

The First Great Awakening

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[0 : 00] All right.

In the last years of his college life, probably around 1720, Edward stitched together 44 sheets into a blank book and wrote on the top of the first page of holiness.

And he entered some thoughts. This is from that book. He numbered it one, drew a line across it, the page, and commenced a second meditation of Christ's mediation and satisfaction.

Well, by the time he had died in 1758, this manuscript, which he called the Miscellanies, had become nine volumes containing 1,360 entries, some of them elaborate treatises.

He also took a King James Bible. There it is. You'll notice that little bit in the middle. This is the Bible part. And the rest are all his notes.

[1 : 09] He took an old King James Bible and interleaved the pages with a blank page so that he could make annotations on his Bible.

And eventually he filled up the pages with three more. That's a little rough for me. I don't know. I'm glad it's helpful for you. Well, all right.

Prefer one another in love. I'm probably going to struggle. It would help just because I am using notes. Oh, we can turn the light up. Is that okay, Greg?

I'm sorry. It's kind of blind man's bluff up here for me. So eventually he filled up the pages and three more manuscript volumes.

And these are called Notes on Scripture. While a pastor, he would consistently spend, during the course of his day, 13 hours in his study.

[2 : 10] Even in his exercise, he didn't break from his pursuit, for he would ride with pen and paper. And if a thought occurred to him, he'd jot it down with some mnemonic ideogram and pin it to the lapel of his coat and then eventually his whole jacket.

When he returned from these rides, his wife Sarah would help unpin kind of the porcupine philosopher-theologian so he could preserve all of his thoughts.

Even in his diet, he regulated it in the interest of theological reflection. Here's one entry in his diary. By a sparingness in diet and eating what is light and easy of digestion, I shall doubtless be able to think more clearly and shall gain more time.

One, by lengthening out my life. Two, shall need less time for digestion after meals. Three, shall be able to study closer without wrong to my health.

[3 : 15] Fourth, shall need less time to sleep. Fifth, shall seldom or be troubled with a headache.

And on and on and on. He gives all these reasons why he needs to eat certain foods. He would, if ever he ate something that would make him feel drowsy, you know, kind of like the after Thanksgiving effect, where you just think, oh, where's the couch?

He would eliminate that food forever from his diet in the interest of just closeness of study. You see, he had a phobia for wasted time.

And had resolved in his youth, this is one of his resolutions, never to lose one moment of time, but improve it the most profitable way I possibly can.

He even observed how fast he could work while under pressure and would try to make that his typical rate. And indeed, the times cried out for such a consecrated life.

Do not all times call out for such a consecrated life. Well, for a consecrated life, whether it's such, who knows, okay? In Edward's day, the truth of the gospel was coming under a sustained assault, and the old paths were being widely abandoned.

[4 : 29] I think I've got a picture of him. There we are, there he is. Doctrines of the Bible were routinely ridiculed as unreasonable and unworthy in the name of superior enlightened judgment.

Heir to this cultural moment, it became clear to Edwards that God had given him this keen mind to defend and expound the gospel to his generation.

To contribute his formidable intellect to building a bulwark against the growing tide of fashionable infidelity. And he wasted no time in getting started.

As another of his resolutions reads, and this is when he was a college student, okay? So he's still in his early teens, okay? Resolved, when I think of any theorem in divinity, to be solved immediately to do what I can to solving it.

In other words, if there's a serious problem in theology that people haven't solved yet, I'm going to start doing that myself. He's an early teen at this point. And as he well knew, sowing to this ambition would require serious study of the Bible.

[5 : 49] Accordingly, he dedicated himself to fulfill a further resolution. Quote, resolved, to study the scriptures. Listen to this, this is wonderful. Oh, to study the scriptures so steadily, constantly, and frequently as that I might find and plainly perceive myself to grow in the knowledge of the same.

Wow. What a harvest, lifelong faithfulness to this resolution would bring. He was born in Connecticut in the town of East Windsor, October 5th, 1703.

Signs of his promise were evident in his youth. It was his father who laid the first foundation of his life of learning. A parsonages, his father was a rector.

Parsonages in that day typically doubled as schools. And Edwards' parsonage was no exception. No exception, yet likely exceptional.

Reverend Timothy Edwards was a famed educator and a firm disciplinarian and determined that his only son would excel. Only son, but not only child, for he had ten sisters.

[7 : 06] Jonathan had ten sisters. All extremely tall, like himself. In fact, the dad would boast that he had 60 feet of daughters. Have you met my 60 feet of daughters, he would say.

Is he wearing one of his sister's wigs there? Exactly, exactly. Ever acute, Raul, ever acute. Such was the father's reputation that any who received tutelage from him was automatically exempt from college entrance examinations.

Boy, think of the fortune that he could make today. Imagine that. Thus, father and son were perfectly matched. The boy's precocious aptitudes honed by the father's perfectionist demands. And the impressive result was young Jonathan heading off to Yale College while yet 12 years old, having already mastered all the requirements.

But not all the boy's early strides were scholastic. For all of its emphasis, education was no idol in the Edwards household.

