

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

ON

THE FAMILY OF THE JANEWAYS AND THE TIMES IN
WHICH THEY LIVED.

BY THE

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THE family of the Janeways is greatly distinguished in the annals of nonconformity for the number of its members who were devoted to the Christian ministry. Nearly all of them were eminent on account of their piety, zeal, and usefulness; and though we have reason to regret the scantiness of the materials which furnish information respecting their lives and habits, enough has been spared by time to supply a few interesting details, and to suggest important lessons to posterity. Of such men the fragments should be gathered, that nothing be lost.

The father of the more celebrated individuals, to whom we refer, was William Janeway, originally of Lilley, in Hertfordshire, but afterwards a resident in the village of Aspeden, or, as it is now called, Harpenden, to which place he removed about the year 1644. At length he became minister of Kelsall, where, after a severe spiritual conflict, he died in holy triumph, leaving a widow and eleven children. As we have not the means of tracing the particulars of his life and labours, a valuable page from the record of his dying hours, in the biography of his son John, may be introduced with advantage, and will be appreciated by the pious reader. Being under dark apprehensions of mind in his last illness, he expressed himself in the following manner to his son:—“Oh, John! this passing into eternity is a great thing; this dying is a solemn business, and enough to make any one’s heart ache, that hath not his pardon sealed and his evidences for

heaven clear. And truly, son, I am under no small fears as to my own estate for another world. Oh that God would clear his love! Oh that I could say cheerfully, I can die; and upon good grounds be able to look death in the face, and venture upon eternity with well-grounded peace and comfort!" His son, after making a suitable reply, which, however, did not restore his peace, retired to solitary prayer, earnestly imploring that his beloved father might be filled with joy in believing, as a token for good in leaving the world. These intercessions were manifestly heard and answered by a very bright beam of the divine countenance. Upon returning to his father, the son inquired how he felt himself. No answer was given; but the departing saint, though little subject to such emotions, wept for a long time, in an extraordinary manner, till at last he broke forth in the language of impassioned exultation—"Oh, son! now it is come, it is come, it is come. I bless God I can die: the Spirit of God hath witnessed with my spirit that I am his child. Now I can look upon God as my dear Father, and Christ as my Redeemer: I can now say, This is my Friend, and this is my Beloved! My heart is full; it is brim full; I can hold no more. I know now what that sentence means, 'The peace of God which passeth understanding.' I know now what that white stone is, whereon a new name is written, which none know but they who have it. And that fit of weeping which you saw me in was a fit of overpowering love and joy, so great, that I could not for my heart contain myself; neither can I express what glorious discoveries God hath made of himself unto me. And had that joy been greater, I question whether I could have borne it, and whether it would not have separated soul and body. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name, that hath pardoned all my sins, and sealed the pardon. He hath healed my wounds, and caused the bones which he had broken to rejoice. O help me to bless the Lord! He hath put a new song into my mouth. O bless the Lord for his infinite goodness and mercy! Oh, now I can die! it is nothing; I bless God I can die. I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ."

The eldest son was also named William Janeway. He was admitted to the university of Cambridge about 1650, and in all probability succeeded his father at Kelshall, as he resided there,

and was a preacher, in 1657. He does not appear to have possessed the rectory; if he did, it was only for a short time.

John Janeway, the next brother, was a most remarkable man. A tolerably full account of his life, and the circumstances of his death, written by his brother James, was some years ago republished, with a preface by the Rev. Robert Hall. He was born October 27, 1633, at Lilley, and was successively educated at Paul's School, Eton College, and King's College, Cambridge, of which he afterwards became a fellow. His reputation was so great at the period of his admission, though only seventeen years of age, that the electors contended for the honour of being his patron. Greatly advanced, however, as he was in literature, and equally distinguished for the modesty and courtesousness of his deportment, the crowning excellence of his character, decided religion, was not attained till the following year. "The Lord was pleased," says his fraternal biographer, "sweetly to unlock his heart, by the exemplary life and heavenly and powerful discourse of a young man in the college, whose heart God had inflamed with love to his soul. He quickly made an attempt upon this hopeful young man, and the Spirit of God did set home his counsels with such power, that they proved effectual for his awakening, being accompanied with the preaching of those two famous worthies, Dr. Hill and Dr. Arrowsmith, together with the reading of several parts of Mr. Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest."

No sooner did he become converted to God than he manifested the deepest interest in the spiritual condition of his brethren and friends, speaking and writing to them in terms of extraordinary urgency and power. As a fellow of a college, he used his utmost efforts to promote religion in the minds of all with whom he came in contact, and over whom he could exert the influence of a natural or official superiority. One who was intimately acquainted with him was accustomed to say that he was like deep waters that were most still—a man of hidden excellency.

Upon the recommendation of the provost of his college, he engaged for a time in the service of a family as private tutor, but ill health compelled him to relinquish his situation, and he retired to live in the country with his mother and brother. Many apprehensions were entertained that he would not live;

but not only did he enjoy a perfect peace himself, he was the consoler and instructor of others around him, and of some at a distance, by his fervent pen, winged with holy words and heavenly pleadings. After he had in some measure recovered, the author of the following treatise states his renewed earnestness in the discharge of every duty, especially prayer and meditation. "His time," says he, "for that was commonly in the evening, when he usually walked into the field, if the weather would permit; if not, he retired into the church, or any empty solitary room, where (observing his constant practice, that, if possible, I might be acquainted with the reason of his retiredness) I once hid myself, that I might take the more exact notice of the intercourse that I judged was kept up between him and God. But, oh! what a spectacle did I see! Surely a man walking with God, conversing intimately with his Maker, and maintaining a holy familiarity with the great Jehovah. Methought I saw one talking with God;—methought I saw a spiritual merchant in a heavenly exchange, driving a rich trade for the treasures of another world. Oh, what a glorious sight it was! Methinks I see him still. How sweetly did his face shine! Oh, with what a lovely countenance did he walk up and down; his lips going, his body oft reaching up, as if he would have taken his flight into heaven! His looks, smiles, and every motion spake him to be upon the very confines of glory. Oh, had one but known what he was then feeding on! Sure he had meat to eat which the world knew not of! Did we but know how welcome God made him when he brought him into his banqueting-house. That which one might easily perceive his heart to be most fixed upon, was the infinite love of God in Christ to the poor lost sons and daughters of Adam. What else meant his high expressions? What else did his own words to a dear friend signify, but an extraordinary sense of the freeness, fulness, and duration of that love? To use his own words:—'God,' said he, 'holds mine eyes most upon his goodness, and the promises which are most sure and firm in Christ. His love to us is greater, surer, fuller, than ours to ourselves. For when we loved ourselves so as to destroy ourselves, he loved us so as to save us.'"

