

THE
CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

AUGUST, 1831.

Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE LIX.

The next position of our catechism which we are called to consider is this—"Some sins in themselves and by reason of several aggravations, are more heinous in the sight of God than others."

This proposition, you perceive, consists of two parts. It affirms—

I. That some sins in themselves; that is, in their very nature, are more heinous in the sight of God than others.

II. That the guilt or malignity of sin, may be increased by reason of several aggravations.

I do not think that either of these propositions requires any formal proof. Both of them are sanctioned, not only by very numerous and plain declarations of holy scripture, but by the common sense and feeling of mankind. Illustration, then, is all that is necessary in treating on this answer of the catechism—thus

I. In regard to the assertion that some sins in themselves, that is, in their very nature, are more heinous in the sight of God than others, we have only to say—that unqualified blasphemy is a more heinous sin than a minced oath; or that deliberate murder is a greater crime than

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a momentary feeling of unjustifiable anger; and every human being, who understands our language, and whose conscience is not perfectly stupified, will immediately assent to the truth of what we affirm. All perceive that blasphemy implies a depth of depravity, a force and strength of horrible impiety, in the blasphemer, that is not indicated by a degree of profaneness which the very act demonstrates, that he who is guilty of it is still afraid of the extreme of the sin which he commits. In like manner, we cannot think without shuddering of that destitution of all moral sensibility, and that infernal vindictiveness, which there must be in the soul of the deliberate murderer; while we regard a flash of unseasonable angry feeling, rather as an infirmity than a crime. Transgressions, therefore, both of the first table of the moral law and of the second—sins against God, and sins against man—are, by the feelings of every person who has any moral sensibility, immediately adjudged to be, in their very nature, of exceedingly different degrees of malignity. Accordingly, this truth is recognised throughout the Bible. To give but a single example: our Saviour represents the sin of Capernaum and Bethsaida, as unquestionably greater than that of Tyre and Sidon, Sodom and Gomorrah.

Each heavy bough is bending down
With snowy leaves and flowers—the
crown

Which winter regally doth wear.

'Tis well:—thy summer-garden ne'er
Was lovelier with its birds and flowers,
Than is this silent place of snow,
With feathery branches drooping low,
Wreathing around thee shadowy bowers!

'Tis night! Oh now come forth to gaze
Upon the heavens, intense and bright!
Look on yon myriad worlds, and say,
Though beauty dwelleth with the day,
Is not God manifest by night?

Thou that createdst all! Thou fountain
Of our sun's light—who dwellest far
From man, beyond the farthest star,
Yet ever present; who dost heed
Our spirits in their human need,
We bless thee, Father, that we are!

We bless Thee for our inward life;
For its immortal date decreeing;
For that which comprehendeth thee,
A spark of thy divinity,
Which is the being of our being!

We bless Thee for this bounteous earth;
For its increase—for corn and wine;
For forest-oaks, for mountain-rills,
For cattle on a thousand hills;
We bless thee—for all good is thine.

The earth is thine, and it thou keepest,
That man may labour not in vain;
Thou giv'st the grass, the grain, the
tree;
Seed-time and harvest come from Thee,
The early and the latter rain!

The earth is thine—the summer earth;
Fresh with the dews, with sunshine
bright;
With golden clouds in evening hours,
With singing birds and balmy flowers,
Creatures of beauty and delight.

The earth is thine—the teeming earth;
In the rich, bounteous time of seed,
When man goes forth in joy to reap,
And gathers up his garnered heap,
Against the time of storm and need.

The earth is thine—when days are dim,
And leafless stands the stately tree;
When from the north the fierce winds
blow,
When falleth fast the mantling snow;—
The earth pertaineth still to Thee;

The earth is thine—thy creature, man!
Thine are all worlds, all suns that
shine;
Darkness and light, and life and death;
Whate'er all space inhabiteth—
Creator! Father! all are thine!

Miscellaneous.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. JACOB GREEN, A. M., formerly Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Hanover, Morris County, New Jersey.

The subject of the following sketch, the father of the editor of this Miscellany, died in the month of May, 1790. The first part of the following narrative was entirely written by himself, and as stated in a note on the first leaf of his manuscript, was intended chiefly for his children, with an intimation that a part of his story might possibly be of use to some others, who might happen to become acquainted with it. There is, however, no reason to believe that the writer intended or expected that what he wrote would be made publick. This has induced the editor, during the forty

years that his father's autobiography has been in his possession, to refuse to publish it, although urged to do so by several individuals to whom it has been read, and to whose judgment great respect was due. But it has recently occurred, that a connected sketch of the life might be given, and nearly in the very words of the writer, without either inserting the whole narrative, or giving any other impression of his character, than would be made, if the whole were published; and that if this were done, perhaps the writer's intimation, already noticed, would in fact be complied with—This therefore has been attempted—Parts of his narrative, interesting only to his family, have been dropped, and some other omissions, of no importance to a correct

view of his character or opinions, have been made. A few occasional notes will be added by the editor at the foot of the page, and a brief account will be given of his father's life, from the period at which his own narrative terminates till the time of his death.

SECTION FIRST.

Parentage, Birth, Life, &c., till fourteen years old.

I was born at Malden, about eight miles north of Boston, in New England, Anno Domini, 1722; the 22d day of January old style, or the 2d of February as the style now is. My father's name was Jacob Green, the youngest son of Henry Green, who had a large family of children, sons and daughters. My mother's name was Dorothy Lynde, daughter of John Lynde, of the same town. I had four sisters, all older than myself.

My father died of a nervous fever when I was about a year and a half old. . . . My only brother, Benjamin, came to New Jersey after I did, where he married, and has since lived.* . . . Each of my sisters were married, and had a number of children. My mother lived a widow for two or three years, and then married John Barret, of the same town; by him she had three children.

I lived with my mother and father-in-law, Barret, till I was 14 years of age. When I was about seven years old, my father-in-law moved his family from Malden to Killingly, the most easterly town in Connecticut, about 60 miles from Malden. My mother and my father-in-law both died of the long fever, in the hard winter of 1741.

My mother took much pains to teach me to read, and early to in-

stil into my mind the principles of religion. Before I was seven years old, I was at times much affected with the thoughts of the day of judgment, and future misery. At that age, I used with attention to hear my sisters read Mr. Wiggleworth's verses upon *The Day of Doom*, and those upon *Eternity*. That book used much to awaken and affect me: I have always had a peculiar regard for it, and have often wished it could be reprinted and spread among young people. My pious mother used to inculcate on me the necessity of secret prayer, and tell me how I must pray; and at about eight or ten years of age I began to pray in secret, at times. From seven to fourteen years of age, I had many serious thoughts about my soul and future state. But my corruptions were much stronger than my convictions—In early life I discovered a nature wholly degenerate. Conscience used often to alarm me, and I often dreamed that the day of judgment was come, &c. When something alarmed me, I used to pray in secret for a few days, but soon omitted it again, and almost always found a dreadful reluctance to the duty. I had in those years many a struggle between conscience and my corrupt backward nature, respecting secret prayer. But I used for the most part to omit it, and sometimes I think for six months together. I had no religion but slavish fear, and corrupt nature was all the while growing stronger and stronger.

SECOND SECTION.

From fourteen years of age, until I entered College, between eighteen and nineteen years of age.

When I was fourteen years of age, I was to choose a guardian, and be put out to a trade. With the advice of my friends, I went to live with one Henry Green, of Killingly. With him I continued

* This brother, a man of eminent piety, was for many years a deacon in the church of which the subject of this sketch was the pastor.

about nine months; but when I was about to be bound to him, some difficulties occurring, I left him and went to live with one of my uncles, Daniel Green, of Stoneham, about ten miles from Boston, near my native place. With him I lived about one year. My indenture was written to bind me till I was twenty-one; but some pecuniary difficulties prevented, and I left him and went to live with one of my mother's brothers, Thomas Lynde, of Malden, my native place. With him I lived about one year, when my brother-in-law, Bixby, coming from Connecticut, proposed a method for my going to College. I had for some years had an inclination for study. People took notice that I was bookish, and my mother used to say she would be glad if I could have learning. But there seemed no way for it, as I could not come at my property, till I was twenty-one years old. My brother Bixby proposed that my property, which lay in land, and that too in partnership, should be sold, though I was under age—I engaging to give deeds when I came to be of age; and by choosing a new guardian, and by application to the Judge of Probate, the thing was accomplished. I viewed it as a favourable providence, that three times I missed being bound out till I was twenty-one years old, which would doubtless have prevented a liberal education. About a month before I was seventeen years old, I went to a grammar school, and pursued my studies till July, 1740, when I was admitted into the college at Cambridge, near Boston, being eighteen years and an half old.

But I am now to give some account of my convictions and religious exercises, from the age of fourteen, until this time. From fourteen to near fifteen, I passed my time in a large family of children, and among young persons full of vanity and folly; and I, like the

others, had little or no sense of divine things, was very stupid, and neglected secret prayer almost entirely. From fifteen to sixteen, I had some convictions, and prayed in secret at times; but vanity and corrupt nature generally prevailed, and I knew little what religion was. In the first half of my seventeenth year, I had some strong convictions, the *throat distemper* being then very mortal in the town where I lived. I prayed at times, and was much afraid of going to hell; but the neighbourhood where I lived wholly escaped the distemper; and on the whole, I grew much more vicious. I lived with wicked companions, one especially; and I now began to think myself old enough, and was encouraged to go into company, to dancing frolics, &c. This was very agreeable to my corrupt youthful nature; and by the fall of the year I had become very vain, and was in the high road to destruction. But then I met with an awful shock, and stopped short in my career. I thought that I had committed the unpardonable sin; and it may be that but few who have not committed it, have had more reason to think so than I had—What reason I had to fear, will appear in the following narration:—

I had for several months depended upon making a visit to my mother, at Killingly, in the fall of the year. This was sixty miles from Malden, where I now lived. I had not been at Killingly to see my mother for the space of two years. In the course of that visit I expected an opportunity would offer to commit a sin, which my corrupt nature prompted me to. Sometimes, under conviction, I thought I would not commit such a sin; but generally my corrupt nature determined me to it, if I should have the opportunity. In the latter end of October I took the journey, and went by the way of Leicester, where a number of my relations lived. Between Leicester

and Killingly, fifteen miles distant, was a gloomy wilderness, where, for the space of six or eight miles, were very few houses: I was a perfect stranger to the road, having never been that way before. It was a cloudy day, and later in the afternoon than I supposed, when alone I set out from Leicester, to go to my mother's at Killingly. By the time I had well gotten away from the habitable parts, I was overtaken by night, and it also began to rain. Before it was quite dark, I found a parting of the path; and having no opportunity to inquire, I happened to take the wrong way. After some time, I found the path I was in grew less and less, and it was very dark, being a rainy night, and no moon above the horizon. I soon supposed I was wrong, but expected the path would lead me to some house. Sometimes I dismounted and led my horse, thinking I could keep the path better than he did. Sometimes I rode and let my horse pick his way—at best there was nothing but a narrow cow path, and sometimes none at all. It was exceeding dark, and I could not find the way back to the parting of the paths—What to do I knew not. Sometimes I moved onward, sometimes stopped and considered; but generally kept going on. At length I came near the side of a river, or brook, swelled by the late rains, which roared down among the rocks, and made a hideous noise; and beside, it lay, as I supposed, between me and the path I must take, if I got right. At length the old logs, brush, and woods, became thicker and more impassable, and I was at my wits' end. I knew that bears and wolves were often in that wilderness, and I was entirely defenceless. Sometimes I thought of lying down under a log till morning. But I was cold and wet, for it continued raining. I had nothing with me to eat; my horse also was hungry, and nothing for him to eat—the frost hav-

ing killed every green thing; and if I let him loose to browse the bushes, he might leave me. What to do I knew not—In these circumstances my conscience fell upon me, and brought my sins and omissions of duty to remembrance; especially that I was now on a journey in which I proposed to commit sin. I had many reflections in my mind: I thought how justly God had permitted me to fall into such difficulties. Revolving much in my mind my situation in that wilderness, and my state as a sinner, my heart was inclined to cry to God for help. I made my address to him, and poured out my soul abundantly—my circumstances enlarged my heart. I confessed my sins and omissions, especially my breach of promise; for I had on one occasion promised before God to pray in secret for a certain space of time, and had often broken such promises. In this my prayer and confession in the wilderness, I solemnly promised and vowed, and bound my soul before God as solemnly as I could, that if he would deliver me out of that wilderness, and grant that I might get safe to my mother's house that night, I would by no means commit the sin which I had for some time thought of committing; and also that I would, within one week after I got home from that journey, begin to pray in secret evening and morning, and continue so to do for a fortnight; and after that would endeavour to pray constantly—but that I would certainly pray for a fortnight. Having laid myself under the double bond of not committing the sin, and of praying for a fortnight, and having ended my prayer, I again attempted to move onward in the woods; and I had not gone many rods, before I saw a light, and not at a great distance. I made towards it, and soon came to a little house in the woods. The family was not yet abed. I made known my case; they told me it was about three

quarters of a mile through the woods, to the road that I ought to go in. I told them they must put me in the road, or let me and my horse tarry with them. I saw a boy there, not so large as I was, and I told him I would give him what pence I had, which I think were seven, if he would go and put me in the road. About this time, also, the moon arose; and though it rained, yet it was so light that we could see to travel. The boy consented to go, and after being put in the road, I had no more difficulty in finding the way, and I got safe to my mother's house a little after the middle of the night.

I tarried about ten days with my friends and acquaintances at Killingly. I often thought of my solemn promise in the woods, and did not directly seek an opportunity to commit the sin. But every day I was less and less affected with a sense of my being lost in the woods, and the promise I had made: and the day before I was to set out on my journey to Malden, I was led into temptation. A number of circumstances concurred to bring me to the trial, and I endeavoured not at all to keep out of the way of temptation: and when an opportunity offered, I made a free and voluntary attempt to commit the sin, but was unexpectedly prevented and disappointed. After some hours I repeatedly endeavoured it again, but was still prevented, as to the outward action; but in me it was the same as if I had done it: for I did what I could; my will was certainly in the thing; and in the very time of my endeavouring it, my conscience put me in mind of my promise, and checked me: but I hearkened not, stifled conscience, and resolutely complied with temptation, so far as I could: so that in the sight of God I was guilty, and that against light and conscience. The next day I set out on my journey, and returned home to Malden—careless, stupid, and insensible of

my guilt. After my return home, I recollected my promise in the woods, and that one part of it was "that within a week after I returned, I would begin to pray in secret;" but I thought with myself that I had broke one part of the promise, by endeavouring to commit the sin, and the promise being broken, it would be much the same if I neglected to pray; and so concluded that I would not observe that part which respected praying. The truth was, I had no inclination or heart to pray, but felt amazingly stupid and careless. This was my condition till the last night of the week after I returned; that is, the night before the morning, when, according to my promise, I was to begin to pray—On which night I had a remarkable dream.

(To be continued.)

MENTAL SCIENCE.

Phenomena of Feeling.

In examining our mental exercises, we find a class which we denominate feelings, or emotions. Much speculation has been excited among philosophers concerning these exercises; some refusing them the distinctive appellation of a class, and denying a generic difference between them and intellectual operations. But apprehensions are so manifestly different from emotions, that we think it unnecessary to state and refute those speculations which assume their identity, or similarity. It is quite sufficient to refer every thinking man to the evidence of his own consciousness. The difference is generic, and therefore properly denotes a distinct class, in which are to be included all mental exercises, which are of the nature of emotion or feeling. However numerous their combinations, and various their modifications, a proper analysis will discover their character and relation.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

SEPTEMBER, 1831.

Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE LIX.

It is a solemn and alarming truth which is expressed in the proposition of our Catechism, to which your attention is now invited; namely, that "Every sin, deserveth God's wrath and curse, both in this life and that which is to come."

Perhaps you are ready, my young friends, to object to the doctrine which is here propounded, as inconsistent with equity, and irreconcilable of course with the divine attribute of justice. A careful attention to the subject, however, will, I am persuaded, satisfy you that no other proper answer could be made to the question "What doth every sin deserve?" than that which is given in the catechism. A principal design of the answer doubtless was, to oppose the absurd and dangerous distinction which is made in the Romish church, between some sins which, in that church, are represented as *venial*, and others that are denominated *mortal*.

By *mortal* sins, the Romanists understand those which they admit subject the parties committing them to the penalty of *death*—even death eternal. But there is, according to them, another class of sins which they

call *venial*, and which do not subject those who commit them to such an awful penalty—sins which are in their nature so small and trivial, that they may be expiated by *penance*, or by some other mode of making satisfaction for them by the offenders.* We believe that this distinction, in regard to the *nature* of different kinds of sin, is not warranted either by reason or scripture, but directly opposed by both. All sin, by the verdict both of reason and scripture, is an evil of the *same kind*, however differing in degrees. We can give no other just definition of this evil, than that which is given in the sacred oracles—"Sin is the transgression of the law"—and of course—"where there is no law, there is no transgression"—no sin. What

* "The Romanists mention three kinds of venial sins—Some which are in their nature really bad, as an *idle word*, *excessive laughter*. Others, which are not voluntary, as the first motions of anger, or of envy, which occur by surprise. Others, which are so small that they scarce claim attention, as the purloining of a *denier*"—[The twelfth part of a French penny.]—*Pictét Theol. B. vii. c. 9. Note.*

Pictét also remarks, that the term *venial* was applied to sin by the Protestant Reformers, but in a totally different sense from its use by the Romanists. The Reformers used it to denote those sins which are pardonable, and which are actually forgiven to believers in Christ—thus distinguishing these from the unpardonable sin, or the sin unto death.

Miscellaneous.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. JACOB GREEN, A. M., *formerly Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Hanover, Morris County, New Jersey.*

(Continued from page 412.)

A DREAM.*

I thought that I was in a large room, just at even or twilight, where were a number of elderly men, and also a number of children, chiefly if not all boys, about 5, 6 or 7 years old. They all seemed to be serious, or rather mournful. At the north side of the room was a door standing wide open. Without the door were two pair of stairs. The one on the right side which went upwards, and led to some place over head; and directly before the door, or a little to the left hand, were stairs that went downward, and led to some place beneath. There was the space of about two feet without the door, before the stairs began that led up or down. I thought the children in the room called the place which the stairs led to above HEAVEN, and the place which those downward led to, they called HELL. Once in a while one of the children went out at this door, and went either up or down. They went one at a time, and some went up and some down. They went out at this door, in order to know whether they should go to heaven or to hell. Not that I thought they went immediately to heaven or to hell; but whether they went up or down they tarried safe and well that night, and in the morning came back again, and after that lived their life in this world: but according as they went up or down when they went out of that door, so, whenever they died, they would

go to heaven or to hell. At length all the children were gone out, except one little boy. The children, I say, for it was not supposed that the old men were to make the trial. They all sat still in the room. The father kept this one little boy that was left, between his knees, not willing that the child should go out. The boy was very desirous to go, kept begging his father to let him go, and even cried to go. He told his father that such a boy, and such a boy was gone up to heaven, and that he did not doubt but that he should go up to heaven. His father said, "I am afraid you will not, I am afraid you will go down to hell." I thought they all desired and endeavoured to go up, and what it was that made any of them go down I did not then know; but I soon knew. At length the father consented to let the boy go. Now, thought I with myself, is my time, to try what will become of me when I die. I concluded to let this boy go first, and as soon as he was gone, that I would go. But I trembled and greatly feared that I should go down. I went to the door with the boy and well observed him. He stepped one step out of the door, and the next step, he stepped down one stair, that went downward. And as soon as he saw he was going downward, he cried and lamented most bitterly. But he kept stepping down as fast as possible, which, if he had not done, he would have fallen down head foremost. He went down crying and was soon out of sight; and I thought I saw no more of him, but had all my thoughts turned upon my own case. I stood trembling and afraid, but I thought I must try; and concluded therefore to go out, but determined that I would not go straight out at the door, as the others did; but as the stairs that went upward were at

* A review or recollection of the latter part of this article in our last number, is necessary to see the connexion and import of this dream.

the right side of the door without, I went to the left side of the door within, determined to run quickly and spring up the stairs at the right hand.

At length I sprung with all my might; but no sooner was I without the door than a strong wind took me, stopt me in a moment, and like a whirlpool, sucked me down the stairs. This wind turned my face to the stairs that went downwards, and drew me with great violence. Finding myself thus drawn downwards, I set out one foot before the other and hung back; but my foremost foot was about half the length of it over the first step downwards, and only my heel and part of my foot upon the floor. I hung back, and the wind drew so hard that it bent me down, my face to my knees, and drew my loose clothes over my head; thus I continued as on a poise, for about half a minute. At length I fell backwards, and scrambled toward the room again. I got up and went into the room crying bitterly, for I thought I certainly belonged to hell.

When I stepped out at the door, and the wind stopped me and turned me downward, the old men in the room, who had their eyes upon me, spoke out together suddenly—“Alas! is the congregation willing.” This they said with respect to my going downwards; but the meaning of it I knew not. When I had got back among the old men, I thought in my dream I saw a door on the west side of the room which opened into a yard: and I, in anguish and dreadful distress, went out of this door, and there, in that yard, sat God Almighty, on a kind of throne. In great bitterness and anguish I threw myself down before him, and prayed that he would tell me why I must certainly be damned. He told me it was for breaking my promise made in the woods, together with the sin I had committed against light and the checks of conscience at the time of

it; for God, and I myself, regarded me as having committed the sin, though the external action was not performed. The sin itself, said he, was great: the breach of your promise and vow was also a great and dreadful sin: and the sin being committed, and the promise broken, against the light and checks of conscience, make it an unpardonable sin. What! said I, must I certainly be damned! Yes, he replied, you must—you have committed the unpardonable sin. Upon this I cried most bitterly, and said, “O most merciful God! didst thou never pardon so great a sin as this!” No, said he, I never did. Then I mentioned David’s sin, and Peter’s sin, and said—“O Lord, were not these sins so great and dreadful as mine? No, said he, they were not. Then did I cry and plead for pardon in the most lamentable manner, before an angry God—I pleaded the merit of Christ—that his merit was infinite—that no sin could exceed the infinite merit of Christ—is not, said I, the merit and satisfaction of Christ sufficient? The unpardonable sin, he replied, is excepted—’tis of such a nature it cannot be pardoned. Then I threw myself down before him and cried, “O Lord, is there no way! is there no way! cannot I be pardoned! Lord, canst thou not have mercy on me! Thou art merciful, O Lord; thou hast pardoned; wilt thou not have mercy on me? No, he answered—that sort of sin can never be pardoned; ’tis, said he, the nature of the sin, and not the greatness of it, that makes it unpardonable. Then I thought of the nature of my sin, and knew I committed it against the checks of conscience, in the very time of it. Your sinning against light and conscience in the time of it, said God, made it the unpardonable sin. Then I cried, and lamented, and begged, and prayed, and continued entreating for pardon. But, said God, I could easily pardon all your

other sins, but that one sin is of another nature, and cannot be pardoned—I will show you just how it is. Then I thought in my dream that he took a maple plank, or board, which was lying by, and which was in itself very smooth, except that it was full of cracks, like sun cracks, as full as it could well be: and as the board was curly, the cracks were not only lengthways, but oblique, and almost in every direction. Near the middle of the board there was one large crack, opening, or flaw, much bigger than any other, and it went almost across the board. It was, indeed, not only an opening, but there seemed some of the wood gone or wanting. Now this board, said God, is your life. Your life is filled up with sins; some greater and some less, just as these cracks are; and that great crack or opening, where some of the wood is wanting, is that unpardonable sin of yours. I could pardon all your sins except that one, as these cracks may be shut up and the board become smooth. Then I thought he put his hands on each side of the board and pressed all the cracks together, except that one; so that the board was as smooth as glass, and not the least crack or flaw to be seen in it, except at that one place. Thus, said he, I could pardon all your sins and do them all away, so that they should not be seen, except that one unpardonable sin—just as I have shut up the cracks in this wood. Then I said, “O Mighty God! canst thou not press it together and make that one crack shut up?” No, he answered, it is of another nature from the other cracks; there is some of the wood wanting, so that it cannot be shut up. If, said he, the crack was twice as large as it is, and no more than a crack or opening, I could shut it up; but as it now is, 'tis contrary to the nature of the wood that it should be shut up; it cannot be done. I again said, “O do try to press it up,” and I

thought that I put my own hands on each side of the board, and squeezed with all my might, but to no purpose. Then said I once more—“What! cannot it be done!” No, he replied, it cannot—and at that instant I awoke.

It was at the dawning of the day; my body was trembling throughout; nor was my mind less distressed, for I thought when awake as I did in my dream, that I had verily committed the unpardonable sin. I immediately rose from my bed, went out to the barn, a little distance from the house, and there I attempted to pray. But alas! I had no freedom. God seemed at an infinite distance from me; his face turned away, and his back, as it were, toward me, not regarding my prayer. Before that time, I seemed to think when I prayed that God heard and regarded me; but now it seemed as if he had turned his back upon me and heard me not. I could not cry and be affected with my case, as I seemed to be in my dream, but had a dry, hard-hearted, stupid concern and distress—I seemed to have a dreadful weight on me, but no affectionate concern. I tried to pray, and ruminated on my case awhile, till I perceived the family were up and about. Then I knew I must make my appearance in my place, or the reason of my absence would be inquired into, which I did not choose should be done; for I was very anxious to hide my concern from every body in the world. Both before and after my dream, I was very careful to hide all appearance of religion from every mortal.

The family in which I lived for some days after my dream, perceived a heaviness and gloom upon me, and several times asked me what was the matter. But I turned it off as lightly as I could. My concern and trouble, though great, abated by degrees; for I had no true conviction of sin, and the views

I took of my case became, by custom, less pungent and affecting. By degrees I began to have a little hope that I might not have committed the unpardonable sin; but there was no particular thing that made me hope. Sometimes, for encouragement, I thought it was only a dream, and dreams were not absolutely to be depended upon; but it would return upon me that I knew the dream was according to my case, and this would cut me like a knife. After this I never lost a sense of my guilt, so as to omit praying in secret twice a day, on any account. Nor did I, after this, ever allow myself in any thing that I knew to be a sin. My concern was never so great as to prevent my daily business; and in about a month or six weeks after this dream I went to a grammar school, and began to learn Latin, which was in December, 1738.

(To be continued.)

MENTAL SCIENCE.

Phenomena of Volition.

The class of exercises denominated volition, is very simple, and but little diversified. It will, however, be requisite to examine, with some degree of care and at length, several questions concerning this class, which will often be referred to in the application we intend to make of the doctrine.

The nature of the exercises constituting this class is *voluntary exertion*, or to use the very familiar term which is sufficiently understood, we call it *willing*. The terms used to denote the operations of this class are not so numerous, and the exercises are not so much diversified as those of intelligence and feeling. The modifications of volition are only two, and those are very simple, viz. *choosing* and *refusing*, or *willing* and *nilling*, to use an old fashioned word which

sounds awkwardly to us from its disuse. Whatever is voluntary belongs to this class, and nothing else can belong to it. The exercise is so simple and so uniform that no further description is necessary, in order to direct every mind inductively to ascertain the facts in his own experience.

There is, however, a question of importance to be examined, which relates to the classification; and which will involve some further description of the operations. Some have denied that there is any generic difference between what we call feelings and volitions. As far as we know, or now recollect, the majority of writers on mental science have classed together all the emotions and voluntary exertions of mind. They have entirely overlooked the difference in their nature, and the distinction in their faculties. A very simple account of this matter seems to us like the following; viz. The mind *apprehends* an object—*feels* pleased or displeased—then *chooses* or *refuses* it. Here the volition differs essentially from apprehension, and is not less different and distinct from feeling. All the exercises are connected together and relate to the same object, which must be perceived in order to excite pleasure or pain; and an emotion, either pleasing or displeasing, must be awakened, or no volition will exist. In the concatenation of these exercises each one has its distinctive character; and we must not substitute one for another, nor confound them as if they were parts of one and the same operation. Volitions have nothing in them of the nature of pleasure or pain. Those feelings may attend, precede and follow the elective operation; but they are readily distinguished, by every observing mind, in their true character, and according to their appropriate classification. At different times and under different circumstances the same voluntary exertion is attended

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LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE LX.

Having shown in the last lecture what every sin deserves, we are now to consider, that "to escape the wrath and curse of God due to us for sin, God requireth of us faith in Jesus Christ, repentance unto life, with a diligent use of all the outward means whereby Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption."—Much that is contained in this answer of our Catechism, we shall have occasion to treat of hereafter under separate propositions, which therefore we shall endeavour not to anticipate. Several ideas of importance, however, which appropriately belong to the position now before us, will demand your present attention—

I. The first is, that there is an "escape," which may be made from the wrath and curse of God. It is too little recollected, that for the possibility of such an escape we are entirely indebted to the sovereign grace and mercy of the Deity. You know that for the angels "who kept not their first estate," no way of escape was provided or possible—they were immediately consigned to unavoidable, hopeless, and endless perdition: and God was under no obligation to deal in a different manner with our fallen race. He

would have done us no injustice, if he had treated us just as he did "the angels that sinned." But in his boundless love and compassion, he has provided for us a Saviour, and through him a way of escape.

Farther—The very word *escape*, suggests two other important ideas. One is, that this word is never applied to any but to those who are in a state of *peril* or *danger*. We have seen in what an awfully perilous condition man was placed by his original apostacy, and how the divine benevolence has opened a way of deliverance. But it is not enough that the way should be opened—it must be used; it must be entered and pursued, till it leads to a refuge of perfect safety. Every unregenerate sinner is still in a state of the most awful peril. Believe it, beloved youth, if any one of you who is not yet reconciled to God through Jesus Christ should have his eyes opened at once, to see all the danger of his condition, it would make him tremble. Awakened sinners, who get only an imperfect view of their fearful condition, do often tremble; and the only reason why any wonder that they do so is, because they themselves are blind.

The other idea suggested by the word *escape* is, a *flight* from the impending evil. He who escapes *hastens* away, with all possible speed, from the peril which threatens to destroy him. Now this inti-

Then deign, Almighty Guardian, still
The word of promise to fulfil;
I would not crave release from strife
Or absence from the snares of life,

But grant that, in temptation's day,
I still may meekly, humbly say,
"Thanks to my heavenly Father's care,
I feel not more than I can bear."

M. A.

Miscellaneous.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. JACOB GREEN, A. M.