[8 : 15] God reigned supreme. And the delight and the duty of knowing him deeply was daily urged as indeed the danger of failure to do so.

Like Jonathan. There we go. Oh, there's his wife. Oh, delightful. I'll come back to her in just a moment. But I've got one other thing to show you. We're not giving her poor time.

I'll bring her back. Likely, Jonathan first learned his letters from the New England Primer. Look down. The letter T.

Time cuts down all. Both great and small. That's the Grim Reaper. Okay. Then there's Y.

Notice they're near the bottom. See? See? Youth forward slips. Death soonest nips. With a graphic.

[9 : 18] See the graphic there? Of death holding a large arrow at a child's head. Okay. This is a hardier children's literature than Mary Had a Little Lamb. Okay. This is what he grew up with.

Okay. Recalling his childhood, Jonathan confides, I was very much concerned about the things of religion and my soul's salvation and was abundant in duties.

I used to pray five times a day in secret and to spend much time in religious talk with other boys.

These are little boys. These are little boys. Okay. And used to meet with them to pray together.

We built a booth in a swamp. Okay. That's what little boys do. We built booths in swamps. That's what I did. Okay. In a very secret and retired place for a place of prayer. Wow. Okay. But from the vantage point of a more finely tuned subsequent judgment, Jonathan thought such exercises of soul, which he calls them, fell short of a genuine work of grace in his heart.

And Yale, alas, despite the express aim of its founders, which we heard about last time, did little to nurture any of these Godward dispositions.

[10 : 29] Alas, the reverse was the case. And he sadly confessed, I entirely lost all of those youthful affections and delights and left off secret prayer.

But during his final year at Yale, a serious illness, he writes, brought me nigh to the grave. And shook me over the pit of hell. This harrowing experience brought me to seek salvation in a manner as never before.

I felt a spirit to part with all things in the world for an interest in Christ. Interestingly, Edwards would long wonder about the genuineness of his conversion as it did not proceed according to the typical Puritan morphology of regeneration.

Remember, which we talked about in the Q&A; last time. You know, certain inevitable, required, recognizable steps that were stipulated for your experience of regeneration.

Specifically, Edwards did not experience, as he felt he should and must, the terrors of Sinai. The law. Skipping this step, he found himself in, quote, inward sweet delight in God and divine things.

[11 : 47] This transpires, as he tells us, as he was reading a single verse of scripture. 1 Timothy 1.17. Now unto the king eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be glory and honor both now and forever.

Amen. As I read these words, Jonathan tells us, and again, he's a college student here. There came into my soul a sense of the glory of the divine being.

A new sense, quite different from anything I had ever experienced before. I thought, how excellent a being this was. And how happy I should be if I might enjoy that God.

And be wrapped up to God in heaven. And be swallowed up in him. I went to prayer to pray to God that I might enjoy him. And prayed in a manner quite different from what I used to do.

With a new sort of affection. A new sort of affection. This new lively sense of the sweetness of the divine things.

[12 : 51] Edwards later came to see as his regeneration. A new spiritual affection that was wrought by God. A new spiritual savor.

A supernaturally wrought taste for the splendor of Christ. And this question, the nature of authentic religious experience.

Discerning true from the counterfeit spirituality. Would receive much of his best reflections. And his meditations here on this topic are one of the true treasures of the church.

I'm going to say a little bit more about his mature reflections. Anon. But back to the storyline. And a very pleasant thickening of the plot.

We find Jonathan Edwards. Ooh. Let's. There we go. We find Jonathan Edwards studying. A little surprise. Back at Yale now.

[13 : 49] As a tutor. He graduated at the top of his class. Youngest by far in his class. Academically superior. Substantially too. At his graduation.

But uncharacteristically. There he is studying characteristically. But uncharacteristically.

Notwithstanding his titanic capacity for focus. We find Edwards distracted.

The evidence is on the cover of one of his Greek exercise books. Where we find in his hand. An ode to a young lady. He's got little poems that he's writing in the side.

And doodles. And this is a serious crack in his focus. Well the young lady. There she is. It's a little older. She's a little older here in this picture. They were not as wealthy as she was.

They were not painting portraits of her as an early teen. This is later. The young lady was Sarah Pierpont. Thirteen years old. She would have been Edwards Jr.

[14 : 47] By seven years. Not uncommon in those days. She was a very fine New Haven family. On the top rung of the social ladder.

In fact her home. The home that she. The actual house that she grew up in. Is still preserved. And is the Yale Visitor Center. Right there on Elm Street. If you happen to walk in there. That was her home that she grew up in.

Preserved. Though only thirteen. Suitors were already standing in line. Almost all of them more dashing. And suave. And debonair.

Than the gangling scholar. But she found the budding thinker deep. And loved to talk with him. Of spiritual things. So after three years of friendship. And courtship.

They were married. And it proved. As we shall see. A very fine match. They took up their new life together. In Northampton. Where Jonathan had been called.

[15 : 44] To assist his aging grandfather. Solomon Stoddard. In the pastorate. Now the first Sunday. In their new home. Sarah swished into the church. Wearing her wedding gown.

