

A DECLARATION
REMARKABLE PROVIDENCES

IN THE COURSE OF MY LIFE.

BY JOHN DANE, OF IPSWICH.
1682.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A PEDIGREE OF THE DANE FAMILY,
AND A FEW NOTES.

BY A MEMBER OF THE
NEW ENGLAND HISTORIC-GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY.

Prepared for the N. E. H. and G. Register.

BOSTON:
SAMUEL G. DRAKE,
15 BRATTLE STREET
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P R E F A C E.

A small volume in the handwriting of John Dane, of Ipswich, (great-great-grandfather of Hon. Nathan Dane, founder of the Dane Law Professorship at Harvard University,) has lately been presented to the N. E. H. G. Society by John J. Babson, Esq., of Gloucester. The book contains 132 leaves, is $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, and 6 inches long, and is bound in parchment, with a lappet. On the inside of the cover is written in a large hand:—“*Philemon Warner, Junr, his Book, given him by his grandmother Warner, Janry 20th, 1741: 2.*”—On the first leaf is the following memorandum: “*This John Dane was from England, Doct. Phillemon Dane’s Father, of Ipswich. I remember y^e Doct. 60 or 70 years agoe, pr PHILE. WARNER, 1770.*”—On the next page Mr. Dane’s writing commences with the following,—probably intended as a title page:

“By John Dane, senner, of Ipshwitch,
And Chiriergen, in the yer of our Lord,
1682;

Containing sum poems in waie of
preparation for death, besides the obsaruation
of seauarall prouedensis in the Cose of
his lyfe, and aded seauerall meditations.

He that lues out full seauenty years,
and has fullfild that number,
his after time that doth apere
is of grefe and great wonder. (psalme the 90: 10.”

Mr. Warner has added under this:—“Ipswich, 1682.”

The volume contains two narratives,—one in rhyme and the other in prose,—and some religious meditations and advice to the author’s children, in rhyme. It also contains minutes of sermons by Mr. Dennison, Mr. Hubbard, and Mr. Gerrish, in the handwriting of one who signs himself John Dane,—probably the son of the first owner. There is also some short hand. The prose narrative—which is here printed—contains all the facts found in the rhymed one, with additional particulars. It will be seen that it is deficient in dates. But it gives the places of residence of the family in England, besides other important facts and interesting descriptions. It is otherwise valuable in giving us an insight into the character and sentiments of persons in Mr. Dane’s condition in life, in his day. The writer of the narrative, it seems, came to New England before his parents. He appears to have arrived here in the spring or early part of the summer,—but in what year is not known,—and after a short stay at Roxbury, to have settled in Ipswich. Mr. Felt finds him at Ipswich in 1638.* His father had a house lot granted to him there, “entered 9th 2mo. 1639.”†

* Hist. of Ipswich, p. 11.

† Hammatt.

Sarah Dane, dau. of the narrator, m. 23 Sept. 1668, Daniel Warner, and was probably the "grandmother Warner" mentioned above. Her son, Philemon Warner, b. 2 Feb., 1675, m. 27 April, 1696, Abigail Tuttle, and had Philemon jr. b. 17 Jan., 1697, who "might well remember his great uncle the Doctor, who was living in 1716."* Mr. Dane in his will says:—"My will is that my sons John and Philemon have my books and manuscripts, and that Philemon divide them, and John chuse."† I suppose, from appearances, that this book fell to the share of John, who may afterwards have given it to his sister Sarah Warner.

Annexed are fac similes of three autographs. The first is that of the narrator's father, written in 1658, the second is his own, 1683, and the last is that of his brother, Rev. Francis Dane of Andover, ab. 1660. I have prefixed a pedigree of the Dane family; in preparing which I am indebted for materials to Mr. Thomas B. Wyman, Jr., and to William R. Deane, Esq. The latter gentleman has allowed me to make use of several valuable letters on this subject which he has received from A. Hammatt, Esq., of Ipswich.

