

SERMONS

ON

IMPORTANT SUBJECTS;

BY THE

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, A.M.

LATE OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD, AND CHAPLAIN TO
THE RIGHT HON. THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL DREW, A. M.

AND A

DISSERTATION ON HIS CHARACTER, PREACHING, &c.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH SMITH.

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SERMON LXXII.

ALL MEN'S PLACE.

Do not all go to one place?—Eccles. vi. 6.

I REMEMBER an ingenious writer, who had been very copious in his publications, observed, that the best and most profitable were written after he was fifty years of age. It is supposed, then the judgment is ripened, and the genius is as it were advanced to maturity and knowledge; and experience gathered when young, will be more useful in the decline of life, when gray hairs are seen here and there upon them. It is said, indeed, that old men are twice children; but there are some whose geniuses are so very low that they cannot be twice children, because they are no better than children from their cradle to their grave; but this is not the case with God's children, for upon a reflection of the wrong steps they have taken, if it proceed from the sanctified sense of afflictions, they serve to make them more instructive in their latter day. This was the case of Solomon, though highly favoured when young, for the Lord appeared unto him twice, yet he fell most awfully, and had we not read of his recovery again, the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints must seem to fall to the ground; but we have reason to think that he was restored, and gave evidence of his recovery by writing in such a manner, that none could but one that knew much of God and himself; witness the book of Ecclesiastes, which in all ages of the church has been received with a peculiar respect. Ecclesiastes signifies a Preacher; such Solomon was from his own experience, and exceeded by none but him “who spake as no man ever did.”

The chapter in which is the text, describes the vanity and misery of our present state, if unsanctified. “There is an evil (saith he) that I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men:” though he is going about to describe a monster, yet it is a monster that walks and stalks abroad, a man to whom God has given riches, wealth, and honour, so that he wants nothing for his soul of all that he desires, though God gives him not power to eat, this is vanity and a great disease. Was there ever a more striking description of an old covetous miser, who leaves his wealth to some person that spends it faster than the poor wretch got it! He goes on, and says, “If a man beget a hundred children, and live many years, so that the days of his years be many, and his soul be not filled with good, and also that he have no burial, I say, that an untimely birth is better than he, for he cometh in with vanity, and departeth in darkness, and his name shall be covered with darkness. Moreover, he hath not seen the sun, nor known any thing; this hath more rest than the other.” And then, though this creature should be supposed to live a thousand years twice told, why, saith he, yet hath he seen no good, he has never been possessed of real good to make him happy here or hereafter, for,

adds he, do not all go, both the abortive and the aged, young and old, high and low, rich and poor, whether blessed with children, or have no children, whether like Lazarus, that beg their bread, or Dives, clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, “Do not all go to one place?”

An important question! shall I propose it to you tonight? Do you know what the wise man means when he offers this question to your consideration, “Do not all go to one place?” What can be the design of this? the thing, no doubt, here spoken of is death; the place here spoken of, no doubt, is the grave. An amazing consideration! part of the first sentence that the great and holy God ever denounced against fallen man, to one and all, “Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.” On account of our first parents’ transgression, it is appointed unto all men, all sorts of men, all the inhabitants under heaven, once to die; and therefore the apostle says, “Death hath passed upon all men, even upon those who have not sinned after the similitude of the transgression of Adam,” that is, who have not been guilty of actual sin. Can there be a stronger proof of the imputation of Adam’s guilt, of original sin, or a more cutting trial that a tender father and nursing mother can undergo, than to see a dear little child just born, or but lent to the loving parents for a few months, taken away often in the greatest agonies that we can conceive? And if God, my dear hearers, has ever suffered your dear children suddenly to be seized with convulsions, and continue in anguish and agonizing pains for many days together, you have had sufficient proof of it. A friend of mine in London, about thirty-two years ago, that was dotingly fond of every child he had, to whom I wrote a letter from Georgia, beginning with these words, Is your idol dead yet? for I thought it was such an idol that would soon go. The account he gave me the first time I saw him was, that the day before my letter was received, the child died in such agony and torture, that its excrements came out of its mouth, which made the fond and too indulgent parent wish to have rather died a thousand deaths himself, than that his child should die in such a way; and added, I was obliged to go to God, and desire him to take my darling away. What an awful proof are their sufferings, that children come into the world with a corruption that renders them liable to God’s wrath and damnation; but the blood, the precious blood of Jesus Christ, it is to be hoped, cleanses them from the guilt and filth of sin. So, any of you that have got children dead in infancy, O may you improve what I shall say by and by from the text, and pray and endeavour to go to that place, where I hope you will see your children making a blessed constellation in the firmament of heaven: in this respect all go to the same place, some at the beginning of life, some at the middle, and some at the decline; and happy, happy they who go to bed soonest, if their souls are saved!

