The Beauties of the Evangelical magazine

by
William Wallis Woodward

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THE

 Beauties

 OF THE

 EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

 VOL. I.
THE BEAUTIES
OF THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.
A Work
PRINTING IN ENGLAND IN NUMBERS.
NOW COMPRISSING
TEN OCTAVO VOLUMES.

CAREFULLY SELECTED
BY THE PUBLISHER.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A few interesting pieces, selected from the manuscripts of some late pious Ministers of the Gospel in the city of PHILADELPHIA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Philadelphia:
Printed and Published by WILLIAM W. WOODWARD, at his Divinity, Law, and Medical Book-Store—lately occupied by Mr. WILLIAM YOUNG, No. 32, corner of Second and Chesnut Streets.

1803.
IT is with pleasure I now present the first volume of a publication often contemplated, and often solicited by my friends to publish. I shall not pretend to say any thing respecting the utility or entertainment of the following pages, but only observe, that this selection is made from a work publishing in London, by a society of thirty Ministers of the Gospel, of different denominations; and that the profits arising from the publication of the work, are for the support of poor widows of Gospel Ministers. Ten thousand copies are monthly disposed of through the British empire, and other parts of the world. About 2600 pounds sterling have been distributed. The publication is conducted in a catholic spirit, and calculated to be entertaining and instructive to pious characters of various professions in the Christian church.

May the feeble effort of the compiler prove acceptable to his patrons, and the publication serve to enlighten the ignorant, animate the pious, and convince the obstinate that there is a GOD—merciful—yet just.

EDITOR.
The Editor of the American selection knows of nothing more suitable for a dedication to these volumes than a copy from the original, taken from the 1st number printed in the year 1793, with a few alterations.

THE DEDICATION.

THOU triune God! from whose rich stores of grace
All good proceeds, I now approach thy throne,
To lay myself, and this my weak attempt,
Beneath the smile of Patronage Supreme.
My eye keep single, and my aim direct;
That all my efforts, in concurrence sweet,
May spread thy praise, and edify thy flock
In things divine. O let this select Work
Stand up a faithful witness for thy truth;
Against the floods of error may it stand
A brazen bulwark, durable and firm.
Father Omnipotent! thy love doth sound
Along each line. Far as thy word reveals
Thy plans and counsels, I with joy have mark'd
The brilliant footsteps of eternal grace.
Tow'rd's guilty man. Jesus! thy charming name,
Bright as the noon-day sun, hath gild each page.
The glories of thy bleeding love is now
My darling theme. Thy influence benign,
Thou sacred Comforter! shed on my heart.
Teach me to print the thunders of thy word
With sacred care; and point, with steady hand,
The dread artillery of the flaming mount
Against the conscience of thy rebel foes.
When sinners, wounded by thy terrors, fall;
And, rack'd with guilty pains, begin to lift
THE DEDICATION.

Towards thy mercy-feat a tearful eye,
Or breathe a wish for peace; O for that balm,
So fam'd in sacred story for its power
To heal! O for the gracious words of pardon!
Free pardon promis'd through atoning blood,
To draw the sting of guilt, and pour that health
O'er all the soul, that health divine which none
But pardon'd sinners e'er can know or feel!
Th' exhaus'tless wells of thy salvation, fed
By springs perennial, teach me to disclose,
That, hither led, thy lambs with joy may drink
Of living waters; and, with gentle hand,
Their steps to guide, where richest pastures rise,
With endless verdure crown'd, there to partake
Of angels' food, and grow prepared for heaven,
Where partial knowledge meets the blaze of day,
And means, so blest on earth, shall all be done away.
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BEAUTIES
OF THE
Evangelical Magazine,

BIOGRAPHY.

The Rev. ANDREW KINSMAN, late Minister of the Gospel at Plymouth-Dock, in the County of Devon.

As an exhibition of well-executed portraits is greatly enriched, not only by marking the most prominent features in each picture, but by disposing of the whole in such a direction, as to form the most striking contrast; so it is with a series of biographical description. The general traits of all good men must bear some similarity to each other, like the grand outlines of the human body, while their talents may be as evidently different as their respective features. Though there be some particulars in the character of the late Mr. Berridge, given in a former number of this work, and of Mr. Kinsman in the present, very distinguishable from each other, yet we shall perceive that both possessed a great portion of excellence, and were active in the exercise of those peculiar gifts, with which the great Head of the Church had entrusted them.

Mr. Andrew Kinsman, the son of John and Mary Kinsman, of Tavillock in the county of Devon, was born Nov. 17, 1724. His childhood and youth were marked by a disposition and manners, mild and engaging, together with a behavior to his parents peculiarly dutiful. He was, however, unacquainted with the religion of the Gospel, until he had attained his seventeenth year, when providentially meeting with a volume of Mr. Whitefield's Sermons, one of these, on the new-birth, was greatly blessed as a mean of informing his judgment, and alarming his conscience. Ha-
ving but few spiritual persons to converse with, he continued
for some time in a state of suspense, relative to his interest
in divine things, and was uncertain, whether he was actual-
ly renewed in the spirit of his mind. But God, who hear-
th the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner, at length gave him
the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the
spirit of heaviness. While he was one day perusing the
thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, his attention
was particularly arrested by the following passage: “The
godly consideration of predestination, and our election in
Christ, is full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to
godly persons, and such as feel in themselves the working of
the Spirit of Christ, mortifying the works of the flesh, and
their earthly members, and drawing up their minds to high
and heavenly things.” Art. 17.

Having dispassionately examined this sentence, and com-
paring the ardent aspirations of his soul with that lively de-
scription of God’s chosen people, he could not but perceive a
striking analogy between them, and from this instant a dawn
of hope arose in his bosom. It was suggested to his thoughts,
Surely you must be a child of God; for you pant after him
as your all-sufficient good; neither have you any in heaven
but him, nor on earth that you desire in comparison of him.
These reflections were succeeded by an inward tranquility,
and pleasure, more easily felt than expressed; for he now re-
joiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

His gloomy and tormenting fears being happily dissipated,
and his heart exulting in the grace of God his Saviour, he
was soon impressed with an ardent concern, to interest the
attention of his relations to these important objects. Their
great indifference, even to the form of godliness, gave fre-
cquent occasion to many strong cries and tears to God in se-
cret, that Christ might be formed in their hearts, the hope
of glory. But being unable to suppress his feelings any lon-
ger, he one evening exclaimed with an affectionate emotion,
as they were retiring to their chambers, “What, shall we
go to bed without prayer? How do we know but some of us
may wake in hell before morning?” By this unexpected
address, the family were seized with a solemn awe, and
while they looked on each other with conscious shame, for
the neglect of so obvious a duty, he fell upon his knees, and
prayed with that readiness and fervor, which greatly excited
their astonishment.

Nor was his anxiety confined to their spiritual welfare,
for his heart’s desire was, that his neighbors might also par-
ticipate of the unsearchable riches of Christ. He therefore
shortly began to read Mr. Whitefield’s Sermons, to as ma-
ny as would attend; and supposed with Melancthon, that what had proved so singular a blessing to his soul, would not fail to produce similar effects on them, as soon as they were heard. Continuing to read the works of eminent divines for some time, the small company who attended these exercises, perceiving him to be a youth of promising abilities, encouraged him to cultivate them, by the study and delivery of his own discourses. After repeated solicitations he was prevailed upon, and his first essay of this nature was from Ezekiel, xxxvii. 3. "Son of man, can these bones live? and I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest." He used to speak of this as a season peculiarly solemn and affecting. The Lord encouraged these his early efforts, by giving him many seals to his ministry, among whom were his father, mother, and three sisters.

