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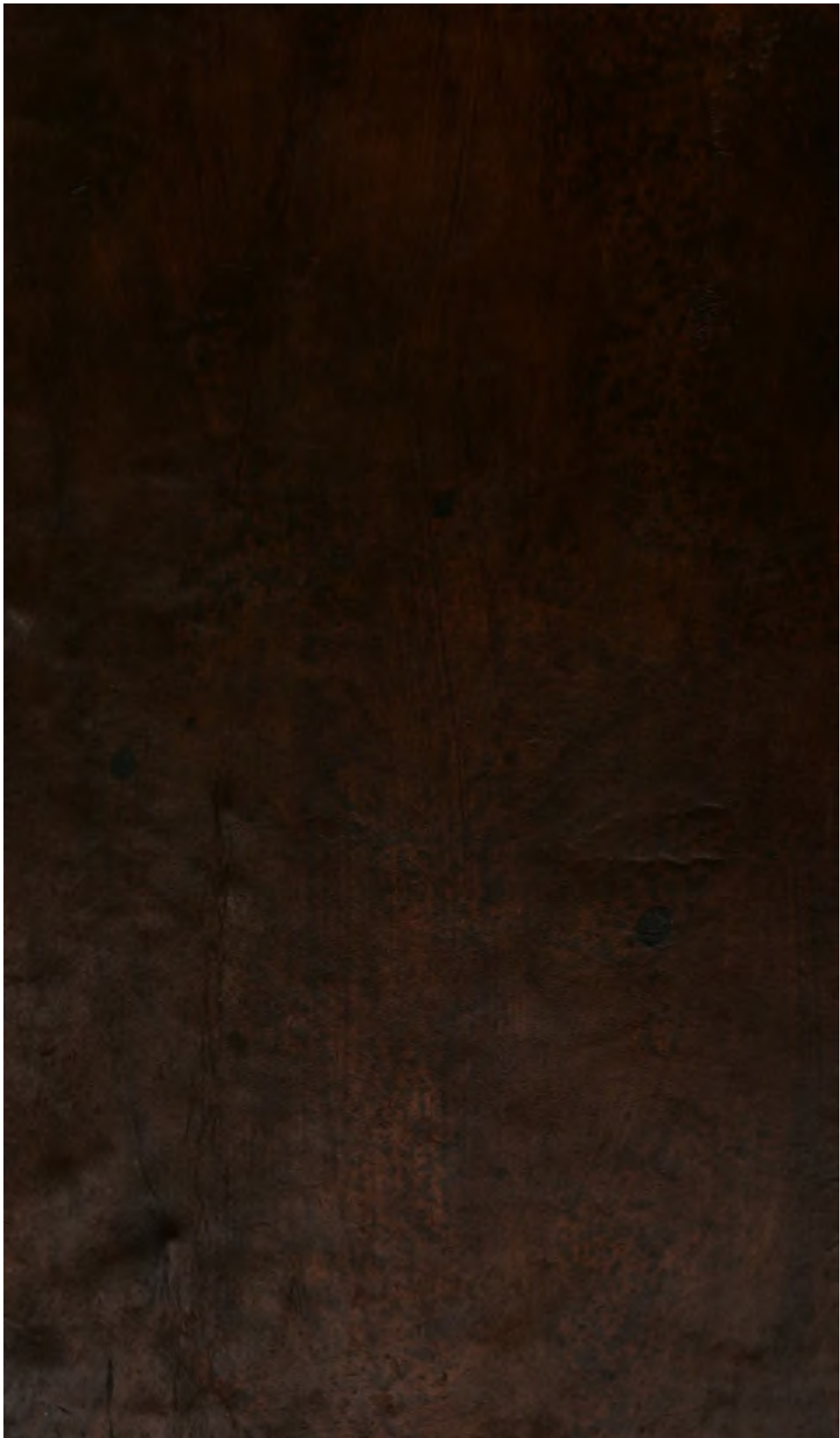
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SACRED

CLASSICS.



*Vide Book 3.
page 11*

DODD'S THOUGHTS IN PRISON.
— and staring wildly round
In desperation's madness to his heart
Drove the destructive steel.

Printed by R. S. [unclear]

Printed for C. [unclear] No. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Printed by [unclear]

PRISON THOUGHTS,

forming part of

Cooke's Pocket Edition of

SACRED CLASSICS,

or Moralists Instructive Companion,

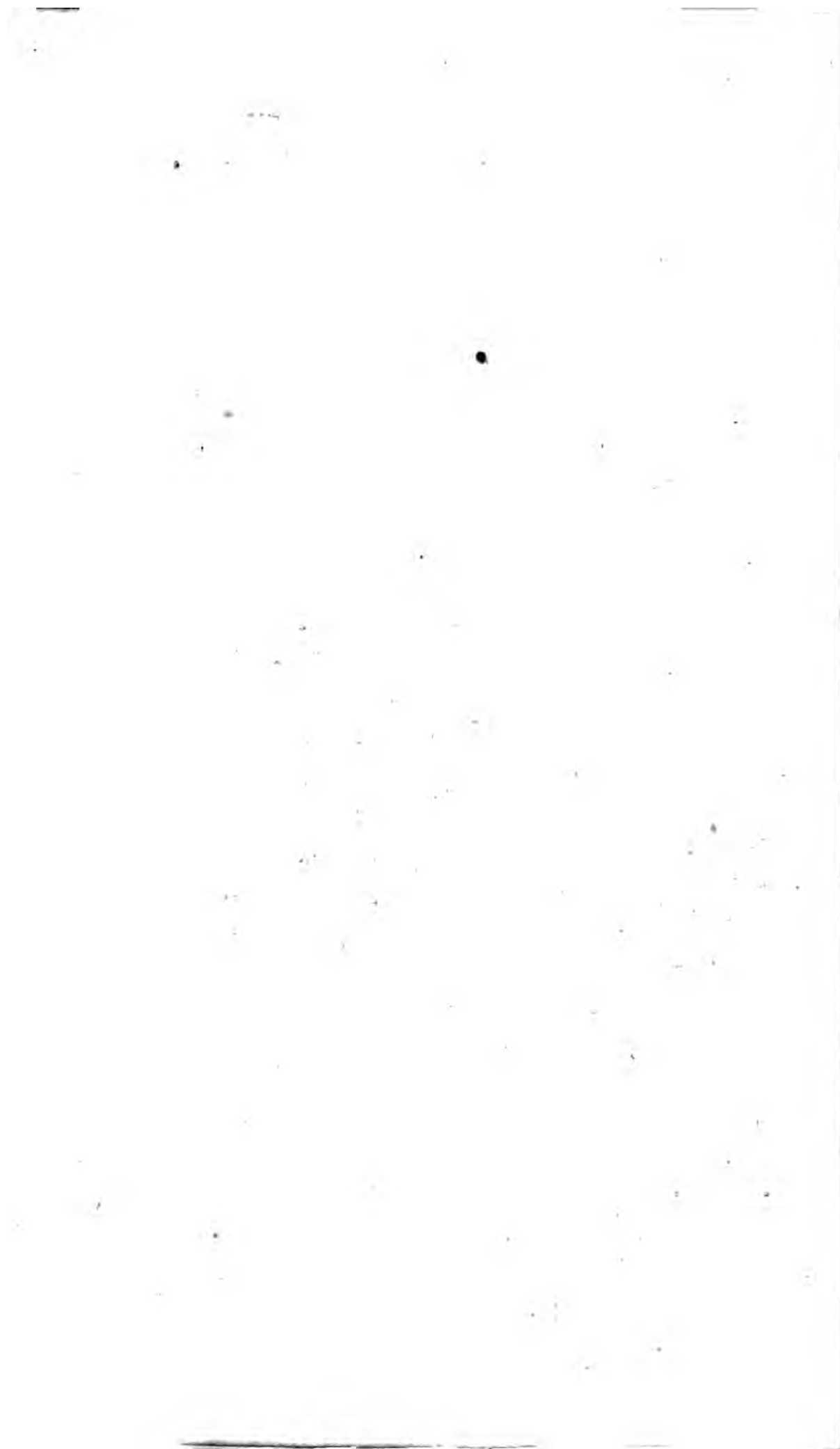
containing a Complete Collection of

Approved Works

on Moral & Religious Subjects.