This was the demand of custom. In fact law. That all newly arrived wives. Had to display their wedding dress. On the first Sunday.

That they were in church. In a new location. In a new home. I don't. I'm not confident. About the reason for this. I think it was probably. Proof of marriage. Puritans didn't wear wedding rings. And this is how you would show.

That you were not like. Racially cohabiting. With a guy next to you. You just wear your wedding dress. And then everybody would know. It's kosher. It's okay. So. I know.

It's the Puritans. What can we do? We wear wedding rings. A little simpler. Incidentally. The wedding dress. Was not the only thing.

[16:39] That the Edwards displayed on Sunday. For there was a pew. Right next to the lectern. With a pastor busy. A pew. That was provided for the pastor's family. Right beside the pulpit.

Facing the congregation. To demonstrate compliance. With the eldership requirements. Of having well disciplined children. Okay. One hoped.

In mute testimony. To his right to occupy the pulpit. The number of their children. Growing consistently. In two year intervals. Soon grew to 11.

11 children. Six of them. Incidentally. Born on a Sunday. And I lower my voice. Because this happened to be. A bit of a scandal. In the congregation. The.

Raised many an eyebrow in town. As the. Invariable folk belief. At the time. Was that you were. Born on the day of the week. That you had been conceived on.

[17:33] They thought. Good heavens. Pastor. Sabbath. They were born on a Sabbath. That's for studying your Bible. Not snuggling with your bride. So. The things that. That poor Sarah.

Had to get over. In public. Well. Were granted. Several glimpses. Into the Edwards parsonage. Edwards. First biographer. Samuel Hopkins. Boarded with the Edwards.

To round off. His theological training. And was pretty much. An adopted member. Of the family. And leaves us. Some pretty intimate sketches. Of the household. Hopkins.

When graduating from Yale. Had planned. To complete his training. With Gilbert. Tennant. In Hopkins opinion. At the time. The greatest. And best man. And the best preacher.

Ever. Anywhere. Period. So thought he. Of Tennant. But it so happened. That Jonathan Edwards. At the time. Unknown to Hopkins. Was chosen to deliver.

[18:28] Yale's baccalaureate address. When Hopkins was graduating. And Hopkins was so impressed. That he then writes. I altered my sentiments. With respect to Tennant. And determined to go live.

With Edwards instead. So Hopkins. Suddenly shows up. At the Edwards man's. Midwinter. An utter stranger. To either of them. Utter stranger. Edwards was on a preaching tour.

But Sarah kindly received him. It seems Hopkins. Arrived. In a state of severe. Spiritual melancholy. With doubts. As to. His.

Gracious state. In other words. Whether he was indeed. Truly. A regenerate. Christian. With Jonathan. Not at hand. Sarah. Engaged him. Upon these distresses.

And that. So helpfully. That Hopkins. That's not a good idea. That Hopkins wondered. If her husband. Would be able to match her. In pastoral theology. This. Not uncommon. For many of the wives.

[19:25] Of the famous. Anna Zwingli. For example. Would edit. Not just the spelling. Of Zwingli's. Theological works. But the content too. We got some really.

First rate. Women theologians. Down through history. We're going to bring some of those out too. One of these days. Well. The.

The impression. Prompted him. But. Oh. I should say. Oh. It was Mrs. Edwards ability. To discourse. Upon the things of God. That among other things.

So impressed. Evangelist. George. Whitefield. Who stayed with them. While on a preaching tour. As a diary. Entry reads. Of George. Whitefield. The great evangelist.

Quote. Mrs. Edwards. Talked. So solidly. Of the things of God. And seemed. To be such a help meet. For her husband. That she caused me. To renew. These prayers.

[20:19] That God would be pleased. To send me. A daughter of Abraham. Like her. To be my wife. So. He inspires. George. Whitefield. Once.

Once. Sarah's reputation. For godliness. Helped an embarrassed minister. Recover his composure. Edwards was to be a guest preacher. But when he failed to arrive.

Reluctantly. The pastor mounted the pulpit. To supply the sermon himself. And during his opening prayer. Edwards. Slipped in the door.

But no one saw. Of course. Everybody's eyes are closed. And he slipped in the door. And he was unknown to the pastor. Praying. Was standing right next to him. While he prayed. Who in the course of his prayer.

Thanked God. For his mighty servant. But Jonathan Edwards. Expounding. Pretty amply. Upon his excellence. As a preacher. And a theologian. And upon concluding.

[21 : 16] And opening his eyes. There stood Edwards. Right next to him. And blushing. He sputtered. I wish I had noticed you. For I didn't intend to flatter you. To your face. But.

I'll tell you one thing. They say. And everyone agrees. That your wife. Is going to heaven. By a far shorter road. Than you are. So. Is able to at least. To make things out.

And Sarah. Appears to have been. As hard working. As holy. She was the mistress. Of the domain. Par excellence. And the domain.

Included. Not only the household. Regularly. Graced with many. A boarding visitor. But also the garden. And the fields. Once Jonathan asked her.

No doubt. Looking up. From a book. I completely forgot. The harvest. Isn't it about time. For the hay to be cut. And Sarah responds.