At the age of twenty-two, he devoted himself to the Christian ministry; a work for which he was eminently quali-

fied, not only by his intellectual attainments, but more especially by the depth of his religious experience, and the ardour of his love for souls. It is remarkable, however, that he lived to preach only two sermons, the subject of which was—both being from the same text—on communion with God. But in reality, almost every day was with him a Sabbath, and every conversation a sermon. The intensity of his sympathy with the spiritual condition of others, and the moral courage which impelled him onward in the path of duty and devotedness, were such, that he never hesitated to avow whatever he deemed right, or to rebuke whatever he considered wrong. He exhibited those extremes of excellence in character which, to men of the world, appear paradoxical, but which Christianity is fully capable of displaying in perfection; the 'amb-like grace of humility, with the lion-like virtue of fearlessness.

That dreadful scourge of humanity, consumption, which had been long insidiously undermining his constitution, at length brought him to the grave in June 1657, at the early age of twenty-three. His last sickness brought out in rich and beautiful manifestation those heavenly graces that adorned his character. His death-bed was a field of triumph; and as his ardent soul approached eternity, it seemed to catch the splendours of the invisible world, and reflect their glories around the dark valley, and upon every spectator of the rapturous scene. Never, perhaps, was piety more exalted, or victory over death more complete. He could not rein in the unwonted vehemence of his affections and joy as his race was terminating, and the chariot wheels seemed, as it were, to burr for the goal.

“When one came to visit him,* and told him that he hoped it might please God to raise him again, and that he had seen many a weaker man restored to health, and that lived many a good year after: ‘And do you think to please me,’ said he, “by such discourse as this? No, friend, you are much mistaken in me, if you think that the thoughts of life, and health, and the world, are pleasing to me. The world hath quite lost its excellency in my judgment. Oh, how contemptible a thing is it in all its glory, compared with the glory of that invisible world which I now live in the sight of! And as for life, Christ

* The quotations are from his brother James's narrative.

is my life, health, and strength; and I know I shall have another kind of life when I leave this. I tell you it would incomparably more please me, if you should say to me, You are no man of this world: you cannot possibly hold out long: before to-morrow you will be in eternity. I tell you I do so long to be with Christ, that I could be content to be cut in pieces, and to be put to the most exquisite torments, so I might but die and be with Christ. Oh, how sweet is Jesus! Come Lord Jesus, come quickly. Death, do thy worst! Death hath lost its terribleness. Death; it is nothing. I say, death is nothing, through grace, to me. I can as easily die as shut my eyes, or turn my head and sleep: I long to be with Christ: I long to die.'

* * * "I verily believe that it exceeds the highest rhetoric to set out to the life what this heavenly creature did then deliver. I say again, I want words to speak, and so did he, for he said things unutterable; but yet, so much he spake, as justly drew the admiration of all that saw him; and I heard an old experienced Christian minister say it again and again, that he never saw, nor read, nor heard, the like. Neither could we ever expect to see the glories of heaven more demonstrated to sense in this world. He talked as if he had been in the third heavens."

After introducing several impassioned expressions and sentences, the biographer proceeds:—"About eight-and-forty hours before his death, his eyes were dim, and his sight much failed; his jaws shock and trembled, and his feet were cold, and all the symptoms of death were upon him, and his extreme parts were already almost dead and senseless; and yet, even then, his joys were, if possible, greater still. He had so many fits of joy unspeakable, that he seemed to be in one continued act of seraphic love and praise. He spake like one that was just entering into the gates of the new Jerusalem; the greatest part of him was now in heaven; not a word dropped from his mouth but it breathed Christ and heaven. O what encouragements did he give to them which did stand by, to follow hard after God, and to follow Christ in a humble, believing, zealous course of life, and adding all diligence to make their calling and election sure, and that when they also should find that they should have a glorious passage into a blessed eternity!

• • • “One rare passage I cannot omit, which was this: that when ministers or Christians came to him, he would beg of them to spend all the time they had with him in praise. ‘O help me to praise God; I have now nothing else to do, from this time to eternity, but to praise and love God. I have what my soul desires upon earth. I cannot tell what to pray for, but what I have graciously given in. The wants that are capable of supplying in this world are supplied. I want but one thing, and that is, a speedy lift to heaven. I expect no more here, I cannot desire more, I cannot hear more. Oh, praise, praise, praise that infinite, boundless love, that hath, to a wonder, looked upon my soul, and done more for me than thousands of his dear children. Oh, bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Oh, help me, help me, O my friends, to praise and admire him that hath done such astonishing wonders for my soul; he hath pardoned all my sins, he hath filled me with his goodness, he hath given me grace and glory, and no good thing hath he withheld from me.’”

“‘Come, help me with praises, all that’s little; come, help me, O ye glorious and mighty angels, who are so well skilled in this heavenly work of praise! Praise him, all ye creatures upon the earth; let everything that hath being help me to praise him! Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! Praise is now my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment for ever. Bring the Bible; turn to David’s Psalms, and let us sing a psalm of praise. Come, let us lift up our voice in the praise of the Most High; I with you as long as my breath doth last, and when I have none, I shall do it better.’”

He took leave of the several members of his family, one by one, in affectionate addresses. “Then,” adds his brother and biographer, “that godly minister came to give him his last visit, and to do the office of an inferior angel—to help to convey his blessed soul to glory, who was now even upon Mount Pisgah, and had a full sight of that goodly land at a little distance. When this minister spoke to him, his heart was in a mighty flame of love and joy, which drew tears of joy from that precious minister, being almost amazed to hear a man just a-dying talk as if he had been with Jesus, and come from the immediate presence of God. Oh, the smiles that were then

in his face, and the unspeakable joy that was in his heart! One might have read grace and glory in such a man's countenance. Oh, the praise, the triumphant praises, that he put up! And every one must speak praise about him, or else they did make some jar in his harmony. And indeed most did, as well as they could, help him in praise; so that I never heard nor knew any more praise given to God in one room than in his chamber.

“A little before he died, in the prayer, or rather praises, he was so wrapt up with admiration and joy, that he could scarce forbear shouting for joy. In the conclusion of the duty, with abundance of faith and fervency, he said aloud, Amen, amen!”