J. D.

John Dane

John Dane Sr

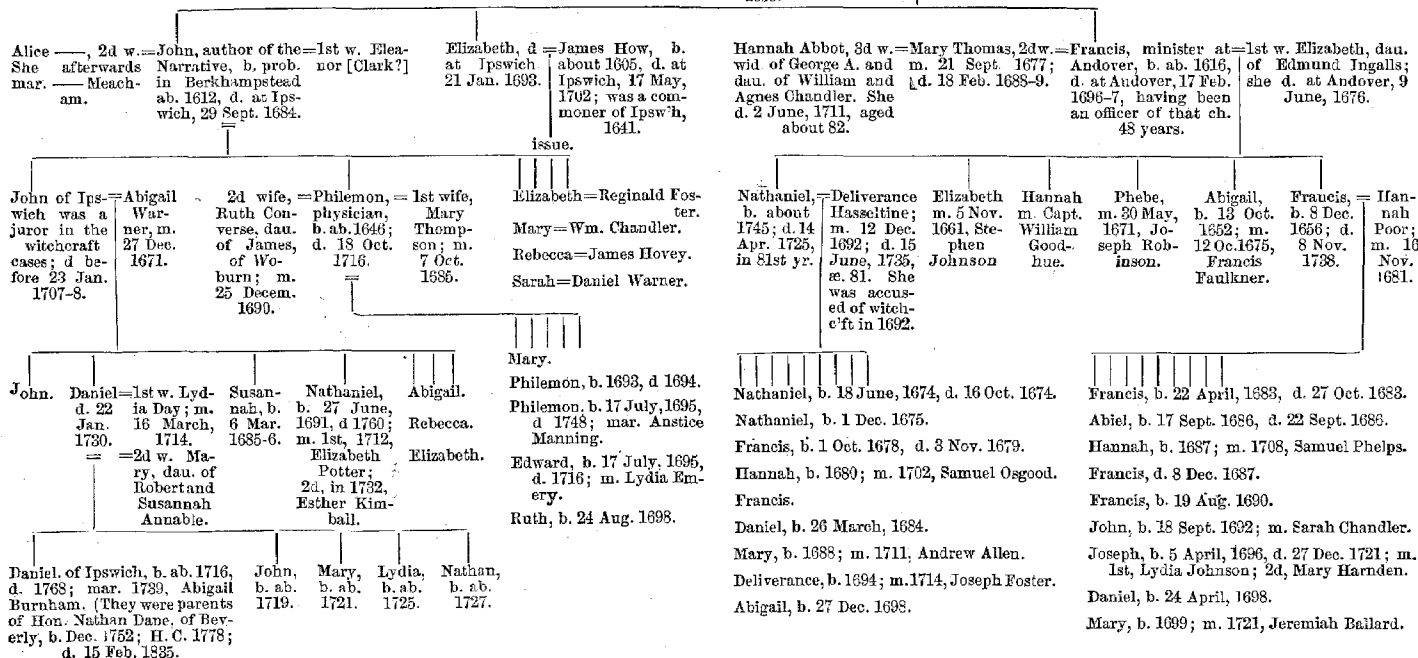
Francis Dane

* Hammatt.

† Ibid.

PEDIGREE OF DANE.

Annis [Agnes] Chandler, 2d w. = JOHN DANE, of Berkhamstead and = 1st w. ———
 wid. of William C. of Roxbury; Bishop's Stortford, Herts, Eng., and of
 m. 1643. She m. 3d, in 1661, Ipswich and Roxbury, N. E.; probably
 John Parminter. freeman of Mass. 1641; d. at Roxbury,
 1655.



Pedigree.

A DECLARATION OF REMARKABELL PROUEDENSES
IN THE CORSE OF MY LYFE.

And first of a famely prouedens. In my infansy, and yet I ueary well Remember it, my fatther Remoud his habetation from baicumstid [Berkhampstead] to Starford [Stortford]. Thare he bout a house, and brout his famely theather; and he went back againe to finesh matters with him he had sould his two, and my mother and hur children ware at Storford. Not being among anie aquaintans, and my fatther staying longer then she thout he would, or himself other, my mother met with sum wants and was trobeled and weapt. I doubt not but she layd open her wants to god, for she was a serious woman. And my Sister How, she was but a lettell gurle, she went into the yard and sot doune in the sun under the window; and laying hur hand on the ground to Rise up, thare lae a shilling under hur hand. She brout it in. I, being a lettell boy, askt hur where she found it. She shewed me. I went and scrambled with my fingers in the place and found a nothter. It being in the nick of time in hur wants, she toke great notis of it and I doubt not but made good improuement thareof, with great acknouledgment of gods marsie at that time.

