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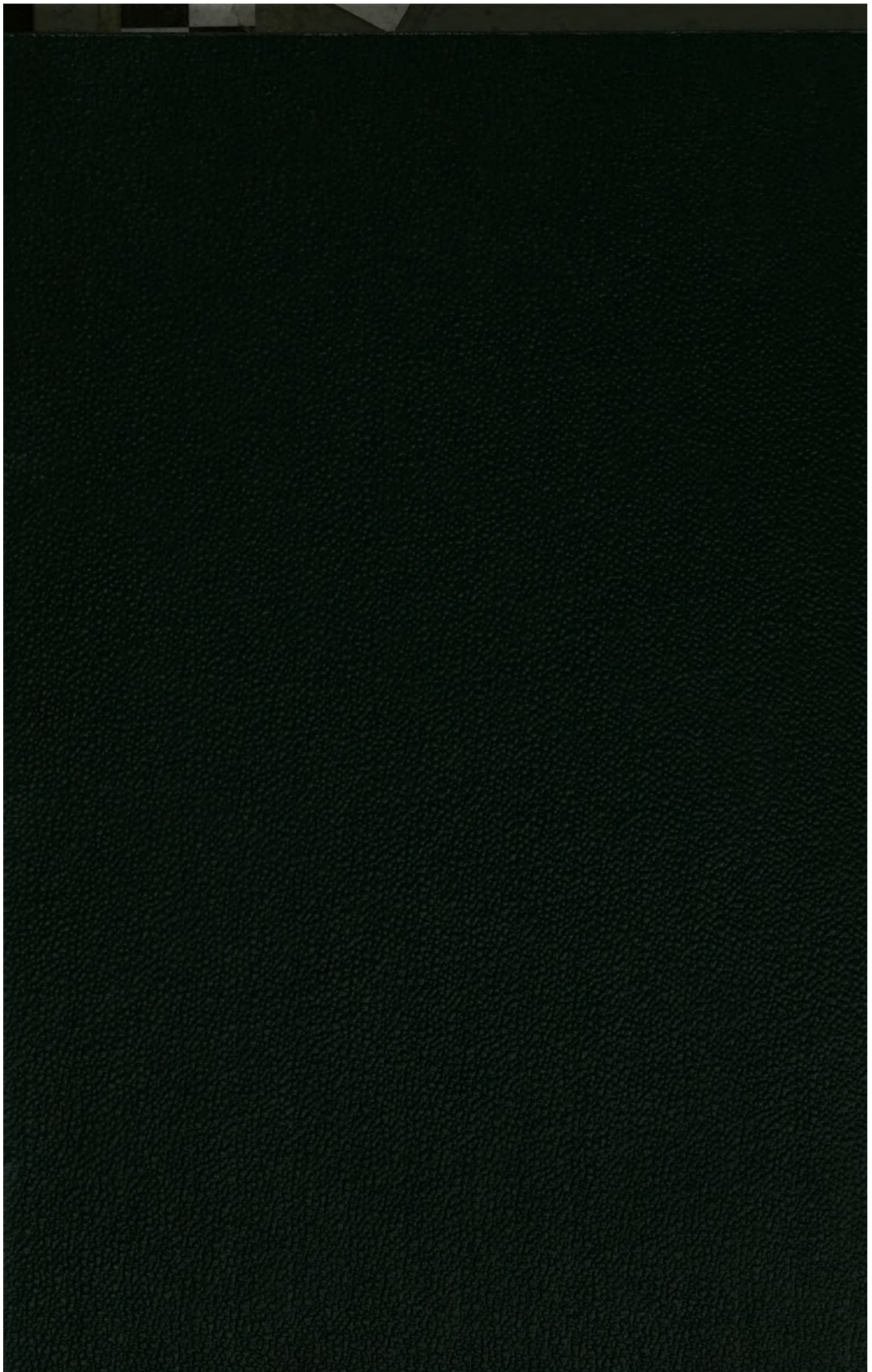
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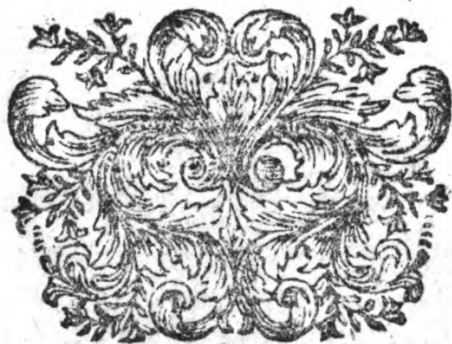




