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**ILLUSTRATIVE SELECTIONS FROM THE 1794 ARMINIAN MAGAZINE**  
**Compiled by Duane V Maxey**

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**INTRODUCTION**

The illustrative selections of this document were taken from a bound volume containing issues of the Arminian Magazine during the year 1794. While they were not designated to be illustrations, many, if not all of them, can be used as such. I have done some title changing, and I have added scripture references that did not accompany the original articles. -- DVM

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Selection 1

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF HUMAN DEPRAVITY

"Let favour be showed to the wicked, yet will he not learn righteousness: in the land of uprightness will he deal unjustly, and will not behold the majesty of the Lord." -- Isa 26:10

In 1747, a man was broken alive on the wheel at Orleans, for a robbery, and not having friends to bury his body, when the executioner concluded he was dead, he gave him to a surgeon, who had him carried to his anatomical theater, as a subject to lecture on. The thighs, legs, and arms, of this unhappy wretch, had been broken; yet, on the surgeon's coming to examine him, he found him reviving; and, by the application of proper cordials he was soon brought to his speech.

The surgeon and his pupils, moved by the sufferings and solicitations of the robber, determined on attempting his cure; but he was so mangled that his two thighs and one of his arms were amputated. Notwithstanding this mutilation, and the loss of blood, he recovered, and in this situation, the surgeon, by his own desire, had him conveyed in a cart 50 leagues from Orleans, where, as he said, he intended to gain his livelihood by begging.

His situation was on the roadside, close by the wood, and his deplorable condition excited compassion from all who saw him. In his youth, he had served in the army, and he now passed for a soldier, who had lost his limbs by a cannon shot.

A drover, returning from market, where he had been selling cattle, was solicited by the robber for charity; and, being moved by compassion, threw him a piece of silver. "Alas!" said the robber, "I cannot reach it -- you see that I have neither arms nor legs," for he had concealed his arm which had been preserved behind his back: "so, for the sake of heaven, put your charitable donation into my pouch."

The drover approached him, and as he stooped to reach up the money, the sun shining, he saw a shadow on the ground, which caused him to look up; when he perceived the arm of the beggar elevated over his head, and his hand grasping a short iron bar. He arrested the blow in its descent; and seizing the robber, carried him to his cart, into which having thrown him, he drove off to the next town, which was very near, and brought his prisoner before a magistrate.

On searching him, a whistle was found in his pocket; which naturally induced a suspicion, that he had accomplices in the wood. The magistrate therefore, instantly ordered a guard to the place where the robber had been seized; and they arrived within half an hour after the murder of the drover had been attempted.

The guard having concealed themselves behind different trees, the whistle was blown, the sound of which was remarkably shrill and loud; and another whistle was heard from under ground, three men at the same instant rising from the midst of a bushy clump of brambles, and other dwarf shrubs. The soldiers fired on them, and they fell.

The bushes were searched, and a descent discovered into a cave. Here were found three young girls and a boy. The girls were kept for the offices of servants, and the purposes of lust. The boy, scarcely 12 years of age, was son to one of the robbers. The girls in giving evidence deposed, that they had lived three years in the cave; that they had been kept there by force from the time of their captivity; that dead bodies were frequently carried into the cave, stripped, and buried: and that the old soldier was carried out every dry day; and sat by the road side for two or three hours.

On this evidence, the murdering mendicant was condemned to suffer a second execution on the wheel. As but one arm remained, it was to be broken by several strokes in several places, and a coup de grace being denied, he lived in tortures for near five days. When dead, his body was burned to ashes, and strewed before the winds of Heaven.

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## Selection 2

### PERFECT LOVE TOWARD HIS WOULD-BE MURDERER

"Made perfect in love." -- 1 John 4:18

This is the account of the providential deliverance of a collier who was left in the bottom of a coal-pit to be starved to death, by an unnatural nephew, near Birstal in Yorkshire.

Joshua \_\_\_\_\_, the subject of the following narrative previous to his conversion was a man of violent passions, and of so vindictive a disposition, that when he has received an injury from any one, he has meditated revenge for whole nights together. In 1773, it pleased the Almighty to awaken his conscience by the preaching of a stranger, who came into that circuit.

Soon after, his soul was set free from the guilt and power of sin, and the peace and forgiving love of God were shed abroad in his heart. The leopard then changed his spots, and the lion became meek and harmless as a lamb. His fierce and turbulent tempers were subdued, and kept in chains by the power of divine grace, and his life demonstrated the reality of the work of God in his soul.

He continued to walk in the light of life, and as that spiritual light increased, he discovered the necessity of being cleansed from the remains of the carnal mind, and from all those tempers and propensities that spring from it. This painful discovery induced him to cry mightily to the Lord for full deliverance, and complete victory over his own evil heart. His prayers were heard, and answered; and from that time he continued to increase in fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

In 1777, (four years after his conversion,) being a collier, and at that time out of employment, he applied to the proprietor of a colliery, where he had a nephew, who was engaged as a kind of overseer. The gentleman immediately hired him, and he went to work; but the nephew was highly displeased at having his religious uncle always at his heels; and entertained the most inveterate hatred against him.

Finding it impossible to get rid of his uncle, he formed the horrible resolution to take away his life; and for this purpose watched a proper opportunity. In the colliery was an air-pit, in which there were several vents for the air to be communicated to the adjacent pits. In this air-pit some alterations were necessary in order to procure a free circulation of the air; but as the cold was very severe (it being then a hard frost) the proprietor ordered his overseer, that if he could procure one of the men who would willingly undertake the business, to be very sure not to suffer him to remain in that pit above two or three hours at a time.

The overseer immediately fixed upon his uncle to do this job; and although he was not a man of a strong constitution, yet being afraid that the gospel would be blamed if he refused he therefore undertook it. The proprietor ordered his own son (a lad) to attend at the top of the pit, and as soon as the time was expired, to call somebody and draw up the collier.

The lad, accordingly, went at the hour appointed, and apprised the overseer of it; who bade him go home, and he would take care to draw up his uncle. Instead of doing so, he never came near the pit, but went away, and left his uncle to perish.

The pit was in a private place, unfrequented by passengers. The water and mud where the collier worked, was up to his ankles. The pit's bottom, being only three-quarters of a yard high, the poor man was obliged to lie upon one side most of the time. After remaining in this situation, about six hours, and no one coming to his assistance, he shouted as loud as he could, for near half an hour, till his strength was exhausted.

By this time his limbs were quite stiff. It was very dark, and he knew his nephew's business was to see that all the men were drawn up. He therefore perceived it was a malicious design to destroy him, and had little expectation of deliverance. In this distressing situation, he lifted up his heart to God, and found him a very present, help in the time of trouble. The Lord poured upon his soul such an abundance of peace and love, that his dreary prison was turned into a paradise.

"I felt in my soul," (to use his own language) "such a holy triumph over death, as I can never express; for the Lord poured upon me rivers of consolation and the promises came so thick about me, that if I had had the Bible before me, I could not have read them so fast. I would not have been without this trial for all the world. But what gave me the greatest satisfaction was the wonderful love I felt in my heart towards my nephew, though I knew his intention was to murder, me. And although I had great pain in my body, as well as sympathy with an affectionate wife and children at home, yet not one unloving thought did I feel against my persecutor; but could praise God for the accomplishment, of that word, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

The master of the colliery felt strange uneasiness in his mind about the poor man, and said to the overseer, "Did you draw your uncle out of the pit?" He answered, "Yes." "But did you bring away the instruments from the pit's mouth; for as it is Saturday night, they may be stolen."

Upon the nephew's acknowledging that he had forgot them, the master ordered him to go and fetch them away, and he went accordingly. When he came near the place, the uncle heard the sound of his feet, and crawling to the pit's eye, shouted as loud as he possibly could, but the nephew returned no answer, and went home with the instruments. Joshua was fully persuaded that his nephew heard him.

After the master was in bed, he was still much troubled; not that he had the least suspicion of any bad design, but was afraid lest the nephew had trusted to some other persons; and therefore he sent his son again to the nephew, saying, "Did you yourself draw up your uncle? for my father cannot sleep about him." The nephew replied, "I cannot say I did myself, but my wife and another man drew him up at the time, and he went such a way."