But, my dear hearers, in another case we may venture to contradict even Solomon: for if we consider the words of our text in another view, all do not

go to one place; it is true, all are buried in the grave either of earth or water, but then after death comes judgment; death gives the decisive, the separating blow. Suppose then, in our enlarging on the text, we should confine the word *all* to the unregenerate, and to those that are not born of God. These indeed die when they will, all go to one place. If you should ask me, for I love dearly to have an inquisitive auditory, who I mean by unregenerate? who I mean by those that are not born of God? I answer, I do not mean all that only bear the name of Jesus Christ, I mention this, because a great many people think that all that are baptized, either when they are adult or when they are young, whether sprinkled or put under water, all these go to heaven. I remember when I began to speak against baptismal regeneration in my first sermon, printed when I was about twenty-two years old, or a little more; the first quarrel many had with me was, because I did not say that all people who were baptized were born again; I would as soon believe the doctrine of transubstantiation. Can I believe that a person who gives no evidence of being a saint, from the time of his baptism to the time perhaps of his death, that never fights against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and never minds one word of what his godfathers and godmothers promised for him; can I believe that person is a real Christian? No, I can as soon believe that a little water in the priest's hand, about a quarter of an inch long, is the very blood and bones of Jesus Christ, who was hung upon the cross without the gates of Jerusalem. I do believe baptism to be an ordinance of Christ, but at the same time no candid person can be angry for my asserting, that there are numbers that have been baptized when grown up, or when very young, that are not regenerated by God's Spirit, who will all go to one place, and that place is where there will be no water to quench that dreadful fire that will parch them with thirst. I am speaking out of a book which contains the lively oracles of God, and in the name of one who is truth itself, who, knowing very well what he spoke, is pleased in the most solemn and awful manner to say, and that to a master in Israel, that "if a man be not born again of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" he can have no idea, no proper, no adequate notion of it, much less is he to expect to be happy eternally with God hereafter; and therefore, as our Lord spoke to this man, give me leave to observe to you: I do not mean the Deists only by unregenerate sinners; I do not mean the profane mocker, who is advanced to the scorner's chair, nor your open profligate, adulterers, fornicators, abusers of themselves with mankind, these have damnation as it were written upon their foreheads with a sun-beam; and they may know that God is not mocked, for if they die without repenting of these things, they show they are in an unregenerate state, and will all go to one place: if any of you are going thither, may God stop you this night.

But, my brethren, I will come closer: there are more unbelievers within the pale than without the pale of the church. Let me repeat it again, you may think of it when I am tossing upon the mighty waters, there are more unbelievers within the pale of the church than without. All are not possessors that are professors, all have not got the thing promised, all are not partakers of the promise, that talk and bless God they have got the promised Saviour. I may have him in my mouth and upon my tongue, without having the thing promised, or the blessed promise in my heart. A moral man that can walk touching the law blameless, a person that thinks he is righteous, because he does not know why a person who has got no other religion but to go to a particular place of worship, values himself upon being a churchman or dissenter; he is such a bigot, that he thinks no man will go to heaven but himself. These, however they may think themselves safe, will ere long go to one place, whether they think so, or no; they will be soon summoned to one bar, and the voice of the archangel sounding, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment," will be the great alarm; the dead shall arise, and appear before the Son of God, as Judge of all mankind; these, as well as the infidels, would gladly be excused; and as they once said. I pray to have me excused from coming to Christ, so they will fain be excused from appearing before, and being condemned by him, but they must all go to one place: and as they know not God, and are unacquainted with the divine life, they must hear and suffer the dreadful sentence, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." This is a thought, that if our hearts, my dear hearers, were properly awakened, would make our blood run cold: to be in a place of absence from God, a place where damned souls will be for ever cursing God and one another: give me leave to dwell upon it a little, and may it be blessed, under God, to awaken some careless person who perhaps may be taking a walk tonight, and just step in to hear what the babbler has to say, while he is about to take his leave of the people. When I saw you from my study crowding to come in, when I saw you pushing forward, some to go up to the Tabernacle, or into the vestry, some to fill the area, and others to stand at the door, I thought how shall I manage with myself tonight, shall I endeavour to make these weep and cry, shall I not earnestly address so many precious souls in a practical way, to bring them not to the preacher, but the preacher's Master? Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we would fain persuade all to flee from this wrath to come.

