

Dissenters) how much they have blinded the Eyes and imbitter'd the Hearts of those that call God Father, and so shou'd each other brother; 'tis strange, that when Christianity obligeth its Professors to bear with one another, to speak no Evil, to think no Evil, to forgive Injuries, yea to requite and overcome them with Good, that they shou'd practice the contrary to these Precepts, they do not perceive it, altho' they have them often in their Mouths: Each Side believes the other hath too little Charity to be religious, neither thinks they as much want Zeal, and neither betray a greater defect of both than by thus censuring each other. What strange Ideas does the Passions and Interests of Men create? But Distempers excepted (which their Affections make undiscernable, they sometimes adopt them into Religion) in all things else the Clergy of both Sides approve themselves eminent Patterns of Wisdom and Piety, and 'tis not easie to say (as you see by my POEM entitl'd *Unlearn'd and Distinguish'd*, as well as by that I entitle *The Learning Doctors*) which deserve most Commendation.

In my own Part, I so adhere to neither, as to swallow down the Errors of the one (as far as I can discern them) or to reject things establish'd in the other; neither wou'd I have Objects, that are faulty in themselves, appear deform'd to me, thro' the Fault only of a distemper'd Organ, or Medium; I know the God of Wisdom and Peace, can make a sweet Harmony out of these discordant Sounds, and I humbly pray him to do it. In the mean Time, I cannot say with a Monopoly of God's free Grace, and dare not think he favours not a Person whom he hath not priviledg'd with a deeper Understanding of some Points, which it may be I count of greater Importance than they are — I cannot think it a Piece of Religion to excommunicate from Christ, such as will not subscribe to every one of the Articles; but am conscious to so many Errors, speculative and practical, in my self, that I know not how to be severe towards

them, Gentlemen, I have trespass'd so far on your Patience as to tell you why I resolve to live and die a True (that's Moderate) Churchman, and I expect Abundance of Enemies for being thus under-learned; for I know my Notions of Moderation will displease the furious Bigots of all Parties. 'Tis true; (as Dr. Fuller observes) "Once in an Age the Moderate Man is in Fashion, each Excessor courts him to make 'em Friends — But 'tis the Fate of the Moderate Man (like him that dines in the MIDDLE of a long Table, and can't REACH the Principal Dish, either at the upper or lower End) to rise often with a hungry Belly; and therefore will be no surprize to me, if I find the Reward so commonly bestow'd on such as write Irenicums, for adjusting and compounding religious Matters, i. e. To be pinch'd on both Sides. The Antefigures that lead contending Parties, tho' all so Pieces in every thing, yet can meet and hold together, like Sampson's Foxes, to carry away the Brands, and set the Fields all in a Flame. I know what the

Moderate Man uses to be taken for, among such furious Drivers. But I must beg their Pardon, if I cannot take them for any of the best 'u'ge. I had much rather be determin'd by that most Reverend and Renowned Primat: (whose great Soul much disdain'd mean Service of our Squabbling Controversies, that fill the Church with en'el's Noise, and Heat, and other, about the Mint, Annule Cummin: But was for having all such Stones bury'd before his own) and I cannot forbear to quote a Golden Paragraph, worthy of such excellent Author, in his Preface to a Collection of Bishop Waukins Sermons, vindicating the most deserved Fame of that Right Reverend Prelate; says he, I purposely mention his Moderation, and likewise adventure to commend him for it; notwithstanding this Virtue, so much esteem'd and magnify'd by wise Men, all Ages, has of late been declaim'd against with so much Zeal and Fierceness, and yet with that good Grace and Confidence as if it were not only no Virtue but even the Sum and Abridgement of all Vices. I say, notwithstanding this, I am still of the old Opinion, That Moderation is a Virtue, and one of the peculiar Ornament and Advantages of the excellent Constitution of our Church, and must at last be the Temper of our Members; especially the Clergy, if ever we seriously intend the firm Establishment of this Church, and do not industriously design, by cherishing Heats and Divisions among our selves, to let in Popery at those Breaches.

Gentlemen, I break not in upon any thing that is establish'd, conform to whatever for Decency and Order is appointed; being satisfy'd that I can be a Member of the Church of England, and the Lord's Free-man: Yea, whenever I look towards Rome, (as the Words of an eminent Conformist) "I cannot but bless his Name" that by the Grace of God I am where, and what I am — But I do not think they are true to their Lord, nor just to their Church, nor yet to their Brethren, who wou'd have Men under their Girdle, where the Law and the Church both has left them at Liberty. But cou'd I speak an Angel for Moderation, and in Defence of the Controversies of Nonconformists\*, from Men of narrow Souls and stingy Principles (that are under the Power of false Notions, and bound up in superstitious Fetters) I expect hideous Outcries of Loose Doctrine and a Door open'd to all Vickedness, by defending such Moderate Principles, I hear and smile, when I know some of the most Libertines in Practice, to be the most nice and straight Men, for certain Modes and Opinions. They can make but take all loose Liberties in their Conversation and Manners, go so far this way, that they must be Men of large Consciences and have as little of God's holy Fear. but dare venture to rebuke them: And yet at the same Time, and in the midst of all their Liberties and Excusses, who more busy to find great Fault with much

\* The Name of a Book Printed for Mr. Robinson in St. Church-yard.

themselves? and make heavy Complaints and Tragical Exclamations of the insufferable Boldness and Laxity of all that are not such Servers of Times and Places, Words and Forms, Gestures and Actions, as themselves, nor jog along just in their very Mode; as if one had lost his Way, and none cou'd possibly be sav'd, that was exactly like them. Whereas, God help them that do: For how worse and sadder wou'd it be with the World, than it is, if we had no better Patterns, in the Lives of the Moderate, Conformists, and Dissenting Clergy, than is to be found amongst Pick-thiefers, when dignify'd with a Gown and Cassock?

And this, Gentlemen, in Reality, is my Reason for being thus visible to all Parties: And as some of all Parties have gone astray, I attack the Episcopal O—— the Independent L—— the Presbyterian B—— and the Anabaptist C—— are four little Poems) so the sad Thoughts of such scandalous Falls shou'd raise the Shame of such Men, who like the Dissenting Doctors characteriz'd in this Poem keep themselves unsupported from the like Errors. I pray, from the like Errors; for as high Flights as Poetry allows of, I profess I don't know one Dissenting Minister in the following Poem, whose Pious and Generous Soul has any thing in it sublime, or mean, save Jeffery Stevens; and I am apt to think I have convinc'd him of his Mistake (in his Self-justification) to repair the Damage I complain of with all the Honour and Fidelity possible — But for you, his Reverend Brethren, to do you Justice, I say that is selfish and narrow " is really below you, as Gentlemen, as well as Christians — Or if any one of the Dissenting Clergy excell the rest, 'tis Mr. Henry, Mr. Pomfret, Mr. Reynolds, and Mr. Stennet. The first, for his universal Learning, his excellent Comment on the Old Testament: The second, for his ready and pure Charity: The third, for his great Humility and Sweetness of Temper: And the last, for his eminent Wit and Piety; for which I judge no Man will think himself reflected on, if I say Mr. Henry, Mr. Pomfret, Mr. Reynolds, and Mr. Stennet, are EQUAL: But in Learning, Clergymens Excellencies are as their Genius leads — some are great Linguists, some are great Preachers, and some nice Disputants; and therefore (as far as is in my Power) I have let no Dissenting Minister want his Share in the following Poem; which tho' it no ways deserves the PATRONAGE, 'twill serve to convince the World (and I hope I shall) how much I am,

REVEREND GENTLEMEN,

Your most Obliged,

And very Humble Servant,

# The DISSENTING DOCTORS

“ **A**S joyful Nature (who ’till then lay mute)  
 “ Did the first Sun’s exalted Beams salute,  
 “ So *BRITAIN* rescu’d from the sullen Cloud  
 “ That seem’d her new created Face to shroud,  
 “ Beholds (at once transported and amaz’d)  
 “ To proper Spheres her brightest Planets rais’d,  
 For *Williams, Calamy, Oldfield*, now are DOCTORS made  
 Other Dissenters will be DOCTORS too,  
 If they’ll but stay—— *True Merit need not woo.*  
 Merit may wait some Years before ’tis heard,  
 But first or last true Merit is preferr’d.  
 Thus PRIESTS whose Actions are to Heav’n ally’d,  
 Like Providence, by Time are justify’d.

*Uniting Muse*—— Then tune thy loving Strings,  
 To sing the HONOUR that true Learning brings,  
 For *Scotland* unites in DOCTORS as it does in Kings,  
*Dissenting Doctors*—— now must be thy Theam,  
 Who Preach in Town, COMMENCE in *Aberdeen*,  
 (For all unite who truly love the QUEEN.)  
 DOCTORS!—— ’tis ev’n so, for News is spread  
 That *Williams, Calamy, Oldfield*, are preferr’d.  
 They first deserv’d, (for Honour springs from Grace)  
 And now [*D. D.*] does flourish out their Praise:  
 Or ’twill do so when they do print agen,  
 As [*D. D.*] gilds their Works, and Sense does guide the

DOCTOR’s— a common Word, but understood by se  
 Desk Readers, Surgeons, and ’Poticaries too  
 Are oft call’d DOCTORS by the vulgar Crew:  
 But these as far from DOCTORS are as Sense,  
 For DOCTOR is a Name of Excellence:  
 ’Tis he that takes “ the very high’st Degree  
 “ In *Physick, Law, or sound Divinity*,  
 “ That is— the DOCTOR— and ’tis only— HE.

So that Dissenter, when a DOCTOR made,  
 Can soar no higher in the *Preaching Trade*,  
 Arch-bishops and bishops must first be DOCTORS ma  
 ’Tis thus in the Dissenting Hierarchy  
 DOCTORS are made by Sense and Piety;  
 And it rejoices honest Men in Black  
 (Churchmen and Whigs, and all but such as TACK)

such good Examples plac'd so high ;  
 Honour Titles by their Piety.)  
 then DISSENTING DOCTOR is my Theam,  
 who has, and who deserves that Name,  
 no PARSON that dissents may slip,  
 his Character of DOCTORSHIP.  
 Danton, Rhiming Danton, act thy Part,  
 the Noncons have their due Desert ;  
 preach with ZEAL, and merit all thy Art.  
 — have had their Due, and now 'tis fit,  
 (not a Schism) to do Dissenters Right :  
 since the Facts — such as S——rel,  
 preach, To be a Whig is to rebel.  
 know 'tis false ; but yet these Popish Tools  
 preach, (ay, swear) that Whigs are canting Fools,  
 their Sub Preachers, Leaders of Misrule ;  
 Danton, do 'em Justice in this Place,  
 every Whig the Features in his Face,  
 has his Charms, and all some certain Grace,



The first Dissenter then I'll here display  
 First, DOCTOR *Williams* I shou'd say.  
 crown his Brow, but make his Laurel Wreath  
 as soft and sweet as Morning Roses breath :  
 Clemency to Courage reconciles,  
 on his Face delighted Nature smiles \*.  
 PRESBYTERIAN BISHOP he may pass,  
 (as HEAD, or Chief, of the Dissenting Race)  
 Bishop-like, he keeps a fine Calash †.  
 Whig and Tory too deserve Reproaches,  
 both grow LAZY, when they ride in Coaches ;  
 (Dr. *Williams* an Exception is.)  
 that a DOCTORSHIP is justly worn  
 than a PRIEST ; 'tis but a just Return,  
 giving him, who MEETINGS does adorn.  
 that's Geniuz shou'd be all on Fire ;  
 the Extacies shou'd his rais'd Soul inspire,  
 can Crowds at sight of him can Rapture feel ?  
 how they press, to load his Charriot-wheel !  
 his Soul, and all his Sermons are inspir'd,  
 that Doctor *Williams* is by all admir'd.  
 wonder'd Numbers how shall be confin'd  
 the Compass of his comprehensive Mind !




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\* I have ever thought there is an unusual Sweetness that  
 appears in the Countenance of this great and good Man, Dr. *Williams*.  
 † By Calash here I only mean Dr. *Williams*'s Travelling  
 Bag.

