

Narrative of the shipwreck and sufferings of Miss Ann Saunders who was a passenger on board the ship Francis Mary which foundered at sea on the 5th Feb. 1826, on her passage from New Brunswick to Liverpool ... to be joined in marriage / written by herself.

Saunders, Ann

Providence, [R.I.] : Printed for Z.S. Crossmon, 1827.

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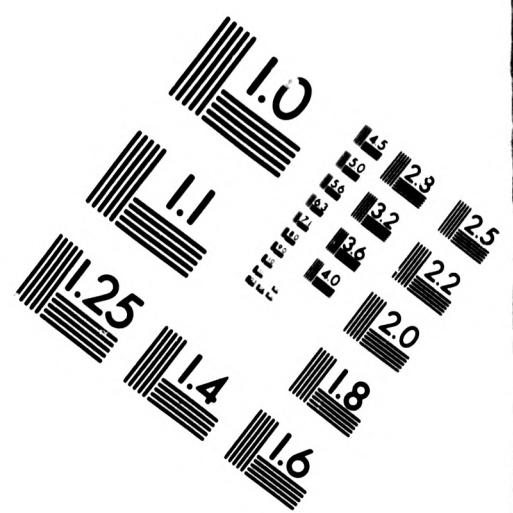
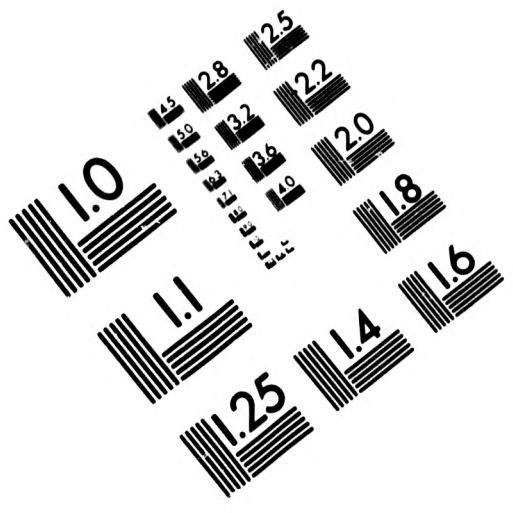
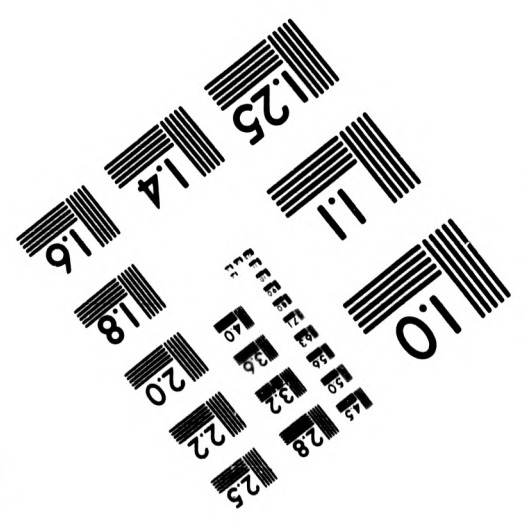
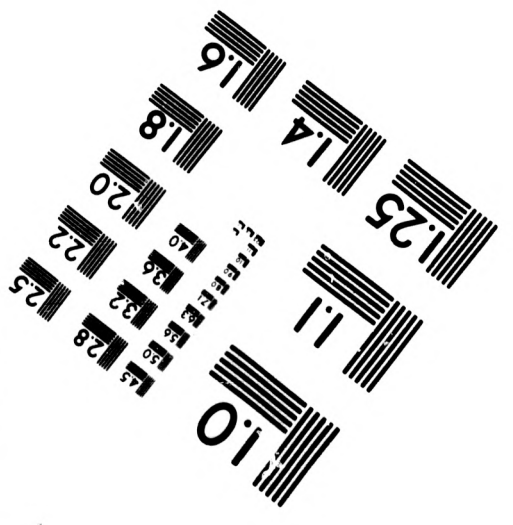
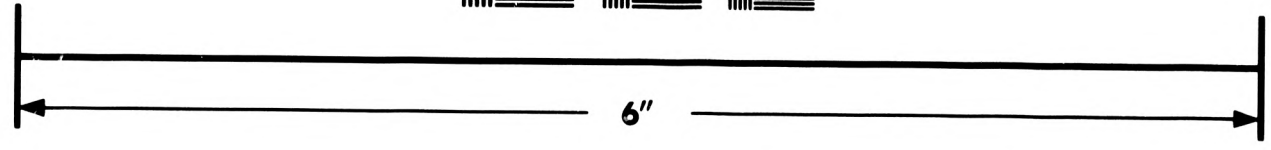
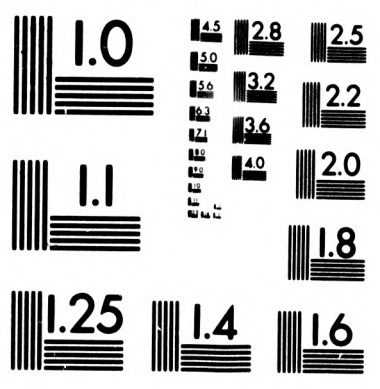


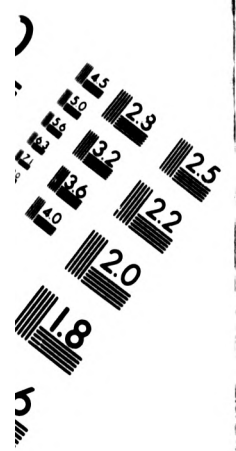
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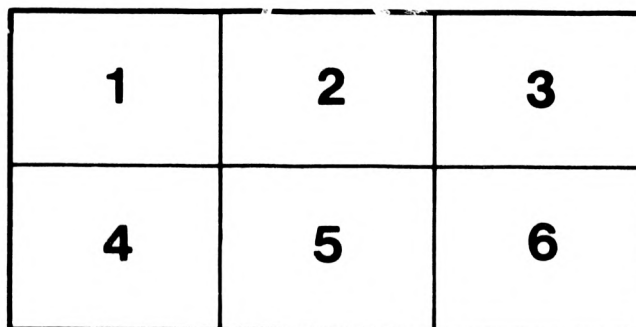
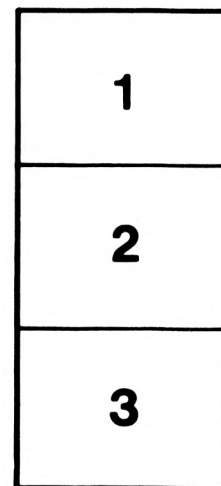
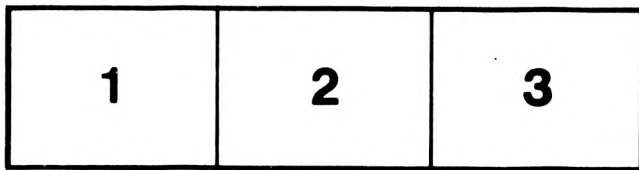
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NARRATIVE
OF THE
SHIPWRECK AND SUFFERINGS
OF
Miss ANN SAUNDERS,

