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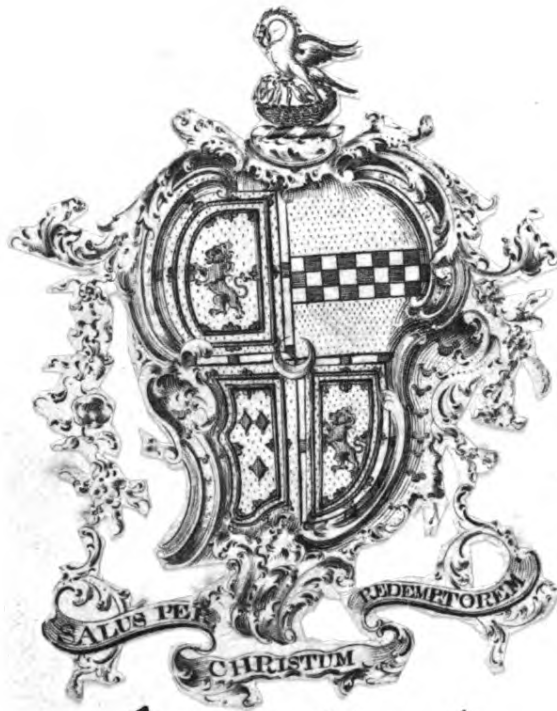
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OXFORD  
UNIVERSITY  
SCHOOL OF  
ENGLISH



Stuart of Carnock.  
Esq.

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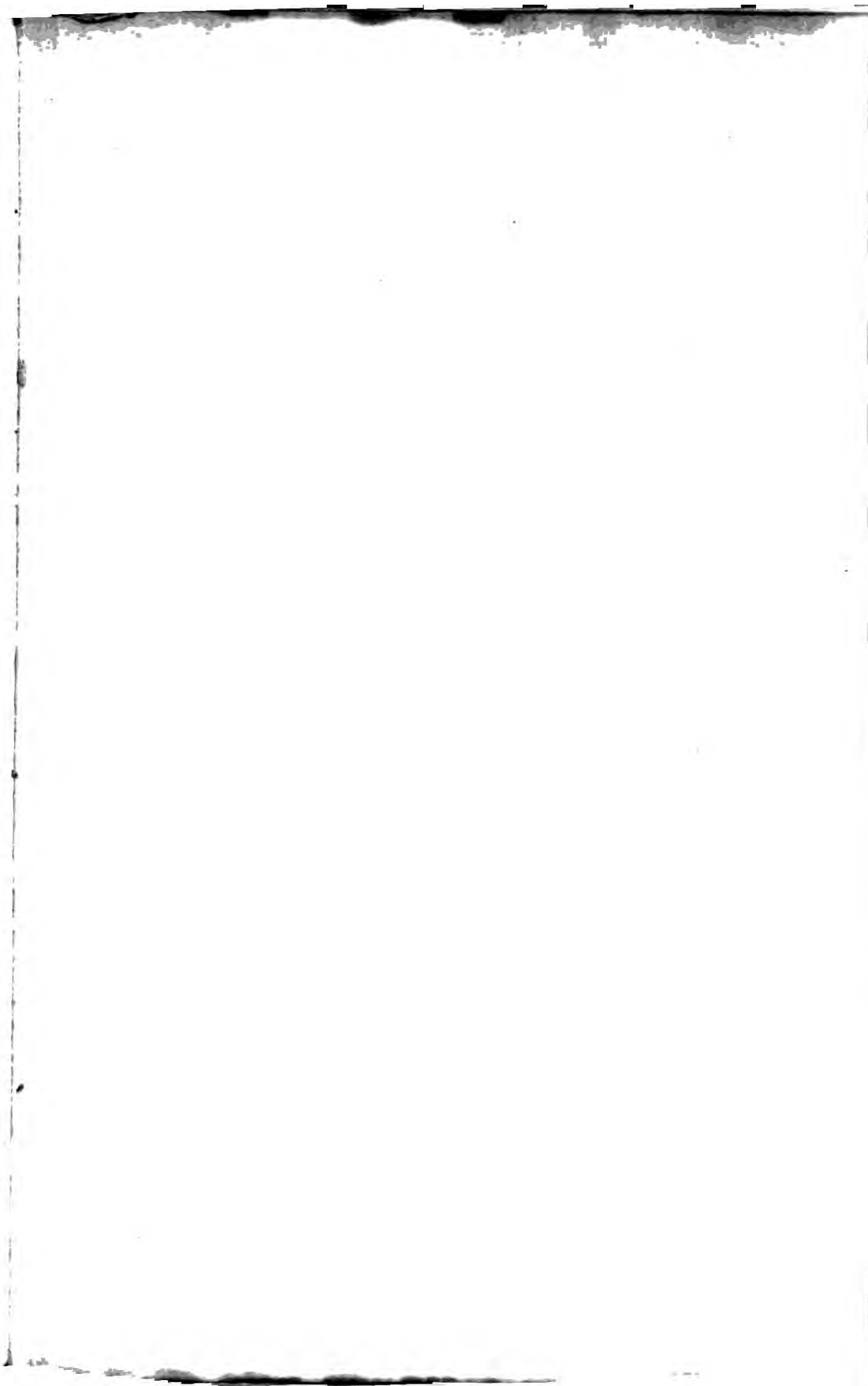
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THE  
REMAINS  
OF  
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.



HENRY KIRKE WHITE.  
BORN MARCH 21<sup>ST</sup> 1765. DIED OCTOBER 19<sup>TH</sup> 1806.

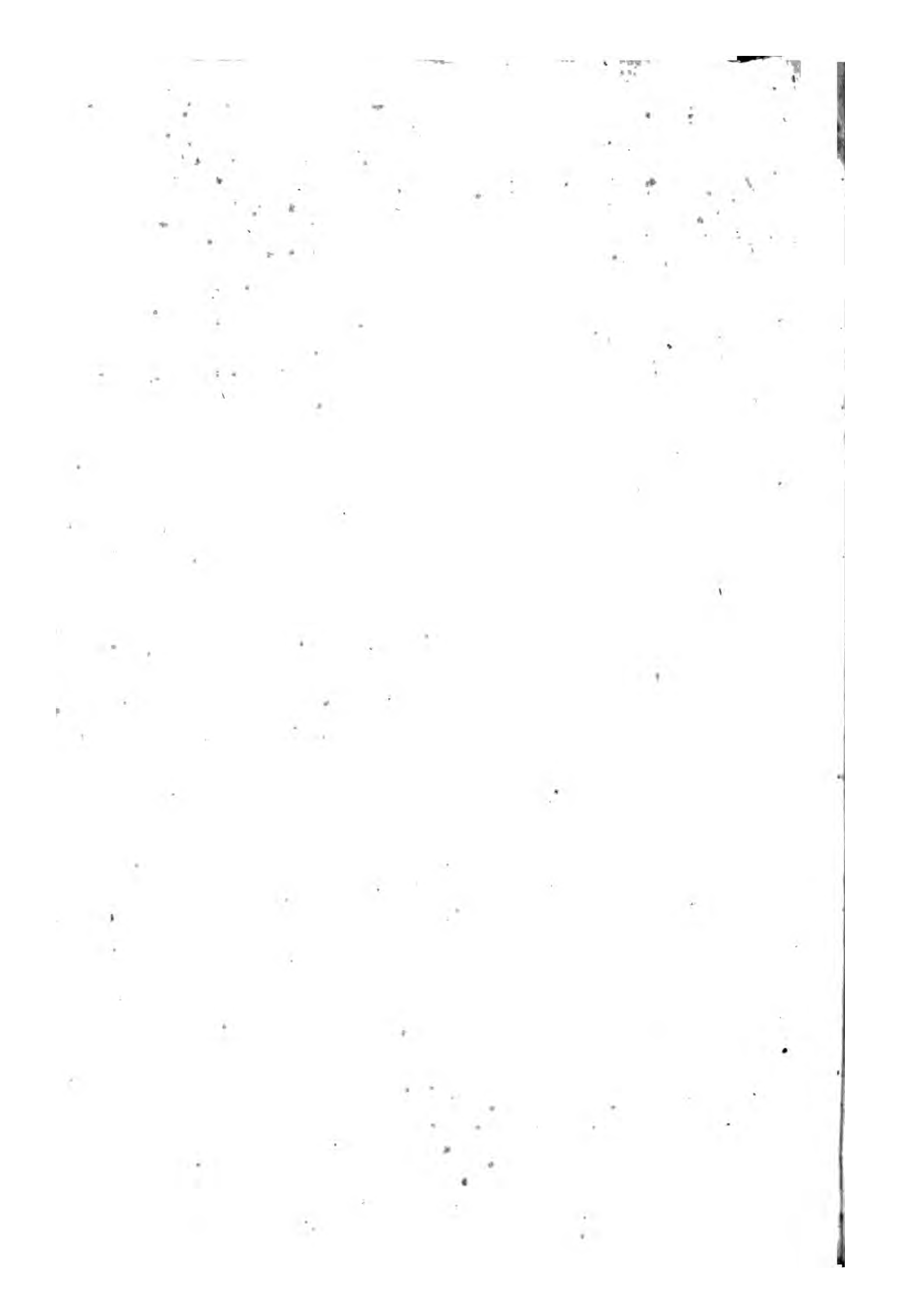
WARM WITH FOND HOPE AND LEARNINGS SACRED FLAME  
TO GRANES BOWERS THE YOUTHFUL POET CAME;  
UNCONQUERED POWERS TH' IMMORTAL MIND DISPLAYED,  
BUT WORN WITH ANXIOUS THOUGHT THE FRAME DECAYED  
PALE OER HIS LAMP AND IN HIS CELL RETIRED  
THE MARTYR STUDENT FADED AND EXPIRED  
O GENIUS, TASTE AND PIETY SINCERE,  
TOO EARLY LOST MIDST DUTIES TOO SEVERE!  
FOREMOST TO MOURN WAS GENEROUS SOUTHEY SEEN,  
HE TOLD THE TALE AND SHEWED WHAT WHITE HAD BEEN;  
NOT TOLD IN VAIN—FAR OER TH' ATLANTIC WAVE  
A WANDERER CAME AND SOUGHT THE POETS GRAVE;  
ON YON LOW STONE HE SAW HIS LONELY NAME,  
AND RAISED THIS FOND MEMORIAL TO HIS FAME.

WS

ENGRAVED from a DRAWING of the TABLET, executed by F. Chantrey Esq.<sup>RA.</sup> to the memory of the late H. K. WHITE.

and erected in All Saints Church Cambridge, at the sole expense of Francis Boot Esq.<sup>Esq.</sup>

N. The INSCRIPTION, is by William Smyth Esq.<sup>Esq.</sup>—Professor of Modern History—





THE  
REMAINS  
OF  
HENRY KIRKE WHITE,  
OF NOTTINGHAM,  
*LATE OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;*  
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS  
LIFE,  
*BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

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VOL. III.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR  
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1822.

**LONDON :**  
**Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,**  
**New-Street-Square.**

## PREFACE.

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FEW books have issued from the press, during the last fifteen years, which have excited such general and unabating interest as the Remains of Henry Kirke White. I hoped, and indeed expected, this with some confidence; in reliance upon something better than the taste or judgment of that many-headed idol, the public. I trusted, that the genius of the writer, and the purity and beauty of his character, would call forth admiration in young and generous hearts; while a large portion of the community would duly appreciate his good sense, his prudence, and his piety. And, in this I was not deceived: youth and age, the learned and the unlearned, the proud intellect and the humble heart, have derived from these melancholy relics a pleasure, equal perhaps in degree, though different in kind.

In consequence of this general acceptance, the relatives of the Author were often advised and solicited to publish a farther selection, and applications to the same effect were sometimes addressed to me. An extract from one letter upon the subject may not improperly be inserted here, for its singularity and frank good-nature. After declaring, that he did not remember ever to have read a work which had more pleased, edified, and affected him, the writer says, "To be sure, you and I should read the book very differently. I am such a Goth, that I have no taste for any poetry, beyond a Tabernacle Hymn: therefore, when I read the first volume, I skipped the verses, or, at most, hastily ran my eye over them. The part which has so much struck me is his religion. Indeed, dear Sir, you have done this part great justice. A thought, however, has struck me, which I trust your candour will pardon me for stating to you. As you had a trunk full of papers of his writing to select from, I fear there may be many on the subject of religion which you may have omitted, (not out of bigotry; for the Life is so fairly and honourably written, that I perfectly acquit you of that,) but from thinking them perhaps enthusiastic, or unworthy of his

great abilities; when those very papers might be a means of comfort and edification to some pious minds. Even if this did not weigh with you, out of so large a number you had to select a few, consequently many must have been unavoidably rejected. If there are many more of the same devotional cast, and it was judged expedient to print them, I would gladly subscribe towards it."

The wishes, thus privately expressed, for a farther selection, were seconded by the publishers; but so little had any such intention been originally entertained, that the poems, and some prose compositions, which from time to time were recovered and thought worthy of preservation, were inserted in the former volumes, as the opportunity of a new edition occurred. At length, however, when some letters of more than common interest were put into Mr. Neville White's possession, the propriety of bearing a future publication in mind was perceived; and, from that time, such letters and compositions as were discovered were laid aside with this view. From these, and from the gleanings of the original collection, the present volume has been formed.

Few of the prose compositions stand in need



of any apology. I have elsewhere observed, that the premature good sense of Henry was even more extraordinary than his genius; and these Remains contain abundant proofs, that if Providence had thought good to lengthen his days, he would, in all likelihood, have been one of the most judicious of English Authors. With regard to the poetry, having in the first instance exercised my own judgement, I did not now think myself justified in rejecting, what others recommended for insertion. The poems had been seen by many friends of the family, and as in this case no possible injury could be done to the reputation of the dead, I willingly deferred to their wishes and feelings. That which has pleased one person may be expected to please others; and the productions of an immature mind will be read by other minds in the same stage, with which they will be in unison. The lover of poetry, as well as the artist and the antiquary, may be allowed to have his relics. Even in the relic-worship of the Romish superstition, what we condemn, is not the natural and becoming sentiment, but the abuse which has been made of it, and the follies and villainies which have been committed in consequence.

---

I take this opportunity of making some additions to the Account of Henry's Life; and especially, to that part of it concerning the manner in which he received those strong religious impressions which permanently stamped his character. The facts \* were not known to me when that account was written; they are now stated on the authority of the Rev. R. W. Almond, rector of St. Peter's, Nottingham, who was his fellow-student at Wintringham, and one of his earliest and most intimate friends.

At a time when Henry doubted the truth of Christianity, and professed a careless indifference concerning it, — which he was far from feeling, — it happened that Mr. Almond was accidentally present at a death-bed, and was so struck with what he then saw of the power and influence, and inestimable value of religion, that he formed a firm determination to renounce all such pursuits as

\* It will be observed, that this statement differs materially from what is given in the original memoir; and Henry's friends are desirous, that the difference should thus be pointed out, in order to expose the pretensions of a person who advertises himself as the tutor of Henry Kirke White, and the instrument of his conversion! How groundless the latter assertion is, is here shown; and as for tutorage, it continued not more than five or six weeks.

were not strictly compatible with it. That he might not be shaken in this resolution, he withdrew from the society of all those persons whose ridicule or censure he feared; and was particularly careful to avoid Henry, of whose raillery he stood most in dread. He anxiously shunned him therefore; till Henry, who would not suffer an intimacy of long standing to be broken off he knew not why, called upon his friend, and desired to know the cause of this unaccountable conduct towards himself and their common acquaintance.

Mr. Almond, who had received him with trembling and reluctance, replied to this expostulation, that a total change had been effected in his religious views, and that he was prepared to defend his opinions and conduct, if Henry would allow the Bible to be the word of truth and the standard of appeal. Upon this, Henry exclaimed in a tone of strong emotion: — “ Good God, you surely regard me in a worse light than I deserve ! ” — His friend proceeded to say, that what he had said was from a conviction that they had no common ground on which to contend, Henry having more than once suggested, that the book of *Isaiah* was an *epic*, and that of *Job* a *dramatic*, poem. He then stated what the change was

which had taken place in his own views and intentions, and the motives for his present conduct. From the manner in which Henry listened, it became evident that his mind was ill at ease, and that he was no-ways satisfied with himself. His friend, therefore, who had expected to be assailed in a tone of triumphant superiority by one in the pride and youthful confidence of great intellectual powers, and, as yet, ignorant of his own ignorance, found himself unexpectedly called upon to act the monitor; and, putting into his hands Scott's "Force of Truth," which was lying on the table, intreated him to take it with him, and peruse it at his leisure.

The book produced little effect, and was returned with disapprobation. Men differ as much in mind as in countenance: some are to be awakened by passionate exhortation, or vehement reproof, appealing to their fears and exciting their imagination; others yield to force of argument, or, upon slow enquiry, to the accumulation of historical testimony and moral proofs; there are others, in whom the innate principle of our nature retains more of its original strength, and these are led by their inward monitor into the

way of peace. Henry was of this class. His intellect might have been on the watch to detect a flaw in evidence, a defective argument, or an illogical inference; but, in his heart, he felt that there is no happiness, no rest, without religion: and in him who becomes willing to believe, the root of infidelity is destroyed. Mr. Almond was about to enter at Cambridge; on the evening before his departure for the University, Henry requested that he would accompany him to the little room, which was called his study. "We had no sooner entered," says Mr. Almond, "than he burst into tears, and declared, that his anguish of mind was insupportable. He intreated that I would kneel down and pray for him: and most cordially were our tears and supplications mingled at that interesting moment. When I took my leave, he exclaimed: — 'What must I do! — You are the only friend to whom I can apply in this agonizing state, and you are about to leave me. My literary associates are all inclined to deism. I have no one with whom I can communicate!' "

This was early in the summer of 1803, soon after Henry had completed his eighteenth year. In October, his friend, when he went to reside



at Cambridge, endeavoured to interest in Henry's behalf some persons who might be able to assist him in what was now become the great object of his desire, that of passing through the University, and qualifying himself for holy orders. It is neither to be wondered at nor censured, that his representations, where he had an opportunity of making them, were for the most part coldly received. They who have been most conversant with youth best understand how little the promises of early genius are to be relied upon: it is among the mortifying truths which we learn from experience; and no common spirit of benevolence is required to overcome the chilling effect of repeated disappointments. He found, however, encouragement from two persons, whose names have since become well known. Mr. Dealtry, then one of the mathematical lecturers at Trinity, was one. This gentleman, whom the love of the abstract sciences had not rendered intolerant of other pursuits more congenial to youthful imaginations, consented to look at Henry's poem of "*Time*," a manuscript of which was in Almond's possession. The perusal interested him greatly; he entered with his wonted benignity into the concerns of the author, and

would gladly have befriended him, if the requisite assistance had not just at that time been secured from other quarters.

The other person in whom Mr. Almond excited an interest for his friend was *Henry Martyn*, who has since sacrificed his life in the missionary service ; he was then only a few years older than Henry ; equally ardent, equally devout, equally enthusiastic. He heard with emotion of this kindred spirit ; read some of his letters, and undertook to enter his name upon the boards of St. John's, (of which college he was a fellow,) saying, that a friend in London, whose name he was not at liberty to communicate, had empowered him to assist any deserving young man with thirty pounds a year during his stay at the University. To ensure success, one of Henry's letters was transmitted to this unknown friend ; and Martyn was not a little surprised and grieved, to learn in reply, that a passage in that letter seemed to render it doubtful whether the writer were a Churchman or a Dissenter ; and, therefore, occasioned a demur as to the propriety of assisting him. Just at this time Henry arrived at Cambridge, with an introduction to Mr. Simeon. That gentleman being in correspondence with

Martyn's friend in London, expressed displeasure at his arrival; but the first interview removed all objection.

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I may here add, as at the same time showing Henry's aspirations after fame and the principles by which he had learnt to regulate his ambition, that on the cover of one of his commonplace books he had written these mottoes.

ΑΛΛΑ ΓΑΡ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΜΟΤΣΑ ΚΑΙ ΗΜΙΝ

EURIP: MEDEA. 1091.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble minds),  
To scorn delight, and live laborious days.

MILTON'S LYCIDAS, 70.

Under these lines was placed a reference to the following extract, (in another page,) from Barrow. "The Holy Scripture does not teach us to slight honour; but rather, in its fit order and just measure, to love and prove it. It directs us not to make a regard thereto our chief principle; not to propound it as our main end of action. It charges us, to bear contentedly the

want or loss thereof, as of other temporal goods. Yea, in some cases, for conscience sake, or for God's service, (that is, for a good incomparably better,) it obliges us willingly to prostitute and sacrifice it, choosing rather to be infamous than impious; in disgrace with man, rather than in disfavour with God. It, in fine, commands us to seek and embrace it only in subordination, and with final reference to God's honour."

It is a mournful thing to consider how much the world has lost in a mind so highly gifted, and regulated by such principles. The country is overflowing with talents: and mere talents, directed as they are more frequently to evil than to good, are to be regretted when they are cut off, only in compassion for those who must answer for their misapplication: but one who had chosen his part well, and would have stood forward, armed at all points, among the conservative spirits of the age, can ill be spared. Yet he has not lived in vain, either for himself or others. Perhaps no after-works which he might have left on earth, however elaborate, could have been so influential as his youthful example. For many are the young and ardent minds who have received, and many, many more are they who

will receive, from him a right bias in the beginning of their course. Many are the youthful poets who will recognize their own feelings concerning *Henry Kirke White*, in this sweet Sonnet.

Tho' as the dew of morning, short thy date,  
Tho' sorrow look'd on thee, and said — " be mine !"  
Yet with a holy ardour, bard divine,  
I burn — I burn to share thy glorious fate,  
Above whate'er of honours, or estate,  
This transient world can give ! I would resign,  
With rapture, Fortune's choicest gifts for thine,—  
More truly noble, more sublimely great.  
For thou hast gain'd the prize of well-tried worth,  
That prize which from thee never can be riven ;  
Thine, Henry, is a deathless name on earth,  
Thine amaranthine wreaths, new-pluck'd in heaven !  
By what aspiring child of mortal birth  
Could more be ask'd, to whom might more be given ?

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSEND.

A tablet to Henry's memory, with a medallion by Chantrey, has been placed in All-Saint's Church, Cambridge, at the expense of a young American Gentleman, Mr. Francis Boott, of Boston. During his travels in this country, he



visited the grave of one whom he had learnt to love and regret in America ; and finding no other memorial of him than the initials of his name upon the plain stone which covers his perishable remains, ordered this monument to be erected. It bears the following inscription by Professor Smyth, who, while Henry was living, treated him with characteristic kindness, and has consigned to posterity this durable expression of his friendship.

Warm with fond hope and learning's sacred flame,  
To Granta's bowers the youthful poet came ;  
Unconquer'd powers the immortal mind displayed,  
But worn with anxious thought the frame decayed :  
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retir'd,  
The martyr student faded, and expired.  
Oh! genius, taste, and piety sincere,  
Too early lost, midst studies too severe !  
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen,  
He told the tale, and show'd what White had been ;  
Nor told in vain. — Far o'er the Atlantic wave  
A wanderer came, and sought the poet's grave :  
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,  
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

WILLIAM SMYTH.

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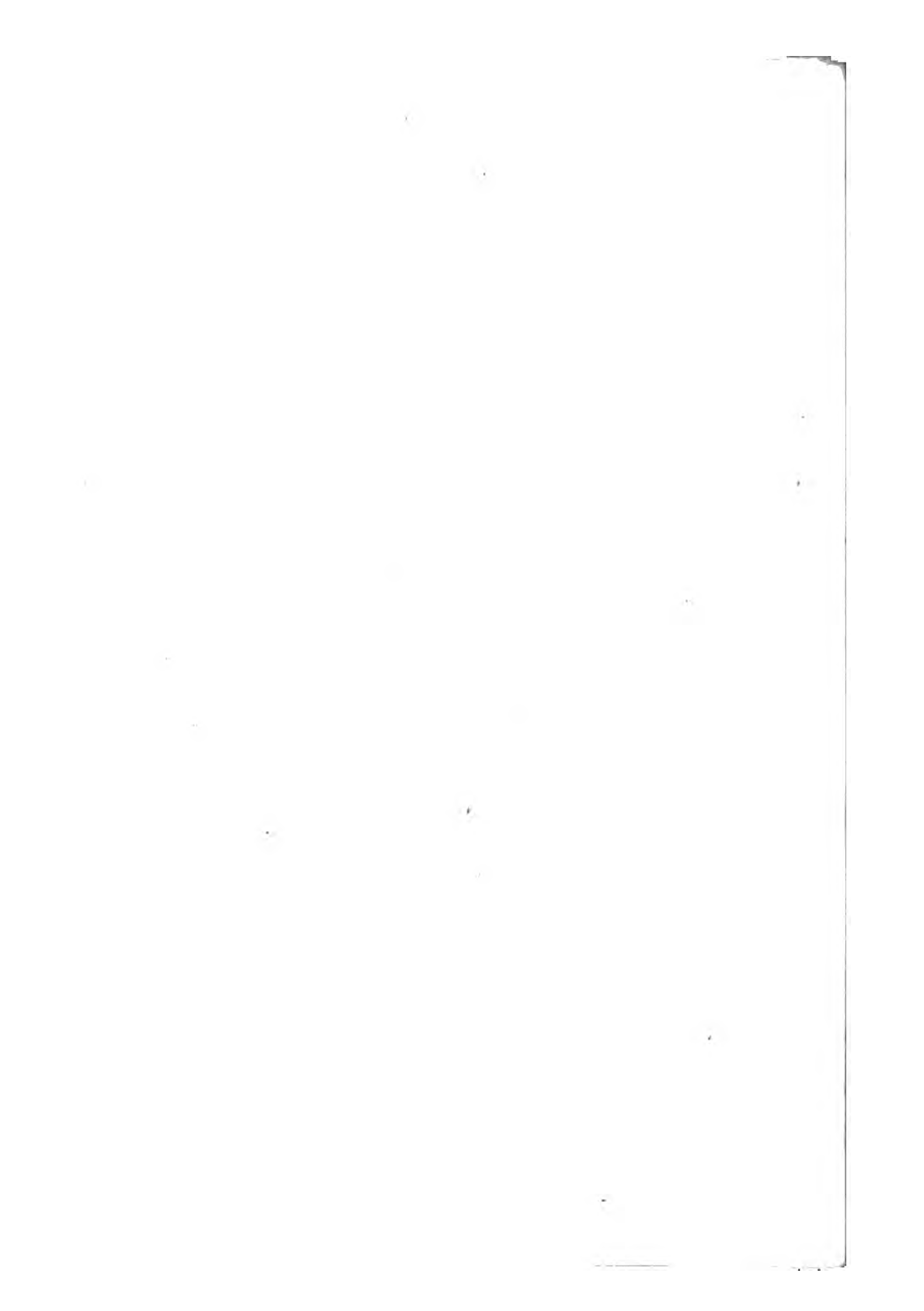
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**LETTERS.**





# LETTERS.

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TO MR. HARRIS.