*Sense, Reason, Musick*, in his Language throng,  
 The Graces sit assembled on his Tongue:  
 'T'wou'd Beggar Thought and Language both, to raise  
 The full proportion'd Tribute of his Praise.  
 His Sermons do all sorts of Hearers warm,  
 Philosophers instruct, and Women charm:  
 In Prayer no Man can WEEP as he can do;  
 He gives the Law in Conversation too.  
 He seems by Nature made for ev'ry thing,  
 But to be Pious is his *Chief Design*.  
 This *Humble Doctor* can his Temper bind,  
 Gives Men his Passions, makes them of his Mind,  
 And their Opinion change, as he inclin'd.  
 Good Preaching—he hath to Perfection brought,  
 And Men to live are by his Virtues taught.  
 Thus famous *BATES* did mend the *English Tongue*,  
 And now they live the Language which he sung.  
 They both alike Eternity do give,  
 For still in *Williams Dr. Bates* does live.  
 His *GOSPEL TRUTH* shews Piety and Wit,  
 (Like *Dr. Bates* he's ever in the Right)  
 So chaste his *Flesh*, so spiritual his *Mind*,  
 'Tis hard to say which is the most refin'd.  
 To sum up all the Doctor's Piety,  
 When *Dr. Williams* on the Bench you see  
 Without a Trope, say—*There sits Equity!*  
 But! But! — (for where's the Man without a BUT)  
 'There is one *STIVENS* that has bruis'd my Foot:  
 I mean, has squeez'd me with that Cruelty  
 To make me sell Five Hundred Pound for Three:  
 Sure *Jeff'ry's* Heaven lies somewhere under Ground,  
 He grip'd my [ALL] for one poor Hundred Pound

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\* My Meaning is, that a less Mortgage than my whole  
 (which consisted in near 200 Acres in Houses, Land, and  
 wou'd not satisfy *Jeffery Stevens* for one Hundred Pound  
 the Payment whereof (and one Hundred Pound more, which  
 continu'd on Bond 'till now, had not *Stevens*, by demanding  
 Mortgage on my whole Estate, prevented it) I was forc'd  
 several Acres of Wood for 300l. &c. which, cou'd I have  
 it, I wou'd not have sold for 500l. 'Tis true, my Estate  
 Jointur'd, and he forbore the Interest for five Years; (with  
 all that pleads in his Favour) but that was no Excuse for  
 manding an unreasonable Mortgage; for my bare Woods (at  
 from my Estate) were sold for Three Hundred Pound,  
 times more than I ow'd *Stevens*) and wou'd have gone for  
 had they been sold to their Worth: I must do *Stevens* that  
 to say, that upon my complaining that Six per Cent. was

How black and cruel is a Usurer's Heart?  
 For Sivens, ashamed to act the Dunning Part,  
 The SNOTTY RED-NOSE Cats-foot to his Art.  
 For now he's paid, this Reverend Man shall see  
 Tho' I have sold Five Hundred Pounds for Three)  
 My injur'd MUSE can PREACH as well as he.  
 Good Dr. Williams knows this Man I hear;  
 Pray good Doctor whisper in his Ear,  
 A Word from you wou'd make the Miser leer.  
 Tell him that Dunton, scrupulous Dunton saith,  
 (I will assert it with his dying Breath)

(considering he had Land Security) he made Restitution  
 (under the Notion of a Gift, as being (on the Account of  
 his) ashamed to be thought a Usurer; but 'tis not that 5l.  
 I excuse his merciless Treatment at first, for, as 'tis in the  
 [He grip'd my ALL for one poor Hundred Pound]  
 as those Two Orphans hinted in these Words [Let  
 Orphans sink, he'll save none but himself] were both excluded out  
 the Mortgage; for his Words were these, I'll have the whole  
 made over by a Mortgage, for the Hundred Pound,  
 I will agree to no other Terms; but I'll promise (which  
 later made good by a Defeasance, for neither Bond nor  
 Mortgage were made in his own Name) that the Estate  
 not be releas'd 'till the Orphans are both paid—  
 Reader, being the true State of the Case, (as I am able  
 prove, by several Letters that were sent to me, both by him  
 the Banker) I appeal to every Man, [that wou'd have a Con-  
 scious void of offence, &c.] if in Honour and Justice he be not  
 oblig'd to make good the great Loss I sustain'd by the forc'd Sale  
 my Woods; for tho' I ow'd him an Hundred Pound, yet a  
 cruel Man may screw up Justice to the Pitch of an In-  
 justice, which was the Case here; for had he given me longer Time,  
 I could have paid him (and every Body else) all I ow'd, to a  
 shilling, without selling my Woods; but SNOTTY RED-NOSE  
 the crafty Banker) treating me in a sordid Manner, I chose  
 to sell my Woods for Two Hundred Pound less than their  
 Worth, than to be any longer beholden to him: But as I am  
 weary of his merciless Hands, I shall no longer conceal my  
 Grievances; but here tell Jeffery Sivens, that tho' 'tis true  
 he does not owe me a Farthing by the Law of the Land, yet  
 his forcing me to sell my Woods, has defac'd and damag'd  
 my whole Estate, I do arraign him in the Court of Conscience  
 for Satisfaction.

That

That Justice he screw'd up to an Injury \*,  
 Will be a STAIN to him, a LOSS to me,  
 \*Till Jeff'ry does repair the Cruelty.  
 Your Servant Doctor—— pray excuse the News,  
 That I do Jeff'ry Stiv'ns still accuse:  
 You are so good, you'd pardon Cruelty,  
 But I am pinch'd, an' can't forbear to cry.  
 But how does Dr. Williams WRONGS controul!  
 How still Contention, and how tune the Soul!  
 Where Men to Heats, and Strifes, and Feuds, do run,  
 Where you but speak you make all Voices one.  
 Then wou'd you condescend but to relent,  
 Ev'n Stivens, cruel Stiv'ns wou'd relent,  
 REPROOF from you wou'd make the ROCKS repeat.  
 To move you not, (I think 'tis understood)  
 They best BELIEVE that do the greatest Good  
 For whatsoever Jeff'ry Stiv'ns thought it,  
 This was the Doctrine that our Saviour taught.  
 If Stiv'ns, to excite his Avarice,  
 Cries I am MAD, to try his Patience thus,  
 He owes me nothing, and will nought refund,  
 He's strictly JUST, and never yet was dunn'd:  
 He wou'd not take so were the HOGS † his own;  
 But Men excuse what they're aham'd to own.

\* No honest Dissenter (except blinded by Interest or Prejudice) will deny but a Man may screw up Justice to the Pitch of an Injury; (which was my Case, as that Mortgage I gave Jeff'ry Stivens made me sell a most noble and flourishing Wood for half the Value) or if any Man be so weak as to think that Justice be screw'd up to the Pitch of an Injury, to set him right in this Point let him consult Mr. Mead's Sermon preach'd to the Ministers; where in p. 9. he'll find these words: "Axiomatics that examine all things by the rigid Rule of strict Right, are neither just nor wise. They are not just where the Case needs it: nor are they wise for themselves: such Solomon says, trouble their own flesh, Prov. 11." † Plowden (an eminent Lawyer in Q. Elizabeth's Time) ask'd by a Neighbour of his what Remedy there was in Law against his Neighbour, for some HOGS that had trespass'd in his Garden; he answer'd, He might have very good Remedy: But the other replying that they were his own HOGS; Nay, then Neighbour (quoth he) the Case is alter'd. And I do assert, (and I'd say the same with my last Breath) that I don't think there's one Dissenter in London, that now vindicates Jeff'ry Stivens, but had they suffer'd the same Damage as I have done by the Mortgage I gave to him, they wou'd with Plowden so alter the Case as to think this public



he treats me like a *Pious Wight*,  
 Smiles for Blows, and pardons all my Spight :  
 I wou'd ask him, were I now to die,  
 Can that Preacher's Doctrine can relie,  
 And all his Actions give his Words the Lye?  
 Can pray good Doctor preach to *Jeff'ry Stiv'n*,  
 Mind your Words, he knows you preach from Heav'n.  
 And from you wou'd pierce him to the Soul;  
 Let your Subject be the— *Golden Rule*.  
 The *Golden Rule* wou'd so reform the Man,  
 And repair the Damage I sustain.)

And *Stiv'ns* then conclude the Breach,  
 And *Dr. Williams* does to *Stiv'ns* preach.  
 And *Dr. Williams* take this Man in Hand,  
 By your SERMON melt a harden'd Man,  
 Till you preach his JUSTICE I arraign.  
 Let you shou'd mistake this *Jeffery*,  
 Some say this, and some say that is he)  
 His Name, if you wou'd know his Rank,  
 Must ask *L—nce*, and the Royal Bank.  
 His Mark enough, I shall no other name,  
 For this, he ever lives— in *Smoothing-lane*.  
 If you meet he scarce will do me Right,  
 You'd be NOBLE, he wou'd sink me quite ;  
 However, to your JUDGMENT 'tis referr'd,  
 Your Re-search all Secrets lie unbarr'd,  
 Nothing to your Wisdom is too hard.  
 As his GUARD is POLICY and SENSE,  
 You move *Jeff'ry* to disgorge the Pence,  
 This a DOUBLE DOCTOR you commence.

The next *Dissenting Doctor* I shall name  
 CALAMY, a Man of spreading Fame.  
 As DOCTORS shou'd, took his Degree  
 A Person, not by Gift or Courtesie ;  
 But by Merit *Dr. Calamy*.  
 He sent and stood the Test of his Advance,  
 He is no DOCTOR made by Wealth, or Chance.  
 Affairs\* himself did place learn'd *Calamy*  
 In *Green* and *Chair* of Doctoral Dignity,  
 He is no DOCTOR in *Effigie*.

as just and reasonable as I do: However, as the private  
 letters I sent to *Jeffery Stivens* made no Impression at all upon him,  
 I see by this publick Satyr, my Damage is so great that I re-  
 solve to have Satisfaction one Way or other.

\* The Principal of Edingburgh University.

DOCTOR!

DOCTOR! with Fear my Muse approaches you,  
 Wit's ablest Judge, and best Example too.  
 Then oh! wou'd Strength with my Desires comply,  
 My song a *Dithyrambick* Pitch thou'd flye,  
 Pursuing your best Praises to the Skies;  
 But they Flow swift, and I want Wings to rise.  
 Yes, sam'l *Carstairs*, the Man you did embrace,  
 Is a *Try'd Doctor*, and deserves your praise.  
 No Wonder then he's *Double Doctor* seen,  
 First in your Arms and then at *Aberdeen*:  
 For unto whom thou'd Scotland Titles spare,  
 But *CALAMY*, (a First-rate Pulpit-ear?)  
 Sprung from a Clergy Race of old Renown;  
 He centers all their Glories in his own.  
 On him with Measure unconfin'd did fall  
 That pious Spirit which inspir'd 'em all,  
*Edmund* and *Ben.* were stil'd a second *Paul*.  
 But Double Fame thou'd this new Graduate clad,  
 Others were Doctors, he *Double Doctor* made.  
 Kind *Scotland*, to thy learned Sons and thee  
 For ever sacred let his Titles be;  
 He's Doctor, DOUBLE DOCTOR *Calamy*\*.

If *Dr. Calamy* to the Painter fate,  
 He'd make——— but Time denies to tell you what;  
 Sum all the Virtues up, and he is that!  
 Nay, thou'd the Painter all his Colours store,  
 He cou'd not praise 'till he deserv'd no more.  
 Stars in their rising very little shew,  
 And send forth trembling Flames; but *Calamy*, thou  
 At first Appearance, dost to all display  
 A shining, bright, and unobscured Day,  
 Such as shall fear no Cloud, no Night, nor shall  
 The Setting ever be *Heliacal*;  
 But grow up to a SUN, that you may take  
 A shining Laurel for your Zodiack;  
 That all the *Levites* which henceforth arise,  
 May only be the Foils, or Parelies.  
 Thy Foils! but *Doctor*, there's no need of that,  
 You do so far transcend the common Rate;  
 I heard you preach—— but fear you'd make an End,  
 Lessen'd the Pleasure that your Words did lend:  
 And as you preach you write, both's so Divine,  
 Such Native Sweetness flows in ev'ry Line,  
 The Reader cannot chuse but SWEAR 'tis thine.

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\* Alluding to Mr. A ——'s Letter, (one of the new Graduate who informs us that at Aberdeen Dr. Calamy had afresh the Degree of Doctor of Divinity conferr'd upon him.

A Doctor dignify'd by Sense,  
 A Doctor for your Excellence.  
 Praises your Moderate Nonconformity,  
 With's tender, and yet sharp Reply,  
 In the Contest; all the Jangle lies  
 For you two are Moderately Wise, \*  
 Who are not are Pulpit-Fools, or Spies.  
 In all good Men are bent;  
 Who are Wise, and love thro' all Dissent,  
 Early owns, that Bigots must repent †.  
 Reverend Sir, your Non Conformities,  
 (Moderate) does prove you truly Wise.  
 Why Live which you to Headly sent,  
 For your self a lasting Monument.  
 While this P i ledge hath, tho' all be dumb,  
 As the Author's Epitaph and Tomb.  
 Employ (so rising is your Name)  
 In vain, to o.ertake your Fame.  
 I will praise you, for I do aspire  
 To your Worth, whilst I your Worth admire.  
 Fame so spreads, and do's so brightly soar,  
 I had known what Jewels 'twas you wore,  
 Had been Doctor twenty Years before.

If, cou'd my Muse but sit on soaring Wing,  
 Your Dr. Oldfield's Fame I'd sing,  
 Who REASON \*\* and improves the Pence,  
 As a Man of universal Sense.  
 From thence that his *Diploma* came,  
 (For Oldfield has a Doctor's Name :)  
 As a Present, but had they conferr'd  
 It, 'twas what this Man deserv'd:  
 How high, or you can never reach  
 The extended to so high a Stretch  
 What cou'd Scotland e'er confer  
 On his Learning, or his Rhiming Sphere?  
 As a POET, SAINT, and REASONER:  
 As the SUN, the higher he ascends,  
 The further warms, and more his Beams extends:  
 As LIFE and Preaching. (they are so admir'd)  
 See why Dr. Oldfield was preferr'd.

I was, so wise, as to prefer Moderation, and a due Temper,  
 To Folly and Bigotry.

See his late Sermon upon Moderation.

He publish'd a Book entitl'd,—An Essay towards the Im-  
 provement of Reason, in the Pursuit of Learning and Con-  
 sideration, by Joshua Oldfield.

Like

Like *Williams*, unto injur'd Right his Ear  
 Is ever open, and his Heart sincere ;  
 His Thoughts are *New*, and all his Notions CLEAR.  
 Mirth never made him say a thing unfit,  
 Virtue his Will, and Prudence rules his Wit.  
 If any were displeas'd to see him Great,  
 (For Doctor sounds like one that lives in State)  
 They sold their Eyes and Ears, to keep their Hate.  
 Let 'em but see, and hate him if they cou'd ;  
 Let 'em but hear what all the World allow'd :  
 For his *whole Soul* but seems a Model, fram'd  
 By those rare Arts in which his Skill is fam'd.  
 Unto *Dissenters* he does add new Fame,  
 For he's a Doctor both in Sense and Name.  
 What tho' he was not plac'd in Doctor's Chair,  
 (For *Calamy* was all the Doctors there ;)  
 Yet *Dr. Oldfield* well may be content ;  
 For he's *Diploma'd* by the joint Consent,  
 Which makes a Doctor by a Complement.  
 But such as does a finish'd Doctor make,  
 And such as *Scotch-men* give for UNION sake,  
 With them, great Soul, thou shalt Immortal live,  
 And in thy Reasoning Numbers \* Fate survive.  
 Thy REASON, Wit, and Doctoral Title, still  
 Shall prove such BAYS as Time can never kill.  
 Far as our conquering *British* Lyon roars,  
 Far as the Poles, or the remotest Shores,  
 Where'er is known or heard the *English* Name ;  
 The distant World shall hear of *Oldfield's* Fame.  
 Thou only shalt with Nature's self expire,  
 And all the World, in the supreamest Fire ;  
 When *Horace*, and fam'd *Virgil* die ; when all  
 That's Great, or Noble, shall together fall,  
 'Tis then is Doctor *Oldfield's* Funeral !

