirely fled!

Speaking on the subject, he said, "I do not recollect that I remained master of a single line! It seemed that either every thing was effaced from my memory, or that memory itself was extinct. I took up the book again, and, after a few efforts, recovered the paragraph, with the addition of a few more lines. Went again to work, and after some time, tried my memory again, and found all gone but two or three of the *first lines*! I took up the book again, recovered what I had learnt, and, as before, added a few more; and was satisfied that I could say the whole consecutively without missing a line, or indeed a word. Went to my work; after some hours tried my memory again, and found all gone but about double the quantity of the beginning to what I had left of the last recollection. Thus I continued for some time, getting and

losing, but recollecting *additionally* more of the commencement, till at last, I could repeat in all circumstances, and after any pause, about two hundred lines. I then gave it up, and by various exertions, left my memory to acquire its wonted tone and energy by degrees: but this it never did completely.

"From that day to this, my memory has been comparatively *imperfect*—much inferior to what it was before. It could readily take in *great things*; not so readily *small*: it could perfectly recollect ideas, and general description, but not the particular words: could give the substance of a conversation at any time, and almost at any distance of time, but not the *particular terms* used in that conversation:—and so of reading. To bring it to what it is, required strong and frequent exercise: but there is a certain point beyond which it has refused to go, or I have not had skill or patience enough to carry it. But this imperfection in relation to *verbal minutiae*, I consider a wise dispensation of a kind Providence. Had my memory been as circumstantially perfect, as it once was, I should no doubt have depended much on it, less on God, and perhaps neglected the cultivation of my *understanding* and *judgment*. In a word, I should have done probably what many eminent *memorists* have done, especially some preachers, 'meanly stole the words from my neighbours;' being able to repeat *verbatim*, the sermon I had read, or that which I had heard; and delivered it in the pulpit as if it were my own; and this might have at least led me to

'Deal in the wretched traffic of a truth unfelt.'

I have been therefore obliged to depend much on the continual assistance of God in my ministerial labours, and cultivate my judgment and understanding to the uttermost of my power: for I never dared to expect the divine assistance and unction so essentially necessary to me, unless I had previously exercised my judgment and understanding as far as possible. Now, strange as it may appear, from this very circumstance—the verbal imperfection of my memory—I have preached perhaps 5000 sermons, on all kinds of subjects, and on a great variety of occasions, and did not know beforehand, *one single sentence* that I should utter. And were I to preach before the king, or the two universities, I must preach in this way or not at all.

"But let no man misunderstand me: I did not enter the pulpit, or take my text till I was satisfied I understood the subject, and could properly explain and reason upon it. According to the fable in my favourite *Æsop*, I whipped the horses, and set my shoulders to the wheel, and then called upon Hercules, and was sure to obtain his help."

This is Dr. Clarke's own account of this solemn business;

and we may see from it, how much a vigorous mind may rise above its circumstances; and by assiduous cultivation and industry, supply its adventitious or natural defects. In consequence of this, the plan of his preaching was new and uncommon: it is always interesting, and ever popular: for, by the demonstration of the truth, he commended himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

It is worthy also of remark, that this state of comparative obliviscence to which his memory was reduced, did not affect any thing that had occurred *previously*: it had its operation only on matters which took place posterior to the circumstance mentioned above. Those things he could ever recollect in detail. These only in *sum* or aggregate, with now and then some exceptions.

BOOK III.

WE have seen, from the preceding statement, that young Clarke had already frequently given public exhortations in different country places—but in no case had he taken a text, though both the preachers and the principal friends wished him to do so. Conscious of his inexperience in divine things, and want of a general understanding in the Scriptures, he utterly refused to bind himself to explain any particular text in a formal way; and left himself the wide field of exhortation.

It would be well if young ministers, or those designed for the ministerial office, were equally scrupulous, not to say conscientious. Many labour on a particular text, which they treat as they were accustomed to do a theme in their school-boy exercises; and think, when they have succeeded pretty well on a few points of this kind, that they are qualified to be preachers of God's Holy Word: this is in many cases a fatal mistake both to themselves and others. In the primitive Church, there were Exhorters, as well as *Preachers, Teachers, Apostles*, and *Evangelists*; and their gift was not less necessary for the edification of the Church than those of the others. However, all gifts seem now to be absorbed in one, and a man must be either a *Preacher* or nothing.

Adam had not as yet got what he deemed a satisfactory *call to preach the Gospel*; and he was afraid to run before he was sent. As it was now likely he would not be employed in what was termed the *regular ministry* of the word, he judged it the more necessary to have an *extraordinary call*, to an *extraordinary work*: and for this he waited without solicitude or anxiety; for he did not desire the work of the ministry; it was to him no object of ambition, and could be none of *emolument*. His lot was now cast with the Methodists; for among them he had found the salvation of his soul; and he had no wish for any other religious communion. Their doctrine he knew to be true; their discipline he found useful; and their whole economy afforded spiritual advantages, which he could see no where else.

Shortly after he left Coleraine, Mr. Bredin, already mentioned, being on the Londonderry side of the circuit, sent for him to spend a week or fortnight with him: as his parents were not unwilling, he prepared for the journey, upwards of

thirty miles, which he must walk, for there were no public conveyances of any kind in those parts. Just before he set out, early on the Monday morning, he took up his Bible and said, Lord, direct me to some portion of thy Word, that may be a subject to me of useful meditation on the way! He then opened the book, and the first words that met his eyes were these, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever you shall ask of the Father, in my name, he may give it you."—*John* xv. 16.

This word gave him great encouragement, and he went on his way rejoicing. When he came to the city, Mr. Bredin desired him to go the next night, and supply his place, at a village called New Buildings, about five miles beyond Derry:—to this he agreed. "But," says Mr. B., "you must *preach* to the people." "I will do the best I can," says Adam, "with God's help." "But," said Mr. B., "you must take a text, and preach from it." "That I cannot undertake," said Adam. "You must and shall," said Mr. B. "I will exhort as usual, but I cannot venture to take a text." "Well, a text you must take, for the people will not be satisfied without it: a good exhortation is a Sermon, and you may as well have a text as not." To this authority he was obliged for the present to bow:—he went with rather a perplexed than a heavy heart; but he was relieved by meeting in the course of his reading with the following words: "We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness." 1 *John* v. 19.

This text he thought he well understood, went to the place, June 19th, 1782; took it, and after an introduction, in which he gave a general account of the Apostle John, divided it in the following way:—

1. The Apostle states that the whole world lieth in wickedness: this I shall endeavour to prove from the *natural* and *practical* state of man.

2. That it is only by the power of God that men are saved from this state of corruption; those who are converted being influenced and employed by Him:—*We are of God.*

3. Those who are thus converted, *know it*, not only from its outward effects in their lives; but from the change made in their hearts:—*We know that we are of God.*

The people seemed highly gratified, and gathered round him when he had finished, and entreated him to preach to them at a place a mile or two off, at *five* the next morning, before they went to their work: he consented, and many were gathered together to whom he explained and applied, 1 *John* iv. 19, *We love Him because He first loved us.*

During this visit at Derry, he preached five times at New Buildings; and gave several exhortations in the city. After

about a fortnight's stay he returned, and now had a strong persuasion in his own mind, that God had called him to preach His Word; and that the verse to which he was directed, when he set out on his journey to Derry,—*Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, &c.*, was the evidence of the *call* which God had graciously given him. He felt these words, as no man could feel them, who was not in his circumstances. That he was not mistaken, the issue has most amply proved. He was now *sent by God*; human authority had not yet interfered in his appointment. It is the prerogative of God to *call* and *ordain* his own ministers: it may be the prerogative of the church to appoint them *where* to labour; though, frequently, this also comes by an especial divine appointment.

As there was some prospect that he might soon go to England; previously to his departure, A. C. thought it his duty to wait on the Rev. Mr. Smith, the Rector of the parish, to inform him of his design to visit England, and request a *certificate*. He did so; and was as usual received with great kindness. On his requesting a *certificate*, Mr. S. said, "Write any thing you please, Adam, and I will sign it." This he declined, and said, "Any thing from you, Sir, will be sufficient:" on which Mr. S. sat down and wrote the following lines, which the Rev. Mr. Hezlet, Rector of a neighbouring parish, seeing, subscribed.

Millburn, July 29, 1782.

"The Bearer's father, John Clarke, M. A., has for several years kept school in the parish of Agherton, of which I am Rector; and during that time, both he and the Bearer, Adam Clarke, have maintained a fair and exceeding good character: and I do believe the Bearer worthy of the confidence of any person who has occasion to employ, or have any intercourse or connection with him.

WM. SMITH, Minister of Agherton.

ROBT. HEZLET, Rector of Killowen."

He had not been long returned from Derry, before a letter came from Mr. Wesley to Mr. Bredin, appointing him for England, and desiring him to bring A. Clarke with him, that he might be sent direct to Kingswood school. This brought matters to a crisis with his family:—they were all highly displeased. His father would neither see nor speak to him; his mother threatened him with God's displeasure, and said as before, "We have brought you up with much care and trouble; your brother is gone, your father cannot last always, you should stay with the family, and labour for the support of those who have so long supported you, and not go to be a fugitive and vagabond over the face of the earth. I believe you to be up-

right, I know you to be godly ; but remember, God has said, *Honour thy father and thy mother ; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.* This is the first commandment with promise : and remember what the Apostle hath said ; *Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all.* Now I allow that you are unblameable in your life, but you are now going to break that solemn law, *Honour thy father and thy mother ;* and if you do, what will avail all your other righteousness ?” It would not do to reply to an aggrieved parent. All he could say was, *I wish to do nothing contrary to the will of God : and in this respect I labour to keep a conscience void of offence before God and man.* His poor mother was so far transported and off her guard, that she said, “ If you go, you shall have a parent’s curse and not her blessing.”

He was thus brought into a dilemma, and had no choice but of *difficulties*.—He had advanced too far, to retreat safely ; and to turn back he could not with a clear conscience. He had the most decided disapprobation of his parents, and with such, expressed as mentioned above, he could not think of leaving home. *Prayer* was his strong hold, and to this he had recourse on the present occasion. God knew the way that he took, and appeared for him. Having gone into Coleraine a few days on some business, he was greatly surprised on his return to find his mother’s sentiments entirely changed. She had got the persuasion that God had required her to give up her son to his work : she instantly submitted, and had begun to use all her influence with his father, to bring him to the same mind ; nor had she exerted herself in vain. Both his parents received him on his return, with a pleasing countenance : and though neither said *go* : yet both said, *we submit.* In a few days he set off to the city of Londonderry, whence he was shortly to embark for Liverpool, London, or Bristol. On his departure, he was recommended by the pious society of Coleraine, to God. He had little money, and but a scanty wardrobe ; but he was carried far above the fear of want ; he would not ask his parents for any help ; nor would he intimate to them that he needed any. A few of his own select friends put some money in his purse, and having taken a dutiful and affectionate leave of his parents and friends, he walked to Derry, a journey of upwards of 30 miles, in a part of a day, found Mr. Bredin waiting, who had agreed for their passage in a Liverpool trader, which was expected to sail the first fair wind.

As he was young and inexperienced, for he had not seen the world, Adam was glad that he was likely to have the company and advice of his friend Mr. Bredin ; but in this he was disappointed : just as they were about to sail, a letter came from Mr. Wesley, remanding Mr. Bredin’s appointment.

There was no time to deliberate; the wind was fair, the vessel cleared out, and about to fall down the Lough; Adam got a loaf of bread and about a pound of cheese, went instantly aboard quite alone, and the vessel set sail, Saturday, August 17, 1782. By this solemn step he had now separated himself from all earthly connections and prospects in his own country; and went on the authority of what he believed to be a divine command, not knowing whither he was going, nor what God intended for him.

They got safely down *Lough Foyle* into the *Deucalionian Sea*, having run aground through the carelessness of the pilot, but got off in about an hour, without sustaining any damage. They passed between the *Skerries*, *Raghery*, and the main land; doubled *Fair Head*, and the next morning were off the *Mull of Galloway*. The tide being against them, and the wind falling, they were obliged to work into *Ramsey Bay*, in the *Isle of Man*, where they staid about six hours. When the tide made, they weighed anchor, and the next afternoon got safely into Liverpool, August 19, 1782. On this passage, and some circumstances connected with it, it may be necessary to make a few remarks.

The captain of the sloop was named Cunningham, a Scotchman; decent, orderly, and respectable in his life. With him young Clarke had frequent and serious conversation on the passage; with which Capt. C. seemed not a little pleased. The 18th was Sunday, during the whole of which they were at sea, but Adam was sick, and was obliged to keep to his bed. The captain had got *Flavel's* works, and spent all his spare time on the Lord's day in reading them.—The sailors were, on the whole, orderly; and though he had reproved them for swearing, they did not take it ill, and refrained from the practice during the passage: and as they saw that the captain treated his young passenger with respect, they also treated him with the same. When they took their pilot on board, off *Hoylake*, they were informed that there was a *hot press* in the river. There were two young men, one a *sailor*, the other a *hatter*, steerage passengers, who began to fear for their personal safety. The sloop entered the river, and the first object that engaged their attention was a *tender*, which fired a couple of guns to make the captain *bring to*. The sails were hauled down in a moment, and the tender lowered her boat over her side; an officer and six men entered it, and began to make for the sloop. The transaction now about to be recorded Dr. C. has often related. His own account is the following:—

“As soon as Captain Cunningham perceived the tender, and was obliged to *bring to*, on her fire: he addressed himself to the passengers, and said, ‘You had better go and hide yourselves in the most secret parts of the vessel, or wherever you can; we shall have a press-gang immediately on board; and

I cannot protect you.' The two young men already mentioned, hid themselves accordingly: I said to myself, *Shall such a man as I flee?* I will not. I am in the hands of the Lord; if He permit me to be sent on board a man-of-war, doubtless He has something for me to do there.' I therefore quietly sat down on a locker in the cabin; but *my heart prayed to the God of heaven*. By and bye the noise on deck, told me that the gang were come on board. Immediately I heard a hoarse voice of unholy authority, calling out,—'All you who are below, come up on deck!' I immediately walked up the hatchway, stepped across the quarter-deck, and leaned myself against the gunwale. The officer went down himself and searched, and found the *hatter*; but did not find the *sailor*. While this officer and the captain were in conversation about the *hatter*, who maintained that he was apprentice to Mr. ———, of Liverpool, one of the gang came up to me, and said to one of our sailors, 'Who have you got here? O, he's a ——— priest, I'll warrant,' said the fellow; adding, 'we pressed a priest yesterday, but I think we'll not take this one.' By this time the lieutenant, having ordered the poor *hatter* aboard of the tender's boat, came up to me, stood for some seconds eyeing me from head to foot; he then stepped forward, took me by the right hand, fingered and thumbed it to find whether I had been brought up to the sea or hard labour, then, with authoritative insolence, shook it from him with a muffled execration, 'D—— you, you'll not do.' They then returned to their boat and went off with the poor *hatter*.

"What Briton's bosom does not burn against this infringement of British liberty? This unconstitutional attack on the liberty of a free-born subject of the Sovereign of the British Isles? While the impress service is tolerated, in vain do we boast of our Constitution. It is an attack upon its vitality, ten thousand times worse than any suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* act. Let Britons know that it is neither any part of our Constitution, nor any law of the land, whatever some venal lawyers have said, in order to make it *constructively* such. Nothing can be a reason for it, but that which justifies a *levee en masse* of the inhabitants of the nation. It is intolerable to hear those plead for it, who are not exposed to so great a calamity."

Having now escaped and got safely to shore, A. C. asked the captain if he could direct him to some quiet lodging, where he might be comfortable for the night, as he intended to set off next morning for Bristol. The captain said, "You shall stay at my house; sometimes my wife takes in respectable lodgers." He went with him, and was presented with several encomiums to Mrs. C., who received him affably; she was a decent, well-bred woman. In the afternoon, the captain asked him to take a walk, and see the docks and shipping. He

went, but having lately escaped from a press-gang, he was afraid of getting in their way again; and to tell the truth, imagined that every ill-looking fellow he met, was one of the party.

On his return to Captain Cunningham's, he was introduced to a Scotch lady who was there, a private boarder; there was also a naval captain present. At tea, the conversation turned on religion. The strange captain professed to be a *papist*; the Scotch lady took some part in the conversation, and generally pledged her *conscience* to the truth of what she asserted. Adam was pained at this; for, in all other respects, she appeared to be a well-bred and very respectable gentlewoman. He watched for an opportunity after tea, when he saw her alone, said very humbly, "Madam, it is a pity that so decent and respectable a lady as you are, should ever use an improper word." "Pray," said the lady, surprised, "what, what do you mean?" "Why, madam, I have noticed you several times in conversation, use the term '*upon my conscience*.' Now, madam, to you, and to every intelligent serious person, *conscience* must be a very sacred principle; and should never be treated lightly; and certainly should never be used in the way of an ordinary oath." "Why, sir," said she, "I cannot think there is any harm in it. I know very well-bred religious people make no scruple of using it as I do; and I am sure I cannot be persuaded that I have been doing any thing wrong." "Well, madam, I do think it sinful; and I rather think when you come to reflect on it, you will think so too." Thus ended the conversation. At supper the lady said, "Mrs. Cunningham, this young man has been reproving me for saying, '*upon my conscience*.' Now, I never thought *that* to be a sin: and sure Mrs. C. you know, as well as I, many good people who make no scruple of saying it." There was some silence, and then A. C. gave his reasons why he thought it, and all such words, thus used, to be sinful. Captain C. and Mrs. C. seemed to nod consent. The strange Captain said, "Sir, as I am a *Catholic*, I believe that when the priest has consecrated the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper, nothing of those elements remains, they are totally and substantially changed into the body, blood, life, and divinity of Jesus Christ. Have you any thing to say against that?" "O yes, sir," said Adam, "I have much to say against it;" and then began and argued largely to shew the doctrine unscriptural, and to prove it absurd. The captain then asked him what he had to say against the invocation of saints, and the worshipping of images? He gave his reasons at large against these also. *Purgatory*, was next produced; *Auricular Confession*; and the *priests' power to forgive sins*. All these were considered: and, if one might dare to say so, of so young a person, they were all confuted from Scripture and

reason. But the last tenet gave him an opportunity to turn to the subject generally, to speak concerning the nature of sin, and the fallen condemned state of man; and that, since no human nor angelic being could forgive offences not committed against themselves, but against another, it followed that He only against whom they were committed could forgive them; and, as all had sinned and come short of the glory of God, if *He* did not forgive them, doubtless they must sink those who had committed them into the gulf of endless perdition. He shewed also, that reconciliation with God was impossible from any thing that the sinner could either do or suffer; and that there was no hope of salvation to any man, but through the great sacrificial offering made by Christ Jesus. "But this," said he, "becomes effectual to no man who is not a true and deep penitent, and does not implicitly believe in that Atoning Sacrifice, as offered to Divine Justice for him, as a sufficient sacrifice, offering, atonement, and satisfaction for his transgressions." While discoursing on these subjects, God gave him uncommon power and freedom of speech: his little audience had their eyes intently fixed upon him; tears began to drop on their cheeks, and the half-smothered sob, gave strong indications of the state of their minds: perceiving this, he said, let us pray! and, suddenly dropping on his knees, in which he was immediately followed by all present, he prayed with such fervour and energy that all were in tears; and God seemed to work mightily in every mind. What were the effects of this night's conversation and prayer, will be found perhaps only in the great day.

The next morning he called on a Mr. Ray, of Cleaveland square, to whom he was introduced by a person from Londonderry, whom he had accidentally met in the street. Mr. Ray invited him to stay to breakfast, and dissuaded him from what he had fully intended to do—*viz.* to go on foot from Liverpool to Bristol, a journey of nearly 200 miles. Mr. Ray sent his young man with him to the coach-office, where he took an outside place to Birmingham, in what was then called the *Fly*, one of the first of the stage coaches, carried six *insides*, as many *outsides* as they could stick on; and these, together with enormous *boot* and *basket*, filled with luggage, made it little inferior to a wagon in *size*, and not a great deal superior to one in *speed*. It might safely be ranked among the *tarda volentia plaustra*; for, though they left Liverpool at seven P. M. (Aug. 21,) they did not arrive in Birmingham before the following evening.

Before he left Captain Cunningham's he inquired for his bill; and was answered by Mrs. C., "No, sir, you owe nothing here; Capt. C., myself, and all the family, are deeply in your debt.—You have been a blessing to our house; and, were you to stay longer, you would have no charges. We shall be concerned to

hear how you get to the end of your journey ; therefore, pray write to us when you get to Kingswood."

This free lodging, though it suited his *pocket*, did not suit his disposition: for all through life he admired and enforced those words of our Lord, *It is more blessed to GIVE than to RECEIVE*. He departed, earnestly praying that God would remember that family for good, for the kindness they had shewn to a poor stranger in a strange land.

His company on this day's journey was various, particularly on the *outside*, for they were frequently changed ; most of them going only a short distance. Those within were of another description, and A. C. became acquainted with them in the following manner :—a young gentleman belonging to the party, chose to take a stage on the outside, in order to see the country. He was gay and giddy and soon proved that he feared not an oath. A. C. asked him if he did not think it very improper to make use of such words? "What," said he, "are you a Presbyterian?"—"No, sir," said Adam, "I am a Methodist." This provoked his risibility in an uncommon degree ; and he made it the foundation of a great deal of harmless, but rather foolish wit. When he went inside, he told his tale in his own way, and this excited the curiosity of his companions to see this strange creature. A well-behaved gentleman put his head out of the coach window, and said, "Pray tell the young lad in the blue coat, to come into the inside for a stage, one of us will change places with him." Adam replied, "I thank you, sir, I prefer the seat where I now am." He repeated his request, and had the same answer. When the coach stopped, a lady urged him to comply ; but the risibility of the young gentleman not having as yet received its sedative, A. C. still refused.—The lady pressed him, and said, "Why, sir, should you refuse *our* company?"—"Why, madam," said he, "I think mine cannot be very agreeable to you." She answered, "Sir, you must come in ; this young gentleman will take your place, and you will do *us* good." He at last consented. They questioned him about his religion ; where he was going, &c. &c., and they were so well pleased, that they requested him to go with them round by London, and they would cheerfully pay his fare, and maintain him on his way. This did not seem to him to lie in the line of Providence, and therefore, with due expressions of obligation, he refused the proffered kindness. The coach stopped for dinner at Litchfield, and they obliged him to sit at table with them, and would not permit him to be at any expense. The gentleman was learned ; and was pleased to find that his young acquaintance could converse with him out of Virgil and Horace, and was also well acquainted with all the doctrines of the gospel of Christ. In discoursing on that confidence which every true follower of God has in the Divine favour and protection, A. C. alleged that the principle was

not unknown among even the *heathens*; though many called Christians deny that we can have any direct evidence of God's love to our minds; and he quoted the following verse from Horace:—

*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauris jaculis. neque arcu,
Nec venenatis grævida sagittis.
Fusce, pharetra."*

ODAR. lib. i. od. 22.

"The man that knows not guilty fear,
Nor wants the bow, nor pointed spear;
Nor needs, while innocent of heart,
The quiver teeming with the poisoned dart."

FRANCIS.

"True," said the gentleman, "but if we take *Horace* as authority for one point, we may as well do it in another, and in some of your received principles, you will find him *against* you; witness another Ode,"—

*"Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus."*

ODAR. lib. i. od. 37.

"Now let the bowl with wine be crown'd;
Now lighter dance the mazy round."

FRANCIS.

A. C. acknowledged the propriety of this critique; and has been heard to say, "We should be cautious how we appeal to *heathens*, however eminent, in behalf of *morality*; because much may be collected from them on the other side. In like manner, we should take heed how we quote the *Fathers* in proof of the *doctrines* of the Gospel; because he who knows them best, knows, that on many of those subjects, they blow *hot* and *cold*."

He parted from this intelligent company at Lichfield: to whom he had a very favourable opportunity of explaining some of the chief doctrines of the Christian system.—Every well disposed mind has something to do for God or man, in every place and circumstance; and he who is watchful and conscientious, will find *opportunities*.

He reached Birmingham in the evening, and soon found out Mr. *Joseph Brettell*, the brother of *John*, already mentioned, to whom he had a letter of recommendation from Mr. *Ray*. Mr. and Mrs. B. received him most affectionately, and offered him a bed at their house till he could take his departure for Bristol, which could not be till early on the morning of the 24th, as there was no conveyance before that time. On the evening of the 23d Mr. B. took him with him to a public prayer-meeting, where he constrained him to give an exhortation; which the piety and good sense of the people to whom it was given, led them to receive kindly. The chapel in *Cherry*

Street was then nearly finished, and that night before the prayer-meeting, he heard old *Parson Greenwood* preach in it on these words, "*I am in a strait between two.*" On which he observed that, "It had been generally the case in all ages, that the people of God had been frequently in straits and difficulties; and gave several instances, as Lot in Sodom; Jacob in the house of Laban, and when he met with Esau his brother; Moses in Egypt," &c. &c. and, had he then known the circumstances and spirit of his young strange hearer, he might have safely added *him* to the number.

Before he left Birmingham, Mr. Brettell took occasion to ask him, "What he proposed by going to Kingswood school?" Adam, who had been led to consider it in the light of an university, but much better conducted, immediately answered, "I hope to get in it an increase of learning, of knowledge, and of piety." Mr. B. said, "I hope you may not be disappointed: I question whether you will meet there with anything you expect." At this Adam was surprised, and referred him to some of the late magazines, where such an account was given of this seminary, as quite justified all his expectations. Mr. B. said, "I only wish to put you on your guard against suffering pain and discouragement, should you be disappointed. Some of us know the place well; and know that you will not meet in it what you have been led to expect." This seemed strange to him, and he pondered all these sayings in his heart. This kind family behaved to him as if he had been their own child, and a strict friendship was established between him and them which was never dissolved; and Mr. Brettell's house was his home whenever he visited Birmingham, till, in the course of Divine Providence, he left his residence and manufactory at the *Moat*, and became manager of a public charge in the town.

Of this kind family Dr. C. was accustomed to say, "Never were those words of our Lord more literally attended to, than in the case of this family in reference to me:—*I was a stranger and ye took me in.* Of myself or family they had never before heard. Of me they could hardly expect ever to hear again; and for their kindness they could expect no reward on this side the resurrection of the just; and yet they behaved to me, as did the family of the *Walkers*, into which Mr. B. had married, as if they had been under the highest obligations to me and mine. May God remember them for good: and may neither their children, nor children's children, ever be strangers in a strange land, without meeting with such friends as *they* have been to me!"

As the coach for Bristol was to go off at three o'clock in the morning, it was thought best that A. C. should sleep at the inn. When he had paid his coach outside fare to Bristol, and sixpence for his bed, he found he had remaining one shil-

ling and ninepence only. On this he could not draw extensively for support on the way ; nor was he anxious, as he was well inured to self-denial and fasting. He left Birmingham at three o'clock, A. M. Aug. 24, and reached the Lamb Inn in Broad Mead, Bristol, at eight o'clock that night. During the whole of this time, his entire subsistence had been a *penny loaf* and a *halfpenny worth of apples* ! The day had been stormy, and he had been often wet to the skin : and not being used to such travelling, he was sufficiently fatigued and exhausted when he reached Bristol. He was shewn to the kitchen, where there happening to be a good fire, he got himself warmed : and he asked for a piece of bread and cheese, and a drink of water. "Water, water !" said one of the servants, "had you not better have a pint of *beer* ?"—"No, I prefer a drink of water," said he : it was brought, and for this homely supper he paid sixpence, and sixpence for his bed before he lay down ; he had now sevenpence halfpenny remaining, sixpence of which the chambermaid charged for taking care of his box : he had three halfpence left, his whole substance, to begin the world at Kingswood ! The next morning early, Aug. 25th, he left the inn, and walked to Kingswood, and got thither about seven o'clock, when the preaching in the chapel was about to commence. He entered with the crowd, and heard Mr. Thomas Payne preach on "*Woman, why weepest thou ? Whom seekest thou ?*" This text was a word in season to Adam, who began now to be very heavy, and considerably tried in his mind, with a foreboding of some approaching distresses. It may be necessary to state here, that the *Thomas Payne* mentioned above, was not the famous *revolutionist* and *Infidel*, so well known since over Europe and America ; but a zealous, sensible Methodist preacher, the reverse of the other, both in his religious and political creed. His own life, written by himself, may be found in the *Arminian Magazine*. He died at Brislington, near Bristol, the following year.

The preaching being ended, A. C. inquired of a young lad, whom he supposed to be one of the scholars, if Mr. Simpson (the head Master) was at home ? Being informed that he was, he begged leave to see him ;—he was introduced, and delivered Mr. Wesley's letter. Mr. S. appeared surprised : said, "He had heard nothing of it, and that they had no room in the school for any one ; that Mr. Wesley was now in Cornwall, but was expected in a fortnight : " and added, "You must go back to Bristol, and lodge there till he comes." These were all appalling tidings ! Adam had travelled several hundred miles both by sea and land in quest of a chimerical *Utopia* and *Garden of Paradise*, and now all his hopes were in a moment crushed to death.

With a heart full of distress, Adam ventured to say, "Sir

I cannot go back to Bristol, I have expended all my money, and have nothing to subsist on." Mr. S. said, "Why should *you* come to Kingswood, it is only for preachers' children, or for such preachers as cannot read their Bible; and it appears from this information, that you have already been at a classical school, and that you have read both Greek and Latin authors." Adam said, "I am come to improve myself in various ways by the advantages which I understood Kingswood could afford." Mr. S. replied that, "It was not necessary; if you are already a preacher, you had better go out into the work at large, for there is no room for you in the school, and not one spare bed in the house." It was now with his poor heart:—

Hei mihi! quanta de spe decidi!

The rest I shall give in A. C.'s own words.

"At last it was agreed, that there was a spare room on the end of the *chapel*, where I might lodge till Mr. Wesley should come from Cornwall: and that I must stay in that room and not come into the house. I was accordingly shewn to the place, and was told, one of the maids should bring me my daily food at the due times. As soon as I was left alone, I kneeled down and poured out my soul to God with strong crying and tears. I was a stranger in a strange land, and alas! among *strange people*: utterly friendless and penniless. I felt also that I was not at *liberty*, but only to *run away*:—this I believe would have been grateful to the unfeeling people into whose hands I had fallen. But I soon found why I was thus cooped up in my prison-house. Mr. S. that day took an opportunity to tell me that Mrs. S. suspected that I might have the itch, as many persons coming from my country had; [this was excellent from *Scotch* people, for such they both were;] and that they could not let me mingle with the family. I immediately tore open my waistcoat and shirt, and shewed him a skin as white and as clean as ever had come across the Tweed; but all to no purpose,—'It might be cleaving somewhere to me, *and they could not be satisfied till I had rubbed myself, from head to foot, with a box of Jackson's itch ointment, which should be procured for me next day!*'

"It was only my strong hold of God, that kept me from distraction. But to whom could I make my complaint? Earthly refuge I had none. It is utterly impossible for me to describe the feelings, I may justly say the *agony*, of my mind. I surveyed my apartment; there was a wretched old bureau wainscot bedstead, not worth *ten shillings*, and a flock bed, and suitable bed-clothes, worth not much more: but the worst was, they were very scanty, and the weather was *cold* and *wet*. There was one rush bottomed chair in the place, and besides these, neither carpet on the floor, nor at the bedside, nor any other kind of furniture. There was no book, not even a *Bible*,

in the place; and my own box, with my clothes and a few books, was behind at the Lamb Inn, in Bristol; and I had not even a change of linen. Of this I informed them, and begged them to let the man, (as I found he went in with a horse and small cart three times a week,) bring out my box to me. To this request, often and earnestly repeated, I got no definite answer, but no box was brought.

"*Jackson's Ointment* was brought, it is true; and with this infernal unguent, I was obliged to anoint myself before a large fire, (the first and last I saw while I remained there,) which they had ordered to be lighted for the purpose. In this state, smelling worse than a polecat, I tumbled with a heavy heart and streaming eyes, into my worthless bed. The next morning the sheets had taken from my body, as far as they came in contact with it, the unabsorbed parts of this tartareous compound: and the smell of them and myself was almost insupportable. The woman that brought my *bread and milk* for breakfast—for dinner—and for supper,—for generally I had nothing else, and not enough of that,—I begged to let me have a pair of clean sheets. It was in vain: no clean clothes of any kind were afforded me; I was left to make my own bed, sweep my own room, and empty my own basin, &c. &c. as I pleased! For more than three weeks no soul performed any kind act for me. And as they did not give orders to the man to bring out my box, I was left without a change of any kind, till the Thursday of the second week; when I asked permission to go out of my prison-house to Bristol for my box; which being granted, I walked to Bristol and carried my box *on my head*, more than four miles, without any kind of assistance! It was then no loss, that my wardrobe was not extensive. As for books, I brought none with me but a small 18mo. Bible, a 12mo. edition of Young's Night Thoughts, Prideaux's Connected History of the Jews, &c., and Buck's 8vo. Greek Testament.