About this period Mr. Whitefield, in one of his voyages to America, was obliged by an unexpected occurrence to repair to Plymouth (where he had never been before,) to secure himself a passage in a ship about to sail from that port. Here, according to his usual custom, he embraced the first opportunity of preaching to the inhabitants. He had not delivered many discourses before a gracious Providence preserved him from being affianced, and at the same time over-ruled the horrid attempt of his enemies, to the furtherance of the Gospel: For the odd adventure, as he calls it, brought thousands more to see and hear the man, who had been marked out as a victim to the rage of persecutors; and God gave such testimony to the word of his grace, that remarkable successes attended his ministry. Intelligence of these circumstances being circulated around the adjacent country, Mr. Kinsman fled with great eagerness to hear him. Being introduced, after sermon, to his company, he prevailed on him to visit Tavistock. But the opposition he here met with was so violent, as to excite such a deep-rooted antipathy in the mind of Mr. Kinsman to his native town, that he resolved to reside in it no longer. Having removed to Plymouth, he, at the age of about twenty-one, commenced an acquaintance with Miss Ann Tiley, with whom he was united in marriage in the year 1745. She was a very spiritual and zealous Christian, and, with many others, had been converted under Mr. Whitefield's ministry, while he was detained there through the delays of the convoy. By her he had four children, Ann, Andrew, John, and George, the two former of whom still survive, and are members of the religious community over which he presided.

Near five years had elapsed, since Mr. Whitefield preached last at Plymouth. In this interval Mr. and Mrs. Kin-
man had devoted the piece of ground to the service of God, on which the Tabernacle now stands, and toward the erection of which they had generously contributed. This place was chiefly supplied by Mr. Whitefield's colleagues, Cennick, Adams, Middleton, &c. who were kindly entertained under Mr. Kinman's roof free of any expense to themselves or the infant cause. Though his preaching at Tavistock had been attended with very pleasing effects, while resident there, on his removing to Plymouth, he was so far from intruding his services upon that society, that the utmost he could be prevailed upon to do for some time, was to read a sermon to the people when a vacancy occurred: Nor was it till the year 1750, that he entered fully into a regular course of preaching.

Early in the year 1749, Mr. Whitefield taking the tour of the Weft, arrived at Plymouth, where he was received by his late converts as an angel of God; and by none more cordially than Mr. Kinman; at whose house he resided during the present, and every subsequent visit. From this time he became intimately acquainted and closely connected with Mr. Whitefield; for whom he retained the most filial affection to his dying day, frequently travelled with, and consulted him as a father upon all his religious concerns.

As Plymouth-Dock, about two miles from Plymouth, became increasingly populous, and as there was no place of worship in all the town to accommodate the inhabitants, except the little chapel in the King's yard; Mr. Kinman considered this circumstance as a fit occasion to diffuse among them the favor of the knowledge of Christ. He began to preach out of doors, and continued for some time amidst the most violent persecutions; was frequently obliged to fly for his life; and expected, that before the ensuing morning his dwelling house at Plymouth would be demolished. He has sometimes been surrounded by eight or nine drums from the military to drown his voice.

But amidst this formidable opposition, his strength was equal to his day. Now Providence would soften his adversaries into pity, and thereby divert them from their evil purposes; then would fortify him with courage to withstand the united efforts of an outrageous mob. Once in particular at Dock, a person of considerable fortune hired a number of men to interrupt his preaching. On arriving at the spot, they were so moved by his engaging address, that they not only desisted from their design; but directed their vengeance against their mischievous employer, who with difficulty escaped with his life; and so exemplified the words of David, "His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."
At another time, when the congregation was assembled in Plymouth Tabernacle, it was disturbed by a lieutenant of the navy, who came with a part of his crew, armed for a desperate assault. Having broken the windows, they entered the place in a body. Their first attempt was to extinguish the lights, and then to fall upon the people. But a person, perceiving their design, drew up the chandelier to the ceiling of the building. Baffled in this project, they fell upon the people, without regard either to age or sex, and beat them with their bludgeons in a merciless manner.

The worship being interrupted, a general alarm and outcry of murder ensued. At this instant Mr. Kinsman, by an extraordinary effort, throwing himself into the midst of the throng, seized the lieutenant, the ringleader of the rioters, and as he was drawing his sword upon him, he wrested it from his hand. No exertion on the side of the rioters could force Mr. Kinsman to quit his hold of the lieutenant, and by main strength, in the heat of the rencontre, he drew him out of the Tabernacle into the yard, where the same scene of confusion was continued. Here the lieutenant made many violent struggles to disengage himself; left his laced hat; and had his clothes considerably torn in the attempt. But Mr. Kinsman preferred his hold, and dragging him into his dwelling-house, carried him off through the front door to the magistrate. Both parties were now at a loss, to discover what was become of their champions. Mr. Kinsman's friends were almost distracted, supposing he had been carried off by the rioters, and torn piece-meal. But they were soon agreeably disappointed. The lieutenant conducted himself with great influence before the magistrate, who committed him to the watch-house, where he lay all night. Being brought before him again the next morning, he acknowledged his offences, engaged to repair all damages, and make such other concessions as the injured party might require. Mr. Kinsman, having obtained his object, and being unwilling to injure the cause of religion, in the esteem of the world, by a spirit of inexorable resentment, acceded to his proposals, and he was accordingly dismissed; nor was he ever after called upon by Mr. Kinsman or his friends, to fulfill his engagements.

Having procured a private house in Dock, he preached the first time to about sixteen persons; but the congregation rapidly increased, and God gave testimony to the word of his grace. Here his animated exertions, his profuse perspirations, and his inattention to his bodily health, soon injured the finest of constitutions, and laid the foundation of that asthmatic disorder, which proved so severe a trial to him for
more than forty years. At length his amiable manners, and
exemplary life, silenced the clamours of the populace; and,
though many hated the cause, he became respected and re-
vered; and the congregation not only increased, but “the
Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.”

Mr. Whitefield, returning from America, landed at Ply-
mouth, and intending to preach on the Lord’s-day morning,
multitudes came from all parts of the country to hear him,
so that the place could not contain them. Just as it was time
to begin the service, he became so much indisposed as to be
unable to preach; so that Mr. Kinsman was obliged to en-
gage though unprepared. This circumstance distressed him
so much, that he wept exceedingly. He spoke from the fol-
lowing words: What hath God wrought? This discourse
was made so eminently useful, that it never was forgotten by
multitudes, and to this day many speak of it as the best op-
opportunity they ever enjoyed. O the depths of divine wis-
dom!

In the year 1752 a meeting-houes was erected at Docks;
which, by the blessing of God upon his ministry, was obliged
to be enlarged six or seven times, and now measures sixty-
four by sixty feet.