After contemplating such a scene of elevation and rapture, it is not easy at once to descend to the commonplaces of chronological detail, or a scanty memorial of kindred worth; but the next brother, James, the recorder of these affecting scenes, was himself a large partaker of the character of him on whose excellence he expatiates, and greatly assimilated in the joys and triumphs of his departure. Passing his name for a moment, we will refer to the next in order, Abraham Janeway. He was a preacher in London, previous to the period of the plague; but being of a contemplative turn of mind, which somewhat unfitted him for very active or public exertions, he retired with his wife to live with his mother or mother-in-law at Buntingford, in Huntingdonshire. His Presbyterian principles, however, being notorious, he was seized by Justice Crouch, under a pretence of friendship; but having made his escape from the grasp of the persecutor, he sunk under the family complaint of consumption, in September 1665. “Though he died that very week in which the plague was at the highest, (there being no fewer than 7165 persons who died of the sickness in that one week,) yet he did not die of that distemper, for which his brother and other relations were very thankful. Mr. Vincent says of him, ‘He was a righteous person, a righteous minister, a dear brother, taken away in the flower of his years. He was a merciful man, and showed great pity and compassion to souls; was earnest with them to leave their sins and close with Christ. He spent himself, and hastened his own death, to keep others from perishing everlastingly.

He was an upright man, a true-hearted Nathanael, and one of very promising hopes for very considerable usefulness.*”

Joseph Janeway was the youngest of the fraternal band, and a Conformist. In this only, we believe, did he essentially differ from the rest. It is a striking fact that all of them were consumptive, all died under the age of forty, and all were pious men.

James Janeway, to whom we cursorily referred as next in chronological order to John, and an account of whom we reserved, as being more especially connected with the present publication, was born at Lilley. He became a student in Christ-church, Oxford, in 1655, where he took the degrees in arts in due time. At the close of his pursuits in the university, he went to reside in his mother's house at Windsor, and devoted himself to private tuition. It is probable he had no benefice, but, as a Nonconformist, was silenced by the act of 1662. During the plague he was indefatigable in preaching the gospel, but escaped the contagion. As soon as he supposed the persecuting spirit of the age allowed, a chapel, or meeting-house as it was then termed, was erected for him in Jamaica Row, Rotherhithe. It was, however, pulled down by the soldiers; but the people built another on the same spot upon a larger scale. He had numerous and respectable audiences, and was the honoured instrument of effecting a great reformation in the neighbourhood.†

The high party, being exceedingly exasperated at his popularity and success, made several attempts on his life. On one occasion, as he was walking along the wall at Rotherhithe, he had a narrow escape from a shot. The bullet went through his hat, but inflicted no personal injury. At another time, the soldiers broke into his meeting-house, exclaiming, as they pressed through the crowd, “Down with him! down with him!” They jumped upon a form or bench, with the view of pulling him out of the pulpit, but providentially the bench

* Calamy's continuation of his account of Ejected Ministers. The Rev. Nathanael Vincent referred to, preached his funeral sermon, which is published at the end of a tract, entitled, “God's Terrible Voice in the City.”

† This congregation gradually declined during many years, till scarcely any hearers were left. This induced the new pastor, Dr. Flaxman, to resign in 1783, when the people dispersed. See Wilson's Hist. and Antiq. of Dissenting Churches, vol. 4.

gave way. The confusion which ensued afforded an opportunity of escape; for some of his friends threw a coloured coat over him, and put a white hat on his head. The mob, however, probably misled as to his person by the clever deception, seized upon one of his people, Mr. Kentish, and carried him away to the Marshalsea prison, where he was confined for a considerable time. It is supposed this was Mr. Richard Kentish, who had been ejected from St. Katherine's, in the Tower.* A farther attempt was made to secure him when engaged in preaching at a gardener's house. The troopers, having dismounted, rushed into the premises, but he had time to throw himself upon the ground, where his friends, intercepting the soldiers, concealed him so effectually from them, by covering him with cabbage-leaves, that he again escaped. He died in the prime of life, on March 16th, 1674, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and was buried in St. Mary's Church, Aldermanbury, near his father.†

The Rev. Nathanael Vincent, before mentioned, who appears to have been intimately acquainted with the Janeway family, preached a funeral sermon for him, entitled, "The Saint's Triumph over the last Enemy;" to which he prefixed an address to the congregation, expressive of the highest estimate of his character. "Oh," he exclaims, "what a friend did you lose when your pastor was snatched from you! You were as dear as his own soul! How did he pray, and weep, and preach, and labour, and all to this end, that you might be sincere converts, and work out your own salvation. Very few could match my brother Janeway in zeal, in compassion, in holy activity, in affection, in sincerity. He sought not yours, but you, and desired ten thousand times more to gain souls than ought beside. He endeavoured to debase the world in your esteem, and it was low in his own; he strived to raise your affections heavenward, and there was his heart and treasure. Christ he loved, in Christ he believed; Christ he preach-

* Palmer's Noncon. Memorial.

† It is perhaps scarcely worth while, even in a note, to cite the characteristic scurrility of Anthony Wood; yet it is instructive. "He set up a conventicle," says he, "at Redrift, near London, where, to the time of his death, he was much resorted to by those of his persuasion, and admired as a forward and precious young man, especially by those of the female sex." Wood's Ath. Oxon.

e. l, Christ he commended. And how did he rejoice when any that before rejected the Lord Jesus were persuaded to give their consents to him." The discourse itself is throughout an excellent specimen of Puritanic simplicity and power. It displays, moreover, a great deal of ingenuity. At the close of it he enters into considerable detail respecting his character and the circumstances of his death, the fidelity of which we cannot question. These sketches are fraught with an interest that will more than justify their transcription.

"What I have to say concerning my dear deceased brother, I shall speak in this order. I shall tell you wherein the Lord made him to excel in his lifetime, and what his carriage was at his departure.

"For the first there are those following particulars very remarkable.

"1. *Great was the sweetness of his natural temper and disposition.* And his excellence of nature was very much heightened and ennobled by the grace of God. He was far from moroseness and bitterness of spirit; candour was to be discerned in his very countenance, and by conversing with him it was much more apparent; and in his kindness and affability, and proneness to oblige, he had a design of good upon souls, for he knew he could not more oblige any than to endeavour their eternal welfare.

"2. *He made it his business to be religious.* He practised himself what he preached to others, and was a follower of Christ, as he exhorted others to follow him. His works were good as well as his words; and oh, how oft and seriously did he lift up his soul to God, desiring nothing more than to be a man and pastor after the heart of the Lord!

"3. *He was a serious mourner for the decays of godliness in this backsliding age.* How would he mention the old Puritan strictness and circumspection, and bewail the excesses and licentiousness of professors!

