

T H E
S T R A N G E A N D W O N D E R F U L
P R E D I C T I O N S

Of the Reverend Martyr,

M R . C H R I S T O P H E R L O V E ,

Minister of the Gospel at Lawrence-Jury London, who was beheaded on Tower-Hill, in the time of Oliver Cromwell's Government of England: giving an Account of Babylon's Fall, or the destruction of Popery, and in that glorious event, a general Reformation over all the world.

To which is Added,

Two Letters from his Wife to him a little before his Death with his Letter and directions to her again; The 22d of August, 1651. the day of his glorification.



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The Wonderful Predictions of Mr CHRISTOPHER LOVE.

A Few nights after he was sentenc'd to be behead'd on Tower Hill, which was on the 22d day of August, in the year 1651, which was ten days before his appointed time, by the sentence he received at the bar, being one night visited by two intimate acquaintances, or bosom friends, as he himself call'd them, in their private conference they began to complain to him of the cruelty of the times, and the malice and usage of the time serving brethren, to which Mr Love answered, And think you this an evil time: No, no, this is the very time when grace and true godliness can be distinguished from hypocrisy, many have followed Christ hitherto for the loaves, and are now turned back because of the roughness of the way, and the sore trial and tribulation met with by others that are gone before them? There are many in London at this very day, who think to go to heaven in there gilded coaches, and have denied Christ's cause before man. (against whom I am now witness) and Christ in his never failing word has promised to deny all such before his Father and the holy angels, this is the time to discern between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not, they formerly were my familiar acquaintances in fellowship and sweet converse, I sent this day to have a few words of them here in the prison, but they would not come, for their countenance is fallen, their consciences wounded, they cannot look me in the face, because I knew of their resolution, and was witness of their perjury. But, ah! how will they look the blessed of Jesus in the face in the morning of the resurrection what answer or excuse will they have for what they have done? O foolish people! who think to escape the cross, and come to the crown; but I tell you nay, you must all suffer persecution, who follow the Lamb, we must be hated of all nations for Christ's sake, we must come thro' great tribulation, thro' the fiery furnace of affliction, before we can enter the land of joy and felicity; know you not that the souls of those that were slain for the testimony of Jesus, are placed under the altar? Happy, happy are these men at this day and ever shall be happy, who

suffer for Christ's sake in a right and charitable way, through love to his cause, and honesty of heart; not thro' pride and hypocrisy, without the root of the matter; to have it said, they died martyrs, these are they who will miss their mark, and those who denied the call, and turned back shall never have the honour to find it. I am now appointed out by many to be in a destitute and a forlorn condition; but would not exchange my estate, no, not for all the kingdoms of the world; no, not for all the glory that's on the earth: I find my Redeemer's love stronger in my bonds than ever I did in the days of my liberty: therefore I hold living here in this world as death itself. I am as full of love and joy of the holy spirit, as ever a bottle was filled with new wine I am ready to cry out, 'The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me.' but I will not take it upon me to prophesy nevertheless, the Spirit of the Lord causeth me to utter; this usurped authority, now in the hands of Cromwell, shall shortly be at an end, England shall be blessed with meek kings, and mild governments, powerful preachers, and dull hearers; good sermons to them will be as music to a sleepy man, they shall hear, but not understand, nor lay the word to heart, to practise it in their lives, to walk by it. O England, thou shalt wax old in wickedness, thy sins abound like Sodom thy voluptuousness shall cry aloud for vengeance; the Lord shall threaten and chastise thee, yet in mercy and love will he look upon those that fear him. and call upon his name; he will spare and save them alive in the days of his anger, when the wicked shall be sifted from amongst you, as the chaff is sifted amongst the wheat: For out of thee, O England, shall a bright star arise, whose light and voice shall make the heathen to quake and knock under, with submission to the gospel of Jesus; he shall be as a son of thunder in the ears of the wicked; as a lanthorn to the Jews, to lead them to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, and true Messiah, whom they so long mistrusted; for the short work spoken of by the apostle, which the Lord is to make upon the earth, in the latter age of the world, cannot be far off. Observe my dear friends, while you live, my calculation of the dates in the book of the Revelation, and Daniel which the Spirit of the Lord led me into, for the Lord will reveal it to some of