He was now called out to itinerate frequently in many
counties in the kingdom, and his peculiar abilities attracted
general attention, which, together with the affability of his
manners, the uncommon cheerfulness of his dispositions, and
his great usefulness, raised him to a high degree of esteem
wherever he went. Nor was he less respected, nor his minis-
try attended with less general good, at Bristol and London,
cities to which he was invited by Mr. Whitefield, who was
used to call Bristol, Mr. Kinsman’s America, alluding to his
own popularity and success in that quarter of the world.
The frame of his mind, on entering upon this new scene,
may be learned from some hints found among his papers.
Nov. 21, 1754. “Having received many pressing invitations,
I once more attempt to go forth in the name of Christ, to
preach his Gospel. The weaknesses, and continual disorders
of my body, have been urged as powerful diffusive by my
anxious friends, against the undertaking. But none of these
things move me, for I find the God of grace, is the God of
nature also. After committing my dear friends and family
to the Lord in prayer, I left them, though not without in-
ward thorns on their behalf, and especially for my little ones,
who became continually more and more engaging. Through
the good hand of my God upon me, I find my journey more
agreeable than I expected, and the Lord continues to assist
me in my labours, though at intervals I have some severa
fits of the asthma.”
Mr. Whitefield being about to sail for America, sent for him to London. On his arrival he was introduced, and dined with him at the Tabernacle-house, in company with a young clergyman. After dinner there was a most tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. As they stood at the window beholding the raging elements, Mr. Kinsman, supposing the clergyman, from his being a visitant to Mr. Whitefield, to be a serious person, familiarly put his hand upon his shoulder; and, with great cheerfulness and energy, repeated the words of Dr. Watts,

"The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he pleases;
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:"

And then with peculiar pathos and confidence added,

"This awful God is ours;
Our Father and our Love."

The words so appositely introduced, so solemnly and so emphatically delivered, made a deep impression on the mind of the young clergyman, and began a conversation, which, by the blessing of God, ended in his saving conversion.

Here his ministry was greatly owned, and he thought himself highly honored, in preaching the first sermon that ever was delivered from the pulpit of the present Taber-

nacle. His harmonious voice, his sprightly and pathetic manner of address, brought no small number of all ranks to hear him; among whom was Mr. Shuter the celebrated comedian, who having been excited by curiosity to hear Mr. Whitefield, was so affected with his preaching, that at one time there were hopes of his being under serious impressions. Having also heard Mr. Kinsman, he was so delighted with him, that he frequently visited him. But the lamentable immorality that pervades the stage, the scoffs of ridicule from men of considerable influence, and the contemptuous insinuations of the profane (that most dangerous and destruc-
tive method of attack, to which Mr. Shuter was, by his profession, particularly exposed, soon operated as a foil to those rising hopes that were entertained concerning him, and as blasts, swept away those promising and blooming flowers.

Some years after, having forgot where he lived, accidentally meeting Mr. Kinsman at Plymouth, he embraced him with rapture, and inquired "if that was the place of his residence." He replied, "Yes, but I am just returned from London, where I have preached so often, and to such large
auditories, and have been so indisposed, that Doctor Fothergill advised my immediate return to the country for change of air."—"And I," said Mr. Shuter, "have been acting Sir John Falstaff so often, that I thought I should have died, and the physicians advised me to come into the country for the benefit of the air. Had you died, it would have been serving the best of Masters; but had I, it would have been in the service of the Devil. Oh, Sir, do you think I shall ever be called again? I certainly was when I was studying my part in the Park; and if Mr. Whitefield had let me come to the Lord's table with him, I never should have gone back again. But the carelessness of the Great are exceedingly enflaring. My Lord—sent for me to-day, and I was glad I could not go. Poor things! They are unhappy, and they want Shuter to make them laugh. But, O Sir,—such a life as yours!—As soon as I leave you, I shall be King Richard. This is what they call a good play; as good as some sermons. I acknowledge there are some striking and moral things in it. But after it, I shall come in again with my Farce of A Dish of all Sorts, and knock all that on the head. Fine reformers are we!" The inhabitants afterwards taking notice that he visited Mr. Kinsman, were astonished; and one gentleman in particular asked him if he were a Methodist. "Mine is a fine method, is it not? No, I wish I was. If any are right, they are."

Mr. Kinsman has now and then amused his friends, by saying, "that his popularity in the metropolis originated entirely in mistake." On his arriving in town, Mr. Whitefield published Mr. Kinsman, a promising young man, to preach; and the people running away with the idea that he said, "my Kinsman is to preach," flocked together to hear Mr. Whitefield's relation.

When he was once preaching in London on the Lord's-day, a heavy and unexpected shower of rain coming on, several sabbath-breakers passing by at that instant, fled into the Tabernacle for shelter. Among these was a young man who was personally acquainted with Mr. Kinsman, at Plymouth. Seeing him in the pulpit, he immediately resolved to wait the conclusion of the service, and inquire after the welfare of his relations. This he accordingly did; to whom Mr. Kinsman replied with his usual affability, "Your good aunt and religious mother are both lately gone to heaven; but which way are you going? what will your pious mother say, if she should miss her William there?" Though the sermon had not the least effect, this sentence struck him to the heart, and God made it the means of his conversion. He afterwards became a very valuable member of the church at
Dock, and died an Israelite indeed. Some years after, his youngest son, a wild young man, marrying, and having a child, applied to Mr. Kinfman to, baptize it. He having some knowledge of his character, told him he would baptize his child for its grandfather's sake; and then began to relate the striking circumstance of his father's conversion. This so affected the young man, that from that time he became serious, and is now a member of the same church at Dock.

As the mariner, when he puts to sea, does not expect to reach the desired haven unaffrayed by the inauspicious gale; neither should Christians expect to bask in the sun-beams of prosperity without the intervention of a lowering cloud. About this time, while on a visit at London, Mr. Kinfman was exercised by a providence exceedingly afflicting. His dear child, about three years of age, was drowned by falling into a well! The following extract from a letter to Mrs. Kinfman, which he penned upon this very mournful occasion, while it gives us some idea of his pathetic manner of address, and the strength of parental affection, will be particularly acceptable to his intimate acquaintance:

"My dear Love, London, July 26, 1757"

"SINCE my coming to this place, I have had repeated returns of my disorder, but the good Lord hath carried me comfortably through the work I have been engaged in. Last night I was appointed to read letters, when five thousand were gathered to hear. If I am in my element in any one part of my work, it is in that. The Lord was pleased to give me strength of body to stand near three hours, and that liberty of speech which filled my own soul with wonder. O Grace, Grace! But this was, I soon found, as a preparative for the severest trial I ever felt. I find a constituted asthma is not enough for such a stupid heart as mine. Just now, my friends began distantly to open to me the melancholy news; and the manner in which the Eternal has been pleased to take away my once most lovely babe, was in some measure anticipated. And here, did I think over the scene which thy dear eyes must behold, and the throbs which this awful providence must occasion in your distressed breast. I must drop my pen, and give vent to those tender passions which none but parents know, and which I never before so fully felt. These words came on my mind, Aaron held his peace. The last sermon I preached was from Romans, viii. 32. He that spared not his own Son, &c. O the heights, the depths, the love of God! How can we murmur, or how dare we repine?"
To the honor of his grace, I must tell you, that I never felt sorrow like to this, and yet have not found one rebellious thought. My concern is increased, that I am not with you to bear a part, and assist you in the midst of that anguish, which I fear your spirit has felt. But the Lord orders all things well. In pity to my poor weak nerves, God hath called me to a distance, and I doubt not he hath been and will be better to you than seven husbands. I can only drop a tear. I think on my poor children, Nancy and Andrew. O that their dear little hearts may be duly impressed! I long I long to hear from you. But I don't know how to ask you to write particulars: 'Twill be like opening that wound afresh, which I pray God to heal speedily in your dear, dear heart, &c. &c.'