Nottingham, —, 1802.

DEAR SIR,

I MUST stand self-accused of negligence for not having written to you sooner, on the subject of Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon, which you were so good as to inform me you could obtain for 2*l.* 2*s.*; but at the time you left the note at our house, I was at Chesterfield, from whence I did not return until the ensuing week, and my mother having forgotten to mention the circumstance of your note being written in the Monthly Mirror, I never knew of it, until a considerable time afterwards, when I casually cast my eye upon it, as I was preparing the numbers to be *bound*. I have also expected, for some time, to hear of your return to Nottingham, as from what you said previous to your departure, I concluded you were not going to bid us a final farewell. I now suppose you have obtained a situation elsewhere, but in what part of this great world, I am totally at a loss to imagine. For any thing I know to the contrary, you may be shivering in Nova-Zembla, or sweltering under the line;

quaffing the milk of the cocoa-nut under the broad bananas of the Indies, or breathing the invigorating air of liberty in the half-cultivated wilds of North America. I have some sort of a prepossession, however, that you are not quite so far removed from the fogs of our British atmosphere, but rather think you are concealed amid its vapours. I am the more inclined to favour this latter supposition, though not so *romantic* as the former by half, — because Mr. S \* \*, who will forward this letter, has signified the same to me.

Since your departure, I have made some progress in the Greek, but was stopt for the want of a Lexicon. I lately purchased a second-hand Schrevelius, (Greek and Latin,) which has pretty well answered my purpose, but Parkhurst is still desirable, and if you will have the goodness to obtain me the one you mentioned, I shall be obliged to you, and will remit you the price, wherever you may happen to be, and in the manner you may judge the most convenient.

I can assure you, I begin to feel your loss severely, and, as the summer approaches, shall do it the more, for I consider the hours I passed with you at the Trent Bridge, as the most delightfully tranquil of my life; though dashed, at intervals, by the recollection that I had to brave all the horrors of the night, the walking spectres, and the lurking assassins in my way home, over the meadows. Seriously, now I wonder, how you could

leave so many attractions, to a mind like your's, when you possessed an easy competency, in pursuit of precarious wealth. I can give you a line of Horace to this effect, but my Latinity is very stale —

“ Quod satis est, cui contingit, nihil amplius optet.”

I hope you will not think me impertinent, in thus obtruding my gaping wonderments on your notice, nor think me a believer in the truth of that impertinent Greek Proverb “ πολλοι μαθηται κρειττονες διδασκαλων.” Had it been *wiser*, instead of “ *better*,” this would have been more applicable, but you see how ambitious I am of forcing my learning on your notice. Pray do have the goodness to inform me whether in writing in the Greek character, there is not some mode of joining the letters, without making use of those plaguey contractions ; in my present way, as above, I find it wretchedly tiresome.

You see, I begin to talk to you as if I were a regular correspondent ; in fact, it is in that very light I wish to consider myself, and it depends on you to determine whether I shall enjoy that pleasure. I confess, all the advantage will be on my side, without any thing adequate, to compensate for it on your's. But, —hang these “ *but*s,” how they bother one. *But*, the fact is, I have nothing interesting on the subject, though I have been racking my brains several minutes to discover something.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO MR. R. W. ALMOND.

Nottingham, 22d November, 1803.

DEAR ROBERT,

\* \* \* \* \*

I WAS happy enough to be introduced to Mr. Robinson\* a few days ago; I passed half an hour with him alone, by his desire, and afterwards took tea and supper with him, his wife and daughter, at Mrs. M \* \* 's. I cannot describe to you, in adequate terms, the domestic character of this venerable man. He is all cheerfulness and complacency, good humoured, and sometimes even jocose; his conversation at the same time *instructive*, and, in no common degree, *entertaining*. He is full of anecdotes of eminent pious characters of the last century, as well as of this. He knew Mr. Venn very well, and he is intimate with O \* \* \*: he gave us a most affecting representation of his last interview with the *former*, just before his death. He depicted the resigned and placid countenance of the aged and dying Christian, so admirably in his features, and suited his voice so exactly

---

\* The late Rev. Mr. Robinson, Vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester; the author of "Scripture Characters," &c. &c.

to the affecting state of a very old man, sinking under the weight of years, that he actually drew tears into my eyes. During the whole evening, I was pleased to observe, he directed his whole conversation to me, and, as he had before slightly examined me, it gave me the assurance that he was satisfied with me. He promised me every assistance that he could command, and when we shook hands at parting, he said, "Mr. White, I wish you may live to become an ornament to the Ministry; I trust you will have assistance. Fear not, go on, and the Lord prosper you." He recommended me to labour at the Greek very diligently, and thought I had delayed it too long.

\* \* \* \* \*

My dear friend, I cannot adequately express what I owe to you on the score of religion. I told Mr. Robinson you were the *first instrument* of my being brought to think deeply on religious subjects; and I feel more and more every day, that if it had not been for you, I might, most probably, have been now buried in apathy and unconcern. Though I am in a great measure blessed, — I mean blessed with *faith*, now pretty stedfast, and heavy convictions, I am far from being happy. My sins have been of a dark hue, and manifold: I have made *Fame* my God, and *Ambition* my shrine. I have placed all my hopes on the things of this world. I have knelt to Dagon; I have worshipped the evil creations of my *own*



*proud* heart, and God had well nigh turned his countenance from me in wrath ; perhaps one step further, and he might have shut me for ever from his rest. I now turn my eyes to Jesus, my saviour, my atonement, with hope and confidence : he will not repulse the imploring penitent ; his arms are open to all, they are open even to me ; and in return for such a mercy, what can I do less than dedicate my whole life to his service ? My thoughts would fain recur at intervals to my former delights, but I am now on my guard to restrain and keep them in. I know now *where* they *ought* to center, and with the blessing of God, they shall *there* all tend.

My next publication of poems will be solely religious. I shall not destroy those of a different nature, which now lie before me, but they will, most probably, sleep in my desk, until in the good time of my great Lord and Master, I shall receive my passport from this world of vanity. I am now bent on a higher errand than that of the attainment of poetical fame ; poetry, in future, will be my *relaxation*, not my employment.— Adieu to literary ambition ! “ You do not aspire to be prime minister,” said Mr. Robinson, “ you covet a far higher character ; to be the humblest among those who minister to their Maker.”

\* \* \* \* \*

TO THE REV. MR. S \* \* \*

Wintringham, ———, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

IN consequence of your letter of the 8th August last, I took the liberty of writing to Mr. Atkinson, requesting his advice and directions, as you signified your wish that I should. I received, in answer, the letter which I have copied *first* on the other side. Since I had myself written to Mr. Atkinson, stating, that in pursuance of your advice, I declined the assistance, for the offer of which I was indebted to the Society; and as I also understood you had written to the same effect, I did not exactly understand the purport of this letter. Mr. Dashwood was of opinion, that I had no time to lose; and at the recommendation of the Rev. Mr. Cocker, of Bunny, near Nottingham, *he* procured me a tutor in the Rev. L. Grainger, of Wintringham, Lincolnshire, who was once an usher in Mr. Joseph Milner's school at Hull.

With this gentleman I have now been three weeks. I have this evening received from Mr. Atkinson, the

letter which is *last* copied on the other side ; and, unless the steps Mr. A. has taken are in consequence of some arrangement between him and you, and of which I am ignorant, I am at a loss to account for the intelligence it contains. I take it for granted, however, that things remain in their former train, and that a misunderstanding has arisen from the want of sufficient explicitness in my letters.

I feel particularly uneasy with regard to this apparent misunderstanding. As Mr. Atkinson, for whose friendly offices I am greatly indebted, may think I am making an unhandsome return for the trouble he has taken on my behalf ; and the Society may, with seeming justice, be displeased at my taking up their time and attention to no purpose, I am anxious to remove any ill impression which may be made in the minds of these gentlemen ; and if I might hope that you would take the trouble of making the necessary explanations to Mr. Atkinson, I should be happy in the confidence, that all has been done which is necessary to clear up the mistake.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO MR. K. SWANN.

Wintringham, December, 1804.

MY DEAR KIRKE,

THE affection of my friends cannot fail to give me pleasure, and, I assure you, this testimony of your's has occasioned me no little satisfaction; but I must still assure you, that I am perfectly recovered, and as well as I ever felt myself in my life. My disorder was a slight fever of the nervous kind, brought on by a cold, and although I was for a time very ill, I hope the event, like all other seeming evils in the hand of Providence, will turn out for my advantage. I assure you, you would not despair of me *if you saw me eat*. I have already a good *stock* of appetite, and can hew my way through a piece of bread and cheese with considerable agility and effect. Seriously, I have from conscientious motives given up too intense study; and as the great end which I set before me is not the attainment of learning, but utility in the ministry of Christ, I shall take especial care not to let the pursuit of letters interfere with the prospect of ministerial usefulness.

With regard to your visit to these parts of the world, I will give you the same advice as I gave to my friend \* \* \*. “*Let it be, till the summer months.*” You cannot well conceive the bleak and uncomfortable state of the country here at this season ; the plains are either under water, or so intersected with drains, that walking in the lowlands is almost impracticable. Wintringham has now few charms even for us, fond as we are of it. Glad as I should be to see you again, I should feel almost a pride in showing you the village in all its beauty, rather than at its greatest disadvantage.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Cambridge, 25th May, 1804.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I SCARCELY know what to say on the score of coming to London. You may be sure I should have no objection, but as it is an expence without answering any end, I cannot but hesitate. If you think it may possibly be at all serviceable to me, so far as relates to the University, I will certainly come, and stay two or three days, otherwise I think it will be my duty to deny myself this pleasure. I shall stay here till Wednesday next, in case I do not go to town, and till Monday, if I do. So, if you will write by return of post, and say whether you think I may do good in London, I shall be better able to decide.

I am truly gratified by your brotherly offer with regard to the expences, but I am by no means inclined to make that an inducement to come to town, because if the cost be *unnecessarily* incurred, it is no matter whether it come out of your pocket, or my own.

I have not been able to do any good here yet; indeed I have not seen Mr. Simeon, but I am admitted of St.



John's, and I shall certainly reside, if I trust only to my own resources, as there is a man of *that* college, who has only 20*l.* per annum; and I have been assured by one of the principals, that, (while the sizarships are so very advantageous,) I may live with frugality for that sum.

\* \* \* \* \*

I find one great objection to me here, is, that I am of dissenting family, and am rather inclined that way myself, (which latter is *by no means true*,) so I have no very sanguine expectations; but I shall make no concessions, nor at all attempt to ingratiate myself with men who may be thus prejudiced. I thank God, I am independent enough to need no artifices of obsequiousness or conciliation.

I am glad you heard Mr. Simeon; he is a truly pious man, and an excellent preacher.

When I get to Nottingham, I shall continue my letters on the Christian religion, of which my last was only an introduction, and shall show how exactly the doctrine of the church coincides with the scriptures.

I must conclude by recommending you, in a spiritual sense, to the guidance of the all-wise and merciful God, who alone is able to bring you to his perfect light, and establish you in those paths which lead to peace, and are themselves perfect enjoyment.

## TO MR. CHARLESWORTH.

Nottingham, 21st. Aug. 1804.

MY DEAR C——,

\* \* \* \* \*

You must know, then, in the first place, (to begin methodically,) that, as I have a year to spare between the time when I should take my degree (were I to go to college now), and the period when I should be old enough to be ordained, it has been thought, that were I to delay going to Cambridge another twelve months, it would not retard any of my plans ; at the same time that it would provide me with much better means of cutting a figure. Almond stands *in eodem prædicamentô*, (this is logical Latin), so we have agreed to go and study together under some able classic, and then to take all the University honours by storm.

I am advised to make Scotland the seat of my preparatory labours, not only on account of its being a learned soil, but on account of the cheap rate at which

I may there live, and be taught. The largest sum I can afford to give for a year's board and tuition being 40*l.* I believe, it will be worth a man's while in Scotland, to take me and my friend for 80*l.*, and the only difficulty is, in finding a respectable man, and well-grounded classic, who will undertake the important task.

Almond conceives, that your good father is the surest source to obtain this information from, and we may, perhaps, trouble him to give us some intelligence, or directions to guide our applications, through your hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

TO \* \* \* \*

Wintringham, March, 1805.

DEAR K.,

I GREATLY fear that you and W \* \* have not persevered in your laudable undertaking. The Latin language might be useful to both of you, and as you have leisure, you might employ it advantageously to this purpose. I do assure you that it is not difficult to attain a sufficient knowledge of the language, to read easy authors; and that when you have done that, you may, with continued application, speedily read the Greek Testament. Tell me what are your determinations on this head. I must give you one piece of advice, however, which is, that neither languages, nor any other valuable attainments, are to be taken by storm: continued, sedulous, and unwearied application must be employed for the accomplishment of any valuable purpose. The stone, which force could not break, is worn through by the incessant dropping of water. Persons at our age ought to begin to acquire comprehensive views of things, and to embrace knowledge, at least in her outlines, with some degree of universality. For this

end, all languages are useful, but not indispensable. Translations answer most of the purposes of a knowledge of the original, although they neither convey so much satisfaction, nor impart so much pleasure. To learn language for the sake of knowing it, without any view to the extension of our general knowledge, or other beneficial ends, is quite absurd; and I cannot for a moment suspect you of such a motive: I know your design is to enlarge the means of information, and to unlock stores which have hitherto been withheld from you. I exhort you to proceed, and I pray, that as you begin your studies with proper motives, you may be enabled to pursue them with an eye to the glory of God, and to the establishment of his truth.

We have it, all of us, in our power, in a greater or less degree, to be useful to our fellow pilgrims; and it is our duty, as well to employ the means we at present enjoy to this purpose, as to endeavour to enlarge those means. Now, I think, it is tolerably manifest, that the more extensive a man's knowledge under proper regulations be, the less likely is he to be deceived by delusive impostures, or misled by specious errors. Such a man, in religion, is like a bulwark to the church, the detector of fallacies, and the opposer of dangerous innovations. Those who have a studious turn should, therefore, make a conscience of directing their pursuits to the proper end, in order that they may answer those purposes for which God intended them; yet we must guard most

carefully against the pride of learning, and the pride of reason. If we once throw off our dependance on God, exult in our own wisdom, and rely on our own discernment, our knowledge will prove a snare and a destruction to us. A studious man stands in need of almost unceasing supplications for God's superintending and directing hand; he may so easily be deluded by proud logic and proud enquiries.

\* \* \* \* \*



## TO MR. R. WORTLEY.

Wintringham, 8th April, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

FROM the hand-writing, I apprehend I am indebted to you for a "*Nottingham Journal*," which has brought intelligence most interesting to Almond and myself.

The subscription for the chapel of ease is a very spirited one; and I think you are beginning with the most prosperous omens. I hope the undertaking will meet with yet *higher* protection than that of great men and rich; and that, what is designed for the honour of God, will not be destitute of his all-powerful aid. Humanly speaking, there is only one impediment in your way, and that is the clause vesting the presentation in the hands of *trustees*. There is a bishop in the house who makes it a rule to oppose every bill of this kind, where the appointment of the minister is not placed in the hands of the vicar or rector of the parish. The chapel in which Mr. Atkinson preaches, at Leeds, was highly favoured, for the *second* presentation was vested in Mr. Atkinson and his representatives.

It may be, that as this clause is inserted with the express concurrence of the vicar, and as he and the patron have both of them votes, this objection may be in some measure obviated; but I should think the committee will rather choose that an amendment should be made, than the bill be thrown out in the Upper House. Mr. Grainger thinks this is a serious objection, and, indeed, he has had experience of its being so, for the chapel wherein Mr. D \* \* \* preaches at H \* \* \*, is confined in the same manner, and for the same reasons, to the vicarage.

Mr. Dashwood's departure will, I doubt not, occasion you all much regret. I have no doubt his reasons for the step are very cogent. His place will not speedily be supplied, and even if you are very fortunate, you will be obliged, in all probability, to put up with a much less attractive, if not a less powerful preacher. His ministry has been blessed, as we can all testify, with uncommon success.

For my own part, slow as have been my advances in the wisdom of the gospel, and small as in comparison they at this moment continue to be, I still owe to Mr. Dashwood more than the most unbounded gratitude can adequately express: nothing less than my all.

We enjoy in our present situations many opportunities of improvement, in the understanding of the principles

of truth, and many incentives to the practice of Christian virtues. I hope that we at least *endeavour* to profit by them, and that our progress in the learning and wisdom of the world, will, by the especial blessing of God, be attended with a correspondent increase of far more precious knowledge. It is an error into which all Christians are particularly subject to fall, that they already possess an adequate *understanding* of the divine truth, and that all they have to do, is to labour in producing a stricter conformity to its principles; whereas, the fact is, that we are often miserably deficient in this understanding, and should live in more decided agreement with the truth, if we knew better what it was. I have felt the effects of this myself, and I now find, that the lowlier opinion I have of my spiritual knowledge, the more enlarged views I entertain of the relations in which I stand to my God and Saviour.

When in Nottingham, I gave way too much to a practice, which prevails *there* in a shameful degree, of sitting in judgment on the attainments and experience of others. At this time, there was darkness enough in my own heart, to have employed all my attention, and I think it may be generally asserted, that *those* who are the readiest to examine *others*, are the most backward to examine *themselves*; that the more we feel inclined to scrutinize our brother Christians with severity, the less able are we to endure such a scrutiny ourselves. Before Christianity can arrive at any degree of perfection, we

must have *less tongue* and *more heart work*. If a man be faithful to his convictions, he will find too much to do *at home* to busy himself with what he has no opportunities of sufficiently knowing,—*his neighbour's heart*. We are to consider ourselves at all times as miserably ignorant; and it is only while we do consider ourselves as such, that we are in a disposition to learn of a *teacher*, so averse to the pride of the human heart as Jesus Christ. I fear, (and I fear, because I have found it so in myself,) that a superficial and too trifling religion has prevailed too much in Nottingham, *though with many and shining exceptions*; and I hope that the time will soon come, when, with equal zeal, there will be greater depth of experience, and greater diffidence in the assumption of the office of spiritual inquisitors. I for one have laid down my post of dictator, by the grace of God never to resume it; and I should think, and I have little doubt you will concur with me, that the authority you possess over the younger branches of our brotherhood there, would be well exercised, in discountenancing, on every occasion, such a spirit as I have been speaking of. Those who feel the *most* generally talk the *least*: and it is one way of lessening that trembling hope and fearful love of a young convert, which operates such salutary effects, by suffering him to indulge in remarks on the unawakened, or the weak Christian, as if he were already admitted, or sure of acceptance, and could pronounce the *Shibboleth* of the genuine church.

In this censorious and unbelieving age, it behoves us in particular to be circumspect; for how do we know but our indiscreetness may excite another prejudice in the minds of the unconverted, and throw another obstacle in the way of perishing sinners? As professors of the Gospel, we stand in a very important and arduous situation, since we know that our failures, errors, and absurdities, will be laid to the charge of the principles we profess. Indeed, on reflecting on this subject, it seems to me almost impossible to discharge our *relative* duties to the uttermost, since the slightest slip may give occasion to our enemies to despise the Gospel. Well might the apostle exclaim, "*Be ye circumspect.*"—"*Be ye wily as serpents.*" Deep thought on these subjects is the only means of seeing their full importance, and of enabling us to be on our guard so incessantly as they require. Forgive me for trespassing so long on your time.

\* \* \* \* \*



## TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Wintringham, May, 1805.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

YOUR opinion of Mr. ——— meets mine; he is indeed altered, and his alteration is to be attributed to religion. You behold in him a faint picture of what the divine grace can do, and I could enumerate instances, where the marks are such as strike “conviction irresistible” of the verity of its operations. Had I it in my power to procure you all the riches and honours of the world at a wish, I should think I gave you infinitely *more* than them all by giving you religion. The blessings of human life are at best precarious, but this can never fail you, and is then most valuable when all other comforts fail. I should think it needless to enlarge on the value of religion, since the most depraved acknowledge it, and are often heard to sigh for the happiness of the pious; but there are obstacles in the way of a profession of religion which need a little explanation. Many young men, in particular, feel an inclination to join the more serious part of mankind, who from an unacquaintance with the principles of the



Bible, are so dejected with a view of the obstacles which present themselves, that they put off their reformation from day to day, until they grow hardened in insensibility, and confirmed in error. All this arises, as I have said, from an ignorance of Scripture : there are no such impediments in the way of the profession of the Gospel as such persons imagine ; all the difficulties they shudder at are in reality shadows. “ We must begin with reforming our conduct,” say they, “ and then, perhaps, God may be pleased to accept us. We find it very hard to abstain from the least sinful indulgence now ; how shall we be able to curb our appetites on all occasions, and join in the avocations of the religious and sober, without repining for what we now feel so very indispensable to our real or imaginary happiness ?” To a person reasoning in this manner, I would simply explain how we stand with relation to God and another world. We are all sinners, even from the womb ; we are intent ever on sinful objects, and every thought of our heart is evil. In this state we are justly liable to God’s wrath and everlasting damnation, and in this state must every man naturally be, since we are born under the curse, and so destitute of good that we cannot of ourselves forsake sin, or pursue virtue. But God, of his great mercy, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, has offered redemption to mankind, and has promised to afford them the capacity of following the *good*, and eschewing the *evil*, on the simple condition of faith in his Almighty Son. — We may be aban-

done, we may be depraved and unprincipled, but God will still adhere to the letter of his promises; and when we turn to him, acknowledge our unworthiness, and, oppressed with the sense of our deplorable corruptions, cry out for salvation by the blood of the Redeemer alone, He will then unquestionably hear us — He will pardon our sins; confirm our faith; create anew our polluted natures; and, finally, by the pure emanations of the Holy Spirit, so dispose our hearts, and rectify our minds, that we shall serve him in true and perfect obedience, disturbed no more by the attacks of our spiritual enemy, at least, in his most dangerous shape. Such being then the administration of God's counsels with regard to us, it is beginning at the wrong end to endeavour to amend our lives before we devote ourselves to religion, since we cannot break off from our sins without the previous assistance of God's grace. — We must first, then, consider our own condition, and discover the extent of our own wickedness, and inability to do good, and then fly to the redemption of the cross as criminals, whose only hope of pardon is laid there. Let us strive to attain faith in Christ first, and all good works will follow in due place; every day will add to our stability and strengthen our pious resolutions, till we arrive at that sweet "*peace in believing,*" which has excited the raptures of the saints from the first ages of Christianity downwards. We are manifestly but poor, helpless, and blind creatures, exposed to much care and misery, and unconscious how much evil the morrow may have in

store for us ; but faith in Jesus Christ affords us what our nature most wants — a basis on which we may repose ourselves, and all our cares and fears, with certainty and satisfaction. Trusting in him, we can look upon the dim future with hope and confidence ; the worst evils of life become light before the rays of his consolation ; and what, to another, would be the bottom of despair, is to the Christian the beginning of hope, and the opening of a better scene. None can comprehend the exquisite satisfaction attendant on Christian faith but those who have had some experience of it. The support it is in trouble, the full confidence it brings along with it of God's truth and mercy, the delightful food it affords to calm and serious meditation, and, above all, the sweet serenity it throws over our anticipations of death, are beyond any powers of man to describe. — Well might the king of Israel say, “ Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

Who could suppose that men in so wretched a condition as we are, could fail to lay hold of the relief held out by the Gospel upon such simple and easy conditions ? — It is but “ have confidence in your Maker, subdue your own proud self-dependance, and fall at the foot of the Saviour, in the spirit of penitence and prayer, and you are admitted, by gradual steps, to the throne of mercy and grace.” My dear Neville, conquer the reluctance you feel to think upon religion ; devote a few

sober hours on the sabbath to the reading of the Scriptures ; study the unaffected narratives of the four Evangelists ; observe the agreement of men writing without any communication of their purpose, in far distant regions, and in different languages, (for St. Matthew's Gospel was originally written in Hebrew ;) observe the admirable uniformity which exists between their representations of Jesus. They differ in the petty circumstances of things, but the *great whole* is the same. We see God visiting the earth, promulgating doctrines which the world had never any idea of before ; laying the *foundation*, in a few ignorant fishermen, of a RELIGION which was to spread over the whole civilized world ; and, finally, sealing his testament with his blood, and ransoming, by that sacrifice, the fallen race of man from the curse due to his disobedience. In the perusal of the Scripture you will find many occasions to check your own proud reason, and bring it into obedience to God : in the end, however, all these apparent difficulties will be cleared up — scripture will explain scripture, and you will rejoice to behold an uniform consent run through the whole, — harmony rising out of apparent confusion, and all, at length, uniting to the full establishment of faith, and the complete glorification of God. Fear not, my dear Neville, to think on these subjects ; they will, I know, afford you heart-felt satisfaction in the end, and they will be a pleasing relief to you in any vexations which business, or other concerns of life, may give you.

## TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, June 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I DO not know whether you are fond of history, but it is an useful and generally a pleasing study. Ancient history is important as it elucidates scripture, and that in such a degree that I am convinced no man can *at all* understand the Old Testament without it. Modern History is absolutely necessary for a man and a gentleman, as giving us the best insight into the manners, policy, and character of nations. The outline of Ancient History is easily comprehended. We may without difficulty trace the origin of people in the Scriptures, and by the aid of the profane writers can make a continued narrative of the progress of empires. Herodotus, the most ancient profane historian, began to write just at the period when the Scripture ceases; and Homer, the most ancient writer among the Gentiles, whose writings are come down to us, lived about the time of Solomon; so that, as there would be no historical records of the first ages did we not possess the Bible, so by the help



of the profane writers, we can make a continued history of man from the beginning.

History is mere confusion without the aid of Chronology and Geography. The former science is the most difficult to attain, but it is not necessary to know the precise year in which every event happened; it is sufficient to be acquainted with its relative situation, in comparison with *other* events. Ancient times, therefore, may be divided into *Six great Epochs*, comprising all the period from the Creation to the birth of Christ, which is 4004 years. *The Creation*, therefore, happened B. C. 4004. The Fall of Man, the Murder of Abel, the Translation of Enoch, mark this period. The next epoch is the *Deluge*, B. C. 2348; Noah became by this event, in a manner the *second* father of *all* men. He had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet, who became the heads of all the nations in three distinct quarters of the earth. *Shem* was the father of the Hebrews, and great part of the inhabitants of Asia; *Ham*, who was accursed for his indecent disrespect to his father, peopled Egypt and all Africa. He had two sons more particularly noted; Mizraim, who occupied Egypt, which is therefore called the *land of Mizraim*; and Canaan, who was an accomplice in his father's wickedness and subject to the same curse. He settled in that part of Asia which was afterwards called *Judea*, and had ten sons, who were *all* the fathers of nations. *Japhet* travelled northwards; his posterity settled in Asia Minor, crossed

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the Hellespont, and in time ran over all Europe. He had a son, *Javan*, who was the father of Greece. This the profane historians mention among the ancient Greeks. Thus the whole of the then world was peopled by the three brothers and their posterity; but not immediately, for the inhabitants of the world lived together until the confusion of tongues; when they divided, but still according to family. It is worth while to consider where all this happened. Noah's ark settled on Mount Ararat, in Armenia, in Asia. The tower of Babel is supposed to have been the origin of Babylon, which afterwards became so great. On the plains of Babylon, therefore, by the river Euphrates, all mankind were assembled; and from thence, scattered themselves in every direction. If you have any map of the world you will find these places, in that part of the world which lies near the *Levant* and *Egypt*; and it will strike you with amazement, when you consider how rapidly the human race spread themselves over such immense tracts; covering Africa in the posterity of *Ham*, Asia of *Shem*, and Europe of *Japhet*. During this period all men were under the common control of God, but as they began to grow idolatrous, God thought proper to choose a just man, *Abraham*, whose posterity should be his peculiar people, and to whom he should commit the custody of his laws, and the promise of the Messiah. This is the *third* great epoch, and is denominated "*The Call of Abraham*," which happened, B. C. 1921.— In this period many great events are recorded: but we

find Ham's descendants were become powerful kings in Egypt, and there were many rulers in Canaan. Isaac, Abraham's son, was the father of Jacob, who supplanted his brother Esau by a blameable fraud, and whose twelve sons were the heads of the twelve tribes of Israel. Joseph, one of them, being sold into Egypt, becomes mighty, and at length transplants his father and brothers into Egypt, where they became a great people, and were heavily oppressed. Moses rises up as their deliverer, leads them out of the land of bondage, and from Mount Sinai receives the first written revelation from God to man. This is the *fourth* great epoch B. C. 1491, and it is called "*The Epoch of Moses, or the written law.*" Writing was then alone in the hands of the Jews, from whom the art passed to other nations, which is proved by the shapes of the letters, and by the universal tradition among the Greeks that Cadmus brought letters from Phoenicia, which name was applied by the Greeks to Judea as well as Phoenicia. The Israelites subdued the Canaanites according to the curse denounced on them by Noah. The famous Egyptian king Sesostris, is supposed to have been the son of him who was drowned in the Red Sea by the hand of God. He roamed all over Asia in search of conquests, and introduced many wise laws amongst the Egyptians. In his reign many colonies were sent out to various parts of the earth. Danaus, his brother, with a large body of men, settled in Greece, hence the Greeks are called *Danaes*. Troy was destroyed in 1184, B. C.; and

Homer lived 100 years after. The Israelites were governed by *Judges*, whose actions are recorded in the book of that name until David whose son Solomon distinguishes the *fifth* epoch, viz. “*The building of the Temple*,” B. C. 1012. Solomon’s son, *Rehoboam*, by a piece of egregious folly caused the revolt of ten of the twelve tribes, who never again united. Two of the tribes only, viz. Judah and Benjamin adhered to Rehoboam : the rest made another king, *Jeroboam*, and hence arose the two separate kingdoms of Israel and Judah. The capital of Judah was Jerusalem — that of Israel, Samaria. The kings of Israel were, in general, bad men, the people were wicked, and after many signal warnings, they were all dragged out of their country by Salmanaser, king of Assyria, whose capital was Babylon, and were never re-established. Salmanaser brought some eastern tribes into Samaria in their room, who, being at first infested with lions, sent to the king to tell him that they were thus harassed, because they could not worship *the god of the country* in the right manner, for such they superstitiously thought *Jehovah* to be. Whereupon, he ordered some exile Levites to go up, and be their priests, who thus introduced a spurious kind of worship, wherein idols were served in conjunction with the true God. Hence, the Samaritans were detested by the Jews, who were wont to throw it in the teeth of Jesus, that he was a *Samaritan* ; and hence, the *woman of Samaria*, in the New Testament, wonders that Jesus, being a Jew, should talk with her. Henceforward, then, the nation

of the Jews consists of Judah and Benjamin alone. This period contains about five hundred years. The Jews grew very wicked, and the Assyrian monarchy very powerful, — I should rather have called it the *Babylonian* monarchy; for, strictly speaking, the Assyrian fell with Nineveh its capital — but they were both of the same race. The prophets now foretold the approaching captivity, and Isaiah, one hundred years before the event, mentioned every particular of it, and foretold that, at the end of seventy years, Cyrus, then *not* in being, should restore them. Nebuchadnezzar at length destroys Jerusalem, as the prophets had unanimously declared he would, and takes away all the people to Babylon. But God's wrath was denounced against that proud city, and prophecy is again fulfilled. — Cyrus, the leader of the Persian army, overturns the Assyrian monarchy, and avenges the Jews. Daniel, who had lived in the courts of preceding princes, was in high favour with Cyrus. That great prince orders the rebuilding of Jerusalem, and the temple: and releases the Jews just seventy years after their capture. The temple, however, was not completed till several reigns afterwards. This is the *sixth* epocha, B. C. 536 — called the epoch of "*Cyrus, or the Return from Captivity.*" The Jews were under the power of the Persian monarchy, until it was destroyed by Alexander the Great, who overran all Asia, B. C. 320. The captains of Alexander, seeing the field clear, divided his kingdom amongst them. — Antipater had Greece; Seleucus, Syria, in-



cluding Judea; and Ptolemy Lagus, Egypt. Antiochus Epiphanes, one of the successors of Seleucus, king of Syria, whose capital was Antioch, exercised great cruelty towards the Jews; but they were now again a warlike, enlightened, and powerful people. The *Maccabees* successfully held out against one of the mightiest kings of the world, and maintained, for a considerable time, their independence. At length the Grecian empire fell, and with it the kingdom of Syria received its death blow. The Roman was rising up in its stead. They more than once took Jerusalem, and, at length, appointed a governor over it. Things were in this state — the Romans masters of the whole world, and Greek, the general language of almost all nations (not excepting the Jews), when “*the day-spring from on high*” beamed. All things were prepared; *one language* had been gradually extended over the whole civilized world; learning and philosophy had opened the understandings of men for the reception of the truth — when *four thousand and four years* after the creation, the *blessed Messiah* made his appearance, and laid the foundation of that Gospel which soon disseminated itself over all civilized nations.

It is profitable to fix this division of the more ancient periods of history in the mind. \* \* \* \*

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In this period you may consider empire as having passed successively through *three* hands into a *fourth*.

The Assyrian empire was the *first*. It began with Nimrod, who ruled the then world, and ceased when Cyrus took Babylon, and transferred the government into the hands of Persia. The Persian empire, which was the *second* great kingdom, fell finally with Artaxerxes-Mnemon, who was subdued by Alexander the Great. Here the *third*, or Grecian empire, strictly speaking, begins. It soon fell under the power of the Romans, who were the masters of the world in the time of Jesus Christ.

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## TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, June, 1805.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I HAD unfortunately not provided myself with verses for the Countess of Derby's copy of my little volume; and I have been invoking the muses ever since two o'clock *this morning*, with such bad success, as I have never before experienced on a similar occasion. On the other side you have the product, which must pass,

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO THE RIGHT HON. THE COUNTESS OF DERBY.

IN the dark coverts of the forest shade,  
 By scathed oaks, and haunted streamlets laid;  
 What time the moon uprose her clouds among,  
 The Muse, unheeded, pour'd her lonely song.  
 Unheard she sung, save when to Fancy's eye—  
 Pale Vesper, stooping from the spangled sky,  
 Would listen, silent,—or with distant swell  
 Sequester'd Echo answer'd from her cell.—



When shrinking timid from th' obtrusive gaze,  
 She first explor'd the world's observant maze;  
 Who smil'd benignant on her artless way?  
 Who open'd first the Patron's fostering ray?  
 Who bade her fears, her throbbing tremors flee?  
 Who, thrice revered Derby! — who but thee?

O! that for thee, her strains might boast the pow'r  
 To soothe the tedium of one weary hour;  
 To bid the gloom on *mournings* \* brow retire,  
 Or wake to energy one slumb'ring fire.—  
 Might they one transitory smile excite,  
 Or raise one trivial image of delight.  
 Then, though the Critic with contemptuous pride  
 Should the faint murmurs of her lyre deride;  
 Still would she boast her Guerdon passing great  
 Content that Derby owns her lays are sweet.

Nottingham, June 18th, 1803.

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\* The Countess's mother was recently dead.

TO MR. ———.

Wintringham, 7th September, 1805.

DEAR SIR,

THE last time I had the pleasure of conversing with you, I intimated that I might probably address a letter to you; be not therefore surprised when you see my hand and signature. I conclude your affairs stand in *statu quo*; and though I am anxious to be informed as to the certainty of your prospects, and wish you were yourself at ease with regard to them, yet I think the suspense may not be altogether useless, as it will teach you a lesson of patience, will give you a better opportunity of proving your stedfastness, and of manifesting your industry and firmness in your studies, even while you are dubious whether they will be to any purpose.

If you are sincere, and really serious in your wishes to become a minister of Christ, and if you are convinced it is God's will you should enter that sacred office, you will from this time forward, until you enter orders, live a life of constant, resolute, and confirmed study. You cannot, *dare not*, offer yourself as a candidate for

the priesthood under the consciousness of mental unfitness, arising from indolence and volatility of disposition; and remember, that indolence and *shiftiness* are not constitutional evils, but are such as every man has it in his power to cure. If you ardently long to become a public helper in the vineyard of Jesus Christ, you must think *that office* worth labouring for; and he who does not think it worth labouring for, is not worthy to have it. Although, in the early ages of the Christian church, God administered more immediately to the wants of his preachers, so that the abundance of heavenly gifts in a measure compensated for the absence of external qualifications; yet, even in those ages, St. Paul exhorts Timothy to “*give attention to reading;*” and in the Old Testament we read, that there was a *school* of the prophets; not that we must suppose prophecy a communicable art, but in these academies, young men were instructed in letters and metrical composition, in order that they might be fitted for the duties of prophets whenever it should please God to call them. We may learn, too, that God peculiarly selected his messengers from these schools, for *Amos* mentions it as a matter of wonder that he had been called, although neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, (that is, professionally.) In the present day more extraneous learning is necessary to a clergyman than at any preceding period, on account of the advanced and enlightened state of society in general; but this may very well be dispensed with; only let a minister be fully prepared in matters

immediately relating to his office. In order to this, his attainments may soon be enumerated, and with regular application easily acquired. He should know the Latin, tolerably; he should be able to read the Greek Testament critically; and, above all, he should know how to regulate his own actions and thoughts with propriety and seriousness; an art only to be learned by much sober and settled thought, joined to constant prayer and humble trust in God. These are objects for which you have time enough, though not *more* than enough. You have room for every duty, but none for negligence, procrastination, or unsteadiness. Excuse my plainness, but I think your situation critical; and if, as I have my fears, you are yet trifling, I do solemnly assure you, that I consider your trifling as *criminal*. To leave talents like your's uncultivated, through an aversion to application, is a gross abuse of God's blessing, and an insult to his goodness. I conceive the fact to be indubitable, that you *may* prepare yourself fully and completely for the ministry within the usual time, *if you choose*; and it remains with you to determine whether or not you will sacrifice your own ease, and your own evil habits, to the ministry of God. I make full allowance for your present avocations; but I appeal to your conscience, whether there is not *time* left for study, and whether *that* time is not often sacrificed to trifling engagements, to a puerile aversion to reading, to temporary fatigue, or to absolute idleness. I think I have discernment enough to know where the *cause* of all

these evils lie; and, probably, it might be beneficial to direct you to the cause, in order to your correcting them. I think, then, you are liable to great looseness, or what may be called, dissipation of thought; that you too readily follow the impulse of the moment, and are easy in your assent to every fresh proposition, because you are averse to the labour of enquiry and the fatigue of judgment. From hence, it arises, that you cannot act upon principles to which you readily agree and most cordially assent; because you receive them too quickly, without sufficient consideration of their nature and consequences. What stronger mark of imbecility can a Christian give, than to acknowledge the utility and necessity of certain rules and counsels, and to confess the evils he suffers, in consequence of his disregard of them, and yet be unable to act upon them and regulate his habits by them? The man who cannot bring himself to think deeply on the truths he embraces,—the man who is convinced without examination, and yields his assent without the trouble of reflection, is not likely to be a very consistent character, and is very liable to be led into error. Such a man will never be happy in religious experience, for he will be continually offending against his own principles, through not having sufficiently entered into their extent and consequences, and he will always be fluctuating between opinion and practice; because, while open to every conviction, he can neither restrain the versatility of his own mind, nor



clearly investigate and propound to himself the necessary agreements of belief and action.

You see clearly what you ought to do, and how you ought to act; the thing to be done is neither impracticable nor very unpleasant; and yet you, day after day, resolve that the morrow shall be better employed, without the power, when the hour of trial comes, of buckling down steadfastly to the work. The truth is, you have an unhappy facility in *putting off* whatever is unpleasant to you, and turning away from the business in hand to every phantom which the moment may suggest. You will agree to the truth of these observations; you will readily exclaim, "*it is so,*" "*these are my evils.*" But remember, to acknowledge weaknesses is *idle*, unless you have a cool and deliberate purpose of subduing them through the assistance of God's grace. I exhort you — I solemnly, my dear friend, exhort you, to consider, what are your views and purposes, and to think what you are about. The end you aim at is most important; let your preparation be in proportion. Surely, it is no small thing to gather in the harvest of the Lord; and no one would refuse to undergo a few personal privations and inconveniences for it. I grant, to toil through the rudiments of languages, at your age, is irksome; but if it were necessary to be chained to the galleys for seven years in order to be admitted to so blessed a charge — who, that had a heart really affected, would hesitate to undergo the probation? You should



pray to God to give you more firmness and steadiness of mind ; and at the same time, should strive to fix and sober your own views, and correct the desultory habits of thinking, under which, it seems to me, you labour. If God have called you to the ministry, he will in all points of view smooth the way before you. Surely, he *can* give you all knowledge ; and can so enlarge your understanding, as that all the attainments of earthly wisdom shall be blessed unto you. Be of good cheer ; if at your believing prayers God shall give you resolution to study, and bless you in it, the ruggedness of the road will soon disappear. The recollection of the end for which you labour will sweeten your most disgusting tasks, and cast a charm, even over the uncouth rudiments of languages. There is, indeed, nothing so soothing, so exquisitely delightful *as study*, when we feel we have God's blessing, and that we are labouring for His glory. No human gratification can equal this ; no peace can equal that which a Christian enjoys, while he is daily and constantly pursuing the attainments of godly knowledge, and informing his mind with the things which pertain, either immediately or remotely to eternal life. That this may be your lot, may God in his mercy grant ! Think deeply ! think seriously !

I am,

Your sincere friend, and fellow in Christ,

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

## TO MR. WILLIAM LEESON.

Nottingham, 7th April, 1806.

DEAR LEESON,

I BEG your pardon for not having replied sooner to your letter and invitation. It seems determined upon, by my mother, that I cannot be spared, since the time of my stay is so very short, and my health so very uncertain. The people here can scarcely be persuaded that any thing ails me, so well do I look; but occasional depressions, especially after any thing has occurred to occasion uneasiness, still harass me. My mind is of a very peculiar cast. I began to think *too early*; and the indulgence of certain trains of thought, and too free an exercise of the imagination, have superinduced a morbid kind of sensibility; which is to the *mind*, what excessive irritability is to the *body*. Some circumstances occurred on my arrival at Nottingham, which gave me just cause for inquietude and anxiety; the consequences were *insomnia*, and a relapse into causeless dejections. It is my business now to curb these irrational and immoderate affections, and by accustoming myself to sober thought and cool reasoning, to restrain these

freaks and vagaries of the fancy, and redundancies of *μελαγχολία*. When I am well, I cannot help entertaining a sort of contempt for the weakness of mind which marks my indispositions. Titus when well, and Titus when ill, are two distinct persons. The man, when in *health*, despises the man, when *ill*, for his weakness, and the latter envies the former for his felicity. I hope you will not quarrel with my metaphysics, but gravely consult your Locke, and Bishop Butler's introductory dissertation, for the whole controversy about Personal Identity. You will there find reason to question, whether you are to-day the same individual that you were yesterday; and, probably, if you drink deeply of the recondite streams of the Sophists, you may, in the end, doubt with Pyrrho, whether you ARE at all, or whether the gay pageantry of life, and its attendants, be more than a dream, in which YOU are a fictitious personage, created by the fancy of the dreamer. But, away with Pyrrhonism! I would rather swell with Epicurus, or vaunt with Zeno, than first doubt the existence of all things, and then *doubt*, whether I *doubted* at all. It is an amusing, and an instructive exercise, to survey the multiform appearance of Heathen Philosophy, to examine its varied characteristics, its excellencies and defects, and then to turn to the pure fountains of Gospel truth, and dwell upon their beauties, as set off by the foils of folly and falsehood. Conviction never breaks with more clear and decisive evidence into my mind than when I draw this comparison. When I see the

best and wisest of the Heathen Philosophers labouring all their lives after virtue and truth, and catching but such slight and passing glimpses of their perfections, as just to show how desirable they are, without being able to draw aside, for a moment, the veil that conceals them; and when, on the other hand, I contemplate the lowly Jesus, and his despised companions, instantaneously revealing all that is lovely in morals; all that is noble in conception, and sublime in principle; all, in short, that the wise and the learned had so long toiled after in vain, I am constrained to exclaim with Pharaoh, “*This is the finger of God.*”

Socrates saw more of moral truth than any preceding philosopher, and it is worth remarking, that his principles approach nearest to the Gospel. Socrates said, that there was such a proneness to evil in the nature of man, that we could not act virtuously, without some supernatural or extraordinary assistance from the Deity: and HE, first inculcated the forgiveness of injuries. Yet, when we compare Socrates and his doctrines with Jesus Christ and the Gospel, we perceive the difference between them to be such as could not exist between *men* alone. The infidel and inconstant Rousseau, was so struck with this comparison, as to exclaim, that if *Socrates* was a *sage*, *Jesus Christ* was a *God*. Dr. Priestley covers the matter more artfully, and in a work written on this very subject, almost equals the philosopher with the Redeemer of the world. Dr. Priestley was an insi-

dious, and artful reasoner : — Rousseau had unbounded pride, but more vehemence, and of course less concealment. I am writing to you in a very rambling, incoherent style, which I hope you will pardon, on the score of familiarity. I write to you as I should *talk* to you.

\* \* \* \* \*

I assure you, I see daily more reason to temper zeal with discretion, and to make the service of Christ *a rational service*. Our feelings are not the least fallible guides in religion. The man who walks humbly and soberly with his God, — scrupulously exact in the performance of his duties, — hallowing all his doings with the exercise of faith in Jesus Christ, and fortifying his ways with prayer and meditation ; this man will have feelings of the most satisfactory kind, — he will feel the spirit of peace and love shedding serenity over all his thoughts : he will feel the dews of God's blessing descending upon his soul. This is the effect of that spirit, which the Apostle mentions, “ as witnessing with our spirits, that we are the children of God.” But this species of spiritual enjoyment is not to be resorted to, as the *touchstone* of our acceptance with God. It is not the *necessary* attendant of religious life, though it is so frequently enjoyed by the pious, and so clearly promised to them in Scripture, that we may all hope for it. And I can only give it as my opinion, that those who continually resort to their feelings, as the criterion of their

religious progress, are the least likely to enjoy this sweet reward of our labours, and foretaste of the joys to come.

I have scarcely left room for my name. Give my respects to your friends, with thanks for their invitation. I shall be in Cambridge on Wednesday week.

Your's truly.



## TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's College, 30th June, 1806.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

\* \* \* \* \*

I AM not much surprised at the long delay you have made in your approach to the Lord's table; nor do I blame your caution; but remember, that there is a difference between hesitation, on account of the awful nature of the ordinance, and the consciousness of unfitness; and hesitation, on account of an unwillingness to bind yourself with still stronger ties to the profession of Christianity. You may fear to approach that holy table, lest you should again fall away, and your latter state should be worse than your first: but you must not absent yourself from it, *in order* that you *may fall away* with less danger to your soul. You cannot, by any means, purify yourself, so as to become a *worthy* partaker of that blessed ordinance; but you may qualify yourself to partake of it, with a quiet conscience, and spiritual comfort. The very sense of unworthiness, of which you complain, is the best of all possible frames of mind

with which you can approach the sacred table; and there can be little doubt, that with such an abiding consciousness of unfitness about you, God will have respect to your weakness, and will bestow upon you such an additional portion of his strength, as shall effectually guard you against subsequent temptations. A particular blessing, attendant on the holy communion, is, that it strengthens us in the ways of Christ. God seems to have a peculiar care for those who have sealed their profession with this solemn office; and Christians appear to receive a portion of spiritual strength at these periods which bears them through, 'till they again meet at the holy mysteries.

\* \* \* \* \*

Opportunity for quiet meditation is a great blessing; I wish I knew how to appreciate its value. For you, my dear brother, be not discouraged; God sees your difficulties and will administer to your weaknesses; and if after much prayer and serious thought, you can endue yourself with the garb of humility, and kneel a trembling guest at the table of your Redeemer, content even to pick up the crumbs that fall from it, and deem them far beyond your desert; if, I say, you can go to the sacrament with these feelings, never fear but our all-blessed and benign Father will approve of your offering, and will bless you accordingly. Do not, however, be hurried into the step by the representations of your friends. Go, then, only when

your heart, consecrated by prayer, longs to partake of the body and blood of its Saviour, and to taste, in more near and full fruition, the fruits of redeeming love. And may God's blessing, my dear brother, attend you in it, and make it a means of confirming you in his way, and of weaning you more completely from the world, and its passing joys !

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, July, 1806.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

\* \* \* \* \*

I AM going to spend a week or ten days at the house of a clergyman in this neighbourhood, whose name is T \* \* ; he is a very pleasant, and very clever man, has a most charming family and a no less charming house, so that I expect my visit will be very pleasant. He has twelve pupils, (who pay him 1200*l.* per annum,) but his family is so well regulated, and his house so large, that you scarcely perceive any inconvenience from them.