Another Graduate that did now Commence,  
 Was MASTER *Dixon*—— DOCTOR too in Sense.  
 His *Scotch Diploma* do's not reach his Parts,  
 For he's but yet —— a Master in the Arts ;  
 But if true Worth can give that high Degree,  
 He'll soon write [*D. D.*] in Divinity.  
 I cannot shew the vast Advance his Youth  
 Has made in Learning, Eloquence, and Truth !  
 How none to Pleasure e'er was less a Slave,  
 More thoroughly Pious, nor more early Brave.

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\* Alluding to his Poem at the End of his Essay on

Second Charnock for true Eloquence,  
 Second How for Metaphnick Sense;  
 Second Allop. for Polemick Skill,  
 Second . . . for Learning, Wit, and Stile.  
 seems to Rival all these Men of Parts,  
 who's a Doctor—Mister is of Arts.  
 Every science (and to early, gain'd,  
 heav'n inspir'd, not Industry obtain'd.  
 learn, that from ev'ry Channel draws,  
 to Scripture, Schools, Divine and human Laws;  
 Comprehensive Man——— unskil'd in nought,  
 in all the Arts of learn'd Assemblies fraught.  
 his Wit. his Language free and pure;  
 Judgment quick and sudden—yet *Manue*;  
 So LEARN'd, and yet so far from Proud,  
 yet, so easie, affable and good;  
 his Manners all so winningly do tend,  
 Every Word he speaks he gains a Friend;  
 MASTER now, and DOCTOR in the End.)  
 to peculiar Preference express'd,  
 kind to one, to disoblige the rest;  
 which Fam'd *A——land* is a Noble Test.  
 MASTER *Dixon*, now I am so near  
*Arberland*. I'll just salute your Ear  
 with JOY, great JOY; and may it ever be  
 to your WIFE, and then of your DEGREE.  
 Master PAIR so fortunately Bless'd?  
 in ever shady Groves so well Possess'd?  
 in pairs — A PAIR! — without Example seen,  
 the happiest, loving'st Shepherds of the Green.  
 the great *Swain* unmatched in Virtue, Love,  
 and all things else that Scholars move:  
 in himself, but greater in the Bride  
 takes in his all thining, lovely Bride.  
 (and tell't to ev'ry Wife you find)  
 truest, fairest, best of Women-kind:  
 equal'd in her Learning, Wisdom, Love,  
 goodness nearest to the Saints above;  
 Mistress of such Sense and Piety,  
 DOCTOR — to marry such a Wife as she.  
 Shepherdess — so exquisitely Fair!  
 Wife so good, in ev'ry thing so rare,  
 all Perfections seem to center there!  
 and she is, so just, so fit to sway,  
 knows both how to Govern and Obey:  
 as he MASTER is of ev'ry Art,  
 she is MISTRESS, and does rule his Heart,  
 both a sort of DOCTOR by Desert.

It never was, but if it e'er thou'd be,  
 That Women PREACH by leave of a Degree,  
 Then Madam *Dixon* will be DOCTOR-SHE.  
 Howe'er, her Husband is so past Compare,  
*Master of Arts* — and ev'ry thing that's rare,  
 That his next Step is — to the *Doctor's Chair*.

The *Fourteen Graduates* that shall next be seen  
 Are those who took DEGREES at *Aberdeen*:  
 I can't say all these Youths were *Doctors* made,  
 But all a *Cambridge-Doctor's* Learning had:  
 For *Scotch-men* are so early ripe in Sense,  
 At twenty Years they *Doctors* might Commence.  
 They shame the tedious Discipline of Schools,  
 The loit'ring Art of Pædagogick Rules:  
 For these *Fourteen* were all so early read,  
 They're almost *Doctors* in the Infant-Bed.  
 Thus fated to high Facts, *Amphytrion's* Son,  
 As soon as Born, a wond'rous Conquest won:  
 The warlike Babe did two fierce Dragons tame,  
 Too small an *Hansel* for his mighty Fame.  
 Go on, young *Graduates*, to the World be kind,  
 And with the early Products of your Mind,  
 Enrich and entertain us at one time,  
 Expressing native Wit without a Crime:  
 Nor doat on Fame, 'tis seldom justly given,  
 And is too small a Prize for Souls of Heav'n.  
 Look up! — a due Reward will come from thence,  
 For him who decks his Wit with Innocence:  
 You're *Fourteen Doctors*, if you keep from Stains.  
 All Rhimes are prov'd co-equal with the Stars,  
 The Birds first taught 'em to the wond'ring Spheres.  
 This the first Poem, Man at last was taught,  
 He adds a Soul, and dresses it in Thought.  
 From thence 'twas handed down by rolling Years,  
 Th' Allay of Grief, and Enemy to Cares.  
*Homer*, the Ancient'st, freshest Laurel wore,  
 The first Refiner of the noble Ore:  
 Thence many Bards commenc'd, and had their Reign,  
 From *Latin Virgil* to our *English Ben*:  
 But when great *Cowley* did the Age allure,  
 We fear'd a Zenith, and the Muse mature.  
 But, *Fourteen Dons*, 'tis you're born t' improve  
 The Pitch of Learning, and th' Extent of Love.  
 To you the Husband will his Altars rear,  
 Thank you in Incense for his Pious Fair,  
 And make you half his Adoration share.

I see the stubborn *Celia* glow,  
 and wonder what you mean to do;  
*Doctors in Youth* do conquer where they go.  
 your Tongue, yet still hears on and sighs;  
 and feels a coming Passion rise,  
 and sparkles happy Omeas from her Eyes.  
 forward Twenty such a Ripeness show,  
 your Wonders will a well knit Thirty do?  
 was lov'd *Cowley's* Voice, so young his Pen,  
 and the fleet Youth assur'd a second *Ben*:  
 Thoughts did *Ovid's* angry Stars defeat,  
 and the malice of the cold Retreat:  
 was your Force, so orderly it broke,  
 and you commend, or drooping Country spoke.  
 was her Cheek, and doubtful was her Look,  
 and War's rough Arms the nodding Island shook\*.  
 the full Streams of Joy around her flow,  
 ENGLISH DOCTORS do unite with you!  
 know her wither'd Branches sprout again,  
 and to behold the learned *Calamy's* Train,  
 come for Titles that their Merit claim.  
 to guard your Country, they her Glory raise;  
 by bring you Learning, you adorn with Bays:  
 as afresh you gave LEARN'D *BEN* † Degrees,  
 you be *Fourteen Doctors* made in Peace.

Thus far of DOCTORS by Commencement made,  
 and transmitted by the *Scotch-man's* Aid\*\*:  
 there's *Dissenting Doctors* yet to name,  
 who are not Doctors by *Diploma-Fame*,  
 but yet are DOCTORS in the Future Tense,  
 and now are so in Name, in Wit, and Sense.  
 who will-be-Doctors I shall here describe;  
 I'll miss none of the Dissenting Tribe,  
 whose Grace and Learning do's their TITLE show,  
 who are Doctors made, or else that will be so.

\* Alluding to the Pretender's Design of Invading Scotland.  
 † Alluding again to that Expression in Mr. A——'s Letter,  
 which he says, "At Aberdeen *Dr. Calamy* (who I hear call  
 and *Ben.* for the Verse sake) "had afresh conferr'd upon him  
 the Degree of Doctor of Divinity."  
 \*\* Alluding to that Expression in Mr. A——'s Letter, viz. "As  
 to *Dr. Williams*, and *Dr. Oldfield*, they not being upon the  
 list, nothing more pass'd, than the writing their *Diploma's*  
 as Doctor, and the Subscription of them by the Members of  
 the Society.

Here, Painter! set *Gravener* to the Light,  
 You'll draw him first, or must have lost your Sight.  
 No Doctor yet was ever more Divine,  
 And if he e'nt a Doctor 'tis but Time:  
 But stay, 'tis *Gravener*!— and it were a Crime  
 For you to paint a Subject so sublime;  
 Since nothing but his own Celestial Lays  
 Are fit the Author of such Worth to praise.  
 Ah, *Doctors*! were you all in *Gravener's* Case,  
 Adorn'd with every Virtue, every Grace;  
 Your Lights wou'd shine, and all your Pulpits blaze,  
 He Thinks, Looks, Speaks, and does all Things beside,  
 As far from Ostentation as from Pride.  
 He's a First-Rate in the Dissenting Tribe;  
 A Doctor too, if we may judge by Sense,  
 For never did a better Man Commence.  
 What Age can equal, what Historian find,  
 Such Eloquence with so much Goodness join'd?  
 What shall I say? nor this nor that is best,  
 But all is better than can be express'd;  
 And all Perfection is so given to all  
 His Parts, that none is best, but each is all;  
 He must be Doctor that's ANGELICAL.  
*Gravener*, no Painter can thy Worth display;  
 He draws— and then some unexpected Ray  
 Keeps up his Wonder, 'till his Sight decay.  
*Charnock* and *Bates*, refin'd in thee revive,  
 In thee we see the famous *Calvin* live.  
 But since I on my Lyre can touch no String,  
 Equal to those great Merits I wou'd sing,  
 Hopeless to give such mighty Charms their due,  
 I'll leave the World to brighter Thoughts of you,  
 I'll only add, that Doctorship's your Right;  
 And when it is, may you Commence in fight,  
 For Dr. *Gravener* is the World's Delight.

Draw *Stennet* next, in Verse and Pulpits Nurs'd;  
 (And ask his Pardon that he was not first.)  
 Here shew your kindness to the Rhiming Tribe;  
 If you'd but paint, as well as he'd describe,  
 All *Pulpit-Fools* wou'd either mend or hide.  
 Give him that Look which Poets ought to have,  
 Give him that modest Look which Nature gave:  
 But *Stennet's* Worth no Limner need proclaim,  
 His Pulpit and his Verse do speak his Fame,  
 And shew his Right unto a Doctor's Name.



the Patron, and the Rule of Wit;  
 the Pulpit's Honour, and the Saints Delight;  
 the Soul of Goodness, and the Spring of Sense;  
 the Poet's Theam, Reward, and great Defence.  
 His Verse, tho' numerous, flows in easie Strains,  
 as high as Hills, yet humble as the Plains;  
 His Thought so strong, so finish'd ev'ry Line,  
 As if we see so rich a Genius shine,  
 More than Man, we cry, oh Workmanship Divine!  
 His bright Beams his Morning's Dawn display,  
 His Flame and Light will paint the rising Day!  
 His smooth and musical his Numbers move,  
 Like the restless Spheres which roul above.  
 His Skill improves, and always feasts our Thought,  
 As if the heavenly Charmer soars aloft,  
 While Angels crowd and listen to his Song;  
 Not one Angel-Critick in the Thong,  
 Dares correct a Thought, they are so fine,  
 So nobly dress'd, so neat, and so Divine,  
 As Dr. S—— were't only for his HYMNS †.  
 His *Stennet* Rhimes, the very Angels sing,  
 In airy Transport flowing from his Spring;  
 With Joy they hear, and on their stretching Wing,  
 To ease the rapt'rous Load, and warbling o'er  
 The sacred Song, to antient Glories soar,  
 While others twine fresh Garlands for his Brows,  
 To cover o'er their Care in shining Rows;  
 When Angels shouted from their Christal Shoar,  
 Praising the Wonders of Creating Power,  
 None sweeter did they sing, or more sublimely soar:  
 As if his Stile, as *Waller's* clear and neat,  
 Or *Cowley's* Sense more beautiful or great;  
 No Doctor yet was ever more compleat.)  
 When he laments, we weep, and mourn, and die,  
 He labours in th' Extrems of Sympathy.  
 By the Royal *Will*. he rais'd above his Hearse,  
 His mortal made, in his immortal Verse \*.  
 His Praises, *Stennet*, to thy Skill are due,  
 What hast to Glorious *William* been so true?  
 No Doctor mourn'd him half so much as you.  
 As if he moves our Hearts, by thee he Reigns,  
 His Honour's done to his Immortal Pains;  
 As if he mourn, as well as preach, in deathless Strains:  
 As if he were a Poet! 'tis Excess of Soul;  
 As if he were known in *England*, or in *Dryden's* Roll.

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\* He writ a most ingenious Elegy upon the Death of K. William.  
 † His Sacramental Hymns exceed all upon that Subject.

Thus you a Catalogue of DOCTORS show,  
 Th' *Aeneas*, *Maro*, and *Mecænas* too ;  
 You scorn the Pitch which we so high esteem,  
 And not one Virtue, but a System seem ;  
 In all thy Poems we with Wonder find  
 Great *Beaumont's* Genius with sweet *Herbert's* joyn'd,  
 Sweetness combin'd, with Majesty prepares,  
 To Wing Devotion with inspiring Airs.  
 I might add more to Words that are so true ;  
 This Tribute from each *British* Muse is due,  
 Our whole *Poetick* Tribe's oblig'd to you.  
 Long may the Laurels on your Temples spread,  
 Nor wither 'till Eternal Crowns succeed :  
 May you a Glorious Doctor be indeed.

The youthful *Rosewel* next does come to Sight ;  
 But here the Painter is disparag'd quite,  
 For Great *Apelles* scarce cou'd do him Right :  
 Yet mix thy Colours, and attempt to paint  
 (Tho' that be all) this *Famous Preaching Saint*.  
 In Fields of Science he the Conquest won,  
 When yet his Age had scarce the Bloom begun :  
 His *Thirteenth* Year gave Wonder and Surprize,  
 At *Twenty* he was most Divinely wise,  
 And now breaths nought but Heavenly Extasies.  
 Had he conform'd, as some *Dissenters* do,  
 He had been *Doctor*, *Dean*, and *Bishop* too.  
 So much a Saint, I scarce dare call him so,  
 For Fear to wrong him with a Name too low ;  
 Angel i'th' Pulpit, and a flowing Spring,  
 He talks from Heav'n, his Mind is ev'ry thing.  
 His Wit so flows, that when he thinks to take  
 His Sermon-Notes, he oft new Sermons makes.  
 The *Reading Dons* can scarce be said to preach ;  
 (If *Reading's* Preaching, ev'ry Fool may teach.)  
 But *Rosewel* shuts his Book, can't use a Note,  
 What's wrought i'th' Heart, flows from the Preacher's T  
 Some tuneful Being does his Breath inspire  
 With Thoughts as Noble as Celestial Fire :  
 When he exhorted unto— SELF-DENIAL\*,  
 Our Flesh was 'circe corrected in the Trial ;  
 He prov'd our Tears so much our Joy and Treasure,  
 That now our *Penance* is our greatest Pleasure.