At Plymouth and Dock his preaching was still attended with remarkable success, particularly among young persons; nor was any period of his ministry accompanied with a greater out-pouring of the Spirit, than while he was going through the Epistle to the Ephesians. At length the repeated solicitations of the people induced him to limit the sphere of his operations, and except his visits to London and Bristol, his labours were chiefly confined to the above places.

In the year 1763, the society at Dock becoming very numerous, wished to be formed into a regular church. They therefore gave Mr. Kingsman an unanimous call to take the oversight of them; and he, having accepted it, was set apart to the pastoral office at Broadmead in Bristol, August 4th, by the Rev. Benjamin Fawcett, of Kidderminster—the Rev. George Powell, of Weathersfield—-the Rev. Jeremiah Field, of Wellington, Somerset—the Rev. Hugh Evans, and the Rev. John Thomas, of Bristol. In the year 1771, having resigned business to his son, he went to reside wholly at Dock; until which period (if our memory be correct) he never received any pecuniary consideration for his services; nor did he in the whole course of his ministry at Plymouth, never having required any.

Mrs. Kingsman was continued a valuable blessing to her husband and the church, till July 1774. It is but justice to her memory to say, that she was a great ornament to her Christian profession, and a mother in Israel. The Lord was very gracious to her during her long illness, and indulged her with a very cheerful and happy frame in her last moments. Mr. Kingsman continued a widower till October 1776, when he married Mrs. Joanna Webber of London, now his mournful relict.
After his settlement in the pastoral office, Providence raised up several of the members of the church to assist in preaching (particularly the Rev. Robert Heath now of Rodborough). But these being frequently called to labour in the adjacent towns and villages, and the state of Mr. Kinsman's health, for many years, not admitting of his preaching three times on the Lord's-day, both places were obliged to be provided with regular assistants; the most distinguished of whom were, at Plymouth, the Rev. Messrs. Dunn and Padden; at Dock, the Rev. Messrs. Jones and Lake; each of whom continued for some time in the exercise of his talents, with success, until invited to the pastoral office at other places. After the removal of Mr. Lake from Dock, there came a person from Walsall, who, in the short term of a few months, drew off many very serious members, the spiritual children of Mr. Kinsman; a circumstance which proved like a poignard in his breast, during the succeeding years of his life.

After this event a succession of ministers from the metropolis, and other parts of the kingdom, regularly supplied the congregation, much upon the same plan with the London and Bristol Tabernacles. In January 1792, dropical symptoms began first to make their appearance in his legs, and left little hopes to his friends of a long continuance among them. For the last twelve months he could do little more than preach two or three sermons, and it was with great difficulty he continued to administer the Lord's Supper.

As he approached to the close of life, he would frequently look out of his chamber window, and on seeing multitudes flocking to the meeting, would say, "Thither I once led up the tribes of the Lord to worship." At other times, when he had heard persons passing his house with oaths and imprecations in their mouths—"How wonderful are thy ways, O Lord! I only want breath to praise and preach to others, and cannot, but these have lungs to swear, and breath to blaspheme thy holy name." He would often repeat a conversation he once held with the late celebrated Mr. Hervey, relative to the divinity of Jesus Christ. "I now feel this doctrine," said he to his family, "to be a solid ground of hope in my declining days. I am going rapidly, but I must not talk of death to you, as you cannot bear it."

A few weeks previous to his death, a pretended physician being introduced by a friend, without the knowledge of Mr. Kinsman, and perceiving that his end was approaching, after some conversation, expressed his astonishment at his uncommon cheerfulness. "I have great reason to be so," said
he "for I am one day nearer Heaven." After some facetious fallies upon quack practitioners, he entered into serious discourse with him, and the doctor left him with a degree of surprize.—When anticipating his approaching dissolusion, he would frequently adopt the confidential language of the pious Watts,

"My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all;
I've none but Thee in Heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball—"

and that other well-known verse in the seventeenth Psalm:

"O glorious hour! O blest 'abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And Flesh and Sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul."

He was also exceedingly fond of, and would frequently repeat, with a great degree of emphasis, the dying expressions of Mr. Charles Wesley,

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall an helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart,
O could I catch one smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!"

Not many days before his death, he said, "Call in the family to prayer." And on being told that he was too weak, he replied, "I cannot go up stairs without it. After calling upon God so many years, I know not how to leave it now. I can offer up but a few broken petitions; but God looks at the heart, and if prayer is, what I always took it to be, the aspiration of the soul to God, I am praying all night long." A few days before he died he said, "I begin to think I have the drop #; but, thank God, it is not formidable to me." After having had a very bad night he said, "I have no cause to complain, many are in a much worse condition than I am, and when I consider how many mercies I am surrounded with, I have every reason to be thankful; but," said he, "Death has seized my vitals, it has attacked the seat of life, and it cannot be long. I am going rapidly." On the Saturday night before his dissolusion he appeared to be in a very thankful frame, and gave vent to the feelings of his mind in the following words:
"What have I done, or how behav’d,
That I am thus belov’d and fav’d?"

On the Lord’s day he said, “When will my eternal sabbath begin?” On Monday in the evening he called the family to prayer, but was so exceedingly weak and low, that they could scarcely hear him. Being asked on Tuesday how he did, he answered, “I am the Lord’s waiting servant;” and to his son, who was assisting him to walk across the room, he said,

Behold the path that mortals tread,
Down to the regions of the dead.

“‘But I have done the work of my generation, and must shortly fall asleep. I am waiting for my dissolution.” On being told of some confusion in the world, “Ah, well,” said he,

“Soon they may fight, and rage, and rave,
I shall perceive the noise no more.”

Having with great difficulty reached his chamber, he said,

“Hitherto the Lord hath helped me,” and added,

“O for a strong and lasting faith,
To credit what th’ Almighty faith.” And

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall.”

On the day of his death, he said to his son, who was just come to see him, “I slept a little the last night, and dreamed I was dying in state, having your mother and all of you around my bedside, and good old Jacob could desire no more.” On another part of the day, he said, “I am very ill,” and added, “Lord, cut short thy work. I hope I shall not get impatient.” At one time he said, “I cannot preach now, I have preached to thousands before now, and I trust with some degree of usefulness, but with how many imperfections, the great head of the Church only knows. He can, and he will heal them.” That text affords me comfort, They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. But after all, I am but an unprofitable servant;” and again said,

“A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall.”
In the afternoon, he said to an aged friend,

"Well, we must quickly pass the night,
To the fair realms of endless light."

A few hours before he died, he said, "O how ill I am." but, my God, my life, my time, my all is in thy hands. On thee do I trust, in thee I can confide." About eight in the evening, a nephew coming into the chamber, he said, "You are come to see a dying uncle, and then added,

"Jefus, my only hope thou art."

About two hours before he died, Mrs. Kinsman asked him how he did. He replied, with a sweet serenity, "Still in the body."

