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The Second SPIRA:

Being a fearful Example of

An Atheist,

Who had *Apostatized* from the Christian Religion, and Died in Despair at Westminster, December 8. 1692.

With an Account of his *Sickness, Convictions, Discourses* with Friends and Ministers, and of his *Dreadful Expressions* when he left the World. As also a Letter from an Atheist of his Acquaintance, with his *Answer* to it.

Published for an Example to others, and Recommended to all Young Persons to settle them in their Religion.

By J. S. a Minister of the Church of England, a frequent Visiter of him, during his whole Sickness.

THE THIRTIETH EDITION.

To which is added,

- (1.) A *KEY* to the *Second Spira*, (never published in any former Edition of that Narrative) in which Mr. Richard Sault (a Member of the *Athenian Society*, and late *Mathematick Professor* in Cambridge) is proved to be the *Second Spira*—By a Letter written by his own Wife,—by other Persons of undoubted Credit,—and—by the *Secret History* of his *Atheistical and Debaucht Life*.
- (2.) *Impenitent Sinners Read and Tremble*; Or, a Dialogue betwixt a *Modern Atheist* and his Friend. Written by Mr. Richard Sault, (the *Second Spira*) in which he proves the *Existence of a God*, and a *Thinking Principle in us*, is more evident than any *Mathematick Demonstration*.
- (3.) *Double Hell, or an Essay on Despair*; Occasion'd by Mr. Richard Sault (the *Second Spira*) crying out in Mr. Dunton's hearing, *I am Damn'd! I am Damn'd!*
- (4.) *A Conference between the Famous Mr. John Dod and Mr. Throgmorton* (then lying upon his *Death-Bed* under *Desertion*) being an *Original Manuscript* never Printed before.
- (5.) *A wounded Spirit who can bear*; or a Narrative of Five desperate Sinners (one of which dy'd *wishing he was in Hell*, and the rest declaring they were *certainly damn'd*). Attested by Mr. Goulart, a Gentleman of *distinguish'd Piety and Learning*.

The whole addresses a to all the warden'd Sinners (or practical Atheists) in the King's Dominions. 43 - 4 - 3.

By Mr. John Dunton, — the new Publisher of *The Second Spira* — a Member of the *Athenian Society*, — and — Author of the Essay entitled, *The Hazard of a Death-Bed Repentance*.

Conscientia mens ut cuiq; sua est; ita conceptit inna

Pectora pro meritis Spemq; metumq; suis. — OVID.

As a Man's Conscience is, so are his Inward Hopes or Fears.

Nullus in inferno est Atheos, ante fuit. — ODO.

In the World there are Atheists, in Hell there are none.

LONDON: Printed for S. Popping in Paternoster Row, and are to be Sold by most Booksellers. — Price One Shilling.

To all the Harden'd Sinners, or Practical Atheists, in the King's Dominions.

MISERABLE SPIRA'S, (for such you are, or will be, either in this World, or the next, without a sincere and speedy Repentance) few or no Discourses on DESPAIR have been publish'd for many Years; and therefore (to use the Words of the Reverend Mr. Crooke, in his Sermon Preach'd before the Condemn'd Criminals at Newgate, in the Year 1695) 'The hope of doing Good from the NOVELTY thereof, and SERIOUSNESS of the Subject, has sent the Second Spira again to the Press, in hopes to reform such harden'd Sinners (or Practical Atheists) as you, that live in the known Sin of Adultery, Swearing, Drunkenness, &c. which 'tis hoped you will no longer do, when you have read the dreadful Consequences of such wicked Practices in the DESPAIRING INSTANCE of Second Spira; to which I have now added—A KEY—to the whole Narrative, never published in any former Edition of that Book; in which Mr. Richard Sault (a Member of the Athenian Society, and late Mathematick Professor in Cambridge) is proved to be The Second Spira: And to set this KEY in the better Light, I have annex'd to it, Double Hell, or an Essay on Despair (occasioned by Mr. Richard Sault (the second Spira) crying out in my hearing, I am Damn'd! I am Damn'd!); With several other Discourses on this Melancholy Subject. Written both by my self, and my Athenian Brother, (Mr. Richard Sault;) that so all such that are harden'd in sin (I mean all the Practical Atheists in the King's Dominions) might find in the following Sheets, whatever was necessary either to awaken their Consciences, or to give them Comfort, under their present despairing Condition; and I have great Reason to Hope, that this Thirtieth Edition of the Second Spira, will be bless'd with this good Success, not only as 'twas Recommended by several Divines from the Pulpit (in the first Year 'twas printed) and esteem'd by all Men as the Brightest Performance upon the Subject of Despair (both for Stile, and Matter) that was ever published; but as this VALUABLE NARRATIVE is now greatly enquired after, and grown so extraordinary scarce (it being out of Print near Thirty Years, though above One Hundred Thousand of 'em were sold in a few Weeks) as not to be purchas'd either in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, or in any other City in the British Dominions; tho' I can't say it en't to be Equalled in LIVING SPIRA'S, for I fear Mr. Richard Sault (the second Spira) has many surviving Brothers, in Practical Atheism, and I fear such as will e're long be Brother Spira's with him in the SAME DESPAIR.

'Tis true, (as Mr. Crook observes in his Sermon preach'd to Condemn'd Criminals) 'To talk of Despairing to a Man in Newgate (or a harden'd Sinner) would be to little purpose: For there every Root of Bitterness thrives and shoots up, but Despair; which, though one would think the Natural Growth and Product of the Place, is yet scarce ever seen there: They indeed often and sedulously ask what hopes, and whether they shall be saved; but 'tis all meant with respect to the Body, and the Soul is little regarded by them; and when there is no Hope, when all Intercession (which they make not so much to God as Man) proves without Success, even then Despair as little accompanies

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those that die, as Reformation them that live : And therefore, 'tis only by the Terrors of the Lord they can be perswaded, and if once thoroughly perswaded by these, 'tis private Application can best regulate their particular Circumstances, without an indiscreet Discourse of Mercy in general, which I believe never yet avail'd there, but to the hardening them in their Sins ; for they are expert Casuists for their own Ease, and will always allow more Grains than their Condition by the Word of God will admit of.

'Tis almost impossible to bring many of them to a true Sense of the State they are in ; for they still have Solutions for themselves, which other People little dream of, and 'tis hard to dislodge or beat them from the Ground they have so long maintained ; and therefore they (and all other harden'd sinners) must be charg'd home with the Sword of the Spirit, with the Arrows of the Almighty (as Job calls his Judgments), and the Terrors of God ought to be set in Array against them : For when we shall see Men so impudently wicked as to keep a Whore during the Life of a Virtuous Wife, and to make no Conscience at all of the grossest Immoralities, (such as Drunkenness, Whoredom, Profaning the Sabbath, &c.) and so Profane as to make a Mock of all the salutary Expedients which a Gracious God hath provided in his Church, for their Eternal Good and Happiness, what can induce a Man to think otherwise, but that such Mens Minds must be Debauch'd either with a Latent Unbelief of another World, or with such an imperfect Sense of it, as by which their Thoughts might not be affected with any Judgment or Punishment to come for whatsoever they do ; for 'tis plain by the whole Course of their lewd and scandalous Practices, that such harden'd sinners as these are **PRAGMATICAL ATHEISTS** ; for that Atheism is both the Fountain and the Refuge of Immorality and Profaneness, is a thing so evident, that every Eye observes it ; in order for a Man to become a boundless sinner, the first step he makes is to over-look and disregard the very Author of his Being ; upon this the Obligations of Christianity come down apace in his own Apprehension, and are easily dispensed with. — There are others who make Atheism a Retiring Place, who have ventured upon a vicious Life, without the Formality of Reflection ; when these have sinned themselves to a prodigious size, they usually bethink themselves ; where the Wisdom of it lies I know not, 'tis there best Interest there should be no God. Thus **ATHEISM** enters at the Will, and over-spreads the Understanding by a hearty Wish there shou'd be no God ; and how apt Men are to believe their own Interest, is exceeding evident. That this was the Case of Mr. Sault (the second Spira), and of all you hardened Sinners (or Practical Atheists) to whom these Sheets are address'd, is proved at large in my Treatise, Intitl'd Double Hell, or an Essay on Despair ; but more especially in my **KEY** to the second Spira, (or Secret History of the atheistical and debauch'd Life of my Athenian Brother Mr. Sault) But I would have such desperate sinners (that like this second Spira, sin against abundance of Knowledge, as well as against the Dictates of their own Conscience) Remember this great Truth, That when they have pass'd over the several Stages of their Mortality, they must become Inhabitants in the future World, whose **REAL EXISTENCE** I have endeavour'd to ascertain to the Reason of a Man, (both in my Essay on Despair, and in the Appendix to it, showing the Use of Ex-

amples)

amples) as the Truth of it is more esp. cially secured by the Faith of a Christian. Neither can any Man read Mr. DOD's Conference with Mr. Throgmorton, (then lying upon his Death-Bed under Desertion,) or Mr GOULART's Narrative of the Five desperate Sinners that dy'd in Delpair, without owning the Existence of a Just and Omniscient God, that will judge every Man according to his Works. And of this even our second Spira himself was so fully convinced, that (in his Dialogue betwixt a Modern Atheist and his Friend) he has there Learnedly Proved the Existence of a God, and a Thinking Principle in us, is more evident than any Mathematick Demonstration.

It is much ado for ATHEISM to find a perfect and continual Assent in Man's Heart; some Ruins of the Truth do still remain in him since the Fall: And although he may deny all by Day (as is seen by the Practices, tho' not by the Expressions, of the second Spira, and by such other harden'd Sinners as those to whom these Sheets are inscrib'd) his Conscience will make him startle by Night. CALIGULA the Atheist, crept under the Bed every time he heard it Thunder: But our Practical Atheists, when their Doubts return upon 'em, and they think themselves pursu'd by a Voice—There is a God, — have usually drown'd these inward Terrors in some Debauch or other (but this they can't always do, as is seen in the Instance of Mr. Sault, the second Spira). 'Tis related of Philip, King of the Macedonians, That while a Cause was depending before him, he drop'd ASLEEP, and WAKING on a sudden, gave Sentence against the Righteous Cause; Upon which the injur'd Party cry'd out, I APPEAL. The King with Indignation asked TO WHOM; he replied, From your self sleeping, to your self waking. In Imitation of this Story, I APPEAL (in the following Instance of second Spira, and in the Instance of those Five desperate Sinners mentioned by Mr. Goulart) from the Atheist over Wine, to himself when Sober: Then why should any (harden'd Sinners) say these Attempts are Unseasonable? Is it ever so for Men to grow WISE and GOOD; No certainly! no Time or Place can't be thought Improper to Repent in, of an Atheistical or Debauch'd Life, and for that Reason I have made no Alteration in this New Edition of second Spira, but have sent it to the Press just as 'twas first delivered to me, by that Great (tho' I hope truly Penitent) Sinner that writ it; for no Man can read this Narrative of second Spira, (as 'tis here published in his own Words) or his Dialogue between a Modern Atheist and his Friend, but must own Mr. Sault was a true Penitent, and that he has set the Existence of a God, and a future State, in a better Light than they were ever Published before, except in the sacred Scriptures.

That God would Pardon our past Provocations, and continue to bless us, and his immediate Vicegerent our King, and make him Glorious in the Extirpation of ATHEISM and PROFANENESS, and in the Punishment of those who have been, or shall be hereafter Ministers of Evil, in scattering the Poysonous Seeds of Irreligion and Wickedness, among us: And that he would give their Lordships the Bishops, and all other Inferiour Magistrates, HONOUR in their contributing severally to this Great and Necessary a Work, is, and by his Grace, ever shall be, the Prayer of, Harden'd Sinners, (or Practical Atheists).

Yours, ready to serve you in all Christian Offices,

JOHN DUNTON.

The Second SPIRA;

Being a fearful Example of

An ATHEIST,

Who had Apostatized from the Christian Religion, and Died in Despair at *Westminster*, December 8. 1692.

With an Account of his Sicknes, Convictions, Discourses with Friends and Ministers, and of his dreadful Expressions and Blasphemies when he left the World.

As also a Letter from an Atheist of his Acquaintance, with his Answer to it.

Published for an Example to others, and recommended to all Young Persons, to settle them in their Religion.

By *J. S.* a Minister of the *Church of England*, a frequent Visiter of him, during his whole Sicknes.

Imprimatur, January 6th, 169 $\frac{2}{3}$. — — — *Edm. Bohun.*

The PREFACE.

Being often importuned by several of my nearer Acquaintance, to publish the following *Relation*, as an account that might be very useful to the Publick, particularly against *Profaneness* and *Atheism*; and finding my Business at present very urgent upon me, I have at last yielded to give the *Papers* and *Notes* which I took during the *whole Visitation*, to a Friend of mine, to put 'em in some kind of Method and Order for the Press: And having examined the Piece, now 'tis perfected, with the *Original Notes* and *Papers* which I drew my self, I find the Substance and Material Part very faithfully done.

It cannot be expected by the Reader, that the Stile and Words are *verbatim* the same as delivered, especially the *two Letters*, which are in the following Tract, but as far as I remember, and as my Notes will assist me, (in taking of which I us'd all the Sincerity and Care I could) I dare affirm that there's nothing *material left out*, nor is there any interpolations which are not genuine, I mean such as do not add to the Sense, but only expatiate, in order to give a plainer Notion and Idea of the Matter: But as to what that *Miserable Gentleman delivered himself* (who is the Subject of this Relation)

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both I and the METHODIZER of my Notes have been *superstitiously Critical* to give them as near the Truth, and very Expressions, as we could, believing the Reader would not be displeas'd to have as Nice and Exact Account of that part of the *Treatise* as possibly could be met with.

There's another thing which the Reader will not be sorry to find, which is ; That whereas in *dreadful, surprizing Relations*, the *Bookseller, Author*, or both together, do usually clog the Matter of Fact with long and tedious Observations, impertinent Reflections, and such like *Stuff*, only to make the Volume swell ; here he will find no needless or trifling Digressions, but *unmixt Relation*, barely and *purely* deliver'd, so that the Reader all the while he reads, will be upon his Subject, and not perplex'd with an Expectation of it.

I've no more to add but this, That I'm willing to hope and believe this *Treatise* may be a means to startle some that are *Atheistically Inclined* ; and perhaps reclaim others who by seeing this, may conclude it their Interest, *Rather to be a thoughtful Reader of such an History, than to be such an History themselves*. And as for other Young People, whose Converse in the World has not yet given them the unhappy Acquaintance of our *Modern Atheists* or their Principles, this may be a Spur to their Diligence, and a Warning to keep them from the dreadful Sin of APOSTATIZING.

J. S.

The Methodizer's Apology.

I Am sensible enough that this Age has a deal of Curiosity and little Charity in it, not but that every one, who by Imprudence, Accident, or otherwise, gives any just Occasion for others to be Uncharitable, is oblig'd in Justice to remove it, or be content to bear it.

I shall therefore, so far as I am concern'd, give that Account to the World which I have done to several Eminent Divines and Gentlemen, who have been with me for satisfaction in this Affair, viz.

The Divine, whom I believe to be a Person of Integrity, and from whom I receiv'd the Minutes, (which I have thus Methodiz'd) having mention'd 'em to me, I became Importunate for their Publication, which he declin'd several times, urging his Dependance upon the Family, and the Ill Consequence it might have, in respect of his Fortunes, perhaps of his Life. At last he consented, upon my Solemn Promise not to discover him, and upon assuring him, that only the two first Letters of his Name should be printed ; all this time retaining from me a knowledge of the Family. So soon as I had put the Original Papers in that little Order the World now finds them, he desir'd he might have all back, to compare the finish'd Piece with the Original Notes ; which he did, and wrote

the Preface, acquitting me of any Additions, Interpolations, &c. With this Preface, amongst other things, he sent me a Letter (which afterwards he told me he design'd to send by it self, and therefore it was sealed up). The Letter is as follows: (The Original may be seen at the Booksellers.)

