

THE  
NEW-YORK  
MISSIONARY MAGAZINE,  
AND  
REPOSITORY  
OF  
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE;  
FOR THE YEAR  
1800.



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*Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.*

Mark xvi. 15.

*Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river,  
and the glory of the gentiles like a flowing stream.*

Isaiah lvi. 12.

*To the praise of the glory of his grace, in whom we have redemption  
through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of  
his grace.*

Eph. i. 6, 7.

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VOL. I.

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NEW-YORK:

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1800.

*Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Dr. Green, of Philadelphia, to a Director of the London Missionary Society.*

[From the Evangelical Magazine, for April, 1799.]

*Philadelphia, July 31, 1798.*

**T**HE Evangelical Magazine is a very entertaining, and, I think, useful publication:—I hope you will be so good as to continue to send it to me; and I am truly sorry I cannot make you the suitable return, by transmitting more numbers of the work which was begun under a similar title in this country; but at present that work is at a stand.

The Sermons before the Missionary Society, and the Sermon and Charge at the designation of the Missionaries, have given me pleasure in the perusal; and to this pleasure it is a considerable addition, that I am able to send you a sermon (by Mr. Mason), on a similar occasion, from this side of the Atlantic; and, as far as I am capable of judging, not inferior in excellence to any I have seen on the subject. The Constitution of the New-York Missionary Society I also inclose. In this city we are just about organizing one on much the same plan; so that you perceive that your Societies have done good by the influence of their example, as well as by the direct exertions to spread the gospel which they have originated. By your zeal we have undoubtedly been stirred up, and, I hope, that the spirit which has gone forth will extend far and wide.

*December 5, 1798.*

ALAS! who can tell whether the work he has begun shall ever be completed! I had written as above, when that awful scourge of our devoted city—the yellow fever—again made its appearance among us, and absorbed all other considerations in a solicitude which it produced for the preservation of life. I went with my family to the country, and there remained till the first day of the

last month. During the prevalence of the pestilence here in 1797, I was desirous to try the effect of a zealous declaration of the truths of the gospel, in circumstances which made every individual feel the uncertainty of life. I accordingly kept my church open through the whole of it; and being favoured with uncommonly comfortable views of divine truth myself, which seemed to raise me above the fear of death or disease, I persisted, in opposition to the entreaties of my friends, to preach three times a week, during the whole time the disease prevailed in the city. But I saw no permanent, or, at least, no remarkable fruits of my labour. On the contrary, it appeared evident, that though the people were somewhat affected under the discourses I delivered, yet their feelings were transient, and left no abiding impressions on their hearts. So true, in experience, is it, that nothing but the Spirit of God will ever dispose the human mind to turn from sin to holiness. The people indeed to whom I preached were a medley of all denominations and descriptions; for three-fourths of my own charge had fled from the city; and as there was no English church open except my own, and one of the Westlean Methodists, they flocked to me from all quarters. This year I determined to leave the city also; and after continuing to preach, till out of five hundred families, of which my congregation is composed, not more than fifty individuals remained. I went to Princeton with my family, and there continued till the beginning of November last. In 1793, both Mrs. Green and myself had an attack of this dreadful disease; but since that time none of my family (blessed be God) has been visited with it. Philadelphia, and indeed all our maritime cities and towns, are threatened with ruin from this fearful malady. In a range of sea-coast of more than 400 miles to the north-east of this place, not one sea-port has this year wholly escaped, at least not one town of considerable importance. While the Sovereign of the universe is chastising other countries by the desolating sword, he seems to have determined to scourge us by the devour-

ing pestilence; and it is the most gloomy part of the tale that we grow no better, but rather worse, while we suffer the rebukes of heaven. What will be the issue, God only knows. It is a consolation to think that he reigns, and to be assured that all things work together for good to them that love him.

The business of Missions with us has received some interruption from the pestilence. At New-York, however, they are prepared to send two Missionaries to the Chickesaw nation of Indians, on our south-west frontier. I have, at the request of the Society, just been with the Secretary of State, Mr. Pickering, on this business. He is disposed to give it all the encouragement and assistance in his power; and has furnished the information, and has promised to furnish the other accommodations which the Society request; and I believe it will not be long before the Missionaries I have mentioned enter on their work.

In my mind, your Missionary Society, and the spirit of evangelical piety which has lately been awakened in Britain, excite a much greater confidence, that the French will not conquer your island, than all your fleets and armies, though they were twice as great and well appointed as they are. I am rejoiced to hear that appearances are so favourable to the success of the missions which you have sent to the South Sea Islands. May the Lord of the harvest grant, that you may see an abundant harvest of souls gathered to the Redeemer, in the midst of these "long desolations."

With sincerest wishes and earnest prayer for your usefulness and comfort,

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your friend and fellow servant in the gospel of Christ,

ASHBEL GREEN.