Who was a passenger on board the Ship Francis Mary, which foundered at sea on the 5th Feb. 1826, on her passage from New Brunswick to Liverpool. Miss Saunders was one of the six survivors who were driven to the awful extremity of subsisting 22 days on the dead bodies of such of the unfortunate crew as fell victims to starvation—one of whom was a young man to whom she was soon to be joined in marriage.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

*Come, O come, dearly beloved Christians,
and join with me in the praise of God, who
has had pity on me, and whose mercy endur-
eth forever.*



ANNEXED is a Solemn Address of Miss Saunders to persons of all ages and of every denomination, on the importance of attending to the concerns of their Immortal Souls, and in being prepared for Death.



PROVIDENCE;

PRINTED FOR Z. S. CROSSMAN.

.....
1827.

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District of Massachusetts—to wit :

DISTRICT CLERK'S OFFICE,

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the Ninth day of February, A.D. 1827, in the Fifty-first Year of the Independence of the United States of America, **EBENEZER FRIER,** of the said District, has deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in words following, to wit :—Narrative of the Shipwreck and Sufferings of Miss Ann Saunders, who was a passenger on board the Ship Francis Mary, which foundered at sea on the 5th Feb. 1826, on her passage from New-Brunswick to Liverpool. Miss Saunders was one of the six survivors who were driven to the awful extremity of subsisting 22 days on the dead bodies of such of the unfortunate crew as fell victims to starvation, one of whom was a young man to whom she was soon to be joined in marriage—written by herself—Come, O come, dearly beloved Christians and join with me in the praise of God, who has had pity on me, and whose mercy endureth forever.—Annexed is a solemn address of Miss Saunders to persons of all ages and of every denomination, on the importance of attending to the concerns of their immortal souls, and in being prepared for death.

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled “An Act for the encouragement of Learning by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned. And also an Act, entitled “An Act, supplementary to an Act entitled an Act for the encouragement of learning by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints.”

JNO. W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

37413

RECOMMENDATION.

— O X O —

IN confirmation of the truth of the facts, as recorded in the following narrative, we beg the liberty to subjoin the recommendation of a worthy Clergyman, of Liverpool, of whose church Miss SAUNDERS is now, we trust, a worthy member.

“Having been long personally acquainted with Miss Saunders, (the Narrative of whose recent unparelled sufferings are now offered for public perusal,) and having been a witness of her late happy conversion, I feel it a duty to recommend her publication as a work of great merit, and calculated to be useful wherever it may be read, and will, I am confident, be considered a treasure of inestimable value, by Christians of every denomination; who, by a faithful perusal of it, will, I trust, be led to feel the uncertainty of life, and the infinite importance of being prepared for death. It is therefore with pleasure that I contribute this testimony of my approbation of a publication, so profitable and interesting to both old and young—to parents who love their children, and children who love their parents—and to all who sincerely love our LORD JESUS CHRIST.

EBENEZER WAKEFIELD.”

Liverpool, July 7, 1826.

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SHIPWRECK & SUFFERINGS
OF
MISS ANN SAUNDERS.

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FOR the information of such of my readers as may be unacquainted with the fact, it may not be unimportant that I commence the narrative of my recent unparalleled sufferings, with stating, that I am a native of Liverpool, [Eng.] where I was born in June, 1802, of reputable parents; who, although as regarded "worldly riches," were ranked with the "poorer class," yet, succeeded in bestowing on me what I now and ever shall conceive a legacy of more inestimable worth, to wit: an education sufficient to enable me to peruse the sacred Scriptures, whereby I was early taught the importance of attending to the concerns of my soul. At an early age I had the misfortune to lose my father—but, young as I was, the irreparable loss made a deep and lasting impression upon my mind—by this melancholy and unexpected event, my poor mother was left a widow with five helpless

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children, and without the means of contributing but a scanty pittance to their support—the three oldest were in consequence put out into respectable families in the neighborhood, where I have reason to believe we were treated with as much tenderness, as young children generally are, who are bound out under similar circumstances. When I had arrived to the age of eighteen, I was persuaded to take up my abode with a widowed aunt, with whom I remained until sometime in October, 1825. It was while with my aunt, that I became first acquainted with that peculiarly unfortunate youth, JAMES FRIER, whose wretched and untimely fate, I shall hereafter have a sad occasion to speak.

While with my aunt, I also became intimately acquainted with a Mrs. Kendall, the wife of Capt. John Kendall, a lady of pious and amiable disposition, and who, I believe, was very deservedly respected by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. It was by the very strong solicitations of this lady (and those of the unfortunate youth above mentioned) that I consented to accompany her with her husband, on their passage from Liverpool to St. Johns, (New Brunswick,) in the fall of 1825.

It was early in the morning of the 10th November, that I took an affectionate leave of my mother and sisters, and embarked with Mrs. Kendall, (whose companion I was to be,) and bid adieu for the first time to the shores of my native land. The wind was favorable, but it being the first time in my life that I had ever adventured more than half a mile on the cean, with sea sickness and a depression of spirits, I was confined to my birth, the first three days, after we left port—but, becoming more accustomed to the motion of the vessel, I soon regained my health and spirits, and from this moment enjoyed a pleasant passage, without any very remarkable occurrence attending us.

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until we reached St. John's the port of our destination.

On the 18th January, 1826, (Capt. Kendall having obtained a cargo of Timber, and made every necessary preparation for our departure,) we set sail for Liverpool, with a favorable wind, and with the prospect and joyful expectations of an expeditious passage—on board of the ship were 21 souls, including Mrs. Kendall, and myself—many of the seamen were married men, and had left in Europe numerous families, dependent on them for support—Alas! poor mortals, little did they probably think, when they bid their loving companions and their tender little ones the last adieu, that it was to be a final one, and that they were to behold their faces no more, forever, in this frail world! but, we must not charge an infinitely wise and good God foolishly, who cannot err, but orders every event for the best.