S I R,

I Had Yours, with the Manuscript, and having compar'd it with the *Memoirs* I took, I think you have done Me, and the Case of that miserable Man, a rigid Justice.

As to the *Preface* you mentioned in Your's, if the following will be any Service to you, you are free to it. Let only the two first Letters of my Name be printed at the latter end of the *Preface*. In the *Title Page* you may also say, *By J. S. a Minister of the Church of England, a frequent Visitor during the whole Sicknes, or something like it.* I'm going down into *Essex*, and as soon as I return, I'll see your Bookseller, of whom I expect to receive half a dozen Books.

Decemb. 26.
1692.

Your real Friend and Servant,

J. S.

The Book being printed, several Divines and others, who were very willing to have a good Attestation, came to enquire of the Bookseller and of me about it, and I also being very desirous the World might be fully satisfied in it, (the Relation beginning to make such an unexpected Noise) pursu'd my Author, at his return out of *Essex*, with continual Importunities of Publishing all he knew of the whole Matter, with the Circumstances of Persons and Place, pressing the Concern of Religion, my own Reputation, and the Bookseller's, (who is hereby sufficiently acquitted from any unfair dealing in the Case) to which (as near as I can remember, and as I have told some in Town, whose Friendship I most value) he answer'd, That he was coldly receiv'd at his return, and loaded with the Epithets of Ingrateful Promise-breaker, &c. For he had promis'd them not to make the Concern publick, (which indeed he has not in the most material Points): Besides, he tells me of some private Threats that he has heard, in case he betrays the Family to the publick Ignominy of such a Relation; and he says he is sufficiently assur'd, that those Divines and Doctors he saw with the sick Person, have been dealt with under-hand, or else the Business must certainly have come to light before now. I told him, that I believ'd his dependance on the Family (which he told me had many Branches, and this Gentleman was unknown to him before that time) was not absolutely necessary, since I doubted not (for I have heard it promis'd) but that he would meet with a Patron, in case he should be expell'd. He answer'd to this, That if all other Testimonies were taken off but his, he might reasonably fear, being unjustly degraded, or Eternal Imprisonment, and such an Action of Scandal, that would ruin (or at least inconvenience) several Pa-

trons with him; how good this Argument is I know not, having very little Acquaintance in Law Matters: I told him, That several things lookt suspiciously in it, as that it should come out by none of all those that were present, besides him. To which he answer'd as before, That he was confident they were all adjur'd silence, by Promises, Threats, or some other Methods suitable to their Qualities. I told him, That many suspect, that Mr. F — N — was the Person: He protested he was not. Here were other things of this nature that past betwixt us in all which I discover'd him mighty uneasie and apprehensive of further Mischief, continually renewing his Injunction and my Promise of not revealing any thing, if by any fortuitous or unguarded Expression, I had discovered the Family.

As for my particular, I know well enough, that my own Integrity and Reputation is the Hinge upon which the Relation chiefly moves, and I am very willing that any Divine, Gentleman, or other Person whatever, should have the Liberty of Examining who and what I am, of all my Acquaintance, and if my Credit hitherto appears unspotted and free, and not stain'd with base, little and dishonourable Actions, I hope I shall have that common Charity in this Affair which every one would be unwilling to be deny'd, were he in my circumstances. The Bookseller will give any one an account of my Lodgings, where they may have Means for further satisfaction upon this last Head. So that I think there's no necessity of subscribing my Name to this Apology.

This is the fullest Account the World is to expect from what I at present know in this Affair, and if I receive any further light into it hereafter, I shall soon make it publick, for my own Credit, and the Satisfaction of others.

THE Methodizer of this History, being a Person of great Integrity, the Reader has no reason to question the Truth of this printed Attestation he has here given concerning it; and what commendation I shall give of it, will be serviceable no longer than till thou hast perused it through; Thou wilt find such Wine in it as needs no Bush. This only I shall say, it well deserves thy serious and frequent Perusal; and I heartily wish those pious Gentlemen that have Estates would be instrumental in dispersing of it throughout the whole Kingdom, that so all ranks of Men, especially the Youth of this Nation, might reap some advantage by this extraordinary and amazing Instance. This is the Sentiment and hearty Desire of thy cordial Friend in the Lord, — R. Wolley, M. A.

February the 1st, 169².

A Gentlewoman came into Mr. Dunton's Shop, between three and four a Clock, and said, She knew the Second Sptra, and was acquainted with the Family to which he belonged.

Witness my Hand, Joseph Poole.

February

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February the 1st, 1693.

A Gentlewoman came into Mr. *Dunton's* Shop, in Company with another Person, and said, She knew the *Second Spira*, and was acquainted with the Family; and when he importunately urg'd her to tell him who the Person was, she said, she would not discover the Person or Family, but that the Truth of it would be acknowledged in a little time.

Witness my Hand, Ananias Hodges.

These two Persons live in *Crutched-Fryers* near the *Pump*.

The Second S P I R A.

THAT Examples prevail above Precepts can be no Surprise to any one that considers the rarity of them, or that most of the Senses being at once employed they should make so strong an Impression upon the Brain, and so upon the Understanding, according to the manner of Humane Perception.

The present Instance, whose Relation I have undertaken, having made so deep an Impression upon my own Mind, I could not think, but that if all Men participate of the same Nature as I do, but that they must be equally affected with it, some Allowance being made for this, That what I my self saw and heard actually, I communicate by way of Relation to others.

I am obliged, out of Tenderness and Reputation, to conceal the Name of the Family of this Gentleman, who is the Subject of the following Discourse, and could heartily wish that my concealing it would make so many as do know it, to forget every thing but the Example itself, that being only *useful*, the rest *Ignominious*: But I am afraid my Wishes will prove successless, there being *four more Divines*, besides my self, who were very frequently there, at the beginning of his Sickness, besides several Gentlemen and others, whose Acquaintance, or Design of doing Good might lead them thither.

This unhappy Gentleman, who made so direful an *Exit* the eighth of this instant *December*, had in his Youth Time the Advantage of *Religious and Vertuous Education*; in which it was observable, that he made a more considerable Progress than was usual for such Years, being very warm and active in all Religious Exercises: Besides, he was a great proficient in Learning, being sent up to the University from the School where he was educated, very perfect in

his *Latin and Greek Tongues* at sixteen Years of Age, where he continued five Years: His Behaviour and Deportment being such that all his Friends and Acquaintance look'd upon him as an *uncommon Blessing*, an Ornament to his Family. At the Age of twenty one he came up to Town, and entred himself into the Inns of Court, designing to study the Law; his Friends and he concluding it necessary, *That those that have Estates should have at least so much insight in the Law as to know how to preserve them.*

Oh that I could proceed with my Character, or at least abruptly break off, and say, Here he dyed, ignorant of the Town and its Vices! But alas, the Scene is chang'd, and here we bring another Person upon the Stage, laugh'd and ridicul'd out of his Innocence and Vertue, by new Acquaintance, and for a long time together playing the Hypocrite, assuming unto himself a degree of that Profaneness and Impiety he was innocent of, appearing more vile and base than he could suddenly bring himself to be, only to secure his Reputation with his Companions, and avoid the uneasiness of being a *Common Jest*. But this was not the only nor chief Method whereby he was brought to his Apostacy, for he had too much Judgment, and too well grounded to be shock'd and alter'd with a bare *Laughter, or a ridiculous Grin*. He would often say, "Gentlemen, those that pretend to Reason cannot be so bewitched with the Charms of Mirth as to think Laughing a good Argument to confute whatever may be said; if Religion be so unreasonable a thing as you'd persuade me, by laughing at it, why don't ye give me some fair Reasons against it? Hereupon some of the oldest standing would suggest, "That *Mahomet* has more Votaries than Christ: "That that Religion is not without its Martyrs and Confessors; "That the wild Indians dare bravely dye for their Religion: That there's no Nation, be it never so Barbarous, that gives us not some fine Examples of *Doing and Suffering*; that therefore it's not the Excellency of any one Religion, but the Prejudices of all, that produces these Effects: That 'tis the Habit and Custom of Education that creates the formidable Notions of *Conscience, Heaven, Hell, Futurity* and the *Immortality of the Soul*, all which are but the politick Inventions of Priests and cunning Magistrates to enrich themselves and keep the Vulgar in Awe, who are naturally Superstitious and Fearful: With a deal more to the same purpose. Such Harangues as these did by little and little poyson the Principles of this poor Gentleman, and mould him into the same Leaven with themselves, not only into the same Judgment, but liberty of all Profaneness, *Debauchery* and *Injustice*, as far as he could act without the Cognizance of the Law. It won't be amiss to add, That this Gentleman was one of that CLUB which within these last seven Years met together constantly, *To lay down such Rules and Methods as that they might be critically wicked in every thing that they could, without the Laws taking hold of them; and therefore the Law*

itself was more particularly examined, What Fallacies might be put upon it; Where and in what Cases it did not provide against unheard of Villanies; What Subterfuges and Evasions there might be in its Exposition; with many more like horrid Instances, which were all noted down as very useful Discoveries for the new Candidates of improved Impiety.

But to proceed, This Gentleman's Sense and Education had furnish'd him with too much Prudence to lay open himself to every Body; he commonly kept a very fair Correspondence with his Friends, and in all strange Places was very sober and reserv'd, Prudence obliging him not to discover all he believed, to every Body. Thus he liv'd several Years, being as *secretly wicked* as all Temptations, and the Advantages of a good Estate, would suffer him: But as *the Wicked do not live out half their Days* by reason of their Intemperance and Debaucheries, so this Gentleman hastned his dismal Period by the like Courses, falling desperately ill on the thirtieth of November last, continuing so till the eighth of this instant December, as we said above.

As soon as he found himself precipitated by his *ill Courses* into such a dangerous Sicknes, he began to be extreamly startled and amazed at the *Apprehensions of Death* (for he believed he should dye) and in spite of all he could do, he could not forbear reflecting upon another Life; and notwithstanding all his Fortifications to the contrary, he could not confute nor rid himself of the Expectation of a Future Retribution. Being thus distracted with his Distemper and Fears, he threw himself upon the Bed, and discoursed with himself after this manner. *Oh! what's the meaning of this Tumultuous War in my Breast? What Argument is there now to assist me against Matter of Fact? Do I assert, that there's no Hell at all, and yet I feel one in my Bosom? Am I certain, that there's no Heaven, when I am so sure that there's a Hell? That there is no After-retributions, when I feel a present Judgment? Do I affirm my Soul to be as Mortal as my Body, when this Languishes, and that is as Vigorous as ever? O that any one could restore to me my Ancient Guard of Piety and Innocency! But it's too late. Wretch that I am, whither shall I fly from this Breast, or what will become of me?*

He had no sooner ended, but in comes one of *his old Companions*, to pay him a Visit, for he had heard that he was not well: 'How now Brother (says he) why this Melancholy Look and Posture, you seem to be more concerned in your Mind than Body? pray tell me *what's the Matter?* The Matter, replied the other, fixing a pair of ghastly Eyes upon him, 'Tis you and the rest of my Companions, that have instill'd those Principles into me, which now having most need of them, leave me in the Agonies of Despair and Confusion. What Advice or Comfort have you now to fortifie me against my fearful Expectations of another Life? Are you certain that my Soul is Material and Mortal? And that it will dissolve with the Body? I'm so certain, replied the other,

that I venture my Whole upon it. Here I interrupted them by coming into the Room, and applying my self to the Sick Person, I told him, ' That I was a Stanger to him, yet hearing of his Dis-temper, I thought it my Duty to pay him a Visit, and give him what Christian Comfort and Advice I was capable of. I thank you, replied the Sick Person, and would desire you then to engage that Gentleman that sits there (meaning his Friend) and prove unto him that the Soul is not Matter, nor Mortal. That the Soul is not Matter (said I) *Descartes* has prov'd in his *Method*, by shewing that the Soul is *independent of Matter*. That Matter itself cannot think, neither in the Whole nor its Parts, is evident enough from *Mr. Lock* of HUMAN UNDERSTANDING. But after all we perhaps can best prove it thus; Matter is by every Philosopher granted to be in its own Nature indifferent to Motion or Rest: That if it be in Rest, it will lye eternally so, unless something else moves it; and that if any thing puts it in Motion, it will eternally move, were it not for the Opposition of other Matter which clogs and retards its Motion. But those that would have the Soul to be a *pure fine Matter*, say, that it first moves the Animal Spirits, they the Nerves, and these a Leg, an Arm, &c. mechanically, as Matter moves Matter. Now those that make the Soul the first Agent and Mover, make Matter to move itself, which is impossible, according to the above-cited Thesis, which will have Matter to rest eternally, unless it be moved by something. But the Soul does move the Body independent of Matter, and Matter cannot move unless it be first moved: Therefore the Soul is not Matter, and consequently not perishable by Attrition, Transmutation, &c. But, Gentlemen, added I, I hope there's no need of a Lecture of this Nature to either of you; for you look like Creatures that have a share in Human Nature, which has the Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul innate with it. The sick Person made no other Answer than a *dismal Groan*, as if his Heart had broke, and his Friend also made haste out of the Room, without bidding us *God b'w'e*. I was surprized at such an Effect, and desired the sick Party to know the Reason of his Discontent, offering my Assistance to remove it, if possible, by Counsel, Prayers, Advice, or any way that lay in my Power.

' Alas, Sir, replied he, you've undeceiv'd me, now it's too late; I was afraid of nothing so much as the Immortality of my Soul; now you have assured me of that you have ascertained me of a Hell, of a fearful Expectation of Judgment, of a Portion among those that have apostatiz'd from their Religion, of the Lot of Atheists, and Denyers of Christ: You have now sealed my Damnation, by giving me an earnest of it, I mean an awakened Conscience, that brings my Sins into my Remembrance, reckoning up the *numerous Catalogue* for which I must go and give an Account.

' Oh

‘ Oh Apostate Wretch, from how great Hopes am I fallen ! Oh
 ‘ that I had never known what Religion had been. then had I ne-
 ‘ ver deny’d my Saviour, nor been so black an Heir of Perdition.
 I was so surprized at such kind of Expressions that I stood speech-
 less for a considerable Time, for having received the Character of a
 Person that had imbibed some Atheistical Principles ; I little ex-
 pected such a *desperate Change*, but rather that I should have an hard
 Task of it to make him consider seriously of a future Life : But
 so soon as I could recollect my self, I said, Sir, I would desire you
 to take heed how you violate the *Mercy of God*, and think so
 slightly of the Sufferings of Christ, as if they were not *sufficient*
for the Redemption of the greatest Sinner. This may be a Delusion
 of the Devil, who would now hinder you from Repentance, and
 Faith in Christ. I hope, if I have convinc’d you of the Immor-
 tality of the Soul, ’tis to a good End ; for the way to cure a Dis-
 temper is first to know it ; if you had died ignorant of it, you had
 been miserably undeceived in another World, whereas knowing it
 now, you have an Opportunity and some time left to prepare for
 your Welfare. To which he reply’d,

‘ As to the Mercy of God, in Christ, I once knew and tasted
 ‘ what they are, which is now part of my Curse, in that I am
 ‘ more sensible of the loss of them. They are, I will grant you,
 ‘ sufficient to those that have any share in them ; but what’s that
 ‘ to me, who have denied Christ ? Who have daily Crucified him
 ‘ afresh, and put him to open shame ? The Devil has nothing to do
 ‘ with the Torture I undergo ; ’tis no Delusion of his, but the
 ‘ just Judgment of God upon me ; and your Convictions are also
 ‘ part of my heavy Judgment, in that you have given me a sensi-
 ‘ ble Horror of my Sin, by proving my Soul immortal, whereas
 ‘ had I gone streight to Hell in my old Damnable Opinions, I had
 ‘ endured but one Hell, whereas I now feel two : I mean not on-
 ‘ ly an inexpressible Torture which I carry in my Breat, but an
 ‘ Expectation of I know not what a Change. Oh that I were in
 ‘ Hell, that I might feel the worst ! And yet I dread to Die, be-
 ‘ cause that worst will never have an end.