"As both the days and nights were very cold, the season then being unnaturally so, I begged to have a little *fire*. This was denied me, though coals were raised within a few roods of the house, and were very cheap; and had it been otherwise, they were not at *their* expense; they were paid for out of the *public collections*, made for that school; to which many of my friends made an annual liberal offering.

"One day, having seen Mr. S. walking in the garden, I went to him and told him I was starving with cold; and shewed him my fingers then bloodless through cold! He took me to the hall, shewed me a cord which hung from the roof, to the end of which was affixed a cross stick; and told me to jump up and catch a hold of the stick, and swing by my hands, and that would help to restore the circulation. I did so: and had been at the exercise only a few minutes, when Mrs. S.

came and drove both him and myself away, under pretence that we should dirty the floor! From this woman I received no kindness. A more unfeeling woman I had never met. She was probably very clever—all stood in awe of her—for my own part, I feared her more than I feared Satan himself. When nearly crippled with cold, and I had stolen into the kitchen to warm myself for a few moments, if I had heard her voice in the hall, I have run as a man would who is pursued in the jungles of Bengal by a royal tiger.

“This woman was equally saving of the *candles*, as of the coals: if my candle were not extinguished by nine o’clock, I was called to account for it. My bed not being comfortable, I did not like to lie much in it; and therefore kept out of it as late, and rose from it as early as possible. To prevent Mrs. S. from seeing the reflection of the light through my window, (for my prison-house was opposite the school, over the way,) I was accustomed to set my candle on the floor behind my bureau bed, take off my coat and hang it on my chair’s back, bring that close on the other angle, and then sit down squat on the floor and read! To these miserable expedients was I driven in order to avoid my bed, and spend my time in the best manner I could for the cultivation of my mind, and to escape the prying eye of this woman, who seemed never to be in her element but when she was driving every thing before her.

“I asked and got permission to work in the garden. There, fine quickset hedges were all overgrown; these I reduced to order by the dubbing shears: and I had done this so well, that my taste and industry were both applauded. I occasionally dug and dressed plots in the ground. This was of great service to me, as it gave me a sufficiency of exercise, and I had on the whole better health; and there was a sort of pond of rain water in the garden, where I occasionally bathed, scanty indeed of water, for there is none in the place but what falls from heaven; and for a temporary occupation of their premises, I was obliged to contend with frogs, askes, or evets, and vermin of different kinds.

“The preaching, and public band-meeting at the chapel, were often sources of spiritual refreshment to me; and gave me songs in the house of my pilgrimage.

“One Thursday evening, when Mr. Thos. Rankin, who was superintendent (then called *assistant*) of the circuit, had preached, the bands met: and as I made it a point never to attend *band-meeting* or *love-feast*, without delivering my testimony for God, I spoke: and without entering into trials, temptations, or difficulties of any kind, I simply stated my confidence in God, the clear sense I had of my acceptance with Him, and my earnest desire for complete purity of heart. When the meeting was ended, Mr. R. came to me, and asked

if I had ever led a class? I said, I had often, in my own country, but not since I came to England. 'Have you ever preached?' I answered, I had often exhorted in public, but had taken a text only a few times. He then told me I must go and meet a class at *Mangotsfield* the next day; and preach at *Downend* the next Wednesday. I met the class, and preached as appointed, and had great favour in the sight of the people.

"From that time Mr. Rankin was my steady friend. I had an intimate acquaintance with him for upwards of thirty years; and we never had the slightest misunderstanding. He was an authoritative man; and many complained of him on this account; he had not many friends, his *manner* being often apparently austere. But he was a man of unblemished character, truly devoted to God, and zealous in his work. I attended him on his death-bed in London: he died as a *Christian* and *minister of Christ* should die,—full of confidence in God, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

"The last time I saw him he desired his step-daughter, Mrs. *Hovatt*, to open a certain drawer, and bring to him a little *shagreen box*. She did so—he took it, and said, 'My dear brother Clarke, this is a silver medal of the late Rev. George Whitfield: Mr. Wesley gave it to me, and in my *will* I have left it to you: but I now choose to give it to you with my own hands; and I shall use the same words in giving it which Mr. Wesley used when he gave it to me:

'*Thus we scatter our playthings: and soon we'll scatter our dust.*'

"It is a satisfaction to me that, having been superintendent of the London circuit three years before he died, I had it in my power to make his latter labours comparatively comfortable and easy; by appointing him to places to which he had little fatigue in going, and where he was affectionately entertained.—In this I only did my *duty*; but he received it as a very high obligation. Preachers who have borne the burden and heat of the day, should be favoured in their latter end, when their strength and spirits fail.

"Before I go farther in this relation, it will be necessary to describe, as briefly as possible, the family at Kingswood.

"The school at that time consisted of the *sons of itinerant preachers*, and *parlour boarders*. The latter were taken in, because the public collections were not sufficient to support the institution.

"As a religious seminary, and under the direction of one of the greatest men in the world, Mr. J. Wesley, (though his multitudinous avocations prevented him from paying much attention to it,) the school had a great character, both over Europe and America, among religious people. Independently of several young gentlemen, the sons of opulent Methodists, there were

at that time in it several from the *West Indies*, *Norway*, *Sweden*, and *Denmark*.

"The following was the *domestic* establishment:—

"Mr. *Thomas Simpson*, M. A. was head master. Mrs. *Simpson*, housekeeper. Miss *Simpson*, assistant. The Rev. *Cornelius Bayley*, afterwards Dr. *Bayley* of *Manchester*, was English teacher; who had I believe at that time, only 12*l.* per annum, and his board, &c. for his labor; Mr. *Vincent de Boudry* was occasional French teacher; and Mr. *C. R. Bond* was a sort of half boarder, and assistant English teacher.

"Mr. *S.* was a man of learning and piety; much of a gentleman, but too easy for his situation. Mr. *Bayley* was a man of the strictest morals and exemplary piety. Mr. *De Boudry* was a man of plain sense and true godliness. Mr. *Bond* was a young man of little experience, and shallow in talents, but affectionate: whose highest ambition seemed to be, to reach the exalted place and character of a clergyman.

"Mr. *Simpson*, on leaving *Kingswood*, which he did the year after I was there, set up a classical school at *Keynsham*; which he managed for many years with considerable credit; and died, leaving a son to fill his place, who afterwards became vicar of that place.

"Mr. *Cornelius Bayley* published a very good Hebrew grammar while he was at the school. He afterwards went to *Manchester*, where a church was built for him, called *St. James'*. There he earnestly laboured and did much good, though he *knew not* the people among whom he received his religion, and who were the principal instruments in building his church. He also is dead; highly respected for his piety, usefulness, and high Church principles.

"Mr. *De Boudry* married a pious sensible woman; and set up a Boarding School on *Kingsdown*, *Bristol*. He is dead; having long borne the character of a pious, steady, honest man.

"No man can do justice to the life of Mr. *Bond*, but himself. It has been indeed *various* and *chequered*: he is probably still living; but I know not what is become of him.

"The *scholars* were none of them remarkable for piety or learning. The *young gentlemen* that were introduced had spoiled the discipline of the school; very few of its Rules and Regulations were observed; and it in no respect answered the end of its institution. This is evident from the judgment passed upon it in the following year by Mr. *Wesley* and the *Bristol Conference*. This document I transcribe.

'BRISTOL, Aug. 1783.

'Q. 15. Can any improvement be made in the management of *Kingswood* school?

'A. My design in building the house at *Kingswood* was to have therein a Christian family; every member whereof,

(children excepted,) should be alive to God, and a pattern of all holiness. Here it was that I proposed to educate a few children according to the accuracy of the Christian model. And almost as soon as we began, God gave us a token for good, four of the children receiving a clear sense of pardon. But at present the school does not in any wise answer the design of its institution, either with regard to *religion* or *learning*. The children are not religious; they have not the power, and hardly the form, of religion. Neither do they improve in learning better than at other schools: no, nor yet so well. Insomuch that some of our friends have been obliged to remove their children to other schools. And no wonder they improve so little either in religion or learning; for the rules of the school are not observed at all. All in the house ought to *rise*, take their *three* meals, and go to bed at a fixed hour. But they do not. The children ought never to be alone; but always in the presence of a master. This is totally neglected; in consequence of which they run up and down the road, and mix, yea fight, with the colliers' children.

'How may these evils be remedied, and the school reduced to its original plan? It must be mended or ended, for no school, is better than the present school.'

"This censure is perfectly correct, it was the worst school I had ever seen, and though the teachers were men of adequate learning; yet as the school was perfectly *disorganized*, and in several respects each did what was right in his own eyes, and there was no efficient plan pursued, they mocked at religion, and trampled under foot all the laws. The little children of the preachers suffered great indignities; and, it is to be feared, their treatment there gave many of them a rooted enmity against piety and religion for life. The parlour boarders had every kind of respect paid to them, and the others were shamefully neglected. Had this most gross mismanagement been known to the Methodist preachers, they would have suffered their sons to die in ignorance, rather than have sent them to a place where there was scarcely any care taken either of their bodies or souls.

"I found to my great discomfort, all the hints thrown out by Mr. B. and my Birmingham friends more than realized. The school has certainly been '*mended*' since; and is now stated to be in a progressive state of greater improvement than ever. May it ever answer, in every respect, the great end which its most excellent founder proposed when he laid its first stone, and drew up its rules.

"But to return to the remainder of my short stay in Kingswood.

"I have already noticed that, for the sake of exercise, I often worked in the garden. Observing one day a small plot

which had been awkwardly turned over by one of the boys, I took the spade and began to dress it: in breaking one of the clods, I knocked a half-guinea out of it. I took it up and immediately said to myself, this is not mine; it belongs not to any of my family, for they have never been here; I will take the first opportunity to give it to Mr. Simpson. Shortly after, I perceived him walking in the garden, I went to him, told him the circumstance, and presented the half-guinea to him; he took it, looked at it, and said, 'It may be mine, as several hundred pounds pass through my hands in the course of the year, for the expenses of this school; but I do not recollect that I ever lost any money since I came here. Probably one of the gentlemen has; keep it, and in the mean time I will inquire.' I said, 'sir, it is not mine, take you the money, if you meet the right owner, well; if not, throw it in the funds of the school.' He answered, 'You must keep it till I make the enquiry.' I took it again with reluctance. The next day he told me that Mr. *Bayley* had lost a half-guinea, and I might give it to him the first time I saw him; I did so:—three days afterwards Mr. *Bayley* came to me and said, 'Mr. C. it is true, that I lost a half-guinea, but I am not sure that *this* is the half guinea I lost; unless I were so, I could not conscientiously keep it; therefore you must take it again.' I said, 'It is not *mine*, probably it is *yours*; therefore I cannot take it.' He answered, 'I will not keep it: *I have been uneasy in my mind ever since it came into my possession*;' and, in saying this, he forced the gold into my hand. Mr. Simpson was present: I then presented it to him, saying, 'Here, Mr. S., take you it, and apply it to the use of the school.' He turned away hastily as from something ominous, and said, 'I declare I will have nothing to do with it.' So it was obliged to remain with its *finder*, and formed a grand addition to a purse that already possessed only three half-pence.

"Was this providential? 1. I was poor, not worth two-pence in the world, and needed some important articles. 2. I was out of the reach of all supplies, and could be helped only from *heaven*. 3. How is it that the lad who had dug the ground did not find the money: it was in a clod less than a man's fist. 4. How came it that Mr. B., who knew he had lost a half-guinea, somewhere about the premises, could not appropriate this, but was miserable in his mind for two or three days and nights, and could have no rest till he returned it to me? 5. How came it that Mr. S. was so horrified with the poor half-guinea that he dared not even throw it into the charitable fund? 6. Did the Providence of God send this to *me*, knowing that I stood in need of such a supply?

"The story is before the Reader, he may draw what inference he pleases. One thing, however, I may add.—Besides two or three necessary articles which I purchased, I gave Mr.

Bayley 6s. as my subscription for his Hebrew Grammar: by which work I acquired a satisfactory knowledge of that language, which ultimately led me to read over the *Hebrew Bible*, and make those short notes which formed the basis of the *Commentary* since published! Had I not got that Grammar I probably should never have turned my mind to Hebrew learning; and most certainly had never written a Commentary on Divine Revelation! Behold how great matter a little fire kindleth! My pocket was not entirely empty of the remains of this half-guinea, till other supplies, in the ordinary course of God's Providence came in! O God! the silver and the gold are thine: so are the cattle upon a thousand hills.

"At length Mr. Wesley returned to Bristol. The day he came, Mr. Simpson went in and had an interview with him; and I suppose told his own tale,—that they had not room, that it was a pity I should not be out in the general work; and I was told that Mr. W. wished to see me. I had this privilege for the first time, on September 6th. I went into Bristol, saw Mr. Rankin, who carried me to Mr. Wesley's study, off the great lobby of the rooms over the Chapel in Broadmead. He tapped at the door, which was opened by this truly apostolic man: Mr. R. retired: Mr. W. took me kindly by the hand, and asked me, 'How long since I had left Ireland?' Our conversation was short. He said, 'Well, brother Clarke, do you wish to devote yourself entirely to the work of God?' I answered, 'Sir, I wish to *do* and *be* what God pleases!' He then said, 'We want a preacher for Bradford (Wilts;) hold yourself in readiness to go thither; I am going into the country, and will let you know when you shall go.' He then turned to me, laid his hands upon my head, and spent a few moments in praying to God to bless and preserve me, and to give me success in the work to which I was called.

"I departed, having now received, in addition to my appointment from God to preach His gospel, the only authority I could have from man, in that line in which I was to exercise the Ministry of the Divine Word.

"That evening Mr. Wesley preached in the chapel from Zech. iv. 6., *Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.* In this Sermon, which was little else than a simple narrative of facts, he gave a succinct account of the rise and progress of what is called *Methodism*: its commencement in Oxford, occasioned by himself and his brother Charles, and a few other young men, setting apart a certain portion of time to read the Greek Testament, and carefully to note the doctrines and precepts of the gospel; and to pray for inward and outward holiness, &c. With and by these God had condescended to work a work, the greatest that had been wrought in any nation since the days of the Apostles. That the instruments which he employed were, humanly

speaking, not at all calculated to produce such a glorious effect;—they had no *might* as to extraordinary learning, philosophy, or rhetorical abilities:—they had no *power*, either ecclesiastical or civil; could neither command attention, nor punish the breach of order; and yet by these means was this extraordinary work wrought; and in such a manner too as to demonstrate, that as it was neither by *might nor power*, it was by the *Spirit of the Lord of Hosts*.

“Had this relation been entirely *new* to me, I should have felt more interest in the Sermon. But I had already acquainted myself with the history of Methodism, of which the present Sermon was an abridgment. The Sermon had nothing great in it, but was well suited to the purpose for which it was preached; *viz.* to lead the people ever to consider the glorious revival of religion which they witnessed, as the work of God alone; and to give him the glory; as to Him alone this glory was due.

“Two days after this, (September 8,) I first saw Mr. *Charles Wesley*, and was not a little gratified to think that I had, by a strange series of providences, been brought to see the two men whom I had long considered as the very highest characters upon the face of the globe; and as the most favoured instruments which God had employed since the days of the twelve Apostles to revive and spread genuine Christianity in the earth.

“It was not till the 26th of this month that I had my final instructions to set off to my circuit.

“A young man, named *Edward Rippon*, had been, on too slight an authority, recommended to Mr. Wesley at the Conference, which had been held at Bristol in the last month, as a proper person to travel, and he was accordingly appointed for Bradford, (Wilts.) When the time came, he was found to be unqualified for the work, and he declined coming out. To supply his place, I was appointed for that circuit: and this is the reason why my name was not printed in the Minutes *that year*; as the Conference was over before Mr. Rippon’s determination was known, or my appointment had taken place. And by a blunder of *all editors* since that time, *Rippon’s* name stands in that year as a *travelling preacher* in the Bradford circuit, though he never travelled an hour as a Methodist preacher in his life.

“I have only one thing more to add about Kingswood, before I take my final leave of it.

“When Mr. Wesley had returned and told me to hold myself in readiness to go into a circuit, I was brought out of my prison house, had a bed assigned me in the large room with the rest of the boys, (for about forty lay in the same chamber, each in a separate cot, with a flock bed,) and had permission to dine with the family. There was no question then about *itch*, or any thing else; whether *I ever had it*, or whether *I was cured of it*! But Mrs. S.’s authority was not yet at an end.

It was soon observed at table that I drank no person's health. The truth is, I had ever considered it an absurd and senseless custom, and could not bring my mind to it. At this table, every person when he drank was obliged to run the following gauntlet. He must drink the health of Mr. Simpson—Mrs. Simpson—Miss Simpson—Mr. Bayley—Mr. De Boudry—all the foreign gentlemen—then all the parlour boarders, down one side of the long table, and up the other, one by one, and all the *visitors* who might happen to be there :—after which it was lawful for him to drink his glass of beer.

“On Mrs. Simpson's insisting upon my going through this routine, and drinking all healths, I told her I had a scruple of conscience, and could not submit to it till better informed ; and hoped she would not insist on it. She answered, ‘You certainly shall : you shall not drink at table unless you drink the healths of the company as the others do. Mr. Wesley drinks healths ; Mr. Fletcher does the same ; but you will *not* do it, because of course *you* have more wisdom and piety than *they* have.’ To this I could not reply. I was in Rome, and it would have been absurd in me to have attempted to contend with the pope. The consequence was, I never had a drop of fluid with my meat during the rest of my stay at this place. This was a sore trial to me, for I never had an easy deglutition, and was always obliged to *sip* with my food, in order to get it easily swallowed. I had now no help, but to take very small bits, and eat little ; and then go out to the vile straining stone behind the kitchen, for some of the half-putrid pit water ; and thus terminate my unsatisfactory meal.

“The tyranny of Mrs. S. in this was truly execrable. I omitted from conviction a practice which I judged to be at least *foolish* and *absurd* : and none of them could furnish the shadow of an argument in vindication of their own conduct, or in confutation of mine. I have however lived long enough to see almost the whole nation come over to my side.

“It was at this time that the Bishop of Bristol held a *confirmation* in the collegiate church. I had never been confirmed, and as I had a high respect for all the rites and ceremonies of the Church, I wished to embrace this opportunity to get the blessing of that amiable and apostolic looking prelate, Dr. Lewis Bagot. I asked permission ; several of the preachers' sons went with me ; and I felt much satisfaction in this ordinance ; to me it was very solemn, and the whole was well conducted. Mrs. S., who was a Presbyterian, pitied my being so long ‘held in the oldness of the letter.’ I have lived nearly forty years since ; and upon this point my sentiments are not changed.

“My stay was now terminated at Kingswood school. On the morning of Sept. 26th, I left it, walked to Hanham : from thence to Bath, where I heard Mr. Wesley preach : and from Bath I walked to Bradford, where I again heard him preach in

the evening. That night I lodged at the house of Mr. *Pearce*; a man who was a pattern of every excellence that constitutes the Christian character: and the next day I set out into my circuit, of which *Trowbridge* was the first place.

“Though burdened with a sense of my great unfitness for the work into which I was going, yet I left Kingswood without a sigh or a groan. It had been to me a place of unworthy treatment, not to say torment: but this had lasted only *one month* and *two days*; *thirty-one days* too much, if God had not been pleased to order it otherwise. But the impressions made upon my mind by the bad usage I received there, have never been erased: a sight of the place has ever filled me with distressing sensations; and the bare recollection of the *name* never fails to bring with it associations both unpleasant and painful. Those who were instruments of my tribulation are gone to another tribunal; and against them I never made any complaint.”

A younger person than ADAM CLARKE, had probably never gone out into the work of the ministry among the Methodists, or perhaps among any other people: and had not his been a case peculiar and singular, and which should never pass into a precedent, it would have been imprudent to have appointed so young a man to such a work, both for his own sake, and for the sake of those who were to sit under his ministry.

Mr. C. was judged to be at this time about eighteen; and even small and youthful taken for that age: he was a mere *boy*, and was generally denominated the *little boy*. But he was in a very particular manner fitted for the work, by strong exercises of spirit, and by much experience and knowledge of his own heart, of the temptations of Satan, and of the goodness of God.

His acquaintance with the Scriptures could not be *extensive*; but it was very *correct* as far as it went.

Of the *plan of salvation* he had the most accurate knowledge; and in this respect, his trumpet could not give an uncertain sound. He had received the word from God's mouth, and he gave the people warning from Him. He well knew those portions which applied to the *stout-hearted* and far from righteousness—to the *penitent*—the *strongly tempted*—the *lukewarm*—the *believer*—the *backslider*—and the *self-righteous*. All these states *he* could readily discern; and knew well how to address them. Besides, his *zeal* knew no other bounds than those that limit the human race; and its exertions under that influence, were confined only within the limits of his corporeal and mental strength. The *Bible* was his one book; and *Prayer* his continual exercise. He frequently read it upon his knees; and often watered it with his tears. He never entered the pulpit but with the conviction that if God did not help him by the influence of his Spirit, his heart must be *hard*, and his mind *dark*, and consequently his word be without *unction*, and

without *effect*. For this influence he besought God with strong crying and tears; and he was seldom, if ever, left to himself.

With respect to *preaching* itself, his diffidence was extreme; and he felt it as a heavy burden which God had laid upon his shoulders; and under which God alone could support him: and, as he found in this case most emphatically, without God he could do nothing; he was therefore led to watch and pray most earnestly and diligently, that he might be enabled to hold fast faith and a good conscience, that continuing in God's *favour*, he might have reason to expect his support.

Of the Methodists' economy, as it respected *secular* things, he knew little: it never entered into his mind that he was to have anything but his food: as to clothing, he did not anticipate the thought of needing any. Purer motives, greater disinterestedness, never dwelt in the breast of human being: he sought nothing but the favour of his Maker, and the salvation of souls, and to spend and be spent in this work.

Of learning, he did not boast; because he believed that he could not. He knew that he had the rudiments of literature, a moderate classical taste, and an insatiable thirst for knowledge; especially the knowledge of God and His works: his mind was not highly cultivated, but the soil was broken up, and was, in every respect, improvable. Such were the qualifications of ADAM CLARKE, when, on Sept. 27, 1782, he went out as an itinerant preacher among the people called Methodists.

It has already been stated, that a thorough reading of the New Testament settled his *Creed*; no article of which he ever afterwards saw occasion to change. The principal Articles were the following: and for these he believed he had the unequivocal testimony of Scripture, the steady voice of reason, and the evidence of facts, as far as these could apply to the articles in question.

"I. That there is but one uncreated, unoriginated, infinite, and eternal Being;—the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of all things.

"II. There is in this Infinite Essence a *Plurality* of what we commonly call *Persons*; not separately subsisting, but essentially belonging to the *Deity* or *Godhead*; which Persons are generally termed *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*; or, *God*, the *Logos*, and the *Holy Spirit*, which are usually designated the *Trinity*; which term, though not found in the Scriptures, seems properly enough applied; as we repeatedly read of these *Three*, and never of more persons in the *Godhead*.

"III. The Sacred Scriptures or Holy Books, which con-

stitute the Old and New Testaments, contain a full revelation of the will of God, in reference to man; and are alone sufficient for every thing relative to the *faith* and *practice* of a Christian, and were given by the inspiration of God.

“IV. Man was created in righteousness and true holiness, without any moral imperfection, or any kind of propensity to sin; but *free to stand or fall*, according to the use of the powers and faculties he received from his Creator.

“V. He fell from this state, became morally corrupt in his nature, and transmitted his moral defilement to all his posterity.

“VI. To counteract the evil principle in the heart of man, and bring him into a salvable state, God, from his infinite love, formed the purpose of redeeming him from his lost estate, by the incarnation, in the fulness of time, of Jesus Christ; and, in the interim, sent his Holy Spirit to enlighten, strive with, and convince, men of sin, righteousness, and judgment.

“VII. In due time this Divine Person, called the *Logos*, *Word*, *Saviour*, &c., &c., did become incarnate; sojourned among men, teaching the purest truth, and working the most stupendous and beneficent miracles.

“VIII. The above Person is really and properly God: was foretold as such, by the Prophets: described as such, by the Evangelists and Apostles; and proved to be such, by His miracles; and has assigned to Him by the inspired writers in general, every attribute essential to the Deity; being One with Him who is called God, Jehovah, Lord, &c.

“IX. He is also a perfect Man, in consequence of His Incarnation; and in that Man, or Manhood, dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily: so that His nature is *twofold*—Divine and Human, or *God manifested in the flesh*.

“X. His *Human Nature* was begotten of the blessed Virgin Mary, through the creative energy of the Holy Ghost: but His *Divine Nature*, because God, infinite and eternal, is uncreated, underived, and unbegotten; and which, were it otherwise, He could not be *God* in any proper sense of the word: but He is most explicitly declared to be God in the Holy Scriptures; and therefore the doctrine of the *Eternal Sonship*, must necessarily be false.—(See the Arg. p. 96.)

“XI. As He took upon Him the nature of man, and died in that nature; therefore, He died for the *whole human race*, without respect of persons: equally for all and every man.

“XII. On the third day after His crucifixion, and burial, He rose from the dead; and after shewing himself many days to His disciples and others, He ascended into Heaven, where, as God manifested in the Flesh, He is, and shall continue to be, the *Mediator* of the human race, till the consummation of all things.

“XIII. There is no salvation, but through him; and throughout the Scriptures His *Passion* and *Death*, are con-

sidered as *Sacrificial*: pardon of sin and final salvation being obtained by the alone shedding of His blood.

“XIV. No human being, since the *fall*, either has, or can have, *merit* or *worthiness* of, or by, himself; and therefore, has nothing to *claim* from God, but in the way of His *mercy* through Christ: therefore, pardon and every other blessing, promised in the Gospel, have been purchased by His Sacrificial Death; and are given to men, not on the account of any thing they have done or suffered; or can do or suffer; but for His sake, or through his meritorious passion and death, alone.

“XV. These blessings are received by *faith*; because they are not of *works* nor of *suffering*.

“XVI. The power to believe, or *grace of faith*, is the free gift of God, without which no man can believe: but the *act of faith*, or actually believing, is the act of the soul under that power: this power is withheld from no man; but, like all other gifts of God, it may be slighted, not used, or misused, in consequence of which is that declaration, *He that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned*.

“XVII. *Justification*, or the pardon of sin, is an instantaneous act of God’s mercy in behalf of a penitent sinner, trusting only in the merits of Jesus Christ: and this act is absolute in reference to all past sin, all being forgiven where any is forgiven: *gradual* pardon, or progressive justification, being unscriptural and absurd.

“XVIII. The souls of all believers may be purified from all sin in this life; and a man may live under the continual influence of the grace of Christ, so as not to sin against God. All sinful tempers and evil propensities being destroyed, and his heart constantly filled with pure love both to God and man; and, as *love* is the principle of *obedience*, he who loves God with all his heart, soul, mind, and strength, and his neighbour as himself, is incapable of doing wrong to either.

“XIX. Unless a believer live and walk in the spirit of obedience, he will fall from the grace of God, and forfeit all his Christian privileges and rights; and, although he may be restored to the favour and image of his Maker from which he has fallen, yet it is possible that he may continue under the influence of this fall, and perish everlastingly.

“XX. The whole period of human life is a state of *probation*, in every point of which a sinner may repent, and turn to God: and in every point of it, a believer may give way to sin, and fall from grace: and this possibility of rising or falling is essential to a state of trial or probation.

“XXI. All the promises and threatenings of the Sacred Writings, as they regard man in reference to his being here and hereafter, are *conditional*; and it is on this ground alone that the Holy Scriptures can be consistently interpreted or rightly understood.

"XXII. Man is a *free agent*, never being impelled by any necessitating influence, either to do good, or evil: but has the continual power to choose the life or the death that are set before him; on which ground he is an accountable being, and answerable for his own actions: and on this ground also he is alone capable of being rewarded or punished.

"XXIII. The *free will* of man is a necessary constituent of his rational soul; without which he must be a mere *machine*,—either the sport of blind chance, or the mere patient of an *irresistible necessity*; and consequently, not accountable for any acts which were predetermined, and to which he was irresistibly compelled.

"XXIV. Every human being has this *freedom of will*, with a sufficiency of light and power to direct its operations: but this powerful light is not inherent in any man's nature, but is graciously *bestowed* by Him who is *The true Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world*.

"XXV. Jesus Christ has made by His one offering upon the Cross, a sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and atonement for the sins of the whole world; and His gracious Spirit strives with, and enlightens, all men; thus putting them into a salvable state: therefore, every human soul may be saved if it be not his own fault.

"XXVI. Jesus Christ has instituted, and commanded to be perpetuated, in His Church, two sacraments only:—1. BAPTISM, sprinkling, washing with, or immersion in, water, in the name of the Holy and Ever-blessed Trinity, *as a sign* of the cleansing or regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit, by which influence a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness, are produced: and 2. The EUCHARIST, or Lord's Supper, as commemorating the sacrificial death of Christ. And he instituted the first to be *once* only administered to the same person, for the above purpose, and as a *rite* of initiation into the visible church: and the second, that by its *frequent* administration all believers may be kept in mind of the foundation on which their salvation is built, and receive grace to enable them to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things.

"XXVII. The soul is *immaterial* and *immortal*, and can subsist independently of the body.

"XXVIII. There will be a *general Resurrection* of the dead; both of the just and the unjust; when the souls of both shall be re-united to their respective bodies; both of which will be immortal and live eternally.

"XXIX. There will be a *general Judgment*; after which all shall be punished or rewarded, according to the deeds done in the body; and the wicked shall be sent to hell, and the righteous taken to heaven.

"XXX. These states of rewards and punishments shall

have *no end*, for as much as the time of trial or probation shall then be for ever terminated; and the succeeding state must necessarily be fixed and unalterable.

“XXXI. The origin of human salvation is found in the infinite philanthropy of God; and, on this principle, the *unconditional reprobation* of any soul is absolutely impossible.

“XXXII. God has *no secret will*, in reference to man, which is contrary to his revealed will,—as this would shew Him to be an *insincere* Being,—professing benevolence *to all*, while he secretly purposed that that benevolence should be extended only to *a few*; a doctrine which appears blasphemous as it respects God,—and subversive of all moral good as it regards man, and totally at variance with the infinite rectitude of the Divine Nature.”

It is thought necessary to give these Articles of his Creed in his own words; for, although they contain nothing but what the Church of God has received from its very foundation; yet, the manner of proposing them is both original and precise, and well calculated to convey the sense of each. If ever language should be clear;—if ever terms should be strictly and accurately defined, and used in the most fixed and absolute sense;—it is when they are used to express *the articles of a religious creed*: a subject in which the understanding and judgment are most intimately concerned, and in which man has his all at stake.

On the Tenth Article, relative to the *Eternal Sonship* of Christ, there has been some difference between him and some persons, who, in all other respects, held precisely the same doctrines. On this point, he has often been heard to say:—“Let my Argument on Luke i. 35, be proved false, which, if it could be, might be done in as small a compass as that of the Argument itself, then I am prepared to demonstrate, from the principles of the *Refutation*, that *Arianism* is the genuine doctrine of the Gospel relative to the Person of Jesus Christ. But as that Argument cannot be confuted, and my Argument in favour of the proper Divinity of Jesus Christ, in my Sermon on *Salvation by Faith*, cannot be overthrown; consequently, the doctrine of the proper and essential and underived Deity of Jesus Christ must stand, and that of the *Eternal Sonship* must be overwhelmed in its own error, darkness, and confusion.”

With the above Qualifications, and these Doctrines, ADAM CLARKE went out into the vineyard of his Lord, not to inspect the work of *others*, but to labour *himself*; and that the Great Head of the Church did, in the most signal manner bless and prosper this labour, has been witnessed by many thousands among whom he has gone preaching the kingdom of God; witnessing powerfully to all,—Repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ.

BOOK IV.

BRADFORD (WILTS) CIRCUIT, 1782—3.

THIS circuit extended into three counties, Wilts, Somerset, and Dorset, and contained at that time the following places: Bradford, Trowbridge, Shaftsbury, Motcomb, Fontmill, Follard, Winsley, Shepton Mallet, Kingston Deverell, Longbridge Deverell, Bradley, Frome, Corsley, Buckland, Coalford, Holcomb, Oak-hill, Bruton, West Pennard, Alhampton, Ditchat, Freshford, Seend, Melksham, Devizes, Pottern, Sandy Lane, Broomham, Wells, Walton, and Road;—more than one place for every day in the month; and the Preachers rarely stopped two days in the same place, and were almost constantly on horseback. This circumstance was advantageous to a young preacher, who could not be supposed to have any great *variety* of texts or of matter, and consequently not able as yet to minister constantly to the same congregation. But, as Adam Clarke diligently read the scriptures, prayed much, and endeavoured to improve his mind, he added by slow degrees to his stock, and was better qualified to minister each time of his coming round his circuit.