But on his dying countenance was seen
A smile, the index of a soul serene.

Continuing sensible, being almost gone, and scarcely able to articulate, he said, in a broken manner,

"Jefus, lover of my soul!"

Then smiled again, and without a sigh, fell asleep in the arms of that compassionate Jefus, whom he had ardently loved, and faithfully preached, for more than fifty years.

He died Feb. 28th, 1793, in the 69th year of his age.

On the day of his interment, the corpse being brought into the meeting-house and placed before the pulpit, the Rev. Mr. Macall, resident at the Tabernacle, Plymouth, gave a solemn and affectionate exhortation to a most crowded audience. After which the funeral procession was conducted with great seriousness and solemnity, and extended nearly from the bridge to the parish church-yard (a space of half a mile,) where he was interred near the late Mrs. Kinsman, in the very spot upon which she had received her first religious impressions under the preaching of Mr. Whitefield.

On the following Sabbath the Rev. Mr. Macall delivered a funeral discourse at Plymouth, from John v. 35. "He was a burning and a shining light." On the ensuing Lord's day the Rev. Matthew Wilks of London, being solicited to visit the disconsolate church, preached the funeral sermon in the meeting-house at Dock, from Daniel, xii. 3. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousnefs, as the stars for ever and ever."
Though we fear that the pages allotted in this work to biographical description are exceeded, we hope our readers will excuse the trespass if we subjoin a few of those characteristic beauties of this man of God, which so justly elevated him in the public esteem, and will embalm his memory, when his remains are mouldered into shapeless dust.

He was a man of an agreeable appearance and a peculiarly melodious voice, of which he possessed the most perfect command. He was favoured with an extreme sensibility, which was indicated by the peculiar pathos of his public address, and the tenderness of affection, which pervaded his private life. His memory was singularly retentive, and the inexhaustible store of anecdotes with which he was furnished, together with their pertinent and pleasing introduction and improvement, rendered him a companion equally entertaining and instructive. His natural disposition was excellent and amiable. His patience under his accumulated sufferings was as instructive as extraordinary; and whilst sympathizing friends were affected and distressed at the view of the agonies produced by his complicated disorders, he was grateful to his Almighty Father at the recollection of the numberless evils which he did not experience. His zeal was equally ardent and disinterested, his conduct was exemplary, and the strict undeviating rectitude of his morals, attracted and ensured a general esteem. Nor did his most embittered persecutors ever attempt to calumniate a character which they knew to be untainted. The evangelical purity of the doctrines which he taught, the elegant simplicity of his manner, and the affecting tenderness with which he addressed all classes of hearers, accompanied by the divine energy of the Holy Spirit, rendered him both a very popular and useful minister. No man possessed a happier talent in noticing and improving general and particular occurrences. In his prayers there was a perpetual variety; but his talents were principally displayed at his attendance on the sacramental ordinance of the Lord's supper. On these occasions he generally outshone himself. Notwithstanding his popularity was so great, he would frequently weep when about to enter the pulpit, oppressed with a consciousness of his own inability, and with fears left he should be deserted by his God. Whilst it was the particular study of his life not to lay any public burdens upon his people, he was ever forward to assist in the removal of private distresses, and to

* During the long season of his asthmatic affliction, we are well assured that he took no less than an hundred weight of quicksilver, and for many successive years could not lie down in his bed.
condole with and comfort the dejected and unfortunate.
His bosom was indeed the habitation of the social virtues.
The peculiar care which he manifested in the education of
his children did equal honour to his judgment and his heart.
He was a worthy man, a steady friend, an affectionate hus-
band, a tender parent, a kind master, a sincere Christian,
and an able and useful divine.

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His Monumental Inscription.
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THE REV. ANDREW KINSMAN,
Died Feb. 28, 1793, aged 68.
After fifty years
Zealous and useful labours
In various parts of the kingdom,
JESUS CHRIST,
Whose ambassador he was,
And whom he faithfully preached,
Received him into his presence for ever.
THE CHURCH,
Which God honoured him to be the Founder of in this place;
With that in the town of Plymouth,
Bearing a special part
In the universal sorrow for his loss,
Erect this Marble,
As a memorial of his worth,
And of their affection.
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An evident Display of abounding Grace in the Con-
version and Consolation of Ann Anderson.
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The subject of this narration was long under the afflict-
ing hand of God, being visited with a slow consump-
tion, in the last stages of which it pleased him to work that
change in her heart which was marvellous in the eyes of
many.
She was called to an acquaintance with divine things, in
the furnace of affliction; for until within a few weeks of her
death, she had never discovered any serious concern of
mind about the welfare of her precious soul. It was but about eight weeks I visited her; and though at her request, yet I never met with one more ignorant of religious subjects. The first time I visited her, I discoursed with her freely about the state of her soul; but I found she did not understand much of what was said, as she observed to me, when I afterwards called on her, that she had been willing I might not come to see her again, for that she could not understand me, nor answer me in anything. This free remark, however, did not discourage me; for I then as freely told her, that whether I came to see her or not, the salvation of her soul was a matter of importance, and that my staying away would in nothing render it less so.

I therefore spoke more earnestly and plainly to her concerning the great evil of neglecting and despising the Gospel message of mercy and salvation.

With this her mind seemed rather affected, and she complained much of her great ignorance and stupidity. She began to manifest a greater degree of attention, and concern for the salvation of her soul.

She expressed her grief, that she could not better understand things of a spiritual and divine nature. She also said, that she wished to experience those gracious discoveries which are of such importance to a guilty creature; and withal she told me, that she had not those views and feelings which I spoke of.

This, I thought, was honest; as she added, that she had no intention of saying what was not true, as that would only deceive me and herself.

Visiting her one evening soon after this, I inquired into the state of her mind. She replied with great concern (with reference to her mind), “No better at all; but, I think, worse.” I observed to her, that it was no evidence she was so, because she conceived herself to be so; but, on the contrary, I hoped it was a token for good; for we must see ourselves miserable and helpless, before we shall either receive or value the Lord Jesus.

I asked her, what she thought would become of her, if God should call her away in that state she thought herself to be in. She replied, “If God should call me away as I am, I should burn in hell for ever. You know,” (continued she,) “I am a guilty sinner, and if I die unpardoned, what else can I expect? It cannot be otherwise.”

This caused her to weep, and she seemed under greater concern than before. I then endeavoured to set before her all the encouragements the Gospel affords to the guilty awa-
kened sinner. I insisted much on that important doctrine of
divine revelation, God reconciled in Christ; on which is
founded that declaration, "Whosoever cometh unto the Fa-
thor, through him, he will in no wise cast out."

She very eagerly received what I said, and wished to pos-
sess that faith, which unites to Christ, and receives him for
all those ends and purposes for which he is offered in the
Gospel. I then prayed with and left her.

In the course of a day or two, I again called to see her.
I had not been long in the room, when I began to inquire
into the state of her mind; when, to my very great plea-
sure, she told me, that since my last visit, she had been
more comfortable. On hearing this, I was anxious to know
what was the ground of it, and what had produced such a
change in the frame of her mind.

On inquiring she told me, with her eyes fixed upon me,
"God is reconciled in Christ, and whosoever cometh unto
him, he will in no wise cast out. This gives me comfort,
and nothing else can."