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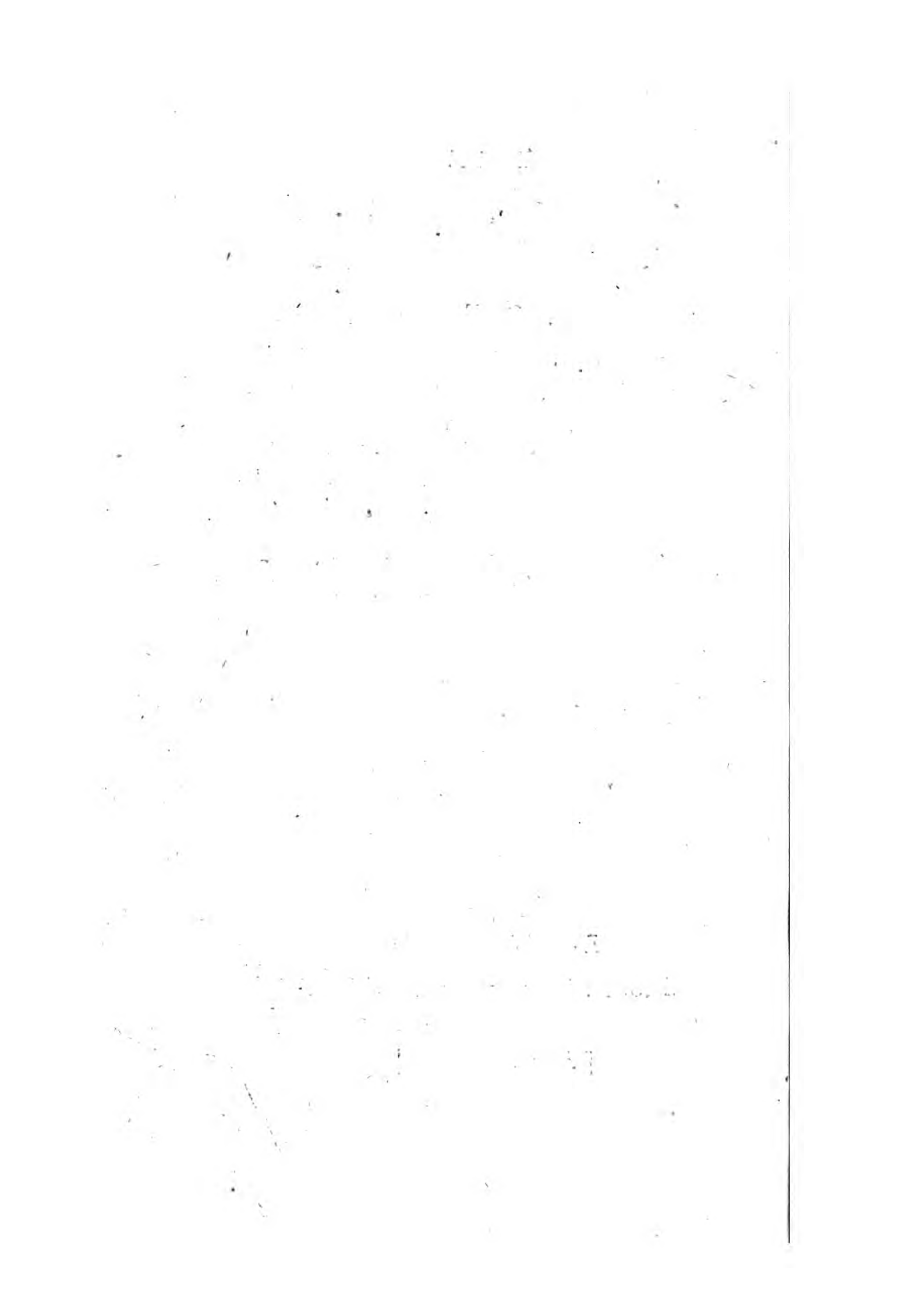
THE
ART
OF
PREACHING:
In IMITATION of
HORACE's
ART of POETRY.