His *youth* was often a grievous trial to him; and was the subject of many perplexing reasonings; he thought, "How can I expect that *men* and *women*, persons of forty, threescore, or more years, will come out to hear a *boy* preach the gospel! And is it likely, if through curiosity they do come, that they will believe what *I* say! As to the *young*, they are too *gay* and *giddy*, to attend to divine things; and if so, among whom lies the probability of my usefulness?"—In every place, however, the attendance was good, at least equal to that with which his fellow labourers were favoured; and the people in every place treated him with the greatest kindness. He was enabled to act so that no man *despised his youth*; and the very circumstance which he thought most against him, was that precisely from which he gained his greatest advantages.

When the *little boy*, as he was called, came to any place to preach, the congregations were always respectable, and in many places unusually large: and it soon appeared, that the Divine Spirit made the solemn truths he spoke, effectual to the salvation of many souls.

One circumstance relative to this, should not be omitted.

Road, a country village between Trowbridge and Frome, was one of the places which belonged to his circuit: but it was so circumstanced that only two out of the four preachers, could serve it during the quarter: and when the next quarter came, the other two took their places. As Mr. C. came late into the circuit, as has been already noticed, it did not come to his turn to visit that place before the spring of 1783. The congregations here were very small, and there were only *two or three* who had the name of *Methodists* in the place. Previously to his coming, the report was very general that, “a little boy was to preach in the Methodists’ chapel at such a time:” and all the young men and women in the place were determined to hear him. He came, and the place long before the time, was crowded with *young persons* of both sexes, from fourteen to twenty-five; very few elderly persons could get in, the house being filled before they came. He preached, the attention was deep and solemn, and though crowded, the place was as still as death. After he preached he gave out that very affecting hymn, now strangely left out of the general Hymn book,—

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all thy creature good!
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood.
 All thy pleasures I forego,
 And trample on thy wealth and pride;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

The fine voices of this young company produced great effect in the singing.—As each verse ended with the two last lines above, when he sung the last, he stopped, and spoke to this effect,—“My dear young friends, you have joined with me heartily, and I dare say, sincerely, in singing this fine hymn. You know in whose presence we have been conducting this solemn service;—the eyes of God, of angels, and perhaps of devils, have been upon us. And what have we been doing? We have been promising in the sight of all these, and of each other, that we will renounce a vain delusive world—its pleasures, pomp, and pride, and seek our happiness in God alone, and expect it through Him who shed his blood for us. And is not this the same to which we have been long previously bound by our *baptismal vow*. Have we not, when we were baptized, promised, either by ourselves, or sureties, (which promise if made in the latter way, we acknowledge we are bound to perform when we come of age,) *To renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh:—that we will keep God’s holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of our life!* This baptismal promise which you

have so often repeated from your catechism, is precisely the same with that contained in the fine and affecting hymn which you have been now singing. Now, shall we promise and not perform? Shall we vow, and not keep our vow? God has heard what we have sung and said, and it is registered in heaven. What then do you purpose to do? Will you continue to live to the world, and forget that you owe your being to God, and have immortal souls which must spend an eternity in heaven or hell, according to the state they are found in when they leave this world? We have no time to spare, scarcely any to deliberate in: the judge is at the door, and death is not far behind. I have tried both lives: and find that a religious life has an infinite preference beyond the other. Let us therefore heartily forsake sin, vanity, and folly, and seek God by earnest prayer, nor rest till we find He has blotted out all our sins, purified our hearts, and filled us with peace and happiness. If we seek earnestly and seek through Christ Jesus, we cannot be unsuccessful." He then prayed, and many were deeply affected. That night and the next morning, *thirteen* persons, young men and women, came to him earnestly enquiring what they should do to be saved.* A religious concern became general throughout the village and neighbourhood; many *young persons* sought and found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. The *old people* seeing the earnestness, and consistent walk of the young, began to reflect upon their ways: many were deeply awakened, and those who had got into a cold or lukewarm state, began to arise and shake themselves from the dust, and the revival of pure and undefiled religion became general. Thus God shewed him that the very circumstance (his *youth*) which he thought most against him and his usefulness, became a principal means in his Divine hand of his greatest ministerial success. Methodism in Road continued to prosper during the whole time he was in that circuit; and when he visited them several years after, he found it still in a flourishing state.

In several other parts of this circuit, God blessed his work, and he and his brethren lived in peace and unity, and drew cordially in the same yoke; and the people were everywhere satisfied with their teachers. Many who had long rested on their lees, were stirred up afresh; and not a few were encouraged to seek and find full redemption in the blood of the cross. It was on the whole, a year of prosperity, and Mr. C.'s heart grew in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

He endeavoured to cultivate his mind also in useful know-

* Fifty years after this event, one of these (then) young persons came and called upon Dr. Clarke, when he preached at Frome for the last time. See Appendix at the end of the Work. By the Rev. J. B. B. Clarke.

ledge; but a circumstance took place which, through his inexperience, had nearly proved ruinous to the little knowledge which he had already acquired, and would utterly have prevented all future accessions to his little stock. This circumstance requires distinct relation. He had not been long in this circuit before he received the *Hebrew Grammar*, which, as we have already seen, he subscribed for at Kingswood. He entered heartily on the study of this sacred language, from this work; which, though it promised much, yet really did perform a good deal. The copious *lessons* precluded for a time, the necessity of purchasing a Hebrew Bible: and the *analysis* accompanying each lesson, soon led him into the nature of the Hebrew language; these are carefully compiled, and are, by far, the best part of that grammar. The other parts being confused, meagre, and difficult, though its pious author had thought, (for he inserted it in his title page,) that *the whole was digested in so easy a way, that a child of seven years of age might arrive, without any other kind of help, at a competent knowledge of the sacred language*; a saying, which is in every part incorrect and exceptionable. The *lessons* and *analytical parts* are good, the rest of the work is nearly good for nothing.

In his *Latin*, *Greek*, and *French* he could make little improvement, having to travel several miles every day; and preach, on an average, thirty days in every month, and to attend to many things that belonged to the work of a Methodist preacher. That he might not lose the whole time which he was obliged to employ in *riding*, he accustomed himself to *read* on horseback; and this he followed through the *summer*, and in the *clear weather* in general. In this way he read through the *four volumes of Mr. Wesley's History of the Church*, carefully abridged from *Mosheim's* larger work. In *abridging* from voluminous writers, Mr. Wesley was eminently skilful; and this is one of the best things he has done of this kind: but the original work by Mosheim, is the best Church History published before or since. The practice of reading on horseback is both dangerous, because of the accidents to which one is exposed on the road; and injurious to the sight, as the muscles of the eye are brought into an unnatural state of contraction, in order to counteract the too great brilliancy of the light. Yet what could he do, who had so much to learn, so often to preach, and was every day on horseback? When he came in the evening to his place of residence for the night, he found no means of improvement, and seldom any place in which he could either conveniently study or pray. But the circumstance that had nearly put an end to his studies, is yet untold. In the preachers' room at *Motcomb*, near Shaftsbury, observing a Latin sentence written on the wall in pencil, relative to the *vicissitudes of life*,

he wrote under it the following lines from Virgil, corroborative of the sentiment;—

————— *Quo fata trahunt retrahuntque, sequamur.—*
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Cœlum.

ENEID. lib. v. 709. IB. lib. 1. 204, 5.

The next preacher that followed him in this place, seeing the above lines, which he could not understand, nor see the relation they bore to those previously written, wrote under them the following words:—

“ Did you write the above
 to show us you could write Latin?
 For shame! Do send pride
 to hell, from whence it came.
 Oh, young man, improve your
 time, eternity’s at hand.”

They who knew the writer, would at once recollect, on reading these words, the story of *Diogenes* and *Plato*. The latter giving an entertainment to some friends of Dionysius, Diogenes being present, trampled with disdain on some rich carpeting, saying, Πάτω την Πλατωνος κενόσπονδιαν, *I trample under foot Plato’s vain glory*. To whom Plato replied, Ὅσον, ὃ Διογενες, τον τυφον διαφαινεις, δοκων μη τετυφωσθαι, *How proud thou art, O Diogenes, when thou supposest that thou art condemning pride!* Mr. — was naturally a proud man, though born in the humblest department of life: and it required all his grace to enable him to act with even the humble exterior which became a Christian minister; he could ill brook an equal: and could worse tolerate a superior. The words, contemptible as they may appear, the circumstance considered which gave them birth, had a very unfriendly effect on the inexperienced simple heart of Mr. C., he was thrown into confusion: he knew not how to appear before the family who had a whole week to con over this reproachful effusion of a professed brother: in a moment of strong temptation, he fell on his knees in the midst of the room, and solemnly promised to God that he would never more meddle with Greek or Latin as long as he lived. As to *Hebrew*, he had not yet begun, properly speaking, to study it; and therefore it could not be included in the proscription: but the vow had a paralyzing effect upon this, as well as on all his other studies: and generally prevented the cultivation of his mind. He saw that learning might engender pride: and it was too plain that, instead of provoking emulation, it would only to him, excite envy. When he next saw Mr. — he expostulated with him, for exposing in this most unkind manner, what he deemed to be wrong,—“Why,” said he, “did you not tell me privately of it, or send the reproof in a note?” *I thought what I did*

was the best method to cure you, replied Mr. —. Mr. C. then told him what uncomfortable feelings it had produced in him; and how he had vowed to study literature no more! The other applauded his teachableness, and godly diligence, and assured him that he had never known any of the learned preachers who was not a conceited coxcomb, &c. &c.

On what slight circumstances do the principal events of man's life depend! The mind of Mr. C. was at this time *ductile* in the extreme, in reference to every thing in Christian experience and practice. He trembled at the thought of sin. He ever carried about with him not only a *tender*, but a *scrupulous* and *sore conscience*. He walked continually as in the sight of God; and constantly felt that awful truth, *Thou God seest me!* To him, therefore, it was easy to make any sacrifice in his power: and this now made, had nearly ruined all his learned researches and scientific pursuits for ever; and added one more to the already too ample company of the *slothful servants*, and *religious loungers*, in the Lord's inheritance. What a blessing it is for young tender minds to be preserved from the management of ignorance and sloth; and to get under the direction of prudence and discretion!

That such a vow as that now made by Mr. C. could not be acceptable in the sight of the *Father of Lights*, may be easily seen: but it was *sincere*, and made in such circumstances, as appeared to him to make it perfectly and lastingly *binding*. He now threw by, yet not without regret, his Greek Testament, endeavoured to forget all that he had learned; and laboured to tear every thing of the kind for ever from his heart! This sacrifice was made, about the end of the year 1782 and was most religiously observed till about the year 1786, to his irreparable loss. That this vow was afterwards, on strong evidence of its impropriety, rescinded, the Reader will at once conjecture, who knows any thing of the general history of Mr. Clarke, and it is time to inform him *how* this change took place. It has already been stated that Mr. C. when very young, had learned a little *French*; as this was not included in the prescription already mentioned, he found himself at liberty to read a portion of that language when it came in his way. About 1786, he met with a piece of no ordinary merit, entitled, *Discours sur l'Eloquence de la Chaire*, A Discourse on Pulpit Eloquence; by the *Abbé Maury*, then Preacher in Ordinary to Lewis XVI.; since, *Cardinal Maury*, and but lately deceased. Mr. C. was much struck with the account there given of the preaching and success of one of the *French Missionaries*, of the name of *Bridaine*, and particularly with an extract of a Sermon, which the Abbé heard him preach in the Church of St. Sulpice in Paris, in the year 1751.* This

* When Bridaine came to Paris, and it was known that he was to preach in the Church of St. Sulpice, great numbers of the highest

piece he translated, and sent to the Rev. J. Wesley, to be inserted, if he approved of it, in the *Arminian Magazine*.—Mr. Wesley kindly received, and inserted the piece: and as he was ever as decided a friend to *learning*, as he was to *religion*, both of which he illustrated by his *Life* and *Writings*, he wrote to Mr. C.,—"Charging him to cultivate his mind as far as his circumstances would allow, and not to *forget any thing he had ever learned*." This was a word in season, and, next to the divine oracles, of the highest authority with Mr. C. He began to reason with himself thus: "What would he have me to do? He certainly means that I should not forget the *Latin* and *Greek* which I have learned: but then he

ranks were attracted by his fame to hear him; and when he ascended the pulpit, seeing bishops, and ecclesiastics, and nobles, and many of the most exalted and wealthy personages in the realm, all thronging to hear him;—he thus began:—

"A la vue d'un auditoire si nouveau pour moi, il semble, mes frères, que je ne devois ouvrir la bouche que pour vous demander grâce, en faveur d'un pauvre missionnaire dépourvu de tous les talens que vous exigez quand on vient vous parler de votre salut. J'éprouve cependant aujourd'hui un sentiment bien différent; et si je suis humilié, gardez-vous de croire que je m'abaisse aux misérables inquiétudes de la vanité, comme si j'étois accoutumé à me prêcher moi-même. A Dieu ne plaise qu'un ministre du ciel pense jamais avoir besoin d'excuse auprès de vous; car qui que vous soyez, vous n'êtes tous comme moi que des pécheurs; c'est devant votre Dieu et le mien que je me sens pressé dans ce moment de frapper ma poitrine: jusqu'à présent j'ai publié les justices du Très-Haut dans des temples couverts de chaume; j'ai prêché les rigueurs de la pénitence à des infortunés qui manquoient de pain; j'ai annoncé aux bons habitans des campagnes les vérités les plus effrayantes de ma religion. Qu'ai-je fait, malheureux! j'ai contristé les pauvres, les meilleurs amis de mon Dieu; j'ai porté l'épouvante et la douleur dans ces ames simples et fidèles, que j'aurois dû plaindre et consoler. C'est ici où mes regards ne tombent que sur des grands, sur des riches, sur des oppresseurs de l'humanité souffrante, ou sur des pécheurs audacieux et endurcis; ah! c'est ici seulement qu'il falloit faire retentir la parole sainte dans toute la force de son tonnerre; et placer avec moi dans cette chaire, d'un côté, la mort qui vous menace, de l'autre, mon grand Dieu qui vient vous juger. Je tiens aujourd'hui votre sentence à la main; tremblez donc devant moi, hommes superbes et dédaigneux qui m'écoutez! La nécessité du salut, la certitude de la mort, l'incertitude de cette heure si effroyable pour vous, l'impénitence finale, le jugement dernier, le petit nombre des élus, l'enfer, et pardessus tout, l'éternité . . . l'éternité! Voilà les sujets dont je viens vous entretenir et que j'aurois dû sans doute réserver pour vous seuls. Eh! qu'ai-je besoin de vos suffrages, qui me damneraient peut-être sans vous sauver? Dieu va vous émouvoir, tandis que son indigne ministre vous parlera; car j'ai acquis une longue expérience de ses miséricordes; alors, pénétrés d'horreur pour vos iniquités passées vous voudrez vous jeter entre mes bras en versant des larmes de componction et de repentir, et à force de remords vous me trouverez assez éloquent."

does not know, that by a *solemn vow*, I have abjured the study of these languages for ever. But was such a vow *lawful*: is the study of *Hebrew* and *Greek*, the languages in which God has v^en the *Old* and *New Testaments*, sinful? It must have been *laudable* in some, else we should have had no *translations*. Is it likely that what must have been *laudable* in those who have translated the Sacred Writings, can be *sinful* to any—especially to *ministers of God's holy Word*? I have made the vow it is true; but who required this at my hand? What have I gained by it? I was told it was *dangerous*, and would fill me with pride, and pride would lead me to perdition: but who told me so? Could Mr. —, at whose suggestions I abandoned all these studies, be considered a competent judge: a man who was himself totally illiterate as it regarded either language or science? And what have I gained by this great sacrifice, made most evidently without divine authority, and without the approbation of my own reason? Am I more *humble*, more *spiritual*; and above all, have I been more *useful* than I should have been, had I not abandoned those languages in which the words of the Prophets, Evangelists, and Apostles were written? I fear I have been totally in an error: and that my vow may rank in the highest part of the catalogue of *rash vows*. Allowing even that my vow in such circumstances, can be considered in any respect *binding*; which is the greater evil, to *keep* or to *break* it?—I should beg pardon from God for having made it; and if it were sinful to make it, it is most undoubtedly sinful to keep it.”—Thus he reasoned, and at last came to the firm purpose to be no longer bound by what he had neither the authority of God nor reason to make. He kneeled down and begged God to forgive the rash vow, and in mercy, to undo any obligation which might remain, because of the *solemn manner* in which it had been made.—He arose satisfied that he had done wrong in making it; and that God required him now, to cultivate his mind in every possible way, that he might be a workman that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. He felt a conviction that he had done right, and such a satisfaction of mind as he did not find when he made that vow; the making of which, because of its consequences, (*nearly four years' loss of time*,) he had ever reason to deplore.

The charm being thus broken, Mr. C. had all his work to begin *de novo*; and was astonished to find how much he had forgotten of his school-boy learning. In short he was obliged to begin his grammar again, and found it hard work to lay a second foundation, till *practice* and the *association of ideas*, levelled and smoothed the rugged path.

It has been often said, that the Methodists undervalue and cry down all human learning. This is not true: there is no religious people in the land that value it more, nor indeed is

there any under greater obligation to it than they are: the learning of their *Founder* was as necessary, under God, to the revival and support of true religion in the land, as his *zeal* and *piety* were. The great body of the Methodists love learning; and when they find it in their preachers, associated with humility and piety, they praise God for the double benefit and profit by both.

In the course of this same year, 1782, he read Mr. Wesley's *Letter on Tea*; when he had finished it, he said: "There are arguments here which I cannot answer; and till I can answer them to my own satisfaction, I will neither drink tea nor coffee." He broke off the habit from that hour, never afterwards sought for arguments to overturn those of Mr. Wesley, and from that day to the present, *never once tasted tea or coffee!* Here is a perseverance rarely equalled: and to this he was providentially led. He spent that time in reading and study which he must otherwise have spent at the tea table: and by this, in the course of thirty-seven years, *he has saved several whole years of time*; every hour of which was devoted to self-improvement, or some part of that great work which the Providence of God gave him to do. For a short time after he left off the use of those *exotics*, he took in the evenings, a cup of *milk and water*, or a cup of *weak infusion of camomile*; but as he found that he gained no time by this means, and the gaining of time was his great object, he gave that totally up; never tasting any thing from dinner to supper. In the morning he found it easy to supply the place of tea and coffee, by taking milk in some form or other; or any other aliment which the junior parts of the families where he lodged, were accustomed to take for their breakfast. In his *Letter to a Preacher*, since published, he has adverted strongly to this circumstance. Mr. Wesley himself, after having left off the use of tea and coffee for twelve years, resumed it and continued the use of these beverages to his death: his pupil, A. C., followed his *councils* without attending to his *practice*, as zealously as ever the Rechabites did those of their founder Jehonadab. What A. C. has gained by this sacrifice, has amply compensated the cost.

This year, the Conference was held in Bristol; Mr. C. had no thought of attending, till on the first of August, a letter came, requiring him to attend: the next day, Saturday, he set off, and reached Bristol the same day. How he spent the next day, which was the Sabbath, may be seen from the following entry in his Journal.

"Sunday, Aug. 3, 1783. At *five* this morning, I heard a very useful sermon from Mr. Mather, at the chapel *Broad Mead*, on Isai. xxxv. 3, 4. I then went to *Guinea Street* chapel, where I heard Mr. Bradburn preach on Christian perfection, from 1 John iv. 19. This was, without exception, the best

sermon I had ever heard on the subject. When this was ended, I posted to the *Drawbridge*, and heard Mr. Joseph Taylor preach an excellent and affecting discourse on Rom. v. 21. This ended, I returned to my lodging and breakfasted; and then, at ten o'clock, heard Mr. Wesley preach at *Broad Mead*, on Acts i. 5. After sermon he, assisted by Dr. Coke, the Rev. B. B. Collins, and the Rev. Cornelius Bayley, delivered the Holy Sacrament to a vast concourse of people; which I also received to my comfort. When dinner was ended, I heard the Rev. B. B. Collins preach at *Temple church*, on Mark xvi. 15, 16. I next went and heard Mr. Wesley in *Carolina Court*, on Heb. vi. 1; after which he met the society at the chapel *Broad Mead*, and read over a part of his Journal, relative to his late visit to Holland. To conclude the whole, I then posted to *King's Down*, where I heard Mr. T. Hanby preach an awakening sermon, on 1 Peter iv. 18. Thus I have, in one day, by carefully redeeming time, and buying up every opportunity, heard SEVEN sermons, three of which were delivered out of doors. Surely this has been a day in which *much has been given me*; and *much will the Lord require*: O grant that I may be enabled to render Thee a good account. Though the whole of the day has been spent in religious exercises, yet such is my unprofitableness, that I could not stand in the judgment even for this day. But O, my glorious Saviour, Thou art still my High-priest to offer my most holy things to God, which can be rendered acceptable to Him only through the sprinkling of Thy blood."

On Wednesday, Aug. 6th, Mr. Clarke was *admitted into Full Connexion*, after having travelled only about *eleven months*. Even at that time, before it was determined that each preacher should travel *four years* on trial, this was, perhaps, the earliest admission that had ever taken place. It was to him, as he expresses it in his Journal, the most solemn ordinance in which he had ever engaged. "This day," says he, "I have promised much before God and His people: may I ever be found true to my engagements. In particular, I have solemnly promised, to devote my whole strength to the work of God, and never to be triflingly employed one moment.—Lord, I fear much that I shall not be found faithful. But Thou hast said, my grace shall be sufficient for thee! Even so, let it be, Lord Jesus!"

When preachers on trial are admitted into Full Connexion with the body of the Methodist preachers;—among many important questions put to them is the following, *Are you in debt?* To this the most satisfactory answer must be given.—Through rather a whimsical incident, this question was likely to have deeply puzzled and nonplused Mr. Clarke. Walking in the street that morning with another preacher, a poor man

asked a halfpenny. Mr. C. had none, but borrowed one from the preacher who was walking with him. That preacher happening to go out of town, he could not see him during the day to repay this small sum. When he stood up with the others he knew not what to say, when the question, *Are you in debt?* should be proposed: he thought, "If I say *I am in debt*, they will ask me *How much?* when I say I owe one halfpenny, they will naturally suppose me to be a fool. If I say *I am not in debt*, this will be a lie; for I owe one half-penny, and am as truly under the obligation to pay, as if the sum were twenty pounds, and while I owe that I cannot, consistently with eternal truth, say, *I am not in debt.*" He was now most completely within the horns of a dilemma; and which to take he knew not, and the question being put to him before he could make up his mind—"Mr. Clarke, are you in debt?" he dissolved the difficulty in a moment, by answering—*Not one PENNY.* Thus both his credit and his conscience were saved. The Reader may smile at all this, but the situation to him was, for some hours, very embarrassing.

At this Conference he was appointed for Norwich, to which he set out on Monday, 11th, on horseback, and reached that city on the evening of Saturday, August 16th, 1783.

It may be necessary to say here, a few words relative to the state of his own mind, in this first year of his itinerant labours. During the little more than *ten* months he was in this circuit, he preached 506 times, beside giving a great number of public exhortations, and paying innumerable visits to the different families of the societies where he resided even for a day and night, to pray with them and inquire into the state of their souls. He preached also at *five o'clock every morning, winter and summer*, in the different towns in the circuit, such as Bradford, Trowbridge, Frome, Devizes, Coalford, Shepton Mallet, Shaftsbury, &c. &c.

His mind was variously and powerfully exercised: he kept the strictest watch over his heart; and scrutinized daily and hourly, the walk of every affection, passion, and appetite: and was so severe a censor of his own conduct, that he frequently condemned himself, in matters which were either *innocent* in themselves, or perfectly *indifferent*. His almost incessant cry was after holiness:—to be *cleansed from all sin, and filled with God*, he saw to be the high calling of the Gospel, and the birthright of every son and daughter of God. He could not be satisfied while he felt one temper or disposition that was not in harmony with the will and word of God. His mind was full of light, and his conscience was tender; and he was ever either walking *with* God, or following hard *after* Him. His Journals mark scarcely anything but the state of his soul, his spiritual conflicts, resolutions, consolations, and depressions. He *tithed even mint and cummin*, and never

left unregarded the weightier matters of the law. The people he was incessantly urging to *holiness of heart and life*. Repentance;—justification by faith in the sacrificial death of Christ;—the *witness of the Spirit* in the consciences of true believers;—*Christian perfection*, or the purification of the soul from all sin in this life;—and the necessity of universal outward holiness; were the doctrines which he constantly pressed on the attention and hearts of his hearers; and under this preaching many were turned to the Lord; and many built up on their most holy faith.

His Journals, which he kept carefully for several years, bear ample proof of these things: but I have judged it better to give this general account, than to make *extracts* where there can be so little *variety* of matter, and where the same things, and things synonymous, are perpetually occurring.

From the unfortunate day already mentioned, on which he sacrificed by vow all farther prosecution of learning, he never attempted to mingle observations on *men* or *manners* in his Diaries,—the whole was merely spiritual, and necessarily monotonous. This became at last so heavy to himself, that he discontinued all regular entries of this kind, about the end of Aug. 1785: *occasional remarks* in his interleaved *Ephe-meris*, relative to his progress in the knowledge of God and of his own heart, are all that remain of this species of writing. When he has been asked whether he would not publish his *Journal*, or leave it to be published, he has answered: “I do not intend it: the experience of all religious people is nearly alike; in the main entirely so. When you have read the Journal of one pious man of common sense, you have read a thousand. After the first it is only the change of names, times, and places; all the rest as to piety, is alike.”*

The intelligent reader will scarcely dissent from this opinion, who has read many religious Journals.

THE NORWICH CIRCUIT, 1783—4.

On Saturday, Aug. 16, 1783, Mr. Clarke arrived in the city of Norwich, the head place of the circuit, and found one of the late preachers ill of a fever: and although he was obliged to sleep in the same room, the smell of which was pestiferous, yet through God’s mercy he did not catch the disorder. The circuit extended into different parts of Norfolk and Suffolk, and included the following places; Norwich, Yarmouth, Lowestoffe, Loddon, Heckingham, North Cove, Teasborough, Stratton, Hardwick, Thurlton, Haddiscoe, Beccles, Wheatacre,

* I knew my father’s mind concerning his Journals; and therefore, since his decease, every word of all of them has been committed to the flames.

Lopham, Diss, Wharham, Dickleborough, Winfarthing, Barford, Hempnel, Besthorp, and Thurne. In all, twenty-two places. Each preacher continued one week in the city, and then spent three weeks in the country; and to go round the places in the month was a journey of above 260 miles. The preachers who labored with him were, Richard Whatcoat, John Ingham, and William Adamson. The former was a very holy man of God, a good and sound preacher, but not of splendid abilities. He was diligent and orderly in his work; and a fine example of practical piety in all his conduct. The year after, at the earnest request of Dr. Coke, he went over to America, and there became one of the *bishops* of the Methodist-episcopal church;—pursued among the transatlantic brethren, the same noiseless tenor of his way, seeking only the establishment of the kingdom of God both in himself and others: and died in the faith, universally esteemed.

Mr. I. was a good natured man, of no learning, and of but slender abilities; yet he had a sort of popular address that helped him to make his way in the circuit. He professed to cure many disorders: and his prescriptions were made up of *a pennyworth of oil of leeks, a pennyworth of oil of swallows, &c. &c.*, all as equally efficacious as they were attainable. But although the apothecaries and druggists had no such medicaments, they gave the poor people something under those names, that *would do as well*, and thus but little harm was done. He was himself a most disgusting slave to tobacco; and never preached without a quid in his mouth! The Methodist connexion have wisely proscribed both *quackery* and *tobacco*; as, in all their forms, they are disgraceful to a Christian minister. They are also dangerous: the former leads to many snares; especially in reference to females: the latter is so closely associated with intemperance in *drinking*, that few of its votaries escape. Thus poor Ingham fell the following year; and was heard of in the church of God no more.

W. Adamson was a young man, very sincere, had got the rudiments of a classical education; but was of such an unsteady, fickle mind, that he excelled in nothing. The next year he retired from preaching.

In every respect the circuit was *low*. There was no place in it, in which religion flourished, either among the Methodists or others: lukewarmness and Antinomianism generally prevailed; and if any thing prospered, it was Calvinism as a *system*, many putting much of their trust for salvation in a *belief* of its doctrines. Among many in the city of Norwich, this was carried to the wildest extremes. There were even in the Methodists' society several local preachers, that were Calvinists and leaders of classes: and, in consequence, the people were unhinged and unsteady, and made no progress either in piety or practical godliness; for they were continu-

ally *halting between two opinions*. Yet there were many good and sensible people in the society, whose life and conversation adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour. And in the course of the year, religion revived a little, principally through the preaching of the doctrine of entire sanctification, or complete redemption from all sin in this life. Several saw this to be their privilege, and sought it with their whole heart.

In Norwich the society was very poor: a family lived in the preachers' house, and provided for the preachers at so much per meal, and the bill was brought in to the stewards' and leaders meeting at the end of the week, and discharged: and he was most certainly considered the *best preacher* who ate the fewest meals, because his bills were the *smallest*. In this respect Mr. Clarke excelled: he took only a little milk to his breakfast, drank no tea or coffee; and took nothing in the evening. Hence his bills were very small. Sometimes, but not often, the preachers were invited out, and this also contributed to lessen the expense.

One ludicrous circumstance, relative to an invitation to breakfast, I may here mention. After Mr. Clarke had preached one morning at 5 o'clock, a young woman of the society came to him and said; "Sir, will you do me the favour to breakfast with me this morning? I breakfast always at eight o'clock." *I thank you*, said he, *but I know not where you live*. "O," said she, "I live in — Street, near Maudlin gate, No. —." *I do not know the place*. "Well, but you cannot well miss it, after the directions I shall give you." *Very well*. "You must cross Cherry Lane, and go on to the Quakers' preaching-house:—do you know it?" *Yes*. "Well then, leave the Quakers' preaching-house on the left hand, and go down that lane till you come to the bottom; and then on your right hand you will see a door that appears to lead into a garden, with an inscription over it: can you *read*?" *Yes, a little*. "Well then, the board will direct you so and so, and you cannot then miss." *Thank you: I shall endeavour to be with you at the time appointed*. "I went," said Mr. C., "and because I had the happiness of being able to *read*, I found out my way!"

This little anecdote will serve to shew, that in those times the Methodists could not expect much from their ministers; as it appears they thought it possible, they might have some that could not read their Bible! Howsoever illiterate they may have been deemed, it may be safely asserted, no instance is on record of an itinerant preacher among the Methodists being unable to read his Bible. Many, it is true, of the original preachers, could read but indifferently: and I have known several of the clergy who did not excel even in this: and I have known one who, in reading 2 *Kings* xix. made three

unsuccessful trials to pronounce the word Sennacherib,—*Sennacrib*, *Sennacherub*, and terminated with *Snatchcrab*! But such swallows make no summers; and should never be produced as instances from which the general character of a class or body of men should be deduced. The time is long past since men in any department of life have been prized on account of their *ignorance*.

I shall give another anecdote, which, with the intelligent Reader, will not place Mr. C. in a disadvantageous point of view.

The *coals* in Norwich are remarkably *bad*, and it is a common custom to blow the fire almost continually, in order to keep it alive, or to perform the operations of cookery. Hence a pair of *bellows*, the general bane of fires, is a useful appendage to a Norwich kitchen, and parlour also. When Mr. C. entered on his lodging in the preachers' house in this city, he found the *bellows* worn out, so that they would hold no wind; and the *fire-riddle*, or instrument by which they sifted the ashes and returned all the cinders to the grate, worn beyond use. The *poker* also was burnt to the stump. He said to Mrs. P., the housekeeper, "Why do you not get new instruments here, or else get these repaired?"—"O dear, sir, we cannot do either, the society is so poor."—"Is it so? well, *something* may be done. I cannot mend the poker, for that requires a *forge*; but I think I can mend the *bellows* and the *riddle*."—"Can you?"—"Yes, if you can furnish me with a little leather, no matter, old or new, and an old tin kettle or saucepan. Take these pence, and go and bring me a hundred of twopenny tacks." An old pair of *leathern small clothes*, furnished him with materials for mending the bellows; which he soon made air tight: and an old *saucepan*, which he unsoldered by holding over the fire, furnished *tin* to mend the riddle. He borrowed a stab awl and a hammer, from a shoemaker, and getting an old pair of scissors, he cut out the tin, punched in it the necessary holes, used the *tacks* as rivets, having a *flat* iron for an anvil, which he held between his knees; and thus soon restored this necessary instrument to effective usefulness. Thus, at the expense of twopence to himself, he made these two instruments serviceable: and the stewards, seeing this, mustered courage to get the poker new bitted!

In this city he frequently cleaned and blacked his own shoes, and those of his brethren, as there was no person regularly employed to do this service. He found no difficulty in acting according to the advice given to preachers when admitted into the Methodist connexion: "Do not affect the gentleman; and be not above cleaning your own shoes, or those of others, if need be."