This discovery made to her, I judged to be an evidence
of a work of grace upon her heart; and from this time she
learned much of the truth, and made no little progress in an
experimental acquaintance with divine things. She began
to understand me better in most things I conversed with her
about. She would frequently express her thankfulness to
God, for what he had done for her, and admire the course
of his providence towards her.

No sooner had these discoveries made to her, than a
visible change took place in her temper and disposition. For
before she was peevish and fretful; but now resigned and
patient, kind and loving to those about her. There was an
evidence in her temper and conduct, that she possessed the
graces of the Spirit, and lived under his teaching and san-
cifying influences.

At times she was afflicted with violent pain and sicknese,
in which she would say, that she could bear whatever it
pleased her gracious God to lay upon her; for the comfort
she possessed in her soul, were greater than her afflictions.
She once felt great pain; "but," said she, "I cannot com-
plain, God is so gracious to me."

Thus she continued, growing more and more acquainted
with herself, and with him, "whom to know is life eternal." She
would sometimes say, "What reason have I to bless
God? He found me, or I had never found him."

She once asked me, if I thought it possible, that those
whom God enables to believe on his Son, and trust his pro-
wife, would ever be loft or given up of God. I told her I thought not. "No," said she. "How can it be, that God should make promises, enable poor sinners to believe them, and rely on his faithfulness for the fulfilment of them, and not be as good as his word? It cannot be."

From this reasoning, it was easy to see that she was confident, that he who had begun the good work, was also able to carry it on and complete it: And she was as willing that he should have the praise.

At one opportunity, discoursing with her respecting the foundation of her hope, "My faith," said she, "is fixed on Jesus Christ; from him I derive all my hope and comfort; but, don't think, but that, at times, doubts and fears arise in my mind; but when, by faith, I look to Christ, then they are gone."

Calling upon her, with a friend or two, I entered into free conversation respecting the possibility of a person's having a false confidence; and the danger and awfulness of it. She appeared affected at it, but said, "God forbid that that should be my case."

And when speaking of the importance of possessing a faith of the operation of God's Spirit, and endeavouring to describe its nature and actions, she replied, "What you have now said pleases me; as, I hope, I enjoy that faith which lives upon Christ in the promise."

After other conversation, and a friend had prayed with her, I left her.

She had now peculiar manifestations of divine favour, and said she generally found the comfortable presence of God with her. She expressed her happiness to those about her, that she found more comfort than ever she expected to have enjoyed.

As she grew worse, the fear of death was removed, and she expressed the strongest desires to depart and be with Christ.

During the last eight or ten days of her life, she was constantly longing and waiting for her change.

Nothing seemed to revive her so much, as the thought that her end was near; this would draw a smile upon her deathly countenance, and cause her to rejoice in hope of soon seeing the glory of God. She seemed to be chiefly employed in the delightful work of praise; and though her flesh was wasting, and her strength failing, yet God was the strength of her heart—he was her song, because he became her salvation.
Some time after, myself, with two friends, called on her. When we first entered the room, she appeared too low for conversation; but after fitting some time discoursing on the glories of the heavenly world, her spirits began to revive, and she discovered an ardent desire to be put into possession of the glorious inheritance, while she cried out, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly!" Near as she was to her end, she pressed us to sing, which we did, and she attempted to join us in the following hymn:

"Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the vail, and see
Those saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be." &c. Watts.

With this she expressed herself delighted, but said, "I long to join the general assembly above, in more exalted strains. I hope we shall all meet there and never part." One of the friends then prayed with her, but he had not proceeded far, before she interrupted him, exclaiming, "Praise the Lord, praise the Lord."

After prayer, she asked us to sit down again, and desired us to sing; which not attending to immediately, she said, "If I wish I could lead." We then sung,

"What hath the world to equal this?
The solid peace, the heavenly bliss—
The joy immortal, love divine—
The love of Jesus ever mine.
Greater joys I’m born to know,
From terrestrial, to celestial,
When I up to Jesus go."

After this we had farther conversation; in which she said, "The song of death is taken away." And with respect to the doubts with which her mind had been harassed, she said, "God has taken them all away." In this happy frame of mind we left her.

A day or two after, I visited her again, found her very ill, but still rejoicing in hope of soon being where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick." She was, however, too ill for conversation; but she said, "Her faith and hope were strong, and she hoped her departure was nigh at hand."

I visited her again the next day; when, on telling her of the death of a worthy minister, she smiled and said, "I hope I shall soon see him." She added, "Jesus is the foundation of my hope and comfort, my trust and dependence; and in the faith of him I enjoy great peace."
The last time I saw her, I found her composed and happy. On seeing her I thought she would soon be gone, she looked at me and said, "I wish I may." These were the last words I heard her speak; as I then left her, and saw her no more. In a few hours after she was removed from a state of affliction and sorrow, to a state of comfort and joy, on the 8th of August 1791, and in the 18th year of her age.

AMICUS.

Death of MRS. FOXALL.

On Friday, Feb. 21, 1794, died greatly lamented, Mrs. Foxall, wife of Mr. Foxall, surgeon at Walfall in Staffordshire, aged thirty-four.—Sometimes unfavourable circumstances, known to exist in the temper or conduct of otherwise valuable characters, have rendered it a painful task to publish to the world even their supports in a dying moment. But this, through divine mercy, was not the case of Mrs. Foxall: Her death was lovely, and her life also was truly ornamental. Her general deportment was such as gave no just ground of offence to the Jew, nor to the Gentile, nor to the church of God. In her, the prudent manager of the family, the tender parent, and the affectionate wife, beautifully harmonized. It may with strict propriety be said, "She adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things." Her good works were abundant; yet these she totally renounced in point of dependance, and gloried only in the righteousness and cross of Jesus.

The deceased had known the power of the Gospel upwards of ten years, near eight of which she was a respectable member of the Independent church at Walfall. To her religious engagements she was punctual and steady, while her inoffensive and exemplary walk rendered her a silent instructor, and a great blessing to all her connexions. Nothing but absolute necessity ever kept her from public means of instruction and grace; she continued to go until (the last time of her attendance) she was under the necessity of being conveyed home in a chair. Truly, "she loved the habitation of God's house, and the place where the divine honour dwelleth!"

Mrs. Foxall's disorder, of which she died, was a dropsy: For near seven years, she bore the complaint with uncommon resignation and patience, although she was frequently
regnant during that period; and, at different times, lost 146 quarts of water. Her last child was born only a few days before she died, which in mercy God removed before the parent. In this part of the divine conduct Mrs. F. greatly rejoiced, believing (as she said), "the babe was safely lodged in the arms of its heavenly Father."

When every mean used for Mrs. Foxall's recovery appeared fruitless, a few days before her death, a near relation entreated her to withdraw as much as possible her attention from temporal concerns, which at this time, perhaps, occupied too great a place in her mind. She thankfully received the faithful hint, and said, "I am too much like Martha;" and then, like one preparing for a needful journey, she began to set her house in order. From that hour until her death her thoughts turned principally, not to say wholly, upon what related to the soul and eternity. Although weak and languid in body, she became a preacher of righteousness to all about her. Husband, children, relatives, and servant, were severally addressed; and cautions, directions, warnings, and consolations, suitably administered. It was astonishing how she was enabled to adapt her discourses to the state and circumstances of her friends, while all she uttered tended to represent the depravity of human nature, the condescension of Jesus, and the sufficiency of God's grace to support the believer under every trial! The peace, the salvation, the holiness of her relatives and friends were now matters of great concern to her, and for these her soul went out to Jehovah. Gratitude to God, and to those of her household who attended her, even to the servant, was expressed in the strongest terms; and every favourable appearance in Providence she could remember, was pointed out as matter of thankfulness to the Lord, and ground of support to her afflicted family. Thus grace was poured into her lips, and God himself was in all her thoughts.