I shall menshon one more consurning my Mother. When she liued in starford, one nyte, in her slepe, she fell into a dream, and waking she was mutch taken with it. She tould my father, and could not cepe it out of hur mind. And it was, that sutch a minester, I haue forget his name, should preach sutch a weke and sutch a day at elsuam, [Elsenham,] on sutch a text. The thouts of it did so take with hur that she inquired, and as she dreamed, so it was; the same man, the same day, the same text. She and my brother How herd him. I, then being so young, cannot Remember euery thing; but I doubt not but that she made good improuement of that sarmon.

Consarning my self; when I was but a lettell boy, being edicated under godly parents, my Conshans was ueary apt to tell me of euells that I should not doe. Being now about aight yers ould, I was giuen mutch to play and to run out without my fathers Consent and againe his comand. One a time, I haueing gone out most parte of the day, when my father saw me cum home, he toke me and basted me. I then cept home, and folowed my busenes two or thre dase. My father and mother Comended me, and tould me that god would bles me if I obeyed my parents, and what the contrary would ishe in. I then thout in my harte, o that my fatther would beat me more when I did amis. I fard, if he did not, I should not be good.

Not longe after, I being alone on the shopbord Repping open a payer of bretches of a Gintilmans who had had a hole in his pocut and sewed up againe, thorow which hole he had lost or dropt into his knes of his linings a pese of gould, which, when I saw, I thought I myt haue it, for I thout nobody knew of it, nor could know of it. I toke the Gould and hed it, and sat upon the shopboard to worke; but, thinking of it, I thout it is none of myne. I fetcht it againe, but upone more pondring I went and hed it againe. When I had dun so, I could not be quiet in my mynd, but fetcht it againe, and thout thow nobody could know of it, yet god, he knew of it. So I gaue it to my fatther, hoe gaue it to the gintelman. I cant but take notes of gods goodness in then giving me Restraining grace to presarue from sutch a temptation, though then I slytly passed ouer many sutch prouedenses.

I did think myself in a good condishon. I was conuinsed that I should pray and durst doe no other, and Red and here sarmons and durst doe no other; yet I was giuen to pastime and to dansing, and that I thout lawfull. Now uppone a time, when I was groune 18* yers of age or thare abouts, I went to a dansing scoll to lerne to dans. My father hering of it, when I cam home tould me, if I went agayne, he would bast me. I tould him, if he did he should neuer bast me againe. With that, my father toke a stick and basted me. I toke it patiently, and said nothing for a day or [two], but on morning betimes I Res and toke 2 shurts on my back and the best sute I had, and a bybell in my pocet, and set the dores open and went to my fathers chamber dore and said, god by father, god by mother. Why, whether are you going? To seke my fortin, I answered. Then said my mother, *goe where you will, god he will find you out.* This word, the point of it, stuck in my brest, and afterwards god struck it home to its head.

Although I thout my ffather was two Strict, I thout Soloman said, be not holy ouer mutch, and daued was a man after gods oun harte, and he was a danser; but yet I went my Journey, and was from him half a yere before he hard where I was. I first settled in barcumsted, and thare Rought on a shobord that had bene improud that waie. On a nyte, when most folke was a bead, a mayd cam into the shophord and sat with me, and we Jested togetther; but at the last she cared it so, and put husef in sutch a poster, as that I made as If I had sum speshall ocason abrod and went out; for I fared, If I had not, I should haue cumitted foley with hur. But I ofen thout that it was the prayers of my parents that preuaild with god to kepe me. I then gaue my self mutch to dansing and staying out and heating myself and lying in haymowes, the pepell being a bed where I abod that I lost my culler and neuer Recuferd it a gaine.