[22 : 12] I've had it in the barn. For two weeks dear. Go back to your books. Go back to your books. So. Wow. It was a happy circumstance. Observes Hopkins. That he could trust.

Everything. To the care. Of Mrs. Edwards. Her family. Seems not. To have gotten along. Very well. Without her. Once Sarah.

Had to leave them. To nurse an ill uncle. In Boston. And Jonathan. Wrote to her. In a letter addressed. Dear companion. We have been. Without you. Almost as long.

As we know. How to do. And the sentiment. Was clearly shared. By all the family. A leaf. Of her daughter. Esther's diary. Shows mother. Was clearly the son.

Around which. All else. Revolved. Quote. This morn. My mother. Set out. And hopes. To return. In about a month. But alas. For me.

[23 : 07] I shall not be able. To await her. Await her return. My mother. Gone. It adds. Double gloom. To everything. A week later. Her feelings.

Were unchanged. You can't conceive. How everything. Alters. Upon my mother. Is going away. All. Is as dark. As Egypt. My apologies.

If anyone's from Egypt here. Just a biblical reference. Okay. It's all as dark. As Egypt. And what of her husband? Well Hopkins already told us. That he spent 13 hours a day.

In his study. But this did not prevent. His leading his family. Every morning. He led them. In family prayers. Where he read a chapter. Of the Bible.

And asked the children. Questions. And explained anything. Of difficulty. That occurred to him. From that. Biblical passage. From that chapter. And in the evenings. Before.

[24 : 02] Sabbath. He worked through the shorter catechism. With his family. Every family. Listen well. All you who are fathers. Or might become such.

And mothers who can helpfully encourage your husbands. Okay. Every family. Says Edwards. Ought to be. A little church. Family education and order.

Are some of the chief of the means of grace. If these fail. All other means. Are like to prove ineffectual. If these are duly maintained.

All the means of grace. Will likely. Will be likely to prosper. And be successful. And thanks for the grace of God too. We should end. But yes.

Do these things. He also set aside. One hour. At the close of each day. To play with his children. And typically. At four in the afternoon.

[25 : 00] Jonathan and Sarah. Would saddle up their horses. And they would go out for a ride. To catch up on all manner of things. And just enjoy together. The beauty of nature. And their own companionship. In life.

They were excellent horsemen. Both of them. Edwards seems to. Have known his daughters. Quite well. Well enough that is. At least. To frankly warn their suitors.

When he thought it necessary. His eldest daughter Sarah. Had an extremely. Quick temper. Maybe she was Italian. No, no. And when her hand.

Was sought by Elihu Parsons. Jonathan Edwards. Plainly disclosed to him. The unpleasant temper. The unpleasant temper. Of his daughter. So Elihu Parsons. Rather surprised. But she has grace. I trust. As Parsons. To which Edwards replied. I hope she has. But grace can live.

[25 : 58] Where you cannot. Preaching was at the center. Of Edwards public ministry. He didn't think himself.

Particularly gifted. At making pastoral calls. Useful. So he didn't make that part. Of his regular practice. Though his people. Were always welcome. To come to him. If they were inclined. And he would warmly. Receive them. He was convinced. That he would serve them better. Through preaching. And writing. And the study.

That sustained it. But. Edwards was not. Particularly animated. In the pulpit. One Northamptoner. Said. Excuse me.

One Northamptoner. Said. Mr. Edwards. In preaching. Used no gestures. But he would. Simply look. Straight. Forward. Gideon Clark.

[26 : 54] One in his congregation. Said. He looked. At the bell rope. Until he looked it off. Just. Straightforward. The whole time. What was. Striking.

About his sermons. Was the distinctness. And clarity. Of his thought. He handled concepts. As scrupulously. And precisely.

As a banker. Handled currency. One comments. And this. Together with a seriousness. Arising from. A solemn consciousness. Of the presence.

Of God. Hopkins. Remarkd. He appeared. He appeared. With such gravity. And solemnity. And his words. Were so full of ideas. That few speakers.

Have been able. To command. The attention. Of an audience. As he did. He strove. With all of his might. In his weekly sermons. To create. Images.

[27 : 48] Of the word. So perfect. And powerful. That they would be. Experienced. He thought it. No bad thing.

To stir up. His hearers. But only. As was fitting. To the truth. Which with. With which he dealt. You see that.

Oh. Look at these. Look at these. Look at these. Preachers. Are trying to. Stir up our emotions. Well. Yes. But only those. That these truths. Ought to stir up.

That indeed. We are. As Edwards wrote. I should think myself. In the way of my duty. To raise the affections.

Of my hearers. As high as I possibly can. Provided. They are affected. With nothing. But the truth.

[28 : 42] And with the affections. That are not. Disagreeable. To the nature. Of what they are affected with. Did you get that? Incredibly precise.

Hey. When we are dealing with. Biblical truth. It ought to stir our affections. Our desires. Our longings. Our hopes. Our fears. It ought to do this. So let's aim to do that.

As preachers. But nothing ever. Nothing. Nothing other. Than that. That. Would be manipulation. The former is just good preaching. It was through the instrumentality.