O awful thought! and yet it is a certain truth, all on earth must go to one place; if we live like, and are devils, here, we must go to, and be with them, when we die for ever! A blessed minister of Christ, in Scotland, told me a story he knew for truth, of a dreadful answer a poor creature gave on her deathbed, for the Scotch, except the people of New England, are the most knowing people in religious matters, perhaps anywhere; this person when

dying was asked by a minister, where do you hope to go when you die? says she, I do not care where I go; what, says he, do not you care whether you go to heaven or hell? no, says she, I do not care whither I go; but, says he, if you were put to your choice, where would you go? says she, to hell; to that he replied, are you mad, will you go to hell? yes, says she, I will: why so? says he; why, says she, all my relations are there. The dear minister of Christ preached after her death, told the story, and asked, is it not shocking to hear a woman say she would go to hell, because her relations were there? Why, you that are unregenerate must go to hell, for all your unregenerate relations are there; your father the devil is there; all damned angels and damned spirits; your brothers and sisters are there; as they went one way here, so they must be banished from Jesus Christ to one place hereafter.

But I must close this mournful theme, it is too gloomy to dwell upon; blessed be God, I have another place to tell you of, and another sort of people to speak of, who shall all, as well as those I have spoken of, go to one place; perhaps, here are some of them; blessed is it to live in God. When death closes the eyes, an actual separation is made, and instead of hearing "Depart, ye cursed, (they will hear,) Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Our blessed Master (and who speaks like him?) gives us an awful view of Dives and Lazarus, the one feasting and fattening his body to the grave, not keeping one fast-day in a year, and the other starving at his gate, perhaps buried in the ditch, denied a grave by the parish, while this vile wretch, who died also, had a pompous funeral; there he was, carried to one place. He was, perhaps, laid in state, two mutes attending round the coffin, while damned devils were gnawing his soul. He lift up his eyes in torment. Hark! do not you hear him, I will stop a little that you may: you ungodly ones, do not you hear your brother cry? He would not pray while alive, but hell makes him pray, not to God, but to Abraham; "Father Abraham (says he) send Lazarus to dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue;" and I verily believe, the damned will have a sight of those that are in heaven, to let them know what a heaven, what a Christ, what a glory, they have lost: God grant this may be none of your case. It will not be, if you are of the number of those who are bom from above, that are made new creatures in Christ Jesus; for by being born again from above, I mean receiving a principle of new life imparted to our hearts by the Holy Ghost, changing you, giving you new thoughts, new words, new actions, new views, so that old things pass away, and all things become new in our souls. I know very well, that the doctrine of a divine influence is exploded. I have often told you, and I tell you again, now I am about going to another clime for a while, that the grand quarrel that our Lord Jesus Christ has with England, and I do not speak it as a prophet, or the son of a prophet, but as the Lord God liveth, in whose name I speak, for whose glory I am