I read very moderately, and am in better health than I have been ever since I came to Cambridge.

My mother and sister have been urging me to take a hint, let out by Mr. C \* \* and Mr. S \* , about the Free School, which they seem inclined to confer on some person, not a clergyman. It is not likely that I should

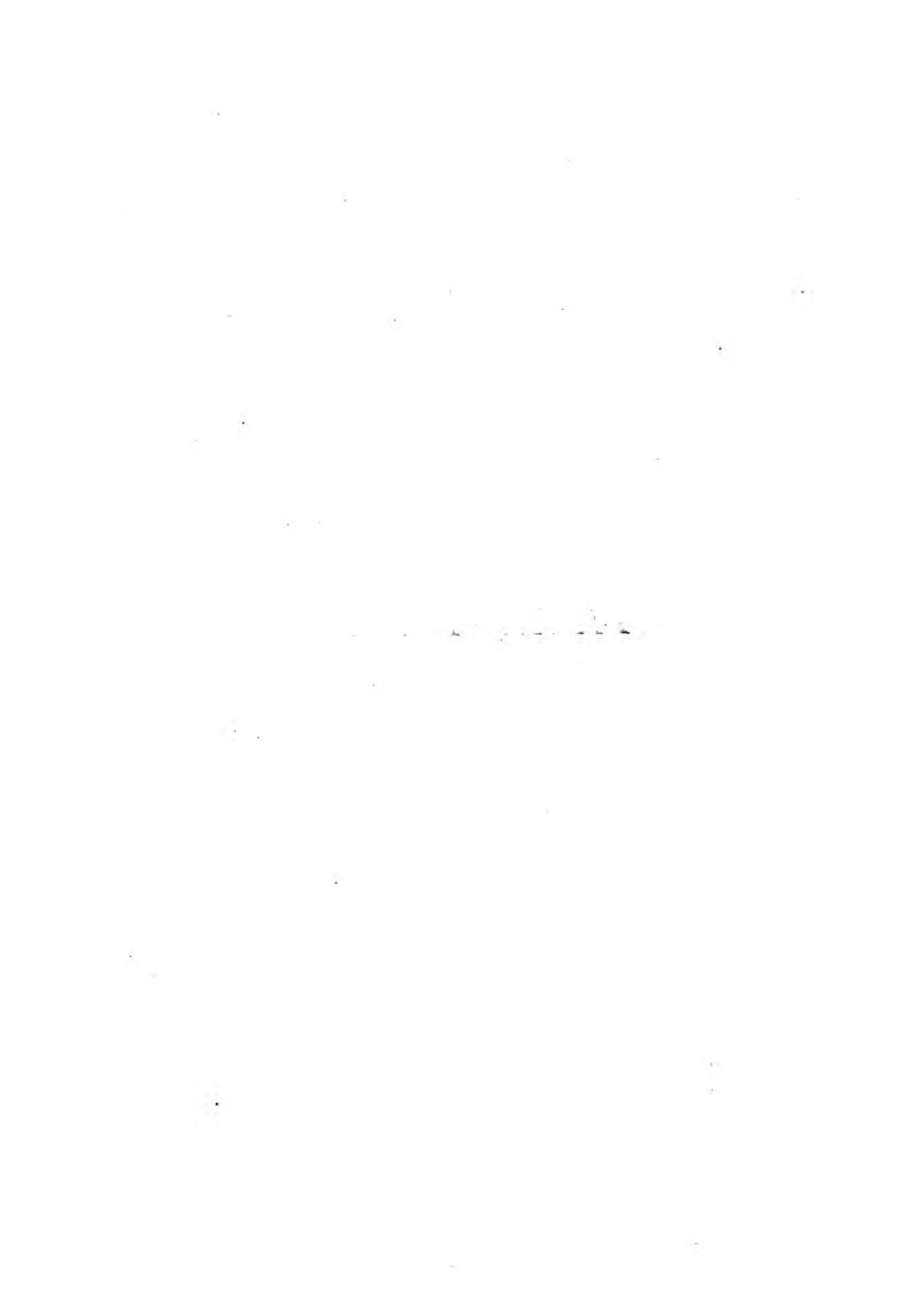
give up the ministry for a school. If, however, they would allow me to take orders, at the end of two years, which is the soonest I could do it, I should leave the University, and run the risk of getting ordained. Indeed, the risk would be none, as I could keep my terms at Cambridge, and get a degree, without its interfering with my duties as a school-master. The place is 300*l.* per annum : and, I think, I could make it 500*l.*

\* \* \* \*





## **EARLY POEMS.**



## THE FAIR MAID OF CLIFTON.

*A new Ballad, in the old style.*

THE night it was dark, and the winds were high,  
And mournfully waved the wood,  
As Bateman met his Margaret  
By Trent's majestic flood.

He press'd the maiden to his breast,  
And his heart it was rack'd with fear,  
For he knew, that again, 'twas a deadly chance  
If ever he press'd her there.

“ Oh ! Margaret, wilt thou bear me true,”  
He said, “ while I'm far away,  
“ For to-morrow I go for a foreign land,  
“ And there I have long to stay.”

And the maid she vow'd she would bear him true,  
And thereto she plighted her troth ;  
And she pray'd the fiend might fetch her away  
When she forgot her oath.

And the night-owl scream'd, as again she swore,  
 And the grove it did mournfully moan,  
 And Bateman's heart within him sunk,  
 He thought 'twas his dying groan.

And shortly he went with Clifton, his Lord,  
 To abide in a foreign land :  
 And Margaret she forgot her oath,  
 And she gave to another her hand.

Her husband was rich, but old, and crabb'd,  
 And oft the false one sigh'd,  
 And wish'd that ere she broke her vow,  
 She had broken her heart, and died.

And now return'd, her Bateman came  
 To demand his betrothed bride ;  
 But soon he learn'd that she had sought  
 A wealthier lover's side.

And when he heard the dreadful news,  
 No sound he utter'd more,  
 But his stiffen'd corse, ere the morn was seen,  
 Hung at his false one's door.

And Margaret, all night, in her bed,  
 She dreamed hideous dreams ;  
 And oft upon the moaning wind  
 Were heard her frightful screams.

And when she knew of her lover's death,  
On her brow stood the clammy dew,  
She thought of her oath, and she thought of her fate,  
And she saw that her days were few.

But the Lord he is just, and the guilty alone  
Have to fear of his vengeance the lash,  
The thunderbolt harms not the innocent head,  
While the criminal dies 'neath the flash.

His justice, she knew, would spare her awhile  
For the child that she bare in her womb ;  
But she felt, that when it was borne therefrom  
She must instantly go to her tomb.

The hour approach'd, and she view'd it with fear  
As the date of her earthly time ;  
And she tried to pray to Almighty God  
To expiate her crime.

And she begg'd her relations would come at the day,  
And the parson would pray at her side ;  
And the clerk would sing a penitent hymn,  
With all the singers beside.

And she begg'd they would bar the windows so strong,  
And put a new lock to the door ;  
And sprinkle with holy water the house,  
And over her chamber floor.

And they barr'd with iron the windows so strong,  
 And they put a new lock on the door ;  
 And the parson he came, and he carefully strew'd  
 With holy water the floor.

And her kindred came to see the dame,  
 And the clerk, and the singers beside ;  
 And they did sing a penitent hymn,  
 And with her did abide.

And midnight came, and shortly the dame  
 Did give to her child the light ;  
 And then she did pray, that they would stay,  
 And pass with her the night.

And she begg'd they would sing the penitent hymn,  
 And pray with all their might ;  
 For sadly I fear, the fiend will be here,  
 And fetch me away this night.

And now without, a stormy rout,  
 With howls the guests did hear ;  
 And the parson he pray'd, for he was afraid,  
 And the singers they quaver'd with fear.

And Marg'ret pray'd the Almighty's aid,  
 For louder the tempest grew ;  
 And every guest, his soul he blest,  
 As the tapers burned blue.



And the fair again, she pray'd of the men  
To sing with all their might;  
And they did sing, 'till the house did ring,  
And louder they sung for affright.

But now their song, it dried on their tongue,  
For sleep, it was seizing their sense;  
And Marg'ret screamed, and bid them not sleep,  
Or the fiends would bear her thence.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ON RURAL SOLITUDE

WHEN wandering, thoughtful, my stray steps at eve  
 (Releas'd from toil and careless of their way),  
 Have reach'd, unwillingly, some rural spot  
 Where quiet dwells in cluster'd cottages,  
 Fast by a wood, or on the river's marge,  
 I have sat down upon the shady stile  
 Half wearied with the long and lonesome walk,  
 And felt strange sadness steal upon the heart,  
 And unaccountable. — The rural smells  
 And sounds spake all of peacefulness and home;  
 The lazy mastiff, who my coming eyed,  
 Half balancing 'twixt fondness and distrust,  
 Recall'd some images, now half forgot,  
 Of the warm hearth at eve, when flocks are penn'd  
 And cattle hous'd, and every labour done.  
 And as the twilight's peaceful hour clos'd in,  
 The spiral smoke ascending from the thatch,  
 And the eve sparrow's last retiring chirp,  
 Have brought a busy train of hov'ring thoughts  
 To recollection, — rural offices

In younger days, and happier times perform'd.  
And rural friends, now with their grave-stones carv'd,  
And tales which wore away the winter's night  
Yet fresh in memory. — Then my thoughts assume  
A different turn, and I am e'en at *home*.  
That hut is mine; that cottage half-embower'd  
With modest jessamine, and that sweet spot  
Of garden-ground, where, rang'd in meet array,  
Grow countless sweets, the wall-flower and the pink,  
And the thick thyme-bush — even that is mine:  
And that old mulberry that shades the court  
Has been my joy from very childhood up.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SONG.

## THE ROBIN RED-BREAST:

A VERY EARLY COMPOSITION.

WHEN the winter wind whistles around my lone cot,  
And my holiday friends have my mansion forgot,  
Though a lonely poor being, still do not I pine,  
While my poor Robin Red-breast forsakes not my  
shrine.

He comes with the morning, he hops on my arm,  
For he knows 'tis too gentle to do him a harm :  
And in gratitude ever beguiles with a lay  
The soul-sick'ning thoughts of a bleak winter's day.

What, though he may leave me, when spring again  
smiles,  
To waste the sweet summer in love's little wiles,  
Yet will he remember his fosterer long,  
And greet her each morning with one little song.

And when the rude blast shall again strip the trees,  
And plenty no longer shall flie on the breeze ;

Oh ! then he'll return to his Helena kind,  
And repose in her breast from the rude northern wind.

My sweet little Robin's no holiday guest,  
He'll never forget his poor Helena's breast ;  
But will strive to repay, by his generous song,  
Her love, and her cares, in the winter day long.

## WINTER SONG.

ROUSE the blazing midnight fire,  
Heap the crackling faggots higher ;  
Stern December reigns without,  
With old Winter's blust'ring rout.

Let the jocund timbrels sound,  
Push the jolly goblet round ;  
Care avaunt, with all thy crew,  
Goblins dire and devils blue.

Hark ! without the tempest growls,  
And the affrighted watch-dog howls ;  
Witches on their broomsticks sail,  
Death upon the whistling gale.

Heap the crackling faggots higher,  
Draw your easy chairs still nigher ;  
And to guard from wizards hoar,  
Nail the horse-shoe on the door.

Now repeat the freezing story,  
Of the murder'd traveller gory,  
Found beneath the yew-tree sear,  
Cut, his throat, from ear to ear.



Tell, too, how his ghost, all bloody,  
Frighten'd once a neighb'ring goody ;  
And how, still at twelve he stalks,  
Groaning o'er the wild-wood walks.

Then, when fear usurps her sway,  
Let us creep to bed away ;  
Each for ghosts, but little bolder,  
Fearfully peeping o'er his shoulder.

## SONG.

SWEET Jessy! I would fain caress  
That lovely cheek divine;  
Sweet Jessy, I'd give worlds to press  
That rising breast to mine.

Sweet Jessy, I with passion burn  
Thy soft blue eyes to see;  
Sweet Jessy, I would die to turn  
Those melting eyes on me!

Yet Jessy, lovely as \* \* \*  
Thy form and face appear,  
I'd perish ere I would consent  
To buy them with a tear.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SONG.

OH, that I were the fragrant flower that kisses  
My Arabella's breast that heaves on high ;  
Pleased should I be to taste the transient blisses,  
And on the melting throne to faint, and die.

Oh, that I were the robe that loosely covers  
Her taper limbs, and Grecian form divine ;  
Or the entwisted zones, like meeting lovers,  
That clasp her waste in many an aëry twine.

Oh, that my soul might take its lasting station  
In her waved hair, her perfumed breath to sip ;  
Or catch, by chance, her blue eyes fascination !  
Or meet, by stealth, her soft vermilion lip.

But chain'd to this dull being, I must ever  
Lament the doom by which I'm hither placed ;  
Must pant for moments I must meet with never,  
And dream of beauties I must never taste.

---

IN hollow music, sighing through the glade,  
The breeze of autumn strikes the startled ear,  
And fancy, pacing through the woodland shade,  
Hears in the gust the requiem of the year.

As with lone tread along the whisp'ring grove  
I list the moan of the capricious wind,  
I, too, o'er, fancy's milky way would rove,  
But sadness chains to earth my pensive mind.

When by the huddling brooklet's secret brim  
I pause, and woo the dreams of Helicon,  
Sudden my saddest thoughts revert to him  
Who taught that brook to wind, and now is gone.

When by the poet's sacred urns I kneel,  
And rapture springs exultant to my reed,  
The pæan dies, and sadder measures steal,  
And grief and Montague demand the meed.

\* \* \* \* \*

---

THOU mongrel, who dost show thy teeth, and yelp,  
And bay the harmless stranger on his way,  
Yet, when the wolf appears, dost roar for help,  
And scamperest quickly from the bloody fray ;  
Dare but on my fair fame to cast a slur,  
And I will make thee know, unto thy pain,  
Thou vile old good-for-nothing cur !

I, a Laconian dog, can bite again :  
Yes, I can make the Daunian tiger flee,  
Much more a bragging, foul-mouth'd whelp like thee.  
Beware Lycambes,' or Bupalus' fate —  
The wicked still shall meet my deadly hate ;  
And know, when once I seize upon my prey,  
I do not languidly my wrongs bemoan ;  
I do not whine and cant the time away,  
But, with revengeful gripe, I bite him to the bone.

\* \* \*

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## ODE

## TO THE MORNING STAR.

MANY invoke pale Hesper's pensive sway,  
When rest supine leans o'er the pillowing clouds,  
And the last tinklings come  
From the safe folded flock.

But me, bright harbinger of coming day,  
Who shone the first on the primæval morn ;  
Me, thou delightest more —  
Chastely luxuriant.

Let the poor silken sons of slothful pride  
Press now their downy couch in languid ease,  
While visions of dismay  
Flit o'er their troubled brain.

Be mine to view ; awake to nature's charms,  
Thy paly flame evanish from the sky,  
As gradual day usurps  
The welkin's glowing bounds.



Mine, to snuff up the pure ambrosial breeze,  
 Which bears aloft the rose-bound car of morn,  
 And mark his early flight  
 The rustling skylark wing.

And thou, Hygeia, shalt my steps attend,  
 Thou, whom distracted, I so lately wooed,  
 As on my restless bed  
 Slow past the tedious night;

And slowly, by the taper's sickly gleam  
 Drew my dull curtain; and with anxious eye  
 Strove, through the veil of night  
 To mark the tardy morn.

Thou, Health, shalt bless me in my early walk,  
 As o'er the upland slope I brush the dew,  
 And feel the genial thrill  
 Dance in my lighten'd veins.

And as I mark the Cotter from his shed  
 Peep out with jocund face — thou, too, Content,  
 Shalt steal into my breast,  
 Thy mild, thy placid sway.

Star of the morning! these, thy joys I'll share,  
 As rove my pilgrim feet the sylvan haunts;  
 While to thy blushing shrine  
 Due orisons shall rise.

## THE HERMIT OF THE PACIFIC,

OR

## THE HORRORS OF UTTER SOLITUDE.

OH ! who can paint the unspeakable dismay  
 Of utter Solitude, shut out from all  
 Of social intercourse.— Oh ! who can say  
 What haggard horrors hold in shuddering thrall  
 Him, who by some Carvaggian waterfall  
 A shipwreck'd man hath scoop'd his desert cave,  
 Where Desolation, in her giant pall,  
 Sits frowning on the ever-falling wave,  
 That woos the wretch to dig, by her loud shore, his  
 grave.

Thou youthful pilgrim, whose untoward feet,  
 Too early have been torn in life's rough way,  
 Thou, who endow'd with Fancy's holiest heat  
 Seest dark Misfortune cloud thy morning ray :  
 Though doom'd in penury to pine thy day,  
 O seek not,—seek not in the glooms to shroud  
 Of waste, or wilderness — a cast-away —  
 Where noise intrudes not, save when in the cloud,  
 Riding sublime, the storm roars fearfully, and loud.

Though man to man be as the ocean shark,  
 Reckless, and unrelentingly severe;  
 Though friendship's cloak must veil the purpose dark,  
 While the red poniard glimmers in the rear,  
 Yet, is society most passing dear.  
 Though mix'd with clouds its sunshine gleams refin'd  
 Will through the glooms most pleasantly appear,  
 And soothe thee, when thy melancholy mind  
 Must ask for comfort else of the loud pitiless wind.

Yet is it distant from the muse's theme  
 To bid thee fly the rural covert still,  
 And plunge impetuous in the busy stream,  
 Of crowds to take of \* \* joys thy fill.  
 Ah! no, she woos thee to attune thy quill  
 In some low village's remote recess,  
 Where thou may'st learn — O enviable skill,  
 To heal the sick, and soothe the comfortless,  
 To give, and to receive — be blessed, and to bless.

God unto men hath different powers assign'd—  
 There be, who love the city's dull turmoil;  
 There be, who proud of an ambitious mind  
 From lonely quiet's hermit-walks recoil:  
 Leave thou these insects to their grov'ling toil —  
 Thou, whom retired leisure best can please;  
 For thee, the hazle copse's verdant aisle,  
 And summer bow'r, befitting studious ease,  
 Prepare a keener bliss than they shall ever seize.

Lo, the grey morning climbs the eastern tow'r,  
 The dew-drop glistening in her op'ning eye  
 Now on the upland lawns salute the hour  
 That wakes the warbling woods to melody;  
 There sauntering on the stile, embow'ed high  
 With fragrant hawthorn, and the gadding briar,  
 Pore on thy book, or cast by fits thine eye  
 Where far below, hill, dale, and village spire,  
 And brook, and mead, and wood, far from the sight retire.

But what are these, *forsaken* and *forlorn* ?  
 'Tis animation breathes the subtle spell —  
 Hark ! from the echoing wood the mellow horn  
 Winds round from hill to hill, with distant swell ;  
 The peasant's matin rises from the dell ;  
 The heavy waggon creaks upon its way,  
 While tinkling soft the silver-tuning bell  
 Floats on the gale, or dies by fits away  
 From the sweet straw-roof'd grange, deep buried from  
 the day.

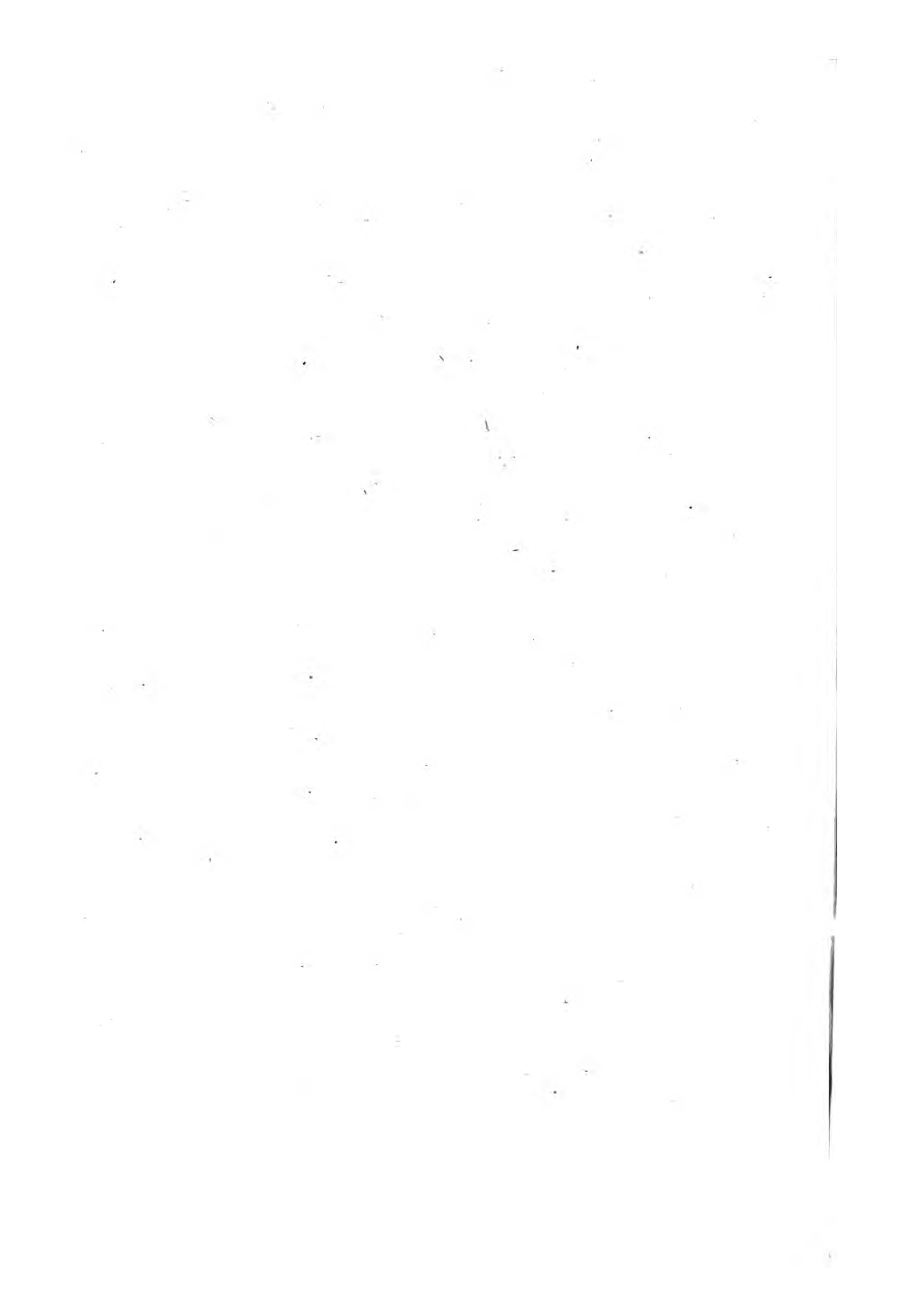
Man was not made to pine in solitude,  
 Ensepulchred, and far from converse placed,  
 Not for himself alone, untamed and rude,  
 To live the Bittern of the desert waste ;  
 It is not his (by manlier virtues grac'd)  
 To pore upon the noontide brook, and sigh,  
 And weep for aye o'er sorrow uneffaced ;  
 Him social duties call the tear to dry,  
 And wake the nobler powers of usefulness to ply.

The savage broods that in the forest shroud,  
 The Pard and Lion mingle with their kind ;  
 And, oh, shall man, with nobler pow'rs endow'd,  
 Shall he, to nature's strongest impulse blind,  
 Bury in shades his proud immortal mind ?  
 Like the sweet flow'r, that on some steep rock thrown,  
 Blossoms forlorn, rock'd by the mountain wind ;  
 A little while it decks the rugged stone,  
 Then, withering, fades away, unnoticed and unknown !