The collier having been now ten hours in the pit, and no relief appearing, he thought he would crawl a little further under, and endeavor to find a spot where he might lie down and die. The frost was beginning to break, and the pit's mouth kept continually falling in; although when he stood for an hour together in the pit's eye, not one stone fell; which circumstance filled him with

wonder and praise. But he was more astonished, when upon proceeding further, where it was totally dark, to find himself suddenly surrounded with a kind of twilight, so that he could see his hands, and the stones about him.

About nine o'clock, his wife began to be very uneasy, but hoping her husband was gone to a prayer-meeting near Birstal, she waited patiently for his return; although she wondered that he did not call at home, and sup first, as was his usual custom. At eleven o'clock, she knew not what to do, or where to go. The neighbors endeavored to persuade her that her husband was at some meeting farther off and that it had continued long. By twelve, she was almost distracted, and cried out, "It does not signify. My husband knows what I feel; and if he is above ground, he would be no where but at home."

The neighbors asked, "What can we do for you?" She replied, "Go with me to the pit." Accordingly they went with her. When they came near the place, Joshua heard their feet, with great difficulty he crept to the pit's eye, and cried out as loud as he was able. Upon which they let down a rope; and the poor man entreated the Lord, that as he had so far wonderfully kept him alive, he would be pleased to give him strength to get upon the rope. This he was enabled to do, and they drew him up safe.

When he got to the top, his strength was entirely exhausted, and he dropped down on the ground like a stone. This happened about two o'clock in the morning, and he had been in the pit fifteen hours. Being taken home, he recovered in a short time, and soon after talked with his unnatural nephew upon the transaction. During the conversation between them, he found his heart filled with love to his enemy, and his lips with praise to the God of his Salvation.

The person who obligingly favored us with the preceding narrative, is well known, and justly esteemed for piety and veracity among the professors of religion both in town and country. We therefore cannot entertain the least doubt of the facts enumerated. But as some of the parties are still living, we deem it inexpedient to mention their names.

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### Selection 3 A TRIUMPHANT PASSING

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" -- 1 Cor. 15:55

This story tells of the happy death of a pious young woman, near Cross Hall, in Yorkshire. This young woman was awakened by the preaching of the Word, and found peace with God. Some time after, she married a pious man with whom she lived in the fear of the Lord; and they proved mutual helps to each other in the way to happiness and eternal life. She was afflicted with a disorder, which occasioned great sufferings and pain for near a year, and in the end proved her death.

In the midst of adversity, she enjoyed much of the divine presence, and her soul was drawn out after a full conformity to the image of God. Frequently expressing her gratitude to the Father of

mercies for all his dispensations, and particularly for the sufferings he was pleased to permit to exercise her faith. The greatest trial she met with during the course of her afflictions, was, a fear lest the agonies of death should be too many for her, and that she would not be able to honor the Lord in her last moments.

She continued whole nights together in prayer for holiness, and in the midst of severe afflictions would often say, "Lay more stripes upon me, Lord, if they be needful; do not spare, till thy work is done; there is need of all."

A little before her death, the Lord visited her in a wonderful manner, and filled her soul with his mighty consolations. As she sat in a chair (not having been in bed a great while) she said to her mother, "What is this sweat I feel? Surely, this is not death?" Upon her mother replying, she was afraid it was death, the daughter cried out, "O how good is the Lord to me! Is this dying? O never let any who believe in Jesus, be afraid of death. It is sweet work; it is comfortable; it is only going to heaven!"

She thanked her husband in the most affectionate manner, for all the kindness and attention he had showed her, and praised the Lord on his account. Soon after, it seemed as if the divine glory overshadowed her soul, and eternity opened to her view. Her joy was so abundant, that she shouted aloud, "O what Glory! What glory! I am going to it! I am going to heaven! O what hath the Lord done for me! precious, precious Jesus! He hath washed me, and I am whiter than snow. O follow me, as I have followed Christ. Let me stand to praise him."

She then raised herself upon one leg, (the other having been cut off) and in an ecstasy of joy cried out, "Praise Him! Praise Him!" And while the words were on her lips, she instantly entered into everlasting rest.

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#### Selection 4

#### THE UNFEELING FATHER

"For he shall have judgment without mercy, that hath showed no mercy." -- James 2:13

"Does nature refuse to plead for me?" said his daughter kneeling before him, "or does she plead in vain?"

"You broke the sacred bonds of nature," said the old man, "when you left a father's fond protection, and a mother's tender care, to pursue the fortune of the only man on earth, whom they detested."

"A heavenly Father," exclaimed the daughter, "forgives the sins of his children: and shall an earthly parent deny the charitable boon a repentant child demands of him?"

"To that heavenly Father then," replied he, "I recommend you. My doors are no longer open to receive you. I have made a vow which shall never be broken. Let the friends of your husband protect his darling. You are mine no more."

"But these children, sir: Alas! what have they done? Leave me to the cruel fate which awaits me; but suffer not them to perish."

"They are none of mine," said the stern parent. "I will never press them in my arms. They shall never sit upon my knees, I will foster no more ingratitude. Let him who begot them take the spade and mattock, and get them bread. No office is beneath the affection of a parent when children have not been ungrateful. I am yours no longer."

This was the fatal dialogue between the father and the daughter on the porch of his house; for she was admitted no further. He shut the door against her, and retired to his chamber. The wind blew, and the rain beat hard, and she dared not encounter the tempest. She remained in the porch, pressed her shivering babes to her bosom, and hoped that the morning's dawn would bring mercy along with it. But, when the morning dawned, she was no more! The servants found her a clay-cold corpse, and the two children weeping beside it.

When the father was called to see the spectacle, he sunk down on the floor. Life indeed returned, but peace abandoned him forever. He loves the children; but says heaven in all its stores of mercies, has not one for him.

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## Selection 5

### FALLEN MAN -- A WONDER, AND A MONSTER

[This sketch strikingly illustrates how fallen man is at once: "A Wonder" -- exhibiting the noble of characteristics the God who created him -- and, "A Monster," -- displaying the gross and vile characteristics the serpent who degenerated him at the Fall. -- DVM]

Man before the Fall:-- "Thou madest him a little lower than the angels; thou crownedst him with glory and honour, and didst set him over the works of thy hands." -- Heb. 2:7

Man after the Fall:-- "How much more abominable and filthy is man, which drinketh iniquity like water?" -- Job 15:16

In 1603, the Duke of Sully, Prime Minister of Henry IV of France, came over to England as ambassador to King James I. He brought with him in his suit a person, whom he justly styles, "A Wonder and a Monster;" and whose fearful end is held up as a warning to the youth of the present day. We shall give the narrative in the Duke's own words:

"The beginning of June I set out for Calais, where I was to embark, having with me a retinue of upwards of two hundred gentlemen, or who called themselves such, of whom a considerable number were really of the first distinction. Just before my departure old Servin came



and presented his son to me, and begged I would use my endeavors to make him a man of some worth and honesty; but he confessed it was what he dared not hope, not through any want of understanding or capacity in the young man, but from his natural inclination to all kinds of vice.

"The old man was in the right, what he told me having excited my curiosity to gain a thorough knowledge of young Servin. I found him to be at once both a wonder and a monster; for I can give no other idea of that assemblage of the most excellent and most pernicious qualities.

"Let the reader represent to himself a man of a genius so lively, and an understanding so extensive, as rendered him scarce ignorant of anything that could be known; of so vast and ready a comprehension, that he immediately made himself master of what he attempted and of so prodigious a memory, that he never forgot what he had once learned. He possessed all parts of philosophy and the mathematics, particularly fortification and drawing.

"Even in theology, he was so well skilled that he was an excellent preacher whenever he had a mind to exert that talent, and an able disputant for and against the reformed religion indifferently. He not only understood Greek, Hebrew, and all the languages which we call learned, but also all the different jargons of modern dialects. He accented and pronounced them so naturally, and so perfectly imitated the gestures and manners both of the several nations of Europe, and the particular provinces of France, that he might have been taken for a native of all or any of these countries; and this quality he applied to counterfeit [impersonate] all sorts of persons, wherein he succeeded wonderfully.