About three days before her departure, it was advised to remove some water from her by tapping, to which she thankfully submitted. A near relative expressing his fears she might not have strength for the operation, she said to him, "Remember, if I sink under it, it will be well with me. Should the Lord see fit to raise me up again, I may be able to do something for my family; but if it be the Lord's will, I am rather willing to depart." Perceiving herself faint, she turned her head toward a sister (standing by her), and with a low voice said, "I am going; and then, with astonishing energy, uttered those emphatical words of the Olney Hymns:
"One gentle sigh their fetter breaks;
We scarce can say, "They're gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne."

As death made speedy approach to her earthly tabernacle, her foul appeared to renew its strength. Her more composed intervals were still employed in speaking for God to her family. Mrs. Foxall strongly recommended the Bible, declaring, "that her esteem for that precious book had been such, that it grieved her to see one of her children at any time place a candlestick, or lay any thing improper upon it;" and added, "The word of God has been, and still is more than my necessary food." A striking passage, from Mr. Hervey's Meditations, was about this time read to her upon the resurrection of the body; upon which she remarked, "It is all very well, but one text of Scripture is far superior to me." Upon being asked, whether any passage lay upon her mind, which she might wish to be improved upon her death; she preferred one that had been greatly blessed to her soul in time past, from Galatians, ii. part of the 21st verse, "If righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain." Upon which she said, "It may seem an odd text for a funeral discourse, but it has been a great text to me." Some time after Satan was permitted to tempt her that her former experience was a delusion, which she said, "funk her to the earth," adding, "I am a poor worm indeed, but I see so very plainly the blood of Christ cleanseth from sin, that I have not the shadow of a doubt." Upon being requested for her body's sake not to talk too much; she replied, "What a mercy it is that I am enabled to speak a word for God, who have said so little for him when I was in health?" Her animal spirits now sinking, she said, "Remember my soul is safe: I make a great distinction between the soul and body; I am upon the rock; my trust and dependence is alone upon Christ; if I perish, it shall be at his feet:" And continued, "But surely this is not a delusion? (meaning her experience;) no, it is a reality; if this be dying, it is sweet to die." Her friends begging her again not to exhaust herself, she said, "I believe I have done with things of a temporal nature: Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; this moment! This very moment! Oh my impatience! I shall be kept a little longer!" (Through the whole of her last sickness she expressed her fears of returning, as she termed it, into the wilderness again.) After remaining silent for a time she said, "I have
been talking with Jesus: I shall be with him by and by." She was soon after in extreme pain of body; upon which she observed, "There is a need be for this."

A few hours before her departure, while in pain, she uttered these words, "Be still, and know that I am God;" and some time after repeated, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Just before she expired, while conflicting with the agonies of death, looking to her afflicted partner, she rehearsed these words, "They wrestled hard, my dear husband;" and then fell asleep in Jesus.

Should this account fall into the hand of an unbeliever, or a profane character; let him ask himself, whether he may expect, without repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus, to die like Mrs. Foxall; but let her supports remind the trembling believer that the righteous have hope in their death. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, faith the Spirit."

The funeral sermon was preached, on Sunday, March 2d, to a numerous auditory at Walnut New Chapel.

M.

Happy Death of a Child.

On Monday the 17th of March, 1794, died Miss Martha Hall Whetstone, aged ten years and nine months. This sweet and amiable child discovered a disposition to receive religious instruction at a very early period. At a suitable age she was placed under the tuition of Miss Jones and Miss Wood on Mile-end Green, whose pious example and unwearied attention, together with the ministerial and catechetical instructions of the Rev. Mr. Brewer, whom she loved as a parent, were instrumental in increasing under God, her knowledge of divine things.

In a former illness she was throughout very resigned, much attached to the things of God, and attentive to the Scriptures; and in her last illness (which terminated in her dissolution) she often expressed a desire to be with her dear sister in glory, who died but little more than twelve months before, at the age of eighteen. She would not suffer any book to be read to her but the Bible, which she said she loved. Once when she heard her brother ask for a geographical description of the continent to be read, she answered, "I'll
not hear any story books, I'll hear only the Bible.” She would indeed sometimes read some of the late Mr. Macon's publications, and expressed a great desire to be as good a little girl as he gives an accout of. She desired all her friends, especially her father and mother, to pray for her. Though her illness was long and painful, yet she never wished any to pray for her recovery, nor was ever heard to murmur; but bore her affliction with the greatest patience and fortitude: She desired all to pray that she might be happy; and love Jesus better.

Once, when a psalm had seized her stomach, and she was in great pain, she begged she might be prayed for; for she was a wicked sinner. Her father told her the blood of Christ cleansed from all sin; she answered, “Yes, papa, and Jesus hath said, Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven; and that is a great comfort to me.” In a little while the grew easier, was put to bed, and requested her papa to read to her. He asked her where she should read; she replied, “Where Christ was crucified and shed his blood for me.

Having got a little better, she came down stairs. The next day, when the Rev. Mr. Brewer called to see her, he told her he was a sinner as well as she; that he hoped Christ died for him and her likewise, and spoke of the application of the blood of Christ to the believing soul; which afforded her much comfort. When he was going to withdraw, she desired him to pray that she might be happy, and after he was gone would often say, “Mamma, Mr. Brewer says he is a sinner.”

When able, the constantly had the Bible or Dr. Watt's Psalms and Hymns before her, and sometimes Lady Huntington's. One day seeing her mother weep, she said, “My dear mamma, don't grieve for me; I should be glad to be with Polly (meaning her sister): I have been afflicted a long time. You know the Lord gave me to you, and the Lord has a right to take me away whenever he pleases.”

About a week before she died, her mother, as she was dressing her, asked her if she would have on a white frock; she answered, “I'll not have any thing white on, mamma, till I have a white robe.” The last time she looked into the Bible, having read four chapters, she told her mother she could read no more. After this she continually got lower, and spoke but little. One day she asked for a hymn which had been a favourite one with her dear sister. Her mother brought it to her, and she read part of it. This was the last thing she ever read.

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She could not fit up much afterwards, but was, when able, talking of Christ and his merits on the Lord’s-day before she died. When her father came from public worship, she asked him, if Mr. Brewer had prayed for her; and being answered in the affirmative, she said, “Beg Mr. Ford to pray for me likewise; to pray that I may have an interest in the blood of Christ, and that I may love him.” Her father told her he hoped she did love Christ; she briskly answered, “I want to love him better.” When her father returned from worship in the afternoon she was worse, but in the evening was again somewhat better. He asked her, if she should read to her, she answered, “Yes;” and being asked where, she answered, “Where Mr. Ford preached from,” which was the 25th Psalm. She was very attentive, and said that Psalm was suitable to her. She seemed then quite fatigued, and desired to be turned in the bed.