Of such preaching. His. George Whitefields. And others. That God brought awakening. To many. A New England. Congregation. Edwards describes.

Such an awakening. In Northampton. In his account. Entitled. A faithful narrative. Of the surprising work of God. In the conversion. Of many hundreds of souls. In Northampton. In the neighboring towns.

[29 : 40] God. God. Seemed to have gone. Out of his usual way. Writes Edwards. In the quickness. Of his work. When God. In so. Remarkable a manner.

Took the work. Into his own hands. There was. As much done. In a day or two. As at ordinary times. With all the endeavors. That men can use. And with such a blessing.

As we commonly have. Is done. In a year. So you can labor. Faithfully. With all the right things. And all year. And only see. Fruit that. God can come down.

And do in a day. Notice. A surprising work. We can't determine this. By our techniques. So. But these awakenings.

Were not looked upon. With favor and praise. In all quarters. Many in New England. Divine. Pointing to some of the. Emotional excesses. At times. Associated with them.

[30 : 35] Thought them. Not at all. The work of the spirit. They were delusive. Not divine. Now Edwards. Defended the awakening. As a genuine work of God.

While he admitted. The existence of. Imprudences. And irregularities. He considered that such. Imprudences. Quote. Will not prove a work. To be not. Of the spirit of God.

For such things. Were found in the New Testament. Churches also. A work of God. Without stumbling blocks. Is never to be expected. He states. Edwards.

Attempted to apply. Discrimination. Discrimination. To seek. To discern. Between the genuine. And the spurious. Spirituality. A true.

And a counterfeit. Work of grace. In the soul. And his efforts there. Have been hailed as. The definitive works. On the workings. Of grace. He.

[31 : 31] Locates. True. Spirituality. In the affections. That is. What do we. Delight. In. All will allow. Edwards writes. That. True. Virtue. Or holiness. Has its seat. Chiefly. In the heart. Rather than. In the head.

Okay. Now by heart. He still has a unitary notion. It involves some ideas. Head. He means. Here. He means. Bear. Notional. Okay. Chiefly in the heart. Rather than in the head. It therefore.

Follows. That it consists. Chiefly. In holy. Affections. What do you long for? What do you love? An example.

Of what he was. Talking about. As an example. He cited. The experience. Of a woman. We know. In fact. That. It was Sarah. His wife.

[32 : 26] Though he concealed. Her. Identity. So great. Were her religious affections. That her soul. Dwelt on high. And was so lost in God.

And seemed almost. To leave the body. She frequently lost. All ability. To stand. Or speak. And sometimes. Leapt. Involuntarily. For joy. This was no.

Distemper. Caught from Mr. Whitefield. Or childish. Giddiness. For this. This was a woman. Whose grace. Had been growing. For decades. And manifested itself. In a spirit.

Of humility. And meekness. As well as the soundest. Of doctrine. Edwards concluded. His description. Of his wife's experience. With this moving confession. Now.

If such things. Are enthusiasm. They use enthusiasm. Negatively. You know. Craziess. When it comes to religion. Now. If such things. Are enthusiasm.

[33 : 21] And the fruits. Of a distempered brain. Let my brain. Be ever more possessed. By that happy distemper. If this. Be distraction. I pray God. That he would.

That the world. Of mankind. May be all seized. With this benign. Meek. Beneficent. Beatypical. Glorious. Distraction. Edward's.

Uh. Crowning thoughts. On the topic. Came in his. Treatise. Concerning. Religious affections. 1746. Notice the date.

Uh. The standpoint. In time. Has changed. Uh. It is no longer. The present revival. But. The. Late. Extraordinary. Season. Or the late.

Great. Revival. As he puts it. Uh. To deploy his own metaphor. When he spoke in 1742. It was springtime. Of the awakening. And he was viewing.

[34 : 21] Multitudes. Of the blossoms. But now. It was no longer. The month of May. It was October. And the actual.

Fruit. Resulting from the blossoms. Which had all appeared. Fair and beautiful. Now told another story. He writes. Uh.

It is. With. Professors of religion. Those who claim. To be religious. Uh. Uh. It is. With. Professors of religion. Especially. Such.

As become. So. In a time. Of the outpouring. Of the spirit of God. As it is. With blossoms. In the spring. There are vast. Numbers of them.

On the trees. Which all. Look. Fair and promising. But yet. Many of them. Never come. To anything. It is.

[35 : 13] The mature fruit. Which comes afterwards. And not. The beautiful colors. And smell. Of the blossoms. That we must judge by. So. How.

Uh. Is one. To judge. Genuine. Christian experience. Or to put in Edwards terms. Uh. What is the nature. Of true. Religion. Uh. Well. This is what the book's about.

And it is. Uh. A probing. And profound work. Uh. Religious affections. Uh. Edwards never gave closer. Or more careful thought. To anything. Than he did.

To this. True religion. He asserts. Consists. In holy affections. Indeed. The spirit of God. And those who have sound religion.

Is simply. A temper. Of powerful. Holy. Affections. Holy affections. Consist. In a delight.