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\* He preach'd a most excellent Sermon upon Self-denial,  
 Showers's Meeting-House in the Old Jury.

painted *Death* to th' *Life*, has Eyes to see  
 Spirits act, and what they do and be:  
 There's a *will-be Doctor*, this is he.  
 Late o' late describ'd the *Great Assize*,  
 (These *Pulpit-Fools* are damn'd for telling Lyes)  
 Did so well the *Judgment-Seat* display,  
 Had he seen that *Great and Flaming Day*,  
 Would not add to what he then did say.  
 Had of Heav'n in such a glorious Strain,  
 He had dy'd a while to live again,  
 Now appears to tell what he had seen.  
 Chains of *Hell* he did so well explore,  
 Almost think you heard the Damned roar:  
 Who heard those Sermons, sure will sin more\*!  
 Speaks just what he please, but mind it still,  
 Moves as fast as he does speak his Will.  
 With important Sense, his every Line  
 Is him a *MANTON*, or an old *Divine*.  
 (and with those Words I take my Leave)  
 His *Learning Lectures* †, and his pious Breath  
 Sweeps the Air, and makes a Heav'n on Earth.  
 But this, (for 'tis my very Soul)  
 I'm sermon-wise, and hates a *Pulpit-Fool*.  
 In *Scotland*, if you'd have a Man of *Worth*,  
 And new Honour to the *Doctor's Scarf*,  
 For young *Rosewel* when you next commence;  
 There— 'tis there— you'll find a Man of *Sense*!  
 After, to *Fewen-street* you now shall steer,  
 Angels, if on Earth, wou'd come to hear;  
 What *Franks* does preach, nothing is wish'd but Ear:  
 As an Angel, and a Saint in Mind;  
 Not a *Pulpit-Fool*, for he is so refin'd,  
 Not one Spot in Body or in Mind.  
 For him all the Beauties e'er you knew,  
 Franks, all handsome Faces meet in you,  
 (So all *Dissenting Doctors* too.)  
*FRANKS* looks so fresh, so shines with every Grace,  
 Whose Form excels the painted Face;  
 No wond'rous Artift e'er cou'd draw so well  
 As *Nature*, where she strives t' excel?  
 His Work before the Painter's we must rank,  
 He design'd its Master-piece in *FRANK*.

lately preach'd upon the Four last Things; but 'tis only his  
 (I might add *Matchless*) Sermons upon *Hell* that is here

Old Jury.

God, whose Resemblance in each Face me view,  
 Has his *own Image* \* drawn for publick View,  
 And *F R A N K S*, we do almost ador't in you.  
 Too great his Worth, too vast to be defin'd,  
 He is a *Doctor* that is so refin'd,  
 His Body's but the Picture of his Mind.  
 Thus, Painter, you see if you wou'd draw his Face,  
 (That's make it like, and not the Saint disgrace)  
 It must be *Serious, Handsome, Chaste, and Young,*  
 One who charms with, and yet without a Tongue.  
 But hold—— to draw him Learn'd, and truly Fair,  
 Consult his Soul— you'll find **ALL DOCTOR** there!  
 Or rather gaze upon that matchless Saint,  
 Whose Worth you can't, and therefore do not paint;  
 I mean draw by his pious Brother *Cullum*,  
 For if Grace makes a *Doctor*, he is one.  
 These both assist in the same Work and Station,  
 And so united make a **CONSTELLATION**.  
 They harmonize, are free, and unconstrain'd,  
 Two Brothers sweetly walking Hand in Hand;  
 They're so entirely twisted, that alone  
 Not one is view'd, they're both together one,  
 As twinkling Spangles that together lie,  
 Joyn Forces, and make up one Galaxy;  
 As various Gums dissolving in one Fire,  
 Together in one fragrant Flame expire.  
 Preach then, united Souls, and preach 'till Death,  
 Preach for the same—— United is your Breath;  
*Levites* thus joyn'd do wear the *Doctor's* Wreath.  
 But hold!— these **DOCTORS** (Men of Sense I mean)  
 Tho' as **TWO STICKS** they joyn'd in *SHOWERS's* BEAN  
 They but unite, and then divide again:  
 For tho' learn'd *Cullum* is too grave to move,  
 (*Dissenting Doctors* do not Money love)  
 Yet *Franks* I judge has got some richer Seat,  
 For he has made a long (tho' fair) Retreat;  
 For Angels Visits are but short and sweet!

The next *Dissenter* that does preach in Town,  
 Who has no Titles got, nor *Doctor's* Gown,  
 (But merits more than any *Doctor* can)  
 Is Pious, Learned, Rhiming, Modest *WATTS*,  
 " *He that did tune his Harp by Cloris* Notes:

\* Gen. 1. 24. † i. e. They both preach'd, one in the F  
 and the other in the Afternoon, in that which was forme  
*Showers's Meeting-House.*

was all Ear, when on the Banks of Thames  
 list'ned to her sweet harmonious Strains.  
 list'ned! — and well he might; for when she sings  
 Zeal did rise on her Seraphick Wings\*.  
 Wonder then his MUSE so well endites,  
 all his LYRICKS † have such Noble Flights;  
 whoe'er does hear that ANGEL sing,  
 a DOCTOR, Wit, and ev'ry thing:  
 at least, a Rhiming Doctor we will call  
 famous Watts, he's so Poetical.  
 Dr. Watts, which Way shall I extol  
 Lyrick 'erse, it is so pious all \*\*?  
 Sleep beneath the Shade in flow'ry Fields,  
 weary Traveller more Pleasure yields,  
 to allwage his Thirst, the living Spring  
 Heat of summer more Delight does bring,  
 unto me thy well Tun'd Numbers do,  
 which thou dost both please and profit too;  
 in a Clime where Storms and Tempests grow,  
 from the Place where HELICON does flow.  
 MUSES travell'd far to bless thy Sight,  
 taught thee how to think, and how to write:  
 Doctor Watts, or farewell Rhiming quite!  
 do not write like those who brand the Times,  
 themselves most, with sharp Satyrick Rhimes:  
 does thy MUSE with smutty Verses tear  
 modest Virgin's chaste and tender Ear.  
 from their Faults, whate'er thy Muse indites,  
 Ovid, nor Tibullus softer writes:  
 Choice of tuneful Words, t' express our Thought,  
 by Example we have first been taught.

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Reader, consult Mr. Watts's Poem to Mrs. Singer, on the  
 of some of her Divine Poems never Printed, p. 58, 59. for  
 better understanding these five Lines mark'd thus "  
 Alluding to Mr. Watts's Book entitl'd Horæ Lyricæ: Poems  
 of the Lyrick Kind. In Three Books. 1. Sacred to  
 and Piety. 2. To Virtue, Honour and Friendship.  
 To the Memory of the Dead. By F. WATTS. The Se-  
 Edition, alter'd and much enlarg'd.  
 Alluding to those words in his Preface to his Lyrick Poems.  
 almost in vain have the Throne and the Pulpit cry'd Reforma-  
 tion, while the Stage and licentious Poems have wag'd open War  
 against the pious Design of Church and State.

Our *English VIRGIL*\*, and our *PINDAR* too  
 In this ('tis said) some Negligence did shew,  
 But you are *Doctor* to the chiming Crew †:  
 To thee alone we are beholden more  
 Than all the *POETS* of the Times before.  
 Thy Muse, inspir'd with a more pious Rage,  
 Did first refine the *GENIUS* of our Age.  
 In thee a clear and Female Softness shin'd,  
 With Masculine Vigour, Force and Judgment join'd.  
 Hail wond'rous Bard! whose Heav'n-born Genius first  
 My Infant Mu'ic and Blooming Fancy nurs'd;  
 With thy sweet *Lyrick Strains* I first began,  
 Then fed on nobler *Panegyrick* Strain.  
 Numbers Seraphick! and at ev'ry View,  
 My soul extended, and much larger grew.  
 (Such *WIT* wou'd make a *Layman Doctor* too!)  
 Where'er I read, new *Raptures* seize my Mind,  
 Methought I heard a Rhiming Seraphim;  
 Ev'n *Philomela* does not sweeter sing!  
 Long did the untun'd World in Ign'rance stray,  
 Producing nothing that was Great and Gay,  
 'Till taught by thee the true *Poetick* Way.  
 Rough were the Tracks before, dull and obicure,  
 Nor Pleasure, nor Instruction cou'd procure.  
 Their thoughtless Labour cou'd no Passion move;  
 Sure, in that Age the Poets knew not Love!  
 At least *DIVINE*, such as those *Doctors* teach,  
 Who like *J. Watts* can Rhime as well as Preach.  
 I'll say but this — If Merit may decide,  
 Or make a *Doctor* — *Watts* is dignify'd;  
 For where's the Man can match such Wit and Sense?  
 'Tis *Dr. Watts* (at least) i'th' Future Tense!

The next *Dissenting Preacher* that I'll name,  
 Is one that is a universal Man  
 In Learning — and a *Doctor* too in Fame.  
 Whose Face must here be taken? Good Sir hark,  
 Can any Guide compare with *Watts* but *CLARK*?  
*Clark*, who like *Watts*, has Action without Blame,  
*Clark*, who like him, is ev'ry good Min's Theam;  
*Clark*, who deserves a *Double Doctor's* Name.

\* *Cowley*. † Alluding to those Reflections on prophane Rhime  
 be found in the Preface to this *Lyrick Poems*; viz. "It has  
 " long Complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that Poetie,  
 " Original is Divine, shou'd be enslav'd to Vice and Propheaness,  
 " Art inspir'd from Heaven shou'd have so far lost the Memory  
 " Birth-place, as to be engag'd in the Interests of Hell.

by all Ears admir'd, for whom all pray,  
 if he dies, all Earth will mourn that Day \*.  
 who the *Pulpit-Fools* do dread and shun,  
 his Fame is bright, and theirs is gone;  
 who so many pious Charms commands,  
 won't disgrace the Piece where *Palmer* stands,  
 there be *Doctors* with but half his Brains.

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to make thy lasting Fame renown'd,  
 all be with the *Matchless Palmer* crown'd;  
 all in him that's Good, and Learn'd, and Great,  
 in him in Learning's, and in *Bates's* Seat;  
 they that hear him, hear the most compleat.  
 SHINES in WIT, and yet is so sedate,  
 none can equal, best but imitate;  
 is a *Doctor* purely for his Wit.  
 Thoughts are fine, and deep, and all agree,  
 Praises here, a *Kinder Libel* be.

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*Palmer*— is on purpose made by Fate,  
 Priests might have a GUIDE to imitate.  
*Palmer* see, in *Palmer* all admire,  
 Nature, Books, and Honour can inspire.  
*WESLEY* but impartial, he wou'd own  
 Learned Answer lash'd him to the Bone.  
*VINDICATION* † none cou'd write,  
 any Satyr shew us half that Wit:  
 Sense appears in the most careless Line;  
 in the most exact, the *Graces* shine.  
 (As *Dr. Palmer's*, and it must be fine!)  
*Marvel's* Fancy easily is wrought,  
*Wren's* Learned Turn improv'd by Thought.  
*Wren's* Pen, *How's* Depth with *Alsop's* Wit is joyn'd,  
 still each Author's Genius is refin'd.  
 if my Muse to her wish'd Height wou'd climb,  
 cast this World, and *Pulpit-Fools* decline;  
 still with *Palmer* ev'ry Thought refine.  
 (Pity *Dissenters* ben't awake)  
 for little more than Preaching's sake.

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This Character was written, upon the Melancholy News, that  
*Clark* was dying; but he recover'd again, to the great Joy of  
*Dissenters*, and all good Men whatsoever.  
 I allude here to *Mr. Palmer's* Book entitl'd, A VINDICA-  
 ON of the Learning, Loyalty, Morals, and most Christian  
 Behaviour of the Dissenters towards the Church of England, in  
 Answer to *Mr. Westley's* Defence of his Letter, concerning the  
 Dissenters Education in their private Academies.

*Palmer*—

*Palmer*—— ('tis strange such Worth en't understood)  
 Takes Pleasure still, like Heav'n, in doing good.  
 Here *Palmer*, I shou'd dwell upon thy Praise,  
 Admire thy Preaching, and delight to gaze  
 Upon thy Face—— cou'd but my *labouring* Eyes  
 Preserve their Strength, and Visive faculties;  
 But all is SUMM'd in— *Palmer's Truly Wise*.  
 He was so ev'n in Dissenters Clutch;  
 Cou'd the ungrateful Whigs have seen as much,  
 He'd been ARCH-DOCTOR of Dissenting Church.  
 But he conforms, (I speak it to his Praise)  
 For now his Learning spreads the brighter Rays:  
 He honours his Gown, and now is so complet,  
 He need not ask a Dean's, or Prebend's Seat,  
 He merits LAWN, and ev'ry thing that's Great.

Stop Muse! — for others do attract the Sight,  
 (All *will-be Doctors* most divinely bright)  
 But I han't Time to do all *Doctors* Right:  
 Besides *Two Thousand* that remain in Fame,  
 Deserve a *Cowley* to embalm their Name;  
 But lest the *Tacking Fools*, who still are blind  
 To Men of Sense, thou'd swear there's none behind,  
 I shall a Dozen other *Doctors* name,  
 Whose Praise has almost crack'd the Trump of Fame.

The first o'th' *Reverend Dozen* I shall paint,  
 Is *Showers*— an humble Man, and preaching Saint.  
 When first the great and joyful News was spread,  
 That *Three Dissenting Preachers* were prefer'd  
 To *Doctorships*——— sure *Showers* must be one,  
 Said all the Town that knew the famous *JOHN!*  
 Howe'er, 'tis GREATER for to merit Fame,  
 Than to put on the GOWN, and DOCTOR's Name.