All that he spoke, was with *an Air of such horror* and eagerness
 as can scarce be imagined ; indeed it had such Effects upon me,
 that I knew not what to answer : I trembled at the Judgment of,
 and I remember I wish’d within my self that one or two of the
loosest Atheists in the Age had been there, verily believing it would
 have put a stop to their Impiety. The Gentleman was got to Bed,
 refusing all Sustainance, and sweating through Violence of his Tor-
 ments, in the most prodigious manner that ever I saw or heard of.
 As soon as he was got to Bed, I desired to pray by him before I
 took my Leave, which with much Reluctance he consented to. *In*
the midst of Prayer he groaned extreamly, tossing and turning him-
 self as if he had been under the deepest *Agonies of Death* : When
 Prayer

Prayer was over, I ask'd him how he did, and why he groan'd after such a rate in Prayer-time? To which he answered, ' As the Damned in Hell, which lift up their Eyes in Torments, and behold afar off the Saints in *Abraham's Bosom*, have their Torments thereby doubly enhanced, first by reflecting on their own Misery, and then taking a prospect of the Beatifick Vision they have lost; even so, I, who know my self to be hardened, and sealed unto Damnation, hearing the Prayers of the Righteous, to which God Almighty's Ears are always open, granting their Requests, this encreases my Torments, to think how I am excluded from such a Privilege, and have no other Portion left me, but *Blaspheming, Weeping, and Wailing, and Gnashing of Teeth, for ever.* Pray Sir, said I, Consider, that there's a vast deal of difference betwixt you and those that are in Hell; they are lost irrevocably for ever-more, without any opportunity of Reprieve, or hopes of Pardon; but you are yet alive, and have Promises belonging to you in common with other Sinners; *Christ died for Sinners.* and God hath Sworn by himself that he *delights not in the Death of a Sinner, but rather that he should turn from his Wickedness and Live; and that at what time soever a Sinner returneth from the Evil of his Ways, he shall receive Pardon.* To which he reply'd with his usual earnestness, ' I'll grant you as much difference betwixt me and those that are in Hell, as betwixt a Common Devil and a Devil Incarnate. If these are irrevocably lost without opportunity of Reprieve, or hopes of Pardon, and I am yet alive, what then? What's the Consequence? Not that the Promises belong to me in common with other Sinners, nor to any Sinners but such as Repent and Believe: *If Christ dy'd for Sinners,* 'tis for such as Repent and Believe; but though I would, I can do neither; I have outstood my Day of Grace, and am hardened, and turned Reprobate; *If God delights not in the Death of Sinners,* 'tis of such Sinners as repent and return unto him; but his Justice will vindicate it self upon such obstinate perverse Sinners as I, who have deny'd his Power and Providence both in my Words and Actions, and now he has met with me for it; and oh 'tis a fearful thing to fall into the Hands of the living God. If God was not against me, I should not value it, tho' all the Legions of Hell engaged me, tho' all the Power and Malice of Men joined in one Complicated Body to study and exercise the utmost Barbarities that Flesh and Blood could inflict upon me; but when an Angry Irreconcilable God looks upon his Creature in Wrath, and consigns him over to his Eternal Vengeance and Fury, this is intolerable, inexpressibly afflicting, and grievous: Ah *who can dwell in Everlasting Burnings!* Oh ye that have any hope, and have not yet past your Day of Grace, Cry mightily to God, Day and Night; think no Labour too much which secures you from the Wrath of God: Oh who can stand before him when he is Angry, what Stubble can resist such

II

‘ a Consuming Fire? This, and more to the same purpose, he spake with so deep a Concern, the Tears trickling all the while down his Cheeks, that no Body in the Room could refrain Weeping, which he perceiving said, ‘ And can ye Weep at the image and bare relation of the Effects of God’s Wrath, what then do you think I suffer, who actually lie under the very Weight of his Fury? ‘ Refrain your Tears for me, ’tis in vain; Pity is no Debt to me, ‘ nothing is so proper for me as some Course to compleat my Misery, ‘ and free me from the Torments of my Expectation. Here he paus’d a little, when looking towards the Fire, he said, ‘ Oh that I was to lie and broil upon that Fire for a Hundred Thousand ‘ Years to purchase the Favour of God, and be reconciled to him ‘ again. But ’tis a fruitless vain Wish, Millions of Millions of ‘ Years will bring me no nearer the end of my Tortures, than one ‘ poor Hour: O Eternity, Eternity, who can discover the Abyfs ‘ of Eternity? Who can properly Paraphrase upon the Words for *Ever and Ever!*

I could not forbear reflecting on that Passage of *broiling upon the Fire a Hundred Thousand Years to purchase the Favour of God, and be again Reconciled to him*; how unproportionable was this Poor Man’s Concern to that of the Common Practice of the World, a great part of which will allow no time in Days, Weeks, Years, to seek the Face and Favour of God? And amongst those that pretend to Religion? How coolly and indifferently do they spend that time they set apart for Private or Publick Devotion. Were they sensible but for one Minute of what this wretched Person endured, what a *Spur* would it be to their Devotion, and how careful would they be to make their *Calling and Election sure*; how fearful, lest having a Promise made them of entering into Rest, any of them should fall short thro’ Unbelief, and so be frustrated of their share and hopes of that Glory which is to be revealed?

It began to grow late, so I took my Leave of him for that Night, promising to renew my Visit, (if it pleased God) the next Day, when I found him still in the same Condition, as to his Mind; but his Body was much weakned by his continual Sweats, caused by the Agonies he lay under. I found Three or Four Divines with him who had been at Prayer, which they told me, had the same uneasy effect upon him, as when I prayed with him the Night before. One of the Divines desired him to consider the Example of *St. Peter*, who had denied his Master with Oaths and Curses, and yet was received again into his Favour. To which he reply’d, (officially against himself, as he had done all the Day before) ‘ ’Tis ‘ true, *Sr. Peter* did deny his Master, as I have done, but what ‘ then? his Master had Prayed for him, that his Faith should not ‘ fail, and being willing that he should Repent, he look’d him in- ‘ to a Repentance, and assisted him by his Holy Spirit to perfect it; ‘ now if Christ would assist me to Repent, I should do so too; but ‘ he

• he hath justly withdrawn his Intercessions from me : I have so
• often Crucified him afresh, and put him to open shame, so often grieved
• that Holy Spirit, that God has taken it away from me, and in the
• room thereof has left me the Spirit of Impenitence and Reprobati-
• on, and given me a certain Earnest of a fearful Inheritance in ano-
• ther Life.

He spake little more that Day, for a deal of Company pressing in,
it became troublesome to him, and towards Night Orders were ta-
ken for the avoiding such an Inconvenience. There were four more
Divines in the Room besides, at six a Clock ; we all look'd upon
one another, not knowing what course to take, no Text being of-
fered in his favour, but what he readily turned another way ; whilst
we were thus Musing, he Cryed out in a vehement affecting Passi-
on, ' How long, oh Lord ! shall thy Wrath burn for ever against
• me, shall thy Eternal Justice for ever exact upon a poor despicable
• Worm ? What is my Value or Worth that thou shouldst pour out
• full Vials of Wrath upon me ? Oh that thou wouldst let go thy
• Hand, for ever forget me, and let me fall into my first Nothing-
• ness again ; as my Righteousness could have profited thee nothing,
• so my Impieties have done thee no hurt, therefore Annihilate me,
• and let me Perish to nothing ; be not Angry with me that I
• thus Expostulate with thee ; 'twill be but a little time but thy
• Wrath will force the Dreadfullest Blasphemies from me, except
• thou prevent them : Oh that thou wouldst take away my Being,
• and my Misery ; neither of them can add to, or diminish from
• thy Happiness, therefore let them both cease, and let my Name
• be known no more ; or if I must still be, and be Immortal, and
• thou wilt Punish me, because I have Despised thee, let it suffice
• to be a Privation of thy Self, and let me pass my Eternity in a
• Dream, without ever being awakened by the Pangs of Torment,
• without ever being disturbed by the Gnawing of the *Worm that*
• *Dies not*. But Oh what fruitless Desires are these, for I am Expo-
• stulating with a God that has closed his Ears, and will not hear,
• with a God that has for ever shut out my Prayers, and only po-
• tracts my Breath a little longer to be an Example unto others !
• Oh ye Rocks and Mountains, that ye would hide me from the
• Presence of an Incensed God ! But there's no flying from his Pre-
• sence, what he has begun he will finish, he will extend his Wrath
• against me for ever and ever. Here some Body knocked at the
Door, and it proved to be a Penny-Post-Man with a Letter to this
Gentleman ; which being told him, ' How (says he) a Letter for
• me ? A little longer, and I expect another sort of a Messenger,
• I am (added he) very quickly to give up my Accounts of every
• secret Action that I have done, and I have a mind to make an
• Experiment of something of the same Nature, to see how I can
• bear it ; and looking about the Room he espy'd me ; pray Sir,
• said he, do me the favour as to open and read this Letter, the

• Contents

‘ Contents I know not, but I suspect it to come from some of my
 ‘ old Acquaintance. I desired to be excused, alledging, that possi-
 bly there might be something in it that might be improper to di-
 vulge. ‘ Nothing, nothing, reply’d he, can affect me now; I have
 ‘ no Honour, no Reputation, and what’s yet worse, no Heaven to
 ‘ lose, by this or any other Act, therefore pray Sir oblige me, or I
 ‘ must trouble some Body else. Upon this I broke open the Let-
 ter, designing first to take a Cursory View of it, and then to pro-
 ceed, or desist, according as I found the Contents, which upon
 perusal, I thought not impertinent to the present Case, and therefore
 Read as follows,

Dearest Sir,

Understanding you are fallen dangerously ill, and that it had a Me-
 lancholy Effect upon you, I could not (considering our stricter Friend-
 ship) but endeavour at least the removal of those Evils your Mind may
 lie under, which perhaps is an Office no less grateful, than making your
 Body Sound and Vigorous. Sicknes and Death are the common Lot of
 Mankind, and to Repine and Grieve at the bearing of this Lot, is to Com-
 bat the Laws of Nature, and Fight against Impossibilities; What Wise
 Man Repines at the Heat in Summer, or Cold in Winter, or troubles him-
 self, that the Sun ever goes out of our Hemisphere all the Night time? a
 common Evil that every Body bears, ceases to be an Evil, because there’s
 no one has a better Fortune to compare with it, and without comparison,
 nothing can be said to be better or worse; thus also a Good made common
 Falls into Indifferency from the same Reasons. But perhaps your Melan-
 choly suggests unto you, that ’tis a dismal thing to Launch out into an
 unknown Abyss, to be you know not where, nor what. I answer, I dream
 sometimes of frightful things, and the Idea’s that I have of them, impress
 as afflicting Resentments upon my Spirits, as if they were real, but when
 I awake all vanishes. Thus, if we will examine Death, and its supposed
 Consequences, by the Prejudices of a Melancholy and Distracted Brain, we
 maybe Miserable, proportionable to the height of our Folly; but if by
 our Reason we take a View of these Formidable Monsters, they grow tame
 and familiar to us. I would demand of him that asks me, What Estate I
 shall be in after Death, What Estate he was in before Life? Pain and
 Pleasure will leave their Impressions upon a Human Spirit; ’tis as natu-
 ral as Wax to receive the Impression of that Seal by which it is Sealed.
 Therefore if I was either Happy or Miserable before I commenced Huma-
 nity, I must still retain some Impression of it, but I now do neither, there-
 fore shall do neither hereafter. I came out of a State of Nothingness,
 and shall return into the same again; as the Flame of an extinguished
 Candle dissolves and loseth it self in the Circumambient Air, even so the
 Taper of Life vanishes into pure Æther, and is no more, when the Laws
 of the Union of the Soul and Body are violated and broken. Death it
 self is nothing; and after Death there’s nothing; and why should I be
 afraid of nothing? Take Courage, Man, and either Die like your self,
 Master

Master of your Fate and Happiness, so long as it is to be kept; or Recover, and Live Worthly the Character of a Person that knows how either to Live, or Die. So wishes

Your real Friend and Servant,

A. B.

I had no sooner read this Letter through, but he surpriz'd us all with repeated dismal Groans, as if his Soul had been struggling under the last Throws of Separation: We thought it not convenient to press for the Reason of it, considering that Humane Nature feels, or at least supposes an Ease by complaining of the Evil it suffers, and it happened according to our Expectations, for at length he broke out into these afflicting Imprecations: 'Curled be the Day
' wherein I commenced such a fatal Friendship: Oh unhappy Time
' when first I imbib'd these Atheistical Principles! When first I
' exchanged the Christian Faith for the Creed of Spinoza and the
' *Leviathan!* When first I relinquish'd all *reveal'd Religion* for the
' *natural one*, and the *last* for *none at all*. When casting his Eyes upon me, he said, 'I am not able to write an Answer to that Letter, though I earnestly desire there should be one, nor is it worth
' my while to get an *Amanuensis* for that purpose, for I suppose I
' shall have no occasion to write any more. I'm also sensible that
' you might be better able to answer such a Letter than I, and yet
' my present Circumstances are such, (I being not only a Party,
' but the dismal subject and Matter my self) that what comes from
' me may make a deeper Impression upon the Spirit of my Friend,
' than what comes from a strange Hand; therefore you will oblige
' me, if you will only lend me your Hand, and let me dictate; which I freely offering, he ordered a Chair to be set on the other Side of the Bed, thinking it convenient to be as secret and free from Noise and Diversion as possibly he could: And then he proceeded.

S I R,

Being not able to use my own, I have borrowed another Hand to answer yours, possibly I may subscribe my self. You say well, It's a Gratefuller Office to endeavour to remove the Evils of the Mind than of the Body. What you urge of the common Lot of Mankind, as Death and Sicknes: I could wish it were my Case, but mine alas is a discovery that I pay dearly for, viz. That Despair and Hell is the common Lot of Atheists. Now your Arguments cannot reach my Case, unless you first prove that Atheism is as inevitable as Death and Sicknes, and that therefore the Effects of it are to be born patiently, unless a Man will combat Necessity, and Fight against the Laws of Fate. Your way of arguing is such as I have us'd my self formerly; and I cannot but wonder now how I could think it conclusive: Perhaps I never indeed thought of that, but was pleas'd with it, because I wish'd it to be true, and because I saw it
my

my Interest that it should be so. If you please I'll just make a Reflection or two upon what you have writ, and then give you my Sentiments of the whole Matter. You say, That if we examine Death and its supposed Consequences by our Reason, these formidable Monsters grow tame and familiar: If by our Reason you mean either the peculiar Creed of Atheists, or the common Reason of Human Nature; I am sure those Monsters will be less tame and familiar the more you think of them, for since no Reason discovers what an unexperienc'd death is, or the unknown change consequent thereupon. how can we judge of things that we know not? Reason as long as you please upon things that you are ignorant of, and at last you will be as far from Truth and Satisfaction, if not farther, than when you first began; like him that demanded a considerable Time to tell what God was; and when that was expired he demanded yet a greater; and being ask'd why he did so, he replyed, the more he thought, the less he knew of him. It might have been retorted on him, though the same History gives no account of it; Why then did he petition for means of greater Ignorance and Confusion? Your Argument is extream weak about a pre-existent and future State; viz. I retain no impression of Happiness or Misery that I had in a pre-existent State, therefore shall retain none in a future State. How that's a Consequence in any Rules of Logick I see not. Next, you would have me believe upon your bare Word, That Death is nothing, and that after Death there's nothing. Pray how do you know either, having not yet tryed? there are a great many that say the contrary. I have only concern'd my self as to the rationality of your Letter, that I might induce you to believe I am not melancholy, distract'd, or prejudic'd in my Reason, and I would desire you to believe it, That what I am going to say may not have the less Credit, because it comes from one under my Circumstances; It's Truth, and whether you will believe me or no, you will at last find it to be so.

Here he groan'd, and desired a little intermission, being not only weary with repeating so much, but at present dejected and confus'd with the unhappy Truths he was about to tell his Friend, and so he rested himself for about half an Hour; when calling to me again, he desired we might proceed: Which we did as follows.