There was but one horse in the circuit for the four preachers, which, when the preacher who had it out in the circuit

came into town, he who had been the resident preacher the week before, immediately mounted, and rode off to the country, in order to save expense. Thus it must frequently happen that while another was riding *his* horse, Mr. C. was obliged to walk the circuit, and carry his saddle-bags on his back, that contained his linen and a few books. It was curious to see him set off from the chapel in Cherry Lane, his bags tied upon his back, and thus walk through the city of Norwich, and return in the same way, several days after, covered with dust or mud, and greatly fatigued. But this was far from being the worst: except at a very few places, the accommodations were exceedingly bad. Sometimes in the severest weeks of one of the most severe winters, he was obliged to lodge in a loft, where, through the floor he could see every thing below; and sometimes in an *out-house*, where perhaps, for seven years together, there had not been a spark of fire lighted. The winter of 1783 was exceedingly severe, and the cold intense;—even warm water in his room, has been frozen in a few seconds! He has often been obliged to get into bed with a part of his clothes on; strip them off by degrees as the bed got warmed; and then lie in the same position, without attempting to move his limbs, every unoccupied place in the bed, which his legs or other parts touched, producing the same sensation, as if the parts had been brought into contact with red hot iron. It was here that he learned that the extreme of cold produced on the living muscle, precisely the same sensation as the extreme of heat; and this rendered credible what a friend of his, who had travelled in Russia, told him, that if he laid hold on any iron exposed to the open air, he could not separate his hand from it but at the expense of that part of the skin and flesh which came in contact with the metal.

In several places that year the snow lay from ten to fifteen feet deep. It began to fall Dec. 25, and was not all gone before the middle of the following April. The frost was so intense that succeeded, that he could seldom keep his saddle five minutes together, but must alight and walk and run, to prevent his feet from being frost-bitten. In the poor cabins where he lodged, and where there was no other kind of fire than what was produced by a sort of dried turf, almost entirely *red earth*, that never emitted any flame; and where the clothing on the bed was very light, he suffered much; going to bed cold, lying all night cold, and rising cold. He has sometimes carried with him a parcel of coarse brown paper, and with a *hammer* and *chisel*, payed up some of the larger crevices under the bed, to prevent him from total starvation! Add to all this, very homely food, and sometimes but little of it; which the poor people most readily shared with him who came to their houses and their hearts with the Gospel of their salvation; and who, except for such preaching, must have been al-

most totally destitute of that instruction, without which there was little hope of their salvation. It was by these means, and often in such circumstances, through many privations, much pain and suffering, the Methodist preachers spread scriptural Christianity throughout the land; and became the means of ameliorating the moral and civil condition of the great mass of its comparatively poor, and almost totally neglected inhabitants: *i. e.* of those who are emphatically said to constitute its *lower orders*. To such preaching the nation and the state are under endless obligation.

Ye ministers, who have entered this vineyard in the halcyon days of the Church, think of what your predecessors have suffered, to make plain paths for your feet to walk in. And see that ye give all diligence to maintain that ground which they have gained by inches, and at the hazard and nearly the expense of their lives. Talk not of *your* hardships and privations; for of these ye can know comparatively nothing.

This was a year of severe labour and suffering, yet of but little apparent fruit; though a good seed was sown, which in more auspicious times sprang up to the glory of God. The American war was just terminated; and shortly after, peace began to flourish, and confidence was restored. Mr. C. preached in several new places, and among the rest in *Diss*, then, very unpromising, but now the head of a circuit. He has gone frequently there, put up his horse at an Inn, preached, paid for his horse, and rode several miles to preach at some other place, without any soul offering him even a morsel of bread: and such was the state of his finances that *both* he and his horse could not eat, and the poor brute must not fast. What could three pounds per quarter do, besides providing *clothes*, a few books, and all necessaries of life, the mere articles of food excepted; which, as we have seen, was furnished at the different places where he preached. These twelve pounds *per ann.* out of which each preacher paid a guinea for the support of superannuated preachers and preachers' widows, was the *whole salary* of a Methodist itinerant preacher.

In this circuit he laboured much to improve his mind; and also to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of himself and God. In Lowestoffe he met with some very kind friends: among the chief of these were the late Mr. Thos. Tripp, and Mr. Thos. Mallet. The former let him have the use of a small but valuable Library, whenever he came to the place; and the latter lent him some valuable papers on various passages of Scripture, which were of very great use to him. Indeed he was entertained at the houses of these men, as at the house of a parent: and of their kindness he ever spoke in the highest terms.

I find the following entries in Mr. Clarke's Journal of this month:—

"Mond. Oct. 20. Mr. Wesley is just now paying his annual visit to Norwich; and I have had the high gratification of hearing him preach from Psal. cxvi. 12. 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.'

"In treating this subject he 1st. 'took a view of the principal *benefits* which God has conferred upon mankind in general, and believers in particular, from their creation even to the smallest means of grace, of which they are made partakers.'

"2. 'He shewed *what* we should *render* unto God for these *benefits*: viz. to take the cup of salvation. The term *cup*, he shewed was a Hebraism signifying *plenty*, e. g. the *cup of sorrow—of joy—of trembling*; and means *plenty* or *abundance* of *sorrow, joy, trembling, &c.* So by the *cup of salvation*, we are to understand *plenty* or *abundance of salvation*: and this consists in *justification*, and entire sanctification.' O Lord, how merciful and incomparably indulgent art thou to mankind! seeing all thou askest from them in return for former benefits, is that they would receive the abundance of those which thou hast further promised:—

The sole return thy love requires
Is, that we ask for more.

"Tues. 21. Mr. W. preached again on Matt. xix. 6. 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.' On these words he observed in *general*, that men were prone to separate what God had joined; and thus bring ruin on themselves. In *particular*, 1st. God hath joined piety and morality, but many separate these: for, leaving piety to God out of the question, they think an observance of external duties sufficient; and thus remain without genuine hope, and without God in the world.

"2dly. He shewed that the same authority had joined *the love of God*, and the *love of man* together: but in this also many were wofully deficient; pretending to love God, while hating their brother; and pretending true *friendship* to man, while enemies to God.

"3dly. He hath also joined *faith* and *works* together; so that in the sight and purpose of God, one cannot exist without the other. But many are contending for *faith*, while living in sin: and others contend for *good works*, while without faith in the great Redeemer of mankind.

"4. God has joined the *end* and the *means* together: but many expect the accomplishment of the *end*, without using the *means*; they expect *pardon, holiness, and heaven*, without prayer, repentance, faith, and obedience. This he proved was sheer *enthusiasm*;—to expect the accomplishment of any *end* without using the *means* which lead to that *end*. On this point, he dwelt particularly, and brought the charge of *enthusiasm*.

siasm home against the major part of the different religious professions in the nation."

Mr. Clarke had the privilege of hearing Mr. Wesley preach twice each day during the remaining part of this week; the following were the texts:—

They despised the pleasant land; they believed not his word, Psal. cvi. 24.

But we preach Christ crucified, 1 Cor. i. 23.

Wherefore, he is able to save to the uttermost, Heb. vii. 25.

For we look not at the things that are seen, 2 Cor. iv. 18.

Put on the whole armour of God, Eph. vi. 11. &c.

Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness, &c. Matt. v. 20.

Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost, &c. Acts, i. 5.

The kingdom of God is at hand, Mark, i. 15.

Of most of these Sermons he has preserved either the *skeletons*, or the leading thoughts.

When he parted with Mr. W. on Sat. 25, he made the following entry in his Journal:—"Here, I took my farewell of this precious servant of God. O, Father, let thy angels attend him wheresoever he goes:—let the energetic power of thy Spirit accompany the words he shall speak, and apply them to the hearts of all that shall hear them; and may they be the means of conviction, conversion, comfort, and strength, to all, as they may severally require. And let *me* also abundantly profit by the things I have heard from him."

At this time he had some private conversation with Mr. W. concerning the state of his soul, from which he derived much edification and strength.

Before we proceed farther with this narrative, it may not be improper to relate the following anecdotes, which must be introduced by a few observations.

Norfolk appeared to Mr. Clarke to be the most *ungodly* county he had ever yet visited. He found it generally *irreligious*. Except among a very few religious people the *Sabbath-day* was universally disregarded. *Buying* and *selling* were considered neither *unseemly* nor *sinful*; and on that day the *sports of the field*, particularly *fowling*, were general.—Multitudes even of those called *religious people*, *bought* and *sold* without any remorse. To find a man saved from this sin was a very rare thing indeed. Against this horrible profanation, Mr. C. lifted up a strong and steady voice: visited the members of his own society in different places, from house to house, who were guilty of this sin; pointed out the evil of their conduct, and exacted the promise of immediate reformation.

At a place called *Teasborough*, he lodged and preached at the house of a miller, Mr. J. Nichols; from him he received the following account of his conversion from the sin of Sabbath-breaking.—“After I heard the Methodists preach, and was convinced of sin, I continued to work my mills, and sell meal and flour on the Lord’s-day as usual. But in this practice I soon became very uneasy, being continually followed by those words, ‘Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day.’ I at last determined, whatever might be the consequence, to give it up. I accordingly ordered my men to stop the mills on the Lord’s-day, as I was determined to grind no more: and I informed my customers, that I should serve them no longer on the *Sabbath*, and hoped that they would make it convenient to come on the Saturday evening. Some affected to *pity* me; others said they would go to other shops: but scarcely any supposed that I would be steady to my resolutions. The next Sabbath they came as usual, and every one was refused.—Their displeasure was general, and they went to other millers; of whom there were several in the neighbourhood. The next Saturday, however, many of them came and were served; and in a short time all, or as many as I had before, returned; and now, far from being *poorer*, on account of this sacrifice, which many said would be my ruin, I am this day at least *one thousand pounds richer* than I was then.”

Here, then, is a plain confutation, founded on a very strong fact, of that wretched objection: “If I do not sell on the Sabbath I shall lose my customers, and so be reduced to poverty.” No.—Such persons do not make the *trial*, therefore, they cannot tell how it might be with them; and their objections are not to be regarded, as they are founded only on *conjecture* and *uncertainty*. At all events the thing should be abandoned, for it is a sin against God, and the order of society.

Mr. N. farther said, that this practice became at last so oppressive to his mind, that he was obliged to leave his own house on the Lord’s-day, and walk in the fields, that he might neither see nor hear his mills at work; nor witness the sinful traffic that was carried on in his house. To this general neglect of the sabbath, Mr. C. attributed the small progress which religion made in this county. Suffolk, so far as he knew it, was very little better.

The irreligion of this county farther appeared in a general *hatred* to the Gospel of Christ. In former days, persecution had raged in an uncommon degree; and although that had in some measure subsided, yet there was still a decided hostility to religion. The preachers scarcely ever preached in Norwich on the Sabbath evening, without having less or more disturbance, or a mob at the chapel doors. Mr. Wesley himself was not better treated. Once when he visited Norwich, it was in company with Mr. *John Hampson*, senior. This man was

well known in the Methodist connexion, being many years an itinerant preacher. He was a man of gigantic make, well proportioned, and of the strongest muscular powers: he was also a man of strong understanding, and much grandeur of mind.—When Mr. W. had finished his discourse and was coming out of the chapel, they found the whole lane filled with a furious mob, who began to close in on Mr. W. Mr. Hampson immediately pushed forward, and from the attitude he assumed, Mr. W. supposed, he was about to enter into conflict with the mob; he therefore addressed him with great earnestness, and said, “Pray, Mr. Hampson, do not use any violence.” To which Mr. H. replied, with a terrible voice like the bursting roll of distant thunder, “Let me alone, Sir; if God has not given *you* an arm to quell this mob, he has given *me* one: and the first man that molests you here, I will lay him for DEAD!”—*Death* itself seemed to speak in the last word—it was pronounced in a tone the most terrific. The mob heard, looked at the man, and were appalled—there was a universal rush, who should get off soonest: and in a very short time the lane was emptied, and the mob was dissipated like the thin air. Mr. Hampson had no need to let any man feel even the weight of his arm.—For such times as these, God has made such men.

I shall mention one other anecdote of this most powerful man.—In the year 1788, the Methodists’ Conference was held in London, at the great Chapel, City Road. Mr. Clarke was coming down the road, and a little before him Mr. George Holder, one of the preachers, and his wife; it was near the blank wall of Bunhill Burying Ground;—a hackney coachman drove so carelessly as nearly to crush Mr. and Mrs. H. to death, against the wall: they were however but little hurt. Mr. Hampson stood on the other side of the way and did not see the danger till it was past.—On being informed of it, (the coachman was then driving down the road,) in strong agitation, he addressed Mr. Holder—“What, and he was near crushing you and your wife to death against the wall! Why, Sir, did you not take the rascal’s coach by the wheel and turn it over!” He spake as he felt he could have done—a thing which not one in a million of men could have performed except himself. Poor Holder could not have lifted the nave of one of the wheels, much less the whole coach!

I find the following entry in his Journal, under the date of Sunday, January 4, 1784, which is too important to be passed by unnoticed.

Mr. J. H., who had been master of Kingswood school, and several years a travelling preacher, had retired in the preceding year, and became resident in Norwich. He was a kind and affable man, but had unhappily drunk in the doctrines of Baron Swedenborgh. On a conversation that passed between

them this day, on the subject of the *Trinity*, Mr. C. was a good deal perplexed, and writes as follows.

"I was a good deal distressed in my mind to-day, by conversing with a preacher on the doctrine of the *Trinity* and some other points. Many, said he, are greatly puzzled with the mystery of the doctrine of the *Trinity*: but there is in truth, no *mystery* in it, if we leave out the unscriptural word *person*. There is a *Trinity*; but it is not a trinity of *persons*; but, what is called God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, is only the Great God acting under three different characters.—He added several things more to the same effect; and especially against what he called the unscriptural and absurd doctrine of *three persons* in the *Godhead*. Against this doctrine Mr. C. gave the following reasons. 'This appears to me absurd, as there are a multitude of *characters* under which God acts: if he is to be designated from such characters, as to his *Godhead*, this *Godhead* might be as well called a *Denity*, a *Quadragintenity*, yea, a *Centenity*, as well as a *Trinity*: as God acts under *ten*, *forty*, yea, a *hundred* different characters in reference to man. Besides, that there is a *Trinity of persons*, in the most proper sense of the word, is proved by what happened at the Baptism of our Lord, (Matt. iii. 16, 17:) where we find that *he*, the *Son*, was baptized, the *Holy Ghost* in a bodily form like a dove, lighted upon him, and a *voice* from God the Father, was heard out of heaven, declaring that this was his beloved Son. Here, it is most evident, there were *three distinct persons*, occupying *three distinct places*, and not one God acting under three distinct *characters*: this argument is most undoubtedly unanswerable. Again, we find two distinct persons worshipped by the Angels in heaven: for there they worship *God* and the *Lamb*: not God under the character of a *Lamb*. Again, we are told to worship the *Son*, even as we worship the *Father*: now, if we believe that it is *one person* acting under *different characters*; and we are commanded to worship the *Son*, that is, one of these *characters*; then this is not worshipping God, but one of the characters under which he acts, and this would be flat idolatry, were it not nonsense; which, well for the sentiment, is neutralized by this absurdity. On this mode of explanation, this part of the doctrine of Baron Swedenborgh must for ever stand self-confuted.'

"On this same day, Sunday, a dreadful judgment of God fell on some Sabbath-breakers. Three young lads, one of them son to the man with whom I lodged, went out in the morning, on a shooting party, as is the general custom in this irreligious county. They came to a hedge, and one got over; the other, who held the gun, reached it through the hedge with its butt end foremost, to him who had just got over; the third was behind him who carried the gun. Some of the

branches caught the trigger as he was pushing the gun through the hedge, and the gun went off. The lad who held the gun received no damage, for the muzzle was through under his arm, while striving to push the gun through the hedge. When the gun went off, he suddenly turned to the lad behind him, and said, *Are you shot?* The other replied, *I believe I am.* The shot had torn away a part of the abdomen, and the intestines were issuing at the wound! The lad who held the gun seeing this, dropped it and ran away to a pond that was at hand, and plunged in, with the intention to drown himself: but another party coming up, who were out on the same unholy business, dragged him out. As soon as he came to himself, and got out of their hands, he desperately jumped in a second time—and afterwards a third time: but he was rescued and taken to his master's house. When there, he made an attempt to cut his own throat with his knife. The lad who was shot, expired in about an hour: he was nineteen years of age. Behold here the goodness and severity of God! Towards him who fell, severity, but to the others goodness, would they lay it to heart, and call upon God for mercy, that they might be saved from their sins, and from future punishment. The lad who held the gun by which the other was shot, being in a house (about eighteen days before this accident took place) where I was writing the names of the members of the society upon the quarterly tickets, took up one of them into his hand, looked on it and held it for a considerable time: the verse which was upon the ticket, was this, *Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.* Here was a sufficient warning; and had he attended to it, he had not been the cause of this catastrophe. How evident will it appear at the day of judgment, that God is clear of the blood of all men! who by various methods apprises them of the danger they are in, and the ruin to which they are exposed by their sin. God speaketh once, yea, twice, but men regard it not."

While on this circuit, Mr. Clarke began to read Mr. *Wesley's Philosophy*. To subjects of this kind his heart had ever a strong propensity. On this point I find the following reflections inserted, April the 14th, 1784, in his Journal.

"How do the unerring wisdom and goodness of God, appear in all the parts of the creation! How admirably well has he adjusted all the parts to answer their respective ends! And is it not most evident that he has intended happiness for every being capable of it? and particularly for man, favoured man, for whom all the rest appear to have been brought into existence. See how the faculties of his soul, and the regular adjustment of all the parts of *his body*, proclaim at once the wisdom and benevolence of his Creator! Hence ye unconditional reprobation notions; ye imputation of folly and sin to the Most

High, which teach that Infinite Wisdom and Love produced myriads of such beings as man, to be abandoned irrecoverably to eternal flames, merely to display the *sovereignty* of the Creator! From whence ye have originated return, ye God-dishonouring principles! Surely ye have derived your origin from him who is the implacable enemy of God and man! He who can advocate them, if he be in *human* form, must have the heart of a Hyrcanian tiger.

“Every Christian should study philosophy; as from it he will more evidently discover:—1. That he who is so fearfully and wonderfully made, so marvellously preserved, and so bountifully fed, should give up unreservedly, his all to God, and devote the powers which he has received to the service of the Creator. 2. When atheistical notions would intrude, a few reflections on the manifold wisdom displayed in the creation, may be the means of breaking the subtle snare of a designing foe. And, 3. by the study of nature, under grace, the soul becomes more enlarged, and is capable of bearing a more extensive, deeper, and better defined image of the divine perfections.”

In this circuit Mr. C. heard of some celebrated female preachers, and he entered it with considerable prejudice against this kind of ministry. In one part of the circuit, *Thurlton*, one of the most famous of these dwelt, Miss *Mary Sewell*. On his first coming to the house, he questioned her concerning her call, &c. And she modestly answered, by referring him to the places where she had preached in the circuit; and wished him to inquire among the people whether any good had been done.—He did so, on his next visit to those parts, and heard of numbers who had been awakened under her ministry, and with several of these he conversed, and found their experience in divine things, scriptural and solid. He thought then, this is God’s work, and if he choose to convert men by employing such means, who am I that I should criticise the ways of God! On the 28th of April, 1784, he had the opportunity of hearing Miss Sewel preach; her text was, *Eph. ii. 8. By grace ye are saved through faith.* On which I find the following entry in his Journal.—

“I have this morning heard Miss Sewell preach; she has a good talent for exhortation, and her words spring from a heart that evidently feels deep concern for the souls of the people; and, consequently, her hearers are interested and affected. I have formerly been no friend to female preaching; but my sentiments are a little altered. If God give to a holy woman, a gift for exhortation and reproof, I see no reason why it should not be used. This woman’s preaching has done much good; and fruits of it may be found copiously, in different places in

the circuit. I can therefore adopt the saying of a shrewd man, who having heard her preach, and being asked his opinion of the lawfulness of it, answered, 'An *ass* reproved Balaam, and a *cock* reproved Peter, and why may not a *woman* reprove sin !'

"Such women should be patterns of all piety, of unblameable conversation, correct and useful in their *families*, and furnished to every good work. This certainly is the character of Miss Sewell; may she ever maintain it."

And she did maintain it, but she died soon after, as she had lived, in the faith and consolations of the Gospel.

Shortly after this, he had the opportunity of hearing another of these female preachers, Mrs. *Proudfoot*: she spoke from Exod. iii. 3., *And the bush was not burnt*. Of her he remarks:—

"She spoke several pertinent things, which tended both to conviction and consolation; and seems to possess genuine piety. If the Lord choose to work in this way, shall my eye be evil because He is good? God forbid! Rather let me extol that God, who, by contemptible instruments, and the foolishness of preaching, saves those who believe in Jesus. Thou, Lord, choosest to confound the *wisdom* of the world by *foolishness*, and its *strength* by *weakness*, that no soul may glory in thy presence; and that the excellency of the power may be seen to belong to Thee, alone. Had not this been the case, surely *I* had never been raised up to call sinners to repentance."

In this Circuit, he appears to have had very many conflicts and spiritual exercises. His labours were severe:—he had much riding; and, in most places, as we have already seen, uncomfortable lodging and fare. Besides, he frequently preached *four times* on the Sabbath, and in the morning at five o'clock, winter and summer, whenever he could get a congregation of sixteen or twenty persons to hear. He read a little *Hebrew*, and improved himself a little in *French*; but *Greek* and *Latin*, as a study, we have already seen, were proscribed. He had every where the affections of the people; and, although his labour was severe, this served to hold up his hands: and his gift of preaching increased. Good was done; but there was no remarkable revival. He lived in harmony with his brethren, and especially with Mr. *Whatcoat*, who ever acted as a father to him.

A little before he left the Circuit, he wrote a long letter to the Rev. *William Lemon*, Rector of Geytonthorpe, which was occasioned by a definition of the word *Methodists*, in his *Etymological Dictionary*, just then published; which, Mr. C. gave numerous reasons why he should change in his *second edition*: but the book never sold, and the second edition is yet to come. The author took up the absurd opinion that all, or nearly all, the words in the English language, were derived

from the Greek ! But, terms of *arts* and *sciences* excepted, he might as well have maintained that they came from the *Tamul*. This Letter contains a full *exposé* of the doctrines of the Methodists ; and, for the time, was not contemptibly written.

Saturday, Aug. 7, he received a letter from the Leeds Conference, informing him that he was appointed for St. Austell Circuit, East Cornwall ; a journey of nearly four hundred miles from Loddon, where he then was : and, with the appointment, a *guinea* was sent him to defray his expenses on the way ! With this famous provision, he set off on horseback on Wednesday morning, Aug. 11 ; reached Bury St. Edmunds that night ; the next day, *Chelmsford* ; the third day *London*, where he staid till the 16th : on the 18th he reached his old Circuit, Bradford ; spent usefully several days in Trowbridge, Bradford, Shepton-Mallet, Alhampton, and West-Pennard ; and at last reached St. Austell, on Saturday, 28th. This was a fatiguing journey : he generally rode between forty and fifty miles *per diem* ; and as he had but a *guinea* and a *half-crown* when he set out, he seldom had more than one slight meal in the day, as the *keep* of his horse required nearly all his cash. A penny loaf served for breakfast and dinner : as to *supper* he was always obliged to take something at the places where he rested for the night ; but that was, generally, a very light repast. These were times in which no man from *secular motives*, could take up the work of a travelling preacher ; and times in which no man, who had not the *life of God* in his soul, and an ardent desire for the salvation of men, and a clear testimony of his *own call* to the work, could possibly continue in it.

In this Circuit, (Norwich.) during about eleven months, he preached 450 sermons, besides *exhortations* innumerable.

ST. AUSTELL CIRCUIT, 1784—5.

ON Saturday, Aug. 28, he reached this town, and found that he was appointed to labour with Mr. *Francis Wrigley*, (this was the second time,) and Mr. *William Church*. The Circuit took in the eastern part of the county of Cornwall, from the north to the south sea, and included the following places : St. Austell, Mevagizzev, Tywardreath, Lostwithiel, Port-Isaac, Camelford, Trenarren, Trewint, Sticker, St. Stephens, St. Ewe, Polglaze, Tregony, Polperro, Liskeard, Fursnuth, Penfurder, Pelynt, Meadows, Ruthernbridge, Trelill, Amble, Grampound, Tresmear, St. Tiddy, Bodmin, Gunwen, Bokiddick, Fowey, St. Teath, Trewalder, Delabole Quarry, Landreath, Broad-oak, Trenarrand, Bocaddon, Tintagel, Michaelstow, St. Min-

ver, and Padstow: *forty* places; besides occasional visits to several others, where preaching was not as yet established.—This Circuit was exceedingly severe; the riding constant; the roads in general bad; and the accommodations, in most places, very indifferent. But the prospect was widely different from that of his last Circuit. Here there was a general spirit of hearing; and an almost universal revival of the work of God. Thousands flocked to the preaching: the chapels would not contain the crowds that came; and almost every week in the year, he was obliged to preach in the open air, in times when the rain was descending from heaven, and when the snow lay deep upon the earth. But the prosperity of Methodism made every thing pleasant; for the toil in almost every place was compensated by a blessed ingathering of sinners to Christ, and a general renewing of the face of the country.

In St. Austell, the heavenly flame broke out in an extraordinary manner; and great numbers were there gathered into the heavenly fold. Among those whom Mr. Clarke joined to the Methodists' Society, was *Samuel Drew*, then terminating his apprenticeship to a shoemaker; and since become one of the first metaphysicians in the empire, as his works on the *Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul* of man, the *Identity and Resurrection of the Human Body*, and the *Being and Attributes of God*, sufficiently testify. A man of primitive simplicity of manners, amiableness of disposition, piety towards God, and benevolence to men, seldom to be equalled; and for reach of thought, keenness of discrimination, purity of language, and manly eloquence, not to be surpassed in any of the common walks of life. He shortly became a *local preacher* among the Methodists: and, in this office he continues to the present day. In short, his circumstances considered, with the mode of his education, he is one of those prodigies of *nature* and *grace* which God rarely exhibits: but which serve to keep up the connecting link between those who are confined to houses of clay, whose foundations are in the dust, and beings of a superior order in those regions where infirmity cannot enter, and where the sunshine of knowledge neither suffers diminution nor eclipse.—*George Michal*, inventor of the patent window frame; *Joseph Avard*, now a magistrate in *Prince Edward's Island*; and several others, who have since become distinguished either in literature or mechanics; were joined by Mr. Clarke, to the Methodists' Society, in St. Austell, in the course of that year.

On Saturday, Sept. 11, Mr. C. went to a place called *Trego*, to Farmer P——'s, where there had been preaching for some time, and a small society formed, and where he was to preach that night and the next morning. He had gone through a tedious journey, and by unknown ways, in order to get to this

place; and was much fatigued on his arrival. Only the good woman was within, the rest being at harvest. She asked him if he had dined: he said, no. She then brought him the remains of a cold apple pie, of the rudest confectioⁿ; the apples were not *peeled*, even the *snuffs* and *stalks* were on them, and the crust was such, that, though the apples in baking shrunk much, yet the crust disdained to follow them, and stood over the dish like a well-built arch, almost impenetrable to knife or teeth. He sat down to this homely fare, thanked God, and took courage. After a little, the good woman brought him some cream, saying, "I'll give you a little cream to the pie; but I cannot afford it to my own family." This appeared odd to him. He had *nothing beside this pie*, except a drink of water. He went and cleaned his horse, and waited till the farmer came in from the field; between whom, in substance, passed the following dialogue:—*Who art thou?* I am a Methodist preacher: my name is Adam Clarke. *And what is thee comin here for?* To preach to yourself, your family, and your neighbours. *Who sent thee here?* I received a plan from Mr. Wrigley, and your place stands for this night and to-morrow morning. *I expect other friends to-morrow, and thou shalt not stay here.* Why,—will you not have the preaching? *No, I will have none of thy preaching, nor any of thy brethren.* But will it not be wrong to deprive your family and neighbours of what may be profitable to them, though you may not desire it? *Thee shalt not stay here: I will have no more Methodist preaching.* Well, I will inform Mr. Wrigley of it; and I dare say he will not send any more, if you desire it not: but as I am a *stranger* in the country, and know not my way, and it is now towards evening, I hope you will give me a night's lodging, and I will, please God, set off to-morrow morning. *I tell thee, thee shalt not stay here.* What, would you turn a *stranger* out into a *strange country* of which he knows nothing, and so late in the evening too? *Were was thee last night?* I was at Polperro. *Then go there.* It is out of my reach: besides, I have to preach at Bodmin to-morrow evening. *Then go to Bodmin.* I have never yet been there; am not expected there to-night; and know no person in the place:—pray give me the shelter of your roof for the night. *I tell thee, thee shalt not stay here.* Are you really in earnest? *I am.* Well then, if I must go, can you direct me the way to Ruthernbridge; I was there on Thursday, and am sure I shall be welcome again. *Thee must inquire the road to Bodmin.* How far is Ruthernbridge hence? *About fifteen or sixteen miles; so thee hadst best be getting off.* I will set off immediately. Mr. C. then went and put on his boots, repacked his shoes, &c., in his saddle-bags, and went to the stable and saddled his horse; the farmer standing by and looking on, but lending no assistance. He then mounted his horse, and spoke

to this effect:—"Now, Sir, I am a *stranger*, and you refused me the common rites of hospitality: I am a *messenger of the Lord Jesus*, coming to you, your family, and your neighbours, with the glad tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ; and you have refused to receive me: for this you must account at the bar of God. In the mean time I must act as my Lord has commanded me; and *wipe off* against you *even the dust of your floor that cleaves to the soles of my feet*." So saying, he took his right foot out of the stirrup, and with his hand wiped off the dust from his sole: he did the like to his left foot, and rode slowly off saying, "Remember, a messenger of peace came to your house with the gospel of Jesus; and you have rejected both him and his message!" He went on his way; and the farmer turned into his house. What was the consequence? A Methodist preacher was never afterwards within his house, or before his door. The little society that was there, went to other places; ruin came on *him*, and his *family* became corrupt, and were at last, finally scattered! and he died not long after.

After a tedious ride Mr. Clarke got to Mr. Varcoe's, at Ruthernbridge, where he was affectionately received;—preached out of doors the next morning;—and then rode to Bodmin, and preached to a vast congregation out of doors in the evening, in the butter-market. When he began, the bells struck out, and entirely drowned his voice, so that his giving out the hymn could not be heard. When he was about half through his first prayer, the bells were stopped, nor was there the least disturbance or noise till he had finished the whole of his work. He then rode back to Ruthernbridge, and spent a comfortable evening with that affectionate family. The Reader is left to his own reflections concerning the man who turned away the message of salvation from his door; particulars might be given of the evils that fell upon that family; but enough has been said.

On Dec. 17, of this year, (1784,) Mr. C. met with an accident that had nearly proved fatal to him. When he came out first to preach he had no horse,—a gentleman of Bradford knowing this, said, he would give the young preacher a horse,—and among other good qualities for which he extolled him, said he was an *excellent chaise horse*. Mr. Wesley was by, and said, "One of my horses troubles us very much, for he often takes it into his head that he will not draw. Had I not better take your horse, Mr. R., and let brother Clarke have this one? He may be a good *hack* though a bad chaise-horse. The change was made, and he got Mr. W.'s horse, of which he was not a little proud, because it had been the property of Mr. W.; but this horse was the most dangerous creature he ever mounted, and he scarcely ever rode him a journey of ten

miles, in which he did not fall at least once : and by this his life was often brought into danger.

His friends often endeavoured to persuade him to dispose of this dangerous beast, but his affection for its quondam owner, caused him to turn a deaf ear to every entreaty and remonstrance ; as he was afraid if he parted with the beast he might fall into hands that would not use him well. This evening had nearly terminated the business : it was a hard frost, and coming over the down above Ruthernbridge, the horse fell, according to custom, and pitched Mr. C. directly on his head. He lay some time senseless, but how long he could not tell. At length, having come to himself a little, he felt as if in the agonies of death ; and earnestly recommended his soul to his Redeemer : however, he so far recovered, that with extreme difficulty he reached the house. As a congregation attended, the good people, not knowing how much injury he had sustained, entreated him to preach,—he could not draw a full breath, and was scarcely able to stand : however, he endeavoured to recommend to them the salvation of God. His pain was so great that he got no rest all night : the next day a person was sent with him to stay him up on his horse, that he might get to Port Isaac, where he could obtain some medical help. He suffered much on this journey, as every step the horse took seemed like a dart run through his body. He got at last to Port Isaac, Dr. Twentyman was sent for, and bled him. It appeared that some of the vertebræ of the spine had been materially injured. He was desired to remain in the house for some days,—this he could not consent to do, as there were *four* places in which he was expected to preach the following day. This he did at the most obvious risk of his life ; but from this hurt he did not wholly recover for more than *three years* ! After this narrow escape he was persuaded to part with his horse, which he changed with a farmer, who had a high reverence for Mr. W. and promised to use the horse mercifully.