going abroad, and in whose fear I desire to die, if the Spirit of God and his divine influence is not more regarded in this land than it has been, woe, woe, woe to those that despise it, they may by and by, one day or other, wonder and perish. Blessed be God, there are a happy few who do regard it; and I am persuaded in my very soul, that the number in England, in Scotland, in Ireland, in Wales, and in America, does, and I pray it may still, greatly increase. Yet, notwithstanding the word of God does run and is glorified, how many are there at this day, that wilfully do despise to the Spirit of God; that hate the doctrine of the Spirit's divine influences; that if it were in their power,—but we live under Revolution principles, and are blessed with toleration, which is the bulwark of liberty of conscience, otherwise the street would run with the blood of both churchmen and dissenters. But whether the world will hear or forbear, blessed be God, when we speak of the new birth, we do not speak of a cunningly devised fable. What our eyes have seen, what our hands have handled, and what our hearts have felt, of the word of life, that declare we unto you. When I was sixteen years of age, I began to fast twice a week for thirty-six hours together, prayed many times a day, received the sacrament every Lord's day, fasting myself almost to death all the forty days of Lent, during which I made it a point of duty never to go less than three times a day to public worship, besides seven times a day to my private prayers, yet I knew no more that I was to be born again in God, born a new creature in Christ Jesus, than if I were never born at all. I had a mind to be upon the stage, but then I had a qualm of conscience. I used to ask people, Pray can I be a player, and yet go to the sacrament and be a Christian? O, say they, such a one, who is a player, goes to the sacrament; though, according to the law of the land, no player should receive the sacrament, unless they give proof that they repent; that was archbishop Tillotson's doctrine: well then, if that be the case, said I, I will be a player, and I thought to act my part for the devil as well as anybody; but, blessed be God, he stopped me in my journey. I must bear testimony to my old friend, Mr. Charles Wesley. He put a book into my hands, called, *The Life of God in the Soul of Man*, whereby God showed me, that I must be born again, or be damned. I know the place: it may be superstitious, perhaps, but whenever I go to Oxford, I cannot help running to that place where Jesus Christ first revealed himself to me, and gave me the new birth. As a good writer says, a man may go to church, say his prayers, receive the sacrament, and yet, my brethren, not be a Christian. How did my heart rise, how did my heart shudder, like a poor man that is afraid to look into his account-books, lest he should find himself a bankrupt. Yet shall I burn that book, shall I throw it down, shall I put it by, or shall I search into it? I did, and holding the book in my hand, thus addressed the God of heaven and earth: Lord, if I am not a Christian, if I am not a real one, God, for Jesus Christ's sake, show me what Christianity is, that I may not be

damned at last. I read a little further, and the cheat was discovered. O, says the author, they that know anything of religion, know it is a vital union with the Son of God, Christ formed in the heart. O what a ray of divine life did then break in upon my poor soul. I fell a writing to all my brethren, to my sisters, talked to the students as they came in my room, put off all trifling conversation, put all trifling books away, and was determined to study to be a saint, and then to be a scholar; and from that moment God has been carrying on his blessed work in my soul: and as I am now fifty-five years of age, going towards sixty, I tell you, my brethren, as I shall leave you in a few days, I am more and more convinced that this is the truth of God, and without it you never can be saved by Jesus Christ. All those born of God, whether when young or old, at the sixth, ninth, or eleventh hour, however separated from one another, through the grace of God they shall all go to one place.

If you ask where that place is? I answer, blessed be God, to heaven. If you ask to whom they shall go? I answer, to the spirits of just men made perfect; and, what will be best of all, to Jesus Christ, the heavenly inheritance. If we were not to go to him, what would heaven be? If we were not to see him, what would glory be? I know some people think heaven is a fine place, so it is; but what makes it so, but the presence and joy of the God of glory? I would rather die a thousand deaths, than sacrifice my affections as I have done: after I had taken leave of all my friends some years ago at Deptford, I burst out into tears, and said, Lord, I would not suffer all I feel for my friends, but for thee; then returned to my friends, and said, Now the bitterness of death is passed, I am going to be executed, God's will be done. Blessed be God, after death there are no separations, we shall all go to one place; ministers that could not preach in one pulpit, and Christians that could not agree with one another, blessed be God, shall by and by go to one heaven; whether they go to one place or no in this world, does not signify. Says one, I go to the Dissenters; another, I go to church; and a great many Christians judge of one another as infidels, because they are not of one sentiment. A good woman came to me some years ago, just as I had done preaching, (some people love to be impertinent,) What do you think, says she, of Cotton Mather and another minister; one said, I ought to receive the sacrament before my experience was given in, the other said not, and I believe the angels were glad to carry them both to heaven. I said, Good woman, I believe they have not talked about it since, for they will no more talk about these things. We have but one Father, one Holy Ghost, we have lived in one communion of faith; blessed be the living God, ere long the angels shall come and call the elect from the east, the west, the north, and the south, to be at home with the Lord.