(Continued from page 468.)*

Soon after I began to learn Latin, about two months after my dream, I joined a society of religious young men, who met once a week to pray

* A note appears at the close of that part of the narrative that was given in our last number, which is as follows— "Thus far I wrote my life before I was inoculated for the small pox. But now being inoculated, and uncertain whether I shall live to write any more, I here observe, that from the time of my dream, till I went to college, in 1740, I had the form of religion, but knew nothing really of the thing; but the first year that I was at college I met with something remarkable; and if I know any thing of true religion (as I hope I do) then I suppose was the beginning of it—Whether I shall live to write the account I know not. This observation I write the 27th day of February, 1777—I have for several years had some thoughts of writing a sketch of my life, but never made any attempt till since I was sick last fall. All that precedes this I have written within a few weeks this winter." Under the above, in another note, he adds—"I shall let the above note stand, and proceed in my narrative; which I do May 1st, 1777, after recovering from the small pox and other weakness."

We shall here briefly state that in the winter of 1776-1777, after the memorable military manœuvres and battles of Trenton and Princeton, on which the success of our revolutionary struggle apparently turned, General Washington cantoned his whole army, not a large one, in Morris county. The small pox had broken out among the troops, and proved exceedingly fatal—The church in which the subject of this sketch stately preached was used as an hospital, for those who had taken the disease in the natural way; and the present writer can never forget the appalling scenes which he there witness-

together and read. I had now some appearance of religion, and, as I supposed, carefully attended to its duties; and by degrees I obtained more and more a hope that I might obtain mercy, and that my sin was not unpardonable: but yet, at times, I had such views of my former sins, and of my dream, as would almost overwhelm me, and sink me into despair. The summer following, viz. 1739, in company with the minister in whose house I lived, and who taught me Latin, our conversation for once (for it was not common) turned a little upon religion; by which he perceived I had some serious thoughts. The next Saturday he came into my room, and told me I must be prepared, for the next day he should propound me to join with the church, as he perceived by conversing with me of late, that I had thoughts of religion; and without saying more he left me. I was thunder struck, for I had no thoughts of joining the church, as I did not conceive my-

ed, produced by the ravages of that frightful malady, now so happily disarmed of its terrors by the fortunate discovery of vaccination. The troops were distributed in the dwellings of the inhabitants, and the surgeons of the army inoculated both soldiers and citizens—the citizens without charge. The family of the writer's father consisted of nine individuals; and as well as can be recollected, fourteen officers and soldiers were quartered in the same dwelling. All were inoculated together, and all had the disease in a very favourable manner. Indeed the disease by inoculation was so light, that there was probably not a day in which the army could not have marched against the enemy, if it had been necessary; but it providentially was not necessary.

self to be at all qualified for it. I did not know what to do, but being young and inconsiderate, I complied with his proposal, and was taken into the church. But I had no satisfaction in coming to the Lord's table from time to time; as might well be the case, for I was a sad instance of the minister's carelessness in admitting members to his church, and of my own presumption in consenting to his proposal. My thoughts and exercises about religion were indeed considerable, and eternal things had weight; but I knew I was not right, yet had a self-righteous hope, that by prayer and other means I should by degrees get into a good state. My exercises for a time were chiefly about my dream, and the sin that had occasioned it being unpardonable, &c. But at length the weight seemed in a measure to go off; and my thoughts turned upon the sins of disobedience to my parents in my childhood, as also some instances of lying when I was quite young. My mind was much exercised about these things, and I bore them in mind in prayer for several months, and then the burden seemed to go off, and I hoped God had pardoned me.

After this I was much exercised to know what repentance and faith were. I read books on these subjects, but after all I feared I did not know what they were; and the truth was, I was as blind as a stone, for I knew not the things of the Spirit of God. But I was self-righteous, and by degrees I seemed to get considerable satisfaction about repentance and faith. Thus was I exercised, and thus I went to college, at Cambridge, in New England, in the summer of the year 1740.

SECTION III.

Of my religious exercises and other circumstances, while I was at college.

Soon after I entered college Mr.

Whitefield made his first visit to New England, and preached at Cambridge, among other places. I heard him with wonder and affection, and approved highly of his preaching and conduct: and when he went to the south I followed him in September, 1740, attending his sermons, till he came to Leicester, where I left him and went to see my mother at Killingly—This proved to be the last time that I ever saw her, for she died in the December following.

From Killingly I returned to college, where religion was certainly at a very low ebb. There were about ten or a dozen scholars belonging to the college, who had formed a religious society and met once a week for religious exercises. To this society I joined myself; but so contemptible and persecuted were religion and religious persons, that we dared not sing in our worship, nor more than one or two go to, or return together, from the place where we met, lest our meeting should be discovered, and we not only ridiculed but disturbed in our worship. But in less than six months religious affairs took a very different turn: For in January, 1741, Mr. Gilbert Tennent came to Cambridge, in his preaching tour through New England. The Spirit of God seemed to be mightily operating, and Mr. Tennent's preaching to be much blessed—This was what many called *The new light time*. Religion seemed for some time to get the upper hand, and to bear all before it: And as I date my religion, if I have any, from this time, I shall endeavour to give some account of what I met with.

In order to this I must observe that I had previously, some how or other, obtained a hope of my good estate, and a hope much stronger than I imagined it to be before it was tried and shaken. I often condemned myself, and considered my religious attainments as very im-

perfect, but it seems I had a hope that I was in a way that would end well. I was a church member; I was approved of by good people; the religious societies seemed glad at my joining them; I approved of Mr. Whitefield and the most zealous sort of people; and my mother had lately expressed her satisfaction as to my religion. Such things form a strong foundation for a self-righteous person, and a false hope: And though I had at times very severe gripes of conscience about the unpardonable sin, yet in a short time I got over them, and resumed my hope. This was my situation when Mr. Tennent came to Cambridge, which was on a Saturday, I think January 24th, 1740—on the evening of which day he went into the college hall and preached his first sermon there. The next day he preached three times in the house of publick worship, at Cambridge. On the Saturday evening of his arrival, it was reported in college that another famous preacher, nearly or quite equal to Mr. Whitefield, had arrived, and was about to preach in the hall. I had never before heard of Mr. Tennent, but at the ringing of the bell I ran with others to the place of worship, with a light and cheerful heart, little thinking what would be to me the consequence.

Mr. Tennent came into the hall and prayed—"There is nothing in this man—thought I with myself—worth making a noise about in the country;" and so I continued to think for a little while in the fore part of his sermon, which was quite moderate. But before long, I ceased thinking of the character of the preacher—I could attend to nothing but my own case. Mr. Tennent was preaching on a false hope; and trying his hearers to see if their hope would stand the test. I tried for a while to agree with him, and to maintain my hope; but at length the battering was too severe, and my hope began to shake; and after

a little recovery, things came harder and harder, and my hope shook more and more—Thought I with myself, "I cannot give up all hope"—at which instant Mr. Tennent said, "Some of you may try to maintain your old hope, though it shakes and has no foundation, and you will flatter and deceive yourselves; but your hope must come down. I know (said he) it will be like rending soul and body asunder, but down it must come, or you must go to hell with it." The working of my thoughts was just according to his preaching. I tried as long as possible to keep my hope—thought it would be dreadful to have no hope of my good estate, and nothing to depend upon to keep me from going to hell. But in vain was my endeavour to keep my former hope—I was obliged to give it up, though it was, as Mr. Tennent said, like giving up the ghost, or rending soul and body asunder—I was divested of all hope of being in a good state: And moreover saw myself, more than I had ever done before—saw myself fit for hell. The sinfulness of my heart and nature appeared infinitely more dreadful than ever it had done before. I had a new and dreadful sense of my wickedness, and of God's holiness and justice—especially of his justice and equity in damning sinners for their sins; and I saw myself altogether defiled. These views began to open wonderfully before the sermon was finished. When it was over, I left the hall, and as soon as possible retired at some distance to a solitary place, where I might pour out my soul with freedom. There I spent near an hour, though the weather was very cold. But the cold affected me not—my exercises kept me warm. While in this retirement, I heard a man (about one or two hundred yards from me, in a still more retired part of the fields) crying, groaning and praying aloud, in bitterness of soul. I heard little of

what he said, nor did I much attend to it—my own case was enough for me. But I thought it rational and probable that every one who came from the sermon was affected in that manner; and I was much surprised, when I returned to my room, to hear my room-mate ask me where I had been, and that he should appear in all respects as unaffected and unconcerned as usual—which I thought next to impossible for any one to be.—In my retirement I had a great sense of the evil of sin,—of my own sin—heart sin—nature sin—and of the justice of God in damning sinners. It appeared fit and proper, and even necessary. I condemned myself ten thousand times over—I had such a sense of God's infinite greatness and goodness, holiness and excellence, and of the creature's littleness and meanness, that no punishment appeared too great for the sin of such vile creatures against such a God. I thought my lying in hell to all eternity would be little, very little, for such a vile wretch as I was, to bear for sin. I could not form any conception of any punishment, that would be any way adequate to the desert of such a monster as a sinner against such a God as Jehovah is, and then appeared to me to be. I past ten thousand sentences of damnation against myself, with all possible freedom. I could find no words that would suitably express the desert, or deserved punishment of sin. It appeared to me infinitely fit that God should be glorified—glorified by all creatures; and that it would be but little for a sinner to be damned to all eternity for the glory of God. I thought that my eternal suffering would be little, compared with the glory of God's justice that might be by it. My thoughts would run in this manner—the reasonableness or propriety of such thoughts I did not then consider—they came spontaneously, and I could not well help indulging them. Nothing of this kind, as I

remember, was said or offered in any sermon of Mr. Tennent that I heard, or heard of.”*

(To be continued.)

MENTAL SCIENCE.

Phenomena of Conscience.

Having examined three classes of mental phenomena, and ascertained that they belong to three different faculties, which are entirely sufficient to account for all mental exercises, it remains to examine some combinations, including certain operations of two or more faculties. We begin with *Conscience*, which has been differently explained.

The important influence of conscience on human character and conduct renders it necessary to understand what it means, and its appropriate place in mental science. Perhaps no phenomena of mind have been more variously explained than those of conscience. We have been told it is the monitor of God in the human mind—heaven's vicegerent—a remnant of goodness which escaped the ruins of the fall in our progenitor—a distinct faculty by whose agency all moral actions are controlled, and we know not how many other theories have been published on this subject. It is not our intention now to examine

* It will afterwards appear that the subject of this sketch was no advocate for a person's being willing to be damned for the glory of God—He saw, what it is wonderful that all who think on the subject do not see—that a state of damnation is not only a state of suffering, but of the most awful, and incessant, and endless rebellion and blasphemy against God. There is surely a wide difference between seeing what our sins deserve and justifying the sentence of condemnation, and being willing to have that sentence executed, when the most fearful part of it is, that the guilty shall for ever continue to do that which makes them guilty; and when there is a method of deliverance both from sin and punishment.—EDIT.

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LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE LXI.

In the former part of this course of lectures, when treating of justification, adoption and sanctification, and on the offices executed by Christ as our Redeemer, it was found necessary to explain, to some extent, the nature of saving faith, and of repentance unto life; without this, it would have been impracticable to do any justice to the subjects then discussed. But faith and repentance are of such vital importance in the economy of redeeming mercy; they enter so intimately and extensively into all the gracious exercises of the true believer, that they justly claim a particular and formal treatment; and we accordingly find a distinct notice and description of them, in the unrivalled summary of the theological truth contained in our catechism. The first of these graces is thus defined, in the answer which is to be the subject of the present lecture—"Faith in Jesus Christ is a saving grace, whereby we receive and rest upon him alone for salvation, as he is offered to us in the gospel."

Faith, it is important to remark and remember, is a term of various signification in the holy scriptures. The whole of these I shall not enumerate, as such an enumeration is

not necessary to my present purpose—You may find them all mentioned by Cruden in his Concordance, under the word FAITH, and it may be useful to examine them at your leisure. He specifies, as all the systematic writers do, four principal senses of the term, which we shall notice distinctly.

I. *Historical or doctrinal faith*. This is a simple assent to the truths of divine revelation, both historical and doctrinal; which is yielded by many, probably by the most of those who have received a religious education. Of those who are embraced in this description, some may take more interest than others in the contents of the sacred volume; but so long as none of them have more than a speculative or intellectual conviction of its truths, they have nothing beyond what the apostle James denominates a *dead faith*, and which he tells us the devils possess as truly as they—"the devils believe and tremble." It has been justly remarked, that persons of this character give their attention chiefly to those things in the volume of inspiration which interfere the least with their sinful passions, and occasion the least disturbance to their consciences in a carnal and unregenerate state. Yet even this intellectual knowledge and reception of biblical truth, may have considerable influence in restraining men from gross vice; and it may be found of great practical benefit, if

Da contemptum terrenorum,
 Appetitum supernorum.
 Totum, Deus! in te spero;
 Deus, ex te totum quero.
 Tu laus mea, meum bonum,
 Mea cuncta, tuum donum.
 Tu solamen in labore,
 Medicamen in languore,
 Tu in luctu mea lyra,
 Tu lenimen es in ira.
 Tu in arcto liberator,
 Tu in lapsu relevator:
 Metum præstas in propectu,
 Spem conservas in defectu.
 Si quis lædit, tu rependis;
 Si minatur, tu defendis;
 Quod est anceps, tu dissolvis;
 Quod tegendum, tu involvis,
 Tu intrare me non sinas
 Infernales officinas;
 Ubi mæror, ubi metus;
 Ubi fætor, ubi fletus;
 Ubi probra deteguntur;
 Ubi rei confunduntur;
 Ubi tortor semper cadens,
 Ubi vermis semper edens;
 Ubi totum hoc perenne,
 Quia perpes mors Gehennæ.
 Me receptet Sion illa,
 Sion David urbs tranquilla;
 Cujus faber auctor lucis,
 Cujus portæ signum crucis;
 Cujus claves lingua Petri,
 Cujus cives semper læti,
 Cujus muri lapis vivus,
 Cujus custos Rex festivus.
 In hac urbe lux solennis;
 Ver æternum, pax perennis
 In hac odor implens cœlos,
 In hac semper festum melos.
 Non est ibi corruptela;
 Non defectus, non querela:
 Non minuti, non deformes;
 Omnes Christo sunt conformes.
 Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata.
 Supra petram collocata:

Urbs in portu satis tuto,
 De longinquo te saluto;
 Te saluto, te suspiro,
 Te affecto, te requiro.
 Quantum tui gratulentur,
 Quam festive conviventur;
 Quis affectus eos stringat,
 Aut quæ gemma muros pingat,
 Quis chalcedon, quis jacinctus;
 Norunt illi, qui sunt intus.
 In plateis hujus urbis.
 Sociatus piis turbis,
 Cum Moise et Elia,
 Pium cantem alleluia.

STANZAS.

From the Evangelical Magazine, for July.

THE tear is sad o'er youthful hopes
 Low sunk beneath the billow;
 And sad the tear the widow drops
 Upon her orphan's pillow.

But there's a tear that pity calls,
 And sadder far than any;
 A tear that daily, hourly falls,
 Upon the heads of many.

'Tis when the thoughtless sons of mirth
 Are from their gambols riven;
 And quit their fairest hopes on earth,
 Without one hope for heaven!

The smile is sweet, when from above
 All bliss and joy are flowing;
 And sweet the smile which partial love
 Is on our vows bestowing.

But sweeter far that smile serene,
 To faith new beauties lending;
 Which on the Christian's cheek is seen,
 When life and death are blending.