If I could force you to believe me I would; all I can do is to deal with you as a reasonable Creature, by opening my Breast to you, and then leaving you at your liberty to act as you please. Whilst we are in Health and Business we may seem to act contrary to our Intentions, and plead for things we believe not; but when we come to dye the Vizard is taken off, and the Man appears as he is, open and plain. This is my Condition, therefore I can have neither Interest nor any other Motive in imposing upon my Friends.

Religion (I mean the Christian) is no fictitious Imposture; Heaven and Hell are real, and the Immortality of the Soul is as certain as the Existence of the Body; for a time we have officiously deluded and cheated one another of our Religion and Happiness, and God, who will not always
be

be despised by his Creatures without taking notice of it, has chosen me out as an Example to you all, and as a Warning to the lazy indifferent Christian: But who, alas, can write their own Tragedy without Tears, or copy out the Seal of their Damnation, without the extremity of Horror? That there's a God I know, because I continually feel the effects of his Wrath: That there's a Hell, I am as certain, having received the earnest of my Inheritance there, in my Breast, where my Tortures are infinitely short of any Expression: That there's a natural Conscience, which is not the effect of a prejudiced Education, I now feel with Horror and Amazement, being continually upbraided by it with the Registry of my Impieties, and a bringing of all my Sins fresh into my remembrance; why God has mark'd me out for an Example of his Wrath and Vengeance rather than you, or any of our Acquaintance, I presume is, because I am the greatest Apostate, having been more religiously educated than any of you, and therefore done greater despite unto the Spirit of Grace, and been the greatest Scandal to Religion. Oh what a presumptuous, egregious piece of Folly is it for Dust and Ashes to contend with their Creator, to question his Justice, his Power, nay his very Being, when at the same Time without this infinite wise God, every such vile Wretch would immediately fall into its Chaos again, being not able to exist one moment without him? What a vile ingratitude is it scurrilously to reflect upon the Christian Religion, when the Author of it dyed to reconcile such Reflectors to himself? And if after all that he has done and suffered to make such Fools happy, they will still deny him and despise the Benefits of his Redemption, what can be expected but that this Intercessor become an angry Judge, and consign his Enemies over to the Reward of their Demerits? Don't mistake your self, its not a light Matter to question and contend with the God of Nature, to abuse Religion and deny the Author of it, and what is yet the worst of all, to apostatize and leave the way of Righteousness, as I have done; behold, God hath met with me for it, after a long Forbearance of several Years in inveterate Impiety and Profaneness: Let me intreat you, by my Example, to leave off your Sins by Repentance; who knoweth but God may yet receive you, and by me preach such a Lecture as may stop you in your Course of Wickedness? I speak not this out of any Love to Vertue, or Hatred of Vice, for I am hardened and impenitently reprobate, only herein I imitate Dives, who was unwilling his Brethren should come into the same place of Torment with him: Make what use you please of this, only remember that if it does not reclaim you, it will double your Condemnation, and enhance your Guilt, possibly to be overtaken in this present World as I am, with the just Judgment of God; if not, be sure you will be lit on hereafter: Which is all, and I wish I could say enough.

From

Yours, &c.

As soon as he subscribed his Name and the Letter was sealed, he desired a Porter might be called and sent for, fear of a Miscarriage; which was done accordingly. And the Night being far worn, we
all

all took our Leaves and left him, wishing him good Rest, and a happier Condition the next Day, to which he replied, 'Gentlemen, I thank you, but my Happiness is at an end, and as for my Rest to Night, all the Ease I expect will be in wishing for the Day, as in the Day-time I wish for the Night; thus spending the little remainder of my miserable Moments in a fearful expectation of my Dissolution, and the dismal Account I am to make upon it. But Gentlemen a good Night to you, and remember my Example, to confirm you in that Religion I have disowned, that ye may stand more cautiously by my Fall, and secure the Happiness I have forfeited.

The next Day came several of his Friends out of the Country, having had an account of his Sicknes and Distractions. When they came into the Room, one of them applyed himself to him, telling him, That he and several more of his Relations were come on purpose to Town to see him, and were extream sorry to find him in such a weak Condition as he appeared (for now he was almost nothing but Skin and Bones, the Agonies that he lay under doing the Office of the quickest Consumption). To which he answered, 'I am obliged, out of common Civility, to thank you all; but who are my Relations? Our Saviour said, That such only as did the Will of his Heavenly Father were his Relations: I may also properly say, That none but the Atheist, the Reprobate, and all such as do the Work of the Devil, are my Relations; this little Eye of Flesh and Blood will be dissolv'd in a Moment, but the Relation I have to the damned is permanent and lasting, the same Lot, the same Place of Torments, the same Exercises of Blasphemy, and the same Eternity of Horror will be common to us all; so that similitude of Torments, Place, and Duration, will join us in a very strict Union. His Friends, who had only had some Report of a kind of Distraction, were surprized to hear him deliver himself in such Terms, and began to enquire of some of us what was the matter that he talked at such a rate; who replied, We could wish it were Frenzy or Distraction, but we were afraid of a much sadder Cause, *viz.* the Sense of Hell, and God's Wrath upon him, which was so violent as to drive him into Despair, and the utmost Agonies and Horror of Mind, begging, if it might please God, the Case might be altered before his Death, which they were sure could not be far off, if he proceeded as he had begun. He hearing them whisper, and imagining the Cause of it, called them all unto him, and said; 'You may imagine me distracted or melancholy, I wish I were either; but it's part of my Judgment, that I am not; no, my Apprehension of Persons and Things is rather more vigorous and quick than it was when I was in perfect Health: And it is my Curse, because I am thereby more sensible of my Unhappiness and the Condition I am fallen into. Would you be informed why I am become a Skeleton in three or four Days? Why, my Grief does continually extort some unhappy Expressions from me: Know then that I have sinned against the Holy Ghost, and done despite to the Spirit of
C
Grace;

Grace ; that I have despised my Maker, and denied my Redeem-
 er ; that in short I have apostatized from the Christian Religion,
 and joined my self to the Atheist and Profane, and continued
 this Course under many Convictions, till my Iniquity was ripe
 for Vengeance, and the just Judgment of God overtook me, when
 my Security was the greatest, and the Checks of my Conscience
 the least. Since I denied that Salvation that comes by Christ Je-
 sus, there is no other Mediator or Intecessor for Sinners ; if there
 be, who is he that can redeem my Soul from Hell, or give a
 Ransom for my Life ? No, no, the Scripture is certainly true, and
 that says, *That if we sin wilfully, after we have received the Knowledge
 of the Truth, there remaineth no more Sacrifice for Sin, but a fearful
 looking for of Judgment, and fiery Indignation, which shall consume
 the Adversary.* There remaineth no more Sacrifice for Sin, that's
 the Wound that pierces my Soul : Christ Jesus was the only ex-
 piatory Sacrifice for Sinners that God would accept of ; and I
 not accepting, (I would say) and I despising this, there now re-
 mains no other for me to accept of, no other to make an Atone-
 ment and Satisfaction for me : *There's no other Name under Heaven
 given whereby we may be saved, but by the Name of Jesus ;* and 'tis
 this Jesus that I have Reproached, Ridiculed, and Abused, in
 his Members here ; nor is this all, I have not been content to do
 this my self, but by my Example have induced others to do the
 same. Methinks your Breasts are all open to me, and in the
 midst of your Pity and Surprizals, you would bid me Hope, Be-
 lieve, and Return and Supplicate that Mercy I have abused ; that
 Jesus came to save Sinners, and to bring them to Repentance,
 with other things of this nature. I know that these are your
 Thoughts, and by mentioning them I have saved you the La-
 bour : Alas, how fain would I Hope and Believe ! Can a Man
 in Torments not desire to be freed from them ? No, assure your
 selves, I would upon any Terms, but the Displeasure and Wrath
 of God, obstruct the Power of Hoping and Believing ; and though
 I would, I can do neither, nor do I know what some Divines
 mean, that say, He that desires to Hope, Repent, and Believe,
 in some measure does it : I experience the contrary ; a fruitless
 Wishing that comes not to Act, is no more but a Convicti-
 on, which shall bring such Persons under greater Damnation.
 Would you have me to Return and Supplicate that Mercy I have
 Abused ? Alas ! how sad is my Case, that have no other Hopes
 but what depend upon Abused Mercy ? But why said I Hopes ?
 When I have no Hopes at all ; my Hopes are frustrate, and my
 Expectations are cut off, and what remains behind ? Why, I am
 bid to Hope and Believe ; Oh what Satyr, what Mockery and
 Abuse is this upon me, to find me in Misery, and bid me be Hap-
 py, without affording me some Power of being so ! Indeed should
 Jesus Christ say so much to me, it would be some Comfort ; but
 for you to do it, is the same thing as to bid a Malefactor shake
 off his Chains and Fetters, and assume his Liberty ; or to call
 upon the Dead to arise out of their Graves, and Challenge their

Estates and Honours again. How idle is it, to bid the Fire not
 to burn, when Fuel is administred; to command the Seas to be
 Smooth and Calm in the midst of Storms, such is my Case, and
 such are the Comforts of my Friends: But I'm spent, and can
 Complain no more; would to God the Cause of my Complaints
 would also cease; the Cause of my Complaints! this renews my
 Grief, and summons up the little strength I have left to Complain
 again, like an extinguishing Flame that recollects at once all its
 Alimentary Matter for one great Blaze before it expires. 'Tis
 just so with me: But whether am I going? As he said this, he
 fainted away, and lay in a sort of Swound for a considerable time,
 but by the help of some *Spirits* we brought him to himself again,
 and as soon as he opened his Eyes he said, 'Oh cruel and unkind
 Friends, to awake me from a Dream in which I had a Cessation
 from my Tortures, but now they return again, and Prey upon my
 Soul like so many Furies. This he spoke with so feeling and
 lively Concern, that not one of his Relations could refrain from
 Tears, none of them being able to speak to him for a considerable
 time before. 'You weep, says he, but your very Tears come too
 late; was I like another Person that goes out of the World, it
 would be one of my greatest Troubles to see you Weep, or at
 least, it would add much to my Pains; for he must be unnatural
 and senseless that could not be moved and troubled at the affliction
 of others, especially his Friends and Relations; but the Case
 is otherwise with me, my Cup is full, and already runs over,
 the bitterness of my Soul is as great as possible it can be in this
 World, and my Heart is full of Horror and Anguish, and no
 Grief can add unto mine, being already so great, that 'tis unca-
 pable of receiving any more. Perhaps this may seem a Paradox
 to you at first, but what think you of Time and Eternity? Can
 one add an Hour to Eternity, which comprehends and swallows
 all Time? Can one add any think to the Wrath of God, which
 includes the Fury of Devils and Men, this being derivative and
 dependent on that; and can any one add to my Grief and Tor-
 tures, who am *fallen into the Hands of the living God*? No, no, re-
 serve your Tears for your Sins, and cast them not away so fruit-
 lessly upon one that is neither the better nor worse for them.

You may easily imagine what Impressions such Sayings as these
 made upon the Spirits of his Friends, who were almost overwhelm-
 ed with Grief and Amazement; with Grief, at the lamentable
 State of their Kinsman, and with Amazement at the dreadful
 Judgment of God upon him. But in the midst of their Sorrows
 they had the Prudence to think of the Reputation of their Family,
 and to provide for as much Secrecy as they possibly could in
 such a Case; for the Rumour of a Man in Despair beginning to
 spread, they conveyed him by Night to other Lodgings; but he
 was grown so very weak, that notwithstanding the Care of those
 who conveyed him in the Chair, it had like to have proved fatal
 to him; for he fainted away several Times, but they got him into
 his Chamber and to Bed as soon as they could: After a little Rest

he yet found so much strength as to express himself thus: ' I am
 ' not concerned to enquire whither you have brought me, or your
 ' Reasons for so doing; it had been something if you had brought
 ' my Person hither without my Horrors and accusing Conscience,
 ' or if you had changed my unhappy State with my Lodgings; but
 ' my Torments are rather the greater than before, for I see that dis-
 ' mal Hour is approaching and just at hand, when I shall bid you
 ' all a sad Farewel. The Doctors that had been with him in the
 beginning of his Sickness were again sent for, and they yet decla-
 red they could do nothing, so long as the Disturbance of his Mind
 was the Cause of his Weakness, only they ordered him some Cor-
 dial Julips, which they said might perhaps strengthen his Nature,
 so that he might live two or three Days longer. My Business cal-
 led me away for a Day or two, and I came again upon *Thursday*
 Morning pretty early, the Day of his Death. When I came into
 the Room I enquired of his Friends how he had spent his Time?
 who had been with him, what Discourse or Expressions had dropt
 from him? And they told me in general, he had little Company,
 and that his Expressions were much shorter than before, being now
 unable to speak many words together; yet that what he did speak,
 seemed to have more Horror and Despair in it than formerly. Af-
 terwards I went to his Bed side, and saw *perfect Death* in his Face,
 mixt with such Amazement and Anguish, that it was the saddest
 Spectacle I ever saw in all my Life-time. I askt him how he did?
 To which he reply'd, ' *Damn'd and lost for ever.* I desired him not
 to entertain such a Thought; the Decrees of God were secret, and
 God might punish him thus, in this Life, to make him fit for a
 better. ' They are not (said he) secret to me, but discovered for
 ' my greater Torment; and my Punishment here is for an Example
 ' to others, and for an earnest to me of my own Damnation. Oh
 ' that there was no God, or that this God could cease to be; for
 ' I am sure he will never have Mercy upon me. Alas, said I, there's
 no contending with our Creator, therefore forbear such words as
 may provoke him more. ' True (reply'd he) there's no contending;
 ' I wish there were a possibility of getting above God, that would
 ' be a Heaven to me. I entreated him not to entertain such a Blas-
 phemy, for ——— Here he interrupted me, saying, ' Read we not
 ' in the *Revelations*, of those that blasphem'd God because of their
 ' Pains? I am now of that number. Oh how do I envy the hap-
 ' piness of *Cain* and *Judas*! But (reply'd I) you are yet alive, and
 do not feel the Torments of those that are actually in Hell. To
 which he answer'd, ' This is either true or false; if it be true,
 ' what are my Expectations, and how heavy will my Torments be,
 ' if I yet not feel the uttermost? But I know that 'tis false, and
 ' that I now endure more than the Spirits of the damn'd in Hell;
 ' for I have the very same Tortures upon my Spirit as they have,
 ' besides the Torments I endure in my Body. I believe that at the
 ' day of Judgment, the Torments of my Mind and Body will be
 ' both of 'em more intense; but as I am now, no Spirit in Hell
 ' endures what I do: How gladly would I change my Condition
 ' for

for Hell! And how earnestly would I intreat of my angry Judge
 to send me thither, if I was not afraid that he would out of
 Vengeance deny me? Here he clos'd his Eyes a little, and began
 to talk idly and besides himself, every now and then *groaning and*
gnashing his Teeth; but when he opened his Eyes and look'd about,
 he grew sensible again, and felt for his own Pulse, saying, *How*
lazily my Minutes pass on! When will be the last Breath, the last
 Pulse, that shall beat my Spirit out of this decay'd Mansion into
 those desir'd Regions of Death and Hell? Oh! I find 'tis just
 at hand; and what shall I now say? I'm now afraid again to
 die. Ah the forlorn Hope, the destitute State of an *Atheist* that
 has no God to go to, nothing to fly to for Peace or Comfort!
 Here his Speech fail'd him again; and we all believing him to be
 just a leaving the World went to Prayer, which threw him into
 an Agony, in which, tho' he could not speak perfectly, he made
 what noise he could to hinder himself from hearing, and turn'd a-
 way his Face that he might not see the Action; which we per-
 ceiving, we recommended him to the Mercy of God, and gave o-
 ver. His Speech return'd not again for a considerable time, but he
 fix'd his Ghastly Eyes upon us, and by the Air of his Countenance
 shew'd, that we had not a little disoblig'd him: And as soon as
 he cou'd speak, he said, 'Tygers and Monsters, are ye also become
 Devils to Torment me, and give me a Prospect of Heaven, to make
 my Hell the more intellerable? Alas Sir, reply'd I, what Interest
 can we have in making you miserable? 'Tis our desire of your re-
 covery and reconciliation with God, that casts us down at the
 Throne of Grace; if we must not seek assistance at the hand of
 God, where else should we seek it? If God denies, who else can
 give it? If he will not have Mercy, whether must we go for it?
 To which he reply'd, 'Ay that's the Wound, God is become my
 Enemy, and there is none so strong as he to deliver me out of his
 Hand; he consigns me over to his Eternal Wrath and Vengeance,
 and there is none that is able to redeem me. Was there another
 God as Mighty as he who would Patronize my Cause, or was I
 above, or Independent of God, then I could Act and Dispose of
 my self as I pleased, then would my Horrors cease, and the Ex-
 pectation and Designs of my Formidable Enemy be frustrate; but
 this cannot be, for I ~~cannot~~. Here his Voice failed him again,
 and he began to struggle and gasp for a little Breath, which having
 recovered, with a Groan so Dreadful and Loud, as if it had not
 been Humane, he Cried out, *Oh the insufferable Pangs of Hell and*
Damnation! and so he Died, Death settling the Visage of his Face
 in such a Form, as if the Body, tho' Dead, was *sensible of the Ex-*
remity of Torments. How God disposed of him we know not; *Se-*
cret things belong to the Lord, to us Charity and Hope; yet not so
 much as to make this no Example to us, for such Instances are sig-
 nalized on purpose to teach us Fear and Reverence, to Judge our
 selves, and use the utmost Diligence and Care to make our Calling
 and Election sure.