L O N D O N :

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THE
Art of Preaching;

IN IMITATION OF
HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

a



HOULD some strange Poet, in his
 Piece, affect
 Pope's nervous Stile, with *Ward's*
 low Puns be-deck'd;
 Prink *Milton's* true Sublime, with
Swift's true Wit;
 And *Blackmore's* Gravity with *Gay's* Conceit;
A 2 Would

a *Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
 Jungere si velit. Et varias inducere plumas
 Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
 Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
 Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?
 Credite, Pisones, isti tabula fore librum
 Persimilem*———

Would you not laugh? Trust me that Priest's as bad,
 Who in a Stile now grave, now raving mad,
 Gives the wild Whims of dreaming Schoolmen vent,
 Whilst drowsy Congregations nod assent.

^b The Priests, 'tis true, have always been allow'd
 To teach Religion, and 'tis fit they shou'd;
 But in that sacred Name when they dispense
 Flat Contradictions to all common Sense;
 Tho' Fools and Bigots wonder and believe,
 The Wise 'tis not so easy to deceive.

^c Some take a Text sublime, and fraught with
 Sense,
 But quickly fall into Impertinence.
 On Trifles eloquent, with great Delight
 They flourish out on some strange mystick Rite;
 Clear up the Darknels of some useless Text,
 Or make some crabbed Passage more perplex:
 But to subdue the Passions, or direct,
 And all Life's moral Duties they neglect.

^d Most Preachers err (except the wiser few)
 Thinking establish'd Doctrines, therefore true:

^e Others,

^b ————— *Pictoribus atque Poetis.*

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aqua potestas ———

Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia ———

^c *Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna professis* ———

^d *Maxima pars vatam* ———

Decipimur specie recti ———

° Others, too fond of Novelty and Schemes,
Amuse the World with airy idle Dreams:
† Thus too much Faith, or too presuming Wit,
Are Rocks where Bigots, or Free-thinkers split.

§ The very meanest Dabler at *Whiteball*
Can rail at Papists, or poor Quakers maul;
But when of some great Truth he aims to preach,
Alas, he finds it far beyond his Reach.

h Young Deacons try your Strength, and strive to find
A Subject suited to your Turn of Mind;
Method and Words are easily your own,
Or should they fail you—steal from *Tillotson*.

i Much of its Beauty, Usefulness, and Force,
Depends on rightly timing a Discourse.

Before

e *Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.*

f *In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.*

g *Emilium circa ludum faber imus, & ungues
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur are capillos;
Infelix opera summa, quia ponere totum
Nesciet. —*

h *Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, equam
Viribus, —*

i *Ordinis hæc virtus erit, & venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
Pleraque differat; ut præsens in tempus omittat —*

Before the L—ds or C—m—ns—far from nice,
 Say boldly—*Brib'ry is a dirty Vice*—
 But quickly check yourself—and with a Sneer—
Of which this Honourable House is clear.

^k Great is the Work, and worthy of the Gown,
 To bring forth hidden Truths, and make them
 known.

Yet in all new Opinions, have a care,
 Truth is too strong for some weak Minds to bear:
^lAnd are new Doctrines taught, or old reviv'd,
 Let them from Scripture plainly be deriv'd.

^m *Barclay* or *Baxter*, wherefore do we blame
 For Innovations, yet approve the same
 In *Wickliffe* and in *Calvin*? Why are These
 Call'd wise Reformers? Those mad Sectaries?
 'Tis most unjust: ⁿ Men always had a Right,
 And ever will, to think, to speak, to write
 Their various Minds; yet sacred ought to be
 The Publick Peace, as Private Liberty.

