

principally, or in the first place, teach what duty God requires of man, hence it must plainly appear, the knowledge of God and our duty, arises from our acquaintance with, and understanding of, the word of God—frequently called the Scriptures of truth, because there is no error or falsehood in them: they are, and ever will be, what they are declared to be, the truth of God—his made good, wife and great men in past ages, very much prize and dearly love them. David, when a king, said, "I rejoice at thy word," chap. cix. 162. Jeremiah, "I found thy word," Psalm xv. 16. A third declared he had no greater pleasure than to see that his children walked in the truth, regarded the Bible. From such pious, clear, and plain declarations coming from gracious men, men taught by the spirit of God, we learn in part the excellency of, and great love they had to the Scriptures: nor can we doubt, after such evidence, that the glory of God and our own happiness is ultimately connected with a right knowledge of the Scriptures. May the Lord himself, my dear children, teach you this knowledge! Hence it must plainly appear, there can be no true peace, no abiding happiness in neglecting the Bible; and if the good men already mentioned, found it so sweet and good to be daily conversant with the Bible, can we desire greater encouragement to begin the sweet, the delightful work. Need we more powerful incitements, may the grace of God stimulate us to "search the Scriptures." Other reasons might be adduced to shew that a constant attention to the word of life, contained in the Bible, would evince our being possessed of true wisdom, but at present I forbear. May the good Spirit of God sanctify Bible truths to your hearts, and prepare you, my dear children, for the joys at God's right hand, is the request of

Your affectionate friend,

Princes Risborough, Oct. 28, 1799. SIMPTONIAN.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

AS I know your Publication is designed in great part to check the spreading progress of infidel philosophy, and as no means can be more effectual to that end, than subduing the boasting pride of its profane champions, I enclose you these extracts from an American Magazine of very great repute. The author is generally considered to be Dr. Edwards, the son of the late President Edwards.

PHILOS.

Short Comments on new Texts.

1. What is the amount of all his prayers, but an attempt to make the Almighty change his mind, and act otherwise than he does. It is as if he were to say, "Thou knowest not so well as I," Paine. If this objection is admitted against prayer, its effects will be very universal. For Mr. Paine tells us, "that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavouring to make our fellow-creatures happy." Of course then it is a duty to endeavour to make our fellow-creatures more happy than God has made them; and is not this as much as saying to God "thou knowest not so well as I," as it would be to pray to God that he would permit us to accomplish the happiness of others, which ought to be the object of our endeavour. When Mr. P. published his Age of Reason, it was to instruct his fellow-creatures; i. e. to communicate more instruction than God had communicated. But on his principle, this is saying, "thou knowest not so well as I," how much instruction men ought to have. Whenever the husbandman clears his land of trees, branches, or weeds; whenever he ploughs or hoes it, mows the grass, reaps the grain, or gathers the fruits, as in all these cases something is done, or endeavoured to be done, different from what God has done, the agent says to God, on the fore-mentioned principle, "thou knowest not so well as I." Mr. P. to be consistent, should be always as torpid as a serpent in winter, and at the same time ought severely to repent of his past impiety, in that he has ever done a single action.

2. "The Creator has made nothing in vain."—But what will Mr. P. say of those manifold calamities which are attached to human life?—For what end has he made all these things?—For man's happiness?—But would not man have been as happy if exempted from them?—How does it appear, by the guidance of Mr. P.'s principles, that they either subserve the present or future happiness of the race?—But if such dark disasters were not allowed or ordered for man's happiness, then of consequence for his misery; and yet how can Mr. P. admitting this, vindicate that divine benignity he every where so highly celebrates.

3. The true Deist's religion consists in contemplating the power, wisdom, and benignity of God in his works, and endeavouring to imitate him in every thing moral, scientific, and mechanical.—Now the inflictions of death, calamity, sickness and misery on mankind, is a part of the moral conduct of the Deity; therefore the

true Deist, to act up to his religion, must imitate the Deity in this, and kill every man within his reach. And is it a part of true deism to imitate the Creator in every thing scientific?—But surely Mr. P. has failed of this. It is his favourite doctrine, that "the immensity of space is filled with systems of worlds," i. e. immensity is exhausted, and therefore limited, and infinity as finite. And another doctrine of Mr. P.'s is, "that all our knowledge of science is derived from the revolutions of the planets." But arithmetic is a science, geometry is a science, astronomy, or the distribution of stars into constellations, is a science; and all these sciences were known to the ancients, though they were ignorant of the true revolutions of the planets. And Mr. P. must be extremely deficient in science, as well as history, to believe that addition or subtraction were not, or could not be known in the world, till the revolutions of the planets were discovered. If Mr. P. had imitated the Deity in every thing scientific, he would surely have been possessed of more science than he did possess, when he wrote his Age of Reason.

4. "It is from the sciences that all the mechanical arts that contribute so much to our earthly felicity and comfort are derived."—And does Mr. P. believe that mankind never knew how to make shoes, till they were acquainted with the sciences?—and that the Indians derive from the sciences their skill in making baskets and knot bowls?

5. "A thing which every body is required to believe, requires that the proof and evidence of it should be equal to all, and universal."—But is not every body required to believe that Thomas Paine wrote the Age of Reason; and is the evidence of this equal to all?—"A small number of persons, perhaps not so many as eight or nine" may have seen him write it. These are introduced as proxies for the whole world, to say they saw it, and all the rest of the world are called upon to believe it. But as "Thomas did not believe the resurrection, and, as they say, would not believe, without having ocular and manual demonstration himself, so neither will I" believe that Paine wrote the Age of Reason. Thus, on this principle, we are not rationally obligated to believe any thing of which we have not the evidence of sense.