That heav'nly smile, which seems to say,
 Farewell to all my sorrow:
 This head, which bows to death to-day,
 Shall reign with Christ to-morrow!
Edinburgh. H. E.

 Miscellaneous.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. JACOB
 GREEN, A. M.

(Continued from page 525.)

The next day, Mr. Tennant preached three times, and I attended with great eagerness. I was affected, but received nothing special more than I had before; for I had received the great blow on the preceding evening. A number of

people appeared soon to be affected, and religion engrossed the general conversation. But I kept concealed, and hid my concern as much as possible. I attended my studies at college, and the daily recitations as usual. When I was among people, I suppose I appeared nearly as I had done before; but when I retired in secret before God, I was much agitated, for then

I gave myself vent; and much I had to pour out, and with much freedom I did it. I used as often as possible to retire, especially in the dark of the evening, into fields or woods, where I could have a little more freedom: for though I did not allow myself to speak aloud in secret prayer, yet the vehemence of my affections produced a kind of audible whisper, which might be overheard in my study. For some days or weeks, I had an increasing view of the evil of sin, especially of the sin of my heart and nature. I had also an increasing view of the greatness and justice of God, especially that he was most worthy to be glorified. It appeared in such a manner that I was ready to call on the whole creation to glorify him. When I would be abroad in the evening, I would be disposed to call on the stars to glorify him. When I was alone in the woods, I would often, before I was aware, be ready to say, "O that the trees may glorify God." I desired that every thing that was made might glorify him. I thought I saw myself to be such a sinful, vile, hellish, detestable creature, that I seemed to have no idea of glorifying God, but by bearing and suffering the punishment due to sin. My thoughts ran much upon God's being glorified by the eternal punishments of hell.

There was no doubt a degree of self-righteousness, and much weakness and error, in my thoughts and views, but my thoughts were spontaneous. I thought I could endure any thing for God's glory, nor did I trouble myself about my own salvation. I had an indignation against sin and self, and could not express my badness. I would often most freely call myself a vile, hellish, accursed, detestable, damnable sinner, and after all, not express my sense of badness in any adequate degree. But the propriety that God should be glorified, ran most in my mind; so that for some

months, I could not content myself to end my secret prayer, but by these words—"May God have praise and glory, let what will become of me:" Nor would I end my devotions, unless I could say these words with the greatest emphasis and fervour of soul. These words I used to repeat wherever I went; and when I could express them with a vehement outgoing of soul, it seemed to give me relief, and a little ease for a little while. I do not mean that I used to utter these words in the hearing of others, but in secret. I thought I was willing to be damned for the glory of God; but I took not in the idea of sinning, but only of suffering, in the notion of damnation.

I talked with people about religion in general, but not much about my own case. I used to talk most freely with a certain pious woman; and I said to her that I believed if persons came to be right, they must be willing to be damned. I know not that I had ever read or heard of any such sentiment—it rose in me wholly from my own views of things. The woman whom I have mentioned, told me I was mistaken—it was no such thing; and I think she showed me something in Mr. Stoddard's writings, to prove that persons cannot properly be willing to be damned. I was not tenacious of my opinion. The sentiment of being willing to be damned soon began to be talked of in the country, and was generally condemned as improper. In a short time, I read several authors upon it, fell in with their sentiments, thought persons could not properly be willing to be damned, and supposed my sentiments had been in a degree wrong. But my sentiments and views of things in general continued much the same, for the space of six weeks or two months. In this time I often thought of my dream, and the sins that occasioned it. But such thoughts made little alteration in my case. I viewed

those sins of mine against light and conscience to be very great, but the sense I now had of the sinfulness of my heart and nature, and the accursed fountain of iniquity within me, seemed to exceed any of those particular sins formerly condemned. And whether my sin was pardonable or not, lay with little weight comparatively upon me, for my great concern was that God might be glorified by me, even if it should be in my damnation. But as I said, suffering, or bearing punishment for sin, comprehended my views of damnation—I read much, conversed on religion much, heard much preaching, and increased in doctrinal knowledge; but I was much pressed with a sense of inward sin, and cried much for relief; and all this time I had no proper views of the way of salvation by Jesus Christ.

About two months after the great shock by Mr. Tennant's preaching, I began to get views of Christ's atonement for sin, and that God could glorify himself in pardoning a sinner through Jesus Christ. I read some authors on the harmony of the divine attributes;* and how a sinner might plead the merits of Christ against a law that cursed and condemned; and how a soul might stand before the infinite justice of God, if appearing in, and pleading the satisfaction and merits of Christ. These things broke in upon my view with surprising light. When I came to see that God could be glorified and sinners saved, as much so as if they were damned, yea, in some respects more so—it astonished me, it filled me with raptures of admiration; I could not but be amazed, and wonder—

* The authors read are not specified in the narrative, but it is probable that Bates on "The Harmony of the Divine Attributes," and Stoddard's "Safety of appearing in the Righteousness of Christ," were among them. These are two of the best books in the English language, for the perusal of an anxious sinner, or a young convert.—EDIT.

man's redemption opened to my view in an astonishing manner. I could not but dwell, and dwell, upon the wonderful plan. I had been much taken up with the thoughts of God's being glorified, and I seemed to think of no way but by his taking vengeance on our iniquities; and when I came to see that he could be glorified in our salvation, and that this was a way that pleased him, and his heart was much upon it—'tis impossible to express the workings of my thoughts, the exercise and fervour of my mind. I could then venture my soul upon Christ with all freedom. If I had had ten thousand souls, I should have been astonishingly pleased to have them all saved in that glorious way. My thoughts were then turned from glorifying God by hell's torments, to glorifying him by Jesus Christ. I was much taken up with the fulness, sufficiency, and suitableness of Jesus Christ, to illustrate the divine perfections in our salvation. My soul seemed most cordially to acquiesce in this method of salvation, and repeatedly, and from time to time, to trust in, and rely upon Jesus Christ for salvation. I had pleasing views of his kingly office, that he might subdue my inward corruption, and slay my lusts, and did repeatedly rely upon him, and plead his divine power for this purpose. I saw my need of all his offices, of prophet, priest and king, and could most cordially embrace him in all. No one text in the Bible entertained me like 1 Cor. i. 30. "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." There was every thing that I wanted. Many and many a spiritual meal did that text afford me. I fed upon it, from time to time, with unspeakable delight. I saw Christ as the way to the Father, the way to glorify him, the way into his favour, the way to approach him,

and in that way I applied to him with the greatest satisfaction—'Tis impossible to express with what freedom I ventured my soul upon Christ in those views of things. But so far as I can remember, the glory of God by Jesus Christ engaged my thoughts, much more than my own salvation.

I had, at times, as I have said, great joy and unspeakable satisfaction in trusting my soul with Jesus Christ; but in some weeks, I lost some of my sense of divine things, was dull, and my mind not so much engaged in duty as it had been. I also found my corruptions were not dead—I felt some dreadful stirrings of them. These things seemed to alarm and considerably damp me. I judged my state by my frames—I had not yet learned any better. When I was dead or dull, I condemned myself as being graceless, a hypocrite, and the like; and when I had a lively sight and sense of spiritual things, then I had hope of myself as being in a good state: and thus I altered hundreds of times in the space of two or three years, while yet I fully believed the doctrine of the saints' perseverance. When I was in darkness and dull, I feared my experience had all been short of saving grace; but when I had a lively sight of divine things, and could freely plead the merits of Christ, and venture my soul upon him, it would give me satisfaction.

I had always a disposition to think my case bad. I had, somehow, from my youth, been led to think it was proper and becoming to think meanly of myself—to censure and condemn myself—and I did it to a great degree. I found from time to time, that my corruptions were yet strong, and my nature not sanctified as I hoped it would be. I could not prevail against my spiritual enemies as I would. These things were the grounds of my doubts and fears, and they made me often almost

condemn myself and my state as graceless. Sometimes I would have light, joy and comfort, for a week or two together, and then for as long a time, I would be in darkness, doubts and fears. In this manner I spent a great part of the three last years that I lived at college. Sometimes I had raised, clear, strong—almost or quite an enthusiastic sense of divine things, with raptures of joy; and I think I never sunk quite so low as I sometimes rose high. I never got into dispondency and discouragement. I always followed hard after divine things, with hope of obtaining, though I often condemned myself as in a measure graceless. * * * * *

(To be continued.)

MENTAL SCIENCE.

Motive, Ultimate and Subordinate Objects.

We have some miscellaneous remarks, which may as well be disposed of in this place, since they will be of use in considering other mental operations. It may excite surprise and perhaps a smile with some, that we introduce these topics in discussions on mental science. But we think it will appear that the doctrine of motive, and the character of ultimate and subordinate objects, have so intimate and so important a connexion with the laws of mental operation, that their discussion is appropriate and necessary. The laws and principles of human action cannot be fully explained, without recurring to the doctrine of motive, and the distinction between ultimate and subordinate objects. Action always supposes and necessarily implies an agent, an object, and a motive. The character of the agent is best learned by his actions, and those are estimated by their objects and motives. In this statement we take for granted one law of mind, which

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Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE LXII.

IV. There is a *justifying faith*, or a faith which, in the answer of the Catechism now under consideration, is called a *saving grace*. In treating of this grace, I shall endeavour to bring the several clauses of the answer before us under the four following particulars—

1. The object of saving faith—Jesus Christ, as he is offered in the gospel.
2. The author of faith—God in Christ, working by his Spirit a saving grace in the human soul.
3. The nature and acts of faith—receiving and resting on Christ alone for salvation.
4. Some of the consequences, fruits, or effects of saving faith.

We are first to consider the object of saving faith, which, although mentioned last in the short definition of the catechism, must manifestly take precedence of every thing else, in an orderly view of this important subject. Faith, it is plain, must always imply an object; that is, something to be believed; and this object, it is equally clear, must be distinctly apprehended, in order to a rational and unwavering faith or belief.

The whole revealed will of God,
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so far as it is known and understood, is *the general object* of that faith which is unto salvation. God speaks in his word, as recorded in the Bible; and he who understandingly disbelieves any word that God has spoken, is chargeable with the awful sin of making him a liar, and certainly can have no faith that is saving. It is not, however, essential to salvation, however desirable in itself, that the whole of revealed truth, as it is now contained in the Bible, should be known and believed. The people of God at first had no written revelation; and for a series of ages they had but a small part of what we now possess. Even at the present time, the heathen, to whom the gospel is carried by the missionaries, and many of whom appear to receive its saving benefit, have, at first, nothing but oral teaching; and for a considerable time after being taught to read, they have only a few detached parts of the sacred volume. Nor is it, we believe, fatal to salvation, when, through mistake or imperfect information, some apparently good and honest men do not receive as canonical scripture, a portion of that which is really so. Luther, at least for a time, was disposed to exclude the epistle of James from the sacred canon; and till that canon was finally established on good evidence, several books of the New Testament were not received, by some of the primitive churches.

And when I come to stretch me for the last
 In unattended agony, beneath
 The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes
 From Afric's burning sand, it will be sweet
 That I have toiled for other worlds than this;
 I know I shall feel happier than to die
 On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven—
 If one that hath so deeply, darkly sinned—
 If one whom ruin and revolt have held
 With such a fearful grasp—if one for whom
 Satan hath struggled as he hath for me,
 Should ever reach that blessed shore! O how
 This heart will flame with gratitude and love!
 And through the ages of eternal years,
 Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent
 That toil and suffering once were mine below.

 HYMN.

My Saviour! while with raptured eye
 I see thee in the manger lie;
 With wonder, yet with love, I scan
 The weakness of the Son of Man.

But when, throughout thy mortal race,
 Thy meek and lowly course I trace,
 In ev'ry path thy footsteps trod,
 Thou stand'st reveal'd the Son of God.

And oh! when rais'd by murderers high,
 I see thee bleed, and faint, and die;
 'Tis then, my dear, my gracious Friend!
 The creature and Creator blend.

Transcendent mercy! matchless love!
 Which brought Jehovah from above:
 Mysterious union! wond'rous pow'r!
 Which conquer'd in th' expiring hour.

Oh, for a harp by angels strung!
 A seraph's fire, a cherub's tongue!
 To chant, in loud triumphant strains,
 That Christ a Prince and Saviour reigns.

Hell and the grave are vanquish'd now;
 Their spoils adorn the victor's brow:
 Let saints on earth their homage pay,
 And saints in heav'n repeat the lay!

H. E.

 Miscellaneous.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. JACOB
 GREEN, A. M.

(Continued from page 581.)

I generally had great fervour and engagedness of soul when alone, and before God in secret prayer; and it sometimes seemed impossi-

ble that I should lose that sense of things which at such times I had; but when I come to be among people, I found myself bashful and reluctant to speak to others with any freedom; and when I did speak, it was from my judgment, and not from any present view or sense of divine things, such as I had in secret.

This I am ready to think has been something peculiar in me, and what I cannot fully account for. Something of it has been remarkable with me through the whole of my life. I used, in those high times of religion while at college, to hear some persons, even young ones, speak with freedom and earnestness to others, but it always seemed strange to me—or rather strange that I could not do so too. I seemed to have as clear and strong views of things, when alone before God, as I ever heard others speak of; but when I came into company they were gone—yet so as that I retained the same rational view of them in my judgment. Similar to this was my difficulty in praying before others. When in secret, I could pray with the utmost freedom and enlargement, but when I came to pray before others, I quite lost that freedom. I was sinfully awed by my fellow creatures, and was afraid that I should not express myself well. Thus pride cramped me, so that before others I could not pray from feeling, but prayed from my judgment: and something of this kind has remained with me through life, and has been a great difficulty in my ministry.

Soon after the change I met with, as above related, I was advised to go out among people and exhort. Many others did so; some who never had been at college, and some of my fellow students did it. But though I was urged to it, and had many inclinations to comply, yet what I have just mentioned was one great reason of preventing it. I could never break out into that freedom of praying and speaking, that I saw in some others who attempted it. I found indeed a remarkable desire for the good of others, soon after the shock I received from Mr. Tennent's preaching—found a strong, longing desire for the good of souls, and wished and prayed fervently for the conversion and salvation of others, and hoped that

in time I should be properly qualified to preach.

I met with my great change in the first year of my college life; and by the fourth and last year of my remaining in college, I came to be in a more even state. My ups and downs in religion were not so frequent, yet similar to what they had been. I also lost considerable of my fervour in a general way, though at times I had a great sense of divine things.

In June, 1741, after I had been at college about a year, I began to keep a diary, and wrote every day for a long time. I wrote many things with little judgment, and like a raw and ignorant boy as I was. I wrote a great deal too much, so that in time I did but repeat many things which I had written before. For the sake of some things in this diary, I have not yet destroyed it; but I hope I shall, and design to do it before I die. Should any thing however prevent my destroying it, I hope those who come after me will do it; or at least keep it from the world—I write this July 16th, 1777.*

* It is believed that the subject of this memoir executed the purpose here intimated, of destroying his college diary, as the present writer has found no part of it among his father's manuscripts. He, however, kept a diary with great exactness through the whole of his after-life, except when prevented by sickness. But he needed to leave no caution against giving it to the world. For except a year or two at the beginning of the part which remains, and a marginal part, which contains a monthly account of the weather for about forty years, the whole is written in Weston's short-hand; which it is remembered he affirmed was nearly as difficult to be acquired, as a new language. In this short-hand he has left the notes of almost all his weekly preparations for the pulpit, during the whole period of his ministry. A few discourses only appear in a hand generally legible. One written with great care, is supposed to have been a part of his trials for licensure. Several manuscripts, not sermons, are not in short-hand characters, but written out fairly. One appears to have been prepared for publication.—EARR.