A
K E Y
T O T H E
Second S P I R A.

W R I T T E N

By Mr. JOHN DUNTON, a Member of the *Athenian-Society*;

A N D T H E

First Publisher of that Narrative.

TH E truly honest, and most ingenious Mr. *Charles Gildon*, in his *History of the Athenian Society*, gives this Character of Mr. *Richard Sault*, (our *Athenian* and *Mathematick* Brother) viz.

‘ All that I have to inform the World of the *Mathematician*, is,
 ‘ that he is the Person that first put the Design in Execution: And
 ‘ no wonder; for his *Learning* is as Universal as his Sence of Things
 ‘ is *True*, and *Curious*; the mighty Sence he writes will not let me
 ‘ doubt but that he foresaw what infinite Hydra’s he was to engage
 ‘ with: But he has pursu’d it to a Miracle, [viz. Mr. Dunton’s
 ‘ *Project of Answering all nice and curious Questions, concealing the*
 ‘ *Querist*] shewing the *Scholar* without the *Pedant*, the *Philosopher*
 ‘ without the *Stiff* and *obscure Expressions* of the *School*; and
 ‘ every thing he writ in the *First Athenian-Mercury*, had a plea-
 ‘ sing genteel Air, and neat Turn, through every Line, and disco-
 ‘ vered *profound Reason* cou’d be lodged in a *Youthful Head*, and that
 ‘ it met there with a *softness* that did not obscure its great and se-
 ‘ vere *Ideas*. This his *Boldness, Learning* and *Ingenuity*, ought to
 ‘ endear him to every Man that pretends to value *Excellence*, and I
 ‘ have the Judgment of more than one of the *greatest Scholars* of
 ‘ the *Age*, to justify my Sentiments in this Matter.—Thus far
 ‘ Mr. *Charles Gildon*. And I believe whatever Critick compares
 ‘ the

the *Character* he here gives of Mr. *Sault* with that *matchless Stile and Sence* which he'll find in *Second Spira*, will be of my Opinion, that both the Author and Subject of that Narrative, cou'd be no other than Mr. *Sault*; and that no *Sceptick-Reader* may doubt this, I'll farther prove it by Publishing the following **K E Y** to *Second Spira*, viz.

The World may perhaps expect (in this **K E Y** to *Second Spira*) that I shou'd give the best Account I can of the Truth of this *Narrative*.

This *Narrative* of *Second Spira* was put into my Hands by Mr. *Richard Sault*, December 26. 1692. Mr. *Sault* was then a Member of the *Athenian-Society*, and calls himself the *Methodizer* of this *Narrative*. In the Title he has given to it, Mr. *Sault* assur'd me he received the *Memoires*, out of which he had form'd the Copy, from a Divine of the *Church of England*. He also confirm'd the truth of it by a Letter and a Preface from the same Gentleman. The Letter ran thus :

Sir, I had yours with the **MANUSCRIPT**, and having compar'd it with the **MEMOIRES** I took, I think you have done me and the Case of that miserable Gentleman, a rigid Justice. — — —

In the Preface the Divine says, That having examined the Piece, now 'tis perfected, with the Original Notes and Papers, which I drew my self, I find the Substance and material Part very faithfully done; and I dare affirm that there's nothing material left out, nor are there any Interpolations which are not genuine.

My way to publish the Copy being made so plain, I procur'd Mr. *Bohun's* License; but so soon as it appear'd in the World, the Noile it made was more than ever I expected. Several *Clergymen* came to examine me about the Truth of it, and I carry'd 'em to Mr. *Sault*, who gave 'em the very same Account I had received from him before; and Mr. *Fekyl*, whose Acquaintance with Mr. *Sault* had been very intimate, told me (after coming from Mr. *Sault*) that he believ'd the *Narrative* was true.

After all the Evidence I have receiv'd of this Matter, I have now quite alter'd my Opinion of *Second Spira*, and shall deliver my Thoughts with all the Impartiality and the Freedom I am capable.

I really believe that Mr. *Sault* himself was the *Second Spira*, in Regard, that a little before he writ the *Narrative*, he was under the severest Terrors of his own Conscience; his Despair and his Melancholy made him Look like some *Walking-Ghost*; and I heard several such broken Speeches as these fall from him, I AM DAMN'D, I AM DAMN'D! I remember he came one time to my Chamber in the *Poultry* in this Condition, and his Complexion and his Looks were quite alter'd, and his Discourse run all upon Despair.

After he was gone, my first Wife (who was Dr. *Annesley's* Daughter) came to me, and said, she was very much afraid Mr. *Sault* wou'd do himself some mischief — — — And the Truth is, there is such deep Despair, in every Page of the *Second Spira*, that 'tis hard to conceive

how any Man could write such a DISMAL NARRATIVE, that did not himself feel what he there relates.

This Suspicion of mine, is strengthen'd by some other Circumstances, for he cou'd never give us any particular Account where Mr. Sanders lodg'd, from whom he receiv'd the *Memoirs*; and Mr. Sault, had the Matter been true, must of Necessity have had a Correspondence with Sanders, that he might convey the *Manuscript* to him, for his Approbation,

Nay, farther, I have all the Original Copy of *Second Spira* by me, and 'tis the Opinion of my Dear Friend Mr. D—x—n, as well as mine, that the *Letter* and the *Preface* which Mr. Sault pretended to receive from the *Divine*, are no more than *Counterfeits* of his own writing, which any Gentleman shall have the Liberty to compare, for their own satisfaction, if they desire it. And that I mayn't throw any Reflections upon Mr. Sault, that want either Proof or Evidence, I shall here transcribe a *Letter his Wife writ to him at Cambridge*, and which I have yet by me, written with her own Hand.

The Letter shews that Mr. Sault had really been guilty of those unlawful Freedoms which, in the Married State, might very well sink him into *Melancholy and Trouble of Mind*. And her Letter was this.

Since (Mr. Sault) you are so obliging to promise to do any thing to convince me of your Sincerity, I'll propose to you two or three things that will do it, and assure me also that your esteem is what I cou'd wish it, without which I can never think you have any true Value or Tenderness for me, That you make me a solemn Promise, to quit all other Persons (a) for me, acquaint me freely and unreservedly, with all your Affairs—Account your Interest and mine the same—and in all Things as much as in your Power, wish and promote whatever may make me Happy, in any respect———If this seems unreasonable to you, methinks it shou'd not, after I've told you these conditions perform'd on your Part, I'll refuse nothing that is in my Power to gratify you,

I am your ever Faithful,

and Tender Wife,

Sarah Sault.

To this Letter Mr. Sault's Answer made a very free Discovery of his GUILT, with a great Degree of Penitence and Sorrow. He freely own'd Mrs. Sault had been one of the best of Wives, and that he'd submit with all imaginable Chearfulness to her Terms of Amity, he hop'd also they'd be so happy in this Life, and mind the great Concerns of a better, that they shou'd both of 'em meet in Heaven.

(a) Meaning those Women Mr. Sault had Debauch'd.

But notwithstanding this Penitent Letter, and Mr. Sault's once saying he was vext there was such a Noise about *The Second Spira*, till of late, I as really believ'd the Truth of *Second Spira*, as those *Reverend Ministers* who recommended it from the Pulpit, to the perusal of their Hearers; and the Publication of it was *one of the most innocent Actions of my whole Life* ———

However, as to Mr. Sault, 'tis certain he had liv'd a *very debauched Life several Years*; for going my self one day to visit him (whilst he lived with Mr. Smith, Matter of the *Athenian Coffee-House* in *Stocks-Market*) Mr. Sault being then gone abroad, I found in his Chamber a Letter writ to him by *one of his Whores*, reflecting upon him for giving her the Pox, and taking no manner of Care to get her cur'd: And 'twas thought also he gave the *foul Disease to his Wife*, (a Woman of distinguisht Wit and Sence) but has own'd (under her own hand) that her Husband once forc'd her to *Slander an innocent Person*, meerly to revenge the Discovery he had made of his Whoredom.

Another Reason I have to conclude Mr. *Richard Sault* was the *Second Spira*, was that monstrous *Height in Wickedness* to which he arrived: For he attempted to debauch (i. e. *make a Whore*) of one of his *Servant Maids*, by offering to prove to her, that *Adultery was no Sin*. I had this Discovery from her own Mouth, (and the Person is still living who said it;) so that the World may depend upon it for a certain Truth, That Mr. Sault (the *Real Second Spira*) was the *Lewdest* as well as the *Faldest* Man that ever came into Being; and therefore, tho' his *Servant Maid* was too honest to accept of his *Lewd Proposal*, yet 'twas but reasonable to think that a Man that attempted to wound the Conscience of a *virtuous Maid*, and that had himself lived in a Course of the *vilest Debauchery* many Years, should one time or other fall into a *deep Despair*: Or (in plainer *English*) become a true Subject for a *Second Spira* himself.

Reader, (If you ask me here) How then came it to pass that 'tis said the *Second Spira* died at *Westminster*, if the *Methodizer* of the *Second Spira* was himself that wicked Person.

To which I answer, I really believe only that Part of the *Narrative* is false, and that Mr. Sault said the *Second Spira* was Dead, that neither *my self* (that received the *Narrative* from his own hand) nor *no other Person* might ever suspect that *Richard Sault* himself was the *Second Spira*; tho' I think I have fairly proved in this *KEY* to that *Narrative*, that it could be no other Person but Mr. Sault, or else that 'tis all a *Fiction*, which I cou'd heartily wish it were: (But, as I said before, 'tis *wholly* impossible that any Man should *Act Despair* so much to the Life, that did not *REALLY* feel it himself) For who can hear of such a *Despairing Person* as this *Second Spira*, without being greatly concerned for him? And I find the Reverend Mr. *William Turner* of the same Opinion: For in his *History of Remarkable Providences* (in his Chapter intituled, *Divine Judgments upon Blasphemy and Profaneness*) he tells his Reader, ' That the Story of the *Second Spira*, Published at *London*, 1692, ' tho' the early Publication of it, together with the *Dreadful Con-*

' tents, and the Natural Tenderness of *Relations*, and *Countrymen*,
 ' and indeed *the unwillingness of almost all People* to believe Things
 ' so full of *Terror*, rendred it to the Apprehensions of some, *scarce*
 ' *Credible*: and my self, at Reading of it, *wish'd it were not true* ;
 ' yet upon a *serious and impartial Inquiry*, I do firmly believe, that
 ' there is more Truth in it than will be granted by many of *the pre-*
 ' *sent Generation*. ----- Thus far the Reverend Mr. *William Tur-*
 ' *ner*, (late Vicar of *Walberton* in *Suffex*) who agrees with me in say-
 ' ing, ' That upon a *serious and impartial Inquiry*, he believes the *Se-*
 ' *cond Spira* is a True Narrative. And were I now dying, I should
 attest (I believe in my Conscience) Mr. *Richard Sault* was that
Miserable Gentleman, and no other Person whatever.

I would give many other *Reasons* why I really think Mr. *Richard*
Sault was the *Second Spira*, and also why I believe what he says in
 that *Narrative* of himself, and of those that came to visit him in
 his *Sickness*, happened before I came acquainted with him, but that
 he has saved me the *Labour* of further proving of these Truths ; for
 in the following *ESSAY*, Intituled, *A Dialogue betwixt a Modern*
Atheist and his Friend, by the *Methodizer of the Second Spira*, Mr.
Sault, in his *PREFACE* to that Book, does (in a manner) own
 that he had lived a very *Wicked and Atheistical Life*, and that he
 was himself the *Second Spira* : For in that *PREFACE* he tells the
 World, ' I am yet certain, as well as several others, that there was such
 ' a Matter of Fact, (i. e. such a Person as *Second Spira*) I cannot
 ' say, how agreeable in every particular Circumstance, and therefore own
 ' a forward *Imprudence* of being concern'd in it, whatever my *Mo-*
 ' *tive* was ; and I could heartily wish that every *Act of my Life*, which
 ' has in its own Nature tended, or been accidentally wrested by others to
 ' the *Prejudice of the Christian Religion* had never been, tho' the
 ' Purchase had cost me all that is valuable to me in the World.

Now Reader, what I have here said of the *Second Spira* being
 what I am willing to swear to, upon all the *Bibles in the King's Domi-*
nions, and if my Credit appears hitherto unpotted and free, and not
 stain'd with Base, Little and Dishonourable Actions, I hope I shall
 have that common *Charity* in this *Affair* which every one wou'd be unwil-
 ling to be deny'd were he in my Circumstance. All that I can say
 further is this, that I have laid it fairly at the *Methodizer's Door*,
 and that of *J. S.* the Divine, who gave him the Information ; if
 they won't Viindicate themselves, I am not obliged to bear their
 Company.

Thus Reader, you see my *Innocence* as to this Book, and how
 much I suffered (when formerly rail'd at for publishing of it) by
 the *Malice* of some, and *Ignorance* of others ; and therefore I thought
 it proper (by this *KEY*) to set *Second Spira* in a true Light, for I
 can't run every where to answer Slanderers.

Mr. *Sault* the *Methodizer* remov'd to *Cambridge*, where his Inge-
 nuity and his exquisite Skill in *Algebra*, got him a very considera-
 ble Reputation ; some Years ago he DECEASED there, and was
 supported in his last *Sickness* by the Friendly Contributions of the
 Scholars,

Scholars, which were collected without his Knowledge or Desire ; and my Friendship to Mr. *Sault*, and the generous Charity of those *Cantabrigians*, have oblig'd me to mention it as a MONUMENT of their *Gratitude*.

And the Truth is (on the Account of his Matchless *Stile and Sence*) he deserved it ; for Mr. *Sault* was not only the first *Ingenious Gentleman* I engaged in writing The *ATHENIAN ORACLE*, but the most accomplish'd *Algebraist* this Age has known ; I'll only except the immortal *WALLIS* ; and therefore I'll here conclude my *KEY* to this *Second Spira*, with an *ELEGY* lamenting Mr. *Sault's* Death, in *Algebraick Terms* : and seeing he was no ways Inferiour to Dr. *WALLIS* in *Mathematick Learning*, I have built his *Monumental Tomb* (tho' with what Skill in *Architecture*, is submitted to the Reader's Censure) with almost *the same Materials* with which I erected a *Monument* to Perpetuate the Fame of the Learned *WALLIS*.