"4. *His heart was inflamed with love to Christ.* And though his affections were so strong and vehement, yet they were still aspiring higher. His expressions sometimes showed unusual raptures and ecstasies of love. He would beg that he might equal Paul or John, nay, the very seraphims, in loving, that he might be sick and die of love. Blessed soul, thou

hast now thy fill! Thou lovest thy Lord now, and enjoyest this love to the uttermost of thy capacity!

“5. *His bowels of compassion yearned towards immortal souls.* He knew the worth of his own, and the souls of others; and as he was acquainted with the value of souls, so he was sensible of their danger. How earnestly would he warn them to flee from future wrath! How eagerly and sweetly would he woo them to give their consents to be espoused to Christ! How admirably would he expostulate with them concerning their egregious folly in refusing! He pitied the souls of all,—old and young; nay, he was deeply concerned for little children: witness those books which he styles *tokens* for them.

“6 *He laboured abundantly, spending himself in his Master's work.* If he had wrought less, he might in all probability have lived longer; but he chose rather, like the candle, to consume, that he might give light to others. He preached, he visited, he catechised; he was instant in season, out of season; and truly the Lord honoured him exceedingly in making him instrumental to convert the profane, to strengthen the weak in grace, to speak comfortable and healing words to the distressed and wounded in their spirits.

“7 *He was a man mighty in prayer.* There was an elegant (eloquent?) fluency in his expression, both when he prayed and preached; but, oh, the spiritual and heavenly matter was most to be admired. Augustine tells us of a certain person who prayed as if he would *expirare orando*—breathe out his very soul and life in prayer, and adds, *quas tuorum preces si non has exaudis.* What supplications will be prevalent if not such as these? This may be applied to my brother Janeway. He was a mighty wrestler with God, and would not be put off without a blessing.

“8. *He was much for unity and love.* Though, according as it was foretold, love is grown so cold in most, it was warm in him. He followed peace as well as holiness, and was of a most yielding spirit, ready, as far as he might, to comply with any, rather than a breach should be or be continued.

“9. *He abounded in works of charity,* having seriously pondered that saying of our Lord, ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive.’ As he was liberal in imparting the treasure of the gospel, so of his own substance which God had given

him. It was his constant course, whatever he received, to give two shillings in the pound, that is, the tenth, unto good uses. He endeavoured to persuade others to be charitable. The widows and the fatherless had a great interest in his compassions, and may well bewail his departure, by whom now they can be no more relieved.

“10. Which crowned all his other excellences, *he was exceeding humble*. He was much in praising, admiring, and adoring God, and had very low thoughts of himself, and in honour preferred others before himself. He would say he was the least of ministers, less than the least of all saints.

“In these particulars you have something of his character, but the half has not been told you; yet enough has been said to make you sensible how heavy the stroke was which took him away. The loss of him is not only his relations' loss, but Redriff's (Rotherhithe's) loss, London's loss, England's loss, the church's loss; for he was of such a public spirit that all are like to miss him.

“In the next place, I am to speak of his carriage at his death.

“He had a great conflict with Satan sometime before his leaving the world; and truly I do not wonder that the devil should buffet him who had with such vigour and success endeavoured to overthrow his kingdom. To prepare him for the encounter, the Lord at first did shine upon his soul, and gave him some assurance that heaven was his inheritance. But afterwards there intervened a cloud, and Satan's chain was lengthened. That lion roared upon him, and endeavoured to disturb his peace. The great thing he blamed himself for was his aptness to slubber over private duties, since he was so much engaged in public work. The accuser of the brethren was very fierce in his accusations, and so far prevailed, that Mr. Janeway cried out, *I am at infinite uncertainties as to my future state. I thought I had been sincere, but Satan tells me I have been a hypocrite*; and then added, *Whatever you do, do not dally in religion; it is only godliness in the power of it that can strengthen against the fear of death*. Satan would not yet give over, but having begun to batter his faith, gives a fresh assault; then, with a mournful voice, he cried out, *Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! Infinite! Infinite!*

Infinite! Everlasting! Everlasting! Everlasting! A relation that stood by added, *An eternity of glory!* To which he replied, *Of horror! of horror! unspeakable horror!*

“This was his conflict, and truly it was a sore one. But after this blackest darkness followed the break of day. Satan prevailed so far, that he might be the more remarkably foiled, for the God of peace did ‘tread the evil one under his feet’ The Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, did visit him, and bare witness with his spirit that he was a child of God, and helped him to discern and look back upon the uprightness of his heart with satisfaction.

“Not long before he died, he blessed God for the assurance of his love, and said, *He could now as easily die as shut his eyes;* and added, *Here am I longing to be silent in the dust, and enjoying Christ in glory. I long to be in the arms of Jesus. It is not worth while to weep for me.* Then, remembering how busy the devil had been about him, he was exceeding thankful to God for his goodness in rebuking him.

“Afterwards, he brake forth, saying, though so weak, with a loud voice, *Amen! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!* and desired others to join with him; which they not presently doing, he added, *James Janeway is the only singer.* He was quickly seized upon with another rapture of joy, and thus expressed it, *Millions of praises to the most high Jehovah! Heaven and earth praise him! Ye mountains and hills praise him! All his hosts praise him! All ye saints bless him, who hath visited us in our low estate, and redeemed us unto himself! All must be ascribed to free grace, from the beginning to the end.*

“Then he begged of God that *he would bless his people, and take away animosities and names of division from among them.* These were the last words which he was heard to speak distinctly.

“Thus triumphantly he went to glory. Thus an abundant entrance was administered to him into the everlasting kingdom! But if his joy and praises were such before he was got quite thither, when he was actually come within heaven’s gate, and first saw the Lord face to face, oh, who can conceive his joy and wonder!”

To some persons it may seem mysterious that so eminent a servant of Jesus Christ should have been so agonized, as the

previous account represents him to have been, with apprehensions of an awful eternity, and with suspicions of his own sincerity in religion. But all Christians are more or less subjected to the temptations of Satan, and often the more exalted the character, the more severe is the trial. In general this may have a tendency to produce beneficial searchings of heart, and to perfect piety, by inducing watchfulness, increasing diligence and prayer. It is part of that parental discipline by which our heavenly Father trains his children for heaven, and detaches their too deeply rooted affections from the soil of earth. Rough is the instrument indeed, but kind the purpose, that plucks them up, for their predestined transplantation to a better place and more congenial skies. And they learn not to repine, and not to mistake his gracious dealings, when they realize the effects in their happy experience. Consistently with the same principle in the divine proceedings, he suffers Satan to molest, in some instances, their dying hours—it may be, to exterminate some latent evil, to subdue yet unextinguished pride, to conquer some self-seeking passion, or to give an intensity of feeling to the hour of final triumph, which shall clear the mind of every past apprehension, every recent consideration, and tend to the confirmation of religion in surviving friends and a distant posterity.