If this be the case, my brethren, it may support us under all the changes and partings of this mortal state. As I have been in a public character, I

suppose I may venture to say that no one has been called to such frequent partings from God's people as I have. I am going now the thirteenth time over the water; yes, I find what is said of St. Paul is true, he could bear a whipping, not a weeping; What mean you, says he, to weep, and break my heart. He never said, whip me and break my back, no, no! All get to one place: what a blessed state! to see one's spiritual father, to see one's spiritual children, and hear them say, Such and such a time God begat me to himself by your ministry! what a blessing will it be to hear them say that. Blessed be God, next to the Spirit, I owe my coming here to that servant of thine! and with what ravishment will the minister say, Behold me, and the children thou hast given me! with what holy triumph will they all then cast their crowns at the foot of the Lamb! with what joy will they cry, grace, grace, when the topstone is brought forth, and how will they then try who shall praise redeeming love and rich free-grace in the highest strain! The difference here is, you know, that we sing in parts, some sing treble, some tenor, and some bass; what then? each part helps the other; were all to sing alike, the harmony would not be complete. However shocking it is in this world, all the differences that have been among the people of God, will only make us sing, and unite us the better in a future state.

Well, my dear hearers, by this time, then, I hope you have begun to ask, To what place am I going? Suppose now you reason thus; I have heard tonight that all unregenerate persons go to hell, and dwell among the damned; I have heard that all that are born again of God, and all that believe in Jesus Christ, whether Jew or Gentile, whether bond or free, all go to dwell with God, with angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. I have heard the minister say, though he seems sometimes to ramble in his discourse, that we all go to one place, that is, the grave. I am hastening there, autumn is coming on, the fall of the leaf is approaching, a blast, occasioned by the sudden change of weather, or a surfeit, by feasting too luxuriantly on the fruits of God's bounty; another illness may take me to my long home. I hear of such a one's dying, and of such a one, perhaps in an apoplectic, perhaps in a paralytic fit: I am lusty and strong, I am glorying in my strength, but who knows but that may be only making me food for a fever? One would stand it better that was more emaciated than I am. If I should be taken this night, am I going the way to hell, or the way to heaven? Adrian, the emperor, cried out upon a time, "My trembling, dear, departing soul, whither art thou going?" These were his words. Won't you hear an emperor preach, preach on his dying bed, when the silver cords of life are loosed? Conscience, conscience, conscience, thou candle of the Lord, may be help thee to light a poor sinner into a knowledge of himself. I charge thee in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the name of that Saviour, in whose name and by whose power, I trust, I now preach.

O conscience! thou faithful monitor, let every one hear their own. Come, if conscience were to speak, what would it say? Why, that if you be not acquainted with yourself and Christ, you are lost for ever. The Americans are the most hospitable people under heaven. They love to entertain strangers, who may be hereby kindly provided for without going to an inn. I always endeavoured to drop a word for Christ when I came to their houses. I remember Mr. Seeward, and some other good friends, were with me; when I first got into the house, I began to talk of Christ; the master of it said, Sir, I believe you are right. I cannot open a leaf in my Bible, but I find I am no Christian: would to God all here minded the same leaf! May be, many here say, Sir, I scorn your words; Well, do not I, does not God, tell you that won't do? You are a moral man, but do not love God; you do not get drunk, because it will make your head ache; you do not commit fornication and adultery, which is common among the great, and therefore they think God will not punish them for it; perhaps you are not a fornicator, lest you should stand in a sheet, though we have no discipline among us now. You do not do these things, for fear of maintaining the bastard, or being taken up; but does your obedience proceed from love to God, to Christ? if not, may God convince you of your miserable state before you go hence!

But, blessed be God, there are numbers of dear souls here, that I hope ere long to live with in one place and to eternal ages. All hail, my fellow Christians! All hail, my dear brethren and friends! All hail, ye that are children of one parent, born of one Spirit, and bring forth the fruits of the Holy Ghost in your conversation. Yet a little while, and we must part; whether I die, or you die, blessed be God, one place shall ere long hold us; in yonder blessed world we shall ere long meet and praise free grace. My brethren, we shall be then for ever with the Lord, for ever one with Christ: and if this be the case, let us comfort one another with these things; and if we be all going to one place, God, of his infinite mercy, keep us from falling out by the way. Do not say, I am of the Foundery; do not say, I am of the Tabernacle; do not spend your time in talking against John Wesley and George Whitefield; do not say, you go to the Tabernacle, I will go to the chapel; no, do not speak of Paul and Cephas. God unite us more and more to Jesus Christ; and if you be going to heaven, God help you to travel a little faster than we do. My brethren, let us press forward toward the mark of the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus. O that the God of love may fill us with such peace and such joy, that every storm, every trial, every temptation we meet with, may be over-ruled to good for us. All our afflictions, all our temptations, are to make heaven more desirable, and earth more loathsome.