his own, ere that time come, for the nearer the time is, the souls shall be taken away, and more and more shall be revealed to God's people; for the Lord doth nothing without he reveal it, by his Spirit to his servants the prophets: he destroyed not the old world, without the knowledge of Noah, he did not overthrow Sodom and Gomorrah without the knowledge of Abraham. I do not mean now, that any new prophet shall arise, but the Lord by his Spirit, shall cause knowledge to abound amongst his people, whereby the old prophecies shall be clearly and perfectly understood. And I die in that thought, and really believe, that my calculation on the Revelation by St John, and the prophecy which St Jerome copied off, and translated out of the Hebrew language, as it is written on Seth's pillar in Damascus, which pillar is said to have stood since before the flood, and was built by Seth Adam's son, and written by Enoch the prophet; as likewise the holy precepts, whereby the patriarchs walked before the law was given to Moses, which was also engraven on the said pillar, whereof many Jews have copies, in their own language, written on parchment, and engraven on brass and copper, but the alteration of the date makes them to stagger at it, not knowing that the dates were to be altered by the birth of Christ. First, this prophecy is intitled, 'A short work of the Lord's in the latter age of the world.' Great earthquakes and commotions by sea and land shall come in the year of God 1779, great wars in Germany and America 1780; the destruction of Popery, or Babylon's fall, in the year 1790; God will be known by many in the year 1795; this will produce a great man. The stars will wander, and the moon turn as blood in 1800. Africa, Asia, and America, will tremble in 1783 a great earthquake over the whole world, in 1785, God will be universally known by all. Then a general reformation and peace for ever, when the people shall learn war no more, happy is the man that liveth to see this day.

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The first LETTER of MRS. LOVE to her Husband.

SWEET-HEART.

BEfore I write further, I beseech you to think not that it is your wife that now writeth to you: I hope thou hast freely given up thy wife and children to the Lord God, that said, Jer. xlii. 11. 'Leave thy fatherless children I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.' O that the Lord would keep thee from having one troubled thought about thy relations. I desire to give thee freely up into the Father's hands and not only look upon it as a crown of glory for thee to die for Christ, but as an honour to me, that I should have a husband to leave for Christ. I dare not speak to thee, nor have a thought within myself of my unspeakable loss, but wholly keep my eye fixed upon thy unspeakable and inconceivable gain. Thou leavest but a sinful mortal wife, to be everlastingly married to the King of glory; thou leavest but children, and brethern, and sisters, to go to the Lord Jesus thy eldest brother; thou leavest friends to go to the enjoyment of holy angels; and to the spirits of just men made perfect; thou dost but leave earth for heaven; and if natural affections begin to rise I hope that spirit of grace that is within thee will quell them, and knowing that all things here below are but dung and dross in comparison of these things above: I know thou keepest thy eye, fixed upon the hope of glory which makes thee to trample upon the loss of earth.

My dear, I know that God hath not only prepared glory for thee, and thee for it, but I am persuaded he will sweeten the way for thee to come to the enjoyment of it: And when thou art putting on thy cloaths that morning, think thou art putting on thy wedding cloaths, to go to be married to thy Redeemer: when the messenger of death cometh to thee, let him not be dreadful, but look upon him as the messenger that bringeth thee good tidings of eternal life: When thou goest up to the scaffold, think what thou toldest me, it was but thy chariot to draw thee to thy Fa-

ther's house, ' and when thou layest down thy dear head to receive thy Father's stroke, remember what thou saidst to me: ' That though thy head were severed from thy body, yet thy soul shall soon be united to Jesus Christ, thy head, in heaven. And though it may seem bitter, that by the hands of men we are parted a little sooner than otherwise we would have been, yet let us consider, 'tis the decree and will of the Father, and besides, we could not have lived much longer together, and it will not be long e'er we shall enjoy one another in heaven. Oh! let us comfort one another with these sayings. O be comforted, it is but a little stroke, e'er thou shalt be ' where the weary are at rest, and ' where the wicked shall cease from troubling thee.' Oh! remember that though thou eat thy dinner with bitter herbs, yet thou shalt have a joyful supper with Jesus Christ at night. And, my dear, by what I write to thee I do not undertake to be a teacher of thee; for this comfort I have received of the Lord by thee. I hear a warrant is come to the lieutenant, I am ready to think it may be concerning thee, to send thee to thy journey's end to-morrow, and that because they may possibly be hindred if they stay till the day appointed; but I am persuaded, thou art so far from being afraid of it, that thou dost long for the day, which (next under God) to hear of thy willingness to die, will be the greatest comfort in the world. I can write no more, but commit thee to the hands of that God, with whom thou and I e're long shall be. Farewell, Farewell.

July 11, 1651.