"He was, moreover, the best comedian and greatest droll that perhaps ever appeared. He had a genius for poetry, and had written many verses. He played upon almost all instruments, was a perfect master of music, and sang most agreeable and justly. He likewise could say mass; for he was of a disposition to do as well as to know all things.

"His body was perfectly well suited to his mind. He was light nimble, dexterous, and fit for all exercises. He could ride well, and in dancing, wrestling, and leaping, he was admired. There are not any recreative games that he did not know; and he was skilled in almost all mechanic arts.

"But now for the reverse of the medal. Here it appeared that he was treacherous, cruel, cowardly, deceitful, a liar, a cheat, a drunkard and glutton, a sharper in play, immersed in every species of vice, a blasphemer, an atheist. In a word, in him might be found all the vices contrary to nature, honor, religion and society; the truth of which he himself evinced with his latest breath, for he died in the flower of his age, in a common brothel, perfectly corrupted by his debaucheries, and expired with the glass in his hand, cursing and denying God!"

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## Selection 6

### THE SLAVE TRADE -- A SIN THAT WAS SURE TO BRING JUDGMENT

"Shall I not visit for these things? saith the LORD: and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" -- Jer 5:9

"Shall I not visit for these things? saith the LORD: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" -- Jer 5:29

"Shall I not visit them for these things? saith the LORD: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" -- Jer 9:9

[The cruel slave-trade was no doubt carried on past more than three warnings of God's displeasure, but God's judgment upon such a nation as this finally came, partly in the form of the bloody Civil War -- exacting a terrible price for taking part in this evil. Below is another example of who the slave-trade exacted a high price in human suffering. -- DVM]

A seafaring man made his appearance. He was surrounded by multitudes of persons, who persecuted him with interrogatories. This person was the captain of a ship in the slave-trade. From the conversation which passed between the captain and those who surrounded him, I discovered, that the cruelties incidental to the slave-trade, were not confined to the unhappy Negroes; but affected also the instruments who carried it on.

The captain before me had gone out as the mate. The crew had been thirty, of whom only three returned. He had a long scroll in his hand. It was a list of the original crew.

"Where is my daddy?" asked an infant. "Dead."

"My husband?" inquired a matron. "Dead."

"My brother?" interrogated a girl. "Dead."

In this manner he ran through the list. One had died of a fever. Another had been murdered on shore. Several had been killed by slaves who had mutinied.

When the friends of the deceased had retired, the captain gave his employers an account of his voyage. Three ships had gone out together. They had each taken in their quantity of slaves, when a hard gale drove two of them on shore. One was boarded by the Negroes, and the crew massacred. On board the other, a similar attempt was made by the Negroes in the hold, but the Whites having got command of the small arms, fired into the hold, and made dreadful slaughter. Thus circumstanced, one of the Negroes, who had discovered where the powder lay, rushed into the room, set fire to a powder barrel, and blew the vessel to pieces.

The captain ran over these occurrences of horror with a stoical calmness, but it was not so with his employers; they frequently interrupted his details with imprecations against the Blacks.

And why is this cruelty practiced? That we may have sugar to sweeten tea, which debilitates us; rum to make punch, to intoxicate us; and indigo to dye our clothes. In short, myriads are made wretched, nations are dragged into slavery to supply the luxuries of their fellow creatures.

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## Selection 7

### CHARITY FOR A FALLEN MAGDALENE

[Here was an instance where "charity and holiness with sobriety" was in order. -- 1 Tim 2:15 -- a case that called for Prudence and caution, but one in which the voice of Charity prevailed. -- DVM]

"I have neither eat nor drank for two days, nor have I laid my head upon a pillow for a week -- and I am drenched with the snow, which falls upon my almost naked body. My limbs are almost numbed with cold. O relieve me, for heaven's sake!"

These words, respirated with tremulous sound and broken accent, closed with a sigh the most piteous. They issued from a creature couched up against a door; a female who had taken shelter from the inclemency of the night under the penthouse of a shop.

The voice of sorrow, though feeble, insinuates its prayers to the heart, with the subtlety of plaintive music. I felt mine in perfect unison. Every nerve vibrated. I had passed the door, and was going back, when that cautious old virgin, Prudence, said, "Go on." Turning from the object which had accosted me, Charity stood still in front. She laid her hand upon me, and put the following interrogatories to me:

"Have you a wife? a sister? a daughter? a female relation? or a female friend? If you have not, remember you had a mother! Remember you are a man!"

While Charity thus urged my feelings, I involuntarily returned where the unhappy girl lay. There Charity held me fast. The girl before me was an object demanding assistance from five out of the six works of mercy. She was hungry, thirsty, naked, sick, and a stranger. There was but one way to administer relief. I clothed her with my furrout [sic -- some sort of coat?] brought her to the house, roused up my servant, and insisted on her getting into his bed.

Let us leave her there, and inquire what is to be done with her. She is a child that Providence has thrown in my way, and must not be neglected. Profession she has none, and if she had, she wants what the world calls character; or rather, she has the worst character in the world. She is unfortunate. But I will take care of thee, Magdalene.

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## Selection 8

### ON SLANDER

"My soul is among lions ... even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword." -- Psa 57:4

Against slander there is no defense. Hell cannot boast a fouler fiend, nor man deplore so foul a foe. It stabs with a word, with a shrug, with a look, with a smile. It is the pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveler cannot avoid. It is the heart-searching dagger of the dark assassin. It is the poisoned arrow, whose wound is incurable. It is the mortal sting of the deadly adder. Murder is its employment. Innocence its prey, and ruin its sport.

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## Selection 9

### THE TREE WHICH PRODUCES THE BALM OF GILEAD

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" -- Jer 8:22

According to its title statement, this selection gives "the history and description of the tree which produces the balm of Gilead. From the Travels of James Bruce of Kinnaird.

The great value set upon the Balessan, Balsam, or Balm of Gilead, in the East remounts to very early ages: It is coeval with the India trade for pepper, and the beginning of it consequently lost in the darkness of the first ages. We know from Scripture the oldest history extends as well as most infallible, that the Ishmaelites, or Arabian carriers and merchants, trafficking with the India commodities into Egypt, brought with them balm as part of the cargo with pepper; but the price that they paid for Joseph was silver, and not a barter with any of their articles of merchandise.

Strabo alone, of all the ancients, hath given us the true account of the place of its origin, "Near to this," that historian says, "is the most happy land of the Sabeans, and they are a very great people. Among these, frankincense, myrrh, and cinnamon grow, and in the coast that is about Saba, the balsam also."

Among the Myrrh trees behind Azab all along the coast to the straits of Babelmandeb, is its native country. It grows to a tree about fourteen feet high, spontaneously and without culture, like the myrrh, the coffee, and frankincense tree; they are all equally the wood of the country, and are occasionally cut down and used for fuel. We need not doubt but it was early transplanted into Arabia, that is, into the south part of Arabia Felix, immediately fronting Azab, the place of its nativity. The high country of Arabia was too cold to receive it, being all mountainous, water freezes there. The first plantation that succeeded seems to have been at Petra, the ancient metropolis of Arabia, now called Beder, or Beder Hunein.

Josephus, in the History of the Antiquities of his country, says that a tree of this Balsam was brought to Jerusalem by the Queen of Saba, or (Sheba) and given among other presents, to Solomon, who, as we know from Scripture, was studious of all sorts of plants, and skillful in the description and distinction of them. Here it seems to have been cultivated and to have thrived, so that the place of its origin came to be forgotten.

Notwithstanding this positive authority of Josephus, and the great probability that attends it, we are not to put it in competition with what we have been told from Scripture. As we have just now seen, that the place where it grew, and was sold to merchants, was in Gilead in Judea, more than 1730 years before Christ, or 1000 before the Queen of Sheba; so that reading the verse, nothing can be more plain than that it had been transplanted into Judea, flourished, and had become an article of commerce in Gilead long before the period Josephus mentions:

"And they sat down to eat bread, and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels, bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt," Gen. xxxvii. 25. Now, the spicery, or pepper, was certainly purchased by the Ishmaelites at the mouth of the Red Sea, where was the market for Indian goods, and at the same place they must have bought the myrrh, for that neither grew nor grows anywhere else than in Sheba, or Azabo, east to Cape Gardesan, where were the ports for India, and whence it was dispersed all over the world.