° Opinions

^k *In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis*—
^l *Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
 Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta.*
^m ————— *Quid autem
 Cæcilio Plautoque, dabit Romanos, ademptum
 Virgilio Varioque?* —————
ⁿ ————— *Licuit, semperque licebit,
 Signatum presente nota procudere nomen,*

° Opinions are like Leaves which every Year
 Now flourish green, now fall and disappear.
 Once the Pope's Bulls could terrify his Foes,
 And kneeling Princes kiss'd his sacred Toes ;
 Now he may damn, or curse, or what he will,
 There's not a Prince in Christendom will kneel.
 Reason now reigns, and by her Aid we hope
 Truth may revive, and sickening Error droop :
 She the sole Judge, the Rule, the gracious Light
 Kind Heaven has lent to guide our Minds aright.

° States to embroil, and Faction to display,
 In wild Harangues, *Sacheverel* show'd the Way.

¶ The Fun'ral Sermon, when it first began,
 Was us'd to weep the Loss of some good Man ;
 Now any Wretch, for one small Piece of Gold,
 Shall have fine Praises from the Pulpit fold :
 But whence this Custom rose, who can decide ?
 From Priestly Av'rice ? or from Humane Pride ?

¶ Truth

° *Ut Sylva foliis pronos mutantur in annos—*

p *Res gesta regumque, ducumque, & tristia bella
 Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.*

¶ *Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
 Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.*

*Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit auctor,
 Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub judice lis est.*

Truth, moral Virtue, Piety, and Peace
 Are noble Subjects, and the Pulpit grace :
 But Zeal for Trifles arm'd imperious *Laud*,
 His Power and Cruelty the Nation aw'd.
 Why was he honour'd with the Name of Priest,
 And Greatest made, unworthy to be Least,
 Whose Zeal was Fury, whose Devotion Pride,
 Power his great God; and Interest his sole Guide ?

To touch the Passions let your Stile be plain ;
 The Praise of Virtue asks a higher Strain :

Yet sometimes the Pathetick may receive
 The utmost Force that Eloquence can give ;
 As sometimes, in Elogiums, 'tis the Art,
 With plain Simplicity to win the Heart.

'Tis not enough that what you say is true,
 To make *us* feel it, *you* must feel it too :

Show

Musa dedit fidibus Divos puerosque Deorum—
 Arcbilocum proprio rabies armavit iambo.—

Cur ego, si nequeo, ignoroque, Poeta salutor ?
 Cur nescire—quam discere malo ?

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.—
 Interdum tamen & vocem Comædia tollit ;—
 Et Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.

Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata—
 —male si mandata loqueris
 Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

Show your *self* warm'd, and that will Warmth impart
To every Hearer's sympathizing Heart.

When honest *Foster* Virtue does enforce,
All give Attention to the warm Discourse:
But who a cold, dull, lifeless, drawling keeps,
One half his Audience laughs, the other sleeps.

^w In censuring Vice be earnest and severe ;
In stating dubious Points concise and clear ;
Anger requires stern Looks and threatening Stile ;
But paint the Charms of Virtue with a Smile.
These different Changes common Sense will teach,
And we expect them from you if you preach ;
For should your Manner differ from your Theme,
Or on quite different Subjects be the same,
Despis'd and laugh'd at, you must travel down,
And hide such Talents in some Country Town.

^x It much concerns a Preacher first to learn
The Genius of his Audience, and their Turn.
Amongst the Citizens be grave and slow ;
Before the Nobles let fine Periods flow ;

B

The

^w ————— *Tristia mæstum*

Vultum verba decent : Iratum, plena minarum ;

Ludentem, lasciva ; severum, seria dictu.

Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem

Fortunarum habitum : — —

^x *Intererit multum divusne loquatur an heros —*

The *Temple Church* asks *Sherlock's* Sense and Skill ;
Beyond the Tow'r--- no matter--- what you will.

^y In Facts or Notions fetch'd from sacred Writ
Be orthodox, nor cavil to show Wit ;
 ^z Or if your daring Genius is so bold
To teach new Doctrines, or to censure old,
With care proceed ; you tread a dangerous Path ;
Error establish'd grows establish'd Faith.
 'Tis easier much, and much the safer Rule
To teach in Pulpit what you learnt at School ;
With Zeal defend whate'er the Church believes,
If you expect to thrive, or wear Lawn Sleeves.