On Saturday, Jan. 1, 1785, he thus writes, “ A God of infinite love has brought me to the beginning of another year ! Though I have often provoked Thee, and been unfaithful to Thy grace, yet I am a monument of Thy sparing and forbearing mercy. The blessings I have received from Thee in the year that is past, may well astonish me ! Thou hast prospered my labour, and many souls have been awakened and blessed under my ministry. I have been exposed to the most imminent deaths, and yet rescued from the pit of corruption. I have sustained the most grievous temptations, to well circumstanced sins, and yet, by the grace of God, I stand ! I have gone through labours almost above human strength, and yet am supported ! What a miracle of power and mercy !—

O, what shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me! May I live the ensuing year, more to Thy glory than ever, for Christ's sake, amen!"

On the 6th of this month, he saw a wonderful phenomenon while riding between St. Austell and Meadows. A body of fire, something like a comet, with the head foremost, and the tail terminating in a point, rose out of the west, and directing its course eastward, traversed nearly a quadrant of the heavens, leaving a fiery highway after it, through the whole of its course, till it had entirely expended itself. Its duration was nearly a *minute*; but after the fire had disappeared, the oblique, or wavy path which it had made, was visible for at least *fifteen minutes*. It seemed as if it had left a deeply indented path in the sky. His reflections on this phenomenon are pleasing, though they partake much of the state of his mind, which was considerably depressed at that time: on this account they need not be inserted.

On a review of the events of this year, as they respect Mr. C., we find them presenting to us one uninterrupted scene of prosperity. The spirit of hearing, as has already been remarked, was almost universal,—the congregations very large, and numbers were awakened, converted, and joined to the Lord. The societies were not only much increased, but they were built up on their most holy faith; and the stream of pure religion deepened as it spread. The vicious and profligate became ashamed of their own conduct; and those who did not yield to the influences of the grace of God, were constrained to assume a decent exterior. The spiritual prosperity would have been unrivalled had it not been for some antinomian Calvinists, who envious at the prosperity of the Methodists, insinuated themselves into some of the societies, and spread their poison among the people. However, the bit and curb of God were put in their jaws, and although they *disturbed* and in a measure *hindered* the work, they were not permitted to prevail.—They drew some of the less fixed of the society in St. Austell with them, and formed a party, but they converted no sinners to God.

Mr. C.'s labours were here continual, and almost oppressive: besides the preaching out of doors in all weathers, through spring, summer, autumn, and winter, he often preached *twice*, even *thrice*, on *week-days*; and three sabbaths out of four, he preached regularly four times each day in different places; being obliged, to supply them, to ride many miles. This as well as the injury he received by the fall already mentioned, greatly damaged his constitution. He lost his appetite, was prostrated in his strength, lost his flesh, and often bled so copiously at the nose, even in the pulpit, that his friends feared, and not without reason, for his life. Besides *innumerable*

public exhortations, he preached in about eleven months, 568 sermons, and rode in his work many hundreds of miles. He indeed gave up his own life as lost, and felt himself continually on the verge of eternity. He endeavored to walk with God, kept up a severe watch on his heart and conduct, and gave no quarter to any thing in himself, that did not bear the stamp of holiness. His popularity was great, but he was not lifted up by it; he felt too much of weakness, ignorance, and imperfection in himself, to allow the foot of pride to come against him; therefore his popularity promoted his usefulness, and of it he made no other advantage.

As his labours were great, and his time almost wholly employed, he could make little progress in mental cultivation: yet even this was not wholly neglected. He read some treatises on different parts of *Chemistry*, and having borrowed the use of a friend's *laboratory*, he went through the process of *refining silver*, that he might be the better able to comprehend the meaning of those texts of scripture where this operation is referred to. He read also several *Alchemistic* authors, the perusal of which was recommended to him by a friend who was much devoted to such studies; and he also went through several of the *initiatory operations* recommended by professed adepts in that science. This study was the means of greatly enlarging his views in the operations of nature, as he saw many wonders performed by chemical agency. It may surprise the Reader that he took the pains to read over Basil Valentine, Geo. Ripley, Philalethes, Nich. Flammel, Arterphius, Geber, Paracelsus, the *Hermetical Triumph*, all the writers in *Ashmole's Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*, &c. &c.; not with the hope of finding the *Philosopher's stone*, but *rerum cognoscere causas*; and to see nature in her own laboratory. This study served to divert his mind from that intensity of thought on other matters, which before was preying upon itself.

In this circuit he met with that almost rarest gift of heaven, a *true friend*; a friend that loveth at all times—the *Amicus certus, qui in re incerta cernitur*: this was Mr. *Richard Maby*n, of Camelford, a man who took him to his bosom, watched over him with the solicitude of the most affectionate father, bore with his weakness, instructed his ignorance, and helped him forward in his Christian course, by his prayers. His house was his only *home* on earth; and for him and his most affectionate wife he felt a filial respect and tenderness. This patriarchal man is still alive, and a pillar in the Church of God in that place: and the friendship between him and Mr. C. has never known diminution or decay, though it has now lasted upwards of thirty-five years. He was one of those friends who was as dear as a brother; and on whose mind, the changes and chances of time made no impression in re-

spect to the object of his friendship. May the sun of his spiritual prosperity never be clouded, but shine brighter and broader till its setting! Local distance has long separated them; though Mr. C. has contrived occasionally to pay him a visit in Camelford. However, they cannot be long separated: Mr. M. in the course of nature must soon pass Jordan; and his friend Mr. C. cannot be long behind him,—they will shortly be joined

—————“ In those Elysian seats
Where Jonathan his David meets.”*

While in this county he felt a desire to examine its antiquities, but time would not permit him. Afterwards, on his visits to see Mr. Mabyn, he examined the *logging-stones* and *rock basins* on Raw-tor, of which he wrote a new theory;† and took down the inscription from what is called *Arthur's tomb-stone*, on the place where the famous and decisive battle was fought between Arthur and his son-in-law Mordred; in which, though the latter was slain, and his army totally routed, yet the former received his death's wound, and shortly after died at Glastonbury. On this stone Mr. C. wrote a Dissertation,‡ stating it to be the tomb-stone of one of Arthur's sons.

PLYMOUTH DOCK CIRCUIT, 1785—6.

AT the Conference, which was held in London this year, strong application was made to Mr. Wesley to appoint Mr. C. a second year to the St. Austell circuit, and with this application he at first complied: but the people of Plymouth Dock, who had suffered by a rent made in the society by the secession of Mr. W. Moore, who had carried with him more than fifty of the society, requested Mr. W., most earnestly, to appoint Mr. C. for *them*, as one that was most likely to counteract the influence of the disaffected party. To them Mr. W. yielded, and Mr. C. receiving this appointment, entered on this new circuit, Aug. 27, 1785.

This circuit included the following places, partly in *Devon*, partly in *Cornwall*. Plymouth, Dock, Torpoint, Stonehouse, Plympton, Tavistock, Launceston, Trelabe, Tregar, Ex, Burrowcot, Dixbeer, Collory, Altarnun, Beeralston, Hull, Pitt, and Butternelle. Several of these were new places, taken in the course of that year. The preachers were *John Mason*, Adam Clarke, and *John King*: with Messrs. Mason and King he lived and laboured in the utmost harmony, and Methodism

* Mr. Mabyn died in the year 1820, retaining and manifesting his friendship for Dr. Clarke to the last moment of his life.

† These Treatises will hereafter be published among Dr. Clarke's *Miscellaneous Works*.

prospered greatly ; as in the course of that year they *doubled* the society. Of the fifty that went off with Mr. Moore in Dock, several returned, and in place of those who continued in the secession, more than *one hundred* were added to that society in the course of the year. The congregations became immense, and from the Dock-yard, and the ships in the Hamoaze, multitudes flocked to the preaching, and many were brought to God. *Cleland Kirkpatrick*, (who had his arm shot off in an engagement with the famous *Paul Jones*, and was then cook of the Cambridge man-of-war,) joined the society at that time, and became afterwards a travelling preacher : in which office he still continues.

The days in which Mr. Clarke's labours were not required in Plymouth or Dock, he made excursions into different parts of Cornwall, preached in new places, and formed several new societies. He preached also in Dock, at five o'clock in the morning throughout the year : and generally went about to the different houses in the dark winter mornings, with his lantern, to awake those whom he thought should attend the preaching !

It was, while he was on this circuit, as has been already anticipated, that the *row* relative to the total abandonment of *classical* learning, was broken : and here, having more leisure than he had previously, he bent his mind to study. In this he was greatly assisted by *James Hore*, Esq. of the R. N.; afterwards purser of the *Venerable*, in which Admiral Duncan gained the victory over the Dutch fleet, under De Winter ; and who died in the same service, in the Egyptian expedition. This gentleman lent him books, and among the rest, *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, 2 vols. fol. In this work, which was a library of itself, he spent almost every spare hour : here his philosophical taste was gratified, and his knowledge greatly increased. It is almost impossible to conceive how much he profited by this work ; he made nearly every subject there discussed, his own ; and laid in a considerable stock of useful knowledge, which he laid under constant contribution to his ministerial labours. He has often said, "I owe more to Mr. Hore, than to most men, for the loan of this work. The *gift* of a thousand indiscriminate volumes, would not have equalled the utility of this *loan*." It is with pleasure that he has recorded, "The eldest daughter of this most worthy man, a young lady of great excellence, is now the wife of the Rev. W. Henshaw, one of the most respectable as well as useful, of the present body of itinerant Methodist preachers." Of the *Encyclopædia* of Mr. Chambers, he could never speak without the highest commendation, as being far before every other work of the kind : and in its original form, allowing for late discoveries and improvements, far surpassing the vastly voluminous French *Encyclopédie*, thirty-five vols. fol., pro-

fessedly formed after its model, and all others in our own country, which indeed has been the land of *Encyclopædias*, *Cyclopædias*, *Dictionaries of Arts and Sciences*, &c. And, with the above allowances, beyond comparison preferable to those *editions* of the same work, which have been made since his time, by different hands, with all their professed improvements by the immense *additions* of encumbering, heterogeneous and discordant materials. When he was able to purchase a book of any magnitude, he bought *this*; and has ever preserved a copy of it in his library, in grateful remembrance of the great service which he formerly derived from it.

This work, castigated to the present improved state of science, and enlarged about one third or one half, so that it might make three or four volumes folio, without changing Mr. Chambers' plan, would comprehend all that is essentially necessary for a work of this kind; and be highly acceptable to the public, instead of those vast voluminous works which are beyond the purchase of those persons who need them most, and would profit most by them; and in which, disjointed and shapeless lumber is of more frequent occurrence than valuable furniture, or useful implements.

To help him in his *Hebrew* studies, he had purchased *Leigh's Critica Sacra*: a work of great study and research, and invaluable to a biblical student. It not only gives the literal sense of every Greek and Hebrew word in the Old and New Testaments, but enriches almost every definition with philological and theological notes drawn from the best grammarians and critics. To this work, the best edition of which is that of Lond. 1662, with a *Supplement* to both parts, most succeeding lexicographers have been greatly indebted. He was also laid under great obligations to a lady to whom he was personally unknown, Miss *Kennicott*, of Dock, who hearing of his thirst for knowledge, lent him her brother's (*Dr. Kennicott*) edition of the Hebrew Bible, two vols. fol. with various readings collected from nearly 700 MSS., and early printed editions. This work, which he carefully studied, gave him the first knowledge of *Biblical Criticism*. The work had been but lately published; and had he not seen it in this providential way, several years must have elapsed before it could have fallen under his notice.

This year the society at Dock built a new chapel at *Windmill Hill*, much more commodious than that which they had opposite the *Gun-Wharf Gate*; but so much had the congregations increased that this new erection was soon found to be too small. When the seats of this chapel were in course of being let, he noticed for the first time, what he had occasion to notice with pain often after:—How difficult it is to satisfy a *choir of singers*; of how little use they are in general, and how dangerous they are at all times to the peace of the Church

of Christ. There was here a *choir*, and there were some among them who understood music as well as most in the nation; and some, who taken *individually*, were both sensible and pious. These, in their *collective capacity*, wished to have a particular seat, with which the trustees could not conveniently accommodate them, because of their engagements to other persons. When the signers found they could not have the places they wished, they came to a private resolution not to sing in the chapel. Of this resolution, the preachers knew nothing. It was Mr. C.'s turn to preach in the chapel at the *Gun-Wharf*, the next Sabbath morning at seven; and *there* they intended to give the first exhibition of their *dumb-show*. He gave out, as usual, the page and measure of the hymn. All was silent. He looked to see if the singers were in their place; and behold, the choir was full; even unusually so. He, thinking that they could not find the page, or did not know the measure, gave out both again; and then looked them all full in the face; which they returned with great steadiness of countenance! He then raised the tune himself, and the congregation continued the singing. Not knowing what the matter was, he gave out the next hymn as he had given out the former, again and again,—still they were *silent*. He then raised the tune, and the congregation sang as before. Afterwards he learned, that as the trustees would not indulge them with the places they wished, they were determined to avenge their quarrel on Almighty God: for *He* should have no praise from them, since they could not have the seats they wished! The *impiety* of this conduct appeared to him in a most hideous point of view: for, if the singing be designed to set forth the praises of the Lord, the refusing to do this, because they could not have their own wills in sitting in a particular place, though they were offered, free of expense, one of the best situations in the chapel, was a broad insult on God Almighty. They continued this ungodly farce, hoping to reduce the trustees, preachers, and society, to the necessity of capitulating at discretion; but the besieged, by appointing a man to be always present to raise the tunes, cut off the whole choir at a stroke. From this time, the liveliness and piety of the singing were considerably improved: for now, the *congregation*, instead of *listening to the warbling of the choir*, all joined in the singing; and God had hearty praise from every mouth. Mr. C. has often witnessed similar disaffection in other places, by means of the singers; and has frequently been heard to say: "Though I never had a personal quarrel with the singers, in any place, yet, I have never known one case where there was a choir of singers, that they did not make disturbance in the societies. And it would be much better, in every case, and in every respect, to employ a *precentor*, or a person to raise the tunes, and then the congregation would learn to sing—the pur-

pose of singing would be accomplished,—every mouth would confess to God,—and a horrible evil would be prevented,—the bringing together into the house of God, and making them the almost only instruments of celebrating his praises, such a company of gay, airy, giddy, and ungodly men and women, as are generally grouped in such choirs—for *voice* and *skill* must be had, let decency of behaviour and morality be where they will. Every thing must be sacrificed to a *good voice*, in order to make the choir complete and respectable.” Many scandals have been brought into the church of God by choirs and their accompaniments. Why do not the Methodist preachers lay this to heart?

At the conduct of the singers in Plymouth Dock, Mr. C. was much grieved, because there were among them men of sound sense, amiable manners, and true piety: and so they continued in their *individual* capacity; but when once *merged* in the *choir*, they felt only for *its* honour, and became *like to other men*! Disturbances of this kind which he has witnessed in all the large societies, have led him often seriously to question, whether public singing made any essential part in the worship of God! most of those who are employed in it being the least spiritual part of the church of Christ; generally proud, self-willed, obstinate, and untractable: besides, they uniformly hinder congregational singing, the congregation leaving this work to them; and they desiring it so to be left.

In the way of incident, there was nothing remarkable in the course of this year. Methodism prospered greatly, and he was happy in the friendship of several excellent people in different parts of the circuit, but especially in Dock. Mr. *Mason*, whom he considered as an *apostolic father*, was very useful to him: his upright, orderly, and regular conduct, furnished him with lessons of great importance: and from him he learned how to demean and behave himself in civil and religious society. Of him he spoke with high commendation in a small work, entitled, *A Letter to a Preacher*, which has gone through four editions to the present year 1819; and when this excellent man died, Mr. C. was desired, by the Conference held in London in 1810, to draw up his character, which he did in the following terms:—

“Mr. MASON made it the study of his life to maintain his character as a *preacher*, a *Christian*, and a *MAN*; the latter word taken in its noblest sense: and he did this by cultivating his mind in every branch of useful knowledge within his reach; and his profiting was great. In the *history of the world*, and the *history of the church*, he was very extensively read. With *anatomy* and *medicine* he was well acquainted; and his knowledge of *natural history*, particularly of *botany*, was very ex-

tensive. In the latter science he was inferior to few in the British empire. His *botanical collections*, would do credit to the first museum in Europe; and especially his collections of *English plants*, all gathered, preserved, classified, and described by his own hand. But this was his least praise: he laid all his attainments in the natural sciences, under contribution to his theological studies: nor could it ever be said that he neglected his duty as a Christian minister, to cultivate his mind in philosophical pursuits.

"He was a *Christian man*; and in his life and spirit, adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour. The decency, propriety, and dignity of his conduct were, through the whole of his life, truly exemplary. And his *piety* towards God, and his *benevolence* towards man, were as deep as they were sincere. —I am constrained to add,—

He was a MAN; take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.'

He died, Friday, April 27, 1810, aged seventy-eight years, and lies buried at *West Meon*, in Hampshire; his general residence some years before his death."

Mr. Mason might have lived at least *ten years* longer, for his constitution was good, and his habits perfectly regular, had he not unfortunately, taken to a *milk diet* for several of his latter years. This did not afford sufficient nutriment to his body. He was *strong boned* and *six-feet high*, and the nourishment derived from this most inadequate diet, was not sufficient to clothe his bones with healthy and vigorous muscles. The consequence was, he began to stoop, and his feet, &c. became *ricketty*; and he sunk rather through want of due nourishment, than by weight of years, or unavoidable bodily infirmities. What became of his collections of *fossils*, *minerals*, and *plants*, I do not know: I believe, they were all scattered and lost, except a *Hortus Siccus*, in forty-three vols. 8vo., which he presented to his friend Mr. Clarke, several years before his death.

From him, while they travelled together at Plymouth, Mr. Clarke had the following anecdote; which, as the parties are now long dead, can on that account, do no harm to be related, and should be most extensively published.

A. B. and his wife C. B., were members of the Methodists' Society, in Portsmouth Common: and in decent and respectable circumstances. C. B. was frequently troubled with *indigestion*, and consequent *flatulencies*. A female neighbour said to C. B.: "There is a very fine bottle which has done me much good, and I was just as you are; and I am sure it would do you much good also. Do try but one bottle of it."—"What do you call it?"—"Godfrey's Cordial."—"Well, I will try it,

in God's name, for I am sadly troubled, and would give any thing for a cure, or even for ease." A bottle of this fine spirituous saccharine opiate, was bought and taken *secundum artem*; and it acted as an *elegant dram*! "O, dear, this is a very fine thing; it has done me good already; I shall never be without this in the house." A little disorder in the stomach called the bottle again into request: it acted as before, and got additional praises. By and bye, the husband himself got poorly with a pain in his stomach and bowels; the wife said, "Do, A., take a little of my bottle, it will do you much good." He took it; but then, as he was a *man*, it must be a *stronger dose*. "Well, C., this is a very fine thing, it has eased me much."—Though the wife was not cured, yet she was very much relieved! So bottle after bottle was purchased, and taken in pretty quick succession. The husband found it necessary also to have frequent recourse to the same; and now they could both bear a *double dose*; by and bye it was *trebled* and *quadrupled*; for, former doses did not give relief as usual: but the *increased dose* did.—No customers to the quack medicine venders were equal to A. B. and his wife.—They had it at last by the *dozen*, if not by the *gross*! Soon, *scores of pounds* were expended on this *carminative opiate*, till at last they had expended on it their *whole substance*. Even their furniture went by degrees, till at last they were reduced to absolute want, and were obliged to take refuge in the *Poor-house*. Here they were visited by some pious people of the Society—saw their error, deplored it, and sought God for pardon. A good report was brought of this miserable couple to the Society: it was stated that, they saw their folly, and were truly penitent; and it was a pity to permit a couple, who in all human probability, had much of life before them, to linger it out uselessly in a wretched workhouse. A collection was proposed for their relief, among the principal friends; it was productive, for a considerable sum was raised. They were brought out, placed in a decent little dwelling, and a proper assortment of goods purchased with the subscription already mentioned, and they were set up in a respectable little shop. Many of the friends bound themselves to give A. B. and his wife their custom:—they did so, and the capital was soon doubled, and they went on in religious and secular things very prosperously. Unfortunately, the wife thought her indigestion and flatulencies had returned, were returning, or would soon RETURN; and she once more thought of *Godfrey's Cordial*, with *desire* and *terror*. "I should have a bottle in the house: surely I have been so warned that I am not likely to make a bad use of it again."—"C., I am afraid of it," said the husband. "My dear," said she, "we have now experience, and I hope we may both take what will do us good and that only."—Not to be tedious, another bottle was bought, and another, and a dozen, and a

gross;—and in this they once more drunk out all their property, and terminated their lives in Portsmouth Common Workhouse!

The Reader may be astonished at this infatuation: but he may rest assured that the case is not uncommon: *Daffy's Elixir*, *Godfrey's Cordial*, and *Solomon's Balm of Gilead*, have in a similar manner impoverished, if not destroyed, thousands. On this very principle they are constructed. They are intended to meet the palate, and under the specious name of *medicines*, they are actually used as *drams*; and in no few cases engender the use of each other. Thus, *drops* beget *drams*; and *drams* beget more *drops*; and they, *drams* in their turn, till health and property are both destroyed; and, I may add, the soul ruined by these truly infernal composites. It would, it is true, be easy to expose them; and it is difficult to refrain:—

“ *Difficile est Satiram non scribere, nam quis iniqua
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?* ”

But who dares do this? The iniquity is *licensed* by the *State*: and government makes a gain by *taxation* of that which is destroying the lives and morals of the subject!

As the time of conference drew nigh, there was a strong and general desire in the Societies to have Mr. C. appointed a second year for the Plymouth Dock circuit: and there was every probability that this wish would have been met by Mr. Wesley, had it not been for the following circumstance:—

Robert Carr Brakenbury, Esq., who had been long a member of the Methodists' Society, and ranked among their preachers, had gone over to the Norman Islands and had preached successfully, especially in the Island of *Jersey*, where he had taken a house, and set up a family establishment. At this Conference he applied to Mr. Wesley for a preacher to assist him: and Mr. C. was fixed on, as having some knowledge of the *French* language. To the regret of the circuit, and not entirely with his own approbation, he was appointed; and was ordered to hold himself in readiness to sail in company with Mr. Brakenbury, as soon as the latter could settle his affairs at his seat at Raithby, Lincolnshire, so as to admit of absence for three months.

In the meantime Mr. C. went and paid a visit to his brother, Surgeon Clarke, who, as we have already seen, was now settled at a place called *Maghull*, near Liverpool. While Mr. C. was on this visit, he preached different times in that neighbourhood, several were awakened, and a society was formed, which having gone through many vicissitudes, still exists, though not now in a state of great prosperity. On his return from Liverpool by Bristol, to go to Southampton, where he

was to embark for the Islands; as Mr. Brakenbury was not yet come, he visited his old circuit, (*Bradford*,) and spent several days at *Trowbridge*, where he had always a parental reception at the house of Mr. Knapp, where the preachers generally lodged. There were in the society of this place, several young women, who were among the most sensible and pious in the Methodists' connexion, particularly the Miss *Cookes*; Mary, Elizabeth, and Frances: the two latter having been among the first members of the society in this town. With these young ladies he occasionally corresponded, especially with the second, ever since he had been in that circuit. This correspondence, as it had been chiefly on matters of religious experience, improved his mind much, and his style of writing. He found it of great advantage to have a well educated and sensible correspondent; and as neither had anything in view but their religious and intellectual improvement, they wrote without reserve or embarrassment, and discussed every subject that tended to expand the mind or ameliorate the heart. About two years before this, the eldest sister, *Mary*, had joined the society; and became one of Mr. C.'s occasional correspondents. On this visit a more intimate acquaintance took place, which terminated nearly two years after in a marriage, the most suitable and honourable to both parties, and prosperous in its results, that ever occurred in the course of Divine Providence. Of her good sense, prudence, piety, and rare talents for domestic management and the education of a family, too much cannot easily be said.—“Her works praise her in the gates, and her reputation is in all the churches.”

Having tarried here a few days, he received a letter from Mr. B., appointing a day to meet him at Southampton. He set off and got there at the time appointed; but Mr. B. was detained nearly a fortnight longer. During this delay, Mr. C. was kindly entertained at the house of Mr. Fay, in whose son's school-room he had the opportunity of preaching several times during his stay.

He also visited *Winchester*, on the invitation of Mr. Jasper Winscomb, and preached there frequently: and spent much of his time in the cathedral, examining the *monuments*, and making reflections on the subjects they presented. As these were entered under heads, in a species of *Journal*, I shall select a few. They were all written between the 11th and 19th of October, while waiting the arrival of Mr. Brackenbury.

ON EARTHLY GLORY.

Winchester, October 12, 1786.

"How little is worldly grandeur worth, together with all the most splendid distinctions, which great and pompous *titles*, or even important *offices*, confer upon men! They vanish as a dissipated vapour, and the proprietors of them go their way; and where are they? or of what account? Death is the common lot of all men: and the honours of the great, and the abjectness of the mean, are equally unseen in the tomb. This I saw abundantly exemplified to-day, while viewing the *remains* of several *kings*, *Saxon* and *English*, whose very names, much less their persons and importance, are scarcely collectible from 'Rosy damps, mouldy shrines, dust, and cobwebs.' This exhibits a proper estimate of human glory: and verifies the saying of the wise man,—*A living dog is better than a dead lion*. The meanest living *slave* is preferable to all these dead *potentates*. Is there any *true greatness*, but that of the *soul*? And has the soul any true nobility unless it is begotten from *above*, and has the spirit and love of Christ to actuate it? surely none. The title of *Servant of the Lord Jesus*, I prefer to the glory of these kings: this will stand me in stead, when the other, with all its importance, is eternally forgotten.

"In the time of the civil wars, the tombs of several of our kings, who were buried in this cathedral, were broken up and rifled, and the bones thrown indiscriminately about. After the Restoration these were collected, and put in *large chests*, which are placed in different parts of the choir, and labelled as containing bones of our ancient kings; but which, could not be discriminated."

CHURCH NEWS.

Winchester, October 12.

"The following remarkable inscription I took down from the wall in this cathedral.

'The union of two brothers from *Avington*.

'The *Clerks'* family, were, grandfather, father and son, successively *clerks* of the Privy Seal.

'William, the grandfather, had two sons, both *Thomas's*;

their wives, both *Amy's*; their heirs, both *Henry's*; and the heirs of *Henry's*, both *Thomas's*; both their wives were *inheritrix's*; and both had two sons and one daughter; and both their daughters issueless. Both of Oxford; both of the Temple; both officers of queen Elizabeth and our noble king James. Both justices of the peace together. Both agree in arms, the one a *knight* and the other a *captain*.

'Si quæras Avingtonium petus cancellum impensis.

'Thomas Clerk, of Hyde, 1623.'

"It is not an uncommon case that the things least worthy of commemoration are recorded, while those of the utmost importance, are forgotten: had those two brothers lived and died in the favour of God, and left a clear testimony of His pardoning and sanctifying grace behind them, I doubt, however important the matter, it would not have been thought worthy of being recorded. Yet the inscription above is curious, and deserves to be registered on account of its singular and striking coincidences."

THE PROGRESS OF REVELATION.

Winchester, Oct. 15.

"Why is it that God has observed so slow a climax in bringing the necessary knowledge of His will, and their interest to mankind? *e. g.* giving a little under the *Patriarchal*, an increase under the *Mosaic*, and the fulness of the blessing under the *Gospel Dispensation*? It is true, He could have given the whole in the beginning to *Adam*, to *Noah*, to *Abraham*, or any other of the *ante* or *post diluvian* Fathers: but that this would not have as effectually answered the Divine purpose, may be safely asserted.

"God, like his instrument Nature, delights in *progression*; and although the works of both, *in semine*, were finished from the beginning, nevertheless they are not brought forward, to actual and complete existence, but by various *accretions*. And this appears to be done that the blessings resulting from both may be properly valued, as in their approach, men have time to discover their *necessities*; and when relieved after a thorough consciousness of their urgency, they see and feel the propriety of being grateful to their kind Benefactor.

"Were God to bestow his blessings *before* the want of them were truly *felt*, men could not be properly grateful for the reception of blessings, the value of which they had not known by previously feeling the want of them. God gives His blessings

that they may be duly esteemed, and He himself become the sole object of our dependence: and this end he secures by a *gradual* communication of his bounties as they are felt to be necessary. To give them all at once would defeat his own intention, and leave us unconscious of our dependence on, and debt to His grace. He, therefore, brings forward His various dispensations of mercy and love, as He sees men prepared to receive and value them; and as the receipt of the grace of one dispensation makes way for another, and the soul is thereby rendered capable of more extended views and communications; so the Divine Being causes every succeeding dispensation to exceed that which preceded it: on this ground we find a *climax* of dispensations, and in each, a *progressive graduated scale* of light, life, power, and holiness.

“We first teach our children the *power of the letters*—then to combine consonants and vowels to make *syllables*—then to unite syllables in order to make *words*; then to assort and connect the different kinds of words, in order to form language or regular discourse. To require them to attempt the latter, before they had studied the former, would be absurd. The *first* step leads to and qualifies for the *second*; the second for the *third*, and so on. Thus God deals with the *universe*; and thus he deals with every *individual*;—every communication from God, is a kind of *seed*, which, if properly cultivated, brings forth much fruit. ‘Light is *sown* for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.’”

ON CONSCIENCE.

“Conscience is defined by some, ‘that judgment which the rational soul passes on her own actions: and is a faculty of the soul itself, and consequently natural to it. Others say, ‘It is a *ray of the Divine light*.’ Milton calls it ‘*God’s umpire*:’ and Dr. Young seems to call it ‘*a God in man*.’ To me it appears to be no other than a faculty of the mind, capable of *receiving* light and information from the Spirit of God: and is the same to the soul in spiritual matters, as the eye is to the body in the things which concern vision. The eye is not *light* in itself, nor is it capable of discerning any object, but by the instrumentality of natural or artificial light. But it has organs properly adapted to the reception of the rays of light, and the various images of the objects which they exhibit. When these are present to an eye, the structure of which is *perfect*, then there is discernment or *perception* of those objects which are within the sphere of vision: but when the light is absent, there is no perception of the figure, dimensions, situation, or colour of any object, howsoever entire or perfect the optic nerves

may be. In the same manner, comparing spiritual things with natural, the Spirit of God enlightens that eye of the soul which we call *conscience*; it penetrates it with its effulgence, and speaking, as human language will permit on the subject, it has organs properly adapted for the reception of the Spirit's emanations, which when received into the conscience exhibit a real view of the situation, state, &c. of the soul as it stands in reference to God and eternity. Thus the Scripture says, *The Spirit itself bears witness with our spirits*: that is, it shines into the *conscience*, and reflects throughout the soul, a conviction, proportioned to the degree of light communicated, of condemnation, pardon, or acquittance, according to the end of its coming.

"*Conscience* is sometimes said to be *good*,—*bad*,—*tender*,—*seared*, &c. *Good*, if it acquit or approve; *bad*, if it condemn or disapprove; *tender*, if alarmed at the least approach of evil, and is severe in scrutinizing the various operations of the mind and passions, as well as the actions of the body: and *seared*, if it no longer act thus, the Spirit of God being so grieved that its light is no longer dispensed, and conscience no longer passes judgment on the actions of the man. These epithets can scarcely belong to it, if the common definition be admitted; but on the general definition already given, these terms are easily understood, and are exceedingly proper: e. g. a *good conscience*, is that to which the Spirit of God has brought intelligence of the pardon of all the sins of the soul, and its reconciliation to God through the Blood of the Covenant; and this good conscience *retained*, implies God's *continued approbation* of such a person's conduct. A *bad* or *evil conscience*, is that which records a charge of guilt brought against the soul by the Holy Spirit, on account of the transgression of God's holy law; the light of that Spirit shewing the soul the nature of sin, and its own guilty conduct. A *tender conscience*, is that which is fully irradiated by the light of the Holy Spirit, which enables the soul to view the good as *good*, the evil as *evil*, in every important respect; and, consequently, leads it to abominate the latter, and cleave to the former: and, if at any time it act in the smallest measure opposite to those views, it is severe in self-reprehension, and bitter in its regrets. A *darkened, seared, or hardened conscience*, is that which has little or none of this divine light; the soul having by repeated transgressions so grieved the Spirit of God, that it has withdrawn its light, in consequence of which, the man feels no remorse, but goes on in repeated acts of transgression, unaffected either by threatenings or promises; and careless about the destruction which awaits it: this is what the Scripture means by the *conscience being seared as with a hot iron*; i. e. by repeated transgressions, and resisting of the Holy Ghost.

"The word *conscience* itself vindicates the above explana-

tion :—it is compounded of *con*, *together* or *with*, and *scio*, *I know*; because it knows or combines with, by or *together with*, the *Spirit of God*.—The Greek word *συνειδήσις*, which is the only word used for *conscience* through the whole of the New Testament, has precisely the same meaning, being compounded of *συν* *together* or *with*, and *εἶδω* *I know*: and this definition will apply to it in all its operations.