The *Mathematick Funeral* : Or, a Monument Erected to the Memory of Mr. *Richard Sault*, (*The SECOND SPIRA*) in *Algebraick Terms*.

HERE *Second Spira* I'll lament thy Fall,
 And give thee (at my Charge) the following FUNERAL.
 I'll have the solemn Pomp, and stately Show,
 In *Geometrical Progression* go :
 Sage *Algebra*, with Eyes cast down
 By *Cubes* and *Roots* encompass'd round
 Shall lead the *VAN*, and by her *Widow'd side*,
 A gentle Band of *Fluxions* glide ;
Equations with affected Pace,
 Shall gravely next take Place ;
 Tall *Axioms* then shall march, upon whose State
 Long *Corollarics* shall wait.
 This learned and lamenting Tribe,
 An huge *Ellipsis* shall describe ;
 Whole two *Focusses* shall be
Algebra and *Geometry* :
Geometry, which mighty Queen,
 Shall in her Robes the next be seen ;
 Her *Mathematic Guard* among
 Slow *Cylinders* shall roll along,
 And all her *Curves*, and *Squares*, and *Circles* joyn'd,
 In Figures properly combin'd,
 Shall make her up a flowing Train behind.
 This *Cavalcade* upon the *Bard* shall wait,
 And in their Way participate his Fate ;
Fluxions shall weep so long, 'till they be grown
 Most of 'em *Niobes* of *Stone*,
 And carv'd with $+$ and $-$ upon his Grave fall down ;

The whole Contributors shall be
 Of something to the luckless Treasury ;
 And thus erect, (or rather shall become
 Themselves) his Monument and Tomb,
 (Not *Epicurus* Atoms could advance
 The choicest of 'em in a happier Dance)
 Thick *Cubes* shall down the lowest fall,
 And make the solid Base of All ;
 Then shall tall *Cylinders* stand up, and close,
 Beauteous Pillars to compose,
 Whereon small *Cones* themselves shall rear,
 And at due Distances appear,
 Superinduc'd from End to End,
 Shall the *Catenaria* bend ;
 Upon whose high and arched Top,
 Held by an *Archimedes* up,
 A wide stretch'd *Hemisphere* shall grow,
 And be of all the *Cupilo*.
 Laid underneath shall the Learn'd *Spira* be,
 And truly *Rhedycina* thinks that She
 Can't a more sweet Interment have,
 Than to lie down and take a Slumber in his Grave.
 Methought here *Granta* answer'd —————
 Our Loss, indeed, I truly moan,
 As he was also once my Son ;
 But let not Sorrow to Excess,
 Thus your Matronal Breast possess,
 There are that ought to wipe our Tears away,
 And Consolation may display ;
 Your *Gregory* lives, who may maintain,
 In Business, and Grandeur, the Mathematick Train.
 I have, how'er, a Son whose vaster Mind,
 By Ancient Limits not confin'd,
 O'er Learning's former Mounds has step'd,
 And the *Herculean* Pillars leap'd ;
 He can, I'm sure, the mighty Loss supply ;
 And cherish all the Orphan Progeny :
 He tells how of *Projectile Force*
Attraction did divert the hasty Course,
 And Subject to that only Law above,
 All the Celestial Bodies justly move ;
 Which one great Principle unknown before,
 Superfedes the Need of more ;
 And on all Nature's Works imprest,
 Does all Things solve like once the mighty *Alkabeft*.
 For, what in vain preceding Ages sought,
NEWTON produc'd at one prodigious Thought.

Impenitent Sinners Read and Tremble :

O R, A

DIALOGUE

Betwixt a Modern Atheist and his Friend.

W R I T T E N

By Mr. Richard Sault, (who calls himself the Methodizer of the *Second Spira*) in which he proves *The Existence of a God, and a Thinking Principle in us*, is more Evident than any Mathematick Demonstration.

Imprimatur,
 March the 14th, 169²/₃. ----- Char. Heron.

The P R E F A C E.

Lucilius Vaninus in his Dialogues, wrote a Mock Apology for the Christian Religion, wherein he amass'd all the Malice and Wit that he or his Abettors cou'd bestow upon the Professors thereof; his design was on purpose to expose, and ridicule our Holy Religion. But what I have here advanc'd, tho' I had thought to have return'd the Complement to the Modern Rabbies of Atheism, is only to remove the prejudices and unreasonableness of those that either own no God, or at least deny the Separate Existence and Immortality of the Soul; I think there are but few of the first. But upon my own Personal Knowledge, there's too many of the last Opinion. And my frequent converse with some of 'em has given me more Opportunity to know wherein the strength (forgive the word) of their Arguing consists. The ingenious and learned Mr. Bently, who I must acknowledge in this Discourse has already so Managed the Point of Matter and Motion's not thinking, that they have quitted their Pretensions to that Topic; and now they say he has committed an Ignorantia Elenchi, in proving what they deny not, tho' I'm well assured they vigorously asserted before, affirming that the Soul was only a purer and more subtile sort of Matter. Their present Subterfuge is, the Soul is only a Modification of an Organiz'd Body, and that it cannot Exist after its Separation, no more than the Modification of Matter can exist without its Subject.

Since I had finished this small Discourse, I find another reviv'd Opinion amongst them, that the World was from Eternity in *Itatu quo*; and

and that Derodon's Arguments (followed by most of our Modern Disputants) do not at all prove the contrary in taking any intermediate Chain, no more than it proves God Almighty was not from Eternity, since any Intermediate Chain of time may be taken out from his Eternity, as well as out of that of the Worlds: This I have only mention'd that if better Pens do not engage it by other Arguments, I shall essay to do it myself.

As to the following Discourse I have endeavour'd to prove, that the Existence of a God is more evident than any Mathematick demonstration, by so much as Principles, and simple Ideas are more evident than complex and tedious Consequences. That the Soul is a Substance Immaterial, essentially thinking, and not any Modification of Matter, as our Modern Deists assert; as also that the Soul must Exist in its Individuality in a State separate from the Body, and in that State be sensible of Pain or Pleasure; this I hope I have evidently shown from the Fundamental and Constitutive Principles of humane Reason. so that unless they can prove themselves of another species, I can't tell how they can evade what I have advanced; the reason of my process in this tract is taken from their frequent calling upon us to prove the Existence of the Soul, God, &c. by Principles as evident as Mathematick Demonstration; and I have hereafter by Comparison with some of the plainest Axioms in Euclid satisfied their demands; 'tis true indeed Mathematick Demonstration has the good Luck to meet with little opposition, tho' I doubt not but it wou'd find enough, if each Demonstration was some Canon of the Christian Church, and I dare undertake to prove, that there's not one Theoreme in all the 15 Books of Euclid, but what a sceptical person might have better reason to quarrel with, than the Existence of a God; for even Mathematick Demonstration depends upon these very Principles, or others as evident, which I make use of to prove that God Exists, and I doubt not but that a Mathematician that is a good Logician might bring all dubious Disputes out of Question by first laying down evident Postulates after the manner that I have done in that one Instance of proving the Existence of a God.

I am sensible that there are many Pens much fitter for such a Task than mine, and the Reason why I engag'd in it was partly from the opportunities I have had to converse with these Gentlemen, and partly because I have been Instrumental in bringing the Relation of the Second Spira into the World, without that full attestation as was necessary to satisfy the Age of the Truth of it, much less to Convince these sort of Persons whom I have here to deal with. I am yet certain as well as several others, that there was such a matter of Fact as is there related; I cannot say of my own knowledge how agreeable in every particular Circumstance, and therefore own a forward Imprudence of being concern'd in it, whatever my Motive was; and I could heartily wish that every act of my Life, which has in its own Nature tended, or been accidentally wrested by others to the prejudice of the Christian Religion had never been, tho' the Purchase had cost me all that is valuable to me in the World: This is the Chief Motive of my present Engagement, and that these Gentlemen may be assured that I believe Religion has no need of indirect methods, or Pious Frauds to keep up its Reputation; I have here prov'd from the Principles

inciples of that Reason in which they pretend a share (and upon which Mathematick Demonstration depends, as I said before) that Religion has a solid and good Foundation, viz. That God is : That the Soul is immortal, and must exist sensible of Happiness or Misery, tho' in a state separate from the Body.

I might have proceeded to have shown, that in a separate State the Soul is only employed in reflex Acts and the Consequences of 'em, and therefore not answerable for any thing done out of the Body. That from the Nature of the Soul, Religion is as necessary to its happiness as its own Existence ; that by how much the more perfect any Religion is, by so much the Analogy betwixt the Soul and it, is the stricter ; and Lastly, I might from hence have made those common Deductions, that are usual, but I have contented my self with fixing the first foundations of all this, I design a further Improvement of what I have already done, which I am sensible is defective enough. Therefore such as please to lend their assistance, or have any Objections to offer, know where my Bookseller lives, and may in time have an Answer by some Pen or other.

A

DIALOGUE

Betwixt a

Modern Atheist and his Friend.

DIALOGUE I.

That the Existence of a God and a Thinking Principle in us, is more evident than any Mathematick Demonstration.

Erastus. **W**ELL met Eugenes, how far this way?

Eugenes. I'm taking my usual Mornings walk ; I'm for all the wile provision I can make for my Body, for when I lose this, I know not where I shall get another.

Erastus. *Why, truly you act the wisest part that a Brute is capable of.*

Eug. Under favour Sir, you and I are nothing else but *Brutes*, and if we have any privilege above *Lions and Foxes* 'tis from a more Exquisite Fabrick ; our clockwork is something finer than theirs, and our Organs are more apposite and proper for abstracted perception.

Erastus. *If you are for such Speculations, Eugenes, yonder is a curious Grove ; shall we retire thither for an Hour ? There we may think more freely of these Things.*

Eugenes.

Eugenes. You mean, grow Melancholy and Enthusiastick, Dream of Extatick Pleasures, and I know not what Raptures; and then be vext at the Mistake as soon as the Humour on't is over.

Erastus. No, *Eugenes*, I think a wise and good Man is never so happy as when he is himself awake, and in the severest Exercise of his Reason.

Eugenes. You talk of Reason, as if you had forgot our last Discourse, when you know I'm a sworn Enemy to every thing that bears that Name, unless it be as evident as *Mathematick Demonstration*; if you can give me any Discoveries of what you call Soul, God, &c. upon these Principles then, we'll fetch a Turn or two in yonder Grove, or else I must beg your pardon, if I call another Subject, or take my leave of you.

Erast. Very well, *Eugenes*, I'll promise you then to prove what you call upon me for, either by *Mathematick Demonstration*, or which is all one, by the same Principles which that depends upon.

Eugenes. Indeed, *Erastus*, a fair promise! tho' perhaps I hate solitude as much as any Man, yet I will endure the Penance for once, rather than deprive my self of such a discovery. Let's be going.

Erastus. You oblige me, *Eugenes*, with this Opportunity, and since you are a Philosopher, and a Mathematician, I shan't be under that constraint in what I have to say, as if I were to furnish you with Sense to understand me.

Eugenes. You are pleased to speak better of me than I deserve; but whither are we got now? I believe (to speak in your Phrase) the Spirit of thinking dwells amongst these shades, for I no sooner enter, but a thousand Chains of Thoughts offer their first Link to me; perhaps I shall forget that I have a Body by and by.

Erastus. We'll consider the reason of that Jest presently. You say you are for Demonstration *Eugenes*, and Truth which is the foundation thereof, must lye very deep for such a Noble Superstructure: I think it won't be amiss to suspect every thing, and admit nothing for Truth but that which evidently compells our assent, and then tho' we find not out all Truths, yet we shall get clear of many Errors.

Eugenes. I like the Thought extreamly well. We'll suppose then that every thing in the World is false; nay, we'll imagine that there is no World, Men, or other existence, nor any Matter, nor by Consequence, any Modifications of things which are not.

Erastus. But when we have doubted of the Existence of Truth and Falshood, Matter and its Accidents or Modifications, we can't doubt or think that we do not Think, or Exist; to say that I think I am not, is to say that I that think am not I, which is absurd, for I that think must Exist to think; and if I cease to Exist, I also cease to think, for thinking is an Act, (in my Opinion) and there's no Act without an Agent, so that whether we will or no we must assent to this Truth, that we (I mean not our Bodies) are thinking Beings.

Eugenes. Hold, *Erastus*, I like not that Parenthesis, I must have the Body to come in for a share of Thought, and not any unknown *We* independent of our Bodies.

Erastus.

Erastus. *That it is not our Bodies or any Modification of them, that thinks I shall prove hereafter ; but since you will not grant that yet, you must assent that we (take it in what Latitude you please) are thinking Beings.*

Eugenes. *This is a dark Metaphysical Speculation, and if I shou'd grant it, I see not what use you could make of it ; But where's your Mathematical Demonstration, or something Equivalent to it ? for 'tis that I came for.*

Erastus. *You shall have it Eugenes, only first lay down the plainest Demonstration that you can, as an Instance to Compare with what I shall bring.*

Eugenes. *Take this Axiom then, Things equal to the same third are also equal to one another, for Instance A is equal to B, B is equal to C, therefore A is equal to C, or therefore A, B and C are equal amongst themselves.*

Erastus. *You are certain of this Demonstration then ?*

Eugenes. *Yes.*

Erastus. *Very well, now this Demonstration presupposes that A is equal to B, before it can be equal to C, Nay, that there are such things in nature as A, B and C, before there can be an equality amongst them, for nothing has no propriety. And after all, when you come by plain Evidence to be assured of their equalities, it follows that you who are thus assured must upon necessity think and exist before you can have any such assurance. What think you now, Eugenes, if you can make no Demonstration but that you must first think and exist : Nay, if you sometimes take Paralogisms for Demonstrations, is not your Existence as a thinking being, more certain than any Mathematical Demonstration, especially since this depends on that, and since you can't prove the last without proving the first at the same time.*

Eugenes. *I grant I can object nothing against what you bring without proving my own Existence and thought, but the difficulty yet returns upon you, for tho' I am a thinking Being, how does it follow that this, I that think is what you call Soul, or that there are such things as immaterial substances (in my sence pure Nothings if not Matter).*

Erastus. *Let us not go too fast Eugenes, we have now discovered one certain Truth, according to your own Concession, viz. That we are thinking Beings ; which I shall note down for Axiom 1st. the first Axiom, That if we should hereafter have occasion to use it, we may take it for granted to avoid Repetitions or after Proofs. But in order to remove that difficulty which you labour under, about a Soul or a Body, or both together, being capable of thinking : We must first prove that there is something else that Exists, you know we are to take nothing for granted, which we do not first examin.*

Eugenes. *Let us then renew our first supposition, that there is no Matter or other Existence besides our selves ; whom we have proved to exist and think.*

Erastus. *Whilst I think, Eugenes, I conceive amongst other things, that I have a degree of Constancy, Pity, Justice, Knowledge, Power, &c. For I daily exert them, that I'm deficient in my happiness, in short*

What I have such Ideas of perfection in me, as by Comparison shew that there is a perfection which I have not, or that something else is more perfect than I, and that tho' I Exist to day I know not whether I shall Exist to Morrow. Now since you are for distinct and clear Evidence before you give your assent, take this Dilemma, either I received these degrees of Knowledge, Power, &c. or I have them of my self.

Eug. Your Dilemma is good enough.

Erast. If I have this Power, Knowledge, &c. of my self according to the little degree of perfection, which I am sensible of; then by the same reason I have of my self what I have, I might have had all the remainder that I find I want, and so have been All-wise, Almighty, Immutible, Infinite, and what other Ideas I have of Perfection, but this is impossible. Therefore that I received what I have is certain.

Eug. It is very evident that you have received your Being, and what you are capable of, by vertue of your Being; But whence did you receive this Being? *Hic labor, hoc opus est.*

Erast. I'll tell you, Eugenius; but first let us make sure work on't as we go along, and see how far we are yet got into Certainty and Evidence. You before granted that we are Thinking Beings, and now we have advanc'd another step, That our Existence is independent Axiom. perfect, and produc'd by something else; which I'll mark down for a second Axiom.