But we have not unfrequently to encounter an objection of a different kind, when the world, or even professing Christians insinuate the charge of enthusiasm against the sublime ardour of an impassioned religion. On this subject we may quote the observations of a distinguished writer, in his brief preface to the modern edition of John Janeway's life, as equally applicable to the closing scene of James, as just narrated. "I am aware that some will object to the strain of devout ecstasy which characterizes the sentiments and language of Mr. Janeway in his dying moments; but I am persuaded they will meet with nothing, however ecstatic and elevated, but what corresponds to the dictates of Scripture and the analogy of faith. He who recollects that the Scriptures speak of a *peace which passeth all understanding*, and of a *joy unspeakable and full of glory*, will not be offended at the lively expressions of those contained in this narrative; he will be more disposed to lament the low state of his own religious feeling, than to suspect the

propriety of sentiments the most rational and scriptural, merely because they rise to a pitch that he has never reached. The sacred oracles afford no countenance to the supposition that devotional feelings are to be condemned as visionary and enthusiastic, merely on account of their intenseness and elevation: provided they be of a right kind, and spring from legitimate sources, they never teach us to expect they can be carried too far. David danced before the Lord with all his might, and when he was reproached for degrading himself in the eyes of the people, by indulging these transports, he replied, "If this be to be vile, *I will yet make myself more vile.*" That the objects which interest the heart in religion are infinitely more durable and important than all others, will not be disputed; and why should it be deemed irrational to be affected by them in a degree somewhat suitable to their value, especially in the near prospect of their full and perfect possession? Why should it be deemed strange or irrational for a dying saint, who has spent his life in the pursuit of immortal good, to feel an unspeakable ecstasy at finding he has just touched the goal, finished his course, and in a few moments is to be crowned with life everlasting? While he dwells on the inconceivably glorious prospect before him, and feels himself lost in wonder and gratitude, and almost oppressed with a sense of his unutterable obligations to the love of his Creator and Redeemer nothing can be more natural and proper than his sentiments and conduct. While the Scriptures retain their rank as the only rule of faith and practice; while there are those who feel the power of true religion, such death-bed scenes as Mr. Janeway's will be contemplated with veneration and delight. It affords no inconsiderable confirmation of the truth of Christianity, that the most celebrated sages of Pagan antiquity, whose last moments have been exhibited with inimitable propriety and beauty, present nothing similar nor equal, nothing of that singular combination of humility and devotion, that self-renouncing greatness, in which the creature appears annihilated, and God all in all. . . .

"Let me be permitted, however, to observe, that the experience of Mr. Janeway in his last moments, while it develops the native tendency of Christianity, is not to be considered as a standard to ordinary Christians. He affords a

great example of what is attainable in religion, and not of what is indispensably necessary to salvation. Thousaunds die in the Lord, who are not indulged with the privilege of dying in triumph. His extraordinary diligence in the whole of his Christian career, his tenderness of conscience, his constant vigilance, his vehement hunger and thirst after righteousness, met with a signal reward, intended, probably, not more for his own personal advantage, than as a persuasion to others to walk in his steps. As he was incessantly solicitous to improve his graces, purify his principles, and perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord, no wonder he was favoured with an abundant entrance into the joy of his Lord. *He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.***

Of the various publications issued by Mr. Janeway,† the most celebrated are the "Token for Children," and "Heaven upon Earth." The former obtained a wide circulation during the author's lifetime, and has ever since continued to interest and benefit our juvenile population. With the latter we have now more immediate concern, as being republished in the present volume. It is not free from the defects which characterize the writings of that age; but though somewhat quaint, immethodical, and prolix, it is replete with sterling sense and powerful appeal. Few pious persons can read it without benefit; and could the irreligious be persuaded to peruse its pages, we should anticipate a happy result. He who could have written thus must have been an excellent Christian and a sound divine.

It appears from the epistle to the reader, that the events which most deeply impressed Mr. Janeway's mind, and were the immediate occasion of his composing this treatise, were *the*

* Robert Hall.

† 1. Heaven upon Earth. 2. Token for Children; in two parts. 3. Death Unstung; a Funeral Sermon for Thomas Mousley, an Apothecary. 4. Invisible Realities, demonstrated in the holy Life and Death of Mr. John Janeway, 1673. 5. The Saints' Encouragement to Diligence in Christ's Service, 1673. 6. Legacy to his Friends; containing 27 famous Instances of God's providence In and about sea dangers and deliverances, 1674. 7. Saints' Memorials, 1674. 8. The Duties of Masters and Servants; a Sermon in supplement to Morning Exercises, 1674. 9. Man's last End; a Funeral Sermon on Ps. lxxxiv. 8, 1676. 10. The Murderer punished and pardoned; with the Life and Death of T. Savage.

Plague and the Great Fire of London. The former took place in 1665; the latter in the autumn of 1666. These domestic incidents were accompanied by others of a calamitous nature, affecting the social condition of the people, and the political welfare of the empire. Seldom, indeed, have the clouds gathered more thickly over the land, or burst in more alarming tempests. Political misrule, ecclesiastical oppression, and court profligacy, darkened the whole scene; while Providence spoke in accents of thunder to a nation that seemed to be doomed to destruction.

The times of Charles the Second were replete with manifold evidences of the great mistake of the Restoration, while the Church of God, though at first filled with dismay, soon found occasion to display the sublimity of her character, in consequence of the Act of Uniformity in 1662. Never was there a severer attack upon conscience, and never a nobler victory achieved, without a battle or a sword. Persecution issued her edict, and Christianity went forth armed with glory and honour, in the persons of her two thousand self-denying heroes, who, like their renowned predecessors, "rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Jesus."