*Showers* — thy Name and Nature both agree,  
 For both [yes both] refreshing *Showers*— he.  
 You're *Chrysostome* let down from Beams on high,  
 You preach like him, charm with his Oratory:  
 So moving are your Sermons, that 'tis clear,  
 You've brought the Rhet'rick of the Angels here;  
 So pious in your Life, so humble in your Place,  
 We think you brought up in the Schools of Grace:  
 Which makes a *Doctor* in Divinity;  
 For without *Grace* what signifies Degree?  
 'Twas never known at once that Nature meant  
 To mould a Subject and an Accident.  
 Thy Name and Nature do so well agree,  
 Thy Name another Nature seems to be,  
 And as we HEAR, we make it out in thee;



Letters to the Humour's so well set,  
 shew the brightest in the Alphabet:  
 may be chang'd, and many often do,  
 to change thine's to change your Nature too;  
 Name and Nature constitute a Bliss,  
 Heav'n alone such *Doctors* makes as this:  
 Title by no Mortal Man was giv'n,  
 in a *New-Years-Gift* \* was sent from Heav'n.  
 Pulpit's fragrant, for you preach in Flowers,  
 when the Hearer's truly blest, it—*SHOWERS!*  
 indeed! for both thy Tongue and Pen  
 often made our Graces spring agen:  
 heart restor'd, but with how strange a Fate,  
 wou'd almost from the Eternal Gate.  
 rais'd this Day † there dy'd the fruitful *Shower*,  
 Tears did weep thy Loss, as past all Cure;  
 yet the King of Death cou'd not sustain  
 Grief, and sent the Fates their Threads again.  
 know'st what Tears thy false Death caus'd for thee;  
 thy self in thy Posterity,  
 as thine own Survivor, hug thy Joy;  
 the return'd will never lose a Day.  
 above *Learn'd Titles* that has *Shower's* Deserts,  
 the *Doctor* lies in Piety and Parts!

The *Comment Preacher*— next my Muse essays,  
 'tis in vain, for Time alone can raise  
 Poem fit to sing great *Henry's* Praise:  
 this I'll say, (for *Broad-oak* knows 'tis true)  
 in others are his Due;  
 'tis a *Doctor*, or he will be so.  
 'd *Angels* come from Heav'n, ('tis my Sense)  
 'd not be heard with greater Reverence;  
 Pulpits own his Learned Pieces raise,  
 work to trouble Fame, astonish Praise:  
 Comments are so full, and yet so trim,  
 praise all Virtues in admiring him:  
 's more than *Doctor* that is so Divine.

— is Learned, Wise, and Temperate,  
 in the Graces have a Noble Seat;  
 he is built like some Imperial Room,  
 these to dwell in, and be still at Home.

---

\* His excellent *Treatise* entitl'd *Serious Reflections on Time*  
 and Eternity, is here meant.

† This Line owes its Rise to a Report that was spread in London  
 that Mr. *Showers* was dead; as indeed he was very near it, his  
 being despair'd of (at that Time) by his very Physicians.

His

His Breast is a brave Palace, a Broad Street,  
 Where all Heroick, Pious Thoughts do meet;  
 Where Nature such a large Survey hath ta'en,  
 As other Souls, to his, live in a Lane.  
 To find a WHIG in ev'ry Grace excel,  
 Is rare—— but L—— is that Miracle.  
 He is indeed that *Good Samaritan*,  
 That cloaths the Poor, and heals the wounded Man;  
 His Preaching and his Alms do both agree,  
 He don't, like *Stiv'ns*, preach up Charity,  
 And give as if he wanted your Supply.  
 He is—— But he that wou'd this Saint commend,  
 Shall find nothing so hard as how to end.

I'th' first Edition of this Character  
 Thus far I went, but I must now retire;  
 For L—— is no *Doctor*, nor will be,  
 He loves a St——pet more than a Degree:  
 For in all Churches will a *FUDAS* creep,  
 It is their Trouble, and was my Mistake,  
 When I prais'd L—— for honest *Tutchin's*\* Sake.

*Mauduit's* a polish'd *Levite*, and his Name  
 Becomes the Wonder and Discourse of Fame;  
 Each verdant Laurel, ev'ry Mirtle Bough,  
 Are strip'd for *Wreaths* t' adorn and load his Brow:  
 He is a Scholar of such pious Sense,  
 He's surely *Doctor* when they next commence.  
 But shall I praise him? When all Men agree,  
 (Except such *Pulpit-Fools* that will not see)  
 Who tells his Worth, seems to write Poetry.

Makes *Nature Maps*? since, Learned *FREKE*, in thee  
 Sh' has drawn a Living University;  
 (*Freke* is all *DOCTORS* in Epitomy!)  
 Or strives she in so small a *Pulpit Piece*,  
 To sum the *Liberal Arts* and *Sciences*?  
 Nature (in *Freke*) does to the World declare,  
 No bulky Kite can with the Lark compare;  
 For *FREKE* (tho' small) is *GREAT* in what is rare.  
 Nature here shews, how little Matter can  
 So truly big (as *FREKE*) a Form contain.  
 His Age is blab'd abroad by Silver Hairs,  
*FAME* ranks him with the gravest *Pulpiteers*,  
 But all his Limbs still cry out Want of Years.

\* 'Twas the extraordinary Kindness and Compassion L——  
 shew'd to Mr. Tutchin in his greatest Distress, that made me  
 kin so much in the first Edition of this Poem.

A VAST Mind, tho' in a little Cage,  
 The Doctor, that does much presage,  
 FREKE's great Virtues double twice his Age.  
 A GREAT SOUL as his, does fret and fume  
 In narrow World, meerly for want of Room;  
 A Conjunction! for therein FREKE is grown  
 The Mole hill, and the Alps in one:  
 The same Action we may truly call  
 Both Thrift, and a great Prodigal.

}  
}

— I judge, is made of Earth refin'd,  
 The least Birth the gentle Planets shin'd;  
 Whom who list, he still shall be his Debtor,  
 Whoe'er feign'd, nor Nature fram'd a better.  
 — for Equals he has, that shine and speak,  
 Adams, Taylor, and the Learned FREKE,  
 Wright, Hughs, Shute, Billingsley and Leak,  
 Now are DOCTORS for their Wit and Sense,  
 Will be DOCTORS in the Future Tense.

}  
}

In these Dissenting Doctors I might place  
 Pious Stretton, Lukin, Mr. Chace,  
 Dimer, Sprint, Hamilton and Wise,  
 Hannot, Gilping, Chandlor, humble Price,  
 Nibet, Bellamy and Powel,  
 Blackmore, Doolitle and Howel,  
 Bowlen, Stort, Barret, learned Boyse,  
 Burgess, Gilson, Benjon, Mr. Royce,  
 Reynolds, Wilson, Gordon, Whitaker,  
 Thompson, Mather, Wilkinson and Burr,  
 Hussy, Noble, Seaton, Gledhil,  
 Audland, Carstairs and pious Hill,  
 Curot, Moody, Marriat, Rogers, Grew,  
 Steppard, Barnard, Weaver, Mr. Drew,  
 Dowglas, Barton, Cunningham and Hearle,  
 Pops, Mayo, Anderton and Searle;  
 Add Baldwin, Petto, Hughs and Tongue,  
 Men, Waters, Gouge and Robinson,  
 All are DOCTORS, or they will be soon.  
 Tho' GREAT Williams, Oldfield, Calamy,  
 Not advanc'd to th' Doctoral Degree?  
 Have it but in Name before the rest,  
 Whoe I nam'd can stand— A Doctor's Test,  
 Will in Time receive their just Advance;  
 Tho' not Doctors, they have Doctors Brains.

}  
}

Charity does make a DOCTOR too,  
 As was Doctor Forty Years ago.

!

I did before describe his Charity \*,  
 Where I DISTINGUISH'D Men of DIGNITY.  
 I'll add but this, his Love is General ;  
 He is not kind to this and that, but all  
 His *Light* directs— unto no partial End,  
 Like *ANNESLEY* † he's a universal Friend ;  
 " Mighty in Works of *Sacred Charity* \*\*,  
 " Which none knows better how to guide than he ;  
 " For thus he gives, that had he Mines in store,  
 " He'd ne'er be rich, while any Man was poor ;  
 " A Heart so great, that if he had a Purse,  
 " He wou'd supply the Poor o'th' Universe.  
 He is a second Doctor *Annesley*  
 For Grace and universal Charity,  
 ('Tis *Doctor* to resemble such as he.)  
 But for the *Tacking Parson*, flye the *K*————  
 " For such as these are all the Devil's Slave,  
 " And ev'ry Grace but Charity they have :  
 This makes 'em rail, and such a shameful Evil,  
 That good Men think a railing Saint the Devil.  
 But if you wou'd a *real Doctor* be,  
 Without a Ramble— for a *Scotch Degree*,  
 Keep *Pomfret*, or Fam'd *Annesley* in your Eye,  
 And then you'll *Doctors* live, and *Doctors* die.  
 Nay, if in GLORY there be Difference,  
 You will ev'n there some New DEGREES commence.

Stop here———— tho' others may attract the Sight,  
 My Muse does flag, she has too great a Weight,  
 Who dares attempt to do so many Right?  
 'Ah ! cou'd I but compleat so fine a Piece,  
 As to PAINT each *Dissenting Doctor's* Phiz,  
 I then wou'd boast———— nay, challenge *Rome* and *Greece*

\* In my *Project* entitl'd *Dignify'd and Distinguish'd*, p.  
 † Dr. Samuel Annesley.

\*\* This was the Character that Mr. Foe gives Dr. Annesley  
 in his *Poem* which he calls *The Character of Dr. Annesley*,  
 of *Elegy*.

## PROJECT IX.\*

*Anthropia Divina— or a General History of the remarkable Conversions which have happened to great Sinners, from the Thief upon the Cross, down to the present Year: Intermix'd with the late Conversions which have been sent to the Author (both by Ministers and private Christians) from divers Parts of the Two Kingdoms— To which is prefix'd an Awakening Letter to the unconverted; in which is inserted many Nice and Curious Questions concerning the Conversion of great Sinners, which were formerly sent to the Athenian Society, and never answer'd before.*

*to be continu'd in every distinct Volume of Duntor's Projects, 'till the History of Conversions is completed.*

## PART I.

## AWAKENING LETTER to the unconverted.

*to the condemned Wretch,*

**T**O be an Instrument of snatching (tho' but) *one* Soul out of the Jaws of Hell, far exceeds all other Gains. A sincere Christian rejoiceth more in this, if he may gain to Christ a poor Wretch that is contemptible in the Eyes of the World, than if all Treasures of the World were offer'd unto him. *He* that convert one Sinner from the Error of his Way, shall save a Soul from Death, and shall cover a Multitude of Sins; as the *St. James* saith, James 5. 20.

Let

Let then, O Sinner, this *awakening Council*, be acceptable thee; *break off thy sins by Righteousness, and thine Iniquities by Mercy to the Poor.* O let there (at length) be an *heal thy Error.* *Nathan*\* us'd but one Parable, and *David* converted: *Jonas* preach'd but once to *Niniveh*, and the *City* repented: *Christ* look'd but once on *St. Peter*, and *he* out and wept bitterly.

Then, poor undone Sinner, content not thy self with formal Religion which unregenerated Men have fram themselves, instead of sincere Devotion; for, in the Multitude of Opinions, most Men have almost lost the Practice of Religion. Destruction and Misery are in thy ways, and the Enter to such unconverted Wretches as thou art, is sent on purpose to stop thee in thy desperate Course. Who can see how wonderfully thou shalt forever triumph in the Riches of Free-Grace, if the Spirit of God open thine Eyes, who hastening on blindfold to the Damned, with a Lye in thy hand? I shall in this Letter, endeavour to shew thee thy Abominations, and the Misery of thine Estate; for I see they are great Sinners, but are not convinc'd of it because they believe not in Christ, and that they are uncondemn'd Sinners. Thou art a dying Man or Woman, and it may be hast but a few Sands in thy Glass run out, and then where wilt thou appear? Refuse not the Mercy now freely tender'd to thee, without Money or Price, slight not the Blood of Christ, tread not under foot the Gifts of God, for then there remaineth no more Sacrifice for thy Sins; quench not the Spirit's Motions, for the Spirit is at Hand, when it will strive no more with thee for ever. *Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light, Eph. 5. 14.*

I. *Reflect upon thy heinous Sins* — thy Heart is miserably Wicked; from hence proceed all thine evil Thoughts, thy Adulteries, thy Fornications, thy Murders, thy Covetousness, thy Wickedness, thy Deceit, thy Envy, thy Jealousness, thine evil Eye, thy Blasphemy, thy Pride; thine Iniquities file thee, *Mark 7. 21, &c.*

*Because of these things the wrath of God is coming upon you, Eph. 6.* Deceive not thine Immortal Soul, thou wilt not inherit such things, shalt not inherit the kingdom of God, *1 Cor. 6. 10.* Which of God's righteous Laws hast thou not broken? *God made man upright, but he hath sought out many inventions, Every imagination of the thoughts of thine heart, is only evil continually, Gen. 6. 5.* Thy carnal Mind is at Enmity with God, whilst thou art in the Flesh, thou canst not please God, there is no fear of God before thine Eyes. Is it not so?

\* *2 Sam. 12. 13. Job. 3. 5. Luke 22. 62.*

of Mercy, that God shou'd not consume thee in a Moment, for thy gross Ignorance, and Sloth, and Stupidity, thy hardness of Heart, and Unbelief, and for thy *secret Abominations*. Are not thy Sins exceedingly aggravated? Are any like thine? Have not God's Servants labour'd and spent themselves in vain for thy Soul? Surely thou art falling into the Hands of the living God, and may'st well be a Terror to thyself! I wonder not if thou fearest lest thy Sins shall not be forgiven.

1. *Reflect upon thy present dreadful Estate.*

Thou art condemn'd already; because thou believest *John 3. 18*. Thou art repriev'd a little only from Execution, thro' the wonderful Patience of God; thou shalt not die, but the Wrath of God abideth on thee! Is this a Reason to rest in thus securely one Moment longer? Give thy Conscience leave to speak.