Drawn by R. Arbould & Engraved by W. H. Wainwright.
Printed in the U.S. under the direction of C. Cooke, July 23, 1796.
Still horror will be ruin, see page 29.



THOUGHTS
IN
PRISON,
AND OTHER
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

BY THE
REV. WILLIAM DODD, LL. D.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

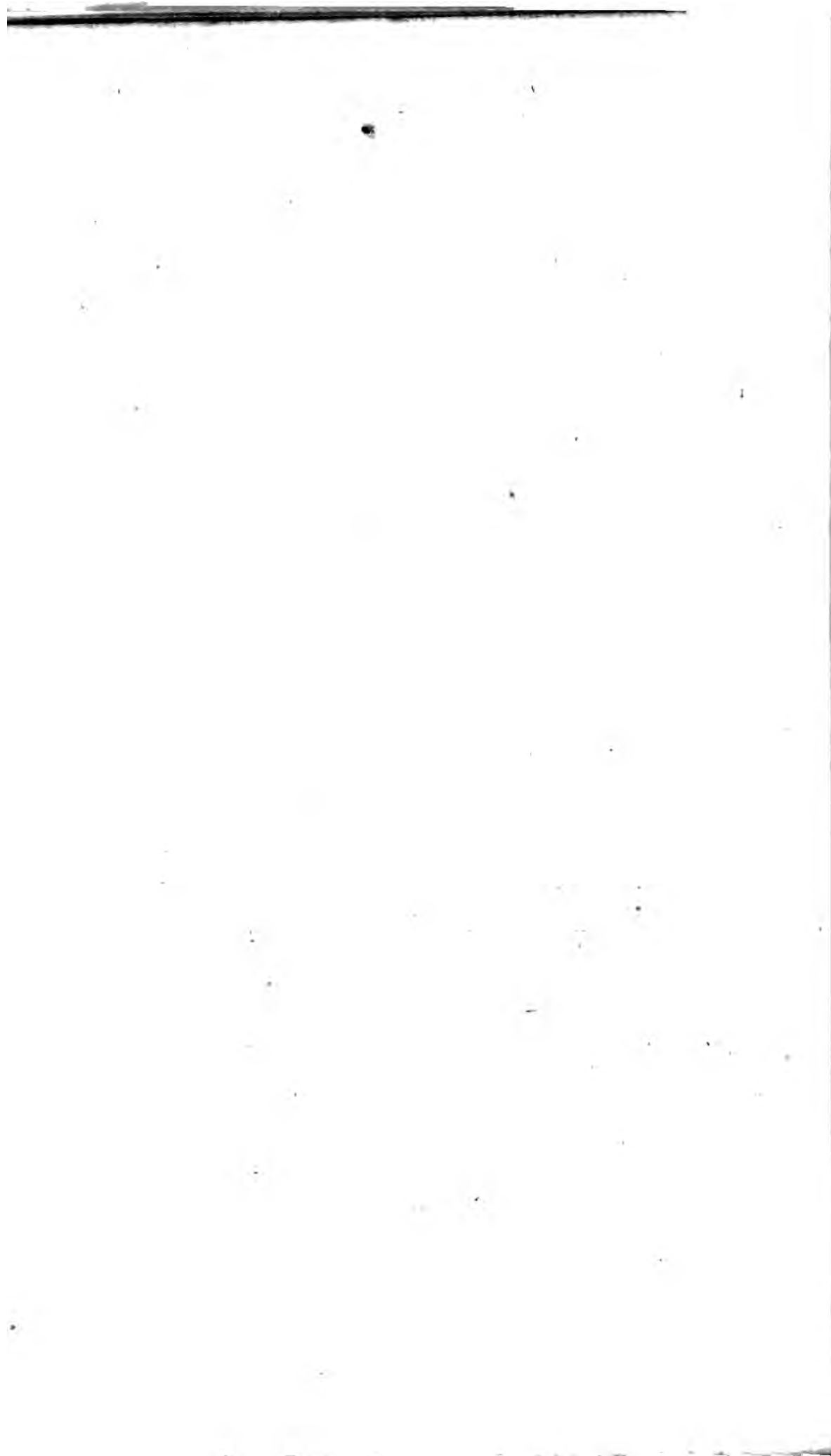
Cooke's Edition.



EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row,
and sold by all the Bookellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.



- ADVERTISEMENT

Originally prefixed to the Prison Thoughts.

THE following Work, as the dates of the respective parts evince, was begun by its unhappy Author in his apartments at Newgate, on the evening of the day subsequent to his trial and conviction at Justice-hall; and was finished, amidst various necessary interruptions, in little more than the space of two months.

Prefixed to the Manuscript is the ensuing Note:

April 23, 1777.

“ I began these Thoughts merely from the impression of
“ my mind, without plan, purpose, or motive, more than the
“ situation and state of my soul. I continued them on a
“ thoughtful and regular plan; and I have been enabled
“ wonderfully—in a state, which in better days I should have
“ supposed would have destroyed all power of reflection—to
“ bring them nearly to a conclusion. I dedicate them to
“ God, and the *reflecting Serious* among my fellow-creatures;
“ and bless the Almighty to go through them, amidst the
“ terrors of this dire place, and the anguish of my discon-
“ solate mind!

“ The Thinking will easily pardon all inaccuracies, as I am
“ neither *able* nor *willing* to read over these melancholy lines
“ with a *curious* and *critical* eye! They are imperfect, but the
“ language of the heart; and, had I time and inclination,
“ might and should be improved.

“ But—————

“ W. D.”

The few little Pieces subjoined to the *Thoughts*, and the Author's *Last Prayer*, were found amongst his papers. Their evident connection with the Poem was the inducement for adding them to the Volume.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Work now offered a fourth time to the Public, was the last performance of one who often afforded amusement and instruction; who possessed the talents of pleasing in a high degree, whose labours were devoted to advance the interests of Religion and Morality, and who, during the greater part of his life, was esteemed, beloved, and respected, by all to whom he was known. Unhappily for himself and his connections, the dictates of prudence were unattended to amidst the fashionable dissipation of the times. With many advantages both natural and acquired, and with the most flattering prospects before him, he, by an act of folly, to give it no worse a name, plunged himself from a situation, in which he had every happiness to expect, into a state, which, to contemplate, must fill the mind with astonishment and horror. It was in some of the most dreadful moments of his life, when the exercise of every faculty might be presumed to be suspended, that the present work was composed: a work which will be ever read with wonder, as exhibiting an extraordinary exertion of the mental powers in very unpropitious circumstances, and affording, at the same time, a lesson worthy the most attentive consideration of every one into whose hands it may chance to fall. As the curiosity of the World will naturally follow the person whose solitude and confinement produced the instruction to be derived from this performance, a short Account of the Life of the Author, is now prefixed. To enlarge on the merit of this Poem will be unnecessary. The feelings of every reader will estimate and proportion its value. That it contains an awful admonition to the gay and dissipated, will be readily acknowledged by every reflecting mind, especially when it is considered as the bitter fruit of those fashionable indulgences which brought disgrace and death upon its unhappy author, in spite of learning and genius, accomplishments the most captivating, and services the most important to mankind.