Some time afterwards, the Conventicle Act was passed, by which the Nonconformists were prohibited from attending any places of worship excepting those of the established religion, without incurring, by a graduated scale of punishment, various and monstrous penalties. The execution of this edict having been committed to the King's forces, as well as the civil authorities, the prisons soon became crowded with the victims of fanatical intolerance and military despotism. In Scotland, its atrocious oppressiveness chiefly affected the Presbyterians. "Invigorated," says an able historian, "by the Scotch Conventicle Act, Archbishop Sharp 'drove very violently,' establishing what proved to be a high commission court,—one of the worst tyrannies cast down by the civil war,—and persecuting his former brethren of the kirk without pity, and without calculation of the personal danger he was thereby incurring. The aspiring churchman, not satisfied with his immense and unconstitutional ecclesiastical powers, attempted to get himself made the head of the law in Scotland; and though he failed in this,

his creature, the Lord Rothes, was made Chancellor; and Rothes browbeat the magistrates and lawyers, and twisted the law as Sharp thought fit. The prisons in Scotland were soon crammed like those of England, the prisoners meeting with still worse usage. Sometimes they were fined, and the younger sort whipped about the streets. Troops were quartered throughout the country to force the people to respect the bishops, the liturgy, and the new-imposed Episcopalian preachers. These troops were commanded by Sir James Turner, 'who was naturally fierce, but he was mad when he was drunk, and that was very often.' He scoured the country, and received such lists as the new ministers brought him of those who would not go to church, and use the Book of Common Prayer; and then, without any proof or legal conviction, he fined them according to their substance or his own caprice, and sent soldiers to live upon them till the fines were paid."•

At this crisis a Dutch war commenced, in consequence of the seizure of some of their settlements on the coast of Africa. The commercial jealousy of the merchants of England, the mercenary spirit of the king, and the pride of the people, conspired to stimulate this hostility; supplies were voted, and fleets prepared. But this direful moment of a nation's fury was signalised by a nation's humiliation; for what has been emphatically termed *the Plague of London* broke out, by which calamity thousands and tens of thousands perished. Thus were the circumstances analogous to those of Greece, when, about four hundred and thirty years before the Christian era, a plague raged at Athens, the most dreadful perhaps recorded in history, while the Peloponnesians, under the command of Archidamus, laid waste the surrounding territory.

It appears from authentic documents, that the plague was imported from Holland, the prohibition of parliament to introduce merchandise from that then infected country having been in some instances disregarded. The evil was small in its commencement, but rapid in its diffusion. At the close of 1664, two or three persons died suddenly in Westminster, and upon examination, it proved to have been occasioned by this fearful malady. Many of their neighbours, seized with alarm, instantly removed into the city; but instead of escaping from

• Pict. Hist. of England, vol. lili. p. 691.

the calamity, carried it with them, and multiplied its horrors by spreading it on every hand. Though somewhat checked for a season by measures taken to prevent intercommunication as far as possible, and by the severities of a hard winter, it re-appeared in the middle of February 1665, when it was a second time checked; but in the ensuing April, it broke out with renewed power and malignity. A very large proportion of the houses in the city were shut up, having this deprecating inscription, in conspicuous letters, on their walls, "The Lord have mercy upon us!" But the plague-monster heeded not these precautions, or these ominous tablets; on the contrary, he continued to slay his thousands, and achieved his direful conquests by the pent-up air generating the contagion, or imparting to it an unwonted intensity of destructive strength. While many perished, others, forcing their way out in utter despair, spread abroad the virus, and scattered mischief, misery, and death wherever they flew. At the height of the disorder, the carts moved about, creaking and rumbling through every part of the metropolis, with each its melancholy tinkling death-bell, while the grave-diggers uttered, in sepulchral tone,—“Bring out your dead!” Where the feet of many generations had multitudinously and joyously pressed the ground, for business, for mirth, or the thousand purposes of life, the grass grew in the untrodden street; the clergy forsook their pulpits, and desolation and ghastly horror sat enthroned amidst the moanings of living agony, and the awful silence of the piled-up monumental dead. All men became naturally anxious to escape from this region of woe; merchants and owners of ships sought a refuge on board their respective vessels in the river, at Greenwich, Woolwich, and other places, while others rushed to distant parts of the country, to find a secure asylum.

It is observable that while the pulpits of the regular clergy were vacated, and their usual sphere of labours entirely abandoned, the persecuted Nonconformists re-entered the very churches from which they had been driven, and, inspired with the love of souls, hesitated not to face the formidable danger and to administer spiritual instruction to the sick and dying. “Knowing the terrors of the Lord,” they sought even then “to persuade men;” and with a moral heroism that brightly displayed the character of true Christianity, they stood in the

very territories of the pale monarch with his spectral terrors, to exhibit the Cross and proclaim the great salvation.

At this very moment, incredible as it may seem, the King of England, having with his minions removed to Oxford from dread of the plague, not only continued his dissolute course of life, but devised, with the aid of his court, clergy, and parliament, another scheme of vengeance against the very men who had been expelled from their benefices, and were now acting as the ministering angels of heaven's beneficence to the perishing subjects of the realm, by enacting the Five Mile Act, the object of which was to make it penal for any Non-conformist minister to teach in a school, or come within five miles (except as a traveller) of any city, borough, or corporate town, or any place whatever in which he had preached or taught since the passing of the Act of Uniformity, unless he had previously taken the oath of non-residence. Not satisfied with this, a bill was brought into the House of Commons, for imposing the oath of non-resistance upon the whole nation, which the Oxford parliament would have passed, but for the remarkable circumstance of Peregrine Bertrie being that morning only introduced into the House by his brother, made Earl of Lindsay, and Sir Thomas Osborne, then created Lord Treasurer Danby, who gave their votes against it: thus, as it has been said, "three voices had the merit of saving their country from the greatest ignominy that could have befallen it—that of riveting as well as forging its own chains." In reference to this melancholy state of affairs, Baxter exclaims, "So little did the sense of God's terrible judgments, or of the necessities of many hundred thousand ignorant souls, or the groans of the poor people for the teaching which they had lost, or the fear of the great and final reckoning, affect the hearts of the prelatists, or stop them in their way."

The Dutch war was not only prolonged, at this crisis, but attended by a new calamity to England, the junction of the French with their enemies. Fleets were prepared on either side, and met in hostile array. The Duke of Albemarle and Prince Rupert were the British commanders, and the celebrated De Ruyter and Van Tromp headed the antagonist force. A sea-fight ensued of four days; one of the most memorable engagements in English history. Two circumstances suffi-

ciently elucidate the madness of the individuals in these national struggles. When, on the third morning, the English fleet was retreating towards the Dutch coast, Albemarle declared to the Earl of Ossory, one of the undaunted devotees of human glory, then on board with the admiral, that he was resolved rather to blow up the ship and perish gloriously, as he termed it, than yield to the enemy. Lord Ossory fully concurred in this desperate purpose! Subsequently, when De Ruyter was worsted, and the Dutch fleet scattered, he exclaimed, with burning indignation, as he yielded, "My God! what a wretch am I! Among so many thousand bullets, is there not one to put an end to my miserable life?" Here are sayings and doings considered worthy of celebration by the political historians of mankind, and which will ever be lauded by those who coalesce with the spirit of the world, by confounding glory with pride, and greatness with ambition; but bring into comparison the character and conduct of those who, with a courage as undaunted, but a principle more godlike, rushed from safety to peril, on the noble enterprize of saving the plague-smitten population of the metropolis, though denounced and insulted by a nation's monarch and a nation's parliament for their heretical benevolence; and the zeal of the piety will appear as superior to the heroism of war, as that which is divine and immortal surpasses that which is earthly and vanishing away.