The Ishmaelites, or Arabian carriers, loaded their camels at the mouth of the Red Sea with pepper and myrrh. For reasons not now known unto us, they went and completed their cargo with balsam at Gilead, so that contrary to the authority of Josephus, nothing is more certain, than 1730 years before Christ, and 1000 years before the Queen of Sheba came to Jerusalem, the Balsam tree had been transplanted from Abyssinia into Judea, and became an article of commerce there, and the place from which it originally was brought, through length of time, combined with other reasons, came to be forgotten.

Theophrastus, Dioscorides, Pliny, Solinus, and Serapion, all say that this Balsam came only from Judea. The words of Pliny are, "But to all other odors whatever, the Balsam is preferred, produced in no other part, but the land of Judea, and even these in two gardens only; both of them belonging to the king, one no more than twenty acres, the other still smaller."

At this time, I suppose, it got its name of Balsamum Judaicum, or Balm of Gilead, and thence became an article in merchandise and fiscal revenue, which probably occasioned the discouragement of bringing in any more from Arabia, whence it very probably was prohibited as contraband. We shall suppose 30 acres planted with this tree would have produced more than all the trees in Arabia do at this day. Nor does the plantation of Beder Hunein amount to much more than that quantity, for we are still to observe, that even when it had been, as it were, naturalized in Judea, and acquired a name in the country, still it bore evident marks of its being a stranger there; and its being confined to two royal gardens alone, shows it was maintained there by force and culture, and was by no means a native of the country. And this is confirmed by Strabo, who speaks of it being in the king's garden at Jericho. This place being one of the warmest in Judea, shows likewise their apprehensions about it, so that in Judea, we may imagine it was pretty much in the state of our myrtles in England, which though cultivated in greenhouses in all the rest of the island, yet grow beautifully and luxuriantly in Devonshire and Cornwall, the western parts of it.

Diodorus Siculus says, it grew in a valley in Arabia Felix. He should have said, on a number of gentle, sloping hills in Arabia Desert, which have a very small degree of elevation above the plain, but by no means resembling a valley. This place was the scene of three bloody battles between Mahomet and his kinsmen, the Beni Koreish, who refused to be converts to his

religion, or acknowledge his divine legation. These are at large described by several of the historians of that nation, with circumstances and anecdotes, as well interesting and entertaining, as elegantly told. They show plainly that Mahomet's tribe the Beni Koreish, did not receive their fanatical manners and dispositions from Mahomet and his religion, but were just as obstinate, ignorant, and sanguinary when they were pagans, as they were afterwards when converted and became Mahometans.

The last of these battles, which was decisive in Mahomet's favor, gave him the sovereignty of Mecca, and was attended with the extirpation of some of the principal families of this tribe. At this time the Balsam is supposed, by being sold in Judea, and not accessible by reason of the commotions in Arabia, to have become almost forgotten in that last part, where the trade from Abyssinia its native country, was likewise interrupted by this innovation of religion, and by Mahomet's profanation of the Caaba, or Temple of the Sun, the ancient resort of the Sabea merchants carrying on the trade of India. This interval the impostor thought proper for a pretended miracle. He said, that from the blood of Beni Koreish slain, there had sprung up this grove of trees, from the juice of which all the true believers on his side received a cure for their wounds, however fatal they appeared, nay, some of them were revived from even death itself. Since that time it has maintained its reputation equal to that which it had in antiquity.

Prosper Alpinus says that one Messor an eunuch, governor of Cairo, in the year 1519, caused to bring from Arabia 40 plants, which he placed in the garden of Mattareah, where he superintended them. It was many times renewed, and has as often perished since. Bellonius says that in his time there were ten plants at Mattareah, and he is of opinion, that in all ages they grew well in Arabia, which is not true, for those of Beder are constantly supplied with new plants so soon as the old ones decay. There were none existing at Mattareah the two several times I have visited Cairo, but there were some of the Christians still living there that remembered one plant in that garden.

There were three productions from this tree very much esteemed among the ancients. The first was called Opobalsamum, or juice of the balsam: the next was Carpobalsamum, made by the expression of the fruit when in maturity: the third was Xylobalsamum, the worst of all, it was an expression or decoction of the small new twigs, of a redish color. These twigs are still gathered in little faggots, and sent to Venice, where I am told they are an ingredient in the Theriac, or of some sort of compound drug, made in the laboratories there. But the principal quantity of Balsam in all times was produced by incision as it is at this day. Concerning this, too, many fables have been invented and propagated.

Tacitus says, that this tree was so averse to iron that it trembled upon a knife being hid near it, and some pretend the incision should be made by ivory, glass, or stone. There is no doubt but the more attention there is given to it, and the cleaner the wound is made, the better this Balsam will be. It is now, as it probably ever has been, cut by an ax, when the juice is in its strongest circulation in July, August, and beginning of September. It is then received into a small earthen bottle, and every day's produce gathered and poured into a larger, which is kept closely corked.

The Arabs Harb, a noble family of Beni Koreish, are the proprietors of it, and of Beder where it grows. It is a station of the Emir Hadje, or pilgrims going to Mecca, half way between

that city and Medina. Some books speak of a white sort brought by the caravans from Mecca, and called balsam of Mecca, and others a balsam called that of Judea, but all these are counterfeits or adulterations. The Balsam of Judea which I have already mentioned was long ago lost when the troubles of that country withdrew the royal attention from it; but as late as Galen's time, it not only existed but was growing in many places of Palestine besides Jericho, and there is no doubt but it is now totally lost there.

When Sultan Selim made the conquest of Egypt and Arabia in 1516, three pounds was then the tribute ordered to be sent to Constantinople yearly, and this proportion is kept up to this day. The remainder is sold or farmed out to some merchants, who to increase the quantity, adulterate it with oil of olives and wax, and several other mixtures, consulting only the agreement of color, without considering the aptitude of mixing. Formerly we were told it was done by art, but nothing is easier detected than this fraud now.

The Opobalsamum or juice flowing from the balsam tree, at first when it is received into the bottle from the wound from whence it issues, is of a light, yellow color. Apparently turbid, in which there is a whitish cast, which I apprehend are the globules of air that pervade the whole of it in its first state of fermentation. It then appears very light upon shaking. As it settles and cools, it turns clear, and loses that milkiess which it first had when flowing from the tree into the bottle. It then is the color of honey, and appears more fixed and heavy than at first. After being kept for years, it grows a much deeper yellow, and of the color of gold.

I have some of it which I got from the Cadi of Medina in 1768. It is now still deeper in color, full as much so as the yellowed honey. It is perfectly fluid, and has lost very little either of its taste, smell, or weight. The smell at first is violent and strongly pungent, giving a sensation to the brain like to that of volatile salts when rashly drawn up by an incautious person. This lasts in proportion to its freshness, for being neglected, and the bottle uncorked, it quickly loses this quality, as it probably will at last by age, whatever care is taken of it.

In its pure and fresh state it dissolves easily in water. If dropped on a woollen cloth, it will wash out easily, and leaves no stain. It is of an acrid, rough, pungent taste, is used by the Arabs in all complaints of the stomach and bowels, is reckoned a powerful antiseptic, and of use in preventing any infection of the plague. These qualities it now enjoys, in all probability, in common with the various Balsams we have received from America, such as the Balsam of Tolu, or Peru, and the rest; but it is always used, and in particular esteemed, as a cosmetic. As such it has kept up its reputation in the East to this very day.

The manner of applying it is this: they first go into the tepid bath till the pores are sufficiently open; they then anoint themselves with a small quantity and as much as the vessels will absorb. Never-fading youth and beauty are said to be the consequences of this. The purchase is easy enough. I do not hear that it ever has been thought restorative after the loss of either.

I had two very fine trees brought from Beder Hunein. The first by the Cadi of Medina at Yambo; the second at Jedda, by order of Yousef Kabil, Vizir or Minister of the sherriffe of Mecca. The tree was five feet two inches high, from where the red root begins or which was buried in the earth, to where it divides itself first into branches. The trunk at thickest was about five inches

diameter, the wood light and open, and incapable of polishing, covered with a smooth bark of bluish white.