We enjoyed favorable weather until about the 1st February, when a severe gale was experienced, which blew away some of the yards and spars of our vessel, and washed away one of the boats off the deck, and several wounded some of the seamen—early in the morning ensuing, the gale having somewhat abated, Mrs. Kendall and myself employed ourselves in dressing the wounds of the poor fellows that were most injured while those who had escaped injury, were employed in clearing the deck of the broken spars, splintering and disentangling the rigging, &c. so that in a few hours they were enabled again to make sail, and with the pleasing hope that they should encounter no more boisterous and contrary winds to impede their passage—but, in this they were soon sadly disappointed, for on the 5th, they were visited with a still more severe gale, from E. S. E. which indeed caused the sea to run “mountains high!” The captain gave orders to his men to do every thing in their

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power to do, for the safety of our lives—all sails were clewed up, and the ship hove to, but the gale still increasing, about noon our vessel was struck by a tremendous sea, which swept from her decks almost every moveable article, and washed one of the seamen overboard, (who was providentially saved) and in a few moments after by another tremendous sea, the whole of the ship's stern was stove in! this was only the beginning of a scene of horrid calamities! doubly horrible to me, (as the reader must suppose) who had never before witnessed any thing so awful.

While the captain and officers of the ship were holding a consultation on deck, what was best to be done for the preservation of our lives Mrs. Kendall and myself were on our knees, on the quarter deck, as earnestly engaged in prayer to the Almighty God that he would in his tender mercy spare our lives, and if consistent with his will, that he would finally restore us in safety to our friends. And, O my Supreme and Glorious Deliverer, who art a prayer hearing and prayer answering God, how shall I acknowledge my thankfulness for the mercy shown me, and in what manner shall I adore thee?

The ensuing morning presented to our view an aspect the most dreary—not the least appearance of the gale abating, on the contrary it seemed to increase with redoubled vigor; as the sea had rose to an alarming height and frequently dashed against the vessel with great violence!—little else was now thought of but the preservation of our lives. Exertions were made by the crew to save as much of the ship's provisions as was possible, and by breaking out the bow port, they succeeded in saving 50 or 60 pounds of bread, and a few pounds of cheese, which were stowed in the main top; to which place Mrs. Kendall and myself were conveyed, it being impossible for us to remain below, the cabin being nearly filled with water,

and almost every sea breaking over us! The night approached with all its dismal horrors—the horizon was obscured by black and angry looking clouds, and about midnight the rain commenced falling in torrents, attended with frightful peals of thunder, and unremitting streams of lightning!—but, during the whole of this long and dismal night with all its attending horrors, Mrs. K. and myself were constantly upon our knees, supplicating the mercy of that God,

“Who rides upon the stormy winds,
And manages the seas.”

Daylight returned, but only to present to our view an additional scene of horror—one of the poor seamen overcome by fatigue, was discovered hanging lifeless by some part of the rigging—his mortal remains were committed to the deep—as this was the first instance of entombing a human body in the ocean, that I had ever witnessed, the melancholy scene made a deep impression on my mind, as I expected such eventually would be my own fate!

At 6, A. M. our depressed spirits were a little revived by the appearance of a sail standing toward us; which proved to be an American, who remained in company with us until the next morning; when, in consequence of the roughness of the sea, being unable to afford us any assistance, they left us.

It would be impossible for me to attempt to describe the feelings of all on board at this moment, on seeing so unexpectedly vanish, the pleasing hope of being rescued by this vessel, from our perilous situation. As the only human means to prolong our miserable existence a tent of spare canvass was erected by the ship's crew on the fore-castle, and all on board put on the short allowance of a quarter of a biscuit a day. On the 8th February (the gale still continuing) a brig

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was seen to leeward but at a great distance, and in the afternoon the same brig (as was supposed) was seen to the windward. Capt. Kendall ordered a signal of distress to be made, and we soon had the satisfaction to see the brig approach us within hail, and inquire very distinctly of Capt. K. how long he had been in that situation, and what he intended to do—if he intended leaving the ship? to which he replied, “yes, with God’s assistance,”—but, alas the Almighty, for his own wise and good purposes, saw fit once more, to disappoint us in our expectations of relief!—night approaching, and the gale still prevailing to that degree that no boat could have floated in the water, we saw no more of the brig!

All on board were now reduced to the most deplorable state imaginable! our miserable bodies were gradually perishing, and the disconsolate spirits of the poor sailors (who were probably like too many of their seafaring brethren, strangers to prayer) overpowered by the horrible prospects of starving without any appearance of relief!—as for myself, altho’ I was not insensible that in our deplorable situation I had as much to apprehend as any other one on board, yet my spirits were probably more buoyed up by the reflection that the greatest afflictions which we meet with, are often productive of the greatest blessings, and that they are the means which a merciful Creator often makes use of to bring souls to the knowledge of Jesus.

February the 11th. another vessel was discovered at the northward, and the signal of distress again made, but without any effect, as she did not alter her course, and was soon out of sight, We had now arrived at an awful crisis—our provisions were all consumed, and hunger and thirst began to select their victims!—on the 12th, James Clarke, a seaman, died of no other complaint (as was judged) than the weakness caused

by famine ; whose body, after reading prayers, was committed to the deep—and on the 22d, John Wilson, another seaman, fell a victim to starvation!—as the calls of hunger had now become too importunate to be resisted, it is a fact, although shocking to relate, that we were reduced to the awful extremity to attempt to support our feeble bodies a while longer by subsisting on the dead body of the deceased—it was cut into slices, then washed in salt water, and after being exposed to and dried a little in the sun, was apportioned to each of the miserable survivors, who partook of it as a sweet morsel—from this revolting food I abstained for 24 hours, when I too, was compelled by hunger, to follow their example! Alas, how often in my childhood have I read accounts of sea-faring people, and others, having been driven to the awful alternative of either starving, or to satisfy the cravings of nature, subsisting on human flesh, or the dead carcasses of the meanest animals that were to be obtained! accounts which are pretty generally discredited by those who have not been placed in a similar situation—but to such an awful extremity, I can assure my christian readers, was I and my wretched companions now reduced! This is indeed, the height of misery, yet such was our deplorable case ; we eyed each other with mournful and melancholy looks, as may be supposed of people perishing with hunger and thirst ; by all of whom it was now perceived that we had nothing to hope from human aid, but only from the mercy of the Almighty, whose ways are unsearchable—no did I fail almost constantly to implore his mercy——

————— In that moment “with sincere intent,
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due ;
Mine ear could not be slow, mine eye not shut,

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And I did place within them as a guide
Mine umpire conscience—whom, if I will hear,
That long suff'ring hour was my day of grace.”