I then went and wrought at harford, [Hertford,] and went to an in for my lodging. The next day I went and got worke in the toune. It was nere the time of the sises at harford, and my m^t had manie sargants Cotes to make; and I sat up thre nights to work, and then I went to my In to lodg. The dore was lockt, and I knockt hard. I hard one of the mayds sa, thare is one at the dore. I hard one sa, tis no matter, it is none but the taylor. So they opend the dore, and the ostis sat in a chare by the fyer, in hur naked shift, houlding hur brests open. She said to me, a chare being by hur, she houlding out hur hand, Cum let us drink a pot, and seuerall times Reetrated hur words. I said I was so slepey that I could not stay with her now, but I would drink a cup with hur in the morning; and so I hastend awaie to my Chamber. Here I toke no notes of the goodnes of god in Restraining me, but Rather ascribd it to my self; all though I had as Retched a natter, as I haue bene sens more sensible on then before.

Awhile after thare was a Cockpit bult, to fite Cockes in, and many Knits and Lords meat thare; and thare folowed to the toune a manie braue Lases. And upone a day, as I Remember, thare came on from Starford that I was wonderfull glad to see, that I myt inquirer of my frinds thare. I inuited him to this in to drink; and thare was one of theas braue

* In the rhymed narrative he says that when he left his parents he was "sixtene yeres of age."

† The inverted comma is used for a sign of contraction for which we have not the proper character. M^t here stands for Master. Twice, at least, in the following pages, it is used for Mistress.

lases thare which dind at the table I dind at, and it is lykly that I myt drink to hur and she to me; but this I know, I neuer toucht hur. The nite after, I came to goe to bead and askt for a lite. My osten sayd, we are busey, you may goe up without, the mone shines. And so I did. And when I cam in the chamber, I went to my bed side and puld of all my Clothes and went in, and thare was this fine lase in the bead. I slipt on my Clothes agayne, and went doune and askt my ost, why she would sarue me so. O, sayd she, thars nobody would hurt you. I tould hur, if I hired a Rome, I would haue it to myself; and shoud my self mutch angrey. So she gaue me a lite into another Chamber, and thare I lae; but, in the morning, I went to that chamber I used to ly in, for I had left a lettell bundell of things on the beds tester. I cam to the dore and gaue the dore a shuf, and this fine Mistres Reacht out hur hand out of the bead and opend the dore. So I went in. I doubt mis I am troblsom to you. No, sayd she, you are welcum to me. I tould hur, I had left a small trifell on the tester of the bead, and I toke it and went my waie. For all theas, and manie other of the lyke, I thank god I neuer yet knew any but thos two wifes that god gaue me. But when I conseder my Retchted hart, and what I myt with shame and blushing speke that waie, I cannot but sa, O, wonderfull, unspekable, unsarchabl marseys of a god that taketh care of us when we take no Care of ourseluese.

I now being at harford, M^r Goodin preacht thare, and he preacht consarning prayer. But on saboth day, not being in that trim that i would haue bene in, (I had a great band that cam ouer my shoulders that was not clene, and sum other things that I would haue had,) I would not goe to metting but walkt in the filds close by a meadow sid. Thare was, whetther fly, wasp or hornet, I cannot tell, but it struck my finger, and watter and blod cam out of it and paind me mutch. I went up to a hous and shoud it, but thay knew not what a sting I had at my harte. Now I thout of my mothers words, that god would find me out. I hastend home to the Chamber I lay in, at my masters house; and when i cam thare I toke my bybell and lokt ouer sum instructions my father had Ret, and I weapt sorly. The payne and swelling increast & sweld up to my shoulder. I prayd ernistly to god that he would pardon my sinn and heall my arme. I went to a surgin and askt him what it was. He said it was *the take*. I askt him what he meant. He said it was taken by the prouedens of god. This knoct home on my hart what my mother said, *god will find you out*. Now I made great promises that if god would here me this time I would Reforme.