COOKE'S EDITION OF SACRED CLASSICS.



Engraved by Ridley, from an Original Drawing.

D O D D.

Printed for C. Cooke, 27, Paternoster Row, August 23, 1796.

THE LIFE OF
THE REVEREND
WILLIAM DODD, LL. D.

WILLIAM DODD was the eldest son of a clergyman of the same name, who held the vicarage of Bourne, in the county of Lincoln, where he died the 8th day of August, 1756, at the age of 54 years. His son was born at Bourne, on the 29th of May, 1729, and, after finishing his school education, was admitted a Sizar of Clay Hall, Cambridge, in the year 1745, under the tuition of Mr. John Courtail, afterwards Archdeacon of Lewes. At the university he acquired the notice of his superiors by a close application to his studies; and in the year 1749-50 took his first degree of Bachelor of Arts with considerable reputation, his name being in the list of wranglers on that occasion. It was not, however, only in his academical pursuits that he was emulous of distinction. Having a pleasing form, a genteel address, and a lively imagination, he was equally celebrated for accomplishments which seldom accompany a life of learned retirement. In particular, he was fond of the elegancies of dress, and became, as he ludicrously expressed it, a zealous votary of the God of Dancing, to whose service he dedicated much of that time and attention, which he could borrow from his more important avocations.

The talents which he possessed he very early displayed to the public; and by the time he had attained the age of eighteen years, prompted by the desire of fame, and perhaps to increase his income, commenced author, in which character he began to obtain some degree of reputation.

At this period of his life, young, thoughtless, volatile, and inexperienced, he precipitately quitted the university,

sity, and, relying entirely on his pen, removed to the metropolis, where he entered largely into the gaieties of the town, was a constant frequenter of all places of public diversion, and followed every species of amusement with the most dangerous avidity. In this course, however, he did not continue long. To the surprise of his friends, who least suspected him of taking such a step, without fortune, with few friends, and destitute of all means of supporting a family, he hastily united himself on the 15th of April, 1751, in marriage with Miss Mary Perkins, daughter of one of the domestics of Sir John Dolben, a young lady then residing in Frith Street, Soho, who, though largely endowed with personal attractions, was certainly deficient in those of birth and fortune. To a person circumstanced as Mr. Dodd then was, no measure could be more imprudent, or apparently more ruinous and destructive of his future prospects in life. He did not, however, seem to view it in that light, but, with a degree of thoughtfulness natural to him, immediately took and furnished a house in Wardour Street. Thus dancing on the brink of a precipice, and careless of to-morrow, his friends began to be alarmed at his situation. His father came to town in great distress upon the occasion, and by parental injunction he quitted his house before winter. By the same advice he probably was induced to adopt a new plan for his future subsistence. On the 10th of October, in that year, he was ordained a deacon by the bishop of Ely, at Caius College, Cambridge; and, with more prudence than he had ever shewn before, devoted himself with great assiduity to the study and duties of his profession. In these pursuits he appeared so sincere, that he even renounced all attention to his favourite objects, Polite Letters. At the end of his preface to the *Beauties of Shakespeare*, published in this year, he says, "For my own part, better and more important things henceforth demand my attention; and I here with no small pleasure take leave of Shakespeare and the Critics; as this work was begun and finished before I entered upon

upon the sacred function in which I am now happily employed, let me trust, this juvenile performance will prove no objection, since graver, and some very eminent members of the church, have thought it no improper employ to comment, explain, and publish, the works of their own country poets."

The first service in which he was engaged as a clergyman, was to assist the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, vicar of West Ham, as his curate: thither he removed, and there he spent the happiest and most honourable moments of his life. His behaviour was proper, decent, and exemplary. It acquired him the respect, and secured him the favour of his parishioners so far, that, on the death of their lecturer, in 1752, he was chosen to succeed him. His abilities had at this time every opportunity of being shewn to advantage; and his exertions were so properly directed, that he soon became a favourite and popular preacher. Those who remember him at this period will bear testimony to the indefatigable zeal which he exerted in his ministry, and the success which crowned his efforts. The follies of his youth seemed entirely extinguished, his friends viewed his conduct with the utmost satisfaction, and the world promised itself an example to hold out for the imitation of his brethren.

At this early season of his life he entertained favourable sentiments of the doctrine of Mr. Hutchinson, and was suspected to incline towards the opinions of the methodists. A more mature age, however, induced him to renounce the one, and to disclaim the other. In 1752 he was appointed lecturer of St. James, Garlick Hill, which two years afterwards he exchanged for the same post at St. Olave, Hart Street. About the same time he was appointed to preach Lady Moyer's lectures at St. Paul's; where, from the visit of the three angels to Abraham, and other similar passages from the Old Testament, he endeavoured to prove the commonly received doctrine of the Trinity. On the establishment of the Magdalen House, in 1758, he was amongst the first and most active promoters of that charitable institution; which received
great

great advantage from his zeal for its prosperity, and, even to the conclusion of his life, continued to be materially benefited by his labours.

From the time Mr. Dodd entered into the service of the church, he resided at West Ham, and made up the deficiencies of his income by superintending the education of some young gentlemen who were placed under his care. In 1759 he took his degree of Master of Arts. In the year 1763 he was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to the King, and about the same time became known to Dr. Squire, bishop of St. David's, who received him into his patronage, presented him to the prebend of Brecon, and recommended him to the Earl of Chesterfield, as a proper person to be entrusted with the tuition of his successor in the title. The next year saw him chaplain to his majesty. In 1766 he took the degree of Doctor of Laws at Cambridge. He had some expectations of succeeding to the rectory of West Ham; but, having been twice disappointed, he resigned his lectureships both there and in the city, and quitted the place; "a place (says he to Lord Chesterfield) ever dear and ever regretted by me, the loss of which, truly affecting to my mind, (for there I was useful, and there I trust I was loved) nothing but your lordship's friendship and connection could have counterbalanced." From a passage in his *Thoughts in Prison*, it may be inferred, that he was compelled to quit this his favourite residence; a circumstance which he pathetically laments, and probably with great reason, as the first step to that change in his situation which led him insensibly to his last fatal catastrophe.

On his leaving West Ham he removed to a house in Southampton Row, and at the same time launched out into scenes of expence, which his income, by this time not a small one, was unequal to support. He provided himself with a country-house at Ealing, and exchanged his chariot for a coach, in order to accommodate his pupils, who, besides his noble charge, were in general persons of family and fortune. About the same time it was
his

his misfortune to obtain a prize of 1000*l.* in the state lottery. Elated with this success, he engaged with a builder in a plan to erect a chapel near the palace of the Queen, from whom it took its name. He entered also into a like partnership at Charlotte Chapel, Bloomsbury; and both these schemes were for some time very beneficial to him, tho' much inferior to his then expensive habits of living. His expectations from the former of these undertakings were extremely sanguine. It is reported that, in fitting up his chapel near the palace, he flattered himself with the hopes of having some young royal auditors, and in that expectation assigned a particular pew or gallery for the heir apparent. But in this, as in many other of his views, he was disappointed.