Thou hast no Hopes; if thy Breath was but stop'd, thy Life is desperate. Thou say'st — I hope to be sav'd by Christ, but the Lord saith, *The Hypocrites hope shall be cut off; for what is his hope when God taketh away his Soul, Job 27. 8*. The way of peace thou hast not; thou art without Christ, a stranger to the promises, without God in the world, *Eph. 2. 12*.

Thou art near Destruction, and ought'st to be under the continual Expectation of inevitable Misery coming upon thee. Thou restest over the Flames of Hell only by the Thread of thy Life; if it were cut, thou woud'st sink down presently into endless Misery: When thou liest down to sleep, who knows thou may'st awake with Flames about thine Ears? When Night comes, thou may'st say with an aking Heart, now Damnation nearer than it was in the Morning. Thou hast been often reprov'd, and still harden'st thy Neck, and suddenly be destroy'd, and that without Remedy, *Prov. 1. 27*. That Word may well terrifie thee every Night, *Thou knowest not what hour thy Soul shall be required of thee, Luke 12. 20*.

Thou knowest not how soon God may, if he hath not already, clap'd a secret Curse upon thee, and sworn in his Oath, that thou shalt not enter into his rest, *Heb. 3. 11*. Thou art joyn'd to thine Idols, thou hast Cause to fear God hath said, let him alone, *He that is filthy, let him be filthy: Thou shalt sleep a perpetual sleep, and not awake, Isa. 27. 1*. In thy Filthiness is Lewdness, because I have purged thee, thou wast not purged, thou shalt not be purged from thy Sins any more, 'till I have caused my fury to rest upon thee, *Ezek. 24. 13*.

Thou may'st be repriev'd from Hell for a further Aggravation of thy Sins, 'till thou hast fill'd up the measure of thy Iniquities. O fearful Estate! for a Man to live only

to heap up Fuel for his own everlasting Burnings, even *treasures of wrath for the last day*, James 5. 3.

VI. The Reason why God doth not strike thee dead in thy Sins may be, because thou art reserv'd for greater Torments that Wrath may come upon thee to the uttermost. God can easily crush such a crawling Viper as thou art to pieces in a Moment, but he reserveth the wicked unto the day of destruction, *they shall be brought forth to the day of wrath*, Job 21. 30. To this End and Purpose may'st thou be rais'd up, that God may shew his Wrath, and make his Power known; and therefore endures with much long-suffering the Vessel of Wrath fitted for Destruction.

3. *Consider thine Enemies.*

1. The Law curseth thee; for it is written, *Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the Book of the Law to do them*; it tells thee, *thou shalt surely die*, Gal. 3. 10. *Ezek. 33. 8. The Lord will rain snares upon thee, in the fulness of thy sufficiency thou shalt be in straits*, Job 20. 22. All thy enjoyments are curseth to thee; read *Deut. 28.* Tremble, thou secure Sinner, for God is coming in the Fire of his jealousy to smite the Earth with a Curse: The wrath of God is revealed from Heaven against all Ungodliness and Unrighteousness of Men, who hold the Truth in Unrighteousness.

2. Death and Hell wait for thee; the whole Creation burthen'd with such a Cumber-ground; the Sun to shine on such a Dunghil! and shortly *the Heavens will reveal thy secret iniquities, and the Earth will rise up against thee*: This is thy Portion from God, and the Heritage appointed unto thee by *Job 20. 27, 29.* Now consider this, thou that forgettest God lest he tear thee in pieces, and *there be none to deliver*, *Psal. 40.*

3. *The Devil roars like a Lyon for his prey to devour thee*; he accuseth thee before God, thou hast none to plead in thy Cause in Heaven. Consider with thy self, *what shall I do in the day of visitation, and in the desolation which shall come from far? to what shall I flee for help, or where shall I leave my glory?* *Isa. 10.*

4. God is thy deadly Enemy; the Face of the Lord is against thee: *Can thy heart endure, or thy hands be strong, in the day when God shall deal with thee?* *Ezek. 22. 14.* *Who can stand before his indignation? and who can abide the fierceness of his anger,* *Nah. 1.*

4. *Consider thy future Misery.*

1. Thou must shortly die, and then thy Time and Day of Grace shall be no more. Thou shalt no more find then what thy heart lusteth after, *Apocal. 18. 4.*

2. Christ will come with ten thousands of his Saints to convince those who will not now be awaken'd. The Power and Coming of the Son of God in the Clouds will be most dreadful, when he shall come in his own and in his Father's Glory. The last Trumpet shall sound, and Graves be open'd, and the Sea, and Death, and Hell, shall give up the dead: Then will Christ bring forth his Enemies, which would



that he should Reign over them: Then wilt thou cry to the Rocks and Mountains, fall on me and hide me from the face of him that sitteth on the Throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great Day of his Wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand? Then every faithful Sermon and Reproof will rise up in Judgment against thee, and condemn thee. Thou wilt not agree with thine Adversary quickly, for he will deliver thee to the Judge, Mat. 5. 25. Thou wilt not hear the loving Voice of Christ, which calleth thee; for all things are now ready, Luke 14. 17. but thou must hear that Voice by constraint, *Arise ye dead, and come to judgment.* It would be thy great Mercy, if the Fore-thoughts of the Terror of that Day might seize upon thy senseless Conscience wherever thou goest. Thy Judge stands at the Door, and the Coming of the Lord draws nigh: Awake therefore thou that sleepest, and prepare to meet the Lord in the Air; for Jesus Christ himself will pronounce that dreadful Sentence against thee, *Depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels.* What doleful Out-cries will damn'd souls express for Mercy, or for a Reprieve then, that shall be Reform'd, and Blaspheme the Spirit of Christ! Thus I have told thee, in the most awakening manner I can, what a miserable Wretch thou art, whilst thou liv'st in an unconverted State. If this plain Letter has so far AWAKEN'D thee, as to make thee enquire what a true Convert is,

Answer——— *A Convert* is one that wholly forsakes the Devil's Service, repents of all he has said or done amiss, and (were't possible) to sin no more. So that the Effects of a Man's Conversion, are, (1.) A true and ardent Love of God and our Neighbour. (2.) An earnest Desire to obey God, according to all his Commandments, without Exception. (3.) All good Works, even our whole new Obedience. (4.) A Desire of Converting others, and recalling them into the Kingdom of Salvation. In a Word, the Fruits of true Conversion and Repentance, are all the Duties of Piety towards God, and Charity towards our Neighbour.

So that you see, Reader, the true Convert is one that is not quickly made, nor easily understood; he is a PHŒNIX, and like that *Arabian Wonder*, he by Accident is born, and lives in many Weeks; or at least he is a great *Rarity*, amongst Sectators, Hypocrites, Drunkards, and Whoremasters.

So that whoever becomes a sincere Convert, deserves a Place in this General History of strange Conversions; which shall commence from the remarkable Conversion of the Thief on the Cross. and to be continu'd down to this present Year. The Revival of so many Wonders of *Free Grace*, is a Work never before attempted; but in hopes to awaken some sleeping Sinners, (by shewing what notorious Sinners have been converted) I hope to compleat this *General History of*

*Strange Conversions*, by publishing of it in Parts in *Dunton's Athenianism*, till the whole History is compleated; and I hope every good Man, but more especially every converted Sinner, will give me all the Assistance he possibly can: But pray Reader (as if thou art converted in earnest, thou wilt not dare to impute a Lye on the World) be very particular in relating the Occasion and Manner of what CONVERSIONS you send; nothing shall be inserted in this Work but what is well attested for Religion does not stand in any need of a Lye to support its Credit. And as I shan't attempt to AWAKEN any unconverted Person to a Sense of his Sin, by amusing of him with false Narratives, so I resolve to insert no converted Sinner in this History, but what is really (and REMARKABLY) so.

Thus, unconverted Sinner, I have briefly answer'd thy Question — *What a true Convert is?* That is (to repeat it in the Words) *He's a Rarity*. I have also inform'd thee what Authentick Relations thou may'st always expect in my *General History of strange Conversions*: But seeing Conviction generally goes before Conversion, if you farther ask me (for I answer you in P. 111. I wou'd *Athenianize* all my Projects, by answering whatever nice and curious Questions shou'd occur in) what is *Conviction of Sin?* — I answer — *Conviction is one of the Depths of God*: As there is an external legal Conviction in the Court of Man, so there is an internal and effectual Conviction in the Court of Conscience. Tho' there be many Convictions without Conversion, there are no Conversions without Conviction. Where is the Christian whose Experience tells him not, that Conviction is necessary to Conversion? There are Three great Convictions mention'd in the sacred Scripture, *Conscience, Christ, the Spirit*.

**CONSCIENCE** — Thus, (*John 8. 9.*) *And they which were convicted by their own Conscience, &c.* The Greek signifies Conviction by Argument, the Refutation of an Opinion that Men before had imbib'd and espous'd. They made their Consciences their Convincers: Their Consciences told them that they were guilty, if not of that Sin, yet of other Sins as bad as that.

**CHRIST** — Thus, (*Jude v. 15.*) *To convince all that are godly amongst them.* — The great Day will not only be a Day of Execution, but also of Conviction.

**The SPIRIT** — Thus, (*John 16. 8.*) *And when he is come, he shall reprove (convince, so the Greek) the World of Sin.* To reprove, is only to discover a fault; to convince, is to take away all Reasons that can be alledg'd for it. The Convictions of the Spirit are never single; as the Voice of the Conscience is to cry Sin, Sin, so the Voice of the Spirit is to cry Grace. As there is a Conviction of Sin which is Rational, when a man's Reason is non-pluss'd, and he cannot deny

Each of it; so there is a Conviction of Sin which is Spiritual, when a Man's Heart floops under it, and he takes the same to himself. Conviction is a manifest and infallible Demonstration, which takes away all the Cavils of the Soul, when a Thing is shew'd to be impossibly otherwise than it is represented: But yet the Mind may be thoroughly convinc'd, and yet the Man not truly converted; to convert a Sinner is a greater Work, than to work Wonders in Nature. Tho' God loveth Converts never the worse for being great Sinners before they were converted, yet they thou'd loath themselves much the more; for there is an indispenfible Necessity of Conversion; for St. Matthew says, *If ye be not converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.* So the Greek. There must be Conversion, if ye be not converted. The *Arminian* saith, put all the Operation of Grace that need to be put, into one Ballance, a Man's Free-will (ballanc'd against it) will weigh it down, will turn the scales, and determine the Case, whether a Man shall be converted or no, shall accept of Grace or no. Now by this herodox Opinion it will follow, that not God by his FREE-GRADE, but Man by his FREE WILL, is the efficient Cause of his Conversion. 'Tis true, the Soul worketh in the very moment of Conversion. Thus the Jaylor — *Sirs, what shall I do to be sav'd?* Acts 16. 29, 30. And thus St. Paul — *Lord what wilt thou have me to do?* Acts 9. 6. I thought I had done well hitherto, and cou'd have said to any Opponent, what evil have I done? But I am of another Mind now, *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* Saul was now in FIERI, in making; and recalls the Beatings of his Pulse, *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* I have been doing the Will of Satan, but now I wou'd do the Will of God: I have been doing without thee, and against thee, but now I wou'd be doing from thee, and for thee. *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* So Lydia, (Acts 16. 14) whose heart the Lord opened — there was Christ's Work. As she attended to the things which were spoken of Paul — there was his Work. Paul was a curious Preacher, but he did not open her Heart. A Paul may preach to the Ears, but Christ may preach to the Heart, or the Sinner will be still unconverted; unless the Lord open'd. The Metaphor is taken from opening a Door or Lock; the Opener is he who hath the Key of David, (Ez. 3. 7.) opening, and no man shutting, shutting, and no man opening. The Babes of Grace act in the very Birth; yet know, that in the Order of Nature) the Work of God is before the Work of the Soul, and the Work of the Soul dependeth upon the Work of God. No Preparation is antecedaneous as to God; but the preparations of the heart in man, and the answer of the

Ἐὰν μὴ ἴ μὴ ᾖ ἔργων.

*Tongue is from the Lord, Prov. 16. 1. Believe it, Conversion without the Sphere of our Activity: He that is a Barnab (the Son of Conversion, as the Word signifieth) is so by the God of Grace; nothing below Almightyness of Power can effect the Conversion of the Soul. Shou'd Jehovah say to the Angels in Heaven, there is such a Person, in such a Country, and in such a City, who is a great Sinner: His Element is Sin, and he is out of his Element when he is not adding Sin to Sin: The poor Man stands as it were upon the Coffins of Eternity, and as it were upon the Battlements of Hell, there is but a Step as it were between him and Damnation, but such are the expatiated Bowels of Benignity in me, that I had much rather he shou'd be convinc'd, than confounded; that he shou'd be converted, than consum'd; that he shou'd be sav'd, than damn'd; that he shou'd go to Heaven, than to Hell. Go ye all therefore and lay Siege to his Soul, improve your Utmost to give him a seasonable and suitable Check; give him a timely and a true Turn out of the Way of Sin, into the Way of Grace; that he may happily escape the Wrath to come, and not perish for an Eternity. All the Angels (more than probably) upon the Command of the Being of Beings wou'd go; for, they are all ministring Spirits (Heb. 1. 14.) sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of Salvation; and wou'd improve their utmost Power and Precedence, in order to the Conversion of this great Sinner; returning, must give this Answer unto that God, who is the Fountain of Glory, as well as Bowels of Mercy; and who is infinite in Power, as well as in Pity. "Greatest God, we went to such a Place, and found the Person; one Hyperbolically sinful; sinful to Wonder: We did set before him the Way of Life, and the Way of Death; the Way of Deliverance, and the Way of Destruction: We presented him with Precepts and Presidents; with Punishments and Promises: We did set before him Misery and Mercy; we disclosed to him the Torments of Hell, and of the Triumphs of Heaven: But we could not find him, so we left him; nothing that we said or did, was influential upon him: So that he is yet unconvinc'd of his Sin, and in Danger. Father of Mercies, we could not turn him from the Power of Darkness to light, (Acts 26. 18.) and from the power of Satan unto God. We did what we could, but we could not take him out of the Citadel, and cause him to launch forth into this great Sea of CONVERSION. Lord, if thou layest not Siege to his Soul thy self, and (consequentially) make it a Captive to thy Grace, the Man must dwell with devouring Fire, and with lasting Burnings, notwithstanding all that we have said or done. It is not the Word which Man speaketh, nor Man which speaketh the Word, but GOD (by his Spirit) who converteth the Soul. Hath Man (before Conversion) a Liberty of Will to do that which is spiritually good? Is not Man (before Conversion)*

passive? Yea, and (after Conversion) are not the Cedars of Lebanon, as well as the Shrubs in the Valley, like a Couch-grass, that runs not unless it be drawn? Can MAN (from himself) any more prepare himself for his own Converting, than Stone can prepare it self to its own softning? Is not Conversion then one of the Depths of God? Tho' the Ways of God in Conversion be various, his Spirit working when, where, and how it pleaseth; and tho' the Variety of his Ways (in this visible Work) doth transcend the Apprehensions of Men, if not of Angels; yet there is an undeniable Necessity of it. Thus, Acts 3. 19.) *Repent ye therefore and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, &c.* Here is Remission, but it follows Conversion. Is it not a Metaphor taken from a munificent Creator, who (remitting a Debt) presently blots it out of his Book of Accounts, as if he had receiv'd it. So that to be truly converted, is to be first convinc'd of our State by Nature, next to be graciously turn'd out of the Way of Sin, into the Way of Grace; out of the Way of Darknes, into the Way of Light; out of the Way of Hell, into the Way of Heaven.