A part of the bark is of a reddish brown. It flattens at the top, like trees that are exposed to snow blasts or sea air, which gives it a stunted appearance. It is remarkable for a penury of leaves. The flowers are like that of the Acacia tree, white and round, only that three hang upon three filaments or stalks, where the Acacia has but one. Two of these flowers fall off and leave a single fruit. The branches that bear this are the shoots of the present year. They are of a reddish color, and tougher than the old wood. It is these that are cut off and put into little faggots, and sent to Venice for the Theriac, when bruised or drawn by fire, and formerly these made the Xylobalsamum." -- Bruce's Travels, Vol. V.

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#### Selection 10

#### A DEEPLY PERSONAL UNION WITH CHRIST IN HEAVEN

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name." -- Rev 3:12

"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honour." -- John 12:26

A remarkable dream of Dr. Doddridge; preserved by the Rev. Samuel Clarke, son of the late Dr. Clarke of St. Alban's [not Dr. Adam Clarke, who was very much alive at this time. -- DVM]. Mr. Clarke relates the narrative in the following manner:

The doctor and my father had been conversing together one evening, on the nature of the separate state, and the probability that the scenes in which the soul would enter, upon its leaving the body, would bear some resemblance to those with which it had been conversant while on earth, that it might by degrees be prepared for the more sublime happiness of the heavenly world. This, and other conversation, probably gave rise to the following dream.

The doctor imagined himself dangerously ill at friend's house in London, and after lying in this state for some time, he thought his soul left the body, and took its flight in some kind of fine vehicle (which though very different from the body it had just left) was still material. He pursued his course till he was at some distance from the city, when turning back, and reviewing the town, he could not forbear saying to himself, "How trifling and how vain do these affairs, in which the inhabitants of this place are so eagerly employed, appear to me, a separate spirit."

At length, as he was continuing his progress, and though without any certain director, yet easy and happy in the thoughts of the universal providence and government of God, which extends alike to all states and worlds, he was met by one who told him he was sent to conduct him to the



place appointed for his abode. From hence he concluded that it could be no other than an angel, though (as I remember) he appeared under the form of an elderly man.

They went accordingly together till they came in sight of a spacious building, which had the air of a palace. Upon inquiring what it was, his guide told him it was the place assigned for his residence at present; upon which the doctor observed, that he remembered to have read while on earth, that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, what God hath laid up for his servants. Whereas, he could easily have conceived an idea of such a building as this, from others he had seen, though he acknowledged they were greatly inferior to this in elegance.

The answer his guide made him was plainly suggested by the conversation of the evening before. It was, that the scene first presented was contrived on purpose, to bear a near resemblance of those he had been accustomed to on earth, that his mind might be more easily and gradually prepared for those glories that would open upon him in eternity; and which would at first have quite dazzled and over-powered him.

By this time they were come up to the palace, and his guide led him through a kind of saloon into the inner parlor. The first remarkable thing he saw, was a golden cup, that stood upon the table, on which was embossed a figure of a vine and a cluster of grapes. He asked his guide the meaning of this, who told him, it was the cup in which the Saviour drank new wine with his disciples in his Kingdom, and the figures carved on it were intended to signify the union between Christ and his people; implying that the grapes derive all their beauty and flavor from the vine, so the saints even in a state of glory, were indebted for their establishment and happiness, to their union with their Head, in whom they were all complete.

While they were thus conferring, he heard a tap at the door, and was informed by the angel that it was the signal of his Lord's approach, and was intended to prepare him for the interview. Accordingly, in a short time he thought, our Saviour entered the room, and upon him casting himself at his feet, he graciously raised him up, and with a look of inexpressible complacency, assured him of his favor, and his kind acceptance of his faithful services; and as a token of his peculiar regard, and the intimate friendship he intended to honor him with, he took the cup, and after drinking of it himself, gave it into his hand.

The doctor would have declined it at first, as too great an honor, but his Lord replied, as to Peter in relation to washing his feet, if thou drink not with me, thou shalt have no part in me. This scene he observed filled him with such a transport of gratitude, love, and admiration, that he was ready to sink under it.

His Master seemed sensible of it, and told him he must leave him for the present, but it would not be long before he repeated his visit; and in the mean time he would find enough to employ his thoughts, in reflecting on what had passed, and contemplating the objects around him.

As soon as his Lord had retired, and his mind was a little composed, he observed the room was hung round with pictures, and upon examining them more attentively, he discovered, to his great surprise, that they contained the history of his own life. The most remarkable scenes he had passed through, being there represented in a most lively manner.

It may easily be imagined how much this would affect his mind; the many temptations and trials he had been exposed to, and the signal instances of the divine goodness towards him in the different periods of his life, which by this means were all presented at once to his view, excited the strongest emotions of gratitude, especially when he reflected that he was now out of the reach of any future distress; and that all the purposes of divine love and mercy towards him were happily accomplished.

The ecstasy of joy and thankfulness, into which these reflections threw him, was so great that it awoke him out of his sleep. But for some considerable time after he arose, the impressions continued so lively, that tears of joy flowed down his cheeks, and he said, that he never on any occasion remembered to have felt sentiments of devotion, love and gratitude; equally strong.

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#### Selection 11

#### ON BEING THANKFUL FOR DIVINE MERCIES

"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name." -- Psa. 100:4

"When they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful ... their foolish heart was darkened." -- Rom. 1:21

"And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful." -- Col. 3:15

The Almighty God most justly expects praise or thankfulness from every rational creature, for benefits received; and more especially from those who know him, and have tasted that he is gracious. The paying of this rent-penny, is the only heavenly work that can be done upon earth. It is the only joyful employment, that shall last to all eternity. Will not the very Heathen themselves rise up in judgment against unthankful Christians? Plato, when ready to die, gave God thanks for three things: 1. That he was made a man; 2. That he was born in Greece; and 3. That he lived in the time of Socrates. How much more should our lips show forth the high praises of God, who hath not only made us men, but "new men"? -- That we are born of God, adopted into his family, and regenerated by his holy Spirit? -- That we have breathed, not in Greece, but in Britain? of the riches of free grace! -- That we have our residence in a land of liberty, overflowing with the glorious light of the gospel! Why did not the Lord shut thee up with the rest of the world in darkness, and in the shadow of death? And yet, ungrateful wretch, thou wilt hardly confess, that the lines are fallen happily, and thou hast a goodly heritage. How seldom is such language as this heard from thee: "Blessed be the Lord, that my lot is fallen in so fair a ground -- that I was born in Britain, and not in the Deserts of Asia, or Africa. Blessed be God that I have had more than the light of the sun, moon, and stars, to conduct me to Jesus! Thanks be to the Lord, that so many wells of salvation have been opened unto me!"

If Plato thanked God for living in the days of Socrates, we may say that greater than Socrates have been among us. We have had those with whom we have taken sweet counsel and with whom we have gone to the House of God together, who have been burning as well as shining lights -- many examples of close-walking, heavenly Christians, have we enjoyed, and who were endued with wisdom from above far superior to what either Socrates or Plato could pretend to. We have been blessed with the society of serious, active Christians such as would not suffer sin to rest upon us, who have admonished us faithfully, and daily told us, "This is the way, walk herein." What extraordinary helps we have had! But O the cursed unthankfulness of our hearts towards God, notwithstanding his bestowing upon us so many lights to guide us, so many fires to warm us, and so much salt to season us!

Instead of giving God the glory of all, how have we sacrificed to our own nets, and to other instruments? We have praised ourselves, rather than God, for what we have. We have not ascribed the glory to God, but to instruments -- like unto that Cardinal who wrote down what such a lord did for him, and what such a pope conferred upon him; whereupon another inferred, "This man remembered his friends, but forgot God." "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands, but God hath little or no share in the triumph.

How sensible are we of our wants and straits? But how unaffected with the goodness of God towards us? How full of complaints, but empty of acknowledgments? Has not the want of some one thing robbed us of the comfort of all other enjoyments, and God of the praises that were due to his Name?