6. "It is impossible for us to know that the books (of the Evangelists) were written by the persons whose names they bear."—Is it possible for us to know that the reputed works of Virgil, Tully, and Horace were written by those men. Let Mr. P. tell us on what evidence he believes this, and I will produce as great, or greater evidence, that the Gospels were written by the men whose names they assume. But, after all, this is not so important as that the accounts they contain be true. If the facts related in the Gospels really took place as related, Christianity is true, although the Gospels were first published anonymous, and afterward by mistake the names of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were prefixed to them. But if it is a mistake that the Gospels should appear under such names, why was it not proved by the virulent enemies of Christianity, who lived either at or very near the time of their reputed authors?

[To be concluded in our next.]

POETRY.

Lux xiv. 13.

"And they with one consent began to make excuse."

GOD makes a feast and bids his creatures come,
But strange excuses keep the most at home;
Some are too busy to partake the treat,
And some too idle e'en to rise and eat;
Some too well settled to seek endless rest,
And some too happy to be truly blest;
Some are too learned to be really wise,
And some too rich the pearl of price to prize;
Some are too knowing Wisdom's voice to attend,
And some too stupid truth to comprehend;
Some are too bold the God of Heaven to dread,
And some too timid duty's path to tread;
Some are too good, free mercy to receive,
And some too bad their wickedness to leave;
'Tis yet too soon, says Youth in vigorous bloom,
To waste my time in dull Religion's gloom;
While bustling manhood pleads for short delay,
'Tis time enough, I'll seize a future day;
E'en wither'd age still asks a longer date,
And then exclaims, alas! it is too late;
Happy the Youth to early zeal inclin'd,
Whom God delights and awes his opening mind;
The man who first pursues the world above,
Then leaves the rest to his Creator's love.
The hoary saint with honour'd age oppress'd,
Who quits his load, and wings his way to rest;
Who timely comes the meanest and the least,
Shall find a welcome to the Gospel feast.

O. Z.

THE PHILOSOPHIC LOVER.

ENCIRCLED in thy snow-white arms,
Dissolv'd in dear delicious bliss,
Enjoying all your blooming charms,
And fondly clasp'd in your embrace.

What youth who prone to love as I,
Would not e'en Heav'n itself resign,
To taste such sparkling floods of joy,
And bliss approaching to divine.

But ah! fond youth, this gilded dream,
Like morning dews before the sun,
Will vanish in an empty steam,
And leave you wretched and undone.

Will health and youth for ever last?
Can pleasure soothe the guilty breast?
Alas! each carnal pleasure past,
But blasts thy poor precarious rest.

When trembling on life's awful verge,
The hoary tenant of the grave,
Past pleasures form a lashing surge,
That once roll'd on a gentle wave.

From life's ascent to view those days
When fancy painted all things fair,
With what delight we backward gaze,
If Virtue plann'd our actions there.

But, ah! if Folly blots the scene,
And guilty horror thro' it o'er,
Oh! then we wish we ne'er had been
Poor shipwreck'd pilgrims on Life's stormy shore.

From virtue all our earthly joy,
Our balmy sleep, and soft repose,
Whate'er is sweet beneath the sky,
From softly-smiling virtue flows.

As pleasure is pursued by pain,
And vices leave an aching heart,
Celestial friend with me remain,
And to my soul sweet peace impart.

On your soft bosom let me lie,
Around my neck your arms entwine,
Thro' Ether bear me to the sky,
And make me like yourself, immortal and divine.

HARNESDI.

THE HIVE.

NUMBER III.

Nil legebatur quod non exciperet.—PLINY.

Philip Melancthon.

A FRENCHMAN one day paid this pious and learned reformer a visit, and found him holding a book in one hand, and rocking a child with the other. Upon the foreigner's expressing his surprize at this, Melancthon made such a pious discourse to him about the duty of a father, and the state of grace in which the children are with God, that he went away much more edified than he came.—"I foresee (said Melancthon) what disputes will arise concerning the Trinity. The Scriptures direct us to invoke Jesus Christ, which is to ascribe divinity to him, and is full of consolation. As to curious enquiries concerning his nature, they are by no means fitting."—Luther one day wrote upon his table, "Melancthon has both things and words; Erasmus words without things; Luther things without words; and Carlostadius neither words nor things."

Bishop H.

THIS ornament of religion, of the church, and of letters, is a zealous advocate for the pure sound doctrines of the Gospel, commonly called Calvinistic. In one of his charges to his Clergy, after strongly reprobating the ethical sermons of the age, he draws this fine distinction between morality and religion: "Morality (says he) fetches all her motives from beneath, whereas religion fetches all her motives from above."—His Lordship once in conversation with a young Clergyman, particularly recommended to his perusal the Pilgrim's Progress, as one of the best books on practical religion in any language. Few men of the present day have done such essential service to the interests of learning and Christianity, as this able and intrepid divine.

Dr. Isaac Barrow.

SOLOMON says, "Answer a fool according to his folly." Perhaps this maxim was never better elucidated than in the following story. Lord Rochester meeting Dr. Barrow one day at Court, determined to banter him, and