Thus (poor unconverted Soul) I have largely, and (I hope) satisfactorily answer'd Two of thy nice Questions; viz. 1. *Who is a true Convert*— and— 2. *What Conviction for Sin is.*

If you further ask me, *What is the infallible Evidence of a Sinner's Conversion?*

Answer, The only infallible Evidence of a Sinner's Conversion, is when he hath chang'd his first Principles, and his Ends; which is so absolutely necessary to our Eternal Happiness, that the main End of the Gospel's Ministry, is to open Mens Eyes, and to turn them from Darknes to Light, and from the Power of Satan unto God.

If you further ask me, *What are the real Parts of Conversion, some learned Men having asserted that Contrition and Faith are the Parts of Conversion?*

Answer, The Parts of Conversion are in Number two, as the Apostle sheweth: *The mortifying of the Old Man, and the quickning of the New Man.* So speak we better with the Apostle, than if we shou'd follow them, who make *Contrition and Faith* the Parts of Conversion. Now by *Contrition* they understand also *Mortification*: By *Faith* they understand the *Study* which followeth the Study of Righteousness and new Obedience, which are indeed Effects of Faith, but not Faith it self; and *Contrition* goeth before Conversion; neither is it Conversion it self, nor any Part thereof, but only a preparing of the Soul unto Conversion; and that in the Elect only, not in others: And this is the Reason why they begin the preaching of Repentance from the Law, and then come unto the Gospel, and so come back again unto the Law. However, this I assert

(and will defend it against all that are of a contrary Opinion that there are only two Parts in the Work of Grace, or Conversion. 1. The one is *quâ regeneramur*, by which we are gotten. 2. The other is *quâ renascimur*, by which we are born again. The one is God's Act purely, the other imply the Manifestation of Life in our selves: A Distinction so nice and curious, that 'twill serve to clear some Controversy in Religion.

If you further ask me— (for the Conversion of a Sinner such a strange and miraculous Work, as to deserve many Questions) *Whether the Word of God is the Instrument of our Conversion, by being made Fecund and Generative by the Spirit?*

I answer— The *Father* is the Original Cause of our Conversion; the *Son* is the meritorious and effective; and the *Holy Ghost* consummates and applies it, thro' Faith wrought and increas'd in us by the Word and Sacraments\*. So here is God the Father's Will, God the Son's Merit, and God the Spirit's Efficacy, by his overshadowing the Soul in a **NEW CREATURE**, hatch'd and brought forth. When Donatists upbraided St. *Austin* with the Impurity of his former Life, he answer'd, "*How much more they blame my former Fault by so much the more I praise and commend my Physician.*"

If you further ask me, *Whether Mans Conversion be perfect in this Life?*

I answer— Our Conversion unto God is never perfect and accomplish'd in this Life, but is here in perpetual Motion until it attain unto Perfection in the Life to come. We know part. Hereunto bear Witness all the Complaints and Prayers of the Saints: *Cleanse thou me from my secret faults. O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me? &c. Forgive us our trespasses.* Exhortations also of the Prophets and Apostles, that the converted should yet be more converted, confirm this Position: *He that is righteous, let him be righteous still*†. We may thus make evident Demonstration hereof. Neither the Mortification of the Flesh, nor the Quickening of the Spirit is absolute and perfect in the Saints in this Life: Therefore Man's whole Conversion cannot be absolute and perfect. Concerning the Imperfection of Man in the Mortification of the Flesh, there can be no Question or Doubt thereof, it is apparent; because the Saints of God do not only continually wrestle with the Concupiscence of the Flesh, but oftentimes yield and give over in the Conflict: Oftentimes they sin, slip, and displease God; tho' they defend not their Sins, detest, bewail, and study and endeavour more and more to shun and avoid them. Touching Man's Imperfection in the Quickening of the Spirit, the same Combate giveth Testimony

\* *Jam.* 1. 18. *1 Pet.* 1. 3. *Tit.* 3. 5, 6.

† *Rev.* 22. 11.

erily, since our Knowledge is but in part only, the re-  
g of our Will and Heart is even such; for our Will  
is our Knowledge.

no further ask me, *In what the Conversion of the godly  
is from the Repentance of the wicked,*

First, The Name of Repentance is attributed as well to  
the godly, because they both agree in some  
things; to wit, in the Knowledge of Sin, and the Grief for  
it; in the rest there is great Difference.

*In the impulsive Cause of Repentance, which is Grief—*

The wicked are griev'd only for the Punishment and Torment  
which they receive, not for that they offend and displease God. So was  
David griev'd only in respect of his Punishment: *My iniquity  
is, the Punishment of mine Iniquity) is greater than I can  
bear. Behold, thou hast cast me out this day from the earth.* Now

The godly hate indeed the Punishment, but they are griev'd  
more for that God is offended, and for their Sin. So *David;*  
*Against thee, against thee only have I sinned: my sin is ever before*

The good hate to sin, for the Love they bear to Virtue;  
the wicked, for the Fear they stand in of Punishment. So in  
David was a Sorrow and Grief, for that he had offended God:  
not for his Torment ensuing, not for the Sin it self.

*In the Cause—* which breedeth Repentance in both.

The wicked repent, by reason of a Despair, Distrust, and  
Faintness; so that they run more and more into Desperation,  
Scurvy, and Hatred against God. But the godly repent,  
by reason of Faith, and a Confidence which they have of the  
Mercy of God, and Reconciliation thro' Christ.

*In the Form—* and Manner of their Repentance: For

The Repentance of the godly is a returning unto God from the  
World, from their Sins, and from their old Nature; because  
they do not only grieve, but also comfort and erect themselves  
by Confidence in the Mediator; they trust in God, and  
rely on him, and relie on him with *David: Purge me with  
hyssop, and I shall be clean.* The Repentance of the wicked is a  
turning from God unto the Devil, a Hatred of God, a  
turning from him, and a murmuring or repining against him,  
the Beginning of Desperation.

*In the Effect—* which their Repentance worketh in them.

The wicked new Obedience doth not follow Repentance; but  
they go forward in their Sins, and return to their Vomit, tho'  
they counterfeit Repentance for a Time, as *Achub* did. They  
justify'd indeed themselves, and quite destroy'd: But the  
Corruption of their Nature, that is, Sin, is not crucify'd  
in them; and how much the more they give themselves to Re-  
pentance, so much the more is in them a Hatred of God, mur-  
muring, and turning away from God, and an approach-  
ing to the Devil: But in the godly new Obedience followeth  
and

and accompanieth Repentance; and how much the more he repent, so much the more dieth the old Man in them; the Study and Desire of Righteousness, and living well, which they do, them so much the more encreas'd.

If you further ask me, *What is the Change that is wrought in a converted Sinner, seeing St. John tells us, John 3. 3, 5, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God—That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit:* So that it is clear hence, the fountain of blessed Immortality is the new Birth (the Sinner's Conversion to God) which is the unmaking of a Sinner, and the making of him up again. So that, according to St. Paul (says the humble Penitent) *if ever I enter into the kingdom of God, the whole frame of my old corrupt Conversation is to be dissolved, that a better may be erected;* which (says the apostle to the Sinner) is such a strange and miraculous Change that you cannot understand, and wou'd therefore know, *what the Change is wrought in a Sinner at his Conversion?*

To this I answer — It must be own'd, that not only the unconverted Sinners themselves, but all that behold them, are struck with the Change that is wrought in them. 'Twas a Change that Satan motion'd to our Saviour, of turning *Water into Bread*; but nothing so strange as the Work of Conversion and Renovation, a turning of *stony Hearts into Hearts of Flesh*. But to tell the Sinner what that Change is that is wrought in his Heart at his Conversion, is a difficult thing: He that is a poor convinc'd Sinner, (for I won't any more call the unconverted, as thy Question now shews thou art weary of that old Master the Devil) to encourage thee to enter on a new Life, I'll give thee the best Account I can of the Change that is wrought in a Sinner at his Conversion; and the Change I take to be this, *viz.* Every Man by his first Birth is born dead in Sin; but by his *New Birth* there is such a miraculous Change wrought in him, that he becometh alive to God. As the Father said of the Prodigal, *This my Son was dead, but is alive.* And surely what Difference was between the unconverted lying dead in the Grave, and *Lazarus's* standing alive to God; the same Difference is between a Natural and a Regenerate Man. Yea, look what Alteration there is in the Air, by the arising of the Sun; the like is in the Sinner by the Infusion of Holiness. So that the Change that is wrought in a Sinner at his Conversion, can be no less than a new Birth; for the Regenerate Man's Actions are as contrary to those that he did before, as Fire and Water: Being now converted, it may be said of him, as it was once of *Troy* being burnt, *Toulamis Troja perlucet Novis*; every Act, Word, and Thought are all chang'd; every Chamber made new and swept



the Object of the converted Sinner. So that (as 'tis  
Question) the Change that is wrought in a Sinner at his  
Conversion, must needs be a strange and miraculous Change.  
In this great Work of Conversion, the Substance of  
is the same, but all the Qualities and Operations are  
for the Change that is wrought in a Sinner at his  
Conversion, is this; In Regeneration (or a sound Conversion)  
Natures are translated, not destroy'd, (no not our Con-  
s and Complexion); for the melancholy Man doth not  
be so after Conversion, only the Humour is sancti-  
a Fitness for godly Sorrow, holy Meditation, &c. and  
the other Qualities. So that, convinc'd Sinner, (for so  
I may now call thee) I think 'tis plain, that the Dig-  
al Necessity of that great Change that is wrought in  
Conversion, is Motive enough to thee to labour for  
so thy present Conviction may end in a sound Con-  
; for without this happy Change, or Conversion, Hea-  
et will be too hot a Place to hold us: But the Change  
wrought in us by a sound Conversion, is not only great  
but will be glorious **HEREAFTER**; for St. John tells  
us not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when  
appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is,  
2. And St. Paul adds, *The Lord Jesus shall change our*  
*that it may be fashioned according to his glorious Body,*  
21.

are set the *Change* that is wrought at a Sinner's Conver-  
the best Light I cou'd, but when thou art *converted in*  
thou wilt find the Change that is then wrought, is much  
felt than express'd.

the convinc'd Sinner shou'd further ask me, *Whether may*  
*of Grace consist with the Want of those strong Affections*  
*Christians have found in their first Conversion?*

answer hereunto these Three Things are to be consi-

ly, When a Man may be said to lose his first Affe-

ly, In what Cases a strong Christian may be said to  
strong Affections.

ly, Whence it is that they which have strong Grace,  
yet want such strong Affections as they had at their first  
Conversion.

the *First*, Affections are fitly compar'd to the Pulses of  
by which Judgment may be given of the State and  
of the Soul; and that we may know when our Affe-  
beat low, and are decay'd, we may judge thereof by  
Signs.

When we have not such quick Desires after Duties.  
only a Christian, at his first Conversion, is so earnest and  
eager

eager after holy Duties, that he will scarce allow himself for the Duties of his particular Calling; yea, many of them tire themselves in Hearing, Reading, Meditation. But afterwards this Heat abates, and they pray less, meditate less, &c. which usually proceeds from their Multitude of Worldly Occasions.

2. Affections may be judg'd to be decay'd, when Men lose those Soul-ravishing Joys which formerly they have had; which being abated, their Affections also are abated.

3. Affections are decay'd, when sensible profiting by Ordinances is abated. Indeed a Man may profit by Ordinances and yet not be sensible of his profiting; he may grow deep Root in Solidity of Grace, tho' it may not shoot up in Blossom of Affections.

If you further ask me, *Whence is it that they that have received Grace, may yet want those strong Affections which they had at their first Conversion?*

I answer; *First*, Because at their first Conversion Grace is particularly employ'd, which afterwards is more diffusely generally employ'd. When much Water runs in one Channel, it makes the Stream to run the stronger, but when there are many Rivulets cut out, tho' there be as much of Water, yet there is not the same Strength of the Stream as it is at our first Conversion; then all our Affections run up but one Stream, and therefore seem'd the stronger. A new Convert hath not so many Duties to perform as a grown Christian, because he doth not know so many particular Duties; he may be at first all his Affections run out to Pray, to Read; and whilst all the Affections run in this one Channel, they seem to be very strong, whereas a grown Christian hath, besides these, many particular Duties of his Office and Relations to follow, and therefore it's no wonder his Affections seem weaker.