It pleased god in a short time to ease me and I did Reforme, and stod in aw of gods Judgments, though I had a linkring mind after my former pastime. I then Rout with m^r Tead, that liues at Charlstoune. He was a young man then. He and I was going to a dancing on nite, and it began to thunder, and I tould him I doubted we ware not in our waie; and he and I went back againe. But about a munth or six wekes after, I had a mynd to uisit a frind of a saboth day foure myle of of harford; but I tok a good whyle pondring whether I myt or no. I knew m^r gooding was a good man, and that the other was naught; but, to quiet my mynd, I thought that Christ said consarning the phareses, thay set in moises chare, here them. I thought he myt preach good matter. And thus I blynded my eyse, and went. And when I cam thare, thay ware gone to metting; and I flattred myself, it may be I shall mete them cuming home. And so I went in to an orched, and sat

doune in an arbore ; and, as before, one the same finger and on the same place, I was stricken as before, And as it struck my hand so it struck my harte, for I sudingly Rose up and went into a wood ; and thare I cryd bitterly, and now concluded that god, god had found me out. I was now utterly forlorn in my spiret, and knew not what to du, thinking that god now had utterly forsaken me, and that he would here me no more. And when I had cryd so long that I could cry no longer, I Rose up in a forlorne condishon, and went home to harford. I then, in a Restles condishon knew not what to du. I was thinking what to do to throw of this troble ; and at this time, awhile after, thare was on master scurfeld, [Scofield ?] who was a minester and my godfather, that had a sonn that was bound to saint Christifars, and he was at me to goe with him. I Readily agreed. And when the time was cum that we should goe, thare came nuse that saint Christifars was taken by the spanyard.*

Then was I at a sore lose, and considred what I should du. I drew up this concluson, that I would goe and work Jurney work thorow all the Counties in ingland, and so walk as a pilgrim up and doune on the earth. But, at last, I had sum thouts to goe first home to my fathers house ; but I thout he would not entertaine me. But I went ; and when I came home, my fatther and mother entertained me ueary louingly, and all the naigh-bors. Yet my mynd was still trubled, though I had sum secret thouts that god myt still doe me good. M^r hares [Harris ?] preaching at storford on that text, *Am I my brothers Cepper ?* declar'd that we out to be one anothers keppers. Upon which I spake to one that I was aquainted with, that if he saw me eyther du or say that that was not mete, that he would tel me of it. At that time when I herd anie Red a chapter that thare was anie of the promises in, my tares would Run doune my Chekes. I saw a young man Cuming in the streat, and I fard that he would call me out. I left the shophord and went into a backhouse, and prayed to god to kepe me that I myt not be ouercum.

After awhile that I had abod with my father, m^r Nortent[†] cuming to my fathers wisht him to put me to m^r Barentons. That was a ueary Religious famely as euer I came in. And I went theatther and was Buttlr ; thare I cept companie with the choises Christions. I went to here m^r farecloth, thre or fowr myle, I haue forgot the tounes name. The words of m^r fare Clothes text was thease : Ye that ware alents and strangers from the comanwelth of isrell hath he Reconsild to himself In this sarmon he did so set forth the loue of Christ, his Redenes and willingnes to entertaine pore sinners, as that I Beleue thare ware uearey feaw dry eyse in the metting house, nor without dores for manie could not cum in. It was great in-curegment to me.

Sone after this I mared, and went and dwelt at a place called wood Roe, in hatfeld. Sone after I had the palsie taking me, which did mutch weakening my brayne and spoyle my memory. And just it was with god that it should be so, for I cannot but acknowledg of what god had then bestowed on me. I went to a phisishon, and he tould me that it was too

* St. Christophers was captured by a Spanish fleet under Don Frederick de Toledo, in October 1629. 600 of the English settlers were condemned to work in the mines of Mexico, which outrage was one of the reasons that induced Cromwell, in 1655, to send the fleet under Penn and Venables against Jamaica. See Southey's *West Indies* I, 264, and Martin's *Br. Col.* II, 145 & 367.