[36 : 07] In the holiness of God. That is a taste. For his excellence. So our heart. And again. He has a unitary notion. Our mind. Our will and emotions. Savors God.

In his holiness. Um. So you think about it. First of all. There is something. That we need to apprehend. God reveals himself. And we apprehend it. But then we feel. Our whole self.

Inclined. An inclination. Toward that apprehension. That is what he means. By affections. It is an inclination. Of our heart. Let it be considered. That they. Who have but little.

Religious affection. Have certainly. But little. Religion. Religion. And they who have none. Have no religion. At all. There was brewing.

However. A melancholy. Counterpart. To the glorious movements. Of the spirit. Which Edwards took to be. Possibly. The first morning star.

[37 : 07] Of the millennium. And quite Christ's return. That counterpart. Was a sad. Oops. Yes. There we go. That counterpart.

Was a. Counterpoint. Was a sad. Deterioration. In the relation. Of Jonathan Edwards. To his. Northampton. Flock. There were. Several. Strains. On that relationship.

Between town. And parsonage. The first. Was the matter. Of finances. Many. In Northampton. Chafed. Over the fact. That their pastor.

Certainly. Was not a cheap. Minister. Edwards. Drew the largest. Salary. Outside. The New England. Seaboard. And.

On the one hand. Jonathan and Sarah. Were both. Extremely. Frugal. And saved. Everything. But. It was true. That. Sarah. Had been raised.

[37 : 59] In one of the finest. Homes. In New Haven. And had acquired. Her tastes. Accordingly. As one writer. Puts it. She was accustomed. To going first class. Wherever she.

Went. And Jonathan. With his. Inveterate. Book purchases. No. I'm not looking at you. Mike. I'm. I'm looking past you. I promise. That was pretty costly.

Too. Was it really needed? All these books. Wondered more than one. Northamptoner. And the fact. That every two years. There was another mouth. To feed.

Garnered little sympathy. Most of their neighbors. Were in the same boat. That was not uncommon. Then. And so there grew. A great uneasiness.

In the town. Until Sarah. Was asked. To make. A public. And detailed. Itemization. Of every single expense. Of the household. For popular.

[38 : 53] Review. What? Two wigs. For Jonathan. Of course. As Raul said. They were just his daughters. Anyway. Okay. So. Eleven pounds.

For a gold chain. And locket. That Jonathan bought. For Sarah. Pewter plates. Silver buckles. Really silver. On your shoes. It was a sore point.

A sore point. And the mortal wound. In relations. Came however. With the communion.

Controversy. Oh this. By the way. That's. That's the church. And that's the little town. Of Northampton. There.

That's the town. In 1749. Edwards. Informed his congregation. He would admit. Into full communion. Okay. Allowed to take the Lord's Supper.

Only those. He judged. Quote. In profession. And. In the eye of the church's. Christian judgment. Godly.

[39 : 49] Or gracious. Persons. Okay. So. Not just in profession. But. We have to say. Oh yeah. Looks like there's. Evidence. Of your regeneration. Okay.

This announcement. Touched off. An emotional. And political. Earthquake. Contemporaries.

Described church members. As quote. Transported. Into an uncommon. Degree of rage.

And madness. In the church. Okay. Just picture that. They. Why would the townfolk. Explode. At Edwards proposal. To restrict access.

To the Lord's Supper. Okay. To truly gracious persons. The regenerate. We think. Well. What's crazy about that? That's what we do. Okay. Well. To appreciate this.

We need to recall. How. The proposal. Would have radically. Altered. The traditional policy. Of the Lord's Supper. In Northampton. His town. Edward's own grandfather.

[40 : 44] And precursor. In the Northampton pulpit. Had established. And influentially. Promoted the policy. Of letting. The unregenerate. Take the Lord's Supper.

And yes. I see a quiver. Among you. Okay. But. Even if they. Could give no account. Of God's saving dealings. With them. As long as they. Ascented to the creed.

And were not. Outwardly wicked. He thought. That they ought not. To be. Debarred. From the. Sacrament. And I could talk more.

About why. He thought. That that was okay. Basically. He thought. Look. Yeah. If they really are hoping. That God might regenerate them. What better context. For it to happen. Than seeing God's love.

As expected. As expressed. In the Lord's Supper. So maybe. We should regard. The Lord's Supper. As a. As a converting ordinance. Okay. Not just a. A. A. A. A.

[41 : 40] A. A. A. A. A. A. A. A. A. A. A. A. A. A. A. So that's. A. But Edwards could not convince. Himself. That this understanding. That Solomon Stoddard had.

Was scriptural. He really tried to work with it. Edwards was much afraid. That this issue would likely bring his downfall. But it was a matter of conscience for him.

And he felt he dare not receive. Any other to the Lord's table. Other than. On a biblical basis. And his fears in the matter. Proved sober.

As soon as his sentiments were known. There went up a general outcry. For his dismissal. And dismissed. He was. June 22nd.

1750. After 23 years of ministering. Among them. He preached his farewell sermon. On. In July. From 2nd Corinthians. 1.

[42 : 35] 14. And the doctrine. That he observed. From the text. Was this. Ministers. And the people. That have been under.