If this be not the case with some of you, God convert you tonight. Help me, my dear Tabernacle and London hearers, help me, help me, help me for Jesus Christ's sake. You were once going to hell yourselves, for God's sake

endeavour to stop those that are going there. Pray for your unconverted friends! Young people, young people, that are going to hell giddily, may God stop you this night: were I to talk to you seriously, you would say as a young gentleman did, when I desired he would not swear; he turned to me and said, Doctor, (I was no more a doctor then than now, and but young too,) it is very hard you will not let a man go to hell his own way. If any of you be of this stamp, God grant he may not let you go to hell your own way, but go to heaven in God's way, in Christ's way. I am sure you are not happy. The devil never had a happy child in the world. O that God may turn your feet into the way of peace tonight. O that it may be with you as with a young man one night formerly: I remember I had about two hundred notes then. I came into Moorfields this morning at six o'clock, says he, to meet my sweetheart, blessed be God, I met with Jesus Christ, my sweet-heart: would to God you may do so, young men, tonight! when you have gone on to that place, O that it may be with you as it was with good Mr. Crane, who is appointed steward of the Orphan-house; he went once to see a play at Drury-lane, but that being full, he went to Covent-Garden, and that was so full he could not put his head in. Well, says he, (he told it me himself, and he is an Israelite indeed, one of the most honest men, perhaps, in the world,) I will go and hear Dr. Whitefield. There God reached his heart, and now he shines. I had letters yesterday or the day before from Georgia, that made my heart leap for joy; honest Mr. Wright, that ingenious, indefatigable man, and Mr. Crane, have gone on so well, and have managed the Orphan-house so well, that all letters from all parts give me a pleasure: would to God, one says, you could send ten thousand such people as Mr. Wright and Mr. Crane; would to God you could send a thousand such over, and a hundred preachers to preach Christ among us. O that curiosity may be over-ruled for good to some of you tonight. But I forgot myself, and can you blame me if I should detain you a little? though I am really afraid of unfitting myself for my voyage, if I tire myself before I go. Tomorrow I am to go to sea, where I am to sleep. I intend, God willing, to have a sacrament here tomorrow, and another next Sabbath-day morning. I intend, God willing, to give you a parting word on Sunday evening, and give you notice of taking my last farewell in the week, for I must get a day or two to despatch my private business, and be ready to go where my God calleth me.

I shall, I think, be called to do something which I would, if possible, have avoided, and that is, as this place has been repaired, you see it is fresh done, which is expensive, and I am willing to leave every thing clear before I go. A collection must be made for defraying the charge. The world thinks I am very rich. A man the other day was so persuaded of my riches, that he sent me word, if I did not lay thirty pounds in such a place, I should be killed as sure as I was alive! but, blessed be God, I am alive yet. I do not fear dying

suddenly, or being despatched by a poniard or pistol, to make a passage for my soul to flee to God. You may think, perhaps, I get a deal by preaching here; and now I am going away, what do you think my stated allowance is for preaching at the Tabernacle? I have no more from this place than one hundred pounds a year; and I asked but last night how it stood, and, instead of having a single sixpence, I was told there were fifty pounds arrears; well, said I, ungrateful as it is to me, I will make a collection tonight, that all may be left free; and if others are left to make an advantage of it, may God make it a blessing. There are not six people in this place that I have had the value of a guinea of from January to August; nor have I had a guinea from all these ordinances, towards bearing the expenses of my voyage. When I come, my brethren, to heaven, you shall then know with what a spirit I have served you; you shall then know that all I have done is to build places for others, where I hope God will meet you and your children when I am dead and gone. O that we may meet in one place, when God calls me hence. The Lord quicken you, the Lord strengthen you, the Lord Jesus Christ be with you, and grant that ere long we may be where there shall be no more sorrow, but we shall dwell with God and one another for ever: even so, Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*