MARY LOVE

P. S. One comfort I would have thee carry to thy grave if ever God did good to my soul; thou wast the chief instrument of it, for I never looked after God till I saw thy face.

A second LETTER of MRS LOVE to her Husband.
MY HEAVENLY DEAR.

I Call thee so, because God hath put heaven into thee, before he hath taken thee to heaven: Thou now behold

God, and Christ, and glory, as in a glass, but to-morrow
 heaven's gates shall be opened, and thou shalt be in the full
 enjoyment of that glory, which eye hath not seen, nor the
 ear heard, nor the heart of man can conceive. God hath
 now swallowed up thy thoughts with the joys of heaven,
 but e'er long thou shalt be fully swallowed up in the enjoy-
 ment of heaven. O marvel not there should be such quiet-
 ness and calmness in thy spirit, whilst thou art ralling into
 his tempestuous storm, because thou perceivest, by the eye
 of faith, a haven of rest, where thou shalt be with Christ in the
 glory of heaven. O lift up thy head with joy, when thou
 layest it upon the block, in the thoughts of this, that thou
 art laying thy head to rest in thy Saviour's bosom, which,
 when thou shalt awake, shall be crowned not with an earth-
 ly crown that fadeth away, but with an heavenly crown of
 glory. O be not discouraged, when thou shalt see a guard
 of soldiers triumphing with their trumpets about thee; but
 lift up thy head, and thou shalt behold God with a guard
 of angels, his holy angels, triumphing for the receiving thee
 to glory. O! be not discouraged at the scoffs and re-
 proaches thou mayest meet with in thy short way to hea-
 ven; for be assured, that God will not only glorify thy soul
 and body in heaven, but he will as sure make thy memory
 glorious upon earth. Oh! let not one troubled thought for
 thy wife and babes arise within thee, thy God will be our
 God and portion, he will be a husband to thy widow, and
 father to thy children; the grace of thy God will be suf-
 ficient for us. Now, my dear, I desire willingly and freely
 to resign up my right of thee to my Father, and thy Fa-
 ther who hath the greatest part and interest in thee. Though
 men have separated us for a time, yet our merciful God
 will bring us together again, where we shall eternally en-
 joy one another, never to separate more; and let me hear
 how God bears up thy heart, and let me taste of the com-
 forts that support thee that they may, be as pillars of mar-
 ble to bear up my heart. I can write no more.

Farewell farewell; My Dear, till we shall meet where
 we shall bid farewell no more, till which time, I leave thee
 in the hands of a tender hearted Father, and do the best till
 thou shalt rest with thee in heaven.

MARY LOVE.

A Letter from MR CHRISTOPHER LOVE to his Wife.

My most gracious beloved.

I am now going from a prison to a palace, I have finished my work. I am now going to receive my wages, I am going to heaven, where are two of my children, and leaving you on earth, where there are three of my babes: The two above need not my care, but the three below need yours; it comforts me to think, two of my children are in the bosom of Abraham, and three of them will be in the arms and care of such a tender and godly mother. I know you are a woman of a sorrowful spirit, yet be comforted, though your sorrows be great for your husband going out of the world, yet your pains shall be the less in bringing your child into the world, you shall be a joyful mother, though you be a sad widow; God hath many mercies in store for you: The prayer of a dying husband for you will not be lost: To my shame I speak it, I never prayed for you at liberty, as I have done in prison. I cannot write much, but I have a few practical counsels to leave with you, viz.

1st Keep under a sound, orthodox, soul searching ministry. Oh! there are many deceivers gone out into the world, but Christ's sheep know his voice, and a stranger they will not follow. Attend any minister that teacheth the way of God, in truth, and follow Solomon's advice, Prov. xix. 17.

2^{dly}, Bring up your children in the knowledge and admonition of the Lord. The mother ought to be a teacher in the father's absence, Prov. xxxi. 1. "The words that his mother taught him," And Timothy was instructed by his grandmother, 1. Tim. i. 5.

3^{dly}, Pray in your family daily, that yours may be in the number of the families who call upon God.

4^{thly}, Labour for a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price, 1. Pet. iii. 4.

5^{thly}, Pore not on the comforts you want, but upon the

☞ Christian reader observe by the matter, and from page 9 go to the 10 and come back to the 11 and look the 14 and 15 as these pages were misplaced.

mercies you have, look rather at God's end in afflicting them to the measure and degree of your affliction.