I used sometimes to think of my dream and the unpardonable sin; but I had at times such a clear strong view and sense of the infinite merit and satisfaction of Christ, and such freedom to venture and rely upon him, that I could not but hope and be persuaded there was forgiveness for me. I often found the need, yea, the absolute necessity, of the all-sufficiency, yea, infinity, of the merit and satisfaction of Christ, for my other sins: and whilst I had that sight and sense of things, I seemed to be satisfied that I had no sin but what might be forgiven.

I studied too hard while I was at college—early and late, and sometimes all night, without a wink of sleep. I was very imprudent, and hurt myself, so that I could not ever after study as much as otherwise I might have done. I had nobody to advise or direct my studies, which was a great disadvantage. I did not allow myself proper exercise of body, nor was I then sensible of the need of it; for having a remarkably strong and firm constitution, I did not bring myself immediately into a bad state of health—I will here give a small specimen of the manner of spending my time at college. In my third year as a college student, and in the winter season, my chamber mate, (who was a studious person but not religious,) was reading a book—I think it was the *Spectator*—which proposed to persons to keep an exact account, for one week, of the way and manner of spending their time, from hour to hour. My *Chum*, (for so we called a chamber mate,) proposed to me that he and I should do so for a single week, and let each other see the account. For certain reasons I did not agree to his proposal, yet concluded with myself to keep such an account, without letting him or any body else know any thing of it. I did so, without the least thought that it would ever be seen by any mortal but myself; and hitherto no

one has seen it; but I now transcribe it as a sort of curiosity for my children. There was nothing special in that week. I studied neither more nor less than common, nor altered in any particular because I kept the account. I began on Thursday and continued it a week, except that I did not think it proper to keep such an account on the Sabbath—it is as follows.*—*Thursday*. Waked a little after 6 o'clock, dressed me, made a fire, called Moody, [supposed to be the college servant,] read 2 chapters and 8 psalms, till 7 o'clock. Attended prayers in the college Hall, prayed in secret, and read part of a chapter in Hebrew, till 8 o'clock. Finished the chapter in Hebrew and breakfasted, till 9. Talked with a man about buying a load of wood, then read Mr. Ray's *Consequences of the Deluge*, till 10. Read the same in Ray, from 10 to 11. Bought a load of wood and read *Spectator*, till 12. Read *Spectator* from 12 to 1. Prayed in secret, and read the Bible, from 1 to 2. Read a chapter in Hebrew, borrowed an Arithmetic, and studied it till 3. Studied Arithmetic, from 3 to 4. Studied Arithmetic, from 4 to 5. Attended

* It has not been without considerable hesitation that the editor has determined to publish this account. But he thought on the whole, that it might be gratifying, and perhaps useful, to see a little of the course and subjects of study, and the manner of a college life, in the oldest college of our country, ninety years ago; and also to observe the diligence and piety of the subject of the memoir. It had been easy to omit the repetitions, but that would have destroyed the design of the whole; and nearly the same effect would have been produced by omitting a part. At the time to which the memoir refers, Cambridge college was conducted agreeably to the intentions of its founders—*quantum mutatum ab illo!* and the whole system of study had a special reference to preparation for the gospel ministry. For such preparation, we cannot but think the course of instruction in all our colleges, notwithstanding some unquestionable improvements, is now less favourable, than that which the subject of this memoir received.

prayers in the Hall, and studied Arithmetic, from 5 to 6. Studied Arithmetic, from 6 to 7. Attended a religious society meeting from 7 to 9. From 9 to 10, supped and smoked a pipe. After 10 prayed in secret, and went to bed a little before 11.

Friday.—Waked at half past 6. Dressed me and made a fire till 7. Attended prayers in the Hall, and punished delinquents, till 8. [The author here says in a note—"I was monitor, to observe who were absent from publick prayers through the week—The punishments were small pecuniary fines."] Read 2 chapters and 4 psalms, and breakfasted, till 9. Read Hymns of Dr. Watts, prayed in secret, and studied Arithmetic, till 10. From 10 to 11 studied Arithmetic. Studied Arithmetic, and looked over my Chum's Thesis, till 12. From 12 to 1 read Spectator. Read Spectator, dined and prayed in secret, till 2. After 2, spent half an hour idly, I know not where; then went into Mr. Winthrop's, to be instructed in Arithmetic, till half after 3. Spent my time idly in the Buttery till 4. From 4 to 5 read Mr. Ray, and wrote in Common Place. Attended prayers in the Hall, and talked with Wm. in the Buttery, till 6. Read Mr. Ray, and wrote in Common Place, till 7. Prayed in secret, read the Greek Testament, and got a recitation in — [illegible] till 8. Read Spectator from 8 till 9. Sat in company about a quarter of an hour, and then wrote out of Spectator into Common Place, till 10. Read Mr. Allein's Alarm, and talked with my Chum, till 11. Went to bed and lay and talked till almost 12.

Saturday.—Waked a little after 4, lay and talked till a little after 5. Dressed me and made a fire till 6. Read a chapter and 4 psalms, and then Spectator, till 7. Attended prayers in the Hall, and read part of the 119th psalm in Hebrew, till 8. Breakfasted and prayed in

secret till 9. Read Spectator about half an hour, and then went into the Hebrew professor—came out from the Hebrew professor at half after 10. Read a paper in the Spectator, then sat and talked till half after 11—our discourse chiefly about declamations—then shaved me till 12. Read Spectator from 12 to 1. Dined and talked with my Chum about fixing the attention, till 2. Prayed in secret, went to the Buttery and tarried with Sir Bridges lately come home, till half after 3—[a graduate always acquired the title of Sir]. Went to my chamber and studied recitation in Euclid, till 4. Read in Mr. Locke, talked with my Chum, and made logical arguments, till 5. Attended prayers in the Hall till 6. Read the Greek Testament and prayed in private, till 7. From 7 to half after 8 in society meeting. After meeting, sat and conversed till half after 9. Went to my chamber, prayed in secret, and read Mr. Allein's Alarm till 10. Went to bed soon after 10.

Monday.—Waked about 6, lay and talked Latin with my Chum till 7. Attended prayers in the Hall, and recited till 8. Prayed in secret, and breakfasted till 9. Read in the Bible, and wrote out of the Spectator into my Common Place, till 11. Read and wrote out of Mr. Ray, till 12. Went to borrow a book, and read Spectator till 1. Heard my Chum read Satires, dined, smoked a pipe, and talked with a friend that came to see me till 2. Prayed in secret, studied in the Bible, and read in the Greek Testament, till 3. Got my recitation, and read Ray till 4. Recited, read Ray, and wrote out of him till 5. Attended prayers in the Hall, went to Emerson's chamber, went down and walked round the college, went to Willman's chamber, then to my own, till 6. Got my recitation in Euclid, till 7. Still got recitation, talked with my Chum, and went to Willman's chamber

till 8. Borrowed a book at Gilman's chamber, went to my own and read Mr. Ray, till 9. Read Mr. Ray and prayed in secret till 10. Looked over recitation, and read Spectator till 11. Read Spectator and Mr. Ray, till after 12. Went to bed between 12 and 1.

Tuesday.—Rose at 7. Attended prayers in the Hall, and recited till 8. Prayed in secret, and breakfasted till 9. Read in the Bible, and made logical arguments from 9 to 10. From 10 to 11 made arguments. Disputed publicly, then talked with my class-mates about disputing, then read and wrote out of Ray till 1. Got a recitation in Greek, prayed in secret, and dined from 1 to 2. Studied Greek Testament, and read Mr. Ray till 3. Read Mr. Ray and went into town to buy some candles, till 4. Studied recitation and recited till 5. Attended prayers in the Hall, went to my chamber and looked on my recitation till 6. Studied my recitation from 6 to 7. Studied recitation, looked a quarter of an hour for a freshman for my tutor, and prayed in secret till 8. [Freshmen were sent by the tutors on their errands, and often performed services for them of a still humbler kind.] Studied recitation till 9. Read Spectator, and a Voyage to the East Indies, till some time after 12. Went to bed a little before 1.

Wednesday.—Rose at 7. Attended prayers in the Hall, and recited till 8. Prayed in secret, and breakfasted till 9. Read the Bible till 10. Got recitation in Virgil till 11. Recited, went to Gilman's chamber, and talked till 12. Read a chapter in Greek, and prayed in secret till 1. Dined, washed and dressed me till 2. Went to hear Mr. Appleton preach till 5. Went to my chamber and studied recitation in Euclid till 6. Looked on the moon through a telescope, prayed in secret, and meditated till 7. Studied recitation till 8. Studied recitation, and read

Spectator till 9. Studied recitation from 9 to 10. [In a note, the author says—"These I think were recitations in Euclid."] Read Spectator till 11. Read Spectator, and a Voyage to Borneo till 12. Read the Voyage to Borneo, and went to bed a little before 1.

(To be continued.)

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

No. VI.

Instead of proceeding immediately to a consideration of at least one other important transaction of the last General Assembly, in addition to those we have already noticed, we shall, in our present number, take up three or four distinct topics, which do not appear on the minutes of that body, but which have a connexion of some importance with the present state of the Presbyterian church. The first of these is, *the manner in which the ministers and churches of New England are regarded, by the ministers and members of the Old School Presbyterians of our own church.*

An impression has been made, and we believe it had its origin from the Christian Spectator's "Review of the case of the Rev. Mr. Barnes," that the Old School Presbyterians are opposed, without discrimination, to all the Theology of New England. This impression is certainly a false one, so far as we are concerned; and so far, we verily believe, as a knowledge of the true state of things in New England is possessed. It would be strange indeed, if men were found *knowingly* opposed to their own friends and auxiliaries. The true state of the case, we are persuaded, is just this—The Old School Presbyterians are universally and irreconcilably opposed—and may they forever be so—to the Pelagian system of the New Haven professors of theology; to the no atonement notions—for such they

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LECTURE LXIII.

3. The nature and acts of saving faith—receiving and resting on Christ *alone* for salvation—now call for your most serious and engaged attention. The essential nature, as well as one of the principal acts of saving faith, is very happily described by the phrase, *receiving him, as he is offered in the gospel*. By this, *faith* is discriminated from the other cardinal graces. In *hope*, we pleasingly anticipate the possession of a future good. In *love*, our affections delightfully fix and exercise themselves on an amiable object. But in neither of these do we *receive* an object, and appropriate it to ourselves. To *do* this, is exclusively the province and function of faith. Its object has already been described—*Christ in the gospel offer*. This object, when about to be received in an act of justifying and saving faith, is most distinctly perceived by the mind, aided, as it always then is, by the Spirit of all grace. The soul looks alternately at its unspeakable wants and necessities, and at the complete provision which is made for them all, in the infinite fulness of Christ. It is seen that there is not, and cannot be, a necessity or a de-

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mand, for the supply of which a provision, exactly suited to it, is not most wisely and amply made. The offer, too, is seen to be made freely; not only demanding no price or recommendation, but forbidding all attempts to bring any.—It is seen that the full salvation tendered, not only *may*, but *must* be accepted simply and purely as a *free gift*. The anxious soul, it may be, hesitates. Here is something perfectly new—of a kind like nothing else. The greatest of all possible blessings is presented to the most undeserving; requiring nothing in the recipient, but a sense of guilt, and hopeless inability to help or recommend himself, and a willingness to receive all that he needs from an Almighty, all-sufficient, Saviour. Wonder and admiration fill his soul. He asks, perhaps, have I indeed nothing to bring? A single glance at his state gives a decisive negative answer. He sees himself destitute of every thing but guilt, and misery, and want. Then, he thinks, this offer exactly suits my case. It requires nothing, it admits of nothing meritorious in me; and truly, I have nothing—nothing but demerit, and pollution, and desert of eternal death. “Oh blessed Saviour! can it be true that thou dost stand ready to impute to me thy righteousness; to account as mine, and to make over to me, all

A

reason justly upon many, or most of the natural attributes of God, he can neither perceive nor admire his moral excellence. Instead of perceiving the glory of God as infinitely holy, he hates, and sets himself to oppose this part of his character, or to substitute something quite different in its room.* Or, if we can suppose him able, or from any particular reason inclined to tell the truth, as to what God is, he can never discern or feel his glory or beauty in being such. For why?—he himself is unholy: that is to say, in other words, he supremely loves, and hath his affections habitually fixed upon something that is not God, something that is contrary to God's nature, and a breach of his law.

* This is the true reason why many so warmly oppose God's vindictive justice, and that in the face of many awful examples of it, even in the present partial and imperfect dispensation. That there are many marks of God's displeasure against sin, even in that part of his government which is at present subjected to our view, and also distinct warnings of a stricter reckoning to come, I should think might be, to an impartial person, past all doubt; and yet, this is derided and denied by many merely because they can never think that a perfection in the divine nature, for which they have no love or esteem in their own hearts. All who love God, then, must be like him, and even those who will not be what he really is, are always strongly inclined at least to suppose him what they themselves are.

From the Juvenile Forget Me Not.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

Alone, alone!—no other face
Wears kindred smile, or kindred line;
And yet they say my mother's eyes—
They say my father's brow is mine;
And either had rejoiced to see
The other's likeness in my face;
But now it is a stranger's eye
That finds some long forgotten trace.

I heard them name my father's death,
His home and tomb alike the wave;
And I was early taught to weep
Beside my youthful mother's grave.
I wish I could recall one look—
But only one familiar tone;
If I had aught of memory,
I should not feel so all alone.

My heart is gone beyond the grave,
In search of love I cannot find,
Till I could fancy soothing words
Are whispered by the evening wind.
I gaze upon the watching stars,
So clear, so beautiful above,
Till I could dream they look on me
With something of an answering love.

My mother, does thy gentle eye
Look from those distant stars on me?
Or does the wind at evening bear
A message to thy child from thee?
Dost thou pine for me as I pine
Again a parent's love to share?
I often kneel beside thy grave,
And pray to be a sleeper there.

The vesper bell!—'tis eventide;
I will not weep, but I will pray—
God of the fatherless, 'tis Thou
Alone can'st be the orphan's stay!
Earth's meanest flower, Heaven's mightiest star,
Are equal in their Maker's love;
And I can say Thy will be done,
With eyes that fix their hope above.

Miscellaneous.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. JACOB GREEN, A. M. SECTION FOURTH.

From my leaving college to the present time, 1777.

I took my degree in July, 1744, and left the college immediately afterward. I spent nearly or quite all my property, in my college education, and had no wealthy friends to help me, and therefore

was obliged immediately to enter on some business for a livelihood. It would have been very agreeable to me to have spent more time at college, and to have pursued my studies, but my worldly circumstances did not admit of my doing it.