On the 23d, J. Moore, another seaman died, whose body was committed to the deep after taking therefrom the liver and heart, which was reserved for our subsistence—and in the course of twelve days after (during which our miseries continued without any alleviation) the following persons fell victims to fatigue and hunger, to wit, Henry Davis and John Jones, cabin boys, James Frier, cook, Alexander Kelly, Daniel Jones, John Hutchinson and John James, seamen—the heart-piercing lamentations of these poor creatures (dying for the want of sustenance) was distressing beyond conception; some of them expired raving mad, crying out lamentably for water!—Hutchinson, who, it appeared, had left a numerous family in Europe, talked of his wife and children as if they were present—repeating the names of the latter, and begged of them to be kind to their poor mother, who, he represented, was about to be separated from him forever! Jones became delirious two or three days before his death, and in his ravings, reproached his wife and children as well as his dying companions present, with being the authors of his extreme sufferings, by depriving him of food, and in refusing him even a single drop of water, with which to moisten his parched lips! and, indeed, such now was the thirst of those who were but in a little better condition, that they were driven to the melancholy, distressful horrid act (to procure their blood) of cutting the throats of their deceased companions a moment after the breath of life had left their bodies!

In the untimely exit of no one of the unhappy sufferers was I so sensibly effected, as in that of the unfortunate youth, JAMES FRIER—for in the welfare of

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none on board did I feel myself so immediately inter-
ested, as the reader may judge, from the circumstan-
ces that I shall mention. I have already stated, that
with this ill-fated young man, I became intimately ac-
quainted in Liverpool—to me he had early made pro-
testations of love, and more than once intimated an
inclination to select me as the partner of his bosom ;
and never had I any reason to doubt his sincerity—it
was partly by his solicitations that I had been induced
to comply with the wishes of Mrs. Kendall, to ac-
company her in this unfortunate voyage ; in the
course of which, by frequent interviews, my attach-
ment for this unfortunate youth was rather increased
than diminished ; and before this dreadful calamity
befell us, he had obtained my consent, and we had
mutually agreed and avowed to each other our deter-
mination to unite in marriage, as soon as we should
reach our destined port ! judge then, my christian fe-
male readers (for it is you that can best judge) what
must have been my feelings, to see a youth for whom
I had formed an indissoluble attachment—him with
whom I expected so soon to be joined in wedlock,
and to spend the remainder of my days, expiring be-
fore my eyes, for the want of that sustenance which
nature requires for the support of life, and which it
was not in my power to afford him ! and myself at the
same moment so far reduced by hunger and thirst, as
to be driven to the horrid alternative to preserve my
own life (O ! God of Heaven ! the lamentable fact is
known to thee, and why should I attempt to conceal
it from the world ?) to plead my claim to the greater
portion of his precious blood, as it oozed half con-
gealed from the wound inflicted upon his lifeless bo-
dy!!! Oh, this was a bitter cup indeed ! but it was
God's will that it should not pass me—and God's will
must be doné. O, it was a chastening rod, that has
been the means of ~~trusting~~ weaning me forever from

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all the vain enjoyments of this frail world ; and of fixing my hopes and trust in the merits of Jesus—and although I have been made to drink deep of the cup of affliction, never will I forget the unbounded mercy and goodness of God. in preserving my life, in raising me from the depths of wo, and putting a song of praise into my mouth !

“ Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are ;
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.”

‘ Think mortal,’ says the poet, ‘ what it is to die,’—but I would add, think how distressing it must be to see those whom we tenderly love, die before our eyes : die agonized with pain, after languishing with lingering disease, and without being able to contribute to their ease, or add one moment to their existence ! In view of the melancholy circumstance that I have just described, I call upon all, and especially those who traverse the deep, seriously to consider the uncertainty of life, and the importance of being prepared for death. One who was in the bloom and vigor of life but a few days previous, was thus in an unexpected manner, ushered into the unseen world ! He was expecting soon to change his relation in life, but death suddenly blasted his hopes, and prevented our anticipated union—thus man appoints, but God often disappoints us of our most flattering prospects of an earthly nature.

As a proof that my almost constant supplications for the mercy of Him, who ‘ has power alone to hush the boisterous seas, and to set the shipwrecked mariner free,’ were of some avail, I ought not to withhold from my readers a knowledge of the fact, that

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while almost every other person on board were rendered so weak, by their extreme sufferings and deprivations, as to be unable to stand upon their feet, or even to detach from the lifeless bodies of their unfortunate companions that food which was now nature's only support, the Almighty, in mercy to me, endowed me with not only strength and ability to exhort the poor wretches to unite in prayer, and to prepare their precious souls for eternity, but to perform this office for them, for which purpose I constantly carried about with me a knife, with which I daily detached and presented each with a proportionable quantity of this their only food ! my poor unfortunate female companion (Mrs. Kendall, who never failed to unite with me in prayer) seemed too to enjoy with me a share of God's great mercy—but the reader may judge to what extremity of want we all must have been driven, when she, two days before we were relieved, was compelled by hunger to eat the drains of one of the seamen—declaring in the meantime that it was the most delicious thing she ever tasted ! and, what is still more melancholy to relate, the unfortunate person whose brains she was thus compelled to subsist on, had (agreeable to his declaration) been three times wrecked before, but providentially picked up by a vessel after being once 22 days on the wreck—but, in the present instance, he perished after surviving similar sufferings for the space of 29 days, and then became food for his surviving shipmates !

About the 26th February, an English brig hove in sight, on which the usual signals of distress were made, and, although the winds had become less boisterous, and the sea more smooth, to our inexpressible grief, she did not approach to afford us any assistance !—our longing eyes followed her until she was out of sight ; leaving us in a situation doubly calamitous from our disappointment in not receiving the relief which ap-

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peared so near, and the wretched uncertainty of the approach of any other vessel, in time to save our existence; our hopes vanished with the brig, and from the highest summit of expectation, they now (with most of the survivors) sunk into a state of the most dismal despair! nature indeed seemed now to have abandoned her functions! never could human beings be reduced to a more wretched situation; my readers must have been a witness of it to form any adequate idea of our distress, and that which I am attempting now to describe, falls infinitely short of the reality! more than two thirds of the crew had already perished, and the surviving few, weak, distracted, and destitute of almost every thing, envied the fate of those whose lifeless corpses no longer wanted sustenance. The sense of hunger was almost lost, but a parching thirst consumed our vitals! our mouths had become so dry for want of moisture for three or four days, that we were obliged to wash them every few hours with salt water, to prevent our lips glueing together.