In the year 1772 he obtained the rectory of Hockliffe, in Bedfordshire; the first cure of souls he ever had. With this also he held the vicarage of Chalgrove; and the two were soon after consolidated. An accident happened about this time, from which he narrowly escaped with his life. Returning from his living, he was stoop near Pancras by a highwayman, who discharged a pistol into the carriage, which happily, as it was then thought, only broke the glass. For this fact the delinquent was tried, and, on Dr. Dodd's evidence, convicted and hanged. Early in the next year Lord Chesterfield died, and was succeeded by our author's pupil, who appointed his preceptor his chaplain.

At this period Dr. Dodd appears to have been in the zenith of his popularity and reputation. Beloved and respected by all orders of people, he would have reached, in all probability, the situation which was the object of his wishes, had he possessed patience enough to have waited for it, and prudence sufficient to keep himself out of difficulties which might prove fatal to his integrity. But the habits of dissipation and expence had acquired too much influence over him. He had, by their means, involved himself in considerable debts. To extricate himself from them, he was tempted to an act which entirely cut off every hope he could entertain of rising in
his

his profession, and totally ruined him in the opinion of the world. On the translation of bishop Mofs, in February 1774, to the see of Bath and Wells, the valuable rectory of St. George, Hanover-square, fell to the disposal of the Crown, by virtue of the King's prerogative. Whether from the suggestions of his own mind, or from the persuasion of some friends, is uncertain; but on this occasion he took a step of all others the most wild and extravagant, and least likely to be attended with success. He caused an anonymous letter to be sent to Lady Apsley, offering the sum of 3000*l.* if by her means he could be presented to the living. The letter was immediately communicated to the Chancellor, and, after being traced to the sender, was laid before his Majesty. The insult offered to so high an officer by the proposal, was followed by instant punishment. Dr. Dodd's name was ordered to be struck out of the list of chaplains. The press teemed with satire and invective; he was abused and ridiculed in the papers of the day; and to crown the whole, the transaction became a subject of entertainment in one of Mr. Foote's pieces at the Haymarket.

As no explanation could justify so absurd a measure, so no apology could palliate it. An evasive letter in the newspapers, promising a justification at a future day, was treated with universal contempt. Stung with remorse, and feelingly alive to the disgrace he had brought on himself, he hastily quitted the place where neglect and insult attended him, and went to Geneva to his pupil, who presented him to the living of Winge, in Buckinghamshire, which he held, with Hockliffe, by virtue of a dispensation. Though incumbered with debts, he might still have retrieved his circumstances, if not his character, had he attended to the lessons of prudence; but his extravagance continued undiminished, and drove him to schemes which overwhelmed him with additional infamy. He descended so low as to become the editor of a newspaper, and is said to have attempted to disengage himself from his debts by a commission of bankruptcy, in which he failed. From this period every step led to
complete

complete his ruin. In the summer of 1776 he went to France, and, with little regard to decency, paraded it in a phaeton at the races on the Plains of Sablons, dressed in all the foppery of the kingdom in which he then resided. He returned to England about the beginning of winter, and continued to exercise the duties of his function, particularly at the Magdalen Chapel, where he still was heard with approbation, and where his last sermon was preached February 2, 1777, two days only before he signed the fatal instrument which brought him to an ignominious death.

Pressed at length by creditors, whose importunities he was unable longer to soothe, he fell upon an expedient, from the consequences of which he could not escape. He forged a bond, from his pupil Lord Chelsterfield, for the sum of 4200l. and upon the credit of it obtained a considerable sum of money. Detection of the fraud almost immediately followed. He was taken before a magistrate, and committed to prison. At the sessions held at the Old Bailey, February 24, his trial commenced; and the commission of the offence being clearly proved, he was pronounced guilty; but the sentence was postponed, until the sentiments of the judges could be taken respecting the admissibility of an evidence; whose testimony had been made use of to convict him.

This accident suspended his fate until the ensuing session. In the mean time, the doubt which had been suggested, as to the validity of the evidence, was removed, by the unanimous opinion of the judges, that the testimony of the person objected to had been properly and legally received. This information was communicated to the criminal on the 12th of May; and on the 16th of the same month he was brought to the bar, to receive his sentence. Being asked what he had to alledge why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, he addressed the court in the following animated and pathetic speech; in the composition of which he is said to have been materially assisted by a very eminent writer:

“ My

“ My Lord,

“ I NOW stand before you a dreadful example of human infirmity. I entered upon public life with the expectations common to young men whose education has been liberal, and whose abilities have been flattered, and, when I became a clergyman, considered myself as not impairing the dignity of the order. I was not an idle, nor I hope, an useless minister. I taught the truths of Christianity with the zeal of conviction, and the authority of innocence. My labours were improved, my pulpit become popular; and I have reason to believe, that of those who heard me some have been preserved from sin, and some have been reclaimed. Condescend, my Lord, to think, if these considerations aggravate my crime, how much they must embitter my punishment.

“ Being distinguished and elated by the confidence of mankind, I had too much confidence in myself: and thinking my integrity what others thought it, established in sincerity, and fortified by religion, I did not consider the danger of vanity, nor suspect the deceitfulness of my own heart. The day of conflict came, in which temptation surprised and overwhelmed me. I committed the crime, which I entreat your lordship to believe that my conscience hourly represents to me in its full bulk of mischief and malignity. Many have been overpowered by temptation, who are now among the penitent in heaven.

“ To an act now waiting the decision of vindictive justice, I will not presume to oppose the counterbalance of almost thirty years (a great part of the life of man) passed in exciting and exercising charity; in relieving such distresses as I now feel, in administering those consolations which I now want. I will not otherwise extenuate my offence, than by declaring, what many circumstances make probable, that I did not intend to be finally fraudulent. Nor will it become me to apportion my punishment, by alledging that my sufferings have been not much less than my guilt. I have fallen from reputation, which ought to have made me cautious; and from a fortune, which ought to have given me content. I am

sunk at once into poverty and scorn; my name and my crime fill the ballads in the street, the sport of the thoughtless, and the triumph of the wicked.

“It may seem strange that, remembering what I have lately been, I should wish to continue what I am. But contempt of death, how speciously soever it might mingle with Heathen virtues, has nothing suitable to Christian penitence. Many motives impel me to beg earnestly for life. I feel the natural horror of a violent death, and the universal dread of untimely dissolution. I am desirous of recompensing the injury I have done to the clergy, to the world, and to religion, and to efface the scandal of my crime by the example of my repentance. But, above all, I wish to die with thoughts more composed, and calmer preparation. The gloom of a prison, the anxiety of a trial, and the inevitable vicissitudes of passion, leave the mind little disposed to the holy exercises of prayer and self-examination. Let not a little time be denied me, in which I may, by meditation and contrition, be prepared to stand at the tribunal of Omnipotence, and support the presence of that Judge who shall distribute to all according to their works, who will receive to pardon the repenting sinner, and from whom the merciful shall obtain mercy.

“For these reasons, amidst shame and misery, I yet wish to live: and most humbly intreat, that I may be recommended by your Lordship to the clemency of his majesty.”

Having made this speech to the Court, the Doctor, with two other capital convicts, received sentence of death.

From this time the friends of Dr. Dodd were assiduously employed in endeavouring to save his life. Besides the petitions of many individuals, the members of the several charities which had been benefited by him, joined in applications to the Throne for mercy: the City of London likewise, in its corporate capacity, solicited a remission of the punishment, in consideration of the advantages which the public had derived from
his

his various and laudable exertions. The petitions were supposed to be signed by near thirty thousand persons. They were however of no avail. On the fifteenth of June the Privy Council assembled, and deliberated on the cases of the several prisoners then under condemnation; and in the end a warrant was ordered to be made out for the execution of Dr. Dodd, on the 27th of the same month.