Eug. But you have not shewed that this last Axiom is as certain as Mathematical Demonstration.

Erast. 'Tis built on the same principles, which is the same thing; that we are imperfect is evident, since we are ignorant in several things, nay are sick and dye too, which is an evil that we have naturally the greatest aversness to, and yet we can't avoid it, therefore we are imperfect, and that we are produced by something without us depends upon this Principle, Nothing can work before it has a Being, we could not produce our selves before we were, therefore we are produced by something else, this is much more evident, than that these two Figures which I take to be 3 and 5 make 8, because this last is a more compound Consequence, since it does not only depend upon reason but the senses too, which are frequently deceived, tho' what I evidently apprehend by my reason, cannot deceive me.

Eug. I'm satisfied in the Evidence of the last Axiom, therefore if you please proceed.

Erast. That which communicated to me what I am and what I have, cannot be inferior to me, for as nothing can produce nothing, so the less perfect can't produce the more perfect.

Eugenius. Hold Erastus, since you note down all my Concessions, I may injure Truth as well as my own Pretensions by granting too much, you ought to explain your self what you mean by inferior, &c.

Erastus. That though a fool may beget a Man wiser than himself, and therefore inferior to him in some respects, yet a fool begets something Naturally equal to him, as being in the same Classis of Creatures; he does not beget an Angel, nor does a Horse beget an Elephant, Equivocal Generation is now sufficiently exploded, and therefore I need say no more of this.

to you who know it as well as I, so that in short I mean this, that the first Man that was (as we say) created, could not be produced by a Tree, a Mine, or a dull lump of Earth, but by something Superior in Nature to himself.

Eugenes. I don't yet look upon this to be a consequence, for tho' a Tree, or Mine, could not produce a Man, yet there might be such an adapt and proper Fermentation of Trees, Mines, Water, Heat, &c. which in such a progress of time might produce a Man as in your Chymical Experiments, many things of different nature will at length produce a Phenomenon very different from the first Ingredients.

Erast. We'll suppose this, Eugenes, but it does you no Service, unless some of these Chymical Products cou'd think and speak Sense, Matter only produces Matter, and not so different from the first as you imagine, for there are many latent Qualities in Bodies, even discern'd to be so by the Taste, which will not appear to the Eye, till such and such Operations have pass'd upon them. But why do you thus argue against your own Philosophy? Our later Experiments shew us that there is no equivocal Generation, but that every thing produces its like after a Natural way. Besides there can be no Mechanick Formation of a Man, according to the Gravation and settled Laws of the Motion of Matter.

Eug. But in Fermentations and Motions, Matter suffers violence, and the heavier might sometimes get above the lighter; and amongst the infinite variety of the turnings, windings and jostlings of different Particles together, there might have been just such a lucky hit as the Formation of a Man.

Erast. If there had, the very next Motion would have thrown it into pieces again, being new and tender. But pray, Eugenes, since you are a better Anatomist than I, consider the numerous parts of a Man's Body, any three of which, if alternately substituted in one anothers place, would spoil the whole Fabrick. Now, if we suppose but a Thousand parts for the proper Frame and Offices of a Man's Body, which are absolutely necessary for it, and without which it would be destroy'd: How many Alterations and different Positions would there be of a Thousand in a right Line, a Cube, a Pyramid, a Cone, and the innumerable variety of other irregular Bodies.

Eug. Indeed I remember Tacquet (*Arithmetica. cap. de progressionibus*) says, that the 24 Letters would admit of more different Changes and Alternations than a Million of Millions of Writers cou'd exhaust in a Million of Millions of Years; and I am satisfy'd it is probable enough, the Consequent place being continually multiply'd into the Sum of all the Antecedents.

Erast. What infinite flux of time then would be requir'd for 1000 to be diversly alternated? For so many Particles of Dust would make more solid different Figures and Bodies than the whole compass of the Heavens, even as high as the fixed Stars, would contain.

Eug. Well, Erastus, but though I grant it the greatest improbability in the World for a Man to be thus made, yet 'tis not impossible, for such a Chance might hit as well as another, since there is such a one in the power of Changes.

Erast. We'll grant you the possibility of Particles jussling into such a Figure, but then 'tis not in the power of Motion to give what we call Life, Thinking, &c. that must be from a Superior Power, I speak in reference to the first Man, and afterwards by an Univocal Generation according to the settled Order and Chain of Causes in Nature.

Eug. Why so, Erastus?

Erast. Because a Man is not made up of dry Dust, 'tis not only the Shape or Figure, but the Internal Organization, Veins, Arteries, Muscles, Nerves, Animal Spirits, Blood, Serum, and other different Compositions, which, as I said before, according to the Mechanism of Nature, and the specifick Laws of Gravitation, must some of them subside, others which are lighter must be thrust up to make room for the subsiding parts; so that from the Premises there's an absolute impossibility in Nature to produce such Formations.

Eug. Indeed I can't well see how it must be done, therefore I have nothing to plead further but Matter of Fact, you see it is done.

Erast. Your Plea is good, if we can find no other Cause besides a blind Chance.

Eug. But, Erastus, what think you of a Tree, is there not solid Boughs actually higher than the lighter Succus Nutritivus and bark in some parts, contrary to what you call Specifick Gravitation of descending Bodies?

Erast. I say the same of Trees which I say of Men, the first Trees were immediately made by that Almighty Power who settled the Laws of Nature, and continues them now by Univocal Generation, as it does Men. And the same Arguments may be made use of, to shew that the first Trees could not be made by the fortuitous jusslings of Atoms and fine Particles of Matter, but that there is an Intelligent Wise Author in the Designation of them, as is farther evident to such as read Dr. Grew, Monlieur Redi, Malpighius, and others, who have search'd into their Nature, and dissected them, for Microscopick Experiments.

Eug. I must confess there is an impossibility in a Man's being produced Originally by the Material Mechanism of Nature, and the Laws thereof.

Erast. Well, and you must grant an Argument ab impossibili in Morals to be as Conclusive, as that 3 and 4 cannot make 8 in Mathematicks, according to the Values and Ideas that are affix'd to them.

Axiom 3. Therefore I shall lay down this third Axiom, Mankind is not Originally produc'd by the Laws of Matter and Motion. Let us now return to prosecute the Origination of Mankind elsewhere. I said before, that I have a degree of Justice, Knowledge, Power, &c. which from Axiom 2. is imperfect, and deriv'd from something without, I shall now lay down another evident Maxim to build upon, viz. Nothing can communicate or give what it has not,

Eug. Very true.

Erast. Therefore that which communicated my Being to me, and the vertue of my Being gave me to be (in some degree) Just, Knowing, Powerful, &c. must also be a Being which has in it self Justice, Power, Knowledge, &c.

Eug. The Consequence is undeniable.

Erast. Let us proceed then. This Being is Just, Powerful, Knowing, &c. in some limited measure, or to perfection.

Eug. He admit the Dilemma.

Erast. If this Being that Communicated my Being, &c. to me is imperfectly Just, Knowing, Powerful, &c. then it either has these Properties of it self, or receiv'd them; not the first, because (as I said before of my self) from the same Reason that it has of it self that little it participates of Perfection, from the same Reason it might have given to it self the remainder of what it wanted: If the last, then it must receive its Being and what it has by vertue of its Being, from some other Being which is yet more Just, Powerful, Knowing, from the above Maxim, that Nothing gives what it has not, and that Third Being from a Fourth yet more perfect, that fourth from a fifth, and so on till we come sooner or later to the first Being, which is infinitely Perfect, necessarily Existent, All-wise, Powerful, Knowing, and Possessing all other Ideas which we have of Perfection. ——— Why don't you Answer me Eugenes, or do you expect a Mathematical Demonstration of the Existence of this infinitely perfect Being.

Eug. Come then, let me have it to obviate what otherwise I might object.

Erast. In Mathematick Demonstration there is presuppos'd such and such Postulates or Axioms, without which the Demonstration falls; therefore I lay down these following, which you must either admit, or make your Objections before I can proceed any farther.

- Postulates. {
1. Nothing gives what it has not.
 2. That which has, can give, or communicate of that which it has.
 3. I have some degree of Power, Knowledge, &c.
 4. My Existence is Communicated from without.
 5. A Sum supposes a Unite from which the whole is derived.
 6. Succession supposes a beginning both in Time and Order.

I think Eugenes these Postulates are very reasonable. The two first are self-evident, the third depends upon Matter of Fact, the fourth has its Rise from the preceding second Axiom which you have granted: shou'd you deny the fifth, you would contradict your own Principles, and call the Elements of that Demonstration into Question, which you have made the Standard of this Dispute. If you deny the last, you must admit some Infinities to be shorter than others, by any one Intermediate Chain, I mean in respect of Time, and in Relation to Degrees or Order of Perfection, it is the very same.

Eug. Indeed, Erastus, this is a new way of Argumentation to me, tho' not in the least contradictory to my Reason, I freely admit of your Postulates, pray let me have your Inference.

Erast.

Erast. They carry their own Conclusion in them — I have (a) some degrees of Power, Knowledge, &c. which I received (b) from something without, which also has (c) Power, Knowledge, &c. either (d) perfectly, or derivatively (e) from something which is also (f) perfectly or imperfectly (g) Knowing, Powerful, &c. If the first, I have what I plead for immediately; if the last, I have also what I want, (h) tho' at a greater distance; therefore there is such a first Being, who is perfectly Knowing, Powerful, &c. and who enjoys all other degrees of Perfection, whereof we have Ideas. And this I call God.

(a) Post. 3.
 (b) Post. 4.
 (c) Post. 1, 2.
 (d) See last Dilemma.
 (e) Post. 4.
 Idem Dilem.
 (f) Idem Dilem.
 (g) Post. 1, 2.
 (h) Post. 5, 6.

You seem, Eugenes, to be dissatisfied, and suspect that by this way of Reasoning I have put some fallacy upon you, but you don't at all doubt but that you have a Body, that there is Matter under several dispositions and modes, That the three Angles of a Triangle are equal to two right ones, because you, and Euclid before you, could demonstrate that it is so: But what is there that assures you that there is such a thing in Nature as a Triangle? What Demonstration can you make of it, since you talk of Mathematical Certainty? You'll answer, perhaps, that your Eyes are good, that you have a proper Medium to discern, and that your Memory and Practice concur, as also the Testimony of others that are Competent Judges — Be it so, and if possible find yet better Arguments, and you'll only more clearly prove that you who thus reason upon a Triangle, must certainly exist your self, and your Existence being imperfect and dependant, it yet proves a perfect and independant one from the above Postulates, which maintains and preserves yours, so that the Chain is certain and fix'd, and there is no proving that there's a Triangle, or any Geometrick Certainty, unless we presuppose the Existence of an Infinite Perfect and first Being, which after a certain manner comprises Men, Matter, and Mathematical Reasoning in its Nature.

Eug. I must confess, Erastus, that there is a Being infinitely perfect in Wisdom, Power, &c. and since the use of Words is only to express our Mental Reasonings, so as to make them intelligible to another, I am willing you should call this Being a GOD: But what is this GOD as to his Essence and Nature?

Erast. Read him in the Legible Characters which he has impress'd on your own Mind, from the preceding first and second Postulates, he is whatever you could wish or desire as a Perfection to your own Nature, viz. Eternal, Wise, &c.

Eug. Why Eternal, Erastus?

Erast. Have not you some degrees of Constancy and Resolution, and could not you wish that your Existence was made perfect, and unalterable by any flux of Time?

Eug. Yes.

Erast. Suppose the same of all the rest of his Attributes. Now, you being a Communication, or more properly an Emanation from this Infinite Being, may reflect upon your self, and think that whatsoever you could wish

wish (I mean as a perfection to your Nature) is in that Being, and 'tis a large share of Knowledge that we apprehend so much of him. We say we have a clear and distinct Idea of a Triangle, when we know that 'tis a Superficies bounded by three Lines; also of Matter, when we say 'tis Bulk extended into Length, Breadth, and Depth: Tho' no Geometer in the World knows all the Properties in a Triangle, or Philosopher that understands all the Phænomena of Matter. Thus we have a clear and distinct Idea of God, when by examining our own Nature we find it deriv'd from a Being infinitely Powerful, Omniscient, Just, Good, Eternal, &c. 'Tis true indeed he does not come under the Cognizance of our Senses, we cannot feel, see, smell, taste, or hear him, these Organs were given us to exercise them about Matter, and as no one smells with his Eyes or Ears, nor foolishly concludes that there are no Colours, because he cannot taste them; so it would be the same folly in us to conclude there is no God, because we can't see his Nature and Essence.

Eug. Enough, Erastus, if your Design is to conclude that we are Imperfect Thinking Beings, and that there is a perfect thinking Being, from which every thing that Exists receives its Existence; you need trouble your self no further, for I'm abundantly satisfied in it already.

DIALOGUE II.

That the Soul is not Thought, or any Modification of the Body, which necessarily ceases to Exist upon the Indisposition or Dissolution of the Body.

Eugenes. I Am sufficiently assur'd, Erastus, of the Existence of a God, and I think there are but few amongst such as are call'd Atheists, that can (if they dare think) doubt of his Existence, for the wise Constructure of the World, the wonderful Contrivance of Humane Bodies, nay, even the most contemptible Insects, if examin'd by a Microscope, do exhibit to us the most Legible Characters of a Deity: But there's yet a greater Difficulty behind. You talk sometimes of an *Immaterial Substance* in us, which you call Soul.

Erast. Well, Eugenes, and what do you call it?

Eug. I have two Opinions about it, that which at present I entertain is, that 'tis nothing else but *Thought*, and admitting this, I meet with no difficulty in the definition, for I have an Idea of Thought as distinct and clear as that of *Motion* or *Matter*.

Erast. Truly, Eugenes, this is a very short cut through the vast Difficulties that the Learned in all Nations and Ages have struggled under; but what Reason have you for this Opinion?

Eug. When I compare this with what you call Soul, I find that they are the very same, so far as we can conceive of either.

Erast.

Erast. Instance in one of the most considerable Analogies.

Eug. What you call *Soul* is influenced by the Constitution of the *Body*, and is accordingly sad, joyful, &c. which are only various Modifications of *Thought*, and may be easily solv'd as such; you call them various Dispositions of the *Soul*, I see no difference but the Expression.

Erast. I remember in our former Discourses you asserted, That the *Soul* (or what you now call *Thought*) was only the Modification of *Matter* fitly Organiz'd, but now according to this last Opinion, we shall have a Modification of Modifications; and if we pursue this Notion, we must lose our selves in Divisions and Sub-divisions; just as a *Cube* may have a spot of white upon it, this white may be extended so far, this Extension may be in such a Figure, and so on, ad infinitum. But, *Eugenes*, let's keep close to the Business; since the *Body* is *Matter*, and *Matter* under Modifications is infinitely subdivided, is the *Soul* the first Modification, or one of the subsequent ones?

Eug. The first of all.

Erast. Then we have fix'd its place. A *Body* so and so Organiz'd gives such a Modification, and this Modification is what you call a *Soul* or *Thought*; then if the Modification changes, the *Soul* is no more; as in a *Cube*, if the same bulk be made a *Globe*, tho' the *Matter* remains, yet the *Cubick Figure* ceases to be: Do I rightly apprehend your meaning?

Eug. Yes; for as I can have no Idea of a *Cubick* or *Globular Figure*, unless I presuppose *Matter* the Subject of it; so I can have no Idea of what you call *Soul*, unless I presuppose an Organiz'd *Body*, its Subject.

Erast. A very happy Hypothesis, if Truth, for avoiding the Misery of after Retributions, 'tis well for you if Utility does pass into Argument—But, *Eugenes*, if the *Soul* can't subsist without the *Body*, no more than any Modification of *Matter* can exist without the Subject; And if this *Soul* is wholly dependent upon the *Body*, and always influenc'd by it, according to the Complexion, as *Sanguine*, *Cholerick*, &c. What's the Reason that when I am well, airy, and vigorous, I should conclude that three and two makes five, also when in Sad, Languishing, and Melancholy Temperament, I should still make the same Conclusion? I don't see how this proves the *Soul* to be dependant upon the Constitution of the *Body*.