In the midst of this feeling of misery, while some appeared almost disposed impiously to accuse the Supreme Being, with being unjustly the author of their wretchedness. I exerted the feeble powers which God in mercy had left me, to exhort them to have recourse to Heaven, to alleviate their misery, and to trust in Him, who alone was able to save us. The day previous to our being relieved, I collected the poor creatures upon the quarter deck, and kneeling down among them, poured out my soul in prayer to God, that he would, in his infinite goodness, have mercy on us, and spare our lives!—truly I can say, the Spirit of God was in my soul! nor can I express the half of what he then revealed to me—a voice seemed to whisper me ‘thy prayers are heard, fear not, for I am with thee;’ nor could I conceal my joyful sensations from my suffer-

ing companions, expressing to them my confidence that relief was nigh, and

“Hope now revived, that we once more,
Should see our longed for native shore ;
And all the powers of science fail,
The raptures of my soul to tell.”

Early in the morning of the 7th March, a sail was discovered to windward—the ship’s crew (with my assistance) made all the signals of distress that the little remaining strength of their bodies would enable them to do ; they were indeed the last efforts of expiring nature—but, praised be God, yea, ever ought we to praise Him, for his mercy endureth forever—the hour of our deliverance had now arrived!! the ship was soon within hail (which proved to be his Majesty’s ship Blonde, Lord Byron) when her boat was manned and sent to our relief.

It would be in vain (as my christian readers must suppose) for me to attempt to describe our feelings at this moment, or those manifested by our deliverers, when they discovered who we were, and what our miserable situation ; and that they had arrived in season to rescue six of their fellow creatures from a most awful but certain death! My companions in misery, who for three or four of the preceding days had been only able to crawl about the deck upon their hands and knees, now became so animated at the prospect of relief, as to raise themselves erect, and with uplifted hands returned thanks to their Almighty preserver! And O, the mingled sounds of prayer and praise, from those whose hearts had probably until within a few weeks been at enmity with God, was to me more pleasing than the “music of the spheres.”

When relieved, but a small part of the body of the last person deceased remained, and this I had cut as

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usual into slices and spread on the quarter deck ; which being noticed by the Lieutenant of the Blonde (who with others had been dispatched from the ship to our relief) and before we had time to state to him to what extremities we had been driven, he observed "you have yet, I perceive, fresh meat!" but his horror can be better conceived than described when he was informed that what he saw, was the remains of the dead body of one of our unfortunate companions, and that on this, our only remaining food, it was our intention to have put ourselves on an allowance the ensuing evening, had not unerring Providence directed him to our relief.

When we reached the Blonde, the narrative of our sufferings, as well as a view of our weak and emaciated bodies, caused tears to bedew those faces which probably are not used to turn pale at the approach of death. By Lord Byron, and his officers and crew, we were treated with all possible kindness and humanity; insomuch that we soon gained our strength to that degree, as to be able in ten days after to go on board of a vessel spoken, bound to Europe; and it was on the 20th March following that I was landed in safety at Portsmouth, where for twelve days I was treated with that hospitality, by both sexes, as ought not, and I trust will not pass without its merited reward; and on the 5th April following, I was conveyed by my christian friends and restored to the arms of my dear mother, after an absence of nearly five months; in which time I think I can truly say, I had witnessed and endured more of the heavy judgments and afflictions of this world, than any other of its female inhabitants.

And, having been thus by a kind and protecting Providence, mercifully preserved to rejoin once more my kindred friends and acquaintances, and to declare to them what wonderful things God had done for me, and now favored with the blessed privilege of com-

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muning at his table ; I should deem it unpardonable were I to remain silent, and not thus publicly declare to the world what comforts the religion of a blessed Saviour afforded me, during my most severe afflictions—and to exhort both old and young not to delay, but to attend immediately to the concerns of their immortal souls ! O think, my dear christian friends, how uncertain is life, and what a serious thing it is to die !—to be ushered unexpectedly and unprepared into the presence of the Almighty God ! that, this is possible, you must be satisfied from what you have just read, of the awful and untimely exits of the poor mortals, whose melancholy fate I have recorded in the preceding pages ; —these were men bred to the seas, and many of them no doubt addicted to those vices peculiar to too great a portion of that class of people—of this in the course of the voyage they exhibited too many melancholy proofs, by impiously blaspheming that God, who in a few days after, in the bitterest cries, they were beseeching for mercy !

As such were principally my late companions in misery, it may not be deemed unimportant that I here impart to them a few words of advice.—O if I can with God's assistance be instrumental in effecting a reformation and in saving their precious souls, then indeed have I still greater cause to exclaim, "it was good for us that we were afflicted." Surely the God who made the seas, and those who sail upon it is not willing that any man should perish,—not willing that any poor unhappy seamen should make everlasting shipwreck of his soul. The Lord you must be sensible has been peculiarly merciful to you, for while some one of your poor unfortunate companions were almost daily expiring before your eyes, he has been pleased in his tender mercy to spare your lives, and to restore you to your families and friends ?—many were the promises that you then made, and you can-

not now be insensible of your duty to perform them—can you fail to love that God who has done so much for you? Oh, no, I think you cannot, a recollection of his goodness I think must lead you to repentance. “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the hearts of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.” Be assured that however uncertain and dangerous your occupations, if you always prefer Jesus for your companion, while tossing on the ocean’s wave, you have nought to fear—when your toilsome days are here finished, it is him who will safely pilot you to that peaceful haven of rest, where all shall arrive that love the Lord, and never more depart.

“ There is a land of glorious rest,
Where pure and happy spirits rove,
For ever and for ever blest,
The land of spotless joy and love.

O yes, there is a land of rest,
Free from corroding grief and care ;
No storms, nor dangers there molest,
No discord once shall enter there.

The land of rest, the land of joy,
Where quenchless glory meet and shine,
And fit for angels its employ,
For all its pleasures are divine.

There is no land of rest beside,—
But where is this blest region found?
It is not bound by ocean tide,
It is not upon earthly ground.

'Tis where bright angels sweep the lyre,
 And spirits of the just repose ;
 'Tis where the seraph's living fire
 With undiminished ardor glows.

Blest land, methinks I see thee now,
 Ail smiling in perennial bloom,
 With rapture throw'd on every brow,
 And flowers that breathe divine perfume.

Then hail to thee, thou land of rest,
 'And hail my harps of holiest strains,
 And hail those crowns that grace the blest,
 Who rove along the happy plains.

But ah! that land of rest is far,
 And dark and trackless is the road ;
 Yet *Hope*, a bright and glorious star,
 Points onward to the dear abode.