About twelve o’clock, she earnestly requested that her parents would go to bed. To satisfy her mind, they reluctantly complied with her request. She conversed very comfortably with the nurse, said she should soon die, and that she wished to die. The nurse answered, “Then, my dear, you will be in glory.” She said, “Yes, I am confident of that.” She desired the nurse to pray for her, and to pray that her dear parents might be supported.

Soon after she requested the nurse to call her papa, for she had something to say to him. He came immediately, and asked her how she did: She answered, “My inside is all gone. I shall soon die, and go to my father.” Her father said “She loved you, and you loved her.”—“Yes,” said she, and now I shall sing with her—;” when the shortness of her breath prevented her proceeding: he said, “Salvation to God and the Lamb;” she replied, “Yes.” Then she asked him to pray for her; He answered, that he did, and that all her friends loved her and prayed for her, and he hoped Christ loved her; to which she replied, in an ecstasy “That’s best.” She said, she should be glad to see Mr. Brewer again, to pray with her before she went. Being told Mr. Brewer would see her if it was a fine day, she shook her head, thinking (as was supposed) she should not see the return of day. Her father then asked her, if she had any thing particular to say to him. She answered, “Only to tell you, I am not afraid to die.” Then said he, “You will be with Jesus, whom you love.” She replied, “Yes, for he hath said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for such is the kingdom of God.”
She then complained that her breath was very bad, and lay for some time silent; after which she suddenly cried out, "Jesus look down with mercy on me, Christ have———;" but could say no more. A little while after, she held out her hand to her father, and said, "Papa, I am dead, I cannot see any of you," and breathed her soul into the bottom of Jesus.

With a view to the improvement of so striking an instance of the grace of God, which can come out of the mouths, even of babes and sucklings, perfect praise, a very serious and affectionate discourse was delivered the Lord's-day morning following, by the Rev. Mr. Brewer, from the words which she had repeated, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

Triumphant Death of Mr. James Saunders.

ON SATURDAY, Feb. 22, 1794, died, of a decline, James Saunders, aged 27 years, after an illness of six months; during the greater part of which time he appeared desirous to continue longer in this world. When very young he was fond of reading the Scriptures, and has often asked his mother such questions as have astonished her. Monday, Feb. 17, was the last time he was down stairs; Tuesday morning he was taken very bad—complained of his throat—could not swallow any drink—appeared to be a little alarmed, and not thoroughly reconciled to the thoughts of death. The doctor, being with him in the morning, intimated that he did not think he could survive above three hours. His mother now became very desirous to hear from him of the hope that was in him. He then burst into a flood of tears, said he was all sin: "O mother," said he, "my sins are laid open before me—sins innumerable. O I am vile, what shall I say to my God? but Jesus calls the weary and heavy-laden to come to him. Well, I am laden with fin and iniquities—sins against my God: Dear Jesus! save, or I perish. O my God, though I deserve nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment, for I am the vilest of the vile, thou art love, and thine ear is not heavy that thou canst not hear, nor thine arm shortened, that thou canst not save.—Mother," he added, "I have often thought of those words, O house of Israel, why will you die? And of those, when my dear Saviour wept over Jerusalem, and said, O, Jerusalem, how would I have gathered you toge-
ther even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not?" His mother cannot repeat the whole, but what he uttered was to this effect. He went on in the course of the day pleading his Saviour's merits. "Oh," said he, "if I should go, not having on the wedding garment, how shall I hear to hear these words, How camest thou in hither? O my God, fend thy Holy Spirit to cleanse my heart,—keep the tempter far from me." About six o'clock in the evening, he said, "Mother, I must shed tears of joy: My Saviour is on his Father's throne, pleading for guilty me. O! he will have mercy on the vilest of the vile. O, how I love him, I long to be gone!" Thus he went on praying, and praising redeeming love. He said, "if his throat was well, he would sing, but I shall sing there" (holding up his hand); then he repeated part of a hymn:

"The fountain of Christ affix me to sing,
The blood of our Priest, our crucify'd King,
Which perfectly cleanses from sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses salvation and health.

This fountain so dear he will freely impart,
Unlock'd by the spear it gush'd from his heart,
With blood and with water; the first to stone,
To cleanse us the latter, the fountain but one."

Proceeding thus with a loud voice, and his father and others of the family coming up stairs, he said to his father, "See your dying son. Mourn not, for I am going to my Saviour. I pray God prepare you all to meet me there, in that place of everlasting bliss." Thus he went on taking leave of every one singly, blessing them, and praying for them. Then he said, "The birds have nests, the foxes have holes, but our dear Redeemer had not where to lay his head. How did he suffer for us guilty creatures when he left his Father's blest abode! How was he treated when he went to his own, and they would not receive him! He bore his cross to Calvary's Mount, and one drop of his precious blood is worth a thousand worlds. O could you but see his wounded body! O, what agonizing pains he felt when he cried, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" In this manner he discoursed a great part of the night. "O Death," said he, at one time, "where is thy King? O Grave, where is thy victory?" On the Wednesday he seemed in great pain, but did not complain. The convulsions were very strong, but he still continued praying, and praising redeeming love, and crying, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly." He appeared in a hurry to be gone.
At another time he seemed to be angry with himself; and said, "Thy time, Lord, not mine. I want more faith, Lord, more patience. O! what is time to eternity, O! never ending ———," He then spoke of the creation—of the fall of man—and of redemption. He said again, "Mother, I wonder how any one can live and not know God, did we but consider how fearfully and wonderfully we are made: Our bodies are put together as with small threads, and we should drop to pieces if there was not a God." On the Thursday, when he was offering up his prayers, the nurse said, "He was sure he was a faint, for he never heard such prayers and such heavenly discourse before." He heard her, and seemed frightened; and said, "O my God, put all these far from me that would fill my heart with pride. It was pride that thrust the angels out of heaven." He spoke much more on this head, and said, "All our righteousness is as filthy rags." He slept about a quarter of an hour on Thursday afternoon, which was more than he had done all the time before. When he awoke, he said, "O mother, I sleep more than I pray; O my God, I want to love thee more—I want more faith. O my God, keep the tempter far from me. Mother, I feel myself very weak. Health is the time to serve the Lord." He sat up in his bed, for he could not lie down all the time. The convulsions appeared much stronger, and he seemed unable to speak for more than an hour. He then spoke again, "Mother, how are my thoughts wandering after things of this world! I want to think and speak of nothing but my God. The tempter is chained: If he were to follow me to heaven's gate, he cannot enter it." Another time he held up his right arm, and smiled, saying, "Am I one of thofe, Lord?" Then holding up his left, he said, I might very justly have been one of thofe; 'tis by grace we are faved. O mother, we cannot conceive the bliss! O, to dwell with my Saviour, and fee him face to face! What sweet words, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you; and, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for to faith the Spirit, for they shall rest from their labours. God is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth." Friday morning, he expressed himself; "Mother, let us pray.—A God hearing prayer. He is a God nigh at hand, and hears all that call upon him—praying in faith, nothing wavering, O, he fought me when I was afar off!—What love!" After he had prayed, he said, "I am about to pay the debt of nature, and am going to the heaven of heavens,—to everlasting bliss."—About this