† This I suppose was Rev. John Norton, afterwards minister at Ipswich and Boston, N. E. He had been curate at Bishop's Stortford, where the author's father then resided

latte to doe me annie good. I was so as that I could scarce goe to bed or from bed without helpe. And my mother hauing bene saruant to the Ladie denney,* she speaking of it to the Ladie, she tould hur of a meadson, that had cuered an ould woman of thre score yeres ould. My mother, diligently attending to the meathod of the besenes, cam to me and aplyed the same to me, and it ceuerd me; though I have the marks of it on my face to this day. Then I liued on wood Ro grene, on hatfield forrist. No soner on trobell was at an end, but a nother insude. There was on muschen liued under the same Rofe that I liued in, only he liued at one end and I at the other. Thare was farmers and yemans sonnes meat thare and I was among them, thinking no harme. But thay ware a contrifing to haue a mearey metting at that muschins hous, and inuitted me to be one of them. And being among them, thay would contrif thare busenes with me, and tould me that thay would haue four bushills of barly out of a barne, (the ouner of which, one of these was his son,) and this muschin was to turne it into malt, and brew it, and drink it thare. I durst not Cros them, thay ware sutch blustering lades; but I was in a sad tune, and knew not what to doe. But I went to my Brother Howest† father and aduised with him. He was a uery onest man, and he tould me I should, by no meanes, be among them when thay did act that busenes, but make sum Journey sum waie or other, and he would du the busenes for me. So I did. And he acquainted the woman of the house, a prudent woman. And at the time apointed thay went to the barn. The woman, hauing had fore knowledg of it, stud after supper at hur hall window lesening, the barne not being fare distant from the house, and she hard a noise at the barne, and sent suddinly to the barne, and toke them with fowr bushills of barly, cared out of the barne in a sacke. The thing being discouered, the men ware in a bad tose, but thay suspected me; and the yemons sonn came flattring to me, to know if I did not tell of it; and said it is well that it was found out, but neds he would know if I did not tell sum of the famely. I toud him I had not spoke with anie of the famely sens we ware together. Many words past, but notthing did apere, but suspishon. But on of the Company (as afterwards I was informed, and I myself suspected him and escaped his hands) came with a sord to my shop to kill me.

This was no sooner ouer but cumes a new trouble.

I then went to liue in the chef place in hatfield toune, and toke a prentis and kept a gurniman. And the taylers ware so disgust at it that thay made arnestly to the ould lady barenton, Sr fransis barenton's‡ widdow, and to m^r Sr Thomus barenton to git me out of the toune; for sayd thay

* There is a monument at Bishop's Stortford to Lady Margaret Denny, a descendant of the Edgecumbes, of Mount Edgecumbe, in Cornwall, Maid of Honor to Queen Elizabeth, and wife to Sir Edward Denny, knt., Groom of the Queen's Privy Chamber. She died April 1648, aged 88. The Lady Denny mentioned in the text may have been this person. See *Beauties of England and Wales*, VII., 214.

† It appears from this that the father of James How, who emigrated to New England and settled at Ipswich, resided at this time at Hatfield, co. Essex, Eng., or in its vicinity. This fact may assist his decendants in tracing their English ancestry.

‡ Sir Francis Barrington (created a Baronet 29 June 1611, d. 1628) m. Joan, dau. of Sir Henry Cromwell, and aunt to Oliver Cromwell, the Protector. (He had ch.: Sir Thomas, Robert, (these two are mentioned above;) Francis, John, Elizabeth, m. 1st Sir James Altham, knt., 2dly Sir William Masham, knt.; Mary, m. Sir Gilbert Gerard; Winifred, m. Sir William Mewes, or Meux; Ruth, m. Sir George Lamplugh, knt.; Joane, m. Sir Richard Everarde, knt. See *Burke's Extinct & Dorm. Baronetage*, (ed. 1844,) p. 43. Rev. Ezekiel Rogers, of Rowley, was at one time chaplain in the family of Sir Francis. See *Reg. V.* 119.

he takes up all our worke, and we know not how to liue. This was so eagerly prosecuted as that m^r Roburd barenton tould me y^t he would giue me his eres, if he did not send me out of toune. And after thre times sent for before S^r Thomus barenton, by warrant, and pleaded against, and could not preuaile, Thay sumansd me to the quarter seshons; but god of his goodnes stod by me, and afterwords I found great frenship from thos that was my profest aduersareys.