For ye who, fill'd with fancy's wildest dreams,  
 Run from the imperious voice of human pride,  
 And shrinking quick from woe's unheeded screams,  
 Long in some desert-cell your heads to hide,  
 Where you may muse from morn to eventide,  
 Free from the taunts of contumely and scorn,  
 From sights of woe — the pow'r to sooth denied,  
 Attend the song which in life's early morn. —

\* \* \* \* \*



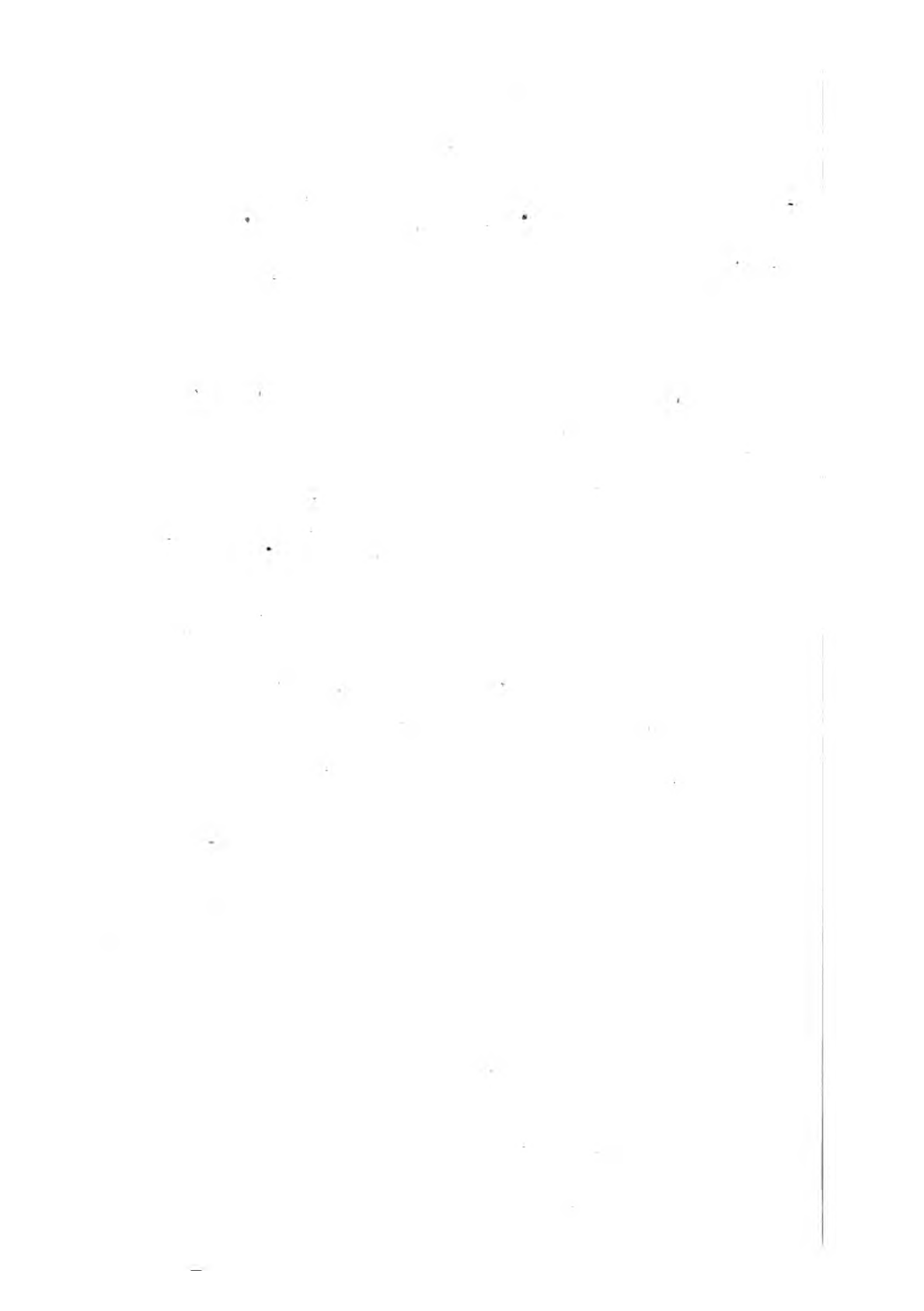




**POEMS**

**OF**

**LATER DATE.**



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The following are the Verses referred to, in a Letter to his Brother Neville, in the First Volume of the Remains, p. 117. They were composed *extempore*, in the presence of the Friend; who is *there* said, to have doubted Henry's ability to write poetry. — N. B. These verses did not appear in the first *five Editions* of the Remains.

---

THOU base repiner at another's joy,  
 Whose eyes turn green at merit not thine own;  
 Oh! far away from generous Britons fly,  
 And find in meaner climes a fitter throne.  
 Away, away, it shall not be,  
 Thou shalt not dare defile our plains;  
 The truly generous heart disdains  
 Thy meaner, lowlier fires, while he  
 Joys at another's joy; and smiles at others' jollity.

Triumphant monster! though thy schemes succeed —  
 Schemes laid in Acheron, the brood of night,  
 Yet, but a little while, and nobly freed,  
 Thy happy victim will emerge to light;  
 When o'er his head, in silence that reposes,  
 Some kindred soul shall come to drop a tear:  
 Then will his last cold pillow turn to roses,  
 Which thou hadst planted with the thorn severe;  
 Then, will thy baseness stand confest, and all  
 Will curse the ungen'rous fate, that bade a poet fall.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet, ah ! thy arrows are too keen, too sure ;

    Could'st thou not pitch upon another prey ?

Alas ! in robbing him, thou robb'st the poor,

    Who only boast what thou wouldest take away.

See the lorn bard, at midnight-study sitting,

    O'er his pale features streams his dying lamp ;

While o'er fond fancy's pale perspective flitting,

    Successive forms their fleet ideas stamp.

Yet say, is bliss upon his brow imprest ?

    Does jocund health in thought's still mansion live ?

Lo ! the cold dews that on his temples rest ;

    That short, quick sigh — their sad responses give.

And can'st thou rob a poet of his song,

    Snatch from the bard his trivial meed of praise ?

Small are his gains, nor does he hold them long :

    Then, leave ! Oh, leave him to enjoy his lays,

While yet he lives — for to his merits just,

    Though future ages join his fame to raise,

Will the loud trump awake his cold unheeding dust ?

\* \* \* \*

---

WHEN pride and envy, and the scorn  
Of wealth, my heart with gall embued,  
I thought, how pleasant were the morn  
Of silence in the solitude.  
To hear the forest bee on wing ;  
Or by the stream, or woodland spring,  
To lie and muse alone, — alone,  
While the tinkling waters moan :  
Or such wild sounds rise, as say,  
Man and noise are far away.

Now, surely, thought I, there's enow  
To fill life's dusty way ;  
And who will miss a poet's feet,  
Or wonder where he stray.  
So to the woods, and waste I'll go :  
And I will build an osier bower,  
And sweetly there to me shall flow  
The meditative hour.

And when the autumn's withering hand  
Shall strew with leaves the sylvan land,  
I'll to the forest caverns hie ;

And in the dark and stormy nights  
I'll listen to the shrieking sprites ;  
Who, in the wintry wolds and floods,  
Keep jubilee and thread the woods ;  
Or, as it's drifted soft and slow,  
Hurl in ten thousand shapes the snow.

\* \* \* \*

---

I HAVE a wish, and near my heart  
That wish lies buried ;  
To keep it there's a foolish part,  
For, oh ! it must not be,  
It must not, must not, be.

Why, my fond heart, why beat'st thou so ?  
The dream is fair to see —  
But, bid the lovely flatterer go ;  
It must not, must not, be,  
Oh ! no, it must not be.

'Tis well this tear in secret falls,  
This weakness suits not me ;  
I know where sterner duty calls —  
It must not, cannot, be,  
Oh ! no, it cannot be.



---

ONCE more his beagles wake the slumb'ring morn,  
And the high woodland echoes to his horn,  
As on the mountain cliff the hunter band  
Chase the fleet chamois o'er the unknown land,  
Or sadly silent, from some jutting steep,  
He throws his line into the gulphy deep.  
Where in the wilderness, grotesque and drear,  
The loud Arve stuns the eve's reposing ear;  
Or, if his lost domestic joys arise,  
Once more the prattler its endearments tries —  
It lisps "my father!" and as newly prest  
Its close embraces meet his lonely breast.  
His long-lost partner, too, at length restor'd,  
Leans on his arm, and decks the social board.  
Yet still, mysterious on his fever'd brain  
The deep impressions of his woes remain:  
He thinks she weeps. — "And why, my love, so pale?  
"What hidden grief could o'er thy peace prevail,  
"Or is it fancy? — yet thou dost but \* \*;"  
And then he weeps, and weeps he knows not why.

---

DREAR winter ! who dost knock  
So loud and angry on my cottage roof  
In the loud night-storm wrapt, while drifting snows  
The cheerless waste invest, and cold, and wide,  
Seen by the flitting star, the landscape gleams ;  
With no unholy awe I hear thy voice,  
As by my dying embers, safely hous'd,  
I, in deep silence, muse. Tho' I am lone,  
And my low chimney owns no cheering voice  
Of friendly converse ; yet not comfortless  
Is my long evening, nor devoid of thoughts  
To cheat the silent hours upon their way.  
There are, who in this dark and fearful night,  
Houseless, and cold of heart, are forc'd to bide  
These beating snows, and keen relentless winds —  
Wayfaring men, or wanderers whom no home  
Awaits, nor rest from travel, save the inn  
Where all the journeyers of mortal life  
Lie down at last to sleep. Yet some there be  
Who merit not to suffer. — Infancy,  
And sinew-shrinking age are not exempt  
From penury's severest, deadliest gripe.  
Oh, it doth chill the eddying heart's blood to see

The guileless cheek of infancy turn'd blue  
With the keen cold. — Lo, where the baby hangs  
On his wan parent's hand; his shiv'ring skin  
Half bare, and opening to the biting gale.  
Poor shiv'rer, to his mother he up turns  
A meaning look in silence! then he casts  
Askance, upon the howling waste before,  
A mournful glance upon the forward way —  
But all lies dreary, and cold as hope  
In his forsaken breast.

---

BEHOLD the shepherd boy, who homeward tends,  
Finished his daily labour. — O'er the path,  
Deep overhung with herbage, does he stroll  
With pace irregular: — by fits he runs,  
Then sudden stops with vacant countenance,  
And picks the pungent herb, or on the stile  
Listlessly sits, and twines the reedy whip,  
And carols blithe his short and simple song.  
Thrice happy idler! — thou hast never known  
Refinement's piercing pang: thy joys are small,  
Yet are they unalloyed with bitter thought  
And after misery. — As I behold  
Thy placid, artless countenance, I feel  
Strange envy of thy state, and fain would change  
These short, uncommon hours of keener bliss  
For thy long day of equal happiness.

Heaven grant no after trials may imprint  
Trouble's deep wrinkle on thine open face,  
And cloud thy generous features. — May'st thou tread  
In the calm paths thro' which thy fathers trod,  
To their late graves of honourable rest:  
So will thy lot be happy. So the hour

Of death come clad in loveliness and joy ;  
 And as thou lay'st down thy blanched head  
 Beneath the narrow mound, affection's hand  
 Will bend the osier o'er thy peaceful grave,  
 And bid the lily blossom on thy turf.  
 But, oh ! may heaven avert from thee, the curse  
 Of mad fanaticism ! away ! away —  
 Let not the restless monster dare pollute  
 The calm abodes of rural innocence !  
 Oh ! if the wide contagion reach thy breast,  
 Unhappy peasant, peace will vanish thence,  
 And raging turbulence will rack thy heart  
 With feverish dismay : — then discontent  
 Will pray upon thy vitals, then will doubt  
 And sad uncertainty in fierce array,  
 With superstition's monstrous train surround  
 Thy dreadful death-bed ; and no soothing hand  
 Will smooth the painful pillow, for the bonds  
 Of tender amity are all consumed  
 By the prevailing fire. They all are lost  
 In one ungovernable, selfish flame.  
 Where has this pestilence arisen ? — where  
 The Hydra multitude of sister ills.  
 Of infidelity, and open sin,  
 Of disaffection, and repining gall ?  
 Oh, ye revered, venerable band,  
 Who wear religion's ephod, unto ye  
 Belongs with wakeful vigilance to check  
 The growing evil. In the vicious town

Fearless, and fixed, the monster stands secure :  
But guard the rural shade ! let honest peace  
Yet hold her ancient seats, and still preserve  
The village groups in their primeval bliss.

Such was, Placidio, thy divine employ,  
Ere thou wert borne to some sublimer sphere  
By death's mild angel.

\* \* \* \* \*



---

WHERE yonder woods in gloomy pomp arise,  
Embow' red, remote, a lowly cottage lies ;  
Before the door a garden spreads, where blows  
Now wild, once cultivate, the brier rose ;  
Tho' chok'd with weeds, the lily there will peer,  
And early primrose hail the nascent year ;  
There to the walls did jess'mine wreaths attach,  
And many a sparrow twitter'd in the thatch,  
While in the woods that wave their heads on high  
The stock-dove warbled murmuring harmony.

There, buried in retirement, dwelt a sage,  
Whose reverent locks bespoke him far in age ;  
Silent he was, and solemn was his mien,  
And rarely on his cheek a smile was seen.  
The village gossips had full many a tale  
About the aged " hermit of the dale."  
Some called him wizard, some a holy seer,  
Tho' all beheld him with an equal fear,  
And many a stout heart had he put to flight,  
Met in the gloomy wood-walks late at night.

Yet well, I ween, the sire was good of heart,  
Nor would to ought one heedless pang impart ;



His soul was gentle, but he'd known of woe,  
 Had known the world, nor longer wish'd to know.  
 Here, far retir'd from all its busy ways,  
 He hop'd to spend the remnant of his days ;  
 And here, in peace, he till'd his little ground,  
 And saw, unheeded, years revolving round.  
 Fair was his daughter, as the blush of day,  
 In her alone his hopes and wishes lay ;  
 His only care, about her future life,  
 When death should call him from the haunts of strife.  
 Sweet was her temper, mild as summer skies  
 When o'er their azure no thin vapour flies ;  
 And but to see her aged father sad,  
 No fear, no care, the gentle Fanny had.

Still at her wheel, the live-long day she sung,  
 'Till with the sound the lonesome woodlands rung,  
 And, 'till usurp'd his long unquestioned sway,  
 The solitary bittern wing'd its way,  
 Indignant rose, on dismal pinions borne,  
 To find, untrod by man, some waste forlorn ;  
 Where, unmolested, he might hourly wail,  
 And with his screams still load the heavy gale.

Once as I stray'd at eve, the woods among,  
 To pluck wild strawberries, — I heard her song ;  
 And heard, enchanted, — oh, it was so soft,  
 So sweet, I thought the cherubim aloft

Were quiring to the spheres. Now the full note  
Did on the downy wings of silence float  
Full on the ravish'd sense, then died away,  
Distantly on the ear, in sweet decay.

Then, first I knew the cot ; the simple pair ;  
Tho' soon become a welcome inmate there :  
At eve, I still would fly to hear the lay,  
Which Fanny to her lute was wont to play ;  
Or with the Sire, would sit and talk of war,  
For wars he'd seen, and bore full many a scar,  
And oft the plan of gallant siege he drew,  
And lov'd to teach me all the arts he knew.

\* \* \* \* \*

---

WITH slow step, along the desert sand,  
Where o'er the parching plains broods red dismay,  
The Arab chief leads on his ruthless band.  
And, lo! a speck of dust is seen to play,  
On the remotest confines of the day.  
Arouse! arouse! fierce, does the chieftain cry,  
Death calls! the caravan is on its way!  
The warrior shouts. The Siroc hurries by,  
Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd his murderous  
eye.

---

These lines might appear, by the metre, to have been intended for a stanza of the "*Christiad*," perhaps to have been introduced as a simile; but though the conception is striking, the composition is far more incorrect than *that* of that fine fragment.

## PSALM XXII.

My God, my God, oh, why dost thou forsake me?

Why art thou distant in the hour of fear?

To thee, my wonted help, I still betake me,

To thee I clamour, but thou dost not hear.

The beam of morning witnesses my sighing,

The lonely night-hour views me weep in vain,

Yet thou art holy, and, on thee relying,

Our fathers were released from grief and pain.

To thee they cried, and thou didst hear their wailing,

On thee they trusted, and their trust was sure;

But I, poor, lost, and wretched son of failing,

I, without hope, must scorn and hate endure.

Me they revile; with many ills molested,

They bid me seek of thee, O Lord, redress:

On God, they say, his hope and trust he rested,

Let God relieve him in his deep distress.

To me, Almighty! in thy mercy shining,

Life's dark and dangerous portals thou didst ope:

And softly on my mother's lap reclining,

Breath'd thro' my breast the lively soul of hope.

Even from the womb, thou art my God, my Father !

Aid me, now trouble weighs me to the ground ;  
 Me heavy ills have worn, and, faint and feeble,  
 The bulls of Bashan have beset me round.

My heart is melted and my soul is weary,

The wicked ones have pierced my hands and feet ;  
 Lord, let thy influence cheer my bosom dreary ;  
 My help ! my strength ! let me thy presence greet.

Save me ! oh, save me ! from the sword dividing,

Give me my darling from the jaws of death !  
 Thee will I praise, and in thy name confiding,  
 Proclaim thy mercies with my latest breath.

\* \* \* \* \*

## HYMN I.

THE Lord our God is full of might,  
 The winds obey his will :  
 He speaks, and in his heavenly height  
 The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land  
 With threatening aspect roar !  
 The Lord uplifts his awful hand,  
 And chains you to the shore.

Howl, winds of night, your force combine !  
 Without his high behest,  
 Ye shall not in the mountain pine  
 Disturb the sparrow's nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar,  
 In the distant peal it dies ;  
 He yokes the whirlwind to his car,  
 And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations bend, — in reverence bend ;  
 Ye monarchs, wait his nod ;  
 And bid the choral song ascend,  
 To celebrate your God.

## HYMN II.

THE Lord our God is Lord of all,  
His station who can find?  
I hear him in the waterfall!  
I hear him in the wind!

If in the gloom of night I shroud,  
His face I cannot fly;  
I see him in the evening cloud,  
And in the morning sky.

He lives, he reigns in every land,  
From winter's polar snows,  
To where, across the burning sand,  
The blasting meteor glows!

He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;  
We hang upon his word:—  
He rears his red right arm on high,  
And ruin bares the sword.

He bids his blasts the fields deform—  
Then when his thunders cease,  
Sits like an angel 'mid the storm,  
And smiles the winds to peace!



## HYMN III.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,  
Amid the deepening gloom,  
We, soldiers of an injured King,  
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,  
And all our powers decay,  
Our cold remains in solitude  
Shall sleep the years away.

Our labours done, securely laid  
In this our last retreat,  
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust  
The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,  
The vital spark shall lie,  
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise  
To see its kindred sky.

These ashes too, this little dust,  
Our Father's care shall keep,  
'Till the last angel rise, and break  
The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye  
Shall shed its mildest rays,  
And the long silent dust shall burst  
With shouts of endless praise.

## HYMN IV.

A FRAGMENT.

MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Fight the fight, and worn with strife,  
Steep with tears the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Join the war, and face the foe :  
Faint not ! much doth yet remain,  
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians ; will ye yield ?  
Will ye quit the painful field ?

\* \* \* \* \*

## HYMN V.

CHRISTIANS! brethren ! ere we part,  
Join every voice and every heart ;  
One solemn hymn to God we raise,  
One final song of grateful praise.

Christians, we here may meet no more,  
But there is yet a happier shore ;  
And there, released from toil and pain,  
Brethren, we shall meet again.

Now to God, the Three in One,  
Be eternal glory done ;  
Raise, ye saints, the sound again :  
Ye nations, join the loud Amen.

## TO A FRIEND.

To *you* these pensive lines I fondly send,  
 Far distant now, my brother, and my friend.  
 If, 'mid the novel scene, thou yet art free  
 To give one silent, museful hour to me,  
 Turn from the world, and fancy, whisp'ring near,  
 Thou hear'st the voice thou once did'st love to hear.  
 Can time and space, howe'er with anguish fraught,  
 Damp the warm heart, or chain the soaring thought?  
 Or, when most dread, the nascent joy they blast,  
 Chace from the mind the image of the past!  
 Ah, no! when death has robb'd her hord of bliss,  
 What stays to soothe the widow's hours, but this?—  
 This cheers her dreams, and cheats the ling'ring time  
 Till she shall reach \* \* \* \* \*

---

OH ! had the soul's deep silence pow'r to speak ;  
Could the warm thought the bars of distance break !  
Could the lone music to thine ear convey  
Each rising sigh, and all the heart can say !  
Dear to my breast, beyond conception dear,  
Would the long solitude of night appear :  
Sweet would it be to hear the winds complain —  
To mark the heavings of the moonlight main ;  
Sweet to behold the silent hamlet lie,  
With \* \* \* \* \*  
But sweeter far \* \* \* \* \*  
Rose not unshar'd, nor fell unmark'd by thee.

## SONNET.

THE harp is still ! Weak tho' the spirit were  
That whispered in its rising harmonies ;  
Yet Mem'ry, with her sister, fond Regret,  
Loves to recall the wild and wandering airs  
That cheer'd the long-fled hours, when o'er the strings  
That spirit hover'd. Weak, and though it were  
To pour the torrent of impetuous song,  
It was not weak to touch the sacred chords  
Of pity, or to summon with dark spell  
Of witching rhymes, the spirits of the deep  
Form'd to do Fancy's bidding ; and to fetch  
Her perfumes from the morning star, or dye  
Her volant robes with the bright rainbow's hues.

\* \* \* \* \*



\* \* \* \* \*

OR should the day be overcast,  
We'll linger 'till the show'r be past ;  
Where the hawthorn's branches spread .  
A fragrant covert o'er the head.  
And list the rain-drops beat the leaves,  
Or smoke upon the cottage eaves ;  
Or silent dimpling on the stream  
Convert to lead its silver gleam ;  
And we will muse on human life,  
And think, from all the storms of strife,  
How sweet to find a snug retreat  
Were we may hear the tempests beat,  
Secure and fearless, — and provide  
Repose for life's calm eventide.

---

MILD vesper, favourite of the Paphian Queen,  
 Whose lucid lamp on evening's twilight zone,  
 Sheds a soft lustre o'er the gloom serene,  
 Only by Cynthia's silver beam outshone:  
 Thee I invoke to point my lonely way  
 O'er these wild wastes, to where my lover bides,  
 For thou alone canst lend thy friendly ray.  
 Now the bright moon toward the ocean glides —  
 No midnight murderer asks thy guilty aid,  
 Nor nightly robber \* \* \* \* \*  
 I am alone, by silly love betrayed  
 To woo the star of Venus, \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

---

IN every clime, from Lapland to Japan,  
This truth's confest, — That man's worst foe is man.  
The rav'ning tribes, that croud the sultry zone,  
Prey on all kinds and colours, but their own.  
Lion with lion herds, and pard with pard,  
Instinct's first law, their covenant and guard.  
But man alone, the lord of ev'ry clime,  
Whose post is godlike, and whose pow'rs sublime,  
*Man*, at whose birth the Almighty hand stood still,  
Pleas'd with the last great effort of his will;  
Man, man alone, no tenant of the wood,  
Preys on his kind, and laps his brother's blood;  
His fellow leads, where hidden pit-falls lie,  
And drinks with extacy his dying sigh.

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## SONNET.

Poor little one! most bitterly did pain,  
And life's worst ills, assail thine early age;  
And, quickly tir'd with this rough pilgrimage,  
Thy wearied spirit did its heaven regain.  
Moaning, and sickly, on the lap of life  
Thou laidst thine aching head, and thou didst sigh  
A little while, ere to its kindred sky  
Thy soul return'd, to taste no more of strife!  
Thy lot was happy, little sojourner!  
Thou had'st no mother to direct thy ways;  
And fortune frown'd most darkly on thy days,  
Short as they were. Now, far from the low stir  
Of this dim spot, in heaven thou dost repose,  
And look'st, and smil'st on this world's transient woes.

## SONNET

TO DECEMBER.

DARK visaged visitor, who comest here  
Clad in thy mournful tunic, to repeat  
(While glooms, and chilling rains enwrap thy feet)  
The solemn requiem of the dying year,  
Not undelightful to my list'ning ear  
Sound thy dull show'rs, as, o'er my woodland seat,  
Dismal, and drear, the leafless trees they beat :  
Not undelightful, in their wild career,  
Is the wild music of thy howling blasts,  
Sweeping the groves long aisle, while sullen Time  
Thy stormy mantle o'er his shoulder casts,  
And, rock'd upon his throne, with chant sublime,  
Joins the full-pealing dirge, and winter weaves  
Her dark sepulchral wreath of faded leaves. .

## ODE TO LIBERTY.

HENCE to thy darkest shades, dire Slavery, hence !  
 Thine icy touch can freeze,  
 Swift as the Polar breeze  
 The proud defying port of human sense.  
 Hence to thine Indian cave,  
 To where the tall canes whisper o'er thy rest,  
 Like the murmuring wave  
 Swept by the dank wing of the rapid west :  
 And at the night's still noon,  
 The lash'd Angolan, in his grated cell,  
 Mix'd with the tyger's yell,  
 Howls to the dull ear of the silent moon.

But come, thou goddess, blithe and free,  
 Thou mountain-maid, sweet Liberty!  
 With buskin'd knee, and bosom bare,  
 Thy tresses floating in the air :  
 Come, — and treading on thy feet,  
 Independence let me meet,  
 Thy giant mate, whose awful form  
 Has often braved the bellowing storm ;  
 And heard its angry spirit shriek,  
 Rear'd on some promontory's beak,  
 Seen by the lonely fisher far,  
 By the glimpse of flitting star.

His awful bulk, in dusky shroud,  
 Commixing with the pitchy cloud;  
 While at his feet the lightnings play,  
 And the deep thunders die away.  
 Goddess, come, and let us sail  
 On the fresh reviving gale;  
 O'er dewy lawns, and forests lone,  
 'Till lighting on some mountain stone,  
 That scales the circumambient sky,  
 We see a thousand nations lie.  
 From Zembla's snows, to Afric's heat,  
 Prostrate beneath our frolic feet.