I had for a considerable time before I left college, a fixed principle, that I ought not to be forward to choose worldly circumstances

for myself, but to be at God's disposal, and to follow the calls of Providence.* I therefore determined to accept the first offer that was made me of entering into business; for I did not suppose I should be offered any thing not becoming and proper for one in my circumstances. It was most customary for persons circumstanced as I was, to take a school, for some time after they came out of college, before they preached. And a few days before I took my degree, the people at Sutton, about fifty miles from the college, invited me to take a school in that town. This was the first offer or invitation that I had, and accordingly I took it for a call of Providence, and soon after taking my degree, I went to Sutton, and taught a school for nearly a year. Mr. Hall, the minister of the place, was agreeable, both as a minister and a friend. Before the year had expired, I was solicited by particular persons to begin to preach, and the committee of a vacant congregation came once to invite me; but I had no license, or regular introduction, and therefore I did not see that it was a call of Providence to preach. Beside, I was much afraid to take a step toward the ministry. It appeared to me a great and weighty thing. I had at times considerable fears and dark apprehensions concerning the state of my soul; and I fully believed that a graceless person ought not to go into the ministry. I feared I had not grace; tempta-

* The editor thinks it may not be improper for him to state, that his father earnestly inculcated on him the adoption of the principle which he here mentions as having governed his own conduct, and that the paternal advice has been remembered and followed with the greatest advantage, through the whole of the editor's past life. And he has realized what his father remarked, that on the plan recommended, when unavoidable difficulties occurred, self-reproach would be avoided, and prayer for divine aid and direction might be made with freedom.

tion, or conscience, often told me peremptorily that I had none. I was also afraid I had not learning enough; had not studied enough; and I was also bashful and diffident. But one or two friendly ministers, and some other people, so encouraged and persuaded me, that I was greatly perplexed, and knew not what was duty, or the call of Providence. At length I concluded to bring the matter to a determination, by visiting and talking with three ministers in and near Boston, whose piety, learning, and judgment, I had a great opinion of; and to preach or not, for the present, according as they advised me. The first I went to talk with, asked me how long I had been out of college; and finding I had not been graduated above a year, he advised me not to preach as yet. He asked me no questions about my experience, or my views, but observed that we ought not to be hasty and sudden, in rushing into the ministry; that in general, scholars ought not to preach till they had been out of college three years, &c.* I was a stranger to the minister; he knew nothing of my character; but his advice in general suited my inclination. I did not go to talk with the other two ministers, but went back, satisfied that I ought not to preach as yet.

When my time for keeping school at Sutton was expired, and I on a visit to my friends, waiting, as it were, to know to what, or where, Providence would call me next, the famous preacher, the Rev. George Whitefield, then travelling through these parts, invited

* This surely was good advice, and it is to be regretted that it is not oftener given and taken. It is believed that what precedes and follows this reference from the narrative, is worthy of the consideration of candidates for the ministry generally, as well as of those to whom they look for advice and direction. There is much mistake and much sin committed, by rushing prematurely into the sacred office.—EDIT.

me to go to Georgia, to take the care of the orphan house. It was an unexpected and surprising thing; but upon the advice of some friends, and viewing it as the first call I had after I was out of business, I concluded to go. Mr. Whitefield went on in his circuitous preaching southward. I agreed to settle my affairs and go to him at New York, in about four weeks from the time of our agreement. After visiting my friends, &c. I went towards New York, and overtook Mr. Whitefield at Elizabethtown, in New Jersey. Upon finding him, he told me that since I had seen him, he had received letters from Georgia, informing him that some subscriptions, &c. had failed, so that he could not manage the orphan house as he expected—that he would, however, fulfil his agreement with me for half a year, if I chose to go on with him; and that if I chose to stop, he would defray the expense I had incurred in coming thus far. I consulted Mr. Dickinson, at whose house we then were, and he advised me to stop; and he, with Mr. Burr, of Newark, prevailed with me to stay, and be licensed and preach here, and not return to New England. I had a great regard for Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Burr—their advice swayed me. Accordingly, I was licensed in September, 1745, at Elizabethtown, and the first place that invited me to preach, was Hanover, in Morris county, New Jersey. I endeavoured to be as passive as I could conveniently be, as to being disposed of; and thus following the calls of Providence I was led to Hanover. Here I preached one year on probation, was called to settle, and was ordained in November, 1746.*

*The subject of the sketch remained the pastor of this congregation till the time of his death, and appears to have preached his first sermon where he delivered his last—

"He ne'er had changed, nor wished to change his place."

I had great fears, anxiety and difficulty, as to entering into the ministry. Some months before I was ordained, I thought at times I would give over preaching. I found much corrupt nature unmortified, and I had times of being in great darkness. I viewed the ministry as a great and difficult work; I was but a poor speaker; and on the whole, I shrunk away from the work. I made known my difficulties to two or three ministers, who I thought did not fully enter into my case, but told me it was a temptation, and the design of Satan to keep me out of the ministry—or to that purpose. Some short time before the appointment of my ordination, I had such dark apprehensions of my own case, and such discouraging views, that I was determined to give up preaching. To accomplish this, I wrote my case largely, and represented myself so bad that I supposed the ministers would not encourage my preaching. I gave the writing to Mr. Burr, with my own hand, telling him I would have him show it to other ministers, if he thought proper. He read it through deliberately, and then put it into the fire before my eyes, and talked to me in a very friendly and encouraging manner. If my difficulties were a temptation, the Devil was disappointed; but if they produced the proper remonstrance of conscience, I got into the ministry when I ought to have kept out of it. God knows how it was. I have been a poor, unprofitable creature in the ministry, and have many a time thought that I was never really fit for the work.*

(To be continued.)

*The son of this humble minister of the gospel of Christ may be permitted to say, what he knows to be true, that his father's attainments and qualifications for the sacred office, were estimated by others very differently from the estimate made by himself. He was an erudite man, both in the learned languages, and in mathematical science. His knowledge of Hebrew was surpassed by few in our country. He

In thee my hope I solely place,
 Thou author of unbounded grace.
 When numerous cares this heart would
 read,
 To thee alone I suppliant bend.
 Thou art my praise, my chiefest good,
 My all thy gift, most gracious God!
 Solace in toil thou dost afford,
 A healing medicine is thy word.
 My cheering lyre in grief art thou,
 In wrath, the smoother of my brow.
 My feet from straits thou dost recall,
 And kindly raisest when I fall.
 A sober awe thou dost impart
 To my too much elated heart.
 And when life's ills bedim the day,
 Thou giv'st to hope a livelier ray.
 For wrongs thy justice makes amends,
 And from the threatening foe defends.
 What doubtful is, thou dost reveal,
 And coverest what I should conceal.
 O never suffer me to go
 To the accurs'd abodes of woe,
 Where sorrow dwells with shuddering fear,
 Where loathsomeness and tears appear;
 Where deeds of vice are open laid,
 And wrath falls on the guilty head.
 Where none the torturer can avoid,
 And where the worm is never cloyed.
 Where countless woes are ever found,
 And hell is an eternal round.
 May Zion's hill receive my soul,
 Zion of joy and comfort full.
 City of David, peaceful, bright,
 Whose founder is the source of light.

Whose portals with the cross are hung,
 Whose keys are holy Peter's tongue.
 Whose happy citizens enjoy
 The bliss of heaven without alloy.
 Whose walls are of the living stone,
 Whose guardian is the mighty One.
 There light ineffable doth shine,
 There's spring unfading, peace benign;
 There breathing odours heaven fill,
 There rolls the festive music still.
 There foul corruption cannot dwell,
 Nor sorrow's voice is heard to swell:
 Where none are sick, none are deformed,
 But all are unto Christ conformed.
 A heavenly city, bless'd abode,
 Rock-founded by Almighty God.
 Fair city, which can never fail,
 I bid thee, though at distance, hail!
 Yes! thee I hail, for thee I sigh,
 O could I to thy walls draw nigh!
 There bliss doth God his people give,
 Wrapt in what ecstasy they live!
 What rapture of the soul is there,
 What gems upon thy walls appear,
 What jacinth and chalcedon too,
 What sapphire of the purest blue,—
 'Tis theirs alone with joy to see
 Who, ever blest, still dwell in thee.
 O there may I, joined hand in hand,
 With God's elect, his chosen band,
 With Moses and Elias sing
 The praises of the eternal King.

J. H.

Philada. Jan. 10.

Miscellaneous.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. JACOB GREEN, A. M.

(Continued from page 13.)

In June, 1747, I was married to Miss Anna Strong, of Brookhaven, on Long Island. With her I lived above nine years, and had four children. She died of a consumption, in November, 1756. In October, 1757, I was married to Miss Elizabeth Pierson, my present wife.

When I came to have a family, I found the cares of the world get greater hold of me than was agreeable. I was always, in principle, opposed to ministers of the gospel involving themselves with the world, and hoped to shun it myself—but I was brought into difficulties. I had but little in the world,

the congregation I served was then small, and had not been used to give much salary; and the wants of a family called for some supply, beyond my means to furnish it. In these circumstances I was obliged to take more worldly cares and business on me than I would have chosen; and I was encouraged to do so by the most religious and intelligent people of my congregation. They told me that country congregations could not have ministers, unless ministers would take some care to provide for, and help to support, their own families. Still I attended but little to worldly concerns for the first twelve years of my ministry. I know indeed that I was too much encumbered with the world, and

the things of it; but in this time I kept clear of worldly schemes and entanglements. I barely supported my family, without increasing my property to any amount worth naming: and in these twelve years, I chiefly attended to my studies and ministerial duties, in my poor manner. I had some success in my ministry; yet not much was apparent; and I had many sinking discouragements at times, but still went forward in a pretty uniform manner.

After I had lived thus about twelve years, and found my family increasing, and my people not able, or not disposed, to give me much assistance, in providing for those dependent on me, I thought it right, in such circumstances, to form some schemes, and take some more pains than I had hitherto taken, to get something beforehand, and that my children might have something. I say I then thought this right; but whether I judged right or wrong, I say not yet. When I entered upon worldly schemes, I found them in general a plague, a vexation, and a snare. If I somewhat increased my worldly estate, I also increased sorrow, and incurred blame, in all things except the practice of physick.*

* The subject of this sketch continued the practice of physick for near thirty years; and then, finding it inconvenient on account of his advanced age, he encouraged an able young physician to settle near him, and gradually retired from practice, till the whole fell into the hands of his young friend. His charges for medical services were always moderate; and he often united, at the bed-side, and in the family of the sick, the duties of the physician, and the minister of the gospel—With this, as he states, his parishioners were well pleased; and he has been heard to remark, that his pulpit services were never interfered with, in any manner that was embarrassing, by his professional calls as a physician. It was no unusual thing, at and before his time, for ministers of the gospel to be also physicians. The Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, of Elizabethtown, N. J., the first President of New Jersey College, was a practising physician of emi-

I had thorns in the flesh, and much fault found with me—which troubles were very justly laid upon me by a holy God; but I have never yet seen that they were just from my fellow creatures, who blamed and injured me. The methods I took to help myself for a worldly maintenance, were chiefly three—building a grist mill—buying land when it was cheap, or at a moderate price—and the practice of physick. The last—the practice of physick—never drew my heart and affections from divine things, like other worldly cares. It never seemed ensnaring or hurtful to my spiritual interests, as the world, in other respects, often did: and I would recommend it to ministers for a subsistence, rather than almost any other worldly scheme.

There were no considerable special appearances of religion among the people of my charge, during my ministry, except twice,* once

nence; and the Episcopal clergyman of the same place, and at the same time, (it is believed his name was Vaughan) was also a physician. The Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Lewistown, Delaware, at a still later period, was distinguished as a physician. Happily, the assistance now afforded to feeble congregations, in the support of their pastors, by missionary societies, renders the union of two laborious professions, less necessary than once it was. But if a worldly occupation must be resorted to, the writer believes, with the subject of this memoir, that the medical art is the best—the most congenial in its nature, and affording, in its exercise, many opportunities for the performance of important ministerial duty.—EDRR.

* This, it is to be noted, was written in 1777, and the writer died in May, 1790. During the time that he lived, after penning this sketch, there were occasionally hopeful additions made to his church, but nothing that could be called a general revival of religion, till the year 1790. Then his ministry was apparently more blest than it had previously ever been; and he died in the midst of the gathering in of the greatest harvest of souls, that he had ever been instrumental in leading to the Saviour. It was indeed a glorious revival of religion—a work silent, deep, and effectual. The editor was called from his home and charge in Philadelphia, to see his fa-

in the year 1764, the other in the year 1774. It began in those years, but continued considerably in the next following year, in both instances. In the year 1764, there was a remarkable revival in several parts of the land, especially on the east end of Long Island, and in several contiguous places. We had a small part of the divine shower on our congregation, but not equal to some in neighbouring places. With us there was a general attention to divine things, and there were many under great concern of mind about their eternal interests; there were a number of hopeful conversions, and considerable additions were made to the church. But the revival in 1774 was more remarkable among us. Religion seemed, for a time, to take all before it. I believe it was nearly as much among us as in any of the neighbouring places. Although many who had been under concern of mind lost their religious impressions, yet those who appeared to meet with a real

ther die. But he was dead and buried before the place of his residence could be reached. The scene was highly interesting and affecting. Numbers reproached themselves that they had not opened the state of their minds to their deceased pastor, before he was taken from them. Thirty anxious individuals, who were pressing into the kingdom of God, came to converse with the editor in one day; and these were but the gleanings of the harvest. Yet this glorious work of grace had been so silently carried on, that a minister of the gospel, only nine miles distant, told the present writer, that he had never heard that there was a revival of religion in that congregation, till he went to attend the funeral of the deceased pastor. The people of this congregation had been thoroughly indoctrinated. Their pastor divided his charge into four sections, in one of which he catechised and conversed with the youth every week, so as to go through the congregation in a month. The consequence was, that the special outpouring of the Holy Spirit on this people, did indeed "come down like rain on the mown grass; as showers that water the earth." There was no noise, no ostentation, but converts were numerous, and the fruits of righteousness abundant.

change, continued to live and act in a Christian manner. If there were any instances of declension or apostacy, they were few. In two or three years, however, religion came to be as usual, with this difference, that there was now a greater number of persons than before the revival, who appeared to be of a religious character.