“From the above, I think we may safely make the following inferences:—1. All men have what is commonly termed *conscience*, and *conscience* plainly supposes the influence of the Divine Spirit in it, convincing of sin, righteousness, and judgment. 2. The Spirit of God is given to enlighten, convince, strengthen, and bring men back to God, and fit them for glory by purifying their hearts. 3. Therefore all men may be saved who attend to and coincide with the convictions and light communicated: for the God of the Christians does not give men his Spirit to enlighten, *i. e.* merely *to leave them without excuse*; but that it may direct, strengthen, lead them to himself, that they may be finally saved. 4. That this Spirit comes from the grace of God, is demonstrable from hence: ‘It is a good and perfect gift,’ and St. James says, ‘all such come from the Father of lights.’ Besides, it is such a grace as cannot be merited; for, as it is God’s Spirit, it is of *infinite value*: yet it is given:—*that*, then, which is not *merited*, and yet is given, must be of grace, not *condemning* or *ineffectual grace*, for no such principle comes from or resides in the Godhead.

“Thus it appears that *all men* are partakers of the *grace of God*; for all acknowledge that *conscience* is common to *all*: and this implies, as I hope has been proved, the spirit of grace given by Christ Jesus, not that the world might be thereby condemned, but that it might be saved. Nevertheless, multitudes who are partakers of this heavenly gift, sin against it, lose it, and perish everlastingly: not through any defect in the gift, but through the abuse of it.

“Hence I again infer:—I. That God wills all men to be saved; for he dispenses the true light to every man that comes into the world.

“2. That he gives a *sufficiency of grace* to accomplish that end: for who can suppose that the influences of the Holy Spirit are insufficient for that purpose, if not obstinately resisted? God will not *force* the human will—he cannot, because he has made it *will*, and consequently *free*—freedom is essential to the notion of it, and to its existence. All *force* God will resist and overthrow that opposes the salvation of the soul: but the *volitions* of the soul he will not, cannot *force*, for this would imply the destruction of what himself wills should exist, and should exist in this *mode*: because the *mode* here is essential to the existence.

"3. That this grace is *amissable*:—this is sufficiently evident in all those who perish, none of which were destitute of *conscience*, in one or other period of their lives.

"4. And lastly: *grace received*, does not necessarily imply *grace retained*; as immense numbers resist the Holy Ghost in their consciences, and so grieve this good spirit as to cause it to depart from them; and then they go on frowardly in the way of their own heart, being left to the hardness and darkness of their own minds.—Therefore, let him that standeth, take heed lest he fall, not only *foully* but *finally*."

ARE NATURAL EVILS THE EFFECT OF INEVITABLE NECESSITY?

Winchester, October 19, 1786.

"Most men complain of difficulties and disappointments in life; not only the irreligious and profane, but those also who have a measure of the fear of God. The former, repine and murmur, taxing the Divine Being with his ungracious carriage towards them: the latter, supposing these evils to be inevitable, from the present constitution of things, endeavour to bear them with resignation. It cannot be denied that there are many evils which are the necessary effects of physical causes, but we cannot allow that all the evils that exist are of this kind.

"If men would act according to the Divine will, few of the evils which are now so miserably felt would be known. By acting contrary to the Divine counsel, we pierce ourselves through with many sorrows, and often provoke God by our rebellion, to use that scheme of providence in opposition to us, which would have wrought together with His grace for our good, had we submitted ourselves to his directions.

"Most of the diseases with which men are afflicted, are the consequence of either their indolence or intemperance, or the indulgence of disorderly passions: and a principal part of the poverty that is in the world, comes in the same way.—When then we see so many suffer in consequence of their frowardness and wickedness, we must acknowledge that there are fewer *inevitable* evils in the world than is generally imagined: and that if men would simply walk according to the directions of God's Holy Word, they would necessarily avoid all that numerous train of evils which spring from indolence, intemperance, and disorderly passions: and their path would be like that of the rising light—shining more and more unto the perfect day.

"Add to this: there are some who will be continually contriving for themselves, and will not be contented unless every thing

be their own way, and according to what they suppose to be right and proper: these suffer much. There are others who take God at his word, follow Jesus whithersoever he goeth, and leave themselves and their affairs entirely to His disposal, well knowing *Thou canst not err*; and ever saying, *We will not choose*: these suffer little. The former, if they get to glory, are saved as by fire, and just escape everlasting burnings. The latter mount up with wings as the eagle: they walk and are not weary: they run and are not faint. They live comfortably, die triumphantly, and have an abundant entrance administered to them, into eternal glory. In the *former*, the whole face of the Gospel is beclouded and disfigured: in the *latter* it is magnified, made honourable, and recommended to all. My soul, choose thou the latter, for it is the better part."

In the above manner Mr. C. noted down the thoughts that passed through his mind on subjects which he deemed of importance, and this mode he pursued occasionally for some years: but his religious correspondence increasing, he was accustomed to insert in his letters what otherwise would have been entered in his common-place book: and of these letters, except in a very few instances, he kept no copies. Indeed he had no opinion of their excellence, and they were in general written without any kind of study, and must have been very imperfect: on which account he has often been heard to say, "I hope none of my friends will ever publish any of the letters I have written to them, after my decease. I never wrote one, in my various and long correspondence, for the public eye; and I am sure that not one of those letters would be fit for that eye unless it passed through my own revisal.

"Many eminent men have had their literary reputation tarnished by this injudicious procedure of their friends. They generally gather every scrap of written paper that bears evidence of the hand of the deceased, and without reflection or discernment give to the public what was of no profit to any except to the bookseller. How much have *Pope* and *Swift* suffered from this! and perhaps no man more than the late truly apostolic man, the Rev. J. Fletcher, of Madeley. If ever his tree bore *leaves*, instead of *fruit*, it was in his religious correspondence; and these leafy productions, to the great discredit of his good sense, have been published, with a sinful cupidity, over the religious world. From this circumstance, a stranger to his person has said: 'Were I to judge of Mr. Fletcher by his *letters*, and some other little matters, published by his friends since his death; I must pronounce him a well-meaning, weak enthusiast. Were I to judge of him by the works published by himself, I must pronounce him

the first polemical writer this or any other age has produced: a man mighty in the Scriptures, and full of the unction of God.' ”

But to return ; Mr. Brackenbury shortly arriving at Southampton, they took a Jersey packet, and landed in St. Aubins' Bay, Oct. 26, 1786: whence they walked to Mr. B.'s house in St. Hellier's the same evening.

THE NORMAN ISLES.

These islands lie chiefly in St. Malos' Bay, and are named *Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, Sark, Jethou, and Herme*:—they are the sole remains of the Gallic possessions appertaining to the British crown. They formerly belonged to Normandy, and came with that dutchy to England, at the time of the conquest of this country by William I. The inhabitants use the French language, and though under the British crown, are governed principally by their own ancient laws. But any geographical or political description of islands so well known and so near home, would be superfluous.

As most of the inhabitants of St. Helliers understand English, Mr. C. was at no loss to begin his work ; and, after having preached a few times in St. Helliers, it was agreed that he should go to Guernsey, and that Mr. B. should remain for the present in Jersey. This was accordingly done, and having obtained a large warehouse at a place called *Les Terres*, a little out of the town, he began to preach there in English : for the inhabitants of St. Peters in Guernsey understand English as well as those of St. Helliers in Jersey. He afterwards got some private houses in different parts of the town, where he preached both night and morning, through the principal part of the year.

Being now cut off from all his religious and literary acquaintances ; and having little or no travelling, except occasionally going from island to island, he began seriously to enter on the cultivation of his mind. His Greek and Latin had been long comparatively neglected, and his first care was to take up his grammars, and commence his studies *de novo*. When he had recommitted to memory the necessary paradigms of the Greek verbs, he then took up the first volume of *Grabe's* edition of the *Septuagint*, which was taken from the Codex Alexandrinus, deposited in the British Museum ; a MS. in uncial characters, probably of the fourth century, and which formerly belonged to the patriarchal church of Alexandria, and was sent a present from Cyril Lucaris, patriarch of Constantinople, to Charles II., by Sir Thomas Roe, then the

British Ambassador at the Porte. When he began this study, he found he had nearly every thing to learn ; having almost entirely, through long disuse, forgotten his Greek, though at school he had read a part of the Greek Testament, and most of those works of *Lucian*, which are usually read in schools.

The reason why he took up the *Septuagint*, was chiefly to see how it differed from the *Hebrew Text*, of which he had gained considerable knowledge, by the Hebrew studies already mentioned. After a little severe fagging, he conquered the principal difficulties, and found this study not only pleasing but profitable. In many respects he observed, that the Septuagint cast much light on the Hebrew text ; and plainly saw, that without the help of this ancient Version, it would have been nearly impossible to have gained any proper knowledge of the Hebrew Bible ; the Hebrew language being all lost, except what remains in the Pentateuch, prophetic writings, and some of the historical books of the Bible. For, the *whole* of the Old Testament is not in Hebrew, several parts both of *Ezra* and *Daniel* being in the Chaldee language, besides one verse in the prophet Jeremiah, x. 11. The *Septuagint* version being made in a time in which the Hebrew was vernacular, about 285 years before Christ, and in which the Greek language was well known to the learned among the Jews ;—the translators of this Version, had advantages which we do not now possess ; and which can never again be possessed by man ; we must have recourse to them for the meaning of a multitude of Hebrew words which we can have in no other way. And as to the outcry against this Version, it appears to be made by those who do not understand the question, and are but slenderly acquainted with the circumstances of the case. The many Readings in this Version which are not now found in the Hebrew text, we should be cautious how we charge as forgeries : the translators most probably followed copies much more correct than those now extant, and which contained those Readings which we now charge on the Septuagint, as arbitrary variations from the Hebrew verity. Indeed several of these very Readings have been confirmed by the collations of Hebrew MSS., made by Dr. *Kennicott*, at home, and *De Rossi*, abroad.

He continued these studies till he had read the Septuagint through to the end of the Psalms ; generally noting down the most important differences between this Version and the Hebrew text, and entered them in the margin of a 4to. Bible in three vols., which was afterwards unfortunately lost. At this time his stock of books was very small, and having no living teacher, he laboured under many disadvantages. But when, in the course of his changing for the alternate supply of the societies in the Islands, he visited the Island of Jersey, he had much assistance from the public library in St. Helliers. This

contained a large collection of excellent books, which was bequeathed for the use of the public by the Rev. Philip Falle, one of the ministers of the Island, and its most correct historian. Here, for the first time, he had the use of a *Polyglott Bible*, that of Bishop Walton. The *Prolegomena* to the first vol. he carefully studied, and from the account contained there of the *ancient Versions*, particularly the *Oriental*, he soon discovered that some acquaintance with these, especially the *Syriac* and *Chaldee*, would be of great use to him in his Biblical researches.

With the history and importance of the *Septuagint* version, he was pretty well acquainted; and also, with those of the *Vulgate*. Dean Prideaux's *Connections* had given him an accurate view of the *Chaldee* version, or *Targums* of *Onkelos* on the *LAW*, and *Jonathan Ben Uzziel* on the *PROPHETS*. To read the *Samaritan Pentateuch*, he had only to learn the Samaritan alphabet: the Hebrew text and the Samaritan being exactly the same as to *language*, though the latter preserves a much fuller account of the different transactions recorded by Moses; writes the words more fully, giving the *essential vowels*, which in multitudes of places, are supplied in the Hebrew text, only by the *Masoretic points*; and besides, this Text contains many important variations in the *chronology*. The *Samaritan version*, which was made from this, is in the same character, contains the same matter, but is in a different dialect, not to say language. It is *Chaldee* in its basis, with the admixture of many words, supposed to be of *Cuthic* origin.

Having met with a copy of Walton's *Introductio ad Linguas Orientales*, he applied himself closely to the study of the *Syriac*, as far as it is treated of in that little manual; and translated and wrote out the whole into English, which he afterwards enlarged much from the *Schola Syriaca* of Professor *Leusden*. By the time he had finished this work, he found himself capable of consulting any text in the *Syriac* version; and thus the use of the *Polyglott* became much more extensive to him; and all the time that he could spare from the more immediate duties of his office, he spent in the public library, reading and collating the original Texts in the *Polyglott*, particularly the *Hebrew*, *Samaritan*, *Chaldee*, *Syriac*, *Vulgate*, and *Septuagint*. The *Arabic*, *Persian*, and *Ethiopic*, he did not attempt—despairing to make any improvement in those languages, without a preceptor. A circumstance here, deserves to be noticed, which to him, appeared a particular interference of Divine Providence: of it the Reader will form his own estimate. Knowing that he could not always enjoy the benefit of the *Polyglott* in the public library, he began earnestly to wish to have a copy of his own: but *three pounds per quarter*, and his *food*, which was the whole of his income

as a preacher, could ill supply any sum for the purchase of books. Believing that it was the will of God, that he should cultivate his mind in Biblical knowledge, both on his own account, and on that of the people to whom he ministered; and believing that to him, the original texts were necessary for this purpose; and finding that he could not hope to possess money sufficient to make such a purchase, he thought that in the course of God's Providence, He would furnish him with this precious gift. He acquired a strong confidence that by some means or other, he should get a Polyglott. One morning, a preacher's wife who lodged in the same family, said, "Mr. C., I had a strange dream last night." "What was it, Mrs. D.," said he? "Why, I dreamed that some person, I know not who, had made you a present of a Polyglott Bible." He answered, "That I shall get a Polyglott soon, I have no doubt, but *how*, or by *whom*, I know not."—In the course of a day or two, he received a letter containing a bank-note of 10*l.* from a person from whom he never expected any thing of the kind: he immediately exclaimed, *here is the Polyglott!*—He laid by the cash, wrote to a friend in London, who procured him a tolerably good copy of Walton's *Polyglott*, the price exactly 10*l.*

The Reader will not have forgotten the most remarkable circumstance of his obtaining the money by which he purchased a *Hebrew Grammar*. These two providential circumstances, were the only foundation of all the knowledge he afterwards acquired either in Oriental learning, or Biblical Literature. In obtaining both these works, he saw the hand of God, and this became a powerful inducement to him, to give all diligence to acquire, and fidelity to use that knowledge which came to him through means utterly out of his own reach, and so distinctly marked to his apprehension by the especial Providence of God. He continued in the Norman Islands three years, labouring incessantly for the good of the people who heard him, though by the abundance of his labours, and intense study, he greatly impaired his health.

In the year 1787, the Rev. J. Wesley, accompanied by Thomas Coke, LL. D., and Mr. Joseph Bradford, visited the Norman Islands; where he was well received, and preached to many large congregations both in Jersey and Guernsey. While in Jersey, he lodged at the house of Robert Carr Brackenbury, Esq., who has been already mentioned: and when in Guernsey, at *Mon Plaisir*, the house of Henry De Jersey, Esq., under whose hospitable roof Mr. C. had lodged for more than a year, and was treated by all the family as if he had been their own child. There was no love lost, as he felt for them that affection which subsists between members of the same family.

Mr. Wesley's time allotted for his visit to these Islands being

expired, he purposed sailing for *Southampton* by the first fair wind, as he had appointed to be at Bristol on a particular day: but the wind continuing adverse, and an English brig touching at Guernsey on her way from France to Penzance, they agreed for their passage, Mr. C. having obtained Mr. Wesley's permission to accompany them to England. They sailed out of Guernsey Road on Thursday, September 6, with a fine fair breeze; but in a short time, the wind which had continued slackening, died away, and afterwards rose up in that quarter which would have favoured the passage to Southampton or Weymouth, had they been so bound. The contrary wind blew into a tight breeze, and they were obliged to make frequent *tacks*, in order to clear the Island. Mr. W. was sitting reading in the cabin, and hearing the noise and bustle which were occasioned by *putting about* the vessel, to stand on her different tacks, he put his head above deck and inquired what was the matter? Being told the wind was become contrary, and the ship was obliged to tack, he said, *Then let us go to prayer*. His own company, who were upon deck, walked down, and at his request Dr. Coke, Mr. Bradford, and Mr. Clarke, went to prayer. After the latter had ended, Mr. W. broke out into fervent supplication, which seemed to be more the offspring of strong *faith* than of mere *desire*, his words were remarkable, as well as the spirit, evident feeling, and manner, in which they were uttered: some of them were to the following effect: "Almighty and everlasting God, thou hast way every where, and all things serve the purposes of thy will: thou holdest the winds in thy fist, and sittest upon the water floods, and reignest a King for ever:—command these winds and these waves that they obey THEE; and take us speedily and safely to the haven whither we would be, &c.!" The power of his petition was felt by all:—he rose from his knees, made no kind of remark, but took up his book and continued his reading. Mr. C. went upon deck, and what was his surprise when he found the vessel standing her right course, with a steady breeze, which slackened not, till, carrying them at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, they anchored safely near St. Michael's Mount, in Penzance Bay. On the sudden and favourable change of the wind, Mr. W. made no remark: so fully did he *expect to be heard*, that he took for granted *he was heard*. Such answers to prayer he was in the habit of receiving; and therefore to *him*, the occurrence was not strange.—Of such a circumstance how many of those who did not enter into his views, would have descanted at large, had it happened in favour of themselves; yet all the notice he takes of this singular circumstance is contained in the following entry in his Journal.—

"In the morning, Thursday, (Sept. 6th, 1787,) we went on

board with a fair moderate wind. But we had but just entered the ship when the wind died away. We cried to God for help : and it presently sprung up, exactly fair, and did not cease till it brought us into Penzance Bay."

Mr. Wesley was no ordinary man : every hour, every minute of his time was devoted to the great work which God had given him to do ; and it is not to be wondered at that he was favoured, and indeed *accredited*, with many signal interpositions of Divine Providence. Mr. Clarke himself has confessed that high as his opinion was of Mr. W.'s piety and faith, he had no hope that the wind which had long sat in the opposite quarter, and which had just now changed in a very natural way, would immediately veer about, except by providential interference, to blow in a contrary direction. There were too many marked extraordinary circumstances in this case, to permit any attentive observer to suppose that the change had been effected by any natural or casual occurrence.

As Mr. W.'s appearance in that part of England was totally unexpected, (having formed his route to Bristol,) it was necessary to announce it. Mr. Clarke, therefore, a few hours after his landing, took horse and rode to Redruth, Truro, St. Austell, and Plymouth Dock, preaching in each place, and announcing Mr. W. for the following evening, all the company meeting at Plymouth Dock, on Tuesday 10, they proceeded to Exeter, the next day ; and on Friday 13th, they took the mail-coach, and in the evening arrived safely at Bath ; where having tarried till the following Monday, Mr. W. proceeded to Bristol, and Mr. Clarke to Trowbridge, in Wilts, where the lady resided, to whom, in the course of the next year, he was married.

Miss Mary Cooke, the lady in question, was the eldest daughter of Mr. John Cooke, clothier, of Trowbridge, well educated, of a fine natural disposition, deep piety, and sound judgment. They had been acquainted for several years, and their attachment to each other was formed on the purest principles of reason and religion, and was consolidated with that affection which, where the natural dispositions are properly suited, will never permit the married life to be a burden ; but on the contrary, the most powerful help to mental cultivation and the growth of genuine piety. In such cases, love and affection will be infallibly ripened and mellowed into genuine *friendship*, esteem, respect, and reverence. The yoke of the conjugal life becomes, as its name imports, an *equal yoke*—the husband and wife are both in the *harness*, and each party bears its proportional share of the burden of domestic life : and in such a case, it may be most truly said, *The yoke is easy, and the burden is light*.

The connexion between Mr. C. and Miss Cooke was too

good and holy not to be opposed. Some of her friends supposed they should be degraded by her alliance with a *Methodist preacher*, but pretended to cover their unprincipled opposition with the veil, that one so delicately bred up, would not be able to bear the troubles and privations of a Methodist preacher's life. These persons so prejudiced Mr. Wesley, himself, that he threatened to put Mr. C. out of the Connexion if he married Miss C. without her mother's approbation !

Finding that Mr. W. was deceived by false representations, both Mr. C. and Miss Cooke laid before him a plain and full state of the case: he heard also the opposite party, who were at last reduced to acknowledge, that in this connexion, everything was proper and Christian ; and all would be well, should the mother consent ; but if a marriage should take place *without* this, it would be a breach of the third commandment, and be a great cause of offence among the people who feared God. As to Mrs. C. herself, she grounded her opposition solely on the principle that her daughter would be exposed to destructive hardships in the itinerant life of a Methodist preacher ; acknowledging that she had no objection to Mr. C., whom for his good sense and learning, she highly esteemed.

Mr. Wesley, like a tender parent, interposed his good offices to bring these matters to an accommodation—made those who were called *Methodists* ashamed of the part they had taken in this business, and wrote a friendly letter to Mrs. C. The opposition, which had arisen to a species of *persecution*, now began to relax ; and as the hostile party chose at least to sleep on their arms, after waiting about a year longer, Mr. Clarke and Miss Cooke were married in Trowbridge church, April 17, 1788 ; and in about a week afterwards sailed to the Norman Islands. Few connexions of this kind, were ever more opposed ; and few, if any, were ever more happy. The steadiness of the parties, during this opposition, endeared them to each other: they believed that God had joined them together, and no storm or difficulty in life was able to put them asunder. If their principal opponents have acted a more consistent part, it is the better for themselves ; however they have lived long enough to know that they meddled with what did not concern them ; and Mrs. Cooke, many years before her death, saw that she had been imposed on and deceived ; and that this marriage was one of the most happy in her family, in which there were some of the most respectable connexions ;—one daughter having married that most excellent man, Joseph Butterworth, Esq. M.P., a pattern of practical Christianity, a true friend to the genuine church of God, and a pillar in the state: and another was married to the Rev. Mr. Thomas, Rector of Begally, in South Wales, an amiable and truly pious man. Mr. Clarke's marriage was crowned with a numerous progeny, six sons, and six daughters ; of whom three sons

and three daughters died young, and three sons and three daughters have arrived at mature age, and are most respectably and comfortably settled in life. I have judged it necessary to introduce these particulars here, though out of their chronological order, lest they should afterwards disturb the thread of the narrative.

During his stay in the Norman Isles he met with much persecution from that part of the people for whose salvation he laboured most. One Sabbath morning, accompanied by captain and lieutenant W. and Mr. Wm. S., having gone to preach at La Valle, a low part of the island of Guernsey, always surrounded by the sea at high water, to which at such times there is no access but by means of a sort of causeway, called the *bridge*; a multitude of unruly people with drums, horns, and various offensive weapons, assembled at the bridge to prevent his entering this islet. The tide being a little out, he ventured to ride across about a mile below the bridge, without their perceiving him, got to the house and had nearly finished his discourse before the mob could assemble. At last they came in full power, and with fell purpose. The captain of a man of war, and the naval lieutenant, and the other gentleman, who had accompanied him, mounted their horses and rode off at full gallop, leaving him in the hands of the mob! That *he* might not be able so to escape, they cut his bridle in pieces. Nothing intimidated, he went among them, got upon an eminence and began to speak to them. The drums and horns ceased, the majority of the mob became quiet and peaceable, only a few from the outskirts, throwing stones and dirt, which he dexterously evaded by various inclinations of his head and body, so that he escaped all hurt, and after about an hour, they permitted him to mend his bridle, and depart in peace. On his return to St. Peters, he found his *naval heroes* in great safety, who seem to have acted on the old proverb,

“ He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.”

He had a more narrow escape for his life, one evening, at St. Aubin's in the island of Jersey. A desperate mob of some hundreds, with almost all common instruments of destruction, assembled round the house in which he was preaching, which was a wooden building, with five windows. At their first approach, a principal part of the congregation issued forth, and provided for their own safety. The *Society* alone, about thirteen persons, remained with their preacher. The mob finding that all with whom they might claim *brotherhood* had escaped, formed the dreadful resolution to pull down the house, and bury the preacher and his friends in the ruins! Mr. C. continued to address the people, exhorting them to trust in

that God who was able to save; one of the mob presented a pistol at him through the window opposite to the pulpit, which twice flashed in the pan. Others had got crows, and were busily employed in sapping the foundation of the house: Mr. C. perceiving this, said to the people, "If we stay here, we shall all be destroyed: I will go out among them, they seek not *you* but *me*: after they have got me, they will permit you to pass unmolested." They besought him with tears not to leave the house, as he would be infallibly murdered. He, seeing that there was no time to be lost, as they continued to sap the foundations of the house, said, "I will instantly go out among them, in the name of God." *Je vous accompagnerai*, "I will accompany you," said a stout young man. As the house was assailed with showers of stones, he met a volley of these as he opened and passed through the door; it was a clear full-moon night, the clouds having dispersed after a previously heavy storm of hail and rain. He walked forward,—the mob divided to the right and left, and made an ample passage for him and the young man who followed him, to pass through. This they did to the very uttermost skirts of the hundreds who were there assembled, with drums, horns, fifes, spades, forks, bludgeons, &c. to take the life of a man whose only crime was, proclaiming to lost sinners redemption through the blood of the cross. During the whole time of his passing through the mob, there was a death-like silence, nor was there any motion, but that which was necessary to give him a free passage! Either their eyes were holden that they could not know him; or they were so overawed by the power of God, that they could not lift a hand, or utter a word against him. The poor people finding all was quiet, came out a little after, and passed away, not one of them being either hurt or molested! In a few minutes the mob seemed to *awake as from a dream*, and finding that their prey had been plucked out of their teeth, they knew not how; attacked the house afresh, broke every square of glass in all the windows, and scarcely left a whole tile upon the roof.

He afterwards learnt that the design of the mob was to put him in the sluice of an overshot water-mill; by which he must necessarily have been crushed to pieces.*

* In the following note in Dr. Clarke's Commentary, on Luke iv. 30., he gives a very admirable account of this same transaction: what is here related of "A missionary who had been sent to a strange land," &c., is a fact of Dr. Clarke himself.

"The following relation of a fact presents a scene something similar to what I suppose passed on this occasion:—A missionary, who had been sent to a *strange land* to proclaim the gospel of the kingdom of God, and who had passed through many hardships, and was often in danger of losing his life, through the persecutions excited against him, came to a place where he had often before, at no small risk,

The next Lord's-day he went to the same place: the mob rose again, and when they began to make a tumult, he called on them to hear him for a few moments; those who appeared to have most influence, grew silent and stilled the rest. He spoke to them to this effect.—“I have never done any of you harm; my heartiest wish was, and is, to do you good. I could

preached Christ crucified. About fifty people, who had received good impressions from the word of God, assembled. He began his discourse; and after he had preached about thirty minutes, an outrageous mob surrounded the house, armed with different instruments of death, and breathing the most sanguinary purposes. Some that were within, shut to the door; and the missionary and his flock betook themselves to prayer. The mob assailed the house, and began to hurl stones against the walls, windows, and roof; and in a short time almost every *tile* was destroyed, and the roof nearly uncovered, and before they quitted the premises, *scarcely* left one square inch of glass in the *five* windows by which the house was enlightened. While this was going forward, a person came with a pistol to the window opposite to the place where the preacher stood, (who was then exhorting his flock to be steady, to resign themselves to God, and trust in Him,) presented it at him, and snapped it, but it only flashed in the pan! As the house was a wooden building, they began with crows and spades to undermine it, and take away its principal supports. The preacher then addressed his little flock to this effect:—‘These outrageous people seek not *you*, but *me*: if *I* continue in the house they will soon pull it down, and we shall all be buried in the ruins; I will therefore, in the name of God, go out to them, and you will be safe.’ He then went towards the door: the poor people got round him, and entreated him not to venture out, as he might expect to be instantly massacred. He went calmly forward, opened the door, at which a whole volley of stones and dirt was that instant discharged; but he received no damage. The people were in crowds in all the space before the door, and filled the road for a considerable way, so that there was no room to pass or repass. As soon as the preacher made his appearance, the savages became instantly as silent and as still as night: he walked forward, and they divided to the right and to the left, leaving a passage of about four feet wide, for himself, and a young man who followed him, to walk in. He passed on through the whole crowd, not a soul of whom either lifted a hand, or spoke one word, till he and his companion had gained the uttermost skirts of the mob! The narrator, who was present on the occasion, goes on to say:—‘This was one of the most affecting spectacles I ever witnessed; an infuriated mob, without any visible cause, (for the preacher spoke not one word,) became in a moment as calm as lambs! They seemed struck with amazement bordering on stupefaction; they stared and stood speechless; and after they had fallen back to right and left to leave him a free passage, they were as motionless as statues! They assembled with the full purpose to destroy the man who came to shew them the way of salvation; but he passing through the midst of them, went his way. Was not the God of missionaries in this work? The next Lord's-day, the missionary went to the same place, and again proclaimed the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world!’”

tell you many things by which you might grow wise unto salvation, would you but listen to them. Why do you persecute a man who never can be your enemy, and wishes to shew that he is your friend. You cannot be *Christians*, who seek to destroy a man because he tells you the truth. But are you even *men*? Do you deserve that *name*? I am but an *individual* and *unarmed*, and scores and hundreds of you join together to attack and destroy this *single, unarmed man*! Is not this to act like *cowards* and *assassins*? I am a *man* and a *Christian*. I fear you not as a man,—I would not turn my back upon the best of you, and could probably put your chief under my feet. St. Paul, the Apostle, was assailed in like manner by the heathens; they also were *dastards* and *cowards*. The Scripture does not call them *men*, but, according to the English translation, *certain lewd fellows of the baser sort*, or according to your own, which you better understand, *Les batteurs de pavé—La canaille*. O shame on you, to come in multitudes, to attack an inoffensive stranger in your island, who comes only to call you from wickedness to serve the living God, and to shew you the way which will at last lead you to everlasting blessedness!" He paused, there was a shout, *He is a clever fellow, he shall preach, and we will hear him!* They were as good as their word; he proceeded without any farther hinderance from them, and *they* never after gave him any molestation!

The little preaching-house being nearly destroyed, he, some Sabbaths afterwards, attempted to preach *out of doors*. The *mob* having given up persecution, one of the *magistrates* of St. Aubin, whose name should be handed down to *everlasting fame*, took up the business, came to the place, with a *mob of his own*, and the drummer of the regiment, belonging to that place, pulled him down while he was at prayer, and delivered him into the hands of that *canaille* of which he was the head; the drummer attended him out of the town *beating the Rogues' March* on his drum; and beating *him* frequently with the drum sticks; from whose strokes and other misuseage he did not recover for some weeks. But he wearied out all his persecutors,—there were several who heard the word gladly; and for their sakes he freely ventured himself till at last all opposition totally ceased.

Another escape, though of a different kind, should not be unnoticed. The winter of 1788, was unusually severe in the Norman Islands, as well as in most other places. There were large falls of snow which had drifted into great wreathes, which made travelling in the country very dangerous. Having appointed to preach one evening, in the beginning of January, at St. Aubin, the place mentioned above; he went to the town in company with the same young man who followed him out of the preaching-house, when he had so miraculous

an escape from the mob; but because of the snow they were obliged to follow the *sea-mark* all the way along the bay of St. Aubin. When they arrived at the town he was nearly benumbed with the cold, and with fatigue; as it had blown hard with snow and sleet, and they were very wet, being obliged often to walk in the sea-water, to keep out of the *drifts* that lay on the sands. He preached, but was almost totally exhausted. He was obliged to return to St. Helliers, which by the water mark along the bay, must have been between four and five miles:—much snow had fallen during the preaching, and the night became worse and worse. He set out, having had no kind of refreshment, and began to plod his way with faint and unsteady steps: at last a *drowsiness*, often the effect of intense cold when the principle of heat is almost entirely abstracted, fell upon him. He said to the young man, “Frank, I can go no farther, till I get a little sleep—let me lie down a few minutes on one of these snow drifts, and then I shall get strength to go on.”—Frank expostulated,—“O Sir, you must not:—were you to lie down but a minute, you would never rise more.—Do not fear, hold by me, and I will drag you on, and we shall soon get to St. Helliers.” He answered, “Frank, I cannot proceed,—I am only sleepy, and even *two minutes* will refresh me;”—and he attempted to throw himself upon a snow drift, which appeared to him with higher charms than the finest bed of down. Francis was then obliged to interpose the authority of his *strength*—pulled him up, and continued dragging and encouraging him, till with great labour and difficulty he brought him to St. Helliers.

It is well known that by intense cold, when long continued the powers of the whole nervous system become weakened; a *torpor* of the animal functions ensues; the action of the muscles is feeble, and scarcely obedient to the will; an *unconquerable languor* and *indisposition to motion* succeeds; and a gradual exhaustion of the nervous power shews itself in *drowsiness*, which terminates in *sleep*, from which the person, unless speedily aroused, awakes no more.—This was precisely Mr. C.’s state at the time above mentioned; and had not his friend been *resolute*, as well as *strong*, but suffered him to lie down in his then exhausted state, less than *five minutes* would have terminated his mortal existence.