Then what though stormy be the way,
 Though winds and surges beat and roar ;
 They only drive from earth away,
 And urge to that celestial shore ;
 And 'mid the storm that voice is best,
 That whispers, ' There's a Land of Rest. ' "

Nor is it less important for every other class of people, both old and young, to be prepared for that important event, when they shall be summoned to exchange worlds—but, alas, how few are there among us who live as if sensible of this important fact—how few are willing to yield the sensual gratifications of the present time and enjoy the permanent joys of regular

and virtuous pursuits! The knowledge of the certainty that all must die, and that the passing hour may be the last, ought to convince the unsteady and immoral of the propriety and importance of spending some portion of life in preparation for death. In the morning of our days, before we have experienced the cares and sorrows of the world, we imagine the prospect before us to be altogether fair and beautiful—we suppose the path of life to be smooth and easy, strewed with roses, where no thorn is found, and beset on every side with sources of enjoyment—but no sooner do we enter on this path than we find how egregiously we were deceived; cares and toils, in constant succession, cloud our sky—the tender buds of hope are nipped by the killing frost of disappointment; the airy visions of youthful expectation are dissolved by the touch of real life—we find the world stored with fewer enjoyments than we imagined, and feel willing to acknowledge that “there is nothing true but Heaven!”

‘ There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand’ring given;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in Heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head
And find repose in Heaven.

There is a house for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tost on life’s tempestuous shoals,

When storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is dread—but Heaven!

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly
And all serene in—Heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine, disperse the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of Heaven!

Virtue is certainly preferable to error, even in this frail state, were we sure no future rewards would be conferred. But if we extend our views beyond the boundaries of this comfortless world, what superior blessings will be the effects of a life devoted to piety and religion! With such inducements, such positive assurances as these how inconsistent is man not to attend to the dictates and injunctions of such a heaven-like institution. Some cautiously avoid religion when young through fear of being ridiculed by their acquaintances for being serious. Are we ashamed to confess our love for that Fountain from whence streams of every comfort flow?—Are we unwilling to be happy? Religion does not indeed preclude any satisfactory enjoyment;—It leads us to most honourable and praiseworthy gratifications that vain nature can bestow, or that immaculate heaven can offer.

Religion prepares the mind of man for all the events of this inconstant state, and instructs him in the nature of true happiness; early weans him from an undue

love of the world ; affictions do not attack him by surprise, and therefore do not overwhelm him. He is equipped for the storm, as well as the calm, in this dubious navigation of life. He is not overcome by disappointment, when that which is mortal dies ; when that which is mutual begins to change, and when that which he knew to be transient, passes away.

Religion not only purifies, but also fortifies the heart ; so that the devout man is neither lifted up by success, nor enervated by sensibility ; he meets the changes in his lot without unmanly dejection. He is enured to temperance and restraint, He has learned firmness and self-command. He is accustomed to look up to Supreme Providence, not with reverence only, but with trust and hope.

‘ O blest Religion, heav’nly fair !
 Thy kind thy healing power,
 Can sweeten pain, and soften care,
 And gild each gloomy hour.

Thy sacred dictates can assuage,
 The tempest of the soul ;
 And ev’ry fear shall lose its rage,
 At thy divine controul.

Through life’s bewildered darksome way,
 Thy hand unerring leads ;
 And o’er the path, thy heavenly ray,
 A cheering lustre sheds.

When feeble reason, tir’d and blind,
 Sinks helpless and afraid ;
 Thou blest supporter of the mind,
 How powerful is thy aid !’

All opportunities for attending to religion, beside the present, are totally uncertain. Nothing is more common than procrastination in this great concern; yet nothing is more dangerous; nothing more frequently fatal. That *convenient season*, never present, yet ever in imagination near, has lured thousands to their eternal ruin. The young are too generally prone to expect a long life, and to flatter themselves that they will have sufficient opportunity to secure religion hereafter, though the present should be neglected. Vain flatteries! Delusive expectations.—For how often has the giddy, unprepared youth been summoned into eternity, just as he was laying the deepest plans, and indulging the fondest expectations, of worldly happiness? O the unutterable folly, guilt and wretchedness of such a case! Be warned, then, ye careless youth, who have neglected religion hitherto, and neglect it no longer. As you value your immortal souls; as you would not pluck down ruin on your heads, procrastinate no farther the all-important business.

My dear young friends—we are all dying creatures. We have seen many of our friends and relatives laid in the grave; many as young as ourselves and apparently as likely to live. Some we have seen carried off by long and lingering diseases, and some cut down suddenly without warning. God only knows when we are to follow them into the eternal world. We know not the day of our death. Our times are in God's hand. It may be to night. We are certain the moment of death must come. We are certain it can be at no great distance: but we know not how near.

It is a great thing to be prepared to die; to collect fortitude of soul to pass through a scene, at which the stoutest heart is appalled; when the past has been filled with guilty imperfection in the best of our race; while uncertain futurity covers our immortal all. It is the season of awful anxiety to the christian, even

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hen he expires in the arms of weeping friends and sustained with the hopes of triumphant grace. But it demands higher grades of evangelical perfection to be able like Paul to say, 'I am now ready to be offered;' offered as a sacrifice on the altar; offered as a martyr in the cause of religion; now ready not only to die, but also to expire amidst the tortures of merciless persecution.

It is to be feared that there is little of this preparation for death in our depraved world. Else what means that attachment to the vanities of time to the abandonment of a heavenly treasure? What resemblance is there in the conversation of men of the world to the business and hosannas of the celestial courts?

The busy scenes of this life ought not to expel from our minds the awful certainty of death--we should remember that we must die; that soul and body must be parted, the one to return to dust, the other to appear a naked spirit before the presence of that God, who gave it. To die is one of the most weighty and serious things that ever creatures experience. Death is so terrible to some that they cannot bear the mention of the name, yet none can avoid the thing. Several things concur to make it the king of terrors; strong pains, conflicts, and agonies go before; fears and terrors attend it; but above all, it is very solemn and awful in its consequences, as it is the door of eternity; the parting point between this world and that which is to come; the utmost line and boundary of all temporal things, translating us into an unknown world of spirits.

" Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

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OF MISS ANN SAUNDERS.

Infinite joy or endless wo!
Attend on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!"

Oh, what a strange alteration doth death make in every man's condition! either taking him from a house and lands, friends, honors and pleasures, and all the concerns and enjoyments of this world; hurrying him in a moment into the land of darkness, to drink in the fierce wrath of Almighty God forever, or translating him into the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, to partake of his happiness, in consummate, ineffable, and everlasting glory and joy, with obedient and happy spirits.