While this miserable contest continued with various success, another awful visitation of Providence took place, to which Janeway solemnly refers in his epistle to the reader:—"The voice of the Lord was not heard, the language of the plague was not understood; wherefore the dreadful Jehovah spake louder and louder, as he did once from Mount Sinai, in fire, flame, and smoke;—he rode in a chariot of flaming fire, whilst the bells did ring their own knells as they were tumbling; and it is to be feared, were more melted at the anger of the mighty God, than thousands of hard-hearted men and women were. The leads of the churches were dissolved into showers more easily far than stupid professors that were wont to sit under them. That was a black cloud indeed which no wind could blow over till it fell in such scalding drops."

The *fire of London* broke out in the night, between the

second and third of September, at a baker's shop, near London Bridge. The summer had been intensely hot, and the city being chiefly constructed of timber, the fire, aided by a violent wind, spread with irresistible rapidity, till four hundred streets, comprising thirteen thousand houses, became one vast heap of ruin. It was only at last arrested by the blowing-up of houses. "The fire and the wind," says Clarendon, "continued in the same excess all Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, till afternoon, and flung and scattered brands burning into all quarters; the nights more terrible than the days, and the light the same,—the light of the fire supplying that of the sun." He observes, moreover, "let the cause be what it would, the effect was very terrible; for above two parts of three of that great city were burned to ashes, and those the most rich and wealthy parts of the city, where the greatest warehouses and the best shops stood. The Royal Exchange, with all the streets about it, Lombard Street, Cheapside, Paternoster Row, St. Paul's Church, and almost all the other churches in the city, with the Old Bailey, Ludgate, all Paul's Churchyard, even to the Thames, and the greatest part of Fleet Street, all which were places the best inhabited, were all burned, without one house remaining. The value or estimate of what that devouring fire consumed, over and above the houses, could never be computed in any degree." It is not easy to conceive the sublime aspect of such a conflagration, although we may imagine a circumference of several miles blazing with flame and smothered with smoke, so dense and voluminous, as to render every object frightful, with a lurid glare, and every moving inhabitant a spectre. The orb of day appeared like a fiery Mars, and the stars of night were darkened. One of the great city buildings, Guildhall, is represented as having exhibited a curious and magnificent spectacle. The oak of which it was built was too solid to be enflamed, but burnt like charcoal; so that for several hours the whole edifice seemed like an enchanted palace of gold or burnished brass.

As the mind is naturally more impressed with particular statements than general descriptions, it may be desirable to furnish the reader with some particulars of the damage that ensued.

Thirteen thousand two hundred houses, at twelve years' purchase, supposing the rent of each			
L.25 sterling,	L.3,960,000	0	0
Eighty-seven parish churches, at L.8000,	696,000	0	0
Six consecrated chapels, at L.2000,	12,000	0	0
The Royal Exchange,	50,000	0	0
The Custom House,	10,000	0	0
Fifty-two Halls of Companies at L.1500 each,	73,000	0	0
Three City Gates, at L.3000 each,	9,000	0	0
Jail of Newgate,	15,000	0	0
Four stone Bridges,	6,000	0	0
Sessions House,	7,000	0	0
Guildhall, with the Courts and Offices belonging to it,	40,000	0	0
Blackwall Hall,	3,000	0	0
Bridewell,	5,000	0	0
Poultry Compter,	5,000	0	0
Wood Street Compter,	3,000	0	0
St. Paul's Church,	2,000,000	0	0
Wares, household stuff, money, and moveable goods lost or spoiled,	2,000,000	0	0
Hire of porters, carts, waggons, barges, boats, &c., for removing goods,	200,000	0	0
Printed books and paper in shops and warehouses,	150,000	0	0
Wine, tobacco, sugar, &c., of which the town was at that time very full,	1,500,000	0	0
	L.10,689,000	0	0*

If ever a nation were addressed by the Invisible God, it was surely at that period; and if ever a nation disregarded the appeal, it was then, when plague, and war, and conflagration failed to turn them from their iniquities. Notwithstanding the enkindled zeal and the pious activity of a few of the consecrated children of God, irreligion continued its unimpeded progress among the people, and that, too, under the very forms of sanctity; and profligacy maintained its triumph-

* Ency. Brit. Art. London.

ant sway among the great. The court renewed, if, indeed, it had ever suspended, its revels; the king and parliament pursued their domestic warfare, the multitude hurried again to the indulgence of their religious prejudices, their political subserviency, and their personal vices. He who had spoken from heaven was not heard; and in refusing to speak again, his silence seemed to indicate they were to be abandoned to the most awful of destinies, to be providentially "let alone." All were frightened by the tempest; but when it had passed, few appeared to be benefited. It is no wonder, therefore, that these should have been characterized by our author, in connection with his own sufferings, as "the worst of times."

In reviewing the history of the two disastrous events which have been noticed—the plague and the fire—we are aware that many might be disposed to contend the point of their being judicial or providential visitations, and to maintain that the manner of their origin in either case proves them to have been accidental. And this is their favourite method of interpreting occurrences which they find recorded in past ages, as well as others with which their own experience has rendered them conversant. For their sakes, therefore, and equally for the confirmation of believers, it may be well to devote a few words to the subject.

An accurate use of terms is essential to correct ideas. On this account we would distinguish between *accidental* and *fortuitous* circumstances. The former term may not be, as Christians often deem it, objectionable, when we attach to the use of it that restricted view of its meaning which it may fairly claim. Let it be understood to designate an occurrence, simply sudden, unexpected, and unforeseen, or unavoidable by calculation. This, it will be seen, has relation strictly to human agency or human anticipation. In this sense, it does not in the least interfere with any notion we may entertain of a divine superintendence and appointment. What may be accidental to our ignorance, is perfectly in the order of a fixed providential law to His wisdom. But when fate or chance is involved in the use of any expression or word, another and objectionable sentiment is introduced. This enters into the conception of an event as fortuitous. It takes it out of the system of order, and puts it into the chaos of casualties. It

denies the regularity of an infinitely extended and perfect disposition of the universe. If, therefore, by saying that an occurrence was accidental, it be simply meant—as we think the term may properly mean—that it was beyond the power of man to prevent, or out of the reach of his sagacity to foresee, no reflection is cast upon that great Being who “orders all things according to the counsel of his own will;” but if, by affirming it to have been fortuitous, it is intended to detach it from the immediate hand and direction of God, from his pre-meditative plan, the notion is plainly false and atheistical. Under this impression, we should say that the communication of the plague by a bale of goods or other trifling importation, or the setting fire to London by the ignition of a little combustible matter in a baker’s shop, by the flame of a candle or the spark from an oven, was in either instance accidental, but not fortuitous; there was in it much of the uncalculating carelessness of man, but nothing, as it regards the Supreme Disposer, of uncertainty, unexpectedness, and chance.