When theas stormes ware a litle ouer, thare was a great cuming to nu ingland; and I thout that the temptations thare ware two great for me. I then bent myself to cum to nu ingland, thinking that I should be more fre here then thare from temptations; but I find here a deuell to tempt, and a corrupt hart to deseue. But to Return to the way and manner of my cuming. When I was mutch bent to cum, I went to starford to my fatter to tell him. My brotther how was thare then. My fatter and motther showd themselves unwilling. I sat close by a tabell whare thare lay a bi-bell. I hastily toke up the bybell, and tould my fatter if whare I opend the bybell thare i met with anie thing eyther to incuredg or discouredg that should settell me. I oping of it, not knowing no more then the child in the womb, the first I cast my eys on was: Cum out from among them, touch no unclene thing, and I will be your god and you shall be my pe-pell. My fatter and motther neuer more aposd me, but furered me in the thing; and hasted after me as sone as thay could. My first cuming was to Roxburey. Thare I toke a pese of ground to plant of a frind. And I went to plant, and hauing cept long in the shep, the weatther being hot, I spent my self, and was ueary wearey and thurstey. I cam by a spring in Roxburey streat, and went to it, and drunk, and drunk againe and againe manie times; and I neuer drounk wine in my lyfe that more Refresht me, nor was more pleasant to me in my lyfe, as then I absolutly thout. But m^r Norton being at ipshwitch, I had a mynd to liue under him. And, on a time, I came to ipshwitch alone when thare was no path but what the ingens had made; sumtimes I was in it, sumtimes out of it, but god directed my waie. By the waie I meat in on place with forty or fiftie indiens, all of a Roe. The foremost of them had a long staffe that he held on his forhed lyke a unicorns horne. Many of them ware powwous; and, as I past by them, I said, What chere. Thay all with a loud uoise, laughing, cryd out, What chere, What chere, that thay made the woods Ring with the noyse. After I parted with them about a myle, I meat with two indines, one of them a uery lusty sannup. I had a packet under my arme, and he toke hould of it, and pekt into it. I snatcht it away, with an angrey countinans, and he made no more of it. So I came to ipshwich, and agreed with goodman medcafes uesell to bring me from boston, whare I had brout my Goods. I brout a yeres prouidyon with me, but I sone parted with it. My meall I parted wth for indin the next yere. I thout if on had it another should not want. Thare came a naibor to me and said he had no corne. He made great complaints. I tould him I had on bushill and I had no more, but he should haue half of it. And he had; and after I herd of sartain that at the same time he had a bushill in his house. It trubled me to se his dealings, and the dealings of other men. Manie trobles I past thorow and I found in my hart that I could not sarue god as I should. What thay ware, ware two teadus to menshon. But uppon a time walking, with my Gun on my shoulder charged, in the myle brok path, beyond Decon good-hewes, I had seauerall thouts cam flocking into my mynd, that I had beatter

make away myself then to liue longer. I walkt discosing with sutch thouts the best part of an ouer, as I Judged it, at length I thout, I oute of two euells to chuse the least ; and that it was a greater euell to liue, and to sin against god then to cill myself, with manie other satanecall thouts. I cock my Gun, and set it one the ground, and put the musell under my throte, and toke up my fote to let it of. And then thare cam manie thing into my head ; one that I should not doe euell that good myt cum of it. And at that time I no more scrupld to cill myself then to goe home to my oune house. Though this place is now a Rode, then it was a place that was not mutch walkt in. I was then mutch lost in my spiret, and as I Remember the next day m^r Rogers preacht, and exlpressing himself that those were blesed that fard god and hopt in his marsie. I thout that I fard god and hopt in his marsie. Then I thout that that blessednes myt belong to me, and it mutch supported my spiret.

Upone a time we ware in sum preasant want in the famely, & my wife tould me she had nothing for the children. She desierd me to take my gun and se if I could git nothing. And I did goe ; and I had one pigg and then that was hily estemd on, and that folowd me a great waie into the marshis. I thout the prouedens of god semd to tell me that I should not goe out to day. So I Returnd back againe with my pigg, and when I cam within les then forty Rod of my house, a cumpany of great gray gese cam ouer me, and I shot and brout down a galant gose in the uery nick of time.