The reader will perhaps recollect the account given in *Capt Cook’s Voyages*, of eleven persons, among whom were *Sir Joseph Banks*, and *Dr. Solander*, who went among the hills of *Terra del Fuego*, on a botanizing excursion, in January 1769; who, being overtaken with darkness, were obliged to spend the night on the hills, during extreme cold. *Dr. Solander*, who had more than once crossed the mountains which divide *Sweden* from *Norway*, well knew that extreme cold especially when joined to fatigue, produces a *torpor* and *sleepi*

ness which are almost irresistible ; he therefore conjured the company to *keep moving*, whatever pains it might cost them, and whatever relief they might be promised by an *inclination to rest* ; for, said he, "Whoever sits down will sleep ; and whoever sleeps will wake no more."—While they were on the naked rocks, before they could get among the bushes, the cold became so intense as to produce the effects that had been most dreaded. Dr. Solander was the *first* who felt the *irresistible inclination to sleep*, against which he had warned the others ; and insisted on being permitted to *lie down* ; Mr. Banks (Sir Joseph) entreated and remonstrated in vain—down he lay on the ground, then covered with snow, and it was with the greatest difficulty he was prevented from *sleeping*. After a little they got him on his legs, and partly by entreaty and partly by *force*, brought him on, till at last he declared he neither could nor would go any farther, *till he had had some sleep* ;—when they attempted to hinder him, he drew his sword, and threatened the life of his friends ;—they were unable to carry him, and were obliged to suffer him to lie down, and he fell instantly into a *profound sleep*. Some men who had been sent forward to *kindle a fire*, just then returned with the joyful news that they had succeeded : Dr. Solander with the greatest difficulty was awaked, and though he had not slept five minutes, yet he had then nearly lost the use of his limbs ; and the muscles were so shrunk, that the shoes fell off his feet. Two *blacks*, who were in the same circumstances, could not be re-awaked, they slept their last ; but all the rest on being brought to the fire recovered.

The *bay of St. Aubin*, was very near furnishing another instance, to several already published, of the *soporific* effects of intense cold on the human body :—the life of the subject of this narrative, being barely saved from a similar death.

The *fable* of the *Lion taken in a net*, and *delivered by a Mouse*, has been, in its *moral*, frequently realized. Several years after this, *Francis*, the young man above mentioned, who was a joiner, having come to London in order to better his situation, was by sickness, the death of his wife, and other circumstances, involved in debt, and ultimately thrown into prison by a ruthless creditor :—Mr. C., who happened to be in London at the time, (1796,) heard the case, paid the debt, and delivered his friend, whom he had not heard of for nine or ten years, from his wretched circumstances ; and restored him to *liberty*, and to his *motherless children*.—No kind or benevolent act, be it done to whom it may, ever loses its reward.—It is laid up before God, and has its return generally in *this*, and often also in the *coming world*.

Mr. Clarke was the first Methodist preacher that visited the Island of Alderney, the nearest to France of all the Norman Islands ; as it is separated from Cape la Hogue, in Nor-

mandy, only by a narrow channel three leagues broad, called the *Race of Alderney*. There was something singular in his visit to this Island, which he details in a Letter to the Rev. J. Wesley; the substance of which I shall here insert.

Guernsey, March 16, 1787.

“Rev. and very dear Sir,

“As in my last I intimated my intention to visit the Isle of Alderney; I think it my duty to give you some particulars relative to the success of that voyage.—My design being made public, many hinderances were thrown in my way. It was reported that the Governor had threatened to prohibit my landing, and that in case he found me on the Island, he would transport me to the *Caskets*, (a rock in the sea, about three leagues W. of Alderney; on which there is a light-house;) these threatenings being published here rendered it very difficult for me to procure a passage, as several of my friends were against my going, fearing bad consequences; and none of the captains who traded to the Island, were willing to take me, fearing to incur thereby the displeasure of the Governor, notwithstanding I offered them any thing they could reasonably demand for my passage. I thought at last I should be obliged to hire one of the *English* packets, as I was determined to go, by God’s grace, at all events.

“Having waited a long time, watching sometimes day and night, I at last got a vessel bound for the Island, in which I embarked, and after a few hours of pleasant sailing, though not without some fatigue and sickness, we came to the SW. side of the Island, where we were obliged to cast anchor, as the tide was too far spent to carry us round to the harbour. The captain put me and some others on shore with the boat. I then climbed up the steep rocks, and got to the top of the Island, heartily thanking the Lord for my safe passage. Being arrived, I found I had some new difficulties to encounter. I knew not where to go: I had no acquaintance in the place, nor had any invited me thither. For some time my mind was perplexed in reasoning on these things, till that word of the God of *Missionaries* came powerfully to me, ‘Into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, peace be to this house,—and in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give you.’ Luke x. 5, 7. From this I took courage, and proceeded to the town, which is about a mile distant from the harbour. After having walked some way into it, I took particular notice of a very poor cottage, into which I felt a strong inclination to enter. I did so, with a ‘Peace be unto this house;’ and found in it an old man and woman, who, having understood my business, bade me ‘welcome to the best food they had, to a little chamber where I might sleep, and (what was still more acceptable) to their house to preach in.’ On

hearing this, I saw plainly that the hand of the Lord was upon me for good, and I thanked him and took courage.

"Being unwilling to lose any time, I told them I would preach that evening, if they could procure me a congregation. This strange news spread rapidly through the town: and long before the appointed hour a multitude of people flocked together, to whom I spoke of the kingdom of God, nearly as long as the little strength held out, which remained from the fatigues of my voyage. It was with much difficulty I could persuade them to go away, after promising to preach to them the next evening.

"I then retired to my little apartment, where I had scarcely rested twenty minutes, when the good woman of the house came and entreated me to *come down and preach again*, as several of the gentry, (among whom was one of the justices,) were come to hear what I had to say. I stepped down immediately, and found the house once more quite full. Deep attention sat on every face, while I shewed the great need they stood in of a Saviour, and exhorted them to turn immediately from all their iniquities to the living God. I continued in this good work about an hour, having received peculiar assistance from on high, and concluded with informing them what my design was in visiting their island, and the motives that induced me thereto. Having ended, the justice stepped forward, exchanged a few very civil words with me, and desired to see the book out of which I had been speaking. I gave it into his hand: he looked over it with attention, and asked me several questions; all which I answered apparently to his satisfaction. Having bestowed a few more hearty advices on him and the congregation, they all quickly departed; and the concern evident on many of their countenance fully proved that God had added his testimony to that of his feeble servant. The next evening I preached again to a large attentive company, to whom, I trust, the word of the Lord came not in vain.

"But a singular circumstance took place the next day. While I sat at dinner a *constable* from a person in authority, came to solicit my immediate appearance at a place called the *Bray* (where several respectable families dwelt, and where the Governor's stores are kept,) to preach to a company of gentlemen and ladies, who were waiting, and at whose desire one of the large store-rooms was prepared for that purpose. I went without delay, and was brought by the *licitor* to his master's apartment, who behaved with much civility, told me the reason of his sending for me, and begged I would preach without delay. I willingly consented, and in a quarter of an hour a large company was assembled. The gentry were not so partial to themselves, as to exclude several sailors, smugglers, and labourers, from hearing with them. The Lord was with me, and enabled me to explain from *Prov. xii. 26.*, the

character and conduct of the righteous ; and to prove by many sound arguments, that such a one was, beyond all comparison 'more excellent than his' ungodly 'neighbour,' however great, rich, wise, or important he might appear in the eyes of men. All heard with deep attention, save an English gentleman, so called, who walked out about the middle of the discourse, perhaps to shew the islanders that he despised sacred things.

"The next Sabbath morning, being invited to preach in the English church, I gladly accepted it, and in the evening I preached in the large warehouse at the Bray, to a much larger congregation, composed of the principal gentry of the Island, together with justices, jurats, constables, &c. The Lord was again with me, and enabled me to declare His counsel without fear, and several were affected. Surely there will be fruit found of this, to the honour and praise of God. Even so, Lord Jesus! Amen.

"The next day being the time appointed for my return, many were unwilling I should go, saying, 'We have much need of such preaching, and such a preacher: we wish you would abide in the Island and go back no more.' The tide serving at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, I attended at the beach in order to embark ; but an unexpected Providence rendered this impracticable. The utmost of the flood did not set the vessel afloat ; and, though many attempts were made to get her off, by hauling astern, &c., all were in vain. I then returned to the town ; the people were glad of my detention, and earnestly hoped, 'that the vessel might sit fast, at least till the next spring tides.' Many came together in the evening, to whom I again preached with uncommon liberty ; and God appeared more eminently present than before, giving several to see at least, 'men as trees walking.' This, with several other observable circumstances, induced me to believe that my detention was of the Lord, and that I had not before fully delivered His counsel. The vessel being got off the same night about twelve o'clock, I recommended them to God, promised them a preacher shortly, and setting sail I arrived in Guernsey in about twenty-one hours. Glory be to God for ever! Amen.

"Several very remarkable circumstances attended this little voyage, the detailing of which I omit ; from the whole of which I conclude, that an effectual door is opened in that Island for the reception of the everlasting Gospel, and am convinced I did not mistake the call of the Lord. One thing I believe greatly contributed to the good that may have been done:—*viz.* a day of fasting and prayer, which I got our Societies both in town and country to observe. Were this method more frequently adopted we should not attempt the introduction of the Gospel so much in vain. There is not the smallest opposition nor even the appearance of any. As to

the clergyman, he is absolutely a Gallio; for, on being informed that a Methodist preacher had got into the Island, he said, 'A Quaker came a-preaching here some years ago, and he did not convert one; and it is probable it will be the case with this Methodist also.' And so *he* rests perfectly contented. Indeed he preaches not at all: he reads the *Liturgy* and *Ostervald's Reflections* upon the *First* and *Second Lessons*; nor do the people expect him to do any thing farther.

I am, Rev. and Dear Sir,
Your affectionate and Obedient Son in the Gospel,
ADAM CLARKE."

Since the time above mentioned, a great increase of religion has been seen in the island of Alderney. A chapel has been built, and many have been brought from the power of Satan unto God, by means of the Methodist preachers, both English and French.

Alderney, called by the inhabitants *Auregny*, lies about three leagues south-west of *Cape la Hogue*, in Normandy.

This Island derives much of its supplies from *France*. Such as, fresh meat, butter, eggs, &c., which supply, to the great inconvenience of the inhabitants, is cut off in the time of war: and is often suspended in the time of peace, by foul weather and contrary winds. This latter was the case when Mr. C. visited this Island, no fresh meat could be found; and the people with whom he lodged had nothing to present him, but *swine's flesh*, an aliment of which he never partook. Indeed there was nothing to be had besides, except *salt butter* and *ship-biscuit*. Having inquired whether any fresh *eggs* could be procured, he had the satisfaction to find as many as he needed during his stay. An old *frying-pan* was found, deeply *rusted*, having been long out of use: from this he scraped off the thickest crusts of the rust, got a piece of butter, melted it in the pan over the fire, and with a handful of *oakum* (old tarred rope, unravelled to its component parts) he wiped out the pan as clean as he could, and then fried his eggs with a piece of the salt butter, which looked of a fine *deep brown*, each cooking serving to detach some portions of the remaining rust. Such fricassees with coarse hard ship-biscuit served him in general for breakfast, dinner, and supper, while he remained on the Island: and for this he felt thankful both to God and man. It is true, he had some invitations to go to better houses, and get better fare; but he remembered the words of our Lord, which occurred to his mind on entering into the town, "And into whatsoever house you enter, there abide, eating and drinking such things as they give you." This house he believed the Lord had opened; and on this account he could have preferred it to the palace of the forest of Lebanon. While he remained in these Islands he had the

satisfaction to be able to erect a convenient and excellent chapel, in the town of St. Peter's in Guernsey, and saw a large and respectable congregation established in it.

Among these Islanders Mr. C. met with much kindness :—several were converted to God, who became ornaments of their profession, and patterns of piety. In Guernsey he seldom met with any improper usage. Many decent, respectable families, attended his preaching, and treated him with great respect. This was the case also at *Alderney*. *Jersey* differed from all the rest, as we have already seen ; yet there he had among his friends, some of the first families in the island.

The *fertility* of these islands has been noticed by historians in general,—as a proof of this, take the following examples :—

In a garden in the parish of St. Saviour's in Jersey, he saw a plot of cabbages, which, on an average, measured *seven* feet in height, with large and solid heads. In Mr. De Jersey's garden, at *Mon Plaisir*, in Guernsey, where he lodged, there was a cabbage that grew beside, and surpassed in height, a full-grown apple tree : when cut down, the stem was *sixteen feet in length!*

The *strawberry garden* in the same place was very remarkable, both for the abundance, size, and flavour of the fruit. It will surprise the Reader to hear that from this one garden, which, though large, was not enormously so, there were gathered *daily*, Sundays excepted, for nearly *six weeks*, from *fifty* to *one hundred* pounds weight of strawberries ! All other fruits were in proportion, both in quantity and flavour. In Mr. Brackenbury's garden, in St. Heliers, Jersey, he cut down a bunch of grapes, which weighed about *twenty* pounds ! When he and Mrs. Clarke returned to England, they could not relish any of the fruits, as the finest peaches and nectarines were only like good turnips, when compared with fruits of the same species produced in those fertile islands.

BRISTOL CIRCUIT.

IN July, 1789, he removed finally from the Norman islands, and, leaving Mrs. C. and his son John, then about six months old, at Trowbridge, he proceeded to Leeds, where the Conference was that year held, and where he received his appointment for the Bristol Circuit.

By this time his studies and confinement in the islands, had preyed a good deal on his health ; and the cough, which he had got several years before by sleeping in a wet bed at Beeralston, became so severe and oppressive, that it threatened his death. Mr. Wesley himself saw this, and in a visit

after Conference to Bristol, told the Society that "he believed they would soon lose their assistant." He was, however, enabled to go through the work of the Circuit, which was very severe; and though there was but little prosperity in the Circuit, yet he left it both in its spiritual and temporal concerns, in a much better state than he found it. What contributed much to his ill health in Bristol was, all the lodging rooms were over the chapel, and the noxious effluvia from the breath of so many hundreds of people who assembled there throughout the week, made the place extremely unhealthy. The plan, of building all the lodging rooms over the chapel, and on which several of the original Methodist preaching houses were built, was greatly prejudicial to the health of the preachers and their families.

In 1790 the Conference was held in Bristol, the *last* in which that most eminent man of God, John Wesley, presided: who seemed to have his mind particularly impressed with the necessity of making some permanent rule that might tend to lessen the excessive labour of the preachers, which he saw was shortening the lives of many useful men.

In a private meeting with some of the principal and senior preachers, which was held in Mr. W.'s study, to prepare matters for the Conference, he proposed that a rule should be made that no preacher should preach thrice on the same day: Messrs. Mather, Pawson, Thompson, and others, said this would be impracticable; as it was absolutely necessary, in most cases, that the preachers should preach thrice every Lord's day, without which the places could not be supplied. Mr. W. replied, "It must be given up; we shall lose our preachers by such excessive labour." They answered, "We have all done so: and you even at a very advanced age have continued to do so." "What I have done," said he, "is out of the question, my life and strength have been under an especial Providence; besides, I know better than they how to preach without injuring myself; and no man can preach thrice a day without killing himself sooner or later; and the custom shall not be continued." They pressed the point no farther, finding that he was determined; but they deceived him after all, by altering the minute thus, when it went to the press:—"No preacher shall any more preach three times in the same day (to the same congregation.)" By which clause the minute was entirely neutralized. He who preaches the Gospel as he ought, must do it with his whole strength of body and soul, and he who undertakes a labour of this kind thrice every Lord's day, will infallibly shorten his life by it. He, who, instead of *preaching*, *talks* to the people, merely *speaks* about good things, or *tells* a religious story, will never injure himself by such an employment; such a person does not *labour* in the

word and doctrine, he tells his tale, and as he preaches so his congregation believes, and sinners are left as he found them.

At this Conference it was found very difficult to get a preacher for Dublin; for during Mr. Wesley's life, an English preacher was generally appointed to that station, and he was considered the general assistant, that is, Mr. W.'s representative, over all the Irish Circuits and preachers. Mr. C. was proposed by several of the preachers, but Mr. W. refused because of the indifferent state of his health: however, they at last persuaded Mr. W. to consent, provided, when the proposal should be made to Mr. C., he should not object. It was accordingly laid before him; and, as it was his maxim never to choose a Circuit, nor object to his appointment, he agreed, and was sent over to Dublin, Aug. 1790.

DUBLIN.

AT the time of Mr. Clarke's arrival in Dublin, he found himself exposed to many inconveniences. They had been building a new house for the preacher, with which they connected a large room for a charity-school. The preacher and his family were to occupy the lower part and first floor, and the charity-school was to extend over the whole of the building, on the second floor. Owing to the unprincipled builder, the house was not made either according to the time or plan specified. The builder was a knave, to whom the stewards of the society had trusted the agreement signed by each, which agreement he absolutely refused ever to produce. Bad brick, bad mortar, inferior timber, and execrable workmanship, were every where apparent; and the knave was safe, as he professed to have lost the agreement, but maintained that all was done according to the specification. The house not being ready, Mr. C. and his family were obliged to go into lodgings, which were far from being either comfortable or convenient, but it was near the chapel, and the new house was expected to be soon ready.

The inconvenience of the lodging induced Mr. Clarke to enter the new house long before it was dry, which nearly cost him and his family their lives. He was shortly seized with a dreadful rheumatic affection in his head, which was supposed to be occasioned by a congestion of the blood-vessels of the brain; and in consequence of this supposition, his physicians were led to adopt a wrong treatment, which assisted the disease, and by both he was brought nearly to the gates of death. His recovery was slow and imperfect, and he was obliged, at the ensuing Conference, to return to England.

Dublin was not at that time a comfortable situation for a

preacher. There had been disputes in the Society which had greatly injured it. Dr. Coke, with the approbation of Mr. Wesley, had introduced the use of the Liturgy into the chapel at Whitefriar Street,—this measure was opposed by some of the leading members of the Society, as tending to what they called a separation from the church; when, in truth, it was the most effectual way to keep the Society attached to the spirit and doctrines of the church; who, because they were without Divine service in church hours, were scattered throughout the city, some at church, and many more at different places of Dissenting worship, where they heard doctrines that tended greatly to unsettle their religious opinions; and in the end, many were lost to the Society. In consequence of the introduction of the Liturgy a very good congregation assembled at Whitefriar Street; and much good might have been done, if the rich members of the Society had not continued hostile to the measure, by withdrawing their countenance and support, which they generally did. At last, both sides agreed to desire the British Conference, for the sake of peace, to restore matters to their original state, and abolish the forenoon's service; Mr. C., who at that time laboured under the same kind of prejudice, gave his voice against the continuance of the Prayers, and, at his recommendation, the Conference annulled the service. This was the greatest ecclesiastical error he ever committed; and one which he deeply deplored for many years; and was thankful to God when in the course of Divine Providence, he was enabled many years after to restore that service in the newly erected chapel in Abbey Street, which he had formerly been the instrument of putting down in Whitefriar Street;—that very same party, to please whom it was done, having separated from the Methodists' body, and set up a spurious and factious connexion of their own, under the name of Primitive Methodism; a principal object of which was to deprive the original connexion of its chapels, divide its societies, and in every way injure its finances, and traduce both its spiritual and loyal character.

It may be asked, "Why did Mr. C. in the year 1790, espouse the side of this party?"—It is but justice to say that, to that class of men he was under no kind of obligation: he had never asked nor received favours from any of them. They had neglected *him*, though he was on their side of the question, as much as they did those who were opposed to them: he and his family had nothing but affliction and distress while they remained in Dublin, and *that party* neither ministered to his necessities, nor sympathised with him in his afflictions. What he did was from an ill-grounded fear that the introduction of the church service might lead to a separation from the Church, (which the prejudice of education could alone suggest,) and he thought the different societies might be induced to attend at their parish churches, and so all kinds of dissent be prevented.

But multitudes of those, whatever name they had been called by, never belonged to any church, and felt no religious attachment to any but those who were the means of their salvation. When, therefore, they did not find among the Methodists, religious service on the proper times of the Lord's-day, they often wandered heedlessly about, and became unhinged and distracted with the strange doctrines they heard: of this Mr. Clarke was afterwards fully convinced; and saw the folly of endeavouring to *force* the people to attend a ministry from which they had never received any kind of spiritual advantage, and the danger of not endeavouring carefully to cultivate the soil which they had with great pain and difficulty enclosed, broken up, and sown with the good seed,—the word of the kingdom. And to prove that no favour to that party, nor expectation from them, led him to advocate their cause, he did it when he had left their city and never intended more to return.

While in Dublin, the most solemn event that ever occurred in the Methodists' Connexion, took place:—the death of the Rev. John Wesley. When Mr. C. heard of it he was overwhelmed with grief; all he could do, such were his feelings, was to read the little printed Account of his last moments.*

Of the agitations occasioned by his death in the Methodists' Connexion, it is unnecessary to encumber this narrative, as they have already been sufficiently detailed. Mr. Wesley's respect for Mr. C. was evidenced by the codicil to his last will, in which he made him with six others, trustees for all his literary property: and this codicil was at last found to supercede the *will*, and these seven administered to Mr. Wesley's effects, and afterwards conveyed all their rights and authority to the Conference.

Shortly after Mr. Clarke came to Dublin, he entered himself

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* On this occasion Funeral Sermons were preached for him in almost every place, and among the rest at City Road, London, by Dr. Whitehead, which being highly esteemed, it was shortly afterwards published: a copy of this Sermon Mr. Clarke sent to the learned Dr. Barnard, then Bishop of *Killaloe*, accompanied by a letter from himself, to which his Lordship replied in the following letter.

“ April 27th, 1791.

“ SIR,

“ I received the favour of your letter, and the excellent Sermon that accompanied it, on the Death of Mr. Wesley, which I have perused with serious attention and uncommon satisfaction.

“ It contains a true and not exaggerated encomium on that faithful and indefatigable servant of God who is now at rest from his labours, and (what is of more consequence to those who read it,) an intelligible and judicious *απολογία* for the doctrine that he taught, which he has set forth in the clearest terms, and with a simplicity of style, even beyond that of Mr. Wesley himself; without the smallest tincture of

a medical student in Trinity College, and attended several courses of Lectures; one on the *Institutes of Medicine*, by Dr. *Dickison*, Regius Physician; one on *Anatomy*, by Dr. *Cleghorn*; and one on *Chemistry*, by Dr. R. *Perceval*. From these studies, aided by his own sedulous application, he obtained a sufficiency of medical knowledge to serve his own large family in all common cases, and to keep what he ever considered the bane of families, all apothecaries from his door. When he thought that skill superior to his own was wanted, he employed some respectable physician: and always kept and prepared the medicines necessary for domestic use. His attendance on Dr. *Perceval*'s Lectures brought on an intimacy between him and that excellent man and eminent Physician, which has been unbroken for many years, and still flourishes with high respect on both sides.

While in this city he formed a charitable institution, called "The Strangers' Friend Society; and on the same principles, he founded one the following year, at Manchester; and one afterwards in London: the Rules and Plan of which were adopted and societies of a similar kind formed in almost all the chief towns in England, which still subsist in all their vigour, and have done more public good than any charitable institutions ever formed in the kingdom.

He buried one child, his eldest daughter, in Dublin; and returned to England, in the August of 1791.

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MANCHESTER, 1791—2.

THIS year the Methodist conference was held in Manchester, and Mr. C. being at this time in a bad state of health, was appointed to this circuit; being advised to use the Buxton

(reprehensible) enthusiasm, erroneous judgment, or heterodox opinion. He has plainly expounded the truth as it is in Christ Jesus; and I hope and believe that the dispersion of this little tract may do much good: as the sublimest truths of Christianity, are there reduced *ad captum vulgi*, and at the same time proved to the learned to be none other than such as have been always held and professed in the *Christian Church* from the time of the Apostles till now, however individuals may have lost sight of them.

"I am particularly obliged to you for communicating to me this little tract, and wish that I had the pleasure of knowing the author.

"I return you my thanks for the personal respect you are so good as to express for me, and should be happy to deserve it.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient humble servant,

THOS. KILLALOE.

"If I have omitted to direct this properly I hope you will excuse me, as you do not mention whether you are in orders or not."

Waters, as the likeliest means of his recovery. He tried the waters both by drinking and bathing, and was greatly benefited. The following year he visited Buxton again, and had his health completely restored. Of the great utility of these waters in rheumatic affections, he has ever spoken in the strongest terms; believing that this efficacy could not be too highly appreciated.

About this time the French revolution seemed to interest the whole of Europe. On the question of its expediency and legality, men were strangely divided. The high Tories considered it as a most atrocious rebellion; the Whigs, and those who leaned to a republican creed, considered it a most justifiable exertion of an enslaved nation to break its chains, and free itself from the most unprincipled despotism, and abject slavery. The history of this mighty contest is well known. The nation succeeded, though opposed by all the powers of Europe; and many of its officers acquired such eminent degrees of military glory, as surpassed every thing of the kind since the days of the Grecian Republics, and the times of the ancient Romans. But having defeated all its enemies, it became ambitious, and went through several forms of government: the mass of the people produced a *National Assembly*,—this a *Directory*,—this a consular *Triumvirate*,—this a *Dictator*,—this a *King of the French*,—this an *Emperor*, who ruled for a considerable time with unlimited power, and unexampled success;—confounding the politics of the European states, and annihilating their armies.

At last Napoleon, the most accomplished general and potentate which modern times have produced, by an ill-judged winter campaign against Russia, had an immense army destroyed by the frost, himself barely escaping from the enemy; after which his good fortune seemed generally to forsake him; till at last, when on the eve of victory, at the famous battle of Waterloo, by one of those chances of war, to which many little men owe their consequent greatness, and great men their downfall, he was defeated, and having thrown himself on the generosity of the British, he was sent a prisoner to the Rock of St. Helena, where, by confinement and ungenerous treatment, he became a prey to disease and death.

On the merits of this Revolution, in all the states through which it passed, the British Nation was itself greatly divided. Even religious people caught the general mania, greatly accelerated by the publications of Thomas Paine, particularly his *Rights of Man*, insomuch that the pulpits of all parties, resounded with the *pro* and *con* politics of the day, to the utter neglect of the pastoral duty; so that “the hungry sheep looked up and were not fed.”

It was the lot of Mr. Clarke to be associated at this time with two eminent men, who unfortunately took opposite sides

of this great political question; one pleading for the lowest republicanism, while the other exhausted himself in maintaining the divine right of kings and regular governments to do what might seem right in their own eyes, the people at large having nothing to do with the laws but to obey them. His soul was grieved at this state of things; but he went calmly on his way, preaching Christ crucified for the redemption of a lost world; and though his abilities were greatly inferior to those of his colleagues, his congregations were equal to theirs, and his word more abundantly useful. Political preachers neither convert souls, nor build up believers on their most holy faith: one may pique himself on his *loyalty*, the other on his *liberality* and *popular notions of government*; but in the sight of the Great Head of the Church, the first is a *sound-ing brass*, the second a *tinkling cymbal*.—

*Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.*

Both stubborn statesmen, both with skill inspired,
To scold or bluster as their cause required.

When preachers of the gospel become parties in *party politics*, religion mourns, the church is unedified, and political disputes agitate even the faithful of the land. Such preachers, no matter which side they take, are no longer the messengers of glad tidings, but the seedsmen of confusion, and wasters of the heritage of Christ. Though Mr. Clarke had fully made up his mind on the politics of the day, and never swerved from his Whig principles, yet in the pulpit, there was nothing heard from him but Christ crucified, and the salvation procured by His blood.

While in this town, he formed that now well known institution called the *Strangers' Friend Society*, which has spread over most of the populous towns and cities of England; and has been the means of turning many to righteousness, as well as of saving many thousands from an untimely death.

In the town and vicinity of Manchester, he laboured for two years. Here he found many valuable friends, and had the satisfaction to know that he had neither run in vain, nor spent his strength for nought.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE following Letters were written to Miss Mary Cooke, by Mr. Clarke, before they were married. I did not think myself authorized to introduce them into the body of Dr. Clarke's own narrative, which would so far have been interpolated; judging it to be much better that the account of his Life, which he had written for publication, should appear without any additions from either his own pen or those of others. Yet as they are illustrative of the preceding part of these Memoirs, and bring him forward speaking his own feelings in his own person, they are here inserted. They declare and describe various situations of his mind and circumstances; entering into that sort of conversational detail which causes events to rise up living before us, and we thus become companions in his thoughts and spectators of his actions.

Before, however, the Reader proceeds to the perusal of these Letters, he may be pleased with knowing the circumstances of an acquaintance which Mr. Clarke formed in the year 1791, in Dublin, with a Turkish Janissary. The account I have drawn up from memoranda in the handwriting of Dr. Clarke.

During Mr. Clarke's residence in Dublin, in 1791, he was called upon by a Turk, who had just arrived from Liverpool, and, being but little acquainted with the English language, he had inquired for some one who understood either Arabic or Spanish; he was directed to Mr. Clarke, to whom he soon made known his situation; but,

who received him at first with considerable caution : acquaintance, however, convinced him of *Ibrahim ben Ali's* integrity, and daily intercourse ripened into a friend this casual visiter. The principles of Christianity, in which Ibrahim had formerly been partially instructed, Mr. Clarke explained to him more fully, and in the course of a few months he was admitted at his earnest request to the rite of Baptism, which was performed by Mr. Rutherford in Whitefriar-street Chapel, Mr. Clarke interpreting into Spanish the words of the Baptismal service. He received the name of *Adam*.

The account which he gave of himself to Mr. Clarke, was in substance the following :—He was born at Constantinople in the year 1756 ; his father, *Ali ben Mustapha*, possessed an estate about six miles from Constantinople worth 30,000 *machbou*, about 10,000*l.* sterling. From his youth he had much of the fear of God, which his father, who was a zealous and conscientious Mussulman, endeavoured to improve. Among the many slaves which his father possessed, there chanced to be several Spaniards, who frequently spoke to Ibrahim of the God of the Christians, and of Jesus Christ the Saviour of the world ; adding, even at the hazard of their lives, that Mohammed was not a true Prophet, and that his doctrines were false. These things were not without their effect upon Ibrahim's mind.

At eleven years of age he was circumcised, and married at thirteen to his first wife Halima, who was then twelve. Shortly after his marriage he performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. His mother, Halima, was a Christian, native of the Island of Zante, and having been stolen by some Venetians, was bought in Aleppo by Ali ben Mustapha, who loved her too well to take another wife. She preserved her love to the Christian religion, and though she never dared to speak openly in its favour to her children, yet she

frequently gave them intimations that there was a purer way of worshipping the true God than that in which they were instructed. When they were old or sickly, she often obtained the liberty of many of her husband's Christian slaves.

The next year Ibrahim married his second wife Fatima, and his third Ayesha, by all of whom he had six children, three by the first wife, two by the second, and one by the last. His comforts at home were not so great as to prevent him from thinking of travelling, and in order to gratify his desire of seeing more of mankind, his friends advised him to procure a post in the army; this he proposed to his father, who obtained him a Captain's commission among the Janissaries.

After he had been about five years in the army, a most singular and awful occurrence took place. Two young officers, with whom he had contracted a very intimate acquaintance, and who lodged close to himself in the same barracks, were found one morning murdered in their beds. He and they used to go together to the Mosque very early in the morning, according to the custom of the Mohammedans: the above-mentioned morning he sent his servant to call them as usual, but receiving no answer, Ibrahim went to prayers by himself. On returning to his rooms he called again, and again received no answer. About eight the Basha came and inquired for them; he found their door locked and no answer was returned to his summons; he then ordered the door to be forced open, and on his entering they were both found with their throats cut, and their bodies stabbed in several places. Ibrahim, who was known to be intimate with the murdered men and who slept in the next room, was accused of the murder and committed to prison. His declarations of innocence were in vain, and his friends, by the exercise of both influence and entreaty, could only obtain five days to be granted, in which

to seek and discover the murderer. On the fifth day, a plate of black olives was sent to him as a token that tomorrow he must die. His father, mother, and friends came to have their last interview; and his mother's courage appears to have been aroused by the imminence of the danger, for she openly begged him as a dying man, to trust in the Supreme God alone, and to pay no attention to any part of the Mohammedan doctrine. An old Spaniard, who was a slave in the prison, brought him a cup of coffee, and sitting down by his side, said, "Turn Christian and recommend your soul to God through Christ Jesus, and he will save you unto life eternal." At small intervals Ibrahim repeated this three or four times, and was persuaded that his mother had spoken to the slave on this subject before her departure from the prison. The night he passed without sleep, and at six the next morning the attendants of the prison came to his cell. On hearing the doors open his strength forsook him and he fainted away;—but, when recovered from his swoon, what was his joy to be presented with his pardon!! In the course of that night two private soldiers confessed that they had murdered the officers in requital of some harsh treatment which they had received at their hands:—they were instantly executed. To recompense the old slave, Ibrahim bought him his liberty, gave him some money, and sent him to Spain; and the slave in return counselled him to continue his trust in the Lord Jesus, who had so wonderfully delivered him, and to do all the good that lay in his power to all men, not minding to what sect or party or nation they belonged. From this time an insatiable desire after a farther acquaintance with the Christian religion took possession of his soul, and never left him till he was fully converted to God.