On the day preceding that of his execution he took leave of his wife and some friends, after which he declared himself ready to atone for the offence he had given to the world.

He published many productions both in prose and verse; among which, that particularly noticed is his Novel, intituled "The Sisters," a work calculated to promote morality, and at the same time furnish the reader both with entertainment and instruction. His religious tracts are admirable, and his political productions pointed with very severe satire.

Of his behaviour at this awful juncture, a particular account was given by Mr. Vilette, ordinary of Newgate, in the following terms:

"On the morning of his death I went to him with the Rev. Mr. Dobey, chaplain of the Magdalen, whom he had desired to attend him to the place of execution. He appeared composed; and when I asked him how he had been supported, he said he had had some comfortable sleep, by which he should be the better enabled to perform his duty.

"As we went from his room in our way to the chapel, we were joined by his friend, who had spent the foregoing evening with him, and also by another clergyman. When we were in the vestry adjoining to the chapel, he exhorted his fellow-sufferer, who had attempted to destroy himself, but had been prevented by the vigilance of the keeper. He spoke to him with great tenderness and emotion of heart, entreating him to consider that he had but a short time to live, and that it was highly necessary that he as well as himself, made good use of their time, implored pardon of God under a

deep sense of sin, and looked to that Lord by whose merits alone sinners could be saved. He desired me to call in the other gentleman, who likewise assisted him to move the heart of the poor youth: but the Doctor's words were the most pathetic and effectual. He lifted up his hands, and cried out, 'O Lord Jesus, have mercy on us, and give, O give unto him, my fellow-sinner, that as we suffer together, we may go together to heaven!' His conversation to this poor youth was so moving, that tears flowed from the eyes of all present.

"He prayed God to bless his friends who were present with him, and to give his blessings to all his brethren the clergy; that he would pour out his Spirit upon them, and make them true ministers of Jesus Christ, and that they might follow the divine precepts of their heavenly Master. Turning to one who stood near him, he stretched out his hand, and said, Now, my dear friend, speculation is at an end; all must be real! what poor ignorant beings we are! He prayed for the Magdalens, and wished they were there, to sing for him the 23d Psalm.

"After he had waited some time for the officers, he asked what o'clock it was; and being told that it was half an hour after eight, he said, 'I wish they were ready, for I long to be gone.' He requested of his friends, who were in tears about him, to pray for him: to which he was answered by two of them,—We pray more than language can utter. He replied, 'I believe it.'

"At length he was summoned to go down into a part of the yard which is inclosed from the rest of the goal, where the two unhappy convicts and the friends of the Doctor were alone. On his seeing two prisoners looking out of the windows, he went to them and exhorted them so pathetically, that they both wept abundantly. He said once, 'I am now a spectacle to men, and shall soon be a spectacle to angels.'

"Just before the sheriff's officers came with the hal-
ters, one who was walking with him told him that there
was yet a little solemnity he must pass through before
he

he went out. He asked, 'What is that?' 'You will be bound.' He looked up, and said, 'Yet I am free; my freedom is there,' pointing upwards.—He bore it with Christian patience, and beyond what might be expected; and when the men offered to excuse tying his hands, he desired them to do their duty, and thanked them for their kindness. After he was bound, I offered to assist him with my arm in conducting him through the yard, where several people were assembled to see him; but he replied, 'No, I am as firm as a rock.'—As he passed along the yard, the spectators and prisoners wept and bemoaned him; and he, in return, prayed God to bless them.

“ On the way to execution he consoled himself in reflecting and speaking on what Christ had suffered for him; lamenting the depravity of human nature, which made sanguinary laws necessary; and said he could gladly have died in the prison-yard, as being led out to public execution tended greatly to distress him. He desired me to read to him the 51st Psalm, and also pointed out an admirable penitential prayer from Rosiel's Prisoner's Director. He prayed again for the King and likewise for the people.

“ When he came near the street where he formerly dwelt, he was much affected, and wept. He said probably his tears would seem to be the effect of cowardice, but it was a weakness he could not well help; and added, he hoped he was going to a better home.

“ When he arrived at the gallows, he ascended the cart, and spoke to his fellow-sufferer. He then prayed, not only for himself, but also for his wife, and the unfortunate youth that suffered with him; and declaring that he died in the true faith of the gospel of Christ, in perfect love and charity with all mankind, and with thankfulness to his friends, he was launched into eternity, imploring mercy for his soul for the sake of his blessed Redeemer.”

His corpse, on the Monday following, was carried to Cowley, in Buckinghamshire, and deposited in the church there.

THOUGHTS IN PRISON.

COMMENCED

SUNDAY EVENING, EIGHT O'CLOCK.* *Feb. 23, 1777.*

WEEK THE FIRST.

The Imprisonment.

MY friends are gone! Harsh on its fullen hinge
Grates the dread door: the massy bolts respond
Tremendous to the surely keeper's touch.
The dire keys clang, with movement dull and slow
While their behest the ponderous locks perform;
And fastened firm, the object of their care
Is left to solitude,—to sorrow left!

But wherefore fastened? Oh still stronger bonds
Than bolts, or locks, or doors of molten brass,
To solitude and sorrow would consign
His anguish'd soul, and prison him, tho' free!
For, whither should he fly, or where produce
In open day, and to the golden sun,
His hapless head! whence every laurel torn,
On his bald brow sits grinning Infamy;
And all in sportive triumph twines around
The keen, the stinging adders of disgrace!

Yet what's disgrace with man? or all the stings
Of pointed scorn? What the tumultuous voice
Of erring multitudes? Or what the shafts
Of keenest malice, levell'd from the bow
Of human inquisition?—if the God,
Who knows the heart, looks with complacence down
Upon the struggling victim, and beholds
Repentance bursting from the earth-bent eye,
And faith's red cross held closely to the breast?

Oh Author of my being! of my bliss
Beneficent Dispenser! wondrous power,
Whose eye, all-searching thro' this dreary gloom
Discerns the deepest secrets of the soul,

* The hour when they lock up in this dismal place.

Assist me! With thy ray of light divine
 Illumine my dark thoughts; upraise my low;
 And give me wisdom's guidance, while I strive
 Impartially to state the dread account,
 And call myself to trial! Trial far
 Than that more fearful—tho' how fearful that
 Which trembling late I proved! Oh aid my hand
 To hold the balance equal, and allow
 The few sad moments of remaining life
 To retrospection useful; make my end,
 As my first wish (thou know't the heart) has been,
 To make my whole of being to my friends,
 My fellow-pilgrims thro' this world of woe,
 Instructive!—Oh could I conduct but one,
 One only with me, to our Canaan's rest,
 How could I meet my fate, nor think it hard!

Not think it hard?—Burst into tears, my soul;
 Gush every pore of my distracted frame,
 Gush into drops of blood!—But one; save one,
 Or guide to Canaan's rest?—when all thy views
 In better days were dedicate alone
 To guide, persuade to that celestial rest,
 Souls which have listened with devotion's ear
 To Sion's songs enchanting from thy lips,
 And tidings sweet of Jesu's pardoning love!

But one, save one?—Oh, what a rest is this!
 Oh what a Sabbath in this dungeon's gloom,
 This prison-house, meet emblem of the realm
 Reserv'd for the ungodly! Hark, methinks
 I hear the cheerful melody of praise
 And penitential sweetness*! 'Tis the sound,
 The well-known sound, to which my soul, attun'd
 For year succeeding year, hath hearken'd glad,
 And still with fresh delight: while all my powers
 In blest employ have prest the saving truths
 Of grace divine, and faith's all-conquering might,
 On the sure Rock of Ages grounded firm.