Alas! What do men mean by loitering, who have these amazing, unchangeable scenes before them!— One would suppose that the very thoughts of death and eternal judgement, should keep from sleeping, and fill with astonishment all who are not by faith and holiness prepared for the comfortable welcome of it, seeing they know not but every day and hour may conclude their life, and when they shut their eyes at night, they may never open them again but in eternity. What solicitous concerns should those be in for their precious and immortal souls, who have so much guilt to be removed, so many evil dispositions and affections to be mortified, so many holy and virtuous habits to attain, and so many temptations from within and without to overcome; lest death should come unexpected and find them unprepared? With what sorrows will the review of our past lives fill us, if we are thus surprised! What bitter anguish of heart is couched in those expressions, which a dying person once uttered to a stander-by? crying out, 'Oh how have I been deceived! Oh, that I had thought of this sooner! Oh, that I had my time again? How mad was

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I to lead so sinful and careless a life? What will become of my miserable soul! Would God but try me once again, I would never do as I have hitherto done.' Now, that we may not conclude our lives with such dismal, fruitless moans, let us in time consider our latter end, and never give our souls rest, until we have secured their happiness by an interest in the salvation of Jesus Christ, and a sincere conformity to the rules of the gospel. Let us now live as at death we shall wish we had done; that we may meet our last end with comfort, and only desire leave to die, that we may enter into glory and happiness.

My dear young friends, as much as possible, avoid evil company. We have enough to do to struggle with our own sinful dispositions and propensities, and need not the continual solicitation and examples of others to evil, to make our difficulties greater. Where God in his providence hath exposed us to these unavoidable inconveniences, we may hope for special assistance from him; but if we run ourselves into unnecessary dangers and temptations, we must expect to reap the fruits of our own folly and presumption. It was one of the first counsels of the apostle Peter to the new converts to Christianity, to save themselves from that untoward generation. And certainly the advice is as needful now as then, when a general contempt of God, and religion, so much abounds among mankind. Let this sentence therefore be deeply engraven upon your hearts, 'he that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.'

Sit down and seriously consider, what all that happiness is which sin and the world can afford you in the profits, honors and pleasures of it on the one hand; and think what it is, which the blessed God can and will be to you, and do for you, if you sincerely serve and please him on the other: and when you are resolved past all wavering and delays, that God, heaven and holiness, are better for you than the world, sensu-

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OF MISS ANN SAUNDERS.

al pleasures and sin ; yield yourself entirely and un-
reservedly to God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, as
your Father and felicity, your Saviour and your Sanc-
tifier. Nothing more is expected of you, in order to
be interested in the blessings of the gospel than to
consent to these reasonable terms, to continue that
consent, and to perform what you consent unto ; and
this by the help of those divine assistances, which will
be afforded unto you. Do this presently, resolutely,
and sincerely, and heaven and salvation are all your
own.

When we glance at the catalogue of human suffer-
ing, we cannot but reflect, how happy that man is who,
though afflicted, and appalled, by the destruction of
earthly prospects has still the consolation of that in-
imate principle, which can enable him to say ' Our
Father who art in heaven,' thy will be done, for thou
dost know the wants of thy children and thy tender
mercies are over all thy works.

Under deep sense of our own frailty, we should
submit to the chastenings of our heavenly Father, who
orders all things for our good. From seeming evil,
he often brings forth the greatest possible benefits ;
and it is often the case, that what at first seemed dark
and intricate is at last made apparent to us as the noon
day sun as having been planned for our benefit.

That all-wise Being, who is the former of our bo-
dies, and the father of our spirits would never afflict
us were it not for our good—He will not break the
bruised reed—he will not lacerate the already bleed-
ing heart—but he will in his own due time administer
the oil and wine of consolation and say to the boister-
ous waves of adversity, ' Thus far shalt thou come,
and no farther, and here shall thou be stayed.'

All consolation which the mind receives under af-
flictions, is from that benevolent source from which
the chastisement proceeds. We should therefore con-

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sider that if we murmur against the dealings of Providence, when they are adverse to our corrupt wills, that we also find fault with the author of our blessings. It is a blessing that we live—and if we improve that blessing aright, the holy book of inspiration teaches us that it is a still greater blessing to die—for we are then released from the troubles and cares of life, and leaving this frail tenement of clay, the joyful spirits seeks the haven of its nativity, and reposes in the ‘bosom of its Father and its God.’

In vain do we seek for happiness in the world.— We shall never find it out of the school of Christ. Here genuine peace indeed resides. Not because the disciples of Jesus are endowed with more external advantages, or are more exempted from sufferings and disappointments than others, for they have often a larger share of them, but because ‘humility is the parent of contentment;’ and he who has been led to see his desert of God’s displeasure, and at the same time is possessed of a lively hope in his mercy thro’ the merits and mediation of his Redeemer, will not be apt to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, and to think himself hardly dealt by, when he sees numbers all around, no worse by nature than himself, enduring many evils from which he is exempt, and devoid of various comforts with which he is endowed. Rather, like the patriarch Jacob, he will be ready to say, ‘I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which thou hast shewn unto thy servant.’ The consideration, too, of the Redeemer’s example will have a powerful effect to reconcile his servant to a life of hardship, poverty or contempt. While he contemplates the Lord of glory born in a stable; lying in a manger; at one time enduring hunger, thirst, and weariness; at another, making a thankful repast on some course barley bread and a few small fishes; he will see how ill it becomes

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OF MISS ANN SAUNDERS.

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the christian to desire the honors and luxuries of life, and thus learn with the apostle, in whatever state he is, therewith to be content.'

And should it even please the Father of mercies to visit his friends and followers with the heaviest afflictions, the recollection that all events are under the disposal of infinite wisdom and goodness, will repress the rising murmur and diffuse a delightful calm thro' the soul, far superior to the exultation that arises from earthly prosperity. Even in these days the consolations of religion are sometimes seen to raise the greatest sufferers above all their temporal afflictions, and to make them triumph, when human nature, unsupported, would sink into dejection or despair.

Who but the christian for instance, can look with steadfastness and serenity, nay, often with joy and gladness, on the approach of that solemn hour which will not only separate him from the most loved earthly scenes and companions, but convey his spirit to an untried unchangeable state, and bring him into the awful presence of an infinitely great and holy God? Infidelity will indeed sometimes, though seldom steel the heart against such important considerations; and the lamentable ignorance in which most men live, both of God and of themselves, may draw a veil over these tremendous scenes, and sooth them into a fatal stupor and security. But it is the sincere disciple of Christ alone, who, at the same time that he impartially reviews his whole conduct, and sees sin in all its malignity and awful consequences, can resign his soul with the most perfect composure, and a hope full of immortality, into the hand of him who made it.