We have been more troubled for the want of that one thing than thankful for many mercies. Like Haman, one Mordecai not bowing to our desires, has made us heavy and senseless under all our honors. Like Ahab, we have been more dejected for want of Naboth's vineyard than we have blessed God for a kingdom. Are we not longer, and heartiest, in the petitionary part of prayer? We are still craving the supply of wants, but too seldom engaged in blessing God for what he largely bestows upon us. Our petitions are long, but our praises are short.

Do we not satisfy ourselves in being glad for mercies and deliverances? Whereas, it is one thing to be glad of a deliverance, but another thing to be thankful for it, This is the return which God looks for. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness!"

It was a law and a statute ordained for Israel, to help their memories, that they should write what God had done for them; and by this means provide that the generations to come might know his wonderful works. How unjust are we to our children if we deprive them of a faithful record of God's mercies to us? By such a record they might read the right way, in sailing heavenward. By our falls, they might know where the rocks and quicksands lie, and so shun them; and by our deliverances they might be encouraged to trust in the Lord amidst storms of temptation and affliction.

Have we not neglected to call upon others to join us in praising God? A thankful heart is filled with enlarged desires. It does not think it enough to praise God alone, but would have all to unite in this blessed work.

Can we forget the horrible pit, and the miry clay from which we have been delivered? Are we unmindful of the blessed Jubilee, when the Lord said to the prisoners, "Go forth: and to them that were in darkness, show yourselves." Paul remembered many circumstances of his conversion: the time, the place, and the manner of it; and also, what he was before conversion. And shall we forget that the Lord hath "translated us from the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of his dear Son?"

How grateful ought we to be for Christ? He is the River which maketh glad the City of God. His bleeding, dying love should ever be remembered by us with hearty thanksgivings. How thankful should we be for the Covenant of Grace, the Bow in the Cloud, after a deluge of sin and misery, the forfeited lease of eternity renewed, the Magna Charta of the City of God? And in particular, for the promise of the Spirit, in all his offices and operations, for the application of the purchased possession?

How seldom do we remember to thank the Lord for outward blessings? You began, perhaps, with a little like Jacob, and now behold, you have two troops; a troop of children, friends, and an estate, or good trade, to maintain them. While others have only one mess, you have Benjamin's portion, riches and Christ too; and should not you cry out, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy Name?"

You have had the sentence of death in yourselves; you have been with David and Paul, in the mouth of the lion, or other dangers, and yet your lives are given you for a prey. What a multitude of preventing mercies have you been made partakers of! How many have died much younger than you while the Lord hath lengthened out your days in order to repentance? Numbers have died in an instant, and been snatched away into eternity without a moment's warning, while you have had various messengers to notify the approach of death? How many have been led to shameful and violent deaths, while you have been kept from such dismal ends? And yet how seldom do you admire his providence and preventing lovingkindnesses? You have a guard of angels to attend you day and night, to secure you from danger; but how little do you bless the Lord for the heavenly host?

We ought to imitate the ancient Christians, whose mouths were always full of -- "Thanks be unto God." When they heard of persecution or protection, crosses or comforts, their language was "God be praised." The pious Mr. Bradford said, "If the Queen will release me, I will thank her if she keep me in prison, I will thank her; if she burn me I will thank her."

Thou shouldest say from thine heart, "Blessed be God, that I am reckoned worthy to suffer for his Name -- that he counts me a son -- and chastens me for my profit, that I "may be partaker of his holiness." The apostle Peter would not have anyone ashamed who suffers as a Christian; but to glorify God on this behalf, and to rejoice, inasmuch as he is partaker of the sufferings of Christ. Alas, how far have we been from praises, when the storms were high and threatened our tabernacles?

How often does God charge us to remember mercy, and to praise him for it? "Ye that fear the Lord, praise him. Praise him O ye servants of the Lord. Praise thy God, O Zion. Praise him for his mighty acts. Praise him according his excellent greatness." Did we oftener recount the mercies

of God, the fire of love would burn within our breasts. God took it ill of the Israelites, that they remembered not his hand, nor the day in which he delivered them. Our Saviour was grieved that his disciples remembered not the five loaves and the number of baskets they took up. But if we forget the multitude of divine mercies conferred upon us, we are far more criminal than they.

When we were ripe for judgment, then mercy stepped in. Was it not the providence of God that brought you to such a place, to such a preacher, to such a text? And did not he give you the hearing ear, and the understanding heart? Did not the Lord break your heart, when it was harder than the nether millstone? Did not he quicken, strengthen, enlighten, and excite you to believe unto salvation? Did not he cause the walls of Jericho to fall, as by the voice of rams-horns by weak, inconsiderable means?

Did he not alienate thy heart from those idols, that were dearer to thee than thine eyes? Did not he present the face of Christ as lovely to thy soul? And hath not Christ fed thee with fresh supplies of free grace and watered thee every moment? How many doubts hath Christ answered, and how many scruples hath he satisfied thee in? And yet, O wretched heart, how unthankful hast thou been?

O let not our ingratitude cause the showers to be withheld -- nor the sun to set on the prophets at noon-day -- nor the manna to cease falling before our doors. Our water was become wine; [now] our gleanings were better than the world's vintage; God dealt with us as sons. Let us remember the mercies we enjoy this day. Do not we sit under our own vines? Have we not our solemn assemblies? Do not we go in troops to the house of the Lord? Do we fear the shaking of the spear? Hath not God given the churches rest? May we not be as holy as we please? Have we not as much liberty as we desire? Shall we be troubled then, because every Mordecai does not bow to us?

Let each of us then say to himself: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Yea, let us "Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing; and in every thing give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus, concerning us."

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## Selection 12

### THE BULLA DE LA CRUZADA

"Who can forgive sins but God only?" -- Mark 2:7

"And her prophets have daubed them with untempered mortar, seeing vanity, and divining lies unto them, saying, Thus saith the Lord God, when the LORD hath not spoken." -- Ezek 22:28

"The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money: yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the LORD among us? none evil can come upon us." -- Micah 3:11

From a collection of letters written from Barcelona

An emigrant, who had borrowed some money of his companion, killed him in a duel, because he refused to lend him more. He was refused burial for many reasons and, among others, because he had not a Bull, the necessary accomplishment to every individual in Spain, to enable him to eat or drink, to abstain from either, to go to bed, or sleep in his chair. No matter what it is a Bull must be had. As the history of this precious adjunct is not generally known we shall transcribe it from our author.

"To understand his misfortune, we must observe that the church refuses its last offices to every one not furnished with the Bulla de La Cruzada. They refuse to bury him, if under his pillow, at the moment of carrying away the corpse, it is not found. This Bull, which opens the gates of heaven to the greatest villain, is the most infamous tax which any nation has yet experienced. It began in the days ignorance and fanaticism when millions of Europeans went to Palestine to kill or be killed. The court of Rome, which under this pretext, so often ransomed the different powers of Europe, suggested, in 1509, this Bull of the Crusade, to Ferdinand King of Arragon, who was engaged in a war against the Moors of Africa. The pope ordered that every good catholic who expected the indulgence of heaven, should be provided with one of these Bulls. The priests inculcated it as a duty, and it has since brought a considerable income to Rome, who has in Spain a person that farms the revenue.

The price is fixed yearly by the pope's nuncio, and is never less than twelve sous (about six-pence) or above a piastre, because every one is taxed according to his supposed fortune. With this patent, he is cleared of those crimes which the pope alone, or the bishops, can absolve. He may eat eggs and milk in Lent, and other foods at different times, according to its tenor. Government does not absolutely order the subjects of his catholic majesty to buy this Bull; but, as I have said, the priests refuse the last consolations to those who neglect or despise the precaution; and, in Spain, no one is wise or bold enough to brave ecclesiastical censures."

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### Selection 13

#### INNOCENT OF MURDER? BUT EXECUTED FOR ADULTERY?

[This article was originally titled: "Dr. Doddridge's account of the death of a remarkable malefactor." In it he suggests the possibility that a man innocent of murder was divinely permitted to die as the just result of his adultery. It is a thought provoking idea. Might God have indeed purposely hindered the man's acquittal of the murder charge in order to visit death upon him for having lived in adultery? Or, did God simply let him die, innocent of murder, but guilty of adultery? While in some ways such ideas may seem more harsh than is the Spirit of Christ, who can say? In such matters, "Who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor?" -- Rom 11:34 "Who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him?" -- 1 Cor 2:16 -- DVM]

The following event is of a public uncommon nature, in which the pious Dr. Doddridge was particularly concerned. We have inserted it, not only as an evidence of the doctor's great benevolence, but also for the sake of the important reflections he makes upon it.