Those hours are gone! and here, from heaven shut out

* Referring more immediately to the duty of the Magdalen Chapel.

And

And heavenly works like these on this lov'd day,
 Rest of my God,—I only hear around
 The dismal clang of chains; the hoarse rough shout
 Of dissonant imprecation; and the cry
 Of misery and vice, in fearful din
 Impetuous mingled; while my frightened mind
 Shrinks back in horror! while the scalding tears
 Involuntary starting, furrow down
 My sickly cheeks; and whirling thought confus'd
 For giddy moments, scarce allows to know
 Or where, or who, or what a wretch I am!

Not know?—Alas! too well it strikes my heart,
 Emphatical it speaks! while dungeons, chains,
 And bars and bolts proclaim the mournful truth,
 “Ah what a wretch thou art! how sunk, how fall'n
 “* From what high state of bliss, into what woe!”
 Fall'n from the topmost bough that plays in air
 E'en of the tallest cedar; where aloft
 Proud happiness her towering eyrie built;
 Built, as I dreamt, for ages. Idle dream!
 And yet, amongst the millions of mankind,
 Who sleep like me, how few, like me deceiv'd,
 Do not indulge the same fantastic dream!

Give me the angel's clarion!—Let me sound,
 Loud as the blast which shall awake the dead;
 Oh let me sound, and call the slumberers forth
 To view the vision which delusion charms;
 To shake the potent incantation off;
 Or ere it burst in ruin on their souls,
 As it has burst on mine.—Not on my soul!
 Retract the dread idea: Righteous God!
 Not on my soul! Oh Thou art gracious all,
 And with an eye of pity from thy throne
 Of Majesty supernal, thou behold'st
 The creatures of thy hand, thy feeble sons,
 Struggling with sin, with Satan, and the world,
 Their sworn and deadly foes: and, having felt
 In human flesh the trials of our kind,

* Milton's Par. Lost, B. 5. p. 540.

Know'st sympathetic how to aid the tried!

Rock of my hope! the rash, rash phrase forgive;
Safe is my soul; nor can it know one fear,
Grounded on Thee Unchangeable? Thee first,
Thee last, great Cleanser of all human sin!

But, tho' secure the vessel rides in port,
Held firm by faith's strong anchor,—well it suits
The mariner to think by what strange means
Thro' perils unconceivable he pass'd;
Thro' rocks, sands, pirates, storms, and boisterous waves,
And happily obtain'd that port at last.

On these my thoughts are bent: nor deem it wrong,
Minist'ring angels! whose benignant task
Assign'd by Heav'n, is to console distress,
And hold up human hearts amidst the toil
Of human woe*!—Blest spirits, who delight
In sweet submissive resignation's smile,
To that high will you know for ever right;—
Deem it not wrong, that with a weeping eye,
Deem it not wrong, that with a bleeding heart,
I dwell a while, unworthiest of my race,
On those black rocks, those quick-sands, waves and storm,
Which in a sea of trouble have engulf'd
All, all my earthly comforts; and have left
Me, a poor naked, shipwreck'd, suffering wretch
On this bleak shore, in this confinement drear;
At sight of which, in better days, my soul
Hath started back with horror! while my friend,
My bosom-partner in each hour of pain,
With antidotes preventive kindly arm'd,
Trembling for my lov'd health; when christian calls
And zeal for others welfare, haply brought
My steps attendant on this den of death!

Oh dismal change! Now, not in friendly sort
A christian visitor, to pour the balm
Of christian comfort in some wretch's ear,—
I am that wretch myself! and want, much want,
The christian consolation I bestow'd;

* See Psalm xxxiv. 7. Heb. i. 14.

So cheerfully bestow'd! want, want, my God,
 From Thee the mercy, from my fellow-man
 The lenient mercy, which, great Judge of hearts,
 To Thee I make the solemn, sad appeal—
 That mercy, which Thou knowest my gladsome soul
 Ever sprang forth with transport to impart!

Why then, mysterious providence! pursued
 With such unfeeling ardour? why pursued
 To death's dread bourn, by men to me unknown!
 Why—Stop the deep question; it o'erwhelms my soul;
 It reels, it stragglers!—Earth turns round! my brain
 Whirls in confusion! my impetuous heart
 Throbs with pulsations not to be restrain'd:
 Why?—where?—Oh Chesterfield! my son, my son!

Nay, talk not of composure! I had thought
 In olden time, that my weak heart was soft,
 And pity's self might break it.—I had thought
 That marble-eyed severity would crack
 The slender nerves which guide my reins of sense,
 And give me up to madness. 'Tis not so:
 My heart is callous, and my nerves are tough:
 It will not break! they will not crack; or else
 What more, just Heaven, was wanting to the deed,
 Than to behold—Oh that eternal night
 Had in that moment screen'd me from myself!—
 My Stanhope to behold, whose filial ear
 Drank pleas'd the lore of wisdom from my tongue.
 My Stanhope to behold!—Ah piercing sight!
 Forget it;—'tis distraction:—Speak who can!

But I am lost! a criminal adjudg'd!
 A guilty miscreant! Canst thou think, my friend,
 Oh Butler,—'midst a million faithful found!—
 Oh canst thou think, who know'st, who long hast known
 My inmost soul; oh canst thou think that life
 From such rude outrage for a moment sav'd,
 And sav'd almost by a miracle*, deserves

* Referring to the case reserved for the solemn decision of the twelve Judges, and which gave the prisoner a much longer space than his most sanguine friends could have expected, from the complexion of the process. See the *Sessions Paper* for Feb. 1777.

The languid wish, or e'er can be sustain'd?
 It can—it must! That miracle alone
 To life gives consequence. Oh deem it not
 Presumptuous, that my grateful soul thus rates
 The present high deliverance it hath found;—
 Sole effort of thy wisdom, Sovereign Power,
 Without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls!
 Oh may I cease to live, ere cease to bless
 That interposing hand, which turn'd aside,—
 Nay to my life and preservation turn'd
 The fatal blow precipitate, ordain'd
 To level all my little hopes in dust,
 And give me to the grave! Rather, my hand,
 Forget thy cunning! Rather shall my tongue
 In gloomy silence bury every note
 To my glad heart respondent, than I ease
 To dedicate to Him who spar'd my life,
 Each breath, each power, while He vouchsafes to lend
 The precious boon!—To Him be all its praise!
 To Him be all its service! Long or short,
 The gift's the same: to live or die to him
 Is gain sufficient, everlasting gain:
 And may that gain be mine! I live, I live!
 Ye hours, ye minutes, bounty of his grace,
 Fleet not away without improvement due:
 Rich on your wings bear penitence and prayer
 To Heav'n's all-clement Ruler; and to man
 Bear all the retribution man can make!
 Ye precious hours, ye moments snatch'd from death,
 Replete with incense rise,—that my cheer'd soul
 When comes the solemn call, may spring away,
 Delighted, to the bosom of its God!
 Who shall condemn the trust?—proud rationals
 (That deep in speculation's 'wilderling maze
 Bemuse themselves with error, and confound
 The laws of men, of nature, and of Heaven)
 Presumptuous in their wisdom, dare dethrone
 Even from his works the Maker: and contend,
 That He who form'd it governs not the world:
 While, steep'd in sense's Lethe, sons of earth

From

From the world's partial picture gaily draw
 Their mad conclusions. Bold broad-staring vice,
 Lull'd on the lap of every mundane bliss,
 At meek-eyed virtue's patient suffering scoffs,
 And dares with dauntless insolence the God,
 Regardless of his votaries!—Vain and blind!
 Alike thro' wisdom or thro' folly blind—
 Whose dim contracted view the petty round,
 The mere horizon of the present hour
 In darkness terminates! Oh could I ope
 The golden portals of eternal day;
 Pour on your sight the congregated blaze
 Of light, of wisdom, bursting from the throne
 Of universal glory; on the round,
 The boundless cycle of His moral plan,
 Who, hid in clouds terrific, Master sits
 Of subject men and worlds; and sees at once
 The ample scene of present, future, past,
 All naked to his eye of flame:—all rang'd
 In harmony complete, to work his will,
 And finish with the plaudit of the skies!