As to myself, through the whole of my ministry I had many elevations and depressions—times of great fear, darkness and discouragement, and other times of more light, hope and courage. Besides what was common, there were three or four times, when I met with something more than ordinary. The first was when I lost my wife in 1756. I was for a twelve-month after that event remarkably stirred up, quickened and engaged. I prayed and preached with an increased sense of divine things. I set myself to visit my people by course, mentioning on the Sabbath what families I would visit on particular days of the following week. I took much pains in many ways, for which I would thank God; for I would give him the glory of exciting and quickening me. Yet I perceived no more success at that time than at others, or in common. People liked and approved what I did, and seemed to be glad of it; but I thought it remarkable that I could not perceive that they had any more affection for me, or readiness to help me out of the worldly difficulties, in which the expenses of my family had involved me—and in general I thought them pretty neglectful of me. Another time was in 1764 and 1765, when there was a revival of religion as beforementioned. I had a small part of that shower of blessing. I was not only abundant in preaching, which I could not have well avoided when people had such an ear to hear, but I was stirred up to seek after opportunities to speak to my people in private, and was

glad when I could have opportunity with any person alone, whether in the house or on the way, and failed not to improve almost every opportunity to speak to them about their souls' concerns. But it was with me as with others; in about a year I much declined, and grew more heartless to divine things. The third and last time that I met with something special, was a sort of double season, viz:—in 1774, 1776, and 1777. In the first of those years there was a special revival of religion, as I have before mentioned. I was glad of the religious appearance, and tried every way in my power to promote it. But I was soon taken sick with an awful and shocking fit of sickness, in which nobody expected me to live. In this sickness, I had remarkable views of divine things, and received uncommon tokens of favour from my people, who were then full of religion: and when, after a considerable time I was able to preach, both I and my people seemed to have some special impressions of divine realities. In this sickness I have just mentioned, I had a greater sense of spiritual things, greater willingness to die, and greater submission to God's will, to lay upon me what pain or suffering he pleased, while I should continue in life, than I ever had before. I had a distressing season of pain, but felt quite willing that God should lay upon me more or less, just as he pleased. I had awful and affecting views of the dreadful case of sinners falling into the hands of an angry God. I had also what to me were remarkable and surprising views of God's having the devils in chains, limited and controlled, so that they could do nothing but what God permitted; and upon the whole chose they should do.*

* The Editor feels constrained to mention some circumstances attending this sickness of his father, which are not adverted to in the sketch. The Editor was

In the fall of the year 1776, I was again taken sick and brought very low, yet retained my reason, as I did in the beforementioned fit of sickness. In this latter turn of illness, my mind was much employed on divine things. But I found more difficulty to be quite resigned and satisfied under the pains and distresses of bodily disease, than I had in my former sick-

then at that period of life when impressions of the deepest and most lasting kind are usually made on the memory, and he has a distinct recollection of the following facts, as to their substance. His father's illness commenced, or rather rose to its height, by what appeared to be an apoplectic fit. When he came out of this, all his symptoms seemed to threaten speedy dissolution. He was, however, in the perfect possession of his intellectual faculties, and fully aware of his situation. He requested his eldest daughter to read to him a portion of St. John's gospel,—it is believed that it was the 17th chapter. The hearing of this produced in him a kind of holy rapture. The day on which he was at the worst, and on the evening of which he had his family collected at his bed-side, and gave them what he and they considered as his last advice and admonition, and his final farewell—expecting fully to be in eternity before the next morning—the day preceding this evening, was one, when, what was denominated a PUBLIC LECTURE, was to take place in his church. Agreeably to the usage on such occasions, a number of neighbouring ministers came together, and a large congregation was collected; it being a time, as stated in the sketch, of a revival of religion among the people. In place of the usual preaching, or exhortation, the time was spent by the ministers in prayer with the people, with short addresses between the several devotional exercises: and such prayers—such intercessions—such pleadings at the throne of mercy—that God would spare a pastor, now in the meridian of his life and usefulness, and blessed with a revival of religion—have, it is believed, been but seldom equalled, perhaps never exceeded. The answer was as signal as the exercises were singular. The man who expected to be in eternity before morning—an expectation in which physicians as well as friends concurred—was, in the morning, free from almost every threatening symptom of his disease; and his recovery, though gradual, was regularly progressive, till his usual health was restored. This record is made, under the impression that it had been wrong to omit it. EDIT.

ness. And in this sickness my thoughts ran much on the experience and views I had at college, of being willing to bear eternal pain and misery for the glory of God. I now found it difficult, and perceived there was a difference between actually feeling pain, and the thoughts of enduring it when it is absent. But on the whole, I was fully sensible that the resignation, contentment and satisfaction, in pain and misery, depends wholly on the views and perceptions that are in the mind.—That the soul may have such a view and sense of God, of justice and desert, as will swallow up and quite overcome bodily pain: and that without some such views, granted by God as a special favour and help to the soul, pain and misery will excite fretfulness, murmuring, and even quarrelling with the ways of God. In this sickness I had remarkable views of the difference between the church and the world, and how much Christ regards his church, or true believers, above all and every thing in the world beside. That Christ's kingdom is not of this world, and that he cares little how things go in the kingdoms of the world, compared with his regard to what they are in his church; and I had clear and strong views of the duty of ministers of the gospel to be wholly engaged to promote the kingdom of Christ, or true religion, in the hearts and practice of men. After recovering health, I by degrees lost the brightness and clearness of these views, and came to my usual frame of mind; though I hope I retain a considerable sense of these divine things to this time.

August, 1777.*

(To be continued.)

* At this date the narrative part of the Sketch, as written by its author, closes. The subject of it lived nearly thirteen years after it was written; and it is the purpose of the Editor to continue the biography of his father to the time of his

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

No. VIII.

In our last number, our object was to show that the General Assembly, in disposing of the case of Mr. Barnes, acted in a novel and unconstitutional manner.—That the Assembly assumed the case as a *court*, and ended it as a *deliberative body*—that it was begun *presbyterially*, and terminated *congregationally*. It is our present object to let our readers know—for we are persuaded many of them have not yet known—what the case really and truly was; and to make some remarks on the report of the committee, which the Assembly adopted as the award in this case.

We see not in what way the case in question can be made known, so well and so unobjectionably, as by inserting the reference of the Presbytery, in the very terms in which it was laid before the General Assembly. This will indeed occupy a considerable space in our pages; but we consider it as a matter of no inferior importance that the nature of this business should be well understood in the Presbyterian Church; and we therefore bespeak a careful perusal of the following documents from all our readers, and especially from those who are office-bearers in the church.

REFERENCE OF THE CASE OF THE REV. ALBERT BARNES TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, BY THE PRESBYTERY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Resolved, That the whole of the proceedings, from first to last, of this Presbytery, in the case of the Rev. Albert Barnes, be carried by reference to the next General Assembly; and that that judicatory be, and it hereby is, respectfully

death. But in the mean time, some of his remarks on several topics, which he has connected with the Sketch of his life, will follow the above.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

MARCH, 1832.

Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE LIV.

In our last lecture, we entered on the consideration of the important doctrine of repentance, as stated in our catechism; and I proposed to make the several clauses of the answer relative to this doctrine, the subject of discussion, in the same order in which they stand in the answer itself. Without recapitulating any thing already said, I now ask your attention to the clause which states, that in repentance unto life, a sinner "doth, with grief and hatred of his sin, turn from it unto God."

There is a very striking passage in the prophecy of Zechariah, [xii. 10] which will furnish us with a just view of the chief source, and the just measure, of that grief which a true penitent will feel on account of his sin—"They shall look upon me whom they have pierced; and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first born." We know from the quotation of these words by the beloved apostle, [John xix. 37] and his referring them to the

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crucifiers of our blessed Lord, that this was intended to be their primary application: and there was a striking fulfilment of the prophecy on the day of Pentecost, when many of those who had been concerned in the actual crucifixion of Christ, "were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, men and brethren, what shall we do?" But this, though the *special*, was not intended to be the *exclusive* application of the prophecy, it was doubtless intended to exhibit the feelings of *all*, who truly repent of their sins under the gospel dispensation, in a view of their guilt as exhibited in the cross of Christ. Scott's remarks on this passage, in his commentary, is unquestionably just. He says—"Whilst we condemn the conduct of him who betrayed, and of those who crucified the Lord of glory, we shall not exculpate ourselves. We shall remember, that in fact our sins were the cause of the Redeemer's crucifixion; our ingratitude and dishonourable conduct have often tendered towards the guilt of crucifying him afresh. We may therefore all look to him whom we have pierced, and upon our sins as the thorns, the nails, and the spear. This will increase the poignancy of our sorrow and remorse, while we hope for mercy through that

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From the *Evangelical Magazine* for Oct.

ORIGINAL HYMNS.

BY THE LATE REV. MATTHEW WILKS, AFTER
SERMONS PREACHED AT TOTTENHAM
COURT CHAPEL.

I.

Text—1 Cor. ix. 12.

Go, blessed gospel, tell
The tale of Jesus' love,
Who, to redeem from hell,
Left the bright realms above;
And on the cross
For rebels died,
Sure never was
Such love beside.

Go, blessed gospel, blow
The joyful trump abroad,
To nations sunk in wo,
And weltering in their blood.
Thine is the sound
That soothes the smart,
And heals the wound
Of broken hearts.

Go, blessed gospel, spread
The feast of fattest things;
The rich provision made
By Jesus, King of kings.
Each famished mind
Invite to feed,
And let him find,
'Tis meat indeed.

Go, blessed gospel, go,
Maintain thy sov'reign way,
Nor let a mortal throw
Obstructions in thy way.
Hapless the man
Who dares prevent
This wondrous plan
To mortals sent.

W. R.

II.

Text—2 Cor. iv. 18.

Oh, for a mind to soar above!
My God! that mind bestow!
Draw me with thy sweet cords of love
From grov'ling cares below.

Swifter and swifter let me fly,
Higher and higher rise;
Until I reach beyond the sky,
And drink celestial joys.

Heaven is the home, reserved for me,
A state of perfect bliss,
Where none but happy spirits be,
Where God my Saviour is.

Swifter and swifter let me fly;
Higher and higher soar;
I long to live above the sky,
And sink to earth no more.

W. R.

Miscellaneous.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. JACOB
GREEN, A. M.

SECTION FIFTH.

(Continued from p. 55.)

Some general miscellaneous observations on my experience and past life.

I. *Respecting my experience while at college, and my conduct since.*

My exercises and manner of living since, have not been proportionate to my first exercises; or not such as might have been expected after such experience. I have been a poor, low, dull, unprofitable creature. I have been a wonder to myself, and probably to others.* I have all along found

* Those who best knew the writer of this sentence, both as a man and a minister of the gospel, had they known what

much sin unmortified. The clear, strong views I had, did not kill my sins, as I hoped they would. I have been much exercised, and had innumerable struggles with corrupt nature. I have often thought my nature so un sanctified that there was no sufficient evidence of any grace at all; and although I have generally had a hope, it has been almost against hope, because there was so much remaining corruption in me. I have often thought it strange, that

is here said, would probably have wondered that he should say it. How strong was his sense of his remaining depravity! And from what could this proceed, but from that sanctification which is the opposite of depravity? Do not the most eminent Christians always have the clearest, and most affecting, and most humbling views, of the sin that still cleaves to them?—Ed.

God should permit so much sin to remain in his children, after regeneration. It has often been to me one of the greatest mysteries and difficulties, respecting his dispensation of grace, that he who has planned and ordered all things, and proportioned grace to his children as he pleased, should give them no greater degrees of grace in general, and not make them more different from the rest of the world.

With me, there is a great difference between the views I have before God in secret, and what I am and appear to be in common. I have often such views of God, of Christ, of eternity, &c. in secret, that it seems impossible I should lose them, or not be much influenced by them in common life. Yet when I come to be among people and in common life, these views are strangely gone, and I am bashful, fearful, backward and heartless. I know not whether there ever was any body else, so different in secret and in publick as I am. I have a strange backwardness, reluctance, shyness, diffidence and timidity, as to saying and appearing among others, any thing like to the views I have in secret, or in my own soul. The fear of man, pride and shame, have greatly hurt me. I have many years lived in great hope that I should meet with something very powerful and quickening, that would give me victory over the fear of man, over the world and my various corruptions, so as to enable me to live in common and appear in publick, something according to the views and exercises I have in secret. I have sometimes had strong and almost enthusiastick persuasions that it would be so; but I have hitherto dragged on heavily, and am now a poor broken vessel, that can expect little more in this life.

II. *Concerning the methods I have taken to promote religion in my own soul.*

I have been very sensible that my own personal religion was of great importance to myself, and to others—That if any thing would help me to act up to a christian and ministerial character, it would be the life of religion in my own soul. For this purpose I have endeavoured much to know what would be the most proper means, and to use them. For many years I practised fasting once a month, and sometimes oftener. On these fasting days, I used to write my wants, or the things that I would, for each day, bear particularly on my mind before God; and having them in a number of particulars—six, eight, ten, or more—I would meditate and pray upon each one. Sometimes I used to pray as many times in the day as I had particulars; and sometimes I took several of them together. On these occasions I generally found freedom and enlargement, more or less: so that I have often been able to say, I have never found it in vain to seek the Lord. On my fasting days I commonly made and wrote a number of resolutions; but, alas! I often came short in the performance. For some years past, I have, for several reasons, not fasted as formerly, but instead of it, have spent half a day at a time, once in a while, in meditation and prayer, in the manner in which I used to spend my fasting days—Sometimes I have spent only two hours in a day in this manner.

I have found it useful and quickening, to meet with people at private meetings. For this purpose I have, with others, endeavoured to promote days of prayer, generally once a month, when my elders and I have, by turns, prayed and sung, &c. These days I have found useful in keeping up some sense of religion. But after all, I have found much sloth, unbelief, and carelessness, prevalent with me.

III. *Respecting my ministry.*

As I have already shown, I had

a great backwardness, fearfulness and even reluctance to enter into the ministry. I thought I was not fit for it—that if I had any grace, I had not sufficient for that. I was like Moses and Jeremiah—I would, if possible, have been excused. Like Jonah, I was almost ready to run away from the work. Other ministers advised me to engage in it, and I did not care to set up my own judgment entirely against theirs. And after I was in the ministry, for several years, I had much the same difficulty. I thought that I was unfit, because I had not the readiness and promptness to the work that was desirable—I moved in it under and against a great weight. I could speak but poorly in publick; and I was bashful, backward and unapt to speak in private. I often thought I would give any thing in the world if I might, consistently with duty, be free from the ministry, and be engaged in some other calling—the weight seemed too heavy for me to bear. I often had thoughts that I should be willing to have some scandalous sin falsely laid to my charge, so that I should necessarily be put out of the ministry: but I believe, upon trial, I should not have chosen it.

And now to speak my own judgment, after so long a time, I think if there were a sufficient number of persons properly qualified for the ministry, it would not be best to introduce such as I was, and have been. My being so reserved in private, and so poor a speaker in publick, with so little zeal and engagedness in the cause, renders me unfit, if there were other persons upon the whole more fit. But considering the scarcity of ministers, I know not but it may be right to introduce such as I have been.

When I had actually entered into the ministry, I considered it my duty to promote the good of the people committed to my

charge; and I studied and prayed that I might know how to be useful, and that I might be so. Besides preaching in publick, as is usual, and delivering many lectures in private dwellings, and catechising small children in various parts of the congregation, as was the common practice of ministers, I attempted several other methods of rendering myself useful to my people: not that I exceeded others, for at least some others did much the same.

One method I used was to give out questions in writing, and have a time appointed to meet the people and hear them answer the questions as they thought proper, and then to make my own observations upon them. Another method, adopted at other times, was, the people gave me questions, and I, at a time appointed, answered and discoursed upon them—something like Pike and Hayward's "cases of conscience," but much shorter. I also proposed many subjects myself to speak upon; and gave previous notice of the time when I would answer and discourse upon them. At these meetings I thought it proper to speak upon some things, and in a manner, that would not have been proper for the pulpit: And at these meetings, a free conference was allowed after I had done speaking, and the people present had liberty to propose and say what they thought proper. Another method I used was, to catechise the young people between meetings on the Sabbath. This I found was the only time I could have them together. On week days they would not attend; and after both services were concluded, some of them would go home. I used to catechise the young men on one Sabbath, and the young women the next. My method was to have the questions which I intended to ask written down; but I talked freely on the subjects brought into

view; and sometimes one question would introduce several new and unexpected ones. This practice I continued for several years, but it was laborious and trying to my constitution. Another method I took was, to visit families by name. This I did for more than a year, till I had nearly or quite gone through the congregation. I usually visited two days in the week; and on the previous Sabbath told them the families I would visit, on such or such a day—This I did that they might have opportunity to be at home. When I came to the house, and the family was collected together, I first prayed with them; and then I began with the youngest, and so proceeded on till I came to the heads of the family—asking questions and discoursing, according to their several capacities and circumstances. This method I continued but little more than a year, and once over my charge. In general, through my ministry hitherto, my visiting has been more occasional than stated—just as I have had opportunity. But I have been deficient in this duty; and in general people complain more of this deficiency in ministers than of any other.