In sixty one, my house was burnt, as nere as I can Remember ; and it was a most uialant fier. At that time I could not but take notes of seuarall prouedensis concurring with. I doe not know that I did murmer at it, but was silent loking up to god to santifie it to me. It pleased god to stur up the harts of my louing frinds to help me to the careying on of another. I had bene ill before, and not well fitting to goe abrod, and could not indewer weat on my fete. When the carts went into the woods, I went with them, and manie times in the swamps broke in up to the knese, in could watter, in the winter. And it pleasd god I grew beatter then before, which I lookt on as a speshall hand of god. A second prouedens was this that, though my prouidyons was all burnt, I had a stock of fine swine, and the corne that was burnt, when the flowrs fell downe and the fier out, thease swine fell to eattng the burnd corne, and fatted to admiration, and that in a small time, so that I had good porke for the workmen to carey on the work.

Thus god hath all along presarud and cept me, all my daies. Although I haue manie times lost his speshall presanc, yet he hath Returnd to me in marsi againe. Ons in ingland at M^r Barentons house, in Christmas time, the cumpanie in the hall was shewing trickes in the nite, and m^r Barenton came and stoud by. I being thare I toke notes that my m^r changed hur countinans, and the tares Ran doune hur chekes and she turnd awaie. I preasantly thout that hur thouts was better improud then myne. It put me apone a serious medetation of the Joys of heaven and of the uanety of this world. It toke sutch an imppreshon of my harte as that, though it was a time of Jolety, I could scarce here musick nor se wantonnes, [dancing?] that i was able to show my face without shedding of tares.

The lyke imppreshon had my thouts brout to me upone a question in our priuet mettings, upon a question of that text: Gods loue constraynes us to

loue him that has loued us first. Beating my thouts on gods infinit loue toke sutch an impreschon of my harte as that I thout I could doe anie thing for god or safer anie thing for god. O louing Relations haue a Care of quenshing sutch motions of gods spiret, lest you bring sorow and affliction on to your heads and harts, as manie others haue done, to thare great greif and sorrow ; and I can speake it to the grefe of my soule, by wofull exkperans.

SPECIMEN OF THE AUTHOR'S VERSIFICATION.

The orthography has been corrected and modernized in this specimen.

Lord, by thy Spirit try us, so
That we assuredly may know
That we are thine.
Lord draw us by the cords of love,
That we may seek the things above
That are divine.

Lord, let us make our calling sure,
That so by faith we may procure
Christ Emmanuel.
Lord, let our conversation be
By Jesus Christ our Lord set free,
With him to dwell.

Lord, let our hearts both pant and bray
To find the new and living way
That we may be
Waiting on thee continually
To have of grace a new supply,
By grace set free.

Lord, let afflictions physic be
From corruptions to set us free,
That so we may
Wait on thee continually,
Even to the death until we die
Thee to obey.

Let not afflictions us dismay
Since thou to us doth plainly say
All's for the best.
Let us by faith assured be
That from such storms thou'lt set us free
And bring's to rest.

For thy love is wonderful great,
Whenas poor souls do thee intreat,
As we do find ;
And thou dost pity show to those
That by faith do to thee keep close ;
Thou art most kind.

In passing by transgressions great
And sparing those that thou might'st beat
And that justly ;
Thou carry'st them all in thy arms
And deliverest them from all harms,
Else we must die.

Specimen of Versification.

Let not our hearts 'gainst thee recoil,
Although we know ourselves most vile,
For thou art great
To fortify us against sin
And strength unto our souls to bring,
Pray soul now speak.

That may refresh and strengthen so
As we boldly to God go
And hope to speed.
Why, thou delight'st i' the sons of men
And art most pitiful to them
In time of need.

And have not we oft found it so ;
When we by prayer to thee did go,
With fervent zeal,
Didst thou not then our needs supply,
And in our griefs thou stoodest by
To the soul appeal.

Conscience, if it be in good plight,
Will lead you in the darkest night
In the right way.
He'll lead you right even to the end,
And he will prove your choicest friend,
O, happy day !