But—while the whelming blazon may not burst
 On the weak eyes of mortals; while confin'd
 Thro' dark dim glass, with dark dim sight to look
 All trembling to the future, and collect
 The scatter'd rays of wisdom; while referr'd
 Our infant reason to the guiding hand
 Of faith strong-eyed, which never quits the view
 Of Jesus, her great pole-star; from whose word,
 Irradiate with the lustre of his love,
 She learns the mighty Master to explore
 In all his works; and from the meanest taught
 Beholds the God, the Father,—Scorn ye not,
 My fellow-pilgrims, fellow-heirs of death,
 And, oh triumphant thought!—my fellow-heirs
 Of life immortal;—if not sold to sense
 And infidelity's black cause, you cast
 Ungracious from yourselves the proffer'd boon:
 —Then scorn not, oh my friends, when Heaven vouchsafes
 To

To teach by meanest objects, reptiles, birds,
—To take one lesson from a worm like me!

Proof of a gracious providence I live;—
To him be all the glory! Of his care
Paternal, his supporting signal love,
I live each hour an argument. Away,
The systematic dullness of dispute!
Away, each doating reasoner!—I feel,
Feel in my inmost heart the conscious sense,
The grateful pressure of distinguish'd grace,
And live, and only wish for life to praise it!

For say, my soul,—nor midst this silence sad,
This midnight, awful, melancholy gloom,
Nor in this solemn moment of account
'Twixt thee and Heaven,—when on his altar lies
A sacrifice thy naked bleeding heart!
Say, nor, self-flattering, to thy conscience hold
The mirror of deceit;—couldst thou have thought
Thy nerves, thy head, thy heart, thy frame, thy sense,
Sufficient to sustain the sudden shock,
Rude as a bursting earthquake, which at once
Toppled the happy edifice adown,
Whelm'd thee and thine beneath its ruinous crash,
And buried all in sorrow?—Torn away
Impetuous from thy home, thy much-lov'd home,
Without one moment to reflection giv'n!
By soothing solemn promise led to place
Ingenuous all thy confidence of life
In men, assuming gentle pity's guise!
Vain confidence in aught beneath the sun!
Behold the hour, the dreadful hour arriv'd:
The prison opes its ruthless gates upon thee!

Oh Horror! But what's this, this fresh attack!
'Tis she, 'tis she! my weeping fainting wife!
“ And hast thou faithful found me? Has thy love
“ Thus burst thro' ev'ry barrier? Hast thou trac'd
“ —Deprest in health, and timid as thou art—
“ At midnight trac'd the desolate wild streets?
“ Thus in a prison's gloom to throw thy arms

“ Of

“ Of conjugal endearment round the neck
 “ Of thy lost husband?—Fate, exact thy worst;
 “ The bitterness is past.”—Idea vain!

To tenfold bitterness drench'd in my deep cup
 Of gall the morning rises? Statue like,
 Inanimate, half dead, and fainting half,
 To stand a spectacle!—the præter stern
 Denying to my pleading tears one pang
 Of human sympathy! Conducted forth,
 Amidst th' unfeeling populace; pursued
 Like some deer, which from the hunter's aim
 Hath ta'en its deadly hurt; and glad to find—
 Panting with woe,—my refuge in a gaol!

Can misery stretch more tight the torturing cord?

But hence this softness! Wherefore thus lament
 These petty, poor escutcheons of thy fate,
 When lies—all worthy of thyself and life,
 Cold in the hearse of ruin?—Rather turn
 Grateful thine eyes, and raise, tho' red with tears,
 To his high throne who looks on thy distress
 With fatherly compassion; kindly throws
 Sweet comfort's mixture in thy cup, and sooths
 With Gilead's balm thy death-wound. He it is
 Who, 'midst the shock disrupting, holds in health
 Thy shatter'd frame, and keeps thy reason clear;
 He, He it is, whose pitying power supports
 Thy humbled soul, deep humbled in the dust,
 Beneath the sense of guilt; the mournful sense
 Of deep transgression 'gainst thy fellow-men,
 Of sad offence 'gainst Him, thy Father God;
 Who, lavish in his bounties, woo'd thy heart
 With each paternal blessing;—ah ingrate,
 And worthless! Yet—(His mercies who can count,
 Or truly speak his praise!)—Yet thro' this gloom
 Of self-conviction, lowly He vouchsafes
 To dart a ray of comfort, like the Sun's,
 All-cheering thro' a summer's evening shower!
 Arch'd in his gorgeous sky, I view the Bow,
 Of grace fix'd emblem! 'Tis that grace alone

Which

Which gives my soul its firmness ; builds my hope
Beyond the grave ; and bids me spurn the earth !

First of all blessings, hail ! Yet Thou, from whom
Both first and last, both great and small proceed ;
Exhaustless source of every good to man,
Accept for all, the tribute of my praise ;
For all are thine !—Thine the ingenuous friends,
Who solace with compassion sweet my woe ;
Mingle with mine their sympathetic tears ;
Incessant and disinterested toil
To work my weal ; and, delicately kind,
Watch every keener sensibility
That lives about my soul. Oh, more than friends,
In tenderness my children !—Thine are too
The very keepers of the rugged jail,
—Ill school to learn humanity's soft lore !—
Yet here humanity their duty pays,
Respectably affecting ! Whilst they tend
My little wants, officious in their zeal,
They turn away, and fain would hide the tear
That gushes all unbidden to their eye,
And sanctifies their service.—On their heads
Thy blessing, Lord of Bounty ! ———

——But, of all,
All thy choice comforts in this drear distress,
God of our first young love ! Thine is the Wife,
Who with assiduous care, from night to morn,
From morn to night, watches my every need ;
And, as in brightest days of peace and joy,
Smiles on my anguish, while her own poor breast
Is full almost to bursting ! Prostrate, Lord,
Before thy footstool—Thou, whose highest style
On earth, in heaven, is love !—Thou, who hast breath'd
Thro' human hearts the tender charities,
The social fond affections which unite
In bonds of sweetest amity those hearts,
And guide to every good !—Thou, whose kind eye
Complacent must behold the rich, ripe fruit,
Mature and mellow'd on the generous stock

Of thy own careful planting!—Low on earth,
 And mingled with my native dust, I cry ;
 With all the Husband's anxious fondness cry ;
 With all the friend's solicitude and truth ;
 With all the teacher's fervour,—“ God of Love,
 “ Vouchsafe thy choicest comforts on her head !
 “ Be thine my fate's decision : To thy will
 “ With angel-resignation, lo! we bend !”

But hark ! what sound, wounding the night's dull ear,
 Bursts sudden on my sense, and makes more horrible
 These midnight horrors ?—'Tis the solemn bell,
 Alarm to the prisoners of death* !—
 Hark ! what a groan, responsive from the cells
 Of condemnation, calls upon my heart,
 My thrilling heart, for intercession strong,
 And pleadings in the sufferer's behalf—
 My fellow-sufferers, and my fellow-men !