*Secondly*, This is from the Newness of the Condition; naturally we are much affected with new Things; as a Prisoner that hath been many Years in a dark Dungeon, when suddenly brought into the Light, is much affected with it. This is the State of our Souls at our first Conversion, when brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, 1 Pet. 2. 9. By the Grace of Conversion God brings us out of darkness into his marvelous light; and because so marvelous, therefore it does so much affect. Our Conversion at Conversion is very great, we become new Men, and are so affected therewith, that we are (as it were) affected therewith; yet in this Case we must distinguish between Affections and transient Passions, which wear off presently and vanish suddenly. The Affections of some Christians, especially of young ones, are like Colours which are

... they will soon fade. It is with a new Convert  
... a Man going to Execution; whilst he is upon the  
... a Pardon is unexpectedly brought, how will he be  
... with Joy? He will even leap for Joy; yet after-  
... this Torrent of his Joy may be abated, tho' his Life  
... dear to him as ever: So when a Soul hath been brought  
... Law, to a Sight of its lost Condition, when the Gospel  
... a Pardon, and the Spirit of God hath set on the  
... of that Pardon upon the Heart, *Oh what Ravishments*  
... *in Soul for the present!* which perhaps he shall not long  
... the Violence of his Joy is abated, but the Solidity of

Third Reason may be taken from God's Indulgence to  
Converts, who usually gives in Comfort according to  
Necessities of his People; it's with God our heavenly  
as it's with natural Parents, they are most tender  
their new-born Children. The Father of the Prodigal  
not only receive him mercifully, but bountifully too; he  
him more than was of Necessity, he gave him not only  
but a Ring; not only Cloaths, but the best Robe;  
ly Bread, but the fatted Calf, and Musick at this Feast;  
and this was for his newly Converted and Repenting Son;  
not entertain him so every Day. At our first Conversion  
expresses much Bounty and Indulgence to us, and af-  
fects, tho' we have the same Love from God, and the  
Love to God, yet the Expressions may not be the same  
as formerly they were.

You further ask me, *If once we be converted, what need  
we so oft?*

Answer, First, Neglect of God's Word is a manifest Sign  
we are not truly Converted, *John 8. 47. and 10. 3, 4,*  
They which have Grace cannot but be ravish'd with the  
Society of the Word.

Secondly, The Word is the Food of our Souls, whereby  
we are nourish'd, and the Graces of God's Spirit strengthen'd  
and the Want of it is a great Judgment, *Amos 8. 11,*

Thirdly, Tho' we have attain'd to Knowledge enough, yet  
we must hear, to quicken us to Practice, to reform our Af-  
fections, to nourish our Graces, yea, it's profitable, *to teach to  
the young, &c. that the man of God may be perfect, &c. 2 Tim. 3.  
2 Cor. 14. 3.* Therefore, with David, we should desire  
to dwell in the house of God, *Psal. 27. 4.*

You further ask me, *But may not true sanctifying and saving  
Grace, in the Regenerate, be utterly kill'd, or at least for a Time*

*Ans<sup>r</sup>.*

*Answ.* First, As some seeming Graces in the Unregenerate be quite lost, so true Grace in the Faithful may be seem-  
lost, but not quite; for *Math.* 25. 29. *To him that hath  
given, and he shall have abundance.* So *Joh.* 15. 2. *Every  
in me that beareth fruit, shall be purged, &c.* Yet many  
seemingly lose those Graces which they keep in Truth  
for Example, they may seemingly lose their saving KN-  
LEDGE, when, thro' the Relicts of Ignorance, they fall into  
gross Errors, Heresies, or Schisms. They may seemingly lose  
FAITH, when, being violently assaulted by Temptations  
receives some grievous Foils, and lies cover'd under Ince-  
ty, as Fire under Ashes, or the Sun under a Cloud. They  
seem to lose REPENTANCE, when they are overtaken  
by their old Sins, especially when after they are cleanse  
relapse into gross Sins, not only thro' Ignorance, but wil-  
ly, against Knowledge and Conscience, &c. Yet these  
Graces are not lost, but only hid and cover'd for a Time.

*Secondly,* Other Graces which spring from those which  
Fundamental, and absolutely necessary to the being of a  
Christian, may for a Time be lost, as full Assurance, Peace of  
science, Zeal of God's Glory, the Sense and Feeling of his  
Joy in the Holy Ghost, &c. which tend to the well-being  
Christian, may, in respect of present Apprehension, not  
be much dull'd, but quite extinguish'd; as we see in  
who thought God his Enemy. So *David* complains, *Psa.*  
1. and 51. 8, 10, 11, 12. and 88. And it cannot be  
otherwise, when our Graces so dreadfully decline, and  
is so woful an Intermission of the exercise of 'em. 'Tis  
Wonder that in that Case there is almost a total Extinction  
all holy Joy; and our Comforts are eclips'd, as our Graces  
darken'd. How shou'd the holy Spirit witness our Adoption  
when the Characters of the *Children of God* are so little  
cernible in us, and we act so unsuitably to our Relation to  
How shou'd he ravish us with the Prospect of our Heavenly  
Inheritance, when we have contracted so wretched an un-  
suitableness and Indisposition in our Temper to it? and  
done so much to blot all our Evidences for it? Nay,  
we may sin our selves into so disconsolate Darknes,  
have all Rays of Divine Favour intercepted: We may  
reduc'd to fearful Perplexities about our own State, such  
will cost us deep Agonies and Conflicts, the Torments of broken  
or disjointed Bones, the restless Pain and Smart of a wounded  
Spirit: Yet in these Intermissions, the true Christian  
restless Longings after the Sense and Feeling of renew'd Grace  
and shews as much Fervency of Affection, and Entireness of  
Love towards them, by his bitter Mourning for their Absence,  
as he formerly did in his Joy and Rejoycing in their pre-  
sence.

2. But did not David lose Degrees of his Grace, when he committed Adultery and Murder? and Peter, when he deny'd his

3. There was a Decay, yea an utter Surceasing of them in Time, 'till they were renew'd by Repentance; yet not the Habits and Effence of their Graces, but only in their Operations; as the Sun ever shines in its full Brightness, tho' hid from our Sight: Yet we must not ascribe this Persecution of their Graces, to any Property or Excellency which Children have in themselves, as if by their own Strength could withstand all Tentations; but it is to be ascrib'd to the Merit and Promises of God, to our Union with Christ, from whom we receive spiritual Nourishment, and to the condescending Assistance of our good God, who supports us against all the Powers of Hell.

4. But by this Doctrine many will take Occasion to become careless and secure.

5. So is the Doctrine of Justification thro' God's Free Mercy by Faith obey'd, yea God's Mercy, Redemption by Blood, and all the Promises of the Gospel: For where the Gospel is taught, Rom. 3. 7, 8. and 6. 1. *Where sin abounds, grace aboundeth more*; some were ready to say, *Let us then sin, that we may abound*. But it's not possible that any sound Christian who hath these Graces shou'd abuse what hath been said of Redemption, and Security: For tho' they cannot lose their Graces, yet they may lose Peace, Comfort, Joy, &c. which is the true Life of their Lives, in which State they are full of Trouble, and before they can purchase their former Peace, they must pass thro' the Purgatory of Repentance, send out deep and bitter Groans, &c. which will make them more Miserable after, even as long as they live, Phil. 2. 13.

6. I will further ask me the Meaning of that Text, [*The publicans and harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you.*]

7. By what Means the Publicans and Harlots were converted, our Saviour expresseth in the next Words, namely, by the Preaching of St. John; but the Scribes and Pharisees were not brought into the Fold of Christ thereby: Whence we may

8. See that the Preaching of the Gospel brings great Sinners sooner home, than those who are less, especially that applaud themselves in a Shew of Piety. Or, great Sinners often submit themselves unto the Gospel, whereas lesser Sinners stand out. Here Publicans and Harlots are brought to the Faith and Obedience of the Gospel, than the Scribes and Pharisees; who glory'd in an external Form of Piety.

9. 1. How doth the Truth hereof appear?

10. 1. First, thus; In great Sinners there is a better Step to work upon, than in lesser.

For the understanding hereof observe, That there are Things belonging unto Conversion, *viz.*

I. The LAW, which lets us see our Sins : And this is sooner wrought in great Sinners, and longer a working such lesser : For the Law sooner convinceth a gross Offender of the Breach thereof, than a proud Pharisaical Sinner.

II. The GOSPEL, which doth allure us to lay hold of Mercy offer'd therein. Now this is sooner receiv'd of that is wounded with his Sins, than of him who is not sensible of Sin.

*Answ.* 2. Secondly, It is evident thus: The lesser Sinners can easily defend and excuse their Sins, whereas the greater quickly confess them; as is seen in the Publicans and Pharisees. *Job. 9.*

*Quest.* 2. *Whence comes it, that some are greater Sinners than others? Or, that some are great Sinners, and some small?*

*Answ.* 1. First, Sometimes this comes from Nature: naturally some are of a fairer Temper than others, and more vitiously given than are others.

*Answ.* 2. Secondly, Sometimes this comes from Education: for some are more carefully, some more carnally brought up, and accordingly their outward Life is more fair, or more scandalous.

*Quest.* 3. *Can any Man challenge nothing in the Work of his Conversion?*

*Answ.* No; as evidently appears thus,

First, There is no Merit in him at all, either of Condition or Congruity.

Secondly, There is no Preparation in us of our selves.

Thirdly, There is no Power in Man to do any good as of himself.

*Object.* *If it be thus, then Man is excusable; if he can do nothing in the Work of his Conversion, then the Fault is not in him, he be not converted.*

*Answ.* 1. First, We once had Power and free Will to do whatsoever God shou'd command us, and willingly we obeyed, and therefore we are not excusable.

*Answ.* 2. Secondly, Altho' we can do nothing of our selves, yet God hath graciously provided a Means sufficient, namely CHRIST; which Means the Angels had not: And therefore we are not without Fault, if we be not converted.

*Answ.* 3. Thirdly, God hath given his Gospel unto us, wherein CHRIST is offer'd unto us, and unto all, and is proclaimed unto all that will repent, believe, and obey: therefore we cannot be excus'd, if we be not converted.

4. Fourthly, There is no Man depriv'd of all Means, or all Grace; and therefore none are without Blame which are not converted. All Men have some natural Helps which they neglect, for which Neglect they are justly punish'd.

The convinc'd Sinner further ask me, *What Method God takes to change the Heart of the unconverted and obstinate*

Answer ——— The Methods which God takes for the Conversion and Conversion of Sinners, are so various, and some so surprizing, that one wou'd wonder what it is that is so potent upon the Minds and Consciences of Men, that it so effectually prick the Hearts of some, whilst others remain in their old ordinary Temper, unshaken and obstinate; and certainly 'tis somewhat like a Flash of Light'ning, or a Ray of the Divine Power, darted by the Spirit of God into the Souls of Men, an Arrow of the Almighty, a Beam of special Grace, directed to a particular Object, by the Wisdom of Heaven: Of this we have many strange and remarkable Instances.

*Phileas* (a Servant and Run-a-way) was converted by St. Paul being (as he writes to *Philemon*) begotten by him in his hands; and for that Reason calls him his *Son*, and desires *Philemon* to receive him *as his own Bowels*.

*Clemens* relates, That St. *John* the Apostle converted a man by telling him, *as yet there was hope of Salvation for thee, if he wou'd reform his Life, he'd procure for him a share of our Saviour*; which (says *Clemens*) he did, and so brought him unto the Church again, from which he had been excommunicat'd.

*Agatha* Martyr was converted by beholding the Patience of Christians in their Torments.

*Augustin* was converted by hearing of the Retirement of *Anthony* the Hermit; and by once forgetting the Argument he was upon, by his Digression, he converted one *Firmus* a

In the year of our Lord 600, *Oswald* King of *Northumberland* converted a Thousand Persons to the Christian Faith, by interpreting to the Auditory all that *Aidanus* deliver'd in his Sermons: (as Bishop *Spotswood* tells us) by the King's Zeal, and his Diligence, in the Space of seven Days, fifteen Thousand Persons were Baptiz'd.

*Paulinus* converted a Harlot, by desiring her to carry him to some private Place, where none cou'd see their Unchastity.

*Gregory* was converted by hearing of the violent Death of a Christian friend.

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*Stephen* Martyr was converted by beholding the Patience of Christians in their Torments.

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About the Year 1556, in the Town of *Weissenstein* in many, a few, for Theft that he had committed, was demn'd in this cruel Manner to be executed; — He hang'd by the Feet with his Head downwards, betwixt two which constantly snatch'd and bit at him. The Strangeness of Torment mov'd *Jacobus Andreas* (a grave and learned Div) to go to behold it: Coming thither, he found the Wretch as he hung repeating Verses out of the *Hebr. Psalms*, wherein he cry'd out to God for Mercy. And hereupon took Occasion to counsel him to trust in *Jesus Christ* the true Saviour of Mankind. The few embracing the *Christian Faith*, requested but this one thing, — That he might be taken down and be Baptiz'd; tho' presently after he hang'd again, (but by the Neck as *Christians Malefactor* fer'd) which was accordingly granted to him \*.

*St. Alban* (whom *Mr. Fox*, in his first Tome, mentions amongst the *Martyrs* who suffer'd for the Name and of *Christ*) having receiv'd a poor persecuted Minister to his House, was, by his godly Life and gracious Exhortations wrought upon, that he turn'd from Heathenism to *Christianity*, and at last suffer'd as a Martyr for the True *Jesus Christ*, as *Beda* and others write of him. His Kindness to a poor persecuted Minister, was recompenc'd not only by his own Conversion to the true Religion, but likewise the Honour of Martyrdom.

*Master Tindal*, during the Time of his Imprisonment converted his Keeper, together with the Keeper's Daughters and others of his Household.

In the Book of *Martyrs* we read also of one *Bowler*, a perverse Papist, converted by *Dr. Sands*, and *Master Bradwardine* whose Keeper he was for above twenty Weeks, and after he became their Son, begotten in their Bonds.

Sometimes Men are brought home to God by *Providence*, God overcoming their Evil with his Good, heaping Coals of Fire of upon their Heads, and so melting them to kindly Contrition. *Gerson*, in a Sermon of his, tells of a most wicked Priest, who when he was prefer'd to a *shoprick* became exemplary Holy. But such a Conquest (my Author) is *Rara Avis*, seldom to be found.

I have read, that the Father of a Prodigal, left it to his Death-bed Charge to his only Son, to spend a Quarter of an Hour every Day in retir'd Thinking; but left him at Liberty to think of what he wou'd, only engag'd him to spend

\* *Mel. Adam in Vit. Jac. Andr. p. 639.*