Their care. Must meet. One another. Before God's tribunal. At the day of judgment. And he expressed. His longing. That they and he.

Now. Quote. Now parting from one another. As to this world. May not be parted. After our meeting. On the last day. May not be parted. And so.

So. Concluded. As Hopkins puts it. This. Sorrowful. Strange. Surprising. Affair. The most so doubtless. Of any of the kind. That ever happened.

In New England. And perhaps. In any part. Of the Christian world. Obviously. He was pretty shocked. They were difficult times. In the Edwards. Parsonage. Sarah.

[43 : 28] Dreamed of being. Driven from my home. Into the cold and snow. And of being chased from the town. With the utmost contempt. And malice. She imagined being.

Quote. Surrounded by enemies. Who were venting their malice. And cruelty upon me. Tormenting me. And torturing me. In her waking hour. She confessed. Worrying that. If our house. And all of our property.

In it. Should be burnt up. And we should. That night. Be turned out naked. Whether I could.

Cheerfully resign. All to God. What would they do?

Where would they go? Now out of a job. Edwards lamented. I am now. Thrown upon the wide. Ocean of the world. And know not.

What will become of me. And my numerous. Chargeable family. He admitted. That the options. Were pretty few. For quote. I am fitted. For no other business.

[44 : 23] In life. But study. I can't do anything else. I'm useless. To do anything else. I see some of you. Here quivering. Do. Many of us. Are the same.

Sarah and her daughters. Went to work. Making lace. And embroidering. And painting fans. To sell in the Boston market. To make ends meet. But the Edwards knew.

That God was at the helm. And he wrote. At this time. To a friend. And we need not fear. To trust him. In the way of obedience. To him. Though according to. Unhuman appearance.

We seem to run. The greatest ventures. By cleaving to him. In distant Scotland. Some old saints. Heard of the situation. And took up a collection.

And this is among. The Stin Flint Scots. Okay. Which finally amounted. To 70 pounds. Okay. Our sovereign God.

[45 : 18] Can even open the purses. Of the parsimonious Scots. To feed their prophets. To feed his prophet. That's a wonderful. Reassurance there. Little.

Did Edwards anticipate. Where the great venture. Would take them next. To an outpost. On the frontier. Oh I'm sorry. I'm just getting excited.
That's their home. In Northampton. This is Jonathan and Sarah's home. In Northampton. So there's that. And then here's their little. Here's the frontier home. That they had. An outpost.
Frontier. As missionaries. To the Native Americans. There was a small church plant there.
Comprising of a few. Settler families. And 42 Indians. A congregation summoned.
Each Sunday. By a great blast. From a conch shell. Oh wonderful. And they needed a pastor. I wonder if they wondered.

[46 : 14] About the Lord's leading. A scholar like Edwards. Buried on the frontier. A lady accustomed. To the finer things. On the frontier. In a log cabin. Surrounded by wigwams.

But. Among the first letters. We read. My wife and children. Are well pleased. With our present situation. I mean the kids. Just think. Nothing cooler. Than playing around. In that context.
They like the place. Much better than they expected. Here at present. We live in peace. Which has a long time. Been the unusual thing for us. The Indians seem.
Much pleased with my family. And especially my wife. Ever popular Sarah. One might have thought. That being on the frontier. Would greatly reduce. The house guests.
But that very frontier. Was the site of the French Indian Wars. And it seemed. Quite a few soldiers. Would show up. For bed and board. There's a bill. Among the documents.

[47 : 11] Which Sarah submitted. To the colonial government. For 800 dinners. And seven gallons of rum. So clearly. A lot of soldiers. Or a few very, very thirsty soldiers.

Showed up. Clearly her gift of hospitality. Was not going to waste. And neither were Edwards. Stockbridge afforded a great opportunity.
To forward his theological writings. And it was at Stockbridge. Amongst the Native Americans. That Edwards produced. His freedom of the will.
So if you struggle. With a question of sovereignty. And free will. This is the book. To read. Alas. I don't really have time.

To expound it now. But also. The fruit of his Stockbridge years. Was the great Christian doctrine. Of original sin.

[48 : 03] Defended. Edwards considered this doctrine. Which was falling on. Very hard times. Was of great importance. Because a true notion.

Of the gospel. The remedy. Pivots. On a right diagnosis. Of the ruin. The disease. Okay. And two further. Companion works.

Of the Stockbridge period. Deserved mention. Are. A dissertation. Concerning the end. There we are. There it is. Two dissertations.

These two. Dissertation. Concerning the end. For which God created the world. And then this dissertation. Concerning the nature. Of true virtue. Just a brief word.

On the first of these. The end. For which God. Created the world. Was to show forth. His own glory. In its. Infinite. Fullness. God acts.

[48 : 58] Out of a supreme. Regard. For himself. But since. Our creaturely. Joy. Consists in. Delight. In the very. Self-expression.

Of God's majesty. God acting. For himself. To display. His majesty. And the creature's. Ultimate good. Delighting in that majesty. Coincide. So if you've read.

Any of John Piper's stuff. And desiring God. And so forth. God is. Most glorified. When we are. Most satisfied. In him. That's where he's getting it.