"April 5, 1741 -- At our assizes last month, [at Northampton] one Bryan Connell, an Irish papist, was convicted of the murder of Richard Brymley of Weedon, about two years ago. The evidence against him at his trial seemed full and strong, but it chiefly depended on the credit of an infamous woman, who owned she had lived with him in adultery some years.

There were some remarkable circumstances in the course of the trial, in which I thought the providence of God wonderfully appeared. The prisoner told a long story of himself, but it was so ill-supported, that I imagine no one person in court believed it. I visited him after his conviction, with a compassionate view to his eternal concerns, but instead of being able, by any remonstrances, to persuade him to confess the fact, I found him fixed in a most resolute denial of it.

He continued to deny it the next day with such solemn, calm, but earnest appeals to heaven, and fervent cries that God would inspire some with the belief of his innocence that I was much impressed. As he desired to leave with me, at the time of his execution, a paper, in which he would give an account of the places where, and the persons with whom, he was, when the murder was committed.

I was so struck with the affair, that I obtained time of the under sheriff to make inquiry into the truth of what he had told me. Having sent a wife and faithful friend to Whit-church and Chester to examine the evidence he appealed to, I found every circumstance which the convict had asserted, proved; and the concurrent testimony of five credible persons attested that he was in Cheshire, when the murder was committed.

These testimonies I laid before the judge by whom he was condemned, for the deliverance of what in conscience I believed, and do still believe, to be innocent blood, but the judge did not think himself warranted to reprieve him, as the evidence given against him by the wicked woman was materially confirmed by two other witnesses, and because he thought the most dangerous consequences might attend such an examination of the affair as I proposed.

The convict was accordingly executed. I had labored with unwearied pains and zeal, both for the deliverance of his life and the salvation of his soul. What made the case more affecting to me was, that nothing could be more tender than his expressions of gratitude, and nothing more cheerful than his hope of deliverance had been. Among other things I remember he said, "Every drop of my blood thanks you, for you have had compassion on every drop of it."

He wished he might, before he died, have leave to kneel at the threshold of my door to pray for me and mine; which indeed he did on his knees, in the most earnest manner, as he was taken out to be executed. "You, saith he, are my redeemer in one sense" (a poor, impotent redeemer!) "and you have a right to me. If I live I am your property, and I will be a faithful subject."

The manner in which he spoke of what he promised himself from my friendship, if he had been spared, was exceeding natural and instructing. Upon the whole, I never passed through a more striking scene. I desire it may teach me the following lessons:

1. To adore the awful justice of God in causing this unhappy creature thus infatuously to fall by her with whom he had so scandalously sinned, to the ruin of a very loving and virtuous wife. Thus God made his own law effectual that the adulterer should die.

2. To acknowledge the depths of the divine counsels, which in this affair, when I think on all the circumstances of it, are to me impenetrable.

3. To continue resolute in well-doing, though I should be, as in this instance I have been, reproached and reviled for it. Some have said, that I am an Irish papist. Others have used very contemptuous language, and thrown out base censures for my interposing in this affair; though I am my conscience persuaded, that to have neglected that interposition in the view I then had of things, would have been the most criminal part of my whole life.

4. May I not learn from it gratitude to him, who hath redeemed and delivered me? In which, alas! how far short do I fall of this poor creature! How eagerly did he receive the news of a reprieve for a few days! How tenderly did he express his gratitude; that he should be mine; that I might do what I pleased with him; that I had bought him; spoke of the delight with which he should see and serve me; that he would come once a year from one end of the kingdom to the other to see me and thank me, and should be glad never to go out of my sight! O, why do not our hearts overflow with such sentiments on an occasion infinitely greater!

We were all dead men. Execution would soon have been done upon us: but "Christ has redeemed us to God with his blood." We not merely reprieved but pardoned; not merely pardoned but adopted; made heirs of eternal glory, and near the borders of it. In consequence of all this, we are not our own, but bought with a price. May we glorify God in our bodies and Spirits, which are his." -- Orton's Life of Dr. Doddridge, p. 181

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#### Selection 14

#### CHRIST, THE RESTORER OF SIGHT

"Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." -- Mat 11:4-5

[This article was originally entitled: "A Remarkable Cure of a Gutta Serena."]

Beth Watkins, age nineteen, servant of Mr. Thomas Howells of Hay, was suddenly struck blind about seven weeks ago. She could not discern any person or object distinctly so as to know a window from a board, but was obliged to be led about by the hand. A lighted candle placed near her eyes, appeared like the moon in a mist, as she expressed herself.

Upon applying to Mr. Jones, surgeon in Hay, he electrified her, and used every other proper means, without affording her any relief. Her master then sent her to Mr. Powell, surgeon in Brecon who is remarkably successful in curing cataracts. He told her, that the disorder was a Gutta



Serena, and that he could not promise her a cure. However Hugh Williams, the young woman's uncle, was resolved to have Mr. Powell's assistance and he accordingly administered the best medicines in his power, that the case required.

On the 2nd of April, Mr. Powell visited his patient, and found her neither better nor worse. He told her not to be disheartened, as he believed she might recover her sight -- meaning, that if she did it would be gradually, and at a distant period.

The same evening she attended a prayer meeting in Mr. Wesley's chapel. While she was upon her knees, humbling herself before the Lord, and reflecting that she had been very sinful in repining at her affliction, Mr. P\_\_\_\_, who was then engaged in public prayer, expressed himself to this effect, -- "Lord, I believe, thou canst do all things; the same now as when thou didst create man."

Upon hearing these words, she felt a sharp pain through each temple, which met at the inner angle of the eyes, and she was instantly cured of her blindness. She then looked round about her, and said to Miss W\_\_\_\_'s servant maid who led her to the chapel, "Jenny, I can see! I see every body in the chapel!"

She walked home without any assistance and two or three days after was able to thread a very small needle, as Miss W\_\_\_\_ informed me. Her sight is now perfectly restored, and she has returned again to her place.

The sole intention of making this fact public, is to glorify the gracious Restorer of all health, spiritual and corporeal; and more especially as it happened in a public assembly. If any person can prove that it proceeded from natural causes let him do it. Till then, I am not afraid of appearing in the eyes of some, so much of an enthusiast (a word too often used, and very little understood) as to believe, that He who can do all things; and, nowhere, in his Word restrains his power of working miracles in time or place, was the immediate Author of this cure.

Mr. Powell has informed me that he can in no wise attribute this instantaneous recovery to natural means, as he knows of none adequate to such an effect, except electricity, which was tried in vain in this very case by Dr. Jones. -- Hay, April 10, 1792, W. Churchey

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## Selection 15

### THE CONVERSION OF A PERSON BORN DEAF AND DUMB

"Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction." -- Prov 31:8

[The author of this article seems almost to consider the deaf and dumb man to have been also retarded -- as if in those days the prevailing opinion was such: that those who were deaf and dumb were also retarded, not realizing that many of such were very intelligent, but simply unable

to hear and speak. The paragraph by the editor that follows the article seems to reflect a more informed view about those who were "deaf and dumb." -- DVM]

William Heazley, son of a widow in the county Antrim, in Ireland, notwithstanding his being perfectly deaf and dumb from his infancy, yet at a proper age he learned to weave linen, and became expert at the business. He likewise was as good a laborer in the fields as a farmer could desire, and in general discovered an ingenious disposition. He was employed as a barber in that neighborhood, and particularly on the Lord's day, was very officious in serving all who applied unto him.

As he increased in years, so he did in wickedness. Although he could not speak, yet his spirit and temper were easily discerned by his acquaintance. He was extravagantly fond of horse-races, cock-fighting, and similar diversions, which he diligently attended all round the country; notwithstanding the remonstrances of his pious mother, and others, who endeavored to prevail upon him to forsake these vain pursuits, which universal experience proves to be dreadfully pernicious to youth, initiating them into idleness, drunkenness, gambling, and almost every species of ungodliness and unrighteousness.