^a Some loudly bluster, and consign to Hell
All who dare doubt one Word or Syllable
Of what they call the Faith ; and which extends
To Whims and Trifles without Use or Ends :
 ^b Sure 'tis much nobler, and more like Divine,
T' enlarge the Path to Heaven, than to confine :

Infit

^y *Famam sequere* ———

^z *Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes
Personam formare novam ;* ———

——tuque

Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus ———

^a *Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim* ———

^b *Quanto rectius hic* ———

Infist alone on useful Points, or plain ;
And know, God cannot hate a virtuous Man.

^c If you expect or hope that we should stay
Your whole Discourse, nor strive to flink away ;
Some venial Faults there are you must avoid
To every Age and Circumstance ally'd.
^d A pert young Student just from College brought,
With many little Pedantries is fraught :
Reasons with Syllogism, persuades with Wit,
Quotes Scraps of *Greek* instead of sacred Writ ;
Or deep immers'd in Politick Debate,
Reforms the Church, and guides the tottering State.
^e Those Trifles which maturer Age forgot,
Now some good Benefice employs his Thought ;
He seeks a Patron, and will soon incline
To all his Notions civil or divine ;
Studies his Principles both Night and Day,
And as that Scripture guides, must preach and pray.

B 2 f Av'rice

^c *Tu, quid ego & populus mecum desideret, audi ;
Si plausoris eges aulae manentis, & usque
Sessuri, donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat ;
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores—*

^d *Reddere qui voces jam scit puer —*

^e *Conversis studiis, etas animusque virilis
Quærit opes, & amicitias :—*

† Av'rice and Age creep on: his reverend Mind
 Begins to grow Right-reverently inclin'd.
 Power and Preferment still so sweetly call,
 The Voice of Heaven is never heard at all:
 Set but a tempting Bishoprick in View,
 He's strictly Orthodox and Loyal too;
 With equal Zeal defends the Church and State,
 And Infidels and Rebels share his Hate.

‡ Some things are plain, we can't misunderstand;
 Some still obscure, tho' thousands have explain'd:
 Those influence more which Reason can conceive,
 Than such as we thro' Faith alone believe;
 In Those we judge, in These you *may* deceive;
 But what too deep in Mystery is thrown,
 The wisest Preachers chuse to let alone.
 How *Adam's* Fault affects all Human Kind;
 How Three is One, and One is Three combin'd;
 How certain Prescience checks not future Will;
 And why Almighty Goodness suffers Ill;

Such

† *Multa senem circumveniunt* ———

‡ *Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur:*
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipsæ sibi tradit Spectator. ———

——— *in avem Procne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem,*
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

Such Points as these lie far too deep for Man,
Were never well explain'd, nor ever can.

^h If Pastors more than thrice five Minutes preach,
Their sleepy Flocks begin to yawn, and stretch.

ⁱ Never presume the Name of God to bring
As sacred Sanction to a trifling Thing.

^k Before, or after Sermon, Hymns of Praise
Exalt the Soul, and true Devotion raise.
In Songs of Wonder celebrate His Name,
Who spread the Skies, and built the starry Frame:
Or thence descending view this Globe below,
And praise the Source of every Bliss we know.

^l In ancient Times, when Heaven was to be prais'd,
Our humble Ancestors their Voices rais'd,

And

^h *Neve minor, heu sit quinto productior actu
Fabula.*———

ⁱ *Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit:*———

^k *Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile
Defendat.* —

^l *Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vineta, tubaque
Æmula; sed tenuis, simplexque*——

*Postquam cæpit agros extendere Victor, & urbem
Latior, amplecti murus, vinoque diurno*

Placari

And Hymns of Thanks from grateful Bosoms flow'd,
 For Ills prevented, or for Good bestow'd:
 But as the Church increas'd in Power and Pride,
 The Pomp of Sound the Want of Sense supply'd;
 Majestick Organs then were taught to blow,
 And plain Religion grew a Raree-show:
 Strange ceremonious Whims, a numerous Race,
 Were introduc'd, in Truth's and Virtue's place.
 Mysterious Turnpikes block up Heaven's Highway,
 And for a Ticket, we our Reason pay.