From Italy's luxurious plains,  
 Where everlasting summer reigns,  
 Why Goddess, dost thou turn away?  
 Didst thou never sojourn there?  
 Oh, yes, thou didst — but fallen is Rome,  
 The pilgrim weeps her silent doom.  
 As at midnight, murmuring low,  
 Along the mouldering portico,  
 He hears the desolate wind career,  
 While the rank ivy whispers near.

Ill-fated Gaul! ambitious grasp  
 Bids thee again in slavery gasp.  
 Again the dungeon walls resound  
 The hopeless shriek, the groan profound.



But, lo, in yonder happy skies,  
Helvetia's airy mountains rise,  
And, oh, on her tall cliffs reclin'd,  
Gay fancy, whispering to the mind :  
As the wild herdsman's call is heard,  
Tells me, that she, o'er all preferr'd  
In every clime, in every zone,  
Is Liberty's divinest throne.  
Yet, whence that sigh ? O goddess, say,  
Has the tyrant's thirsty sway  
Dared profane the sacred seat,  
Thy long high-favour'd, best retreat ?  
It has ! it has ! away, away,  
To where the green isles woo the day,  
Where thou art still supreme, and where  
Thy Pæans fill the floating air.

\* \* \* \* \*

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Who is it leads the planets on their dance —  
The mighty sisterhood? Who is it strikes  
The harp of universal harmony?

Hark! 'tis the voice of planets on their dance,  
Led by the arch-contriver. Beautiful  
The harmony of order! How they sing!  
The regulated orbs, upon their path  
Through the wide tractless ether sing as though  
A syren sat upon each glitt'ring gem,  
And made fair music — such as mortal hand  
Ne'er rais'd on the responding chords; more like  
The mystic melody that oft the bard  
Hears in the strings of the suspended harp,  
Touch'd by some unknown beings that reside  
In ev'ning breezes, or, at dead of night,  
Wake in the long, shrill pauses of the wind.

This is the music which, in ages hush'd,  
Ere the Assyrian quaff'd his cups of blood,  
Kept the lone Chald awake, when thro' the night  
He watch'd his herds. The solitary man,  
By frequent meditation, learnt to spell

Yon sacred volume of high mystery.  
 He could arrange the wandering passengers,  
 From the pale star, first on the silent brow  
 Of the meek-tressed Eve, to him who shines,  
 Son of the morning, orient Lucifer :  
 Sweet were to him in that unletter'd age,  
 The openings of wonder. — He could gaze  
 Till his whole soul was fill'd with mystery,  
 And every night-wind was a spirit's voice,  
 And every far-off mist, a spirit's form :  
 So with fables, and wild romantic dreams  
 He mix'd his truth, and couch'd in symbols dark.  
 Hence, blind idolatry arose, and men  
 Knelt to the sun, or at the dead of night  
 Pour'd their orisons to the cloud-wrapt moon.  
 Hence, also, after ages into stars  
 Transformed their heroes ; and the warlike chief,  
 With fond eye fix'd on some resplendent gem,  
 Held converse with the spirits of his sires : —  
 With other eyes than these did Plato view  
 The heav'ns, and, fill'd with reasonings sublime,  
 Half pierc'd, at intervals, the mystery,  
 Which with the gospel vanish'd, and made way  
 For noon-day brightness.      \*      \*      \*

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*

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How beautiful upon the element  
The Egyptian moonlight sleeps ;  
The Arab on the bank hath pitch'd his tent ;  
The light wave dances, sparkling, o'er the deeps ;  
The tall reeds whisper in the gale,  
And o'er the distant tide moves slow the silent sail.

Thou mighty Nile ! and thou receding main,  
How peacefully ye rest upon your shores,  
Tainted no more, 'as when from Cairo's tow'rs,  
Roll'd the swoln corse by plague ! the monster ! slain.  
Far as the eye can see around,  
Upon the solitude of waters wide,  
There is no sight, save of the restless tide —  
Save of the winds, and waves, there is no sound.

Egyptia sleeps, her sons in silence sleep !  
Ill-fated land, upon thy rest they come —  
Th' invader, and his host. Behold the deep  
Bears on her farthest verge a dusky gloom —  
And now they rise, the masted forests rise,

And gallants, through the foam, their way they make.  
Stern Genius of the Memphian shores, awake —

The foeman in thy inmost harbour lies,  
And ruin o'er thy land with brooding pennon flies.

\* \* \* \* \*

---

GHOSTS of the dead, in grim array,  
    Surround the tyrant's nightly bed !  
And in the still, distinctly say,  
    I by thy treach'ry bled.  
And I, and I, ten thousands cry ;  
    From Jaffa's plains, from Egypt's sands,  
They come, they raise the chorus high,  
    And whirl around in shrieking bands.  
Loud, and more loud, the clamours rise,  
" Lo ! there the traitor ! murderer ! lies."  
He murder'd me, he murder'd thee,  
    And now his bed, his rack shall be.  
As when a thousand torrents roar,  
Around his head their yells they pour.  
The sweat-drops start, convulsion's hand  
    Binds every nerve in iron band  
'Tis done ! they fly, the clamours die,  
    The moon is up, the night is calm,  
Man's busy broods in slumbers lie ;  
    But horrors still the tyrant's soul alarm,  
    And ever and anon, serenely clear,  
Have mercy, mercy, heaven ! strikes on dull midnight's  
    ear.

## ODE

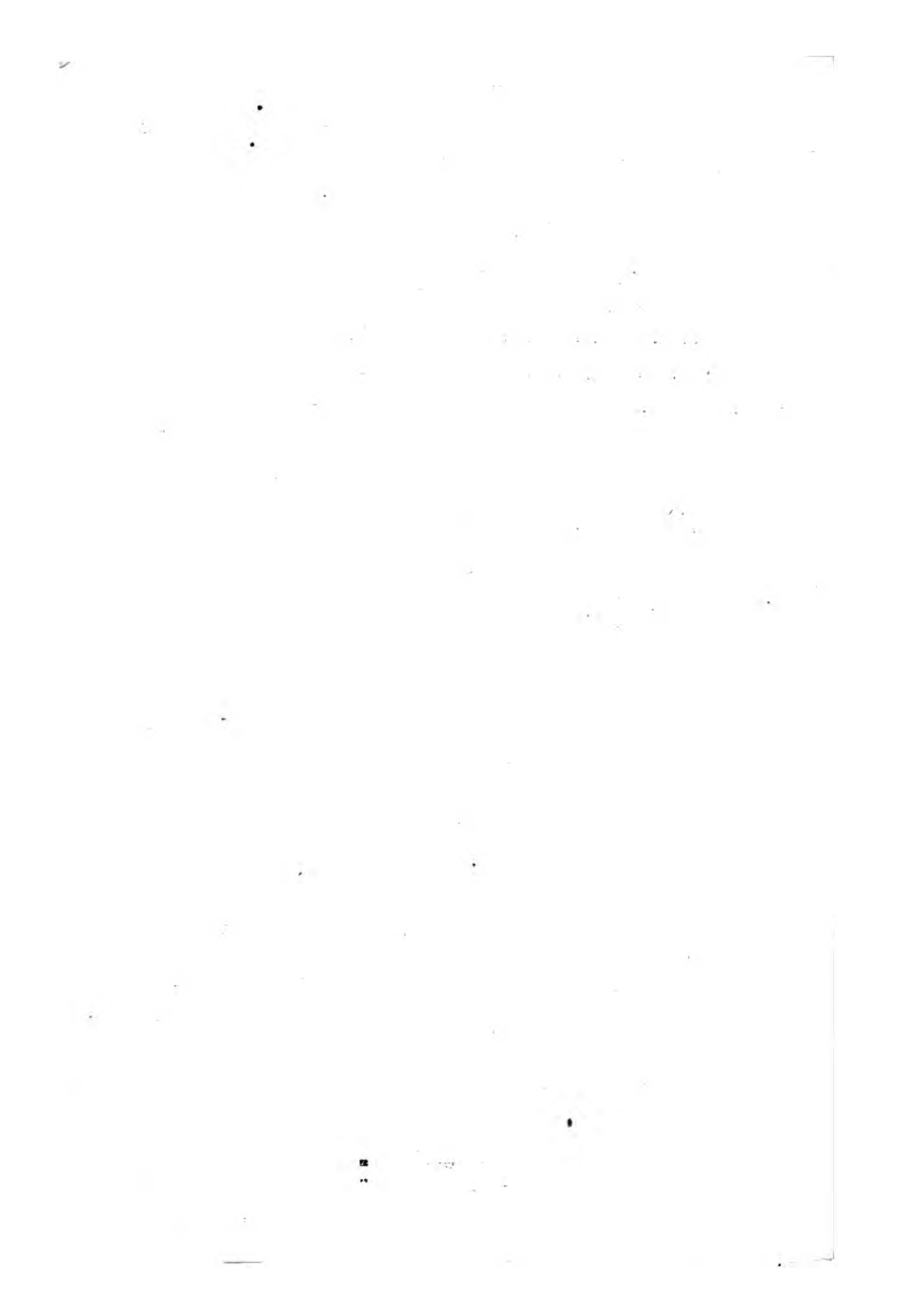
ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

WHAT means yon trampling ! what that light  
 That glimmers in the inmost wood ;  
 As tho' beneath the felon night,  
 It mark'd some deed of blood :  
 Behold yon figures dim descried .  
 In dark array, they speechless glide.  
 The forest moans ; the raven's scream,  
 Swells slowly o'er the moated stream,  
 As from the castle's topmost tow'r,  
 It chants its boding song alone :  
 A song, that at this awful hour  
 Bears dismal tidings in its funeral tone ;  
 Tidings, that in some grey domestic's ear  
 Will on his wakeful bed strike deep mysterious fear.

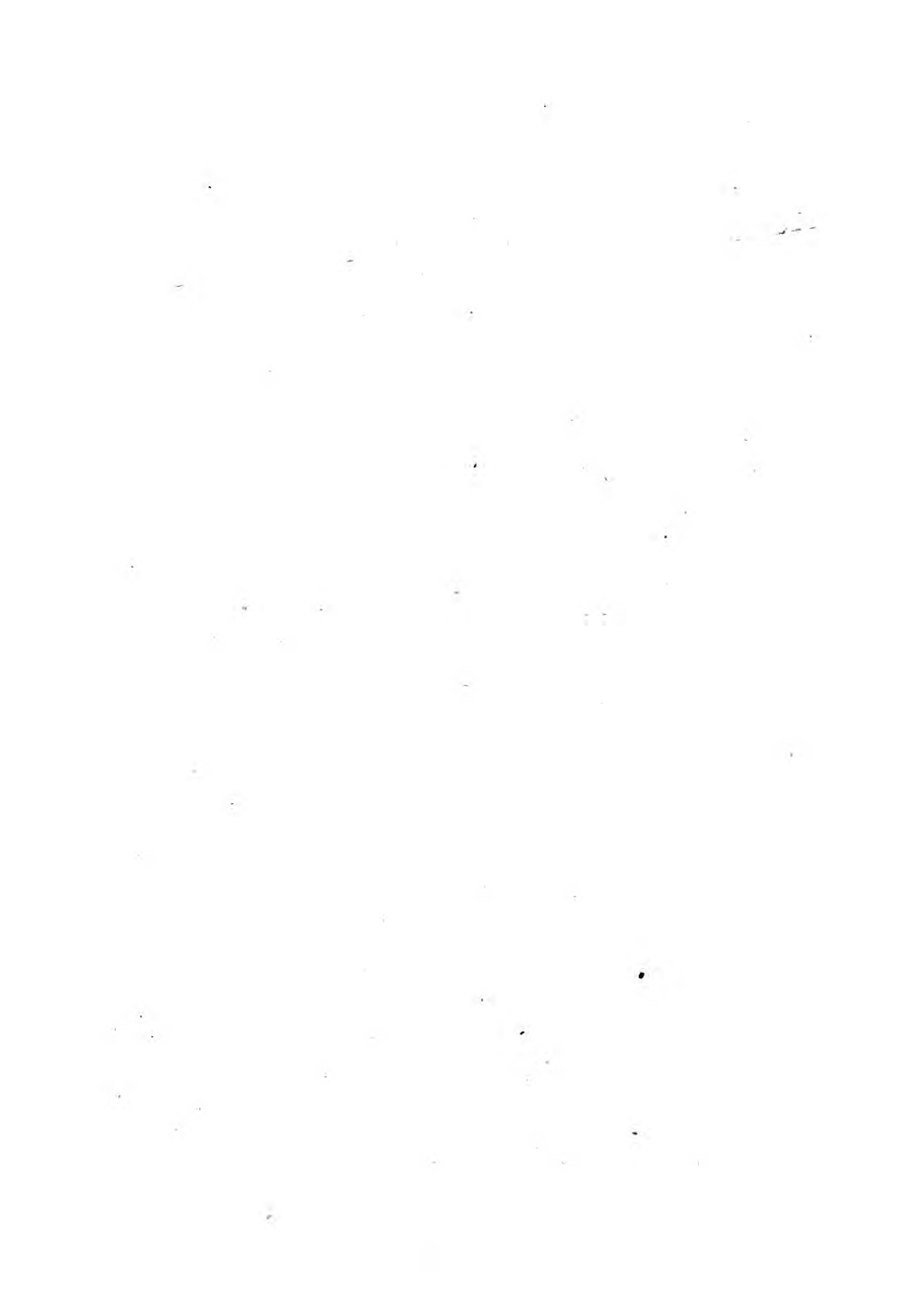
And, hark, that loud report ! tis done ;  
 There's murder couch'd in yonder gloom ;  
 'Tis done, 'tis done ! the prize is won,  
 Another rival meets his doom.  
 The tyrant smiles, — with fell delight  
 He dwells upon the \* \* \* \* \*  
 The tyrant smiles ; from terror freed,  
 Exulting in the foul misdeed,



And sternly in his secret breast  
Marks out the victims next to fall.  
His purpose fixed; their moments fly no more,  
He points, — the poniard knows its own;  
Unseen it strikes, ——— unseen they die,  
Foul midnight only hears, and shudders at the groan.  
But justice yet shall lift her arm on high,  
And Bourbon's blood no more ask vengeance from the sky.



# **PROSE COMPOSITIONS.**



## AN UNFINISHED TRACT.

MY BRETHREN,

I THINK it more particularly proper, at a period, which seems big with awful events, to make a solemn address to each of you singly, on a most important and weighty subject. I mean, the state of your minds with regard to religion.

The more pointed objects of this little book, are such of you as it has pleased God to place in the lower classes of life. I do not mean to take up your attention for a very long time; all I entreat of you, is to turn aside, but for a few trifling moments, from the voice of folly and the vain pursuits of this passing world, to listen to the voice of a monitor, who teaches those momentous topics, which are of infinitely more weight, than the revolutions of states and empires, — of all the busy pageants of the earth. Believe me, my brethren, the subject is most awful and solemn, and demands your undivided attention. Were I now about to state the case of a criminal on his trial for life or death, you would enter with the deepest interest into my discourse; you would weigh with anxious care all the favourable or unfavourable points of the statement; you would make your conjectures in breathless expectation, as to the probable

event; and I am now going to address you on an affair of infinitely more concern; an affair, which treats not of the fate of a mortal, but of everlasting life or everlasting death; and that, too, of your own selves. You are all criminals, who must one day answer at the peril of your souls for your conduct here; and it is on your conduct *here*, that I would exhort you; and shall you turn a deaf ear to the representation of the dangers of your own states? shall you listen with indifference to the voice which, warns you of your fate? God forbid! I conjure you, my dear brethren, hear with attention the precepts which, drawing from the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I would impress on your minds; write them in your hearts, and inscribe them on the tablets of your remembrance, that they may be a solace to you in sorrow and adversity; a relief in pain and tribulation; and finally, a sweet and firm support, when you shall repose on the trying pillow of death.

Surely, I need not impress upon you the excellence and the truth of the Gospel. Most of you, I trust, believe in your Redeemer, though you slight and disregard his words. But some, I know too well, there are amongst you, who, deluded by the false, yet seemingly open reasoning of wretched and ignorant infidels, in the pride of their hearts, affirm their contempt for the doctrines of Christianity. Such unhappy men, *I leave to their God*, with the fervent prayer, that as his spirit can alone rescue them from sure and everlasting death, he will vouchsafe to open their hearts and understandings

to his truths, ere they fall into that gulph from which no repentance, no tears, no prayers will ever deliver them ; “ where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.”

For you, who, believing in the Holy Scriptures, are hardened in indifference and careless wickedness, I shall *first* point out some of the strong calls you have to an earnest performance of the duties of Religion. I shall then, shew the happiness which will result to you from God’s blessing upon you ; and I shall then conclude, by exhorting you, at this moment in particular, to begin an immediate reformation in your lives, and denounce the dreadful sentence of Almighty vengeance on such as shall be overtaken in their career of wickedness.

The Gospel of Christ presents itself to us under such pleasing appearances ; its lessons are so mild and delightful, and its principles are so interesting, that were men once made sensible of its pleasures, their own inclinations would lead them ardently to long to share its comforts. Gratitude itself calls upon us night and day, with unwearied and continued anxiousness to glorify him, who, for our sakes, bled a bitter sacrifice. Let us behold the state of man after the fall. Lost, debased, condemned, having the judgment of death denounced upon him ; a poor worm in the scale of the universe, less than a grain of dust ; and let us reflect, that to redeem this wretched insect from the penalties of his crime, the Son of God himself assumed all the infirmities of human nature ; that for him, he endured the most



cruel and unrelenting of persecutions ; and lastly, after passing a life, in which he was continually employed in doing good unto all, and receiving in return, every pang which malignity could inflict or human nature undergo ; that he died on the cross, a death the most miserable and dreadful that the imagination can conceive. Oh ! how black must be the ingratitude of that man, who can wilfully and unthinkingly cast away salvation purchased for him at a rate so dear ! What punishment must he deserve, (for whom the Son of God himself died, as a means of salvation), who lightly resigns the dear privilege, and blindly rushes into the ways of error and sin ! My brethren, consider what Jesus Christ endured for your sakes. You may, perhaps yourselves, have tasted the bitter cup of calamity ; but he endured all your afflictions and troubles an hundred fold. Are you poor and lowly ? So, was *He*. Are you persecuted and forlorn ? So, was *He* unto death. Are you houseless and an outcast ? The Lord Jesus was a poor way wanderer, without a pillow on which to lay his head. Are your prospects in the world gloomy and devoid of comfort ? So also were his. You can scarcely name a suffering, or conceive a trial which Christ did not undergo, that we might partake of everlasting life. Behold him, to whom the whole universe owed its being, to whom angels and archangels ministered, whom the Cherubim and Seraphim obeyed, voluntarily exposing himself to all the weakness of the flesh. Behold the Son of God sleeping in the manger of an obscure inn ; survey him

ushered into life, and persecution while yet a defenceless infant, fleeing from the sword of murder into Bethlehem. Contemplate him afterwards, when arrived at manhood, going about doing good, and yet turning aside from the machinations of evil men, because his hour was not yet come. Surrounded with a few poor fishermen, the lowest among men, see him exposed to the most violent attempts of powerful men. You have all your sorrows; but what are they, to what he endured, when for us he became man? What can convey a more impressive idea of the sufferings of Jesus than the melancholy expression of Jesus, when a certain man said he would follow him wheresoever he went. — “The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.”

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I AM requested to state the reasons for my wishing to enter into the ministry. I will do it as briefly as I can.

Since the time I was awakened to a true sense of religion, I have always felt a strong desire to become useful in the church of Christ; a desire which has increased daily, and which, it has been my supplication, might be from God. It is true, before I began to be solicitous about spiritual things, I had a wish to become a clergyman, but that was very different. I trust, I may now say, that I *would* be a minister, that I may do good; and although I am sensible of the awful importance of the pastoral charge, I would sacrifice every thing for it, in the hope that I should be strengthened faithfully to discharge the duties of that sacred office. I think I have no other reason to offer but this; the hope of being an instrument in the hands of God to the promotion of his glory is my chief motive. With regard to the doctrines of the church contained in the articles, I conceive them to be strictly formed upon the Gospel, as setting forth salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ alone; the original depravity of man, whereby he is rendered utterly unfit for every good thing, and dead to the light of Truth, until he is renewed and born again in the Holy Spirit by the free grace of God;

and as teaching that no man can claim acceptance on account of his works, because, being of ourselves incapable of doing good, they spring from the grace of God, and to *him*, therefore, must be assigned; but that they are the fruits and testimony of sound faith.

H. K. WHITE.

*Supposed to have been for the "Christian Observer."*

MR. EDITOR,

THE Apostle St. Paul has said, in the 1st Epistle to Timothy, 6th chap. 10th verse, that "*The love of money is the root of all evil.*" A correspondent who signs H. T. finds a great difficulty in this passage, as it stands in our version, and proposes to translate it "*For the love of money is the root of ALL THESE evils,*" meaning some particular vices which the Apostle had just enumerated. In support of this emendation, he favours us with some critical remarks on the nature of the Greek article, and "from these considerations, and from no objections being made in the Christian Observer, he apprehends, it may be concluded, that his criticism is considered as admissible."

Now, Mr. Editor, after the very temperate and indulgent attempts of your correspondent C. L. to correct the error into which H. T. had fallen, I cannot but be surprised at such a declaration as *this* from H. T., and I cannot help deeming it my duty to declare, that I, for one, hold his criticism to be perfectly inadmissible and unnecessary. The passage exhibits no difficulty. *Avarice*, says the Apostle, is the root of all evil, but it does not follow from this that avarice is the SOLE root of all the evils. So idleness may be said to be the root of all evil, or bad company, or neglected education. The

plainest understanding can comprehend the sense in which these expressions are used. The river produced all *kinds of fishes*, but it did not produce *all fishes*. Avarice is the mother of all manner of evil, but it does not follow that she is the only origin, and rise of all evils. To prove this, I refer to St. Chrysostom, who often employs the phrase in connection with different causes. I remember an instance very much in point, but which I cannot now refer to, in one of the Homilies on the Epistle to the Philippians. St. Gregory Nazianzen, if it were he, who wrote the tragedy entitled, *ὁ Χριστός παθών*, alludes to this passage, in the following manner

Ἀλλ' ἠγάξεν ἀγχονὴ σε φιλαργυρίας

Ἡ ρίζα πάντων τῶν κακῶν πεφυκε πως

where, as there had been no such enumeration of particulars preceding, as in the passage of St. Paul, your correspondent's criticism must entirely fail.

I cannot dismiss this subject, without adverting to the subject of your correspondent's Greek criticism. His object seems to have been to prove, that the expression, *πάντων τῶν κακῶν*, is equivalent to *πάντων τούτων κακῶν*. The authorities which he adduces are miserably irrelevant. Your correspondent ought to have known, that the Ionics constantly use the article for the pronoun-relative; the Attics more rarely. He ought also to have known that the pronouns *THIS*, and *THAT*, are not relatives.

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MR. EDITOR,

THE well known passage in Josephus, wherein honourable mention is made of our blessed Saviour, has occasioned much controversy amongst the learned; and, though few valid objections have been substantiated against it, great and pious defenders of Christian faith have waved this evidence, rather than be supposed to insist on doubtful or disputed ground. The positive testimonies to the verity of Christianity are so abundant, that we need not call in the assistance of those which are in anywise ambiguous.

Yet, however willing we may be to decline the adduction of proofs like this, in establishing the basis of Christian truth, it may not be unprofitable to fix our own ideas with regard to them; and, if we cannot use them as a weapon against the adversary, apply them as a defence and support to ourselves. In settling the point in question, external evidence has failed. The greater part of the manuscripts have the passage, and some want it, though these latter are neither formidable for their number nor antiquity. Let us, therefore, leave this disputed field, and try what *internal* evidence there is that the passage is genuine.

In the first place, I would ask whether it is probable that so accurate and minute an historian as Josephus would pass over in silence so important an event as the



death of Jesus Christ, and the establishment of a sect which had run with amazing celerity over the cities of Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy, and had attracted universal attention by the novelty of its doctrines, and the persecutions of its followers? In the next place, I would examine the passage itself, and consider whether the sentiments are such as Josephus could consistently avow. The passage runs thus.

“About the same time lived Jesus, a wise man, if, indeed, we may call him a man; for he was the doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such as receive the truth with pleasure, and he led after him many of the Jews, and many of the Gentiles. HE WAS THE CHRIST. And after Pilate had caused him to be crucified upon the accusation of the chief men amongst us, they who had before loved him did not cease from their affection, for he appeared to them on the third day, being restored to life; the holy Prophets having foretold this, and a thousand other wonderful things concerning him. The sect of Christians, called from him, still remains.”

My next question then is, whether it be probable that Josephus, a Jew, well versed in the Prophetic writings, and who cannot be imagined ignorant of the importance of the Messiah's mission, would or could so coolly say, “*και ουτος ην ο χριστος,*” “and this was the Christ?” I think, few will hesitate to answer these questions in the negative. I think, most will agree that Josephus could not have passed over in silence the death of Jesus Christ, and the origin of a sect so

hostile to the Jewish institutions, and which had excited such commotions over all Europe, and Asia, wherever the Greek language was received. Certainly he would have said something, but we cannot imagine he would have said, “*and this was the Christ;*” since that would have implied a direct contradiction of his religious profession, and an acknowledgement that the Messiah, of whose *divine nature* and kingdom he, as a Jew, entertained the most enlarged notions, had been amongst them a despised and persecuted man; had been put to death without effecting any of the great temporal revolutions they were taught to expect from him; and, lastly, that, as he had lived despised and rejected by his countrymen, so were his doctrines and precepts even then despised and rejected by himself.