To promote religion in our several congregations, most or all of the neighbouring ministers encouraged family meeting societies of young persons, and days of prayer. I used, when I could, to meet with these societies in my own charge, for prayer—sometimes in one part of the congregation, and sometimes in another. This I did both for my own advantage, and for the encouragement and edification of others—Another method which I, with my elders, attempted for the promotion of religion, was the care and discipline of the young people: Or more properly, of such of them as were baptised. These we looked upon as in a sort within the church, and under its care. We proceeded in

this, not without some good effect. But the want of this discipline in all the other neighbouring churches, prevented our carrying it to a proper extent. It was thought best by others that we should not, at least for the present, proceed to suspension, or cutting off from our care; and we found that without this, we could do no more than give good advice, and reprove in private. The elders and myself also tried to promote family government; and I wrote articles of agreement, by which families should concur and join in the same practice, for mutual help and encouragement to one another.

In many such ways have I endeavoured to promote religion among the people of my charge; but after all, I have done but little; not so much as was my duty to do, and the effect has been but small.*

(To be continued.)

MENTAL SCIENCE.

Doctrine of Power.

The doctrine of power is more perplexed than any other department of mental philosophy. For this reason it will require careful attention, and protract the discussion beyond what has been devoted to any other topic in this series of articles. Our present intention is to settle the doctrine, and remove some of its perplexities; reserving

* It will be recollected, as elsewhere stated, that this was written nearly thirteen years before Mr. Green's death; and that he died in the midst of a most remarkable and general revival of religion, among the people of his charge. They were ripening for the harvest, which although delayed, was at last rich and abundant—Probably no congregation in our country was composed of a better instructed people than his. Hence an entire freedom, from all that is so justly considered as exceptional and injurious, in many of those which have of late been denominated revivals of religion.—EDIT.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

APRIL, 1832.

Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE LXVI.

Having shown what are the *inward* means by which the benefits of the great redemption of Christ are to be obtained—faith and repentance—we are now to consider the *outward* means—And our Catechism teaches us, that “The outward and ordinary means whereby Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption, are his ordinances, especially the word, sacraments and prayer; all which are made effectual to the elect for salvation.”

You may observe that this answer speaks not only of *outward*, but of *ordinary* means—by which latter designation we are to understand those means which are most commonly and extensively used, and most frequently blessed, for the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints. All the ordinances of God are to be regarded, and are of great use in the church. These, in our larger Catechism, are said to be—in addition to those mentioned in the answer before us—“church government and discipline; the ministry and maintenance thereof; swearing by the name of God; and vowing

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unto him.” These, as being divine ordinances; that is, *commanded duties* in the divine word, are all to be regarded and observed, in their proper place and season; “yet *the word, sacraments and prayer*, are the *chief, or principal outward means*, for communicating the benefits of redemption.”*

The providences of God are doubtless frequently blessed, to awaken and alarm careless sinners, and to correct and recall backsliding believers; but this is done, only by leading them to reflect on their duty as taught and enjoined in the written word of God; and therefore the providences themselves, are not, in the Catechism, considered as standing on the same ground with those which are more directly means of grace.

There are two ideas of great importance, that here demand your most serious attention. The first is, that the means have no inherent efficacy in themselves, to produce the blessings of redemption—This is distinctly taught in the answer before us, where it is said that they are “*made effectual to salvation.*” *Means* are not *ends*, and are never to be rested in, till the end is attained, for which alone they are used. To this error of resting in means, there is

* Fisher.

And lo! that withering race, who fade as dew 'neath summer's ray,
 Who like the rootless weed are toss'd from their own earth away,
 Who trusted to a nation's vow, but found that faith was vain,
 And to their fathers' sepulchres, return no more again,—
 They need thy blended eloquence of lip and eye and brow,
 They need the righteous as a shield,—why art thou absent now?

Long shall thine image freshly dwell beside their ancient streams,
 Or 'mid their wanderings far and wide shall gild their alien dreams;—
 For heaven to their sequester'd haunts thine early steps did guide,
 And the Cherokee hath blest thy prayer, his cabin-hearth beside,—
 The Osage orphan meekly breath'd her sorrow to thine ear,
 And the lofty warrior knelt him down with strange, repentant tear.

I see a consecrated throng of youthful watchmen rise,
 Still girding on for Zion's sake, their heaven-wrought panoplies;—
 These in their solitudes obscure thy generous ardour sought,
 And gathering with a tireless hand, up to the temple brought;
 These, when the altar of their God they serve with hallowed zeal,
 Shall wear thy memory on their heart, an everlasting seal.

I hear a voice of wailing, from the islands of the sea,
 Salvation's distant heralds mourn on heathen shores for thee,—
 Thy constant love like Gilead's balm, refresh'd their weary mind,
 And with the holy EVARTS' name, thine own was strongly twin'd;
 But thou from their astonish'd gaze hast like a vision fled,
 Just wrapp'd his mantle round thy breast, then join'd him with the dead.

Farewell! we yield thee to the grave with many a bitter tear,
 Though 'twas not meet a soul like thine should longer tarry here;
 Fond clustering hopes have sunk with thee that earth can ne'er restore;
 Love casts a garland on thy turf that may not blossom more;
 But thou art where the dream of Hope doth in fruition fade,
 And love immortal and refined glow on without a shade.

Hartford, Feb. 12, 1832.

L. H. S.

TRANSLATION OF THE LATIN HYMN,

In the March No. of Ch. Adv.

O Lord my God, I have hoped in thee;
 O my dear Jesus, now liberate me!
 In galling chains, in grievous pains,
 With strong desire, I seek thee.
 In weakness, and groaning, and bending the knee,
 I adore, I implore that thou liberate me.

March 19, 1832.

J. C.

Miscellaneous.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. JACOB
 GREEN, A. M.

SECTION SIXTH.

(Continued from p. 102.)

Of my Tenets or Doctrinal Sentiments.

As to church government, I am a true Protestant; but am no Quaker, or Anabaptist. Nor am I an Episcopalian, according to the
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church of England; nor a Presbyterian, according to the church of Scotland. Neither am I a Congregationalist, as practised in any part of New England. I know not of any publick Formula, that fully expresses my sentiments. Dr. Watts's Treatise, entitled "*The Rational Foundation of a Christian Church*," is, in my view, the most rational and scriptural, of any thing I have seen upon

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these subjects—I am for Presbyterian ordination, and Independent church government. I would have ministers ordained by ministers; and would have every single church, or congregation, possess the whole power of managing their own ecclesiastical affairs: and when any thing is too difficult to manage among themselves, leave it to some disinterested neighbouring churches, to advise and assist them. But no Council, Presbytery, or Synod, have power to govern, or determine any thing for a particular church, any farther than that church submits or leaves the case to them.

Farther—I am so far Presbyterian, as to think that besides the minister, or teaching elder, in every church, it is proper, it is rational, useful and scriptural, to have lay elders, as well as deacons—So far as I understand their mode, the dissenting churches in South Britain, such as were those of Dr. Watts, Dr. Doddridge, and many others, were, and are, in a practice that I nearly concur with; and I suppose they find no difficulty in practising in their method.*

* The author of this sketch was plainly an Independent, or Congregationalist, in the essential principles of church government. Yet so long as he remained a member of the Presbytery of New York, into which he was introduced by his early friends and patrons, Dickinson and Burr, he never disturbed the peace, or violated the order of the church, of which he was a member: And when he thought he was called in duty to speak and act in a manner that was not Presbyterian, he sought, in a peaceful and orderly manner, a separation from that church; agreeably to a fundamental article agreed on in the year 1757, between the Synods of New York and Philadelphia, when they came together after a long separation. This article Mr. Green pleaded, and left the Presbytery to which he belonged without any censure; as did three others, who associated with him, and formed the presbytery of Morris County, of which some account will hereafter appear.

Why will not those who are now mem-

As to articles of faith, I am also a true Protestant: and I need not say I am no Arian, Socinian, Antinomian, or Arminian. From my

bers of the Presbyterian church, and whose doctrinal sentiments and congregational notions differ more widely from our standards, than did those of Mr. Green and his associates—why will they not take the same honest, frank, and consistent course, that was taken by these worthy men? Our controversy with them would cease at once, if they would place themselves where they ought to stand—by themselves. But to remain connected with a church, some of whose most important doctrines they really disapprove; and whose ecclesiastical order they dislike and endeavour to change—is this right?—If it is, we cannot tell what is wrong.

Probably some of our readers will think it a little strange that the sentiments of the Editor of the Christian Advocate, on the subject of church government, should differ so widely from those of his father—a father, he will add, whose memory he greatly loves and venerates; and whose piety he fears he shall never equal. But the Editor can only say, he hopes that in this he has endeavoured to obey the reiterated admonition of the Great Head of the church—"One is your Master, even Christ: And call no man your father upon the earth, for one is your Father which is in heaven." The deep conscientiousness of his father according to the flesh, in leaving the Presbyterian church, the Editor most fully believes; and he thinks he is himself truly conscientious, in remaining in it, and feeling an ardent attachment to it. Nor did the subject of the Sketch ever attempt to act as *father*, or *master*, in the sense of the quoted text, toward his son. In no one instance did he ever say a word, with a view to change the Presbyterian sentiments and attachments of the Editor, but left him entirely to his own opinions and choice, without the least interference or apparent reluctance. The Editor will add, that although from his first entrance on the gospel ministry, he was decidedly a Presbyterian in sentiment, yet he was inclined to a very lax administration of the Presbyterian system, till what he saw, in a journey through New England, more than forty years ago, convinced him deeply and effectually, that a strict adherence to the Standards of the Presbyterian church, both in doctrine and government, must be the rock of its peace, and the shield of its purity. In other words, he was made a rigorous Presbyterian, by observing the fearful practical evils, attendant on the ecclesiastical system of Congregationalists and Independents.

youth, I had heard much said upon the principles that are called Calvinistick and Arminian; and when I thought at all, I approved moderate Calvinism, before I had any religion: And when I got my religion in the *New Light* time,* I became a more zealous Calvinist. I had a great aversion to the opposers of New Light religion; and those opposers in New England, where I then lived, were generally supposed to be Arminian, or tinged with Arminian principles.

When I settled in the ministry, I was led into Mr. Stoddard's notions of the sacraments, by Messrs. Dickinson, Burr, and some others, that I had a high opinion of. They were, in other respects, strong Calvinists, and zealous promoters of the reformation, or New Light religion; and opposite to those that I had been troubled with as opposers in New England. Hence I was influenced to think they were right in their notions of sacraments. My prepossession in their favour, together with some plausible arguments they used, induced me to embrace Stoddard's sentiments, which before I had thought were not right; and for some time, I practised on his scheme, in the admission of church members. But my church were not generally in that opinion, and I was not

* The doctrinal opinions of the first settlers of New England were those of the old Puritans, who, it is well known, were strict Calvinists. But before the time of Whitefield, opinions which were at least more Arminian than Calvinistick, but often a heterogeneous mixture of both, were considerably prevalent; and formality in religion was still more general. Hence the genuine Calvinism of Whitefield and Tennent, and their ardent zeal for vital, practical godliness, was called *New Light*. But in the march of mind, this light has been left so far behind, that it is now considered as *Old*, and the current *New Light*, of the present day, is something, that Whitefield and Tennent, were they now alive, would denounce with all their energy.

zealous to urge Stoddard's principles.

After I had been settled a few years, I was inclined to some notions that were Arminian, or that bordered upon Arminianism; especially as to the power of the creature, the freedom of the will, the origin of action, &c. I seemed also to have some notion that there might be a degree of acceptableness to God, in the religious duties of the unregenerate; which well agreed with the Stoddardian notion of unregenerate persons covenanting, and coming to the sacraments. But I continued not long in these notions; for when I came to weigh and consider things well, I found I held several inconsistent sentiments. My sentiments in general were Calvinistick—I was founded and established in these principles; and yet I found I had, in a measure, given in to several things that were Arminian, and quite inconsistent with my Calvinistick principles. I had been inclined to such notions of human freedom, the sufficiency of the creature, origin of power, duties of the unregenerate, their covenanting and using sacraments, as were not consistent with other sentiments which I firmly believed, which I had the fullest evidence and could clearly demonstrate.

When I came to look thoroughly into things, I found that all the Arminian notions, or doctrines, were so connected that they must and would, stand or fall together—The same connexion I also found to be in Calvinistick sentiments.

Dr. Watts's *Terms of Christian Communion*; Edwards's *Inquiry concerning Qualifications for Sacraments*, and his book on *the Will*, were assistances to me in studying these points; and were a considerable means to help to bring me off from all the notions that bordered on Arminianism.

As it was with myself, so I sus-

pect it is with many others—The reason that they are partly Calvinists, and partly Arminians, is, that they dare not look the Calvinistick principles through, follow them to their source, and receive them with all their consequences. They see some of them so clearly that they cannot but believe them; but follow them a little farther, they are shocked, they appear terrible—Here they drop them, and entertain some inconsistent notions for the remainder of their creed. They believe the perfections of God, and that he foreknew all things; but when from God's foreknowledge, wisdom, power and goodness any argue that the accomplishment of all things is, and will be, according to God's plan—

Here the Sketch of Mr. Green's life, as written by himself, is abruptly terminated, by the loss of the last leaf of his manuscript. A member of the sentence which follows the above, or of which it is a part, remains, but it is not finished. Some account of the last thirteen years of his life, we hope to give in the next number of our work.

MENTAL SCIENCE.

Uses and Distinctions of Human Power.

The department of mental science, with which we head this article, is at all times important. But at this time there is an importance attached to its discussion, of absorbing interest. The philosophical speculations of the age are leading theologians astray, perverting the holy scriptures, unsettling the principles of orthodoxy, and exerting a mischievous influence in practical duties. What can, therefore, be more interesting to the Christian publick than the discussion of those points, where philosophy has concentrated its sub-

tlities and force, to undermine the truth and pervert the spirit of the gospel. This may sound to some like a tone of needless alarm, others may smile at the discomfiture of our feelings; while not a few may think we attach undue importance to the topicks, which we have promised to examine in this article. Be all this as it may, we honestly believe that orthodoxy, truth and practical godliness, are more endangered by certain philosophical speculations on the doctrine and relations of human ability, than from all other speculations of the age. There seems to us more danger of undermining the citadel of truth, by errors of this class, than by any, or all others. When an errorist attacks, directly, the doctrines of grace, such as atonement and justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ, we meet him with a "thus saith the Lord," and feel secure in the argument. But when he comes with his false philosophy, and succeeds in perverting the views of human character, sin and ability, he has fixed a standard of interpretation which he applies to the scriptures, and entirely changes the plainest declarations of God's word. By settling a principle of interpretation which disregards philology, analogy, and the *usus loquendi*, bringing language and doctrine to the test of a philosophical theory, the process of the interpreter is short, and the labour easy. It serves also to give men a vain and reckless confidence in the deductions of their own reasoning, the danger of which has been experienced in ages long since passed. But no disastrous results of former ages can alarm the speculatists of the above description. They stand upon their own imagined independence, and are intent upon some great improvements in theological doctrine. We do not suppose that all the errors in doctrine, which infest the