But instead of regarding the admonitions of his real friends, conveyed to him by signs which he well understood, he too frequently discovered the highest displeasure, and even rage, at their reproofs. It is still more remarkable, that he was perfectly well acquainted with the time and place, when the children of folly assembled together, although no person gave him any kind of intimation of those meetings. He was among the first of the assembly, and his looks and gestures indicated the excessive gratification these scenes of vanity afforded his carnal mind, as I have been informed by some of his companions in folly, who are now, through the mercy of God, converted from the error of their ways. This was the manner of his life, till he attained to the 25th year of his age.

About four years ago, the Methodist preachers visited that part of the country where William Heazley lived. Many persons attended the word, and were brought under a serious concern for the salvation of their souls, and among the rest, William seemed to be deeply affected, which was manifest not only from his serious deportment, but by many tears and groans, as well as by an entire change in his life and temper.

Soon after, a little society was formed in that place, and at the time when the people were joined together, he attended, and appeared extremely anxious to be admitted among them. As soon as the preacher set down his name, his eyes sparkled with joy, and he discovered great satisfaction upon being permitted to unite with them who were seeking the Lord.

From that hour he renounced all his foolish pursuits, and vain companions. When persons applied to him on the Lord's day as usual, he made signs to them to come on a Saturday, or otherwise they would be unshaved by him, and at the same time he endeavored in his way, to convince them of the sinfulness of Sabbath-breaking, and of the dreadful consequences that would follow it.

He now became very industrious and diligent in business, and apparently fervent in spirit. On the Lord's day it is his custom to rise early in the morning, and watch for the coming of the leader of the society. As soon as William discovers the approach of the leader, he instantly runs from house to house, apprising the members of the society to assemble immediately at the appointed place. During the meeting, if the leader happens to omit speaking some time to him, as he does to the rest of the people, William appears much grieved and distressed.

The remainder of the Lord's day, his time is employed in public worship, and assembling with pious persons who are engaged in singing hymns, prayer, and reading. I have frequently been astonished at his sagacity in distinguishing between a book of divinity, and one of any other kind. His affection for the Bible is truly remarkable. He frequently turns over the leaves, as is looking for some particular passage, which when he has found. He points out the verses with his fingers, as if he was reading them, often with a wild screaming voice, and floods of tears. Many words he seems to understand, and makes suitable signs expressive of their meaning.

When he is present in the congregation, an awful solemnity appears in all his looks; and he is affected according to the nature and subject of the sermon, and tears of sorrow, or joy, flow from his eyes abundantly. I can testify to the truth of many of these facts, and other circumstances relating to him. I am informed of by pious sensible persons, who are intimately acquainted with him. -- Fairfield, near Aughrim, Samuel Mitchell, February 5, 1794

It is much to be regretted that the friends of William Heazley are not in circumstances to procure him proper instructions as little doubt remains but he would readily learn to read and write, which certainly is an acquisition of great importance to a person who is deaf and dumb; and more especially to one who fears God, and has an inward consciousness of the power of religion.

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## Selection 16

### THE COOK KNEW THE BIBLE BETTER THAN THE CHAPLAIN

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." -- 2 Tim 2:15

[There is a good lesson in this article. Nonetheless, I do not like to see overmuch honor shown to human kings and queens. Therefore, in this article, I have omitted "his Lordship" and de-capitalized his "Majesty" and the titles, "King" "Queen," and "Earl." While 1 Pet 2:17 instructs: "Honour the king," I personally feel that many of the British have tended to "kowitz" too much to, and show too much reverence to, their nobility. When king Nebuchadnezzar was humbled before Almighty God, he said, "Now I Nebuchadnezzar praise and extol and honour the King of heaven." People should not show to earthly monarchs that degree of reverence that belongs only to "The King of Heaven." -- Dan 4:37 And, I feel that when people fawningly address human monarchs as "your Lordship," "your Majesty," etc., it borders too closely upon the idolatry of those of whom Paul wrote, who "worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever." -- Rom 1:25 -- DVM]

The king being in conversation with the earl of Rochester, Dr. S\_\_\_\_, his chaplain, queen Catherine, and some of the ministers of state, &c., after having discoursed for some time on the affairs of government, on a sudden he cried out, "Let our thoughts be unbent from the cares of states and give us a generous glass of wine that cheereth God and man, as the scripture saith."

The queen hearing the king talk of wine cheering God, and quoting scripture for it, was surprised, and begged leave to observe that in her humble opinion, it was not less than blasphemy; for says she, "God is an eternal, infinite, unchangeable Being, a pure Spirit, and so hath neither parts nor passions, and consequently cannot be cheered."

"Well," says the king, "I am not prepared to turn to chapter and verse, but I am sure I have met with it in my scripture reading." The chaplain was asked if he knew such a part in scripture as "wine cheering God and man." He gave his opinion on the queen's side of the argument.

Rochester being an enemy to the chaplain, and thinking the king was in the right, went out and asked privately if any could be brought that were well versed in the Bible to decide the controversy that was then on the carpet? He was told of one David, a Scotch cook, who had always a Bible about him, and every spare minute was reading in it, and if such a part was there, to be sure he could tell.

Rochester, willing to brow-beat the chaplain, and throw the conquest on the king's side, went down into the kitchen, conversed with the cook, and asked him if he knew of any such place in scripture as wine cheering God and man. David told him he knew the place, and could easily turn to it. "Very well," says the earl, "put on a clean apron. I shall send for you by and by, before his majesty."

Rochester returns into the room where the conversation was still warmly pursued by her majesty. She observed how inconsistent it was with the nature of the divine Being, that He should be cheered. The earl perceiving this, begged leave of his majesty to make motion.

"For what?" says the king.

"Why," replied the earl, "to admit of your Scotch cook to be sent for, who, I understand, is always reading his Bible and if there be such a place in the scripture, he will turn to it directly."

"Well," says the king, "such a man as this we want; prithee, send for him immediately."

When the cook came, the king very freely asked him, if he knew of such a place in scripture as "wine cheering God and man?" David, with a low bow, replied, he did, and turning to Judges ix. 13, read "And the vine said unto them, should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man."

The text being produced, the queen humbly asked pardon for talking so freely to his majesty, hoped what she had said would not raise his resentment against her, for she was not prepared to bear "the wrath of a king, which is as the roaring of a lion."

The chaplain blushed to think a Scotch cook could turn to a place in scripture of which his great genius had not the least remembrance. Rochester begged leave to ask the doctor if he could unravel the mystery that lay in those words, "wine cheering God and man," but here the great man was silent. He had no more light in his understanding to expound the text than he had strength in his memory to turn to it.

Rochester said to the cook, "Honest friend, you have done well in producing chapter and verse to his majesty; can you expound the meaning of it, and show how it cheers God, and how man?"

The cook replied, "If his majesty please to hear me, I have this to offer: How much wine cheereth man, you know; and that if cheers God, I beg leave to observe, that in the Old Testament dispensation there were meat offerings and drink offerings. Now in those drink offerings there was wine. This wine was typical of the blood of the Mediator. By a metaphor it is said to cheer God; as He was well pleased in the way of salvation He had found out, if that His justice was satisfied, his mercy displayed, His grace made triumphant, His perfections harmonized, the sinner saved, and God in Christ glorified."

The king was agreeably surprised at this elegant exposition, and Rochester did not spare to applaud the evangelical turn that the cook had given to the text.

Says Rochester, "May it please your majesty, your chaplain may be a man of exalted genius; he may have fine abstracted ideas of philosophy; he may dress Hebrew Roots elegantly, and garnish them out with great politeness to please a fine taste in criticism, but where is his evangelical turn upon a text? Where is his knowledge in the Old and New Testament dispensation? Where the glory he gives to the Redeemer of the world, and the glaring day-light that shines through the poor cook's exposition? With submission to your majesty, I beg leave to make one other motion."

"What's that?" says the King.

"Why, that your majesty would be graciously pleased to make your chaplain your cook, and your cook your Chaplain."

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THE END