Eug. I distinguish between a *Natural* and a *Moral Constitution*; by *Moral* (a *Mos*) I mean the *Manner* or *Habit* of the *Body*, whereby I receive Pain or Pleasure, and think accordingly, making Conclusions that are determin'd from such and such a *Habit*. By *Natural Constitution* I understand my *Essential frame*, by which I am what I am, and having a *Habit* of Reason, as part of my essential Constitution, so long as my Being is not destroy'd, (I mean such a due and proper Mechanism of Organs) I must always by vertue of that Constitution infer that Two and Three are Five; I can think without this *Moral Constitution*, but without the *Natural* I cannot.

Erast. This is a late invented Subterfuge, *Eugenes*; not long since, the *Soul* was a purer sort of *Matter*, and now 'tis *Thought*, or a Modifi-

Modification of the Body, which ceases when the Subject alters. Truth seldom changes shape to gain our assent; But however, in Answer to both your Moral and Natural Constitution at once, Do you think or no, Eugenes?

Eug. Yes, Erastus, I do think.

Erast. And you assert that the Soul is Thought?

Eug. Yes.

Erast. Then Thought thinks; what Grammar or Logick teaches, that a Song sings.

Eug. No, but a Singer sings.

Erast. True, and a thinker thinks or conceives a thought. So that it is plain (to avoid the Barbarism of Predicament, &c.) that thought being the Effect of a Thinking Power, this, I that think (or my Soul) is not thought, but something precedent to it.

Eug. Your Inference is Just and Conclusive against me, if this, I that think, is my Soul.

Erast. That 'tis not your Body, is sufficiently proved to your Hands, by a late Author (a); as also by your own Concession, for Modification of Matter is not Matter it self, unless Accidents are Substances, and Substances Accidents. And therefore 'tis something distinct from your Body; I call it Soul; do you call it what you please, provided you give me the same Idea of it, that you have your self. But first, what say you to your first Proposition, is it thought or no?

Eug. I'm satisfied it is not.

Erast. Very well, now let us see how far we agree together, I suppose in these three Points. 1. I think. 2. This I that thinks, is not my Body (or Matter). 3. Nor am I thought.

Eug. Right.

Erast. Let the two first be therefore laid down for Axioms. 1. I think. 2. This I that think, is not Matter. Now we shall examine whether the Soul be a Modification of Matter; it's certain that it is either a Substance, or a Modification, for every thing in Nature, is one of these two.

Eug. I suppose you take Substance and Modification in the Common Sense, by the first you mean something existing by it self, and not tyed to this or that Figure or Mode, as a Stone is a Substance, whether it be under the shape of a Cylinder, a Prism, a Cone, or other irregular Form. By Modification you understand, that which can only be in a Subject, and tho' it were destroy'd, yet the Subject may remain, as Roundnels in a Globe of Wax; which Globe being made into a Cube, the first Mode or Modification ceases to be. and the Subject wherein it was, continues, and receives a New Modification of solid Quadrature.

Erast. Yes, Eugenes, I take Substance and Modification in your Sense, and now I assert, that all Modifications are passive, and can't act upon Matter.

Eug. Your Reason for that?

Erast. A Modification of Matter, is such or such a Disposition of parts: Now if such a Modification could work upon or alter the parts of

of the Subject, it could Annihilate it self ; for when the Disposition changes, the Modification ceases to be.

Eug. What think you of Motion, *Erastus* ? 'Tis an Accident or Modification of Matter, and yet 'tis plain, it works upon Matter.

Erast. Just as a Stone does, when 'tis first push'd on by something else ; you shall find no such thing as Motion in Nature, that receives nor first its Being immediately from the propulsion of some Body, so that when we say such a thing moves, we speak improperly, and ought to say, such a thing is moved ; I speak of all Material Bodies whatsoever.

Eug. What think you of Heat ?

Erast. I think with all Philosophers, that 'tis a brisk agitation of the finest Particles of Matter, first put in Motion from something without. If you examine the whole Creation, you'll find that no Modification whatever, is in its own Nature active, tho' perhaps you have singled out the most probable.

Eug. Well, upon a Supposition that Modifications are passive, what is your Inference ?

Erast. I'll have no Supposition ; either give one instance of the contrary, or grant what I Assert.

Eug. I grant, that Modification of Matter is passive.

Erast. Then let that be a third Axiom. Now I argue, No (a) Modification is essentially active, but every Soul is essentially active, therefore no Soul is a Modification.

Eug. Prove the Soul to be essentially active, and I'll for ever give up the Cause of Modifications.

Erast. Thinking is Essential to me ; for 'tis by thinking only, that I can prove my Existence. Now —

Eug. Hold *Erastus*, how is thinking essential to you, if you cannot prove that you always think ? Mr. Lock, in his *Treatise of Humane Understanding*, shews that a Man cannot be always assured, that the Soul thinks, as when he is asleep ; therefore 'tis not only my private Opinion that is against you in this Matter.

Erast. With Submission to so great a Man as you have mention'd, I answer, that this I or my Soul, (by which I am what I am) is only knowable by the property of thinking, and thence Demonstrative of its Essence. Now if I am always I, I mean, if I am the same, whether I am asleep or awake (which I think no one will deny) then this I by which I am, what I am, always thinks, tho' the Senses are not always employ'd. And if Mr. Lock's Inference be good ; that a thing is not, because we are not sensible of it in our Sleep, then I will prove to him by his own Argument, that he has no Body, nor Senses, while he is asleep, since when he is so, he is not sensible, that he has either Body or Sense, so that notwithstanding this Objection, Descartes's Assertion is as valid as it was before Mr. Lock engaged it, viz. that thinking is of the Essence of the Soul.

Eug. But *Erastus*, how does this prove the Activity of the Soul ?

Erast. Much more evidently than that all the Lines in a Circle drawn from the Center to the Circumference are equal ; which y^e

we pretty well assured of. I say, that the Soul continually thinking, or in other terms Existing, does continually act or exercise its essential property, in Compounding, Dividing, Concluding, Rejecting, Choosing, Doubting, &c. and is therefore Active, unless doing such things, is doing nothing at all.

Eug. 'Tis very true *Erastus*, the Soul is Active, and Modifications are Passive.

Erast. Then the above Argument is good, That the Soul is no Modification, as you at first asserted.

DIALOGUE. III.

That the Soul must necessarily Exist and Act, tho' in a State separate from the Body.

Eugenus. **P**RAY, *Erastus*, tell me what you think the Soul is?

Erast. I say, 'tis a Substance.

Eug. Why so?

Erast. Every thing is either a Substance, or a Modification of a Substance; the Soul is not the
(a) *Mat.*, therefore it is the First. 'Twas granted before that the Soul is not (b) *Matter*, as also that thinking was essential to its Essence; Therefore I define the Soul to be

(a) Axiom 4.
2. cap.

(b) Axiom,
2. cap.

Definition of
the Soul.

An Immaterial thinking Substance.

Eug. But can it exist without the Body?

Erast. Can't one Substance exist without another, Eugenus?

Eug. Yes, Existence simply considered, but whether a dissolution of Soul and Body may not render each part incapable of acting separately? Thus the principal Wheel taken out of a Clock, not only becomes unactive it self, but also leaves the rest under an impossibility of motion.

Erast. There's no Wheel in a Clock, simply consider'd in it self, is essentially active, 'tis all dull passive Matter, and pusht on by Weight: and Springs; But the Soul is essentially active, because essentially thinking, as was shew'd before, therefore depends not upon any re-action or Contiguity of Parts, as Matter does, and consequently can act either with or without the Body; as a Man that leaves one Mechanick Employ can busy himself in another; for the Clock only receives, and does not re-communicate action to the Clock-maker.

Eug. But it appears to me, *Erastus*, that there is a reaction and mutual Commerce betwixt the Soul and Body, that the disposition, or indisposition of either affects the other; as for instance, if my Body is languishing and weak, my Soul appears low and dejected; and on the contrary, under grievous Distempers and Indis-

positions there may happen such Diversions and Complacency to my Soul, that I forget the Pain I endure in my Body.

Erast. No, no, 'tis a *Vulgar Error*; the Soul is never weak or afflicted for the Indisposition of the Body: It acts then as vigorously as at other times, because 'tis always independant of the Body. Suppose a good Musician plays upon an Instrument out of Tune, who blames his Art then, more than at another time? Or who affirms that his visive Power is defective, because a Cloth is put upon his Eyes? The Soul of Man is the same Sick or Well, Young or Old; 'tis only the Indisposition of the Organs which puts the fallacy upon us: Nor do the Torments of the Mind at all injure the Body, otherwise than as an accidental Cause; 'tis not any Communication of its Grievances that hurt the Body, for that is no ways capable of receiving them, since there is no Analogy betwixt Thought and Matter, but the Body may be injured, when the Soul by an intense and severe Reflection on some impressing Idea, forgets to assist the Body in the prosecution of its just Demands, as to Sleep, Food, Motion, Rest, or other helps which are absolutely necessary for the well-being of the Body, so that the Mind communicates no Evil to the Body; but detains from it, to its prejudice, such things as it wants, and thereby accidentally injures it. But to return from this Digression, I say, that the Soul as it is a Substance, must exist in some Condition or other.

Eug. I granted before that the Soul will exist in a separate Estate, Existence simply consider'd, as a Man will exist 1000 Years after he is dead, in some form or other; perhaps that which you call your Nose now, may be part of a Fish or a Fowl within these 60 years, for Matter cannot be destroy'd. But how your Soul shall be Individual, and act in that individuality after its separation from the Body, I see no more reason than for a Stone which is thrown from a String, and thereby has Motion Communicated to it, shou'd be said always to Move in its individuality, when pulveriz'd and scatter'd into the revolutions of Matter; for tho' your Soul acts as you say, yet it's Evident, that it receiv'd this action from God, and therefore may in some Sence be said to be a Modification of him, as well as we say a Stone receives the Modification of Motion from a Slinger, and we see there's an impossibility for this Motion or Modification to continue for ever.

Erast. To this heap of Objections I answer, First, We can't suppose the individuality of the Soul lost, after the same manner as that of the Body; for the Soul being Immaterial, we cannot have any Idea of Parts, Divisibility, &c. which are proper to Matter. 2. A Stone has no immediate dependance upon a Slinger; nor does a Slinger always exist to Communicate such a Motion to a Stone: But God necessarily existing, and by vertue of that Existence Communicating Existence to the Soul, which having once receiv'd to be, cannot cease to be unless its Author either ceases to be, or Annihilates it; and since we see no reason to believe he will take away its Being, I know not why we shou'd argue against our reason to prove it. 3. Action or Motion which is Communicated to a Stone, is only a Modification of the Stone, and not essential to it: But Action in the Soul, (or in other terms Thinking, or to speak yet more properly Existing) is of the Essence of the Soul, which is different enough

from Modification, so that the Parallel is every way defective; and unless you can prove the Soul is capable of Attrition, Division, &c. and thereby under a Capability of losing its Individuality: Nay, which is yet harder upon you, unless you can demonstrate that Materiality and Immateriality have the same Properties, as also that Substances and Modifications are homogeneous. Lastly, if you have no way left you to reconcile simple Existence and Non-existence, you must admit that the Soul will exist and act in a state separate from the Body.

Eug. Here's a great deal of Argument confusedly put together, if you'll please to reduce it under particular Heads, and in few words, I shall be the better able to judge of it.

Erast. I was oblig'd to a Complex Answer, Eugenius, since your Objection was of the same Nature; but to gratify you again, I say in short,

1. That the Soul is a Substance, and must exist somewhere, and after some manner.
2. The Soul is immaterial, therefore indivisible, and by Consequence its Individuality is certain.
3. The Soul is essentially active, as was proved before.

Now I leave you to make your own Conclusion.

Eug. Indeed Erastus, I can say nothing material against the Premises, for now I am perswaded of the Individuation of the Soul as a Substance that must exist and act in a state separate from the Body.

DIALOGUE IV.

That the Soul or this I that thinks must be sensible of Happiness or Misery in a State separate from the Body.

Erast. **B**UT after all, I see no great need to insist upon the Individuation of the Soul; for if thinking be of the Essence of the Soul, as appears above, then as we very reasonably conclude that all Substances naturally must for ever exist, Existence simply considered; so the Soul must always exist, or in other Terms think, thinking simply considered; and as Substances are always Substances, tho' sometimes under one, sometimes under another Modification, so the Soul is always a Soul, or a thinking Being, tho' it may be employ'd upon this or that Object; and tho' it should not exist in its Individuation, yet every Particle (forgive the Nonsense of the Supposition) would think by it self, which is as much as to say exist by it self, thinking being of the Essence of its Existence. Now Eugenius, if I can prove that the Consequence of thinking does necessarily suppose Happiness or Misery, it's plain that the Soul when separated from the Body is also either Happy or Miserable.

Eug. 'Tis very true, Erastus.

Erast. Then, I say, that the several distinct Powers of the Soul or a thinking Being, whereby it applies it self to this or that Object, are all to some end or other; for Instance, why do I choose this or that thing?

'Tis

'Tis evident, That Choice supposes a Comparison, and where two or more things are compar'd, that which I make Choice of, I prefer to all the rest, because of some apparent or real Convenience that it has above the rest; here's a design in this Choice, viz. a Convenience or a Good; and the end of choosing what is good, is to be Happy in its Possession. Good is, in other terms, a Congruity betwixt the Powers of the Soul and the Object they fix upon; if upon Tryal or Examination I find the Choice I make to be proportionable to my expectation, then there results what I call Good or Happiness; if the contrary, that disappointment is what I call Evil or Unhappiness.

Eug. This necessarily supposes, that what a Man chooses is always that which is, or appears to be, a Good. What think you, *Erastus*, of a Wretch that Hangs himself, or a Parricide, who contrary to his knowledge, and in Opposition to the Laws of Nature, contrives and effects the Death of his Father; it appears to me that he proposes neither Good nor Evil to himself; not Good, for he is conscious that 'tis an ill Action, and is likely to have an ill Consequence; not Evil, for we naturally flee from Evil and Misery, and if this be Truth, then his Soul which was active all along in the Murder, propos'd neither of these ends you mention'd, and by Consequence might act in vain, or without any design at all, which opposes what you would now prove to me.

Erast. In answer to your Objections, I must premise that in the Choice of two good things, one is always looked upon as an Evil in Comparison with the other which is preferr'd before it, tho' that lesser good is still a Good in its own Nature, and if compar'd with an Evil is so also by Comparison: Again, in the Choice of two Evils, the lesser is a Good in respect of the greater; tho' in its own Nature it be an Evil, and appears so to be such when compar'd with another Good. Thus a Wretch that hangs himself out of the way, does not do it purely for the sake of hanging, or because 'tis an Evil, but he looks upon it to be a Good comparatively to, and therefore more Eligible than some other Evil that he labours under. Your Parricide also feels the want of his Father's Estate, or finds that he is some Obstruction to him in his Amours, or something else; and whilst he compares this Evil with his Reluctancies, &c. the first appears more intolerable to him than the last, and therefore he chooses it under the appearance of Good; or thus, the apparent Good that he promises himself, in the Murder, out-ballances the unfelt Evil which his Conscience threatens unto him in the Perpetration of the Fact: Thus you see not only Good may be chosen as Good, but Evil also under the appearance of Good; tho' Evil as an Evil in it self can't be chosen by us, it being essentially repugnant to the Reasonable Nature.

Eug. Indeed, *Erastus*, I must confess we do always propose happiness to our selves in every Act; but what is your Inference from this Concession?

Erast. Since doubting, examining, choosing, refusing, &c. are the several Acts or Exertions of what we call Soul, and that all these Acts are design'd for happiness, it follows that the Soul which thus exerts it self is Happy or Miserable in these Exertions, since it either enjoys or suffers the end in order to which it exercises its Powers.

Eug.