In order to clear up these contradictory presumptions, it will be fair to apply a rule of criticism universally acknowledged amongst those who employ themselves in the elucidation of obscure passages in the ancient writers; namely, that the notes and glosses of commentators, which were commonly written in the margin of manuscripts, have frequently, in the course of repeated transcription, crept into the text. Admitting this, we may easily resolve the difficulty. Let us suppose that some early Jewish convert, gratified by the testimony of an elegant writer, who was himself inimical to the cause; let us suppose, that he added, as a marginal note, ὁ χριστος οὗτος ἦν, “*He was the Christ.*” Any Christian transcriber might make this note, and some *subsequent*

transcriber might, by accident or design, incorporate it with the text. The words stand quite insulated, and the connection of the preceding and following clauses does not require them.

If we allow this reasoning to be satisfactory, the presumption will be strongly in favour of the passage, nor will its effect, as a corroborating testimony to the truth of Gospel history, be at all weakened. Josephus was a candid and polite writer, addressing himself to Romans, and anxious to adduce every thing which could aggrandize and distinguish his country. The miracles wrought of Christ, his resurrection, and the fulfilment of the prophecies concerning him, were well adapted to this end; and it is probable that Josephus, writing not to his own countrymen, but to Romans, might mention these wonders upon the credit of his followers, although he might not himself believe them. \* \* \*

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MR. EDITOR,

I DARE say you will coincide with me in thinking that enquiries into the causes and first springs of existing evils is always salutary; and particularly so in the Christian world, where we may expect to find such a rectitude of mind as will render it sufficient to point out the sources of evil, in order to its discontinuance or prevention.

I live, sir, in a parish where the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel are preached with faithfulness by a pious and conscientious minister, yet without any visible impression or effect. Great general depravity is observable in the majority of the parishioners, together with an utter disregard for religion; the church is thinly and negligently attended; and the want of decorum occasionally observable in the younger branches of those families who do attend it, indicates the little reverence in which divine things are held by their parents. As to the fruits of his preaching, I believe our pious pastor has the grief to observe little or none. His influence even seems unequal to the checking of glaring breaches of decency, and it is plain that he is disregarded and despised by a large proportion of his flock.

I mention these points, Mr. Editor, in order that you may be enabled to judge what is the condition of

our parish ; but there are other points which render its situation peculiar. You must know, sir, that we have been blessed here, for a long term of years, with a series of good men who have preached the word with zeal, and, until of late, with effect. Now, sir, when the evils I have been speaking of are brought into discussion, it has been asserted that these effects are always observable in places where the Gospel has been long preached. Our minister himself, as I am told, joins in this opinion ; and, satisfied that it is in the order of things that it should be so, he leaves the matter with God. This position has been so often advanced, and, on the credit of appearances, so generally received, that I have found it vain to argue against it, and the only answer I have been able to gain is, that “ it is fine talking, but there is no reasoning against experience.” I confess, however, that I am still incredulous on this point, and, from the little examination I have had it in my power to make, I think

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MR. EDITOR,

I DO verily believe that the *nick-names* of controversial disputants have done as much harm as the most delusive of their theories. — If I believe in salvation by free elective grace, without any operation on the part of man, why am I to be branded with the name of *Calvinist*? or, if I believe that man hath a part to perform in preparing his heart for the reception of the Holy Spirit, can I not hold this without being saluted on all hands with the epithet *Arminian*? I am a Christian, a disciple of the Lord Jesus, and I know of no other leader, either supreme or subordinate, but *Him*. I am no follower of John Calvin; I am no follower of Arminius. I found my doctrine in the Bible, and I trust they found their's *there* also; but I am as much indebted to them for my ideas of the process of salvation as they are to me, and no more.

Again, sir, I am a Christian, and I trust in God that I am a true Christian: what then does a man mean when he asks me whether I am of the *Law* or of the *Gospel* — whether I am *legal* or *evangelical*? If I be a Christian, I am an humble believer of the glad tidings of salvation contained in the New Testament; and to ask me whether I am a believer in the Gospel, is to ask

whether I am a Christian. But say some, there are persons in the churches of the Lord Jesus who dispute these leading and essential points, and believe that a man is saved by the measure of his works, — persons who discredit the sanctifying influences of the spirit from above. How, then, are we to distinguish between the false and the faithful, except by these appellations? To this, I answer, that the man who, in reality, thinks he can go about the salvation of mankind without the intervention of the Redeemer is *no* Christian. The term *Mahomedan* is no nick-name for a follower of Mahommed, or *Jew* for an Israelite. We ought to be carefully exact in the application of names. It is a matter of some importance, and we must not let a spirit of dangerous moderation so far influence us as to set us about seeking a new epithet for true Christians, in order that a part of mankind may not be deprived of an appellation to which they have no right.

You may think, Mr. Editor, that I betray an unbecoming asperity in these remarks; permit me to assure you that I feel none; — but I have observed among some persons, an attachment to names in the church of Christ, which bodes no good to its interests. I begin to fear lest religion should be brought to consist in names alone, and lest the too frequent use of doctrinal terms should degenerate into a mere repetition of words without meaning or effect.

From the answers to correspondents in your last number, I find a writer, whose signature is Theodosius,



disapproves of the biographical sketches which have recently appeared in your work, as *unevangelical*. Permit me to remark, Mr. Editor, that every thing which tends to the establishment of virtue and morality, and whatever discountenances vice upon proper grounds, is evangelical. You yourself allow, in your notice of this correspondent, that "in some of the sketches less is said than might have been wished, respecting some very essential doctrines of Christianity." I need scarcely remark that Christianity does not consist in doctrines; or that a man may be a very good Christian who has very little notion of these doctrines, as a system, or plan of human salvation. There are, I believe, many now living, and in former times, for obvious reasons, there have been many more, who have felt a fervent and lively faith in the Lord Jesus; who have deplored that proneness to sin which is incidental to our fallen and depraved natures; who have sincerely prayed to God for that spiritual assistance, without which they were conscious they must fall into all manner of sin; and who, finally have walked in humble confidence with the Lord their God all the days of their lives, without ever hearing the word *evangelical*, or of any compendious arrangement of the Gospel system, such as, in these times, is considered as the *Shibboleth* of the faithful.

The doctrinal part of the Gospel is much too exclusively insisted upon by zealous ministers, and zealous writers. Christian preachers should, for the most part,

take these doctrines as the *data*, or given foundations of their discourses, and while they pay more particular attention to the elucidation of the practical part of our duties, and the enforcement of the moral rules laid down by the Lord Jesus and his disciples, they will do more good, by allusions to the sole spring of all human virtue in the *Grace of God*, and the means of attaining that grace through faith, than if they had made these things the leading topics of their sermons. If a congregation be constantly taught to look to God for ability to perform their respective duties, and meet their several trials, and that too through faith in the blessed author of our salvation, they will be insensibly led to doubt their own strength, to lament their own weakness, and to pray earnestly to God to aid and assist them for Jesus Christ's sake. We all know to what such dispositions as these are the prelude, and we have reason to believe that a conversion of mind from the world to God, wrought in this manner, will be more stable than any effect of sudden impressions, or supernatural agitations of the grosser part of our natures. Let any man observe the proportion which the *doctrinal* bears to the *practical* part of the Scriptures, and then decide as to the propriety of these observations.

Besides, there are other advantages attending this mode of preaching and writing, which, though inferior, are not altogether trifling. The great features of the system of salvation contained in the New Testament, by being less argued, will, in process of time, come to be less dis-

puted. All logicians are aware of the evils which result from attempting to prove acknowledged truths, and the unwary hearer is sometimes led to imagine, that what is so often and laboriously defended must stand in need of defence. Few are able to comprehend a train of intricate reasoning, but all can understand that there must be great need of vindication, where vindication is so frequently attempted. By this means, also, another evil will be obviated, a great source of spiritual pride will be stopped. Congregations will see more of the true spirit of Christianity, and of the extent of their duties, and will here have proper encouragement to the performance of them, at the same time that there will not be so great an opportunity of attaining a superficial knowledge of *generals*, with which we often see Christians puffed up, to the exclusion of better things. They will learn, under circumstances like these, to think more and talk less, and they will not be quite so prone to make comparisons favourable to themselves, with people who may be less enlightened. The Christian virtues of humility, love, and charity, will, it may fairly be expected, be more attended to, because they will be more insisted upon; and so long as an assembly of Christians maintain these cardinal virtues unsullied amongst them, who will doubt that they are under the guidance of the spirit from above?

I have extended these remarks, Mr. Editor, to a greater length than I at first intended. If you think they are likely to be useful, I shall be glad to see them

printed. The subjects are undoubtedly of importance, and I should be happy to see them undertaken by an abler hand. For the present, I feel satisfaction at having brought them forward for public discussion, and if I have pressed them with earnestness, I hope it will be construed not into the acrimony of controversy, but zeal for the cause of the great Captain of our Salvation, and for the welfare of my Christian Brethren.

MR. EDITOR,

IT has been remarked, that infidelity and contempt for religion have, in all ages, kept pace with the improvements of science. The remark is, perhaps, rather too general, and the inferences, which are commonly drawn from it, by unbelievers on the one hand, and by Christians on the other, are alike mischievous and unsound. It is not, that, increasing in intelligence, as we improve in science, we pierce through the mists of superstition, and thus liberate ourselves from the trammels of education and early prejudice; but rather, that our minds become bewildered, as the scene extends before them, and thus draw conclusions which savour more of their first narrowness and prejudice, than of their present state of improvement. It is not, on the other hand, that God disapproves of the enquiries of philosophy, and visits the presumption of those who would penetrate into its recesses, with a blindness where it most concerns them to see; but rather that we stop short in our investigations, rest with too much confidence on deductions hastily formed, and slightly examined, and are thus plunged into the depth of error, by knowing, not *too much*, but *too little*.

True philosophy, which is the result of calm and patient investigation, the produce of a mind expanding



as its views are extended, and accurately acquainted with its own powers and dependencies, will very rarely stop short of a belief in the Christian Religion. We have many vouchers to the truth of this remark. No human being ever saw farther into the secrets of nature than Sir Isaac Newton, nor has the world seen many more indefatigable philosophers than Boyle, Bacon, Tycho Brahe, and Boerhaave: for various and profound learning, Sir William Jones may rank with the first scholars of any age; as for clearness and profundity of thought, Monsieur Pascal can have few equals. Yet all these men found their enquiries terminate in a thorough conviction of the truth of Christianity. These were all *Laymen*, and several of them, in the earlier parts of their lives, had many doubts upon the subject of Religion. But they were then only in the vestibule of the temple of science; when they had reached its innermost recesses, they found all their doubts disappear in the light of full conviction.

Philosophy introduces us into a new world, she unveils the mysteries of creation, and continually expands the field of vision, and multiplies the objects of our contemplation, till we sink under a sense of our own insignificance, and of our infinite unimportance in the scale of created beings. Philosophy, therefore, does well, inasmuch as she humbles us; but if, to these expanded views of the Majesty of the Almighty, as displayed in his works, we bring those imperfect and contracted apprehensions of his other attributes,

which so commonly prevail among the ignorant and unenlightened, then these discoveries of the Majesty of God will only tend to bewilder and mislead us.

It is thus that many unhappy men have been seduced into infidelity, by reasonings, apparently founded on mathematical research, but which have been, in reality, nothing more than the deductions of a confined understanding, bewildered with a little learning, and swelled with the pride of imaginary erudition.

It is thus that we reason, when, in the moments of retirement and meditation, we cast our eyes on the glorious firmament of the Heavens, clothed in all the brilliancy of a star-light evening; we consider, that every little sparkle which we behold, is either a world like our own, or, what is still more astonishing, a sun, round which some other mighty sisterhood of planets hold their everlasting courses. We call to mind, that the telescope reveals to us innumerable other stars, other planets, and other suns, which are too distant to be seen by the naked eye, and that the more perfect our glasses, and the more extended our vision, the greater is the number of worlds which seem to surround us. Every step we make into the remote fields of ether, discovers to us some new stratum of stars; and when, stretching our imaginations beyond the ken of our corporeal vision, we contemplate the realms of space, and pursue the analogy we have thus discovered to its fullest extent, we are led to conclude, that their number is, indeed, immeasurable; as immeasurable as the fields



of space which they diversify, and which are to be comprehended *alone*, by the *eternal mind*. When we have enlarged our conceptions to the uttermost, and swelled out our thoughts, until they appear to embrace the whole universe, we still ask, what is there beyond that? we are still unable to assign the limits of space, or to determine where extension shall cease to be. Yet the same analogy, which has hitherto guided our reasonings, would lead us to infer, that however far we might travel into infinite space, the same circlet of worlds would surround us. We see nothing in that part of the creation, which falls under our observation, without its use, nor can we conceive that there is any portion of the Universe unappropriated to some distinct purpose of the Almighty Framer. The number of worlds is, therefore, most probably, as *infinite* as are the fields of space. If every grain of sand which composes our globe were itself an *Earth*, their number would, probably, bear no more proportion to the *whole mass of worlds*, than any *finite* magnitude does to an *infinite*. And that these innumerable worlds are all inhabited by beings like ourselves, is a conclusion which reason and analogy alike confirm. A more awful and humiliating consideration than this cannot be presented to the human mind. We all immediately exclaim, "What are we? What is the globe we inhabit? what even is the system of which it forms a part?" The humble and pious mind is filled with gratitude to God at the consideration, and wonders, with David,

how the Governor and Creator of so stupendous a scene, can have such regard for "man the son of man." The presumptuous reasoner, on the contrary, the slave of his passions, his pride, or his sensuality, shields himself under the covert of his own insignificance. "Surely," he exclaims, "God can have no regard to the actions of a being like me, who am infinitely less, in comparison with the universe, than a grain of dust is to the whole earth. The Divine mind is engaged in loftier speculations than the blind wanderings of a worm like me. I may live as I please, and do as I please, without the animadversion of so stupendous a being as the great God. As for Religion it fades into insignificance, it appears like the babblings of an idiot, after such an insight as I have gotten into the mystery of nature: nor can I ever believe, that the Son of God died for the inhabitants of this little world, when it might have been annihilated without making any blank in the system of the universe, or being missed among the innumerable orbs with which it is encompassed."

Such are the reasonings of proud and ignorant men, when slightly tinctured with philosophy. I will now endeavour to show the folly of such conclusions, and to prove that these considerations, instead of inducing us to hope for impunity on account of our insignificance, ought to convince us of the awful importance of the soul of man.

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Addressed to the *Members* of a *Society* for visiting and relieving the *Sick Poor* ; and of which HENRY was a very active Member.

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THE difference which has lately taken place between certain members of the "*Sick visiting Society*," has occasioned much pain to the pious members of the Church of England; who, without being actively engaged in that Society's affairs, are still anxious for its prosperity, and for the interests of religion in general.

They anticipate consequences from this dispute, more important than the disunion of a charitable body, or the diversion of the streams of public benevolence:— they anticipate those feuds and intestine divisions, against which our Saviour has solemnly cautioned us, and which, as they are pernicious to houses and nations in general, so are they ruinous to the *house* and *people* of *Christ* in particular.

Under these circumstances, it becomes a matter of serious importance to enquire, whether the existing differences be, or be not such, as a trifling mutual concession will entirely remove; and if these differences be such, and if the concessions to be made by each party be so trifling, that no scrupulosity can take offence at them, surely, then, little exhortation will be wanting to re-instate the harmony of this religious society, and heal the ugly wound, which, while it appears to extend no

farther than a few individuals, does, in fact, reach the very vitals of religion itself.

The original ground of complaint against the late visitors of the society, seems to be, that, setting aside the form appointed by the church for the visitation of the sick, they have made use of extemporaneous prayers. In this practice, it seems, they were not sanctioned by the rules of the society. These rules restricted the visitors to Dr. Stonehouse's prayers, along with his directions for supplying the deficiencies, which must be found in every pre-composed form when applied to particular cases. If the visitors have presumed so far as to neglect these restrictions altogether, and without being guided by the form of our church, or the directions of Dr. Stonehouse, have trusted wholly to their own resources, they have undoubtedly been guilty of imprudence, and are liable to just reprehension, for having violated a rule which had their previous assent. Such a misconduct, on the part of the visitors, called for the animadversions of the Committee; and it may be supposed, that no visitor would be displeased with animadversions so just, or would again violate so explicit a law. But the misconduct of the visitors in this respect does not seem to afford any colour for the rescinding the original regulation, and substituting another, confining them solely to the ordinance of our church. If the public were contented with the regulation as it originally stood, and are only displeased with its infraction, the correction of the abuse is all the public can expect or desire; and it is difficult to



see how their confidence will be restored by the establishment of a rule, which, as it is stricter, is more liable to infraction than the former.

The form of prayer appointed by our church for the *visitation of the sick*, is truly excellent; but it never could enter into the minds of the framers of it, that it would so far answer every emergency, and adapt itself to every case, as to render all addition superfluous and impertinent. The very service itself proves this; for it presumes the sick person to be a member of the Church of Christ, and in the last prayer, it presumes him to be a penitent; and as many sick persons are *neither of these*, the form cannot be adapted to all cases; and, therefore, to confine the visitor to this one form, will be to ordain, that they should pray for one description of persons only; and that as to the hardened and reprobate, and those who most need the prayers of the pious, they should either not pray by them at all, or pray *by* them, without praying *for* them. The form of our church, therefore, is not of universal application; and it seems most certain, that it entered not into the contemplation of the framers to provide for every case. I believe the practice of the most orthodox divines from the period of the Reformation confirms this opinion; and if we advert to the earlier ages of Christianity, it is very manifest, not only from Tertullian, but from St. Cyprian, that prayers adapted to particular cases were in use in social worship, and were highly approved by the bishops, at a period when the church did not want its established

and sanctioned forms. A zeal for every branch of our established ordinances is certainly laudable, and ought to be cherished; but we must not permit that zeal to carry us into such an attachment to them, as to exalt them out of their proper sphere, and make them objects of superstitious observance, rather than of rational esteem. But dismissing all argument, one circumstance alone ought to prevent too tenacious an adherence to the forms of prayer employed by our church in the visitation of the sick; namely, that, in the present instance, they are no more sanctioned to their use, than any other *forms* which contain nothing contrary to the truth, since the whole service is a ministerial service, and is no more calculated for private use amongst laymen than is the service of matrimony. To enjoin, therefore, the sole use of these church forms, would be to enjoin a thing in itself improper as well as unprofitable; every churchman will delight to use them, when they appear fitted for the occasion; and, surely, no Christian would, out of blind regard to a particular system, wish them to be used where they do not appear *so* adapted. The question, therefore, now seems to be, whether *forms* of prayer, and that, *too*, such as have been approved by the Committee, should be *alone* permitted to be used by the visitors. And here, I hope, that after a little conviction all parties will coincide. We have seen, in numerous instances, the wildness and extravagance which have arisen from the habit of extemporaneous prayer; and, as churchmen, we see daily the admirable effects of a pre-

composed form. To say that a Christian feels more warmth of affection, and fervour of spirit, while he pours forth his unpremeditated petition in unpremeditated words, than when he merely runs over a form of words, which may not be in exact unison with his feelings, is *no* conclusive argument in favour of extemporaneous effusions. A man may offer up his petitions with great warmth of feeling, when he is not necessarily more spiritual and devout. There is animal feeling as well as spiritual, and the *one* may very easily be mistaken for the *other*. An orator, or a poet, reciting his own compositions, may feel a similar flame kindling in his bosom.

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## ON THE DIGNITY OF THE PULPIT.

THE dignity of the pulpit cannot be too energetically enforced upon ministers, and those destined for the holy office. The lamentable effects which we daily observe to ensue from the prostitution of this dignity, are a sufficient proof that it is highly displeasing in the eyes of God, and deleterious to the true interests of religion. It is to the defection of this dignity that I attribute a great portion of the undisguised contempt, and profane ridicule, with which the profession of the gospel of Jesus Christ is now so universally treated. *Truth* in her native garb *will* command respect; but when she is either tricked out in vulgar ornaments, or concealed beneath the coarse habiliments of meanness and ignorance, it is not to be wondered at that she be received by the world with derision and contumely.

A preacher ought to regard himself, in scripture phrase, as a "vessel of honour set apart to God;" as a mean by which the Almighty Father of the universe makes known his will to mankind, and directs his people into the paths of truth and holiness. He ought, therefore, to take heed that he be duly qualified by learning, and a chaste and correct taste, to fill, with propriety, the sacred function to which he has been called by the Divine Will. I say, he ought to beware, with all pos-

sible anxiety, lest, by any negligence or carelessness on his part, he disgrace, instead of honouring, the sacred office, and tempt the God before whom he ministers to withdraw from him that countenance, without which all his exertions will avail nothing. The qualifications of human learning are not of trivial importance to a priest.

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## ON OUR ESTIMATE OF HAPPINESS.

THE estimates which we make of human life, its pleasures, and its pains, are commonly inaccurate. That which seems desirable is not always good, nor is the possession of the objects of our warmest wishes always a real benefit. This is true, not only when we covet the means of animal gratification, and pursue objects which from their agreeableness, and the delights they promise, are most likely to blind our judgments and lull our vigilance; but even in instances where the passions seem to be enlisted on the side of the virtues, and when the heart pants only for the fair, the beautiful, and the honourable.

The most ignorant of men can conceive that the possession of learning, wit, and genius is honourable and gratifying; and those who think with more precision, reckon the pleasures of intellect the most exquisite, at the same time that they are the most innocent, and the farthest removed from what is sensual and gross. Yet it would admit of much controversy, whether the happiness of mankind has been increased or diminished by the progress of science; and still more, whether the gifts of genius, and the acquirements of study, confer any additional happiness on him by whom they are possessed. If it be granted, that the arts, (which are

the parents of science), have administered much to the comforts and enjoyments of life, they have likewise created wants, of which we were before ignorant, and have fostered luxury, by the readiness with which they have adapted themselves to every inconvenience. If the increase of knowledge has opened to us new sources of gratification, and increased our stock of untainted pleasures, it has likewise opened our eyes to the miseries of our station; given us a keener susceptibility of the calamities of life, and, by inducing habits of continued reflection, has exaggerated our sympathies, and stretched out, to a greater extent, those fine threads of social and relative attachment, which are continually conveying some jarring vibration to the heart. That the increase of knowledge has a progressive influence on our feelings and sympathies, is manifest from the history of nations, as well as from that of individuals. The savage in the rudest state of humanity has few sympathies; his cares and fears extend but little beyond himself; he exposes his aged parents when they become useless to him, and he murders the infant whose deformity disgusts him, or whose puny appearance gives cause to apprehend that it may be burthensome to him. As he becomes more civilized, the relative attachments grow stronger, yet still not so strong as entirely to overcome the love of self. Thus, though Niobe weeps herself to stone over the bodies of her dead children, yet Medea imbrues her hands in the blood of her infant brother, and scatters his limbs in her flight, in order to retard the pursuit of

her father. In the next stage, the bonds of attachment become wider than those of blood. Pylades persists in his resolution of dying with Orestes, in spite of the entreaties and remonstrances of his friend; and the servants of the younger Cyrus, at a period of barbaric history, which may answer to that of Pylades and Orestes in Grecian annals, enthusiastically immolate themselves on the body of their benevolent master. The attachment of the sexes also grows more refined and sentimental, as knowledge and civilization extend themselves, and differs as widely from *that passion*, whose only gratifications are *sensual*, as a covenant of mutual convenience, from a covenant of affection.

In process of time, as the mind begins to soar above material things, and penetrate into the obscure regions of the moral world, it makes new discoveries as to the condition of man, busies itself with the probable chances of futurity, anticipates a thousand ills, which it perceives are but too inseparable from our unhappy state, and feels, in the apprehension of calamity, all the miseries of its reality. In this way, when the mind has been long accustomed to dwell with melancholy attention on the ills of life, to examine its promises and their issues; to contemplate the speedy termination of all its cares, and to consider the dark cloud which envelopes that termination; it becomes too well skilled in the chances and changes of mortality, and neglects to enjoy the present good, through the apprehension that it may be dashed from its lips before it be tasted.



The enlargement, therefore, of our views, and the increase of our powers, while it exalts the human character, and draws it a step nearer to its great original, does not necessarily augment the happiness of life. The condition of the wealthy and potent is more enviable than that of the poor and despised only in appearance. Wealth has its cares, and dominion its anxieties; and wealth and power often serve but to increase, by indulgence, those evils which are the fundamental causes of all human misery. So likewise, wisdom, and learning, and science, though they may exalt the condition of humanity, can do little towards the alleviation of its woes, or the prevention of its misfortunes.

