

**THE PILGRIMAGE
OF THEOPHILUS TO
THE CITY OF GOD**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649671618

The Pilgrimage of Theophilus to the City of God by John Marten Butt

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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JOHN MARTEN BUTT

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TO THE

City of God.

By J. M. Butt, John Martin

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The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. *Prov. ix. 12.*

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. *Psalms xvi. 4.*

The sum of our Saviour's preaching consists in inculcating this one great and fundamental truth of Christianity, that we are *nothing*, and God is *all in all*: 'tis his word that enlightens our minds, his Spirit directs our wills, his providence orders our affairs, his grace guides us here, and his mercy must bring us to heaven hereafter.

Bishop Louth's Directions for reading the Holy Scriptures.

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WELLINGTON:

Printed by and for F. Houlston and Son.

SOLD ALSO BY G. ROBINSON, 25, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

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1812.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

52262327

LOAN STACK

BR1720
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TO THE READER.



Reader, perchance you scorn the Author's dream,
And things of sight and sense far better deem,
The bird in hand appears thy wiser choice,
And in realities thou wouldst rejoice.
What if this bold conclusion then I make,
That thou the dreamer art, and I awake?
Life is a journey;—this my dreams portend,
Shew the best way, and point the happiest end:
Thy views of permanence on earth shall fall,
Phantasmagoria, one and all.
Reader, thy waking dreams, not mine, thou'lt find,
No trace of solid sense shall leave behind:
Waking ere long, for ever thou shalt weep,
That thou thy day of grace hast spent asleep.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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THE PILGRIMAGE
OF
THEOPHILUS, &c.

—♦—
CHAP. I.
—♦—

NOT long since, I fell into company with several serious friends, and our conversation turned upon the importance of early piety. We reflected, particularly, upon the daily increasing impediments to repentance, which delay and bad habits produce. And as we had, each of us, dear children of our own, whom we anxiously desired to train up from their earliest youth *in the nurture and admonition of the Lord*; we resolved to endeavour to write something instructive and engaging for the benefit of our several families. Full of this project, I returned to my home: and while I was meditating what I should write for the benefit of my little ones, and urged on by the consideration that I might not live to form their principles, and instruct

them in the great end of their existence, I fell asleep, and in my sleep I dreamed the following dream.

Methought, I seemed lifted from the earth into the clear azure sky, and beheld, at a distance, that great city, which has been properly called the City of *Destruction*. Above it was a thick mist, which obscured the light of the sun and of the stars. In this mist and gloom, I could discern terrible forms, and hideous apparitions, like unto fiery serpents, *the rulers of the power of the air, which work in the hearts of the children of disobedience*. These frightful spectres were invisible to the inhabitants of the city, by reason of the thick volumes of mist which rolled over their heads.

Now I saw that the inhabitants of the place had lamps of their own construction, which represented every thing around very different to its real form and nature. It was strange to observe the ragged dress of these people, and, at the same time, to see them parading the streets, perfectly unconscious that they had not wherewithal to cover their nakedness. But this self-complacency was the effect of the lamps, with which the streets were lighted. I observed too, that all the senses of the people were vitiated, insomuch that they continually mistook *sweet for bitter, and bitter for sweet*. And not only did they yield to every temptation to iniquity, but their delight was in the society of

those only who countenanced and encouraged them in their evil ways.

As I gazed with astonishment upon this *City of Confusion*, I beheld a certain man, called Evangelist, summon the inhabitants together in the name of their King; whereupon many of them being gathered together to hear what the babbler, as they called him, would say, he thus addressed them.

Men and brethren, your Sovereign Lord, the King of the Celestial City, has, you well know, time after time, sent his heralds of peace, to warn you of the dreadful punishment which he is resolved to inflict upon you, unless you return to your allegiance. From the beginning you have rebelled against him. He created you in his own image, without spot of pollution, perfect in righteousness and happiness. But you have defaced his image, as well as revolted from his government; preferring the polluted garb of Satan to that spotless righteousness which alone can unite you to the God of holiness, the King of Glory; which ineffable union is the august destination and sovereign good of our race. Moreover, you have surrendered yourselves to the great enemy of your souls, even to Apollyon. This traitor has poisoned the whole course of your nature, and incited you to every act of treason and rebellion. He has bereaved you of a blissful paradise, and has brought upon you disease, misery, and death, the wages of sin in