About this time the Russians and Turks waged war with each other concerning the navigation of the Black Sea, and it fell to Ibrahim's lot to be engaged in the cam-

paign: he was in four battles, received many severe wounds, and at last was taken prisoner in the Province of Wallachia, on the banks of the Danube, and carried to Arzenicour, about fifty miles from St. Petersburg: here he remained about two years, and obtained his liberty as the grateful acknowledgment of a lady in that neighbourhood, whose eyes he had restored to health and strength. The good treatment he experienced, his freely conversing with the Christians of that place, and rejoicing to hear of the Christian religion, excited the envy and malevolence of two fellow captives, who wrote to Constantinople, that Ibrahim had turned Christian, and that there was every reason to believe that he had proved a traitor to his country, by delivering his troops into the hands of the Russians. These slanders had such an influence at Constantinople, that his brother warned him not to return till all had been investigated and cleared up. Finding that there was no hope of his being able speedily to revisit his native country, he embarked on board of a ship bound to Copenhagen, and thence he sailed for Liverpool.

While Ibrahim was a prisoner in Russia, his parents, wives, and children, had removed to Ismail as a place of greater security, while their relative was under suspicion; when this place was stormed and sacked by the Russians, under Suvarroff, all the inhabitants were put to the sword, and the whole of his family perished in the hideous slaughter-house, excepting one brother and sister, who had been left behind to take care of their father's estate, near Constantinople.

From Liverpool, as has been stated, Ibrahim came to Dublin, where he obtained the acquaintance of Mr. Clarke, by whom he was more fully taught the way of salvation, and inducted into the Christian Church: he continued to maintain an upright character, seldom passed a day without spending part of it with Mr. Clarke's family, and

when they left Dublin for Liverpool, he accompanied them, remaining during Mr. Clarke's two years' abode in that town. Manchester was the next place to which the family removed, whither also Ibrahim accompanied them, and after residing some considerable time there in constant intercourse with Mr. Clarke, he departed for America, where he married a lady of the Baptist persuasion, continuing faithful to his religious profession, and ultimately dying the death of the righteous.

The following are some of the Letters which were written by Mr. Clarke to Miss Mary Cooke, afterwards Mrs. Clarke.

LETTERS.

I.

Les Terres, Dec. 24, 1786.

MAY every grace that constitutes the whole mind that was in Jesus be multiplied unto my dear Mary, that she may stand perfect and entire in the will of God, lacking nothing! Amen.

You once asked my opinion concerning the meaning of the phrase "the Eternal Son of God." I gave it you, and howsoever singular, and unauthorized by Doctors, it may appear, yet I never had any reason to alter it, nor do I believe I ever shall. After having been sorely tost in beating about the common bay for *anchorage*, without success, I have at last, through the tender mercy of God, found it where I almost *ride* alone.

As long as I believe Jesus Christ to be the *Infinite Eternal I AM*, so long I suppose I shall reject the common notion of his "Eternal Sonship;" not only because it is an absurdity and palpable contradiction, but because I cannot find it in the Bible. On *His Godhead*, the foundation of the salvation of my soul is laid: every thing therefore that derogates from *that*, I most cordially reject. In the following extract you may see the method made use of to account for the common opinion, and make it appear without contradiction. The book from which I have made this extract, is entitled, *L'Evangile Médité*, par L'Abbe Giraudeau. Tom. i. Meditat. 25^e. Sur Jean i. 1.

"The Mysteries of the Logos (or Word) considered with respect to Himself.

"1. The Evangelist St. John represents the Word IN God: and first his Eternity. 'In the beginning was the Word.' When the world was created, the *Word* then existed. If it then existed in the beginning, it was before the beginning: and if it *was* before the beginning, it had *no beginning*: therefore it is eternal.

"2. The Evangelist points out His subsistence as a distinct person, for he says 'the Word was *IN* God;' *i. e.* in God the Father, of whom it is engendered, or produced by way of *understanding*, or *knowledge*. God the Father, who is the *first* Person in the Divine Nature, *knew himself*, and *formed by His knowledge, a perfect image of His sub-*

stance : this is His Word, His Son, and a Person really distinct from Himself. It is the same of the Holy Ghost, (of whom the Evangelist does not speak here, because his design was only to make Jesus Christ known.) The Father and the Son *love one another with an infinite love*;—*that love is the Holy Ghost*, who proceeds from the Father and the Son *by way of spiration*, and who makes the third person of that adorable Trinity.

“3. The Evangelist points out His *Divinity*, ‘The word *was* God;’ for there is nothing in God but what is eternal, and there is nothing in God which is *not* God. The Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, are three Persons, who have the *same* Nature, and *same* Divinity, &c. &c.”

Exotics are generally more esteemed than native productions; but though the above (especially that written in *italics*) has the property of *exoticism* to recommend it, yet I dare say you will be in no haste to incorporate it with your own creed. Would it not be better to let that sacred unfathomable mystery alone, than by attempting to define it, to run oneself into such absurdities and futilities as the above? By the Abbe’s method every man or woman may form themselves into three distinct persons. For let a man only *know himself*, then he has a second person; again, let him love himself and his knowledge, and then he has a third! How much more excellent are the plain words of Scripture!—“There are Three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these *Three* are *One*.” What a piece of insanity to attempt to find out the Godhead, and to ascertain the mode of its existence! and yet this was the method the Schoolmen, and the primitive Fathers, made use of to explain the Trinity. See Chambers’ Encyclopædia, *sub voce*.

II.

Guernsey, Jan. 23, 1787.

LAST evening I arrived in safety from Jersey, after an absence of only seven days. (A few minutes after my arrival I received yours of the 12th instant, which had arrived here on the 20th.) My voyage has been useful both to my body and soul. I met with some deeply experienced Christians, compared with whom I am but a *very little* child. An elderly and a young woman are the most remarkable. The former seems to possess all the *solemnity and majesty* of Christianity; she has gone and is going through acute corporeal sufferings, but these add to her apparent dignity: her eyes, every feature of her face, to ether with all her words, are uncommonly expressive of the word ETERNITY, in that importance in which it is considered by those whose minds are devoted to deep reflection. To her I put myself

frequently to school, during my short abode in the island, and could not avoid learning *much*, unless I had been invincibly ignorant, or diabolically proud. The latter seems possessed of all that *cheerful* happiness and *pure love*, which so abundantly characterize the Gospel of Christ. *Peace*, *meekness*, and *joy*, judiciously immingled by the sagacious economy of the Holy Spirit, constitute a glorious something, *affectingly* evident in all her deportment, which I find myself quite at a loss to describe. Two such I know not that I have before found: they are indeed the *rare* and the excellent of the earth. A summary of both characters seems comprised in this:—of the former it may be truly said,

“Not grave with sternness,”

—of the latter,

“Nor with lightness free.”

You are excellent at *ideal realization*, I leave you to indulge it here in respect of both persons, without being much afraid of its running into the excessive.

* * * * *

I do not intend to write a Treatise on Conscience, and those other punctilios connected with it: I desire you to supply my lack of service: I know you are capable enough unless your health forbids. For my own part, I am well assured I shall never make an *author*: were there no other reasons, *my ideas flow too quick* for the slow process of black upon white. The thought, therefore, I entirely relinquish. What I spoke to you relative to the “Eternal Sonship” of the Almighty’s Fellow, is not a slight opinion with me, but a deeply graven sentiment. I have read some of the strongest reasonings of the Schoolmen and the Fathers of the church on this head, but their finest hypotheses appear so unmeaning, trifling, and futile, as to afford no satisfaction to a sincere inquirer after *essential* truth. I believe that which *we* discover of this glorious truth is the opinion which Eternity will exhibit only in greater degrees, and with more abundant evidence. It appears to me that the Arian and Socinian schemes, cannot only be strongly combated, but effectually overthrown, by a firm adherence to, and judicious infering from, these propositions. As Arianism, &c., abounds now, I think the Church of God has much need of a Treatise of this kind: were I equal to the task it should soon appear in the world; but here I must stop, finding much reason to adore my gracious Maker, notwithstanding he has *not* given *me* adequate abilities.

* * * * *

I expect, according to your intimated promise, a whole book of “Detached Thoughts” from you when I see you. It has been winter with my genius for some time past: hardly the germs of happy thought on important topics have been apparent. I find I cannot

create genius, though I can obliterate or at least stupify it: but however this may be, I find it possible to love, fear and obey an astonishingly kind and merciful God. Surely his name deserves all the praises heaven and earth can yield, for his long-suffering tenderness towards me, who am—God knows what!

You ask me, "Cannot you join with me in sympathetic bearing of Mr. ——'s trouble?" i. e. for the loss of his amiable wife. I really think he who has lost an amiable pious wife, (such I believe Mrs. —— was,) has sustained the greatest loss he could on this side eternity next to the loss of his God, if he had one: and that it is a duty to mourn with those who mourn, I cordially allow. "Well then, will you not sympathise with Mr. ——?" I must be assured first that *he* mourns before I can mourn *with* him. But I have strong reasons to induce me to believe that he mourns *not*, though the wife, the friend, and more than friend, is dead! You are perhaps surprised. Take the following extract from a letter from one of the excellent of the earth, who I know is incapable of lying or exaggerating. "The day after I received your letter, Mrs. —— died: we expect that Mrs. —— will soon leave *us*, as it is likely that Mr. —— and she will *soon be married*." Seeing this is the case, I ask, is the *present connexion*, and a mourning for death's last inroad, compatible? Is there any room for you or me, think you, to bear a "sympathetic part" in sorrows that no longer exist? I deplore her not: she is taken away from the evil (that is likely) to come! Let us catch her mantle!

* * * * *

You cannot be too much in earnest for full salvation, therefore continue pleading the "Promise of the Father," for it is yea and amen to you, the blessing is as free as the air you breathe,—the willingness of God to fulfil his promise to you infinitely exceeds my description and your conception: I know unbelief will either assert the contrary, or raise some difficulty, but don't give ear to it, remember,

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done."

Salvation by faith is a more simple plain easy doctrine, than one in a thousand imagines. That complexity and difficulty in which it is generally viewed, keep numbers from going up *at once* to possess the good land. I allow, so long as mystical divinity is consulted, the promise of His coming must be looked upon as exceedingly distant, as *that* only breathes "a *long* work will God make upon the earth;" but the word of faith by the gospel says the kingdom of God is at *hand*: yea, the means of receiving it is in thy heart, and in thy mouth. In short, looking on it as distant, will make it distant: whereas, believing it as near, will bring it near.

III.

April 4, 1787.

BEING attacked from so many quarters there was little view of my lingering *long*, especially as I had been slowly wasting for some months before. The people were greatly alarmed, and proclaimed a day of fasting, prayer, and weeping, to snatch their poor preacher from the grave. Their sorrow caused me to *feel*:—for myself, I could neither weep nor repine; but I could hardly forbear the former on their account.—The Doctor, on his second visit, found that I was severely attacked by the jaundice; and so took the cure of that first in hand: but withal observed that I should not regain my health properly, nor be free from bilious complaints, till I resumed my former method—*of riding*. Through much mercy, I am now much mended: my cough is almost entirely removed; and my doctor has this day informed me that my tawny disorder begins to abate. I am now only confined to my room; but am very much enfeebled. Indeed, I am little else (considered abstractedly from my spirit) than a quantity of bones and sinews, wrapt up in none of the best coloured skins. But this also has, and *will*, work together with other providential dispensations for my good. When I was almost at the worst I opened my Septuagint on the 91st Psalm, and on the three last verses, which are much more emphatical than the English, particularly the middle clause of the 15th verse: “*I am with him in affliction.*” Glory be to God my Saviour, I found it to be so! O, may I to eternity lie in deep humility at His feet, recognizing the immenseness of His mercy, and the utter *utter* unworthiness of the subject on which it has wrought so many miracles, truly expressive of its *own* unconfined benignity! Do you wish to know how I was taken care of during my sickness? I indeed lacked nothing that could be procured; nor was there any difficulty to procure persons to set up with me day or night: yea, I had much favour in the sight *even of the Egyptians*. May the good Lord to eternity reward them for what they have done for His unworthy servant.

IV.

Guernsey, May 22, 1787.

You will easily see by the place of date that I am arrived: and, (to the honour of my gracious God be it acknowledged,) in perfect safety. On the 19th I wrote to you from Southampton, which I hope you have duly received. Saturday the captain informed me that he intended to sail the next morning; in consequence of which I got myself in readiness and sent my trunk aboard. As eight was the hour fixed for

embarkation, several persons, Dissenters, &c., entreated me to give them a sermon before I departed, for which I should have time enough if I began at half past six. I consented, and a good company, for the time and place, met. The Lord was with me, and gave much liberty to expose, and power to *shake* the sandy foundation of *spiritual stillness*, consisting of *hopes, trusts, conjectures, and possibles*, on which several had been building their expectation of glory.

The good Lord quickened the people much, and though my work was done at the expense of almost every particle of my strength; yet was I sufficiently repaid in finding that any good was done. Well it was, that our sailing was postponed till two o'clock, as I was quite unwell, and consequently incapable of going. But at that hour I embarked, being escorted to the boat by several serious Presbyterians, who had heard me preach, and who wished me more blessedness than their tongues were capable of expressing. The wind was a little against us; but as there was a good breeze, and our vessel an excellent sailer, we soon lost sight of Southampton, and next day by noon were abreast of *Cape la Hogue*, in *Normandy*. Here we were obliged to cast anchor in about thirty-four fathom water, having a strong tide against us, and scarcely a breath of wind to carry us forward. When the tide served we weighed anchor, and stood on our course; but made very little progress, the breeze being so scant and small. At last we got to the Island of Sark, three leagues from Guernsey, where we thought we should be obliged to anchor all night, the tide in our favour being almost exhausted, and the wind changed to *right a-head*. What a mortification! to be thus detained on sea in sight of our lodging? In these circumstances some were seriously calling,—*Blow precious breeze*. Others *whistling* to invite it; some *chafing* and others *striving* (as they called it) “to make the *best* of a bad market.”

* * * * *

I proceed to give you some account of my company:—We had on board a captain of the army, a lieutenant of a man of war, some other military officers, and some gentlemen *so called*. I might almost stop here, as a few inferences deduced from well known premises, would give my dear Mary a tolerable estimate of the “men and their conversation.” Let it suffice to say we had at first some swearing, which, by the grace of God, I reprov'd: by and bye they began, (though on the Sabbath,) to sing songs, as if it had been *their Easter Tuesday*. This I immediately remonstrated against, which brought on a long altercation, in which the Lord enabled me to confound the whole of them: for the present they desisted; but again they renewed their singing with double vigor. I stepped up to the quarter-deck, on which they were assembled, and charged the principal of them—“in the name of the *living God* to be silent,” adding, “I will not suffer such profanation of the Lord’s-day.” He stopp'd and asked me, “*What*

authority I had for acting as I did? and *who* I was?" I answered, "I am a servant of *Jesus* Christ, and the authority by which I prohibit your breach of the Sabbath, I have *from God*." Singing tempers were soon abandoned; and I was apparently brought into *several dangers* without *fearing any*. Glory to Christ, He kept me meek, fearless, and as bold as a lion. The consequence was, being confounded they were *obliged* to be calm, and their bacchanalian songs so effectually stopped, that the devil had not the honour of a *single verse* during the remainder of the Sabbath. I kept my authority the whole voyage, and continued, with affectionate boldness, (God abundantly helping me,) to reprove all their vices. I plainly see that the feeblest servant of God may be, (if faithful,) an instrument of *preventing* (at least) a multitude of iniquities, and shewing forth the honour and glory of God before men, which will be either to their conviction or confusion, according to the use they make of it.

V.

Seven miles beyond Warminster.

MY DEAR MARY,

MR. SLADE has no doubt informed you that I was disappointed of a place in the stage, by its being uncommonly full. I was quite willing to have returned to T——, providing I could have had a passage next day ascertained: but this the coachman told me he could not promise, as every place for the next day was already bespoke. A cart for Sarum was standing at the door of the inn, just ready to depart: I agreed with the proprietor and embarked; but the extreme noise, and only a cord across to lean my back against, rendered the ride rather disagreeable. Does my dear M. desire to know how my *feelings are*? What did I say when I departed? Was it that "a separation from the Lord would be *only* worse?" I say so still: though between the present, and the above separation, there is no parallel, yet *this* I think is the next to *it*. You thought you should be obliged to preach to me. And suppose you had begun, what would you have exhorted me to? Why "Do not murmur nor repine." *I do neither*. "Do not love inordinately." I think I can here plead not guilty. Nevertheless my sensations have been truly poignant. Had I an arm cut off by a very slow process, might I not feel much pain, and yet not transgress?

"Nature unprov'd might shed a tear."

There might be "sorrow without sin." Is there not more than an arm severed from me at the present? There is. And could I not as soon divest myself of muscles and nerves, as not feel?

Salisbury, 9 o'clock, P. M.—Fatigued enough I arrived at 7 o'clock. —After I left you I felt rather a sudden alteration in my mind: a gloomy resignation (tolerably good in its kind) took place, and was “fast reared” by a stoical insensibility. In these circumstances I remained, till, about a mile and a half out of town, I met with Father Knapp:—his appearance awakened in my (almost senseless) spirit some of the most tender sensations: I shook hands, but could not speak to him. I passed on,—grieved a little,—looked upwards,—and was once more calm. I strove to look a little into futurity, to spy out, if possible, even a probable prospect of a return, which might be a means of present consolation: but this my kind God absolutely refused to indulge me in;—not permitting me to see a hair’s breadth beyond that *indivisible point*, which makes the *present* in time: and thus I continue: my soul, filled with *embryo somethings*, which it cannot express, nor hardly conceive, struggles out, Thy will be done! I am now so fatigued and exhausted that I am able to write no more to-night.

VI.

Mon Plaisir, October 19, 1787.

MY DEAR M.,

THROUGH the great mercy of my gracious God, I am landed once more in Guernsey. May His great name be blessed for ever! I wrote to you from Alderney a letter, bearing the two-fold dates of the 16th, and 17th, instant; in which I informed you of my arrival *there*, on the evening of the 15th, and the dangers which (through the aid of God) we escaped. I need not *here* recapitulate or particularize *what* in that epistle I have said, as I hope you will receive it safely ere this can come to hand. At present I can add but a little, being almost worn out by the severe fatigues through which I have been lately led. You must, therefore, excuse the *few* lines which give you little other information than that of my arrival. However, I will endeavor to add a little by way of supplement to the other *Journal accounts*, all of which I hope you have safely received. Wednesday being too stormy to attempt to sail for Guernsey, I had the opportunity of preaching once more to a people prepared to receive the Word of Life. God was truly with me, and much I err if conviction and persuasion did not accompany the words He enabled me to speak. The gracious Lord has made an inroad here on the kingdom of Satan, which I humbly hope shall be retained with increasing advantage. Thursday, the 18th, came, and with it brought a tempest from NW. I had been forced almost to believe (notwithstanding the narrow escape for my life between *Coves* and *Yarmouth*, and the *tooth-skin* delivery in get-

ting to Alderney,) that my difficulties were not all yet at an end: Wednesday night I could not rest well, notwithstanding my former fatigue; my busy spirit foreboding something to which I could not give a name, kept all the avenues of my senses unlocked. I got up, and after having taken a little breakfast, I was summoned to the pier to sail for Guernsey. I set off accompanied by some friends who came to escort me to the port, where I found the vessel waiting *only for me*. Truly it blew a hurricane; but the captain was *determined* to sail. We were badly manned before, but now it was much worse, as one of our sailors having got ten shillings, was determined not to stir till he had drunk it *out*. We loosed out from the pier-head, and got under sail; but although we had two reefs in our main sail, the sea ran so high, and the wind was so boisterous, we soon found our vessel had more canvass than she could live under: we were in consequence thereof obliged to *lie to*, that we might take down our *weather jib sheet*, and put a small one in its place. I had taken a stand at the bulk-head, from whence I had the opportunity of seeing every thing around me. And what think you I saw clearest? Why the awful aspect of death impressed on every thing. A sensation, *unusual to me*, sunk my soul as to the centre of the earth, or bottom of the abyss. "Alas! thought I, and am I indeed afraid of death? Is *this* the issue of matters with me? Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit! on the infinite merit of thy blood I rest my soul!" *Immediately* all was calm: and *this* enabled me to take a full look at death, who was shortly to pass by in *dreadful port*. The sailors being unhandy, the *weather jib sheet* was long in *setting*, and the vessel during the time, was wearing towards a range of dreadful rocks. The sea continuing to run high, and the wind blowing fiercely, brought us so much in *leeway*, that the vessel would not answer the helm, but drove among the rocks. In a few moments all was *commotion! exertion! and despair!* and a cry more dreadful than that of fire at midnight, issued from all quarters, "Cut away the boat! get ready the boat! the vessel is lost! the vessel is lost!" The people on the pier (for we were not far distant from it) seeing our danger, and believing our shipwreck inevitable, got out a boat with four strong men to try to save the lives of the passengers and sailors. At this solemn crisis, *fell, pallid despair*, had *miscreated* every face:—with the utmost safety I believe I may aver, scarcely a particle of *courage* or *equanimity* remained in any, save in a captain of regulars, and your A. C. Through the grace of God my soul was quite *unmoved*: I waited like the captain to meet my fate with firmness: nor did my countenance or actions betray any anxiety or carking care. In the moment, when a dreadful rock within two or three yards of our *lee bow*, gave us every thing to dread, and took away the last grain of hope, God, who sits above the water-floods, by an unseen arm hove the vessel to *leeward*: she past the rock as within a hair's-breadth, answered once

more her helm, and from the lip of eternity we escaped into the pier!
O Lord God! how marvellous are thy doings in the earth! and how
dost thou manifest thy wonders in the mighty waters!

“The sea has *now* confest thy power,
And given me back to thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thy hand.”

I cannot help saying something here by way of eulogium on the brave military captain. His great presence of mind, his action, and his courage, shewed him to be a *great man*: and had he vital religion, I am persuaded, a greater (in his profession) perhaps Europe could not boast of. His name is Hanfield, I think of the 22nd regiment. I must say, it was nothing to *my honour*, that I stood in the trying time with *courage*: it was the grace of Christ, and that *only* which enabled me to turn my eyes undaunted on the tomb, the *watery* tomb. To God only wise and gracious, be the eternal glory ascribed, through Christ Jesus! Amen.

Perhaps you will be surprised at what follows. Though we but a few moments before, escaped destruction, yet the desperate captain of the vessel would go out again! I thought, “seeing God has saved my life from going down into the pit, it would be tempting his providence to go out again with them, I will therefore take a boat and go immediately to shore.” But I again thought, “Will it not reflect dishonour on the religion I profess, and the sacred character I bear? If all go out again, and *I* stay behind, will it not be reported, the Methodist Preacher was afraid of death; his boasted spiritual evidences of salvation did not free him from its power? ’Tis granted, it may be so: in the name of Jesus! I will once more venture!” Perhaps my dear M. may be induced to say, “The reasoning was absurd, and the action condemnable.” Well, be it so: but out I went, and what I suffered during the passage, my pen cannot describe.—Every minute, and sometimes oftener, the sea washed over the vessel, the violent agitation made me sick, almost unto death; and vomiting till the blood came, was but a part of what I suffered:—but of this dreary tale I shall say no more. The things that a person buys *dear* are generally more prized and better regarded, than those that come *cheap*. I think I have not yet paid your *full* price, though the part I have borne is known only to God. If it be possible to get you *under value*, I would say, Lord, excuse me from paying more! I landed on St. Peter’s pier, before five o’clock, P. M., and found a people nearly as glad to see me as I was to feel myself on *terra firma* again. I went to the post-office, and got yours of the 6th inst., I was surprised to find *no more*, seeing I had written *so many*.

When I began this epistle I did not purpose to write the *half* of what I have written; being at present so worn out and so unwell. See what God has done for me, and praise Him in my behalf.

VII.

Mon Plaisir, Nov. 25, 1787.

LAST evening I received your very welcome epistle, bearing date the 20th instant, which came in good time, and for which I most affectionately thank my dear Mary. The temptations, relative to your welfare, which I have lately gone through, (though in a measure healed by the receipt of the present,) yet have left a solemn impressed *scar* on my spirit. Perhaps it was my waking solicitude which induced me to dream some time ago, that I had received an epistle from sister B—y, informing me that my Mary was no longer an inhabitant of the earth; and enclosed was an oration which had been delivered at her funeral, part of which I still perfectly remember. Even in sleep how capable is the soul of being distressed? What think you I *then* felt? and what think you I felt even when the visionary cause of my distress had fled away before opened eyes, and recollected senses?—Truly my soul can say that, the *falsity* of my dream was more precious to me than the *whole globe*, had it been in my possession. But the impressions left upon my mind by this miserable vision, did not vanish as speedily as the thing itself. What a mercy is it to be kept from the vagaries of an *unreasoned* spirit, and the influences of the Spiritual Wickednesses in the night season? Indeed so perplexed have I been of late with similar matters in my sleep, that at whatever time I awoke in the night, I have thought it better to arise at once, than to put it in the power of my enemies to perplex me any farther. Another reason for this perhaps was, I have enjoyed but imperfect health at least for eight days past, which derangement of bodily organs, afforded my spirit an opportunity to employ itself in such *unfriendly* fancies; or rendered it less capable of resisting those malevolent beings which walk the earth unseen. Yet, hitherto could he come, but no farther: blessed be God! Satan cannot exceed his chain. I dare say my dear Mary would be willing to know particulars relative to the last mentioned affair. On the 18th instant, (not knowing my weakness, and having a very large attentive congregation, and being willing to speak for eternity,) I exceeded my time, and hurt myself much: I have not yet got the better of it, but I think I shall strive against myself, and commit less errors of this kind in future, than I have hitherto done. Again, as the winter comes on, and the time for walking is uncomfortable, I abide in the house, and this *lack of exercise* injures me not a trifle. It is true, I have many trips to and from town, but these do not contribute much to my bodily welfare, as they are taken generally *before day*, and *after night*, which are the seasons I preach at. I know not really how I shall prevail on myself to make an amendment here; having entered so deeply into the spirit of study, every moment seems precious, and the day *too short* for the work I appoint it. I really can-

not spare time even to write to several of my friends to whom I am in epistolary debt! no one but my Mary, stands a *pleasing* candidate for a single letter, and to her I can write *as* I used to speak: it being the only substitute for the conversation of which I am now deprived.

Do you wish to be acquainted with my studies? And shall I make an open confession to you, and thereby subject myself to your censure? I would just say, I yet pursue my *old*, and have made some additions to my former plan. *French* certainly must not be entirely forgotten; I know not but *that* meets with injustice: the *Septuagint* I cannot persuade myself to relinquish; how can I, seeing my esteem for it rather increases: the writing of occasional *notes* I must continue, though perhaps none will think them worth *reading* but myself. Another kind of writing which in general employs all my brains, shares not a small part of my time:—farther, occasional reading and translating, take up some more, and the book which I have to translate for Mr. Wesley, (which I have not yet begun,) *must* come shortly, and this I think will hardly leave me time to take my food. Again,—“What! more yet?” O yes, *Philosophical Researches* have not a slender part of the day and night. It appears, my dear Mary, that my spirit has lately got more *latitude* and *longitude* than it ever had before: the earth does not *now* content it, though it knows but a trifle of that, it must needs understand the *heavens*, and call all the *stars* by their names. Truly I do find an ability for speculations of this kind, which I never had before: but I am shackled,—perhaps it is well so,—I have not *glasses* to perform the lucubrations I would. I own, my dear Mary, this may be an error, I freely own it to *you*: will your tenderness for me permit you to reprove me *sharply*, if you see I am wrong? But shall I speak a word for myself? I would then say; I do indeed find *this* is not a barren study to my mind; my soul is thereby led to the Framers of *unnumbered worlds*, and the omnipotency of my Redeemer appears illustriously stamped on the *little* out of the almost *infinite*, which I am able to view. I stand astonished at the amazing wisdom, power, and goodness of our excellent God, which I now more particularly discover impressed on every thing that falls within the *little sphere* of my understanding. Did I not find it to have this effect, I could not in conscience pursue studies of the kind. Yet do not think, my dear, that I speak thus, in order to prohibit the censures I seemed at first to invite; not at all. On the contrary, I would suggest the following, to give you room for censure if you deem it applicable, *viz.* “May there not be more *simple* methods found out, which have a *directer* tendency to cultivate the soul, than some of these I pursue?”—Truly I can say, my soul’s most earnest wish is to live to Him who died and rose again for me. O, my Mary! what do I owe Him! His long-suffering with, and mercies to me, almost stupify my soul, when in reflection. JESUS! be Thou the centre to which my soul

shall incessantly *gravitate*! yea more, let it come more particularly into *contact*, and *rest* in Thee for ever and ever! Amen.

VIII.

Mon Plaisir, Dec. 2, 1787.

It is strange to see how times change;—last winter I had in general a Congregation made up of several of the most reputable persons in the Island:—to keep me among them, they offered to provide handsomely for me:—their kind offer I again and again rejected:—however, they continued to hear, believing I spoke the words of truth and soberness, and as they phrased it, “In the best manner they had ever heard.”—“Pity it was that I could not be permitted to preach in the Church at least every Sunday.” However, *this*, like all things “under the Sun,” must have an end. By and bye, one of these gentry *staid away*; another attended *less* frequently—then he dropped off;—such and such did not come, therefore, I lost some more;—and so on, till hardly a soul of them came either on Sabbaths or other days. I was then as a person who had been “in honour, but continued not,” and my ministry was at last confined to “the poor, the *best* friends of my God!” *These* cleaved closely to me, and praised God that the candlestick was yet in its place. With these I endeavoured to keep on my way, and the dropping in of one now and then to Society, held up my hands. Persecutions arose, and evil reports were liberally spread abroad; this made it rather dangerous for any of my *quondam* friends to take any notice of me; then I was obliged *fully* to walk *alone*, but through the strength of God, I was enabled to weather every trying circumstance. Finally, as things cannot be long at a *stay* “under the Sun,” the time for a revolution must again take place, and the honour that I sought *not, had, and lost*, would, *as unsought for*, again return. One,—another,—and another, have ventured back, heard,—were pleased and profited once more,—brought others along with them, till at last I have *all* back again, with an accession of several *new* ones, and now I am “an honourable man;” and surely a *great many* good things would not be *too good* for me now, would I accept them. Thus you see, my dear Mary, “there is but as one day between a poor man and a rich.” It is *well*, it is *ineffably* well, to have a happiness that is not affected by the great and many changes to which external things are incident: what a blessing to be able to sit calm on the wheel of fortune, and to prosper in the midst of adversity!

Thursday Morning, 21.

I TRUST I can say, with gratitude to God, my complaints are on the remove: and though I cannot say I feel a vast deal easier, because the natural consequence of the medicines I have taken is, to probe keenly in order to cure; yet I believe I am better; and trust, through the blessing of the Lord, to have a complete cure. Though there has been preaching in English three times since I returned, yet I have not attempted to shew myself even once to the people. Yesterday, a soldier belonging to the Train, whom the Lord gave, together with his wife, sometime ago, to my feeble labours, came to see me. I have seldom seen more affection, commixed with as much of childlike simplicity as you can conceive, evidenced before. He looked in my face pitifully, and saying, "I heard you was sick," sat down in a chair, and melted into tears. Yes; and yet he is a *soldier*! It is amazing, this man was a very great slave to drunkenness. One *morning* last summer, having got drunk before *five o'clock*! he some way or other strolled out to Les Terres, and heard me preach, and was deeply convinced. "What! and he drunk?" Yes. After preaching he took me by the hand, and with the tears streaming down his cheeks, betwixt drunkenness and distress, he was only capable of saying a very few words:—"O Sir, I know you are a man possessed by the Spirit of God." He went home, and after three days' agonies, God, in tender compassion, set his soul at liberty. His wife also set out for the same heaven in good earnest: and shortly found the peace of *God*; and both joined the Society, and have walked ever since most steadfastly in faith and good works. Glory! Glory be to God Most High!

* * * * *

BLESSED be the Lord, it has been a time of much good both to my body and mind. Since the 27th, on which I wrote last, the Lord has opened his heaven most benignly in my soul; and with that has given me to discover Him as one uniform, uninterrupted, eternal *Goodwill*, towards all His creatures. When I look into myself I am astonished that He condescends to pay me the smallest visit; but when I contemplate Him under the above attribute, my astonishment ceases, though I cannot forget myself.

* * * * *

Were I like Mohammed's feigned angel, having to my lot, "Seventy thousand heads, *each* actuated by as many tongues. and each of these

uttering seventy thousand distinct voices," with my present ideas of the Divine Being, I should think their eternal vibrations in His praise an almost no tribute to a God so immeasurably good! And yet where am I going? I have but *one* tongue, and that speaks but very inexpressively, the choicest blessings of heaven are given unto me; and how, how seldom, comparatively, is it used in shewing forth His excellency, or acknowledging how deep His debtor I am! O, my God! what reason have *I* to be ashamed and confounded? But Thou wilt have mercy. Again, I discover that God can only be viewed in the above light through God made Man; *i. e.* manifested in the flesh; and this sets forth the Redeemer in the most amiable and absolutely important point of view. God through Him is altogether lovely! But remove this Medium, and this my beautiful system is lost in chaos, in the twinkling of an eye. Glory be to God for Christ! Amen.



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