Yet it must be allowed, that the evils of learning do not extend so much beyond its immediate votaries, while its benefits are felt over the whole community. Though the pale suitor of wisdom may find by daily experience that the fruit of the tree of knowledge is still the fruit of bitterness, and though he may languish under the pressure of imaginary ills, and find every joy shadowed with melancholy, and every prospect clouded with care and apprehension, yet society at large will feel the good effects of his pains. To his labours, will men owe the downfall of superstition and bigotry, the general diffusion of reason, the confirmation of moral truth, and the substitution of the pleasures of intellect for those of sense. These are benefits of such a magnitude, that we might be induced to deify the author of them; but their abuse is so common, and so certainly

consequent on their possession, that we again hesitate to place them in the list of benefits, or their author in the roll of benefactors. We no sooner dispel the mists of superstition, than infidelity rears aloft her standard, and beats to arms. We cannot teach men to make reason their guide, but presently they disdain every other help, and immolate religion on the altars of their pride. And when at length we have proved that the pleasures of

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## ON THE HUMAN MIND.

THE economy of creation is every where pregnant with wonder; but nature has no mystery so astonishing, no secret so dark, as the human mind. It was in this respect, in respect to his reasoning powers, that man was originally made in the express image of God; and it is from hence that the same inscrutable gloom hangs over that wonderful part of our being which is called MIND, as shrouds the king of the universe himself, and *all his attributes*, from the vulgar gaze.

Although we are sometimes able, obscurely, to trace our ratiocinative faculties in the course of their operations, yet our observations tend to little more than to excite astonishment at the subtlety of their transitions, and the swiftness with which they traverse all nature, and connect, by an almost imperceptible link, ideas the most distant. Being thus little acquainted with the mind at large, we know it merely by its effects, and consider *genius*, or natural superiority of intellect, only in connection with the object to which it is directed, and in which it excels; but the ethereal and evanescent quality in which genius more particularly consists, seems to elude our keenest observation. The power of combining a larger number of ideas must always be re-

garded as a characteristic of a great mind ; but it is so far from being the sole constituent of genius, that alone, it would, probably, produce no movements of excellence. If it were unattended with the warmth and enthusiasm, which is another, and more universal mark of genius, it would want an adequate motive for exertion ; it would soon grow cold and languid in its efforts, and would achieve nothing, because it would plan little. There are even adventitious circumstances, which, though they add nothing to the powers of the mind themselves, are, perhaps, necessary to call them into action, and without which they might lie unnoticed and undiscovered. I believe that even Pascal himself, although so many wonders are told of the irresistible impulse by which he was led to the mathematics, was indebted for his first inclination to those studies to the conversation of his father, who was deeply versed in them.

Milton was blind, and Homer is supposed to have been blind, and where do we meet with such strong and characteristic painting as in Milton and Homer. Those works of the former poet which were written before the loss of his sight, beautiful and glowing and as they are, do not possess either the strength of delineation or the bold sublimity of conception, remarkable in his epics. It may be thought paradoxical to assert that he would never have produced the *Paradise Lost* had he never lost his sight, but that it had considerable influence on *that* work, will, on reflection, appear not improbable.

A thousand springs, unseen even to the eye of the minute observer, contribute to the production of a work of genius. The sophists imagine that man was once a monkey, and inhabited the woods, but that he accidentally learned the use of the muscle, by the contraction of which the thumb is brought in contact with the forefinger; that, from the dexterity which this discovery gave him, he gradually improved his faculties, and heaped discovery upon discovery, until he arose to the summit of science and of art. This ridiculous story may be applied with more propriety to the *mind*.—The energies of a mighty genius lie dormant, like a treasure, hidden even from its owner, until some happy chance, some fortunate accident, gives them the first impulse, and awakes their owner to a sense of his unobserved powers. From this period the progress of genius may be gradual, but it is sure: when once the enchanted spring has been touched, the mind will recur with eagerness to its newly discovered pursuit; it will hang with a secret and inexpressible fondness over its hidden beauties; it will expatiate on all its varying appearances, and trace its unfolding graces, until it comes forth prepared to astonish mankind with pure and original excellence. In works of mere genius, the fire and animation which stamps their sterling worth upon them is often caught from the mere reflection of these first transports; a kind of sacred sublimity seems to dwell upon every thing connected with that object to

which the genius is particularly bent, and as often as it is recalled to the mind the fervour and enthusiasm of former periods is again and again excited.

To this cause I attribute the particularities of composition and character which have distinguished some of the poets. Some have manifested peculiar fondness for night; some for ocean scenery; others for woods, and groves; and, among the incidents of mortal life, for subjects which touch on grief, or love, fortitude, complaint, death. So likewise, many have been able to write only at particular periods. Milton's vein flowed only from the autumnal to the vernal equinox; and Thomson seldom composed except in the autumn, and during the night season. Poetry, with them, was connected with particular impressions which, probably, they were themselves unable to trace, but from which it was in no wise happily to be separated. Dr. Johnson has sneered at these fancies, as he is pleased to call them; but when he has defined in *what true genius* consists, he may be permitted to decide on matters which affect its essence.

Conceiving it, then, to be at all events in a greater or less degree true, that genius depends on fortuitous circumstances, and external impressions, the poet's position will appear most certain, that,

“ Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

This reflection might be a mournful one to a disciple of Epicurus; but, confiding in the existence of an all-good,

and wise providence, we trust that no man of real genius has been permitted to wear away the day of mortality in obscurity and neglect, but whose talents, had they been called into action, would have been ruinous to mankind, and destructive to himself. \* \* \* \*

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## ON HUMAN LIFE.

WE may with justice term this life a state of expectation. Though all human happiness be at best comparative only, it is made to consist more in anticipation than in actual enjoyment. The things we looked forward to with longing, become insipid in possession. Every new acquisition serves only to open new prospects, until the life of man languishes to its close, and the still unsatisfied eye turns to a state of future existence, and rests at length on objects exempt from human vicissitude. Sad as this representation may seem, it is yet the fairer side of the picture of our mortal affairs. There is something pleasing in the contemplation of successful exertion, however unsatisfactory its object, when attained; but even this source of pleasure is denied to a considerable portion of mankind, the numerous children of disappointment, and misfortune, who only form schemes of happiness to see them frustrated, and build hopes but to lament over their untimely destruction.

The sanguine principle implanted in our bosoms by the wise author of our being, is the joint source of our sweetest pleasures, and our most cruel woes. Disappointment treads swiftly on the heels of hope. We form



projects, and see them blasted. Again from the ashes of the former arises some new pursuit, which is again destroyed, and again renewed, in a perpetual series of annihilation, and re-production, until the mind, like the long-used bow, loses its elasticity, and the eyes are at length opened when their late acquired clearness can no longer avail.

If the position be true, that our happiness consists rather in anticipation than in enjoyment, it is also true, that, with regard to earthly bliss, the man of obtuse faculties and sluggish disposition has infinitely the advantage of the man of talents and exalted understanding. The one founds his plans in mediocrity and moderation; he follows his aim tardily, but with certainty. His probation is fortunately for him extended, and it is free alike from the anxiety of uncertainty, and the apprehension of danger. But the other grasps at worlds. He would wield the thunders of Jehovah, and direct the fate of the Universe; he aims at improbabilities, and he expends all his strength on a stroke; his expectations grow with his failures, until at length the bubble is dispelled, and he looks on the past as the uneasy tracings of a feverish dream.

Here, then, are the tables turned upon wisdom. The very philosopher, who surveys, as from an eminence, the deluded crowds who are pursuing the rainbow of promise beneath him, falls into the very folly he affects to pity, and while he shakes his head



at the vagaries of his poor fellow sojourners, turns to contemplate with flattering delight some visionary fabric of his own, ten thousand times more unsubstantial, as it is infinitely more refined.

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## OMNIPRESENCE.

IF we allow that there is a *God*. It will follow that he is infinite in all his attributes. Since he, who is the fountain of all perfection in created things, cannot but be himself perfect, and as his being is infinite, so are his attributes. They cannot be less than infinite, because God is an infinite being; if he have power, it must be unbounded; if he be present any where, he must be present every where; if his knowledge extend to one thing, or to one period, it must extend to all things, and to all times. Again, we cannot doubt that God's power is infinite, and, if his power be infinite, all his other attributes are infinite, for infinity is the perfection of any quality, and we cannot suppose that a God of infinite power would possess any quality in an imperfect degree. Considering it proved that God is omnipresent, it follows that he is omniscient; for as God is an immaterial being in a mode incomprehensible to the human understanding, his knowledge is not confined to any particular place, but is in all places at once, and that too in its fullest perfection. In the human mind the brain is the seat of reason and perception, and our ideas are conveyed to it by the senses of sight, feeling, hearing, taste, and smell; but the mind of God is in all parts of space at once. The whole Universe is, as it were, his sensorium.

The omniscience and omnipresence of God, then, ought to fill our hearts with fear and trembling. These sovereign perfections of his nature ought to be unintermittingly before our eyes, that so we might walk with more wariness and circumspection, and might be anxious to chase every image and idea of pollution from entering into breasts on which the eye of God is incessantly fixed. What would the wicked man say could he perfectly comprehend the exquisite perfection of God's omniscience; he would then know, that, in moments of debasing and guilty pleasure, the eye of the all-pure God is fixed steadfastly upon him; that in darkness and in solitude God is with him, and that his justice has only to say, *strike*, and the uplifted arm of his vengeance falls heavy upon him. What terrors would agitate the mind of the Hypocrite did he fully comprehend, and believe the omniscience of God! could he bear to think, that, in the very acts of dissembled adoration, the scrutinizing gaze of the Lord of Truth was penetrating into the innermost recesses of his vile and corrupted heart. But wherefore do I speak of the profligate or deceitful only. Let the man here stand forth who can say he doth not shrink from the idea, that the inspecting view of the Almighty is unceasingly fixed upon his heart. You, who have on this day joined in the worship of your Lord and Saviour, have your thoughts never wandered, or hath no imagination obtruded itself into your hearts which you would blush to expose to the eye of your fellow

mortals? And if they would disgrace you in their eyes, if you would recoil from the animadversions of your companions in sin, how shall you dare to expose them to the examination of HIM, who is All-Holy, All-Righteous, and All-Wise! But in Truth, you neither believe nor understand this important attribute of the Deity. We are apt at all times to reason of things *spiritual* by things *temporal*, and to compare *infinite* things with *finite*. Thus arguing of God, as if his capacities were like our own, we conceive that he is too much engaged with the government of the Universe, the regulation of the Heavenly bodies, or the revolutions of States and Empires, to bestow any attention to the actions of poor, passing worms like us. But is this reasonable? We know that God is omniscient. We know his knowledge extends every where, that he dwells every where, that he is found in the atom as completely as in the universe. of then he know every thing, he must know every thing *perfectly*; for if he knew any thing partially, or not entirely, he would have something imperfect, which is contrary to his nature. God, therefore, knows every thing that passes in our inmost souls *better* than we do ourselves, he reads our most secret thoughts, all the cogitations of our hearts pass in review before him; and he is as perfectly and entirely employed in the scrutiny of the thoughts and actions of an individual as in the regulation of the most important concerns of the universe. This is what we cannot comprehend, but it is what, according to the light of reason, must be true,

and, according to revelation, is indeed true. God can do nothing imperfectly, and we may form some idea of his superintending knowledge, by conceiving, what is indeed the *truth*, that all the powers of the Godhead are employed, and solely employed, in the observation, and examination of the conduct of one individual. I say this is *indeed* the case, because all the powers of the Godhead are employed upon the *least* as well as upon the greatest concerns of the universe, and the whole mind and power of the Creator are as exclusively employed upon the formation of a grub, as of a world. God knows every thing perfectly, and he knows every thing perfectly *at once*. This, to a human understanding, would breed confusion, but there can be no confusion in the Divine understanding, because confusion arises from imperfection. Thus God, without confusion, beholds as distinctly the actions of every man, as if that man were the only created being, and the Godhead were solely employed in observing him. Let this thought fill your minds with awe and with remorse. \* \*

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“ And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.”

Acts, vii. 22.

THE natural weakness of the human understanding, and the circumstance of its being confined, in all its operations, to reasoning from material objects, or things *seen* alone, sufficiently prove the necessity of revelation to inform us concerning the things which *are not seen*. Mere animal instinct, or the light of nature, might have sufficed for regulating the economy of our bodily existence; but as our being was endowed with an immortal principle, and we were taught, almost by intuition, to look forward to a time when the bonds of matter should be dissolved, and we yet live, — some better information was to be expected concerning this future life and its conditions, than we could gather from our own confined and defective reasonings. The moment we regard ourselves as creatures destined to outlive the wreck of matter, and fill a station in that spiritual world which shall rise upon the ruins of this material one, a new view opens before our eyes, and we become anxious to be informed of the nature of the future state, and in what degree our happiness therein may be dependant on ourselves. That our felicity hereafter is conditional, the most *barbarous* nations seem to understand; and that there is any condition, except those of moral life, and benevolence towards our fellows, *the most enlightened,*



when unvisited by the Gospel, have not discovered. Keen and penetrating philosophers among the heathen have conjectured that man must have fallen from a happier condition, since the existing depravity and misery of the race could only be reconciled with the benevolence of the Supreme being on such a supposition.

The golden age of the poets is only a figurative representation of this primitive state, and they represent the occasion of the declension of mankind from their first happy condition to have been the gradual desertion of their deities, of whom Astrea, or Justice, was the last who lingered amongst them, and whose departure closed the age of Gold, and introduced that of Iron.

So far, then, has the light of reason been able to penetrate. Yet a mystery still hangs over this period in the history of the world; there is yet something which the eye of man cannot reach, there is yet a gulph he cannot penetrate. The tradition of a fall from a state of primitive innocence is universal: but how far has this event affected our hopes of the future? How, in our present lapsed condition, over-run with vice and wickedness, are we to be rendered acceptable in the eyes of an all-pure God? No answer could be given to these questions, except by a revelation from Almighty God himself; and such a revelation was in due time given to mankind. These mysteries, so far as they really concerned us, were cleared up, and God condescended to explain to us the course of his dealings with us, and to point out the means of attaining everlasting life.



While men were yet few and simple, God enabled them to walk according to his will, and instructed them where to look for the reparation of the damages their nature had sustained at the fall by immediate revelation of the Holy Spirit: but when mankind had increased in numbers, and in refinement, near 2600 years after the Creation, *He* deposited in the hands of the people, whom for this purpose he had peculiarly chosen to himself, the written revelation of his will; and to this people he, from time to time, made himself known by the mouths of holy men, until the coming of the Messiah, who was the completion of prophecy, the key to all mystery, and the herald of light and life to the whole human race.

The first revelation given from God to man, was that of Moses, wherein the history of the world, from the creation, was shortly and clearly deduced; the situation of mankind, in consequence of the transgression of our first parents, delineated; and a rule of life and religion laid down, adapted to the condition of the people for whom it was more immediately intended.

The books of the Pentateuch contain the foundation of our religion and our hopes. It is true, the glorious dispensation of the Gospel is in them but darkly shadowed; yet they sufficed for the salvation of the chosen seed, until the fulfilment of God's purposes came to pass. In them we trace evident and undoubtful marks of the Divine hand; and if they did not sufficiently attest themselves to the hearts and understandings of all

Christians, by their intimate connection with the first principles of our religion, if all other evidence of their divine origin were lost or thrown aside, there would be sufficient ground for believing them to be the work of a man inspired by God from external circumstances; from a comparison with the manners, laws, and religion of other nations at this period; from their ideas of the Deity; their traditional accounts of the creation; and from the general state of learning and knowledge in the world at the period they were written. On the present occasion, we mean to examine more particularly into the wisdom of the Egyptians mentioned in the text; to compare their superstitions and traditions with the Mosaic history and religion; and to examine, as far as the lapse of years, and the particular mode of transmitting their knowledge adopted by the Egyptians, will permit; how far it was possible for Moses to have availed himself of the wisdom of the Egyptians in framing the Divine books.

I. The religion of the Egyptians, even at this early period, as may be collected from the Greek historians, was Polytheism, in its wildest and most extravagant degree. They worshipped an infinite variety of deities, of whom the chief seem to have been Osiris and Isis. After these the bull Apis was held in sovereign adoration, and the long catalogue of their gods was filled with other animals, and every plant of the most ignoble and contemptible species. To such folly and blindness had God given up this unhappy people, that they paid

all kinds of slavish and servile obeisance to the shrines of these senseless and stupid divinities ; they maintained their priests in the greatest opulence, and held all other religions, even that of the true God, in the utmost abhorrence for their sakes. Although it does not appear that, in Egypt, as in Chaldea, the priests were the sole guardians of their knowledge as well as their religion ; but, on the other hand, that they were distinct orders of men, yet the two interests were so far blended, that, while they asserted the antiquity of their science, they maintained that their religion was coeval. The spirits, by whose power they professed to perform wonders and invert the order of nature, must have been the objects of adoration from the first cultivation of the magical arts amongst them. Now, it is observed, that the conjuration of spirits is the first species of knowledge affected amongst uncivilized nations, and the Egyptians pretended to have traces of science amongst them for several hundred thousand years beyond the period of the creation, according to Moses. Of the traditions concerning the creation, preserved among the Egyptians, we know nothing. Scarcely any of the ancient religions made their gods even older than the world we inhabit ; and we cannot for a moment suppose, that they attributed the creation of the universe to gods, whom they themselves saw born and expire, and who were but branches ; and, moreover, subordinate branches of the animal creation. They probably, therefore, like many of the ancient philosophers, believed the world eternal, or else

ascribed its origin to the natural and spontaneous properties of pre-existent matter; a doctrine which had likewise its abettors among the luminaries of the heathen world. They never thought of affixing to their gods more than a mundane and temporal dominion, and their worship was rather to be considered as a series of rites, on which they believed their good fortune depended, than the heartfelt adoration of an All-intelligent and Almighty Deity.

II. As for the sciences on which the Egyptians so greatly prided themselves, we shall find that their pretensions to them were unquestionably legitimate, but that their knowledge was still deformed with superstition and clouded with mystery. They appear to have derived their knowledge of astronomy from the Chaldeans. This people, who inhabited a plain and level country, particularly adapted to the observation of the heavenly bodies, early addicted themselves to this study; and although Belus, the reputed inventor of the science amongst them, is placed by some chronologers after Moses in the order of time, yet on the testimony of the Greeks, who were jealous of their pre-eminence, they had observations on record to a much earlier period. Geometry is another art which they must early have cultivated; for as the annual inundations of the Nile destroy or obliterate the boundary line and land-marks, they would otherwise have had no means of ascertaining every man's individual property after the reflux of the waters. That land had been appropriated long before



Moses' time, is plain from the policy of Joseph, who, during the seven years of famine, bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh in return for corn, and then restored it to the proprietors, on condition of their paying a proportion of the annual increase into the treasury. Besides these, we may gather from what was known in after times, that they had a particular predilection for many branches of physics, and endeavoured to penetrate into the mysteries of the material and immaterial world. Their physicians were early distinguished. We read of them embalming the body of Israel, and we are told, that they cultivated the medical art with so much care and minute attention, that they had separate physicians for every part of the body. These arts, however, seem to have been but subordinate pursuits. The great objects of attention were the occult sciences. It was the magicians who swayed the minds of the people with a power almost imperial. It was the magicians who spread their fame over all the civilized world, and attached a reverential awe to the name of an Egyptian. The mysteries of these arts, the magi preserved with the most scrupulous care, they were imparted to none but their immediate descendants, they were not entrusted to writing, but were locked up in the breasts of their jealous possessors. There is reason to believe, that a portion of judicial astrology was mixed with their magic, but they seem to have relied more on the incantation of spirits for the accomplishment of their purposes. Who does not read the accounts contained in the book of

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Exodus of the wonders they performed in emulation of Moses, with surprise and astonishment? This prompt reduplication of the miracles wrought by the power of God, is such, as we cannot readily conceive to have been effected by art, or simulated by deception; and there remains no other possible mode of accounting for their power, than by presuming that they did really maintain that intercourse with fallen spirits to which they pretended. I am aware that the sneers of vain philosophy will be directed against such a supposition, but the course of all history, sacred and profane, countenances the idea; and after the body of evidence afforded by the ancient writers on this point, to express unqualified and unhesitating disbelief, can only argue an utter ignorance of the grounds on which we can alone judge in this mysterious subject. Let any one, however, read with attention the history of the ancient world, and he will see strong reason for believing that a very great part of mankind was given up to the government of unclean spirits. He will find that their gods were rather devils, worse than the very worst of their followers; that their religious institutions were a compound of imposture, avarice, and the most abominable wickedness; yet he will find their oracles often true in their predictions, and maintaining for a long series of years the reputation of being inspired. It was thus in Egypt at the time of the Exodus; the spirits of darkness held uncontrolled dominion over the people through the medium of the magicians, and had arrived at such a pitch of audacity, as almost to fly in the face

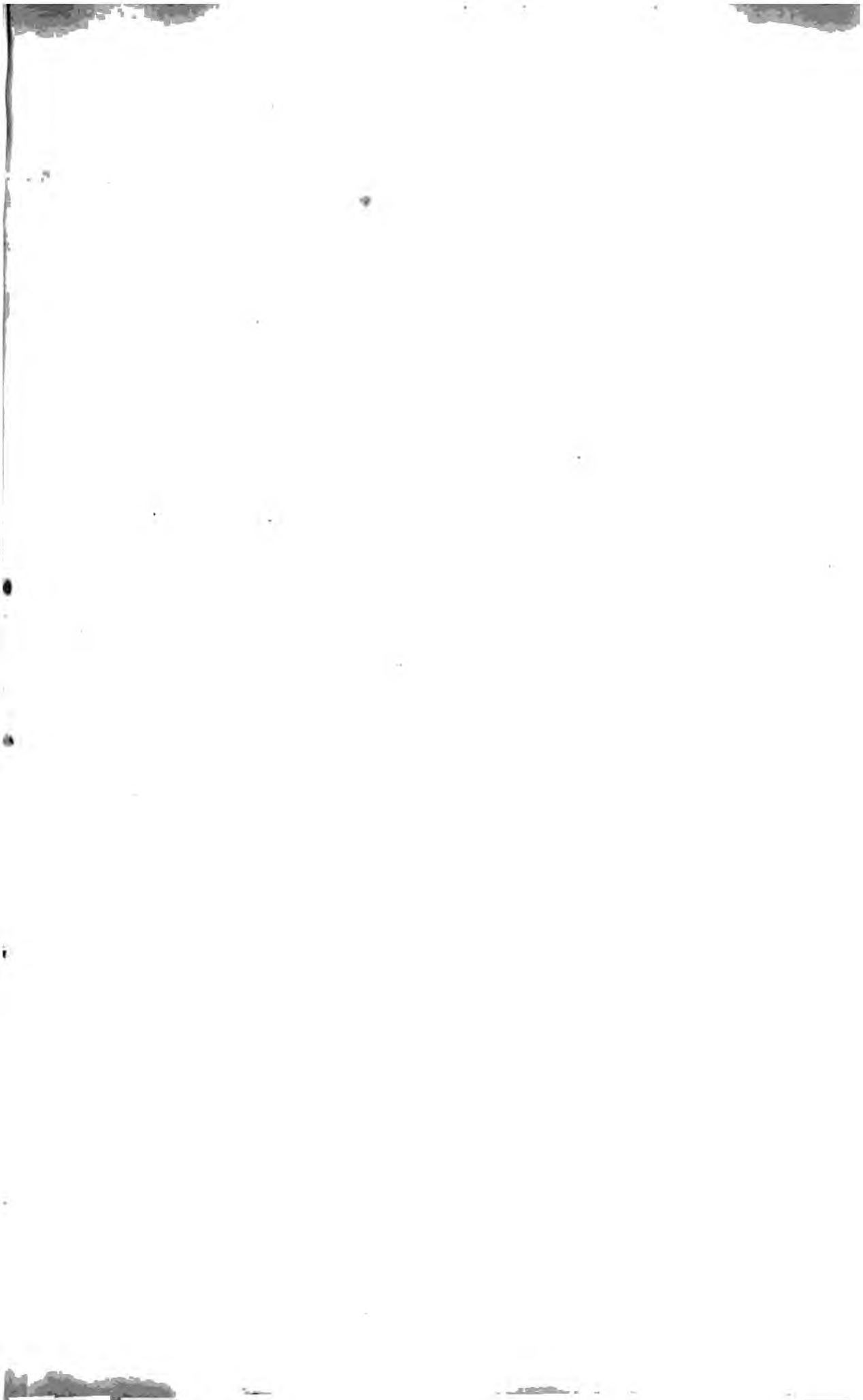
of Almighty God himself, and measure their powers with his.— But we see in the Scripture how they were defeated. They could not follow the arm of the Lord in his wonders. They could not even save their unhappy votaries from his plagues, for “*the magicians could not stand before Moses, because of the boils, for the boil was with the magician.*” That they knew the evil character of the spirits they served, and were aware of their subordination to the true Jehovah, is manifest from the confession extorted by the wonders wrought by Moses, when, unable to equal him in his miracles, they exclaimed to Pharaoh, “*This is the finger of God.*”

II. Under such masters as these, then, was Moses educated; such was the wisdom, in which he is stated by the text to have been instituted. Now, we might fairly expect to find some traces of this his first learning in the historical, and philosophical parts of the Pentateuch. We can conceive no reason which could induce him to discredit the antiquity of the world, as maintained by his masters, the Egyptians, or why he should expose himself, and his countrymen, to contempt, by affixing the date of the creation, at a period comparatively so recent, except he knew, and confided in the authority and direction of a power that could not err.

But Moses           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*



**LONDON :**  
**Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,**  
**New-Street-Square.**



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