6thly, Labour to clear up your evidence for heaven, when God takes from you the comfort of earth, so that as your sufferings do abound, your consolation in Christ may abound much more, 2. Cor. i. 5.

Though it be good to maintain a holy jealousy of the deceitfulness of the heart, yet it is ill for you to cherish fears and doubts touching the truth of your graces: If ever I had confidence touching the grace of another, I have confidence of grace in you, as Peter said of Sylvanus, I am persuaded that this is the grace of God, wherein ye stand 1 Pet. ver. 12.

7thly, O, my dear soul! wherefore dost thou doubt, whose heart has been upright, whose walking has been holy, &c. I could venture, my soul, this day, in thy soul's stead, such a confidence have I in you.

8thly, When you find your heart secure, presumptuous and proud, then pore upon corruption more than grace; then look upon your graces without your infirmities.

9thly, Study the covenant of grace, and merits of Christ, and be troubled if you can: you are interested in such a covenant that accepts purposes for performances, desires for deeds, sincerity for perfection, the righteousness of another, viz. that of Jesus Christ, as it were our own alone, Oh, my love! rest thou in the love of God, in the bosom of Christ.

10thly, Swallow up your will in the will of God. it is a bitter cup we are to drink, but it is the cup our Father hath put into our hands. When Paul was to suffer at Jerusalem: the Christians would say, *The will of the Lord be done*. Oh! say ye so when I go to Tower-Hill, *The will of the Lord be done*.

11thly, Rejoice in my joy. To mourn for me inordinately, argues, that you either envy or suspect my happiness. The joy of the Lord is my strength, Oh! let it be yours also, Dear wife, farewell, I will call thee wife no more. I shall see thy face no more, yet I am not much troubled; for now I am going to meet the bridegroom, the Lord Jesus, to whom I shall be eternally married.

12thly, Refuse not to marry, when God offers you a fair

opportunity, but be sure you marry in the Lord, and one of a good disposition that he may not grieve you, and of a comfortable livelyhood in the world.

Farewel, dear love, and again I say, Farewel the Lord Jesus be with your spirit, the Maker of heaven and earth be a husband to you, and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ be a Father to your children——so prays.

Your daying, yet most affectionate friend till death.

From the Tower of London,
August 22d, 1651 the day
of my glorification.

CHRISTOPHER LOVE.

Mr Christopher Love's last words on the scaffold were most pathetic and weighty.

ALTHO' (said he) there be but little between me and death, yet this bears up my heart, there is little between me and heaven. It comforted Dr Taylor the martyr, when he was going to execution, that there were but two files between him and his father's house; there is a lesser way between me and my father's house, but two steps between me and glory. It is but lying down upon that block, and I shall ascend upon a throne. I am this day sailing towards the ocean of eternity through a rough passage to my heaven of rest through a red sea to the promised land. Methinks I hear God

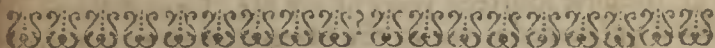
say to me, as he did to Moses, Go up to the mount Nebo and die there; so to me, go up to Tower hill and die there. Isaac said to himself, that he was old, and yet he know not the day of his death: but I cannot say so; I am young and yet I know the day of my death, and I know the kind of my death, and the place of my death also. I am put to such a kind of death, as two famous preachers of the gospel were put to before me; John the baptist, and Paul the apostle, they were both beheaded. I read also in Rev. xx. 4. The saints were beheaded for the word of God, and testimony of Jesus. But herein is the disadvantage which I ly under in the thoughts of many; they judge that I suffer not for the word of God, or for conscience, but for meddling with state-matters. To this I shall briefly say, that it is an old trick of Satan, to impute the cause of God's peoples sufferings, to be contrivements against the state; when, in truth, it is their religion and conscience they are persecuted for. The rulers of Israel would have put Jer my to death upon a civil account, though indeed it was only the truth of his prophecy that made the rulers angry with him: and yet upon a civil account they pretend he must die, because he fell away to the Chaldeans, and would have brought in foreign forces to invade them. The same thing is laid to my charge, of which I am as innocent as Jeremy was. So Paul, though he did but preach Jesus Christ, yet his enemies would had him put to death, under pretence that he was a mover of sedition. Upon a civil account my life is pretended to be taken away; whereas it is, because I pursue my covenant, and will not prostitute my principles and conscience to the ambition and lust of men. I had rather die a covenant-keeper, than live a covenant-breaker. Beloved, I am this day making a double exchange; I am changing a pulpit for a scaffold, and a