Permit me, my christian readers to inquire, can infinite wisdom be mistaken? can infinite goodness be cruel? can infinite truth be false? Allow him that knows the end from the beginning, to know better what is good for you than you do for yourself; and to

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know how to come to his end the best way. Since he does not willingly grieve nor afflict the children of men; and since it is only if need be, that we are in heaviness; what is it but mercy and truth that can make him do a thing unwillingly, and does it only if need be? Would it be mercy or truth to humor you in omitting what must needs be? You will allow him to judge of the necessity of it too, for the same reason; and then you will see reason to conclude with the royal mourner, 'I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right; and that in very faithfulness thou hast afflicted me.' *Psalm cxix 75.* Especially when you consider in the next place, That he will make this, and all other trials, work together for good. This is the general promise, 'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.' *Rom. viii. 28.* We know it is so in fact, but we know not how. Indeed that knowledge is no business of ours; that part we leave to God. To believe the truth of it, to take the comfort of it, and to wait the issue of it, that is our part. Look upon every trouble through the Scripture; let God take what compass he please, it will come to this at last.

Happy would it be for young people if they would consider their period of life as a most important era in their existence. Youth is an entrance on a journey long and various; through an untried path where are many dangers and difficulties. They should therefore look well to the steps they are about to take, and use the precaution of travellers in a strange land—should inquire whether the way they are in is right or wrong; whether it is the path of honor and pleasure, or of disgrace and pain.

Look around you my dear youth, and behold many a promising young person plunged into wretchedness, whose ruin is to be ascribed to too great a love of pleasure; who has given way to the inclination, and

precipitated himself into the habit of dissipation, till he has become deaf to all good advice ; proof against admonition, intreaty and persuasion and is now among the splendid ruins of human nature. Let these instances warn you of your danger, and persuade you to devote some part of that time, which is spent in pursuit of any pleasures, to reflection and consideration.

‘Take fast hold of instruction, let her not go ; keep her, for she is thy life’—was the counsel of a wise and tender parent to his son. Were parents in general as anxious to impress the tender minds of their children with a reverential sense of the name and attributes of the Deity, and a desire of pleasing him by a virtuous life, as they are to procure for them honor and riches ; it would have a pleasing influence upon the rising generation. To see all from a sense of their obligation to their common parent, cheerful and active in his service, while each one in the particular station which providence allots him, strives to render others happy in society ; must afford a beautiful prospect. Who ever considers the nature and capacities of the human mind, and the great variety of means our beneficent Creator has given us to obtain the knowledge of his will, must be sensible that no one can be truly happy without religion.

Oh ! my dear young friends, if you withstand the many calls and warnings that you have from day to day, and turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of your friends and the woings of your Saviour, miserable must be your condition throughout eternal ages.— Seek the religion of Jesus Christ, and you will be prepared for life, you will be prepared for death, and a glorious immortality beyond the grave. Remember that we must all appear before the judgement seat of Christ, to give an account of the things done in the body, whether they be good or bad—of all our secret thoughts known only to ourselves : of all our secret

actions, which no eye saw, but the all seeing eye of the omniscient Judge. He keeps a book of remembrance in which every evil thought word and work is registered; every one of which will then be brought forth, to our eternal confusion; unless they are washed away in the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Do you not reflect that time is progressive, and that every past year is to us a year of added life; which, of consequence, is so much subtracted from the period of our mortal existence? But, in general, how improvident are we of time, though it is not in our power to recall or retard it! We can scarce say, that the present moment is our own, so soon is it elapsed; and who can tell that we shall enjoy the next? This present moment—this *now*—if I may so express myself, is but an instant of time, betwixt that which is *past*, and that which is in *future*. While we are reflecting upon it, it is gone, and is immediately succeeded by another. If, then, time is so rapid and fugacious, how incumbent is it on us to improve the present hour, that when it be past, we may not be subject to the disagreeable reflection of having misemployed it! For how painful must be the retrospect, if we should be so unhappy as to contemplate, not hours but days and years, or perhaps the greatest part of life, dissipated in indolence, in pleasure, and in the neglect of every christian and social duty. A review of this kind must be productive of painful sensations. And there is no person, however harrassed with the cares and vexations of business, or the repeated calls of diversion, but will be obliged, in some solitary moment, to submit to a self-examination. Every age of human life demands it.

When we give up our hearts to God, we begin to answer the end for which we were created, and enjoy a portion of that felicity which is reserved for the

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blessed in Heaven. How contemptible and insignificant are all the amusements of the world, when our hearts have been rejoiced and ameliorated and our minds expanded by reflecting upon God and Christ Jesus! When I compare my imperfections and inability with the infinite majesty of God how little and humble I appear; how my pride is lost and confounded in the infinity of Divine Perfection! and how I long for the glorious period when I shall be more nearly acquainted with the everlasting God.

But happy am I to say, that, through the grace of God, my eyes are opened; I perceive a Being which has given me a soul whose desires cannot rest short of eternity—a Being in whom every perfection and virtue are united, and to whom I will consecrate my heart, and devote myself for ever without reserve, and for whom I will ever receive all my consolation and delight. I will exchange those earthly enjoyments, which I have hitherto preferred to the blessings of Heaven, for advantages incomparably more real and permanently substantial. And though I still continue to make a proper use of the good things of this life, they shall never make me forget the love of God; but whilst I use them, and whilst I feel myself benefited by their good effects, when not abused, they shall serve as a constant memorial of the goodness of God, and call forth my acknowledgments and grateful sense of his kind care and solicitude for my welfare. Whenever I partake of any outward good, I will say to myself, If I find so much sweetness in the enjoyment of earthly things, and being only acquainted with a very small part of the works of God, that knowledge is so delightful, how happy and glorious will be my state when initiated into the mysteries of Heaven, and favored with a portion of the purity and perfections of God! How great is the felicity of the saints, who see him as he is, and live in the constant participation of his Divine communion!

From what we already know of God through his works, we may form some anticipation of the glory of futurity, and prepare with joy and with gladness for the happy moment, when the soul, released from its present dark and inferior abode, shall ascend into the heavens, and enjoy that purity and exaltation, the reward of those who by the proper use they have made of their time here, are permitted to join the heavenly choir of angels in songs of ecstasy round the throne of the everlasting God.

Thus, my dear christian readers, I have endeavored to lay before you, some of the motives, to induce you to attend, without delay, to the concerns of your souls; and it is my sincere prayer that you may all be encouraged to seek that grace, which is necessary to guide us through life, to support us in death, and prepare us for heaven.

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