Our weak minds are apt to view things which are essentially, that is, providentially the same, in a different manner, according to their comparative magnitude. It seems to us as if that which was small and insignificant in itself were less the object of attention to the universal Ruler, than that which is apparently and imposingly great. The fall of a sparrow and the rise of an empire are two events which, as to their importance, seem to be in striking contrast; and while many a mind is ready to admit the theory of a providence in relation to the latter, on account of its vastness, its complicated relations, and its mighty influence upon the affairs of mankind, the sense of littleness in the former instance induces the presumption that it must of necessity be overlooked as nothing in the government of Omniscience. But this is neither a scriptural nor a rational conclusion.

Admitting that the world is not abandoned by its Creator, it is as conceivable that he should exercise the most minute and detailed inspection as the most general. We are indeed soon perplexed by multiplicity, and confused by number; the power of combination is in us extremely imperfect, and hence we acquire knowledge by very slow degrees; it is only step by step that we ascend, and owing to the obstacles that occur,

the misconceptions to which we are ever liable, the prejudices we have to surmount, the intricacies of error we have to disentangle, and the brevity of human life, it is not possible even for the greatest genius to attain to any considerable elevation, before the shadows of the last evening overtake him. But since everything is fully known, and known at once, by the Divine mind, it cannot be more difficult, consequently is not less probable, that all the separate points in universal nature should be carefully observed, all the movements and changes that spring from material combinations, and all the proceedings of intelligent beings should be regulated, than that any *one* point is seen, any *one* movement ordered, any *one* proceeding directed. It is no greater exertion of mind to Omniscience to superintend each subdivision of existence than to direct the whole; nor can any confusion arise from such an observance to perplex an Infinite Intelligence.

Unquestionably too, an equal *necessity* is apparent in either case. General harmony must result from particular order: the machine cannot produce the expected result, unless the intermediate movements are correct; the chorus will not be complete if the separate parts be ill adjusted, or any one be entirely omitted. Supposing a general providence to superintend the universe at large in such a manner as to effect the happiest final issue, such a termination can only be secured by "making ALL THINGS work together" for the ultimate "good." Disarrangement in the least thing must be prevented, or the mighty thread of events would soon become entangled, and disastrous consequences ensue; but such mischief can only be avoided by the unsleeping vigilance of an all-seeing eye, watching the minutest circumstance, and the perpetual control of an omnipotent arm, regulating the most insignificant event. We are therefore compelled to the conclusion that either God is in all things, or there is no God.

It may be said that this or that evil results immediately from the folly, incaution, or passion of an individual, as we see in tracing the origin of the plague and conflagration in 1666. It may be said—and analogous questionings are frequently indulged—*if* some careless man in Holland, evading law and seeking to gratify his mercenary spirit, had not contrived to transmit infected goods to London, the plague would

not have existed ; *if* something inflammatory had not caught in the baker's premises, perhaps by a puff of air upon a spark or an incipient flame, the great fire would not have happened : be it so ; admit these suppositions, and the consequences they imply ; we maintain there is nothing in them fairly to impugn the doctrine of providential superintendence, which is the doctrine of divine foresight and moral government.

The Supreme Intelligence must necessarily know the future actions of men, the train of causes which lead to them, and the manner in which their passions, with their seemingly contingent effects, will, under all imaginable circumstances, operate. That which to the view of a finite mind is future, is to the infinite one perfectly and fully present ; since past, present, and future, are terms expressive simply of our ignorance or imperfection of knowledge : and this supposition does by no means interfere with the freedom of human action ; for the nature of an action as morally good or bad, or only neutral, can suffer no alteration through being foreknown.

There is besides no difficulty in the supposition, that men may be placed in the world successively in such situations in point of time, connexions, and other circumstances, that their whole conduct may coincide with the minutest arrangements of that foresight which is attributable to the Deity, and that order which he has established. It is reasonable to imagine this without supposing any infringement of human liberty, because the very carelessness of human inconsideration, and the very excesses of the passions may be made to subserve the purposes of God, as well as the diversified capacities, rank, possessions, and influence of individuals ; so that there may be good instead of evil, even in what we deem simply evil, by the counter-workings of unthought-of agencies, still specially designed,—as the very plague of London itself became the means of calling into operation a ministerial instrumentality, not otherwise likely, or perhaps possible, to have been employed, which, in the conversion of many souls, produced results the most glorious, and having their far-reaching influences beyond all calculation into eternity. Thus, as the contrary movements of a machine, though confusing to the eye of an unskilled spectator, are prepared for by the contriver to promote the ultimate effect so each material change ;

or, if you will, accidental occurrence, every action, with all its tendencies and consequences, every passion, with all its irregularities, constitute together the several parts of a complex but harmonious system. It may be assumed, therefore, as essential to the perfection of the great economy of the universe, that, while every person, in every age, is fulfilling, or aiming to fulfil, his own wishes, the MIND that rules over all is limiting to its proper sphere the exertions of the individual by invisible agencies, without interfering with his volitions; and every particular aim and effort is so ordered, as to render its occurrence an indispensable link in the chain of events.

The suggestions of reason are substantiated by the declarations of Scripture. The whole volume is, in fact, a history of providence, unfolding its evidences and characteristics in the phenomena of nature and the affairs of the church—in the walking pestilence, the exterminating war, the prevailing prayer, the progression of things in revolving ages. The doctrine of providence—a providence at once powerful, boundless, and gracious—has been written in the arrested sun of Gibeon and the awe-stricken moon of the valley of Ajalon, in the bright stars that fought against Sisera, in the commissioned stone that flew from the sling of David to the head of the giant of Philistia, in the edicts that dismissed Vashti and called Esther to the court of Ahasuerus, in multiplied and ever-multiplying events, great and small, and especially and above all, in the birth, life, death, and triumphs of Him in whom was revealed the great mystery of ages and the mercy of Heaven. This providence is represented in the dream of Jacob, in the wheels of Ezekiel, in the language alike of the Old Testament and the New; and, with its attendant constellations of grace and promise, is the pole-star of the believer across the deeps of life, till he obtain “an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”