From Edwards here. Some wonderful stuff. Well. With all this. Furious writing. Paper. Was in. Short. Supply. And Edwards. Saved scraps of paper. Just like he saves. Scraps. Of time. We find his notes. In this period. Appearing on marriage. There.

[49 : 53] Look at that. So. He would. He would write a sermon. And then to reuse the paper. He would rotate. And then cross hatch. And write another sermon. Across. So he could reuse the paper. In that way.

So that's an example. Of much of what we. We find. Envelopes. Commencement programs. Even the trimmings. From his daughter's fan making. Edwards was even forced.

To tear up. One of his old books. And use the margins. And blank spaces. To write more sermons on. A torrent. Of words. But every last one. Utterly deliberate.

And considered. Jonathan Edwards. Was in his stride. But. This stride.

From this stride. He was called. To the presidency. Of fledgling. Princeton. He was disinclined. To go. As most Yalies. Seem to be.

[50 : 48] But he submitted. To the discernment. Of a. Council. Of close friends. In the matter. Of his calling. He actually had a bunch. Of close friends. Who were.

There is Princeton. Just within a couple years. Of Edwards going there. Of being there. Yes. They. His.

His kind of discernment group. Of fellow friends. They unanimously discerned. That it would be fit. To take the call. To the Princeton presidency. Edwards wept.

At their verdict. But submitted. Given the urgency. Of the need. He had to leave at once. With his family. To follow him. When able. Recalling the farewell.

Seventeen year old. Susanna. His. One of his daughters. Records. My father took leave. Of all of his people. And family. As affectionately. As if he knew. He should not.

[51 : 43] Come again. On the Sabbath afternoon. He preached. From the words. We have no. Continuing city. Therefore.

Let us seek one. To come. Scarcely. Had Edwards. Arrived. At the college. When. His new routine. Was interrupted. By an inoculation. Against smallpox.

This caused no. Stir. For. Inoculation. Was just getting a start. And it was common enough. But in Edwards. Case. Was always. The pastor. That had to roll up. His sleeve first.

Because he was the most. Educated person. In the town. And if he wasn't going to do it. Nobody would do it. So he rolls up his sleeve. They give him. The inoculation. And. In his case.

A swelling of the throat. That gave him too much. His throat. Swelled up. And prevented him. From drinking enough liquid. To quell the attendant fever. So he died of dehydration. And fever. It was soon.

[52 : 38] Seen that recovery. Was unlikely. His youngest daughter. Lucy. Had accompanied him. To Princeton. And he called. He was. He called her. To his side. Uh.

Okay. Look at this. Dear Lucy. It seems to me. To be the will of God. That I must shortly leave you. Therefore give my kindest love. To my dear wife. And tell her. That the uncommon union. Which has so long subsisted. Between us. Has been of such a nature.

As I trust. Is spiritual. And therefore. Will continue. Forever. And I hope. She will be. Supported. Under so great a trial. And submit cheerfully.

To the will of God. And as to my children. You are now like. To be left fatherless. Which I hope. Will be an inducement. To you all. To seek a father. Who will never.

[53 : 35] Fail you. Then he looked. About. The room. And said. Now where is Jesus. Of Nazareth. My true. And never failing friend.

From Princeton. The physician. Wrote to Sarah. That same day. March 22nd. 1758. This afternoon. Between two and three. Of the clock. It pleased God. To let him.

Sleep. In that dear Lord Jesus. Whose kingdom and interest. He had been faithfully. And painfully. Serving all of his life. Death had certainly. Lost its sting. As to him. When the news.

Reached Stockbridge. Sarah was suffering. So much. From rheumatism. She could scarcely. Hold a pen. But brief. Lines. Written.

To her Sarah. Esther. To her daughter. Esther. Epitomized the spirit. In which she had sought. To live with her husband. For more than 30 years. What shall I say. A holy.

[54 : 32] And good God. Has covered us. With a dark cloud. Oh. Oh. That we may kiss the rod. And lay our hands on our mouths. The Lord has done it.

He has me. Adore his goodness. That we had him so long. But my God lives. And he has my heart. Oh.

What a legacy. My husband and your father. Has left us. We are all given to God. And there I am. And love. To be. Yes.

What a legacy. Not only his pen. But also his person. A gift to God. And to us. His people. For Edwards was. One of the only very few. Who seemed to have been granted.

An almost perfect integration. Of head and heart. And it is this. Union of profound reflection. And passionate affection. That is so worthy of inspiring us.

[55 : 30] By directing us. To the magnificent. Majesty. Of the God. That he adored. We better stop there. I'm getting. Very friendly signs.

That I shoot. Okay. Yep. Yeah. Okay. Thank you friends. Let's. Let's. Hasten up. Sorry for going too long.

We can take questions. Maybe next time. I'll try to allow some time. Next week. Lord willing. We will take a further look. At the first great awakening. At Yale. And New Haven. There. More close.

Do I. Press. Pause. Or stop. Or. Does it matter? I'm sure it matters. Okay. Pause. A forest.ften■v. tabii. We will. Die. Some.■■-■n.