^m These Superstitions quickly introduce
 Contempt, Neglect, wild Satire, and Abuse;
 Religion and its Priests, by every Fool,
 Were thought a Jest, and turn'd to Ridicule.
 Some few indeed found where the Medium lay,
 And kept the * Coat, but tore the Fringe away.

ⁿ Of Preaching well if you expect the Fame,
 Let Truth and Virtue be your first great Aim.

Your

*Placari Genius festis impune diebus;
 Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
 Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum,
 Rusticus, urbano confusus, turpis honesto?*

^m *Non etiam agrestis Satyros nudavit, & asper
 Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: —*

ⁿ *Scribendi recte, sapere est & principium & fons.
 Qui didicit Patria quid debeat, & quid Amicis;*

* *Vide Marlin in the Tale of a Tub.*

Your sacred Function often call to mind,
And think how great the Trust, to teach Mankind!
'Tis yours in useful Sermons to explain,
Both what we owe to God, and what to Man.
'Tis yours the Charms of Liberty to paint,
His Country's Love in every Breast to plant;
Yours every social Virtue to improve,
Justice, Forbearance, Charity, and Love;
Yours too the private Virtues to augment,
Of Prudence, Temperance, Modesty, Content:
When such the Man, how amiable the Priest!
Of all Mankind the worthiest, and the best.

° Ticklish the Point, I grant, and hard to find,
To please the various Tempers of Mankind.
Some love you should the crabbed Points explain,
Where Texts with Texts a dreadful War maintain:
Some love a new, and some the beaten Path,
Morals please some, and others Points of Faith;
But he's the Man, he's the admir'd Divine,
In whose Discourses Truth and Virtue join:

These

° *Centuria seniore[m] agitant expertia frugis;
Celsi praterunt austera poemata Ramnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.*—

These are the Sermons which will ever live,
By these our *Tonsons* and our *Knaptons* thrive ;
How such are read, and prais'd, and how they sell,
Let *Barrow's*, *Clarke's*, and *Butler's* Sermons tell.

¶ Preachers should either make us good or wise,
Him that does neither, who but must despise?
If all your Rules are useful, short, and plain,
We soon shall learn them, and shall long retain ;
But if on Trifles you harangue, away
We turn our Heads, and laugh at all you say.

¶ But Priests are Men, and Men are prone to err,
On common Failings none should be severe ;
All are not Masters of the same good Sense,
Nor blest with equal Powers of Eloquence.
'Tis true: and Errors with an honest Mind,
Will meet with easy Pardon from Mankind ;
But who persists in Wrong with haughty Pride,
Him all must censure, many will deride.

¶ Yet few are Judges of a fine Discourse,
Can see its Beauties, or can feel its Force ;

With

¶ *Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poeta* ———

¶ *Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus* ———

¶ *Non quisvis videt immodulata poemata iudex.* ———

With like Indulgence some attentive fit,
 To sober Reasoning, and to shallow Wit.
 What then? Because your Audience most are Fools,
 Will you neglect all Method, and all Rules?
 Or since the Pulpit is a sacred Place,
 Where none dare contradict you to your Face,
 Will you presume to tell a thousand Lyes?
 If so, we may forgive, but must despise.

‡ In jingling *Bev'ridge* if I chance to see
 One Word of Sense, I prize the Rarity:
 But if in *Hooker*, *Sprat*, or *Tillotson*,
 A Thought unworthy of themselves is shown,
 I grieve to see it, but 'tis no Surprise,
 The greatest Men are not at all Times wise.

† Sermons, like Plays, some please us at the Ear,
 But never will a serious Reading bear;

C

Some

‡ Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Cæcilius ille,
 Quem bis terve bonum, cum risu miror; Et idem
 Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
 Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

† Ut Pictura, poesis erit: quæ, si propius flet,
 Te capiet magis; Et quædam, si longius abflet.