scaffold for a throne ; and I might add a third, I am changing the presence of this numerous multitude on Tower-hill, for the innumerable company of saints and angels in heaven, the holy hill of Zion ; and I am changing a guard of soldiers for a guard of angels, which will receive me, and carry me to Abraham's bosom. This scaffold is the best pulpit that ever I preached in ; in my church-pulpit, God through his grace made me an instrument to bring others to heaven ; but in this pulpit, he will bring me to heaven.—Afterwards, he said, Though my blood be not the blood of nobles, yet it is christian blood, Ministers blood, yea more, it is also innocent blood. I magnify the riches of God's mercy and grace towards me, that I who was born in Wales, an obscure country, and of obscure parents, should be singled out an honourable suffering. For the first fourteen years of my life, I never heard a sermon preached ; yet in the fifteenth year of my life, it pleased God to convert me. Blessed be God, who not only made me a christian, but also a Minister, judging me faithful and putting me into the ministry, which is my glory. I had rather be a Preacher in a pulpit, than a Prince upon a throne ; I had rather be an instrument to bring souls to heaven, than that all nations should bring tribute to me.—Formerly (said he) I have been under a spirit of bondage ; yea, sometimes I have had more fear in drawing out a tooth, than now I have for cutting off my head. When fear was upon me, death was not near ; now, when death is near to me, my fear is evanished.—I am comforted in this, though men kill me, they cannot damn me ; tho' they thrust me out of the world, yet can they not shut me out of heaven. When I have shed my blood, I expect the full declaration of the remission of sins through the blood of Jesus Christ. I am going to my long-home,

and ye to your short-homes ; but I shall be at my home, before ye be at yours — He prayed, that, seeing he was called to do the work which he never did, he might have the strength which he never had.



*Dr Wild in his Elegy hath these lines, upon
Mr LOVE.*



METHINKS I heard behead saints above,
Call to each other, Sirs, make room for LOVE.
Who when he came to tread the fatal stage,
(Which provd his glory, and his en'mies rage)
His blood ne'er run to's heart ; Christ's blood was there,
Receiving it : His own was all to spare :
Which, rising in his cheeks, did seem to say,
Is this the blood you thirst for ? Tak't I pray,
Spectators in his looks such life did see,
That they appear'd more like to die than he.
Lightnings, which fill'd the Air with blazing light,
Did serve for Torches at that dismal night :
In which, and all next day for many hours,
Heav'n gron'd in thunder, and did weep in show'rs :
Nor do I wonder, that God thunder'd so,
When Boanerges murder'd lay below.

Some Meditations for drooping Believers when death is near.

TRAVELLERS, who have met with many storms, troubles and dangers in their journeys. rejoice when they come near their own country ; and shall not I a stranger and pilgrim, that hath been long wandring in a wilderness, be glad when I come near my blessed home, my dear friends, and eternal habitation?

With what cheerfulness do some women endure the pains of child-bearing, being supported with the hopes of a child's being born in the world ? And what is the joy of a man-child being brought into this sinful and miserable world, to the joy of a sanctified soul's being brought out of it into heaven for ever ? It is pleasant when the hard winter goeth over, the messengers of the spring, the singing of birds doth come : and shall not I rejoice when sickness and forerunners of death do tell me, that the winter of my darkness and trouble is past, and the summer of my eternal light and joys is at

What though death be the king of terrors ? Is not glorious Christ the King of comforts ? Have not I met already with this blessed King : and why should I fear to meet with the other ? O let my strength and support at this time come from Christ my covenanted Redeemer

O Lord deliver my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling! O bring me out of the miry clay, set my feet upon a rock, and establish my goings, and put a new song in my mouth, even praises to our God!

If *Jacob* went down so cheerfully into *Egypt*, when God had said unto him, *Fear not to go down for I will go down with thee and I will bring thee up again*: Why should a believer fear to go down to the grave, when God hath undertaken to go down with him thither, and to bring him up again? His body may be turned into dust, but God is in covenant with his dust, and will not suffer the least particle of it to be lost.

Are not the righteous taken away from the evil to come? Do they not rest on their beds, and enter into peace? Why then should I grudge at dying? When the Lord is to bring heavy wrath and judgments on a land, he frequently houseth many of his people in heaven before hand: and, how happy are these that win the house before the sweeping hail-showers doth fall. A believer needeth not to look for any settled fair weather in this world: it will be nothing but one shower up and another down, till he be housed in heaven. O why then should I linger in this wilderness!

F I N I S.