Some in the Closet edify enough,
 That from the Pulpit seem'd but forry Stuff.
 'Tis thus: there are who by ill preaching spoil
 Young's pointed Sense, or Atterbury's Stile;
 Whilst others by the Force of Eloquence,
 Make That seem fine, which scarce is common Sense.

v In every Science, they that hope to rise,
 Set great Examples still before their Eyes.
 Young Lawyers copy Murray where they can;
 Physicians Mead, and Surgeons Cheselden:
 But all will preach, without the least Pretence
 To Virtue, Learning, Art, or Eloquence.
 Why not? you cry: they plainly see, no doubt,
 A Priest may grow Right-Reverend without.

w Preachers and Preaching were at first design'd
 For common Benefit to all Mankind.

Publick

v *Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis: —*
Qui nescit versus tamen audet fingere. Quid ni?
 w ——— *Fuit hac sapientia quondam*
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis;
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno. ———

— Sic

Publick and private Virtues they explain'd,
To Goodness courted, and from Vice restrain'd :
Love, Peace, and Union breath'd in each Discourse,
And their Examples gave their Precepts force.
From these good Men, the Priests and all their
Line,

Were honour'd with the Title of *Divine*.
But soon their proud Successors left this Path,
Forfook plain Morals for dark Points of Faith;
Till Creeds on Creeds the warring World inflam'd,
And all Mankind, by different Priests, were damn'd.

* Some ask which is th' Essential of a Priest,
Virtue or Learning? What they ask's a Jest :
We daily see dull Loads of reverend Fat,
Without Pretence to either This or That.
But who like *Hough* or *Hoadly* hopes to shine,
Must with great Learning real Virtue join.

C 2

He

— Sic honor *Et* nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit. —

— Post hos —

— Animos in tristia bella
Versibus exacuit.

* *Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quaeritum est.*

^y He who by Preaching hopes to raise a Name,
 To no small Excellence directs his Aim.
 On every noted Preacher he must wait;
 The Voice, the Look, the Action imitate:
 And when complete in Stile and Eloquence,
 Must then crown all with Learning and good Sense.
 But some with lazy Pride disgrace the Gown,
 And never preach one Sermon of their own;
[']Tis easier to transcribe than to compose,
 So all the Week they eat, and drink, and doze.

^z As Quacks with lying Puffs the Papers fill,
 Or hand their own Praise in a pocky Bill,
 Where empty Boasts of much superior Sense,
 Draw from the cheated Croud their idle Pence;
 So the great *H--ley* hires for Half a Crown,
 A quack Advertisement to tell the Town
 Of some strange Point to be disputed on: }
 Where all who love the Science of Debate,
 May hear, Themselves, or other Coxcombs prate.

When

^y *Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
 Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit & alfit*

^z *Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas*

^a When Dukes or noble Lords a Chaplain hire,
They first of his Capacities enquire,
If stoutly qualify'd to drink and smoke,
If not too nice to bear an impious Joke,
If tame enough to be the common Jest,
This is a Chaplain to his Lordship's Taste.

^b If Bards to *Pope* indifferent Verses show,
He is too honest not to tell them so.

This is obscure, he cries, and this too rough,
These trifling, or superfluous; strike them off.

How useful every Word from such a Friend!

But Parsons are too proud *Their* Works to mend,

And every Fault with Arrogance defend:

Think them too sacred to be criticiz'd,

And rather chuse to let them be despis'd.

He

^a *Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant,
An sit amicitia dignus: ———*

^b *Vir bonus & prudens versus reprehendet inertes ———
———ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta: parum claris lucem dare coget: ———*

He that is wise will not presume to laugh
 At Priests, or Church-Affairs; it is not safe.
 Think there exists, and let it check your Sport,
 That dreadful Monster call'd a Spiritual Court.
 Into whose cruel Jaws if once you fall,
 In vain, alas in vain, for Aid you call;
 Clerks, Proctors, Priests, voracious round you ply,
 Like Leeches sticking, till they've suck'd you dry.

*Ut, mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,
 Aut fanaticus error. Et iracunda Diana,
 Vesantum tetegisse timent fugiuntque Poëtam,
 Qui sapiunt : ———
 Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
 Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo,*

F I N I S.