Cease then awhile the strain, my plaintive soul,
 And veil thy face of sorrow ! Lonely hours
 Soon will return thee to thy midnight task,
 For much remains to sing, sad themes, unsung,
 As deem'd perchance too mournful ;—yet, what else
 Than themes like these can suit a muse like mine !
 —And might it be, that while ingenuous woe
 Bleeds thro' my verse ; while the succeeding page
 Weaving with my sad story the detail
 Of crimes, of punishments, of prisons drear,
 Of present life and future,—sad discourse
 And serious shall contain ; Oh might it be,
 That human hearts may listen and improve ;
 O might it be, that benefit to souls
 Flow from the weeping tablet ; tho' the Man
 In torture die,—the Painter shall rejoice !

Sunday, March 2, 1777.

END OF THE FIRST WEEK.

* This alludes to a very striking and awful circumstance. The Bellman of St. Sepulchre's near the prison, is by long and pious custom appointed to announce at midnight to the condemned criminals in their cells, that the hour of their departure is at hand !

WEEK THE SECOND.

The Retrospect.—Sunday, March 2, 1777.

OH, not that thou goest hence—sweet drooping flower,
 Surcharg'd with Sorrow's dew!—Not that thou quitt'ft
 This pent and feverish gloom, which beams with light,
 With health, with comfort, by thy presence cheer'd,
 Companion of my life, and of my woes
 Blest soother! not that thou goest hence to drink
 A purer air, and gather from the breath
 Of balmy spring new succour, to recruit
 Thy wanning health, and aid thee to sustain,
 With more than manly fortitude, thy own
 And my afflictive trials! Not that here,
 Amidst the glories of this genial day,
 Immur'd, thro' iron bars I peep at Heaven,
 With dim, lack lustre eye!—Oh, 'tis not this
 That drives the poison'd point of torturous thought
 Deep to my spring of life! It is not this
 That prostrate lays me weeping in the dust,
 And draws in sobs the life-blood from my heart!
 Well could I bear thy absence: well, full well;
 Tho' angel-comforts in thy converse smile,
 And make my dungeon Paradise!—Full well
 Could I sustain thro' iron bars to view
 The golden Sun, in bridegroom-majesty
 Taking benignant nature to his love,
 And decking her with bounties! Well, very well
 Could I forego the delicate delight
 Of tracing nature's germens, as they bud;
 Of viewing spring's first children, as they rise
 In innocent sweetness, or beneath the thorn
 In rural privacy; or on gay parterre
 More artful, less enchanting!—Well, very well
 Could I forego to listen,—in this house
 Of unremitted din,—and nought complain;
 To listen, as I oft have stood with thee
 Listening in fond endearment to the voice
 Of stock-dove, thro' the silence of the wood

Hoarse

Hoarse murmuring :—Well, oh could I forego
 These innocent, tho' exquisite delights,
 Still new, and to my bosom still attun'd
 In moral, mental melody !—Sweet Spring !
 Well could I bear this sad exile from Thee,
 Nor drop one tear reluctant : for my soul,
 Strong to superior feelings, soars aloft
 To eminence of misery !—Confin'd
 On this bless'd day—the Sabbath of my God !
 —Not from his House alone, not from the power
 Of joyful worship with assembling crowds *,
 But from the labours once so amply mine,
 The labours of his love. Now, laid aside,
 Cover'd my head with ignominious dust,
 My voice is stopp'd ! and, had I e'en the power,
 Strong shame, and stronger grief would to that voice
 Forbid all utterance !—Ah, thrice hapless voice,
 By Heaven's own finger all indulgent tuned
 To touch the heart, and win th' attentive soul
 To love of truth divine, how useless now,
 How dissonant, unstrung !—Like Salem' harps
 Once fraught with richest harmony of praise,
 Hung in sad silence by Euphrates' stream,
 Upon the mournful willows ! There they wept,
 Thy captive people wept, O God !—when thought
 To bitter memory recall'd the songs,
 The dulcet songs of Sion ! Oh blest songs,
 Transporting chorus of united hearts,
 In cheerful music mounting to the praise
 Of Sion's King of Glory !—Oh the joy
 Transcendant, of petitions wing'd aloft
 With fervour irresistible from throngs
 Assembled in thy earthly courts, dread King
 Of all-dependant nature !—looking up
 For all to Thee, as do the servants eyes
 Up to their fostering Master ! Joy of joys,
 Amidst such throng'd assemblies to stand forth,
 To blow the Silver Trumpet of thy Grace ;

* See Psalm lxxxiv.

The glad some year of jubilee to proclaim,
 And offer to the aching sinner's heart
 Redémption's healing mercies ! And methinks
 (—Indulge the pleasing reverie, my soul !
 The waking dream, which in oblivion sweet
 Lulls thy o'erlabour'd sense !) methinks, convey'd
 To Ham's lov'd shades,—dear favourite shades, by
 And pure religion sanctify'd,—I hear [peace
 The tuneful bells their hallow'd message sound
 To Christian hearts symphonious ! Circling time
 Once more hath happily brought round the day
 Which calls us to the Temple of our God :
 Then let us haste, in decent neatness clad,
 My cheerful little household, to his courts,
 So lov'd, so truly honour'd ! There we'll mix
 In meek, ingenuous deprecation's cry ;
 There we'll unite in full thanksgiving's choir,
 And all the rich melodiousness of praise.

I feel, I feel the rapture ! David's harp
 Concordant with a thousand voices sounds :
 Prayer mounts exulting : Man ascends the skies
 On wings of angel-fervour ! Holy writ
 Or speaks the wonders of Jehovah's power,
 Or tells, in more than mortal majesty,
 The greater wonders of his love to man !
 Proofs of that love, see where the mystic signs,
 High emblems of unutterable grace,
 Confirm to man the zeal of Heaven to save,
 And call to gratitude's best office !

—————Wife

In all thy sacred institutions, Lord,
 Thy Sabbaths with peculiar wisdom shine ;
 First and high argument, creation done,
 Of thy benign solicitude for man,
 Thy chiefest, favourite creature. Time is thine :
 How just to claim a part, who giv'st the whole !
 But oh, how gracious, to assign that part
 To man's supreme behoof, his soul's best good ;
 His mortal and his mental benefit ;
 His body's genial comfort ! Savage else,

Un-

Untaught, undisciplin'd, in snaggy pride
 He'd rov'd the wild, amidst the brutes a brute
 Ferocious; to the soft civilities
 Of cultivated life, Religion, Truth,
 A barbarous stranger. To thy Sabbaths then
 All hail, wise Legislator! 'Tis to these
 We owe at once the memory of thy works,
 Thy mighty works of nature and of grace;—
 We owe divine religion; and to these
 The decent comeliness of social life.

Revere, ye earthly magistrates, who wield
 The sword of Heaven,—the wisdom of Heaven's plan,
 And sanctify the Sabbaths of your God!
 Religion's all: With that or stands or falls
 Your country's weal! but where shall she obtain,
 —Religion, faint'd pilgrim,—shelter safe,
 Or honourable greeting;—thro' the land,
 If led by high and low, in giddy dance,
 Mad profanation on the sacred day
 Of God's appointed rest, her revel-rout
 Insulting heads, and leaves the temple void?
 —Oh, my lov'd country! oh, ye thoughtless great,
 Intoxicate with draughts, that opium-like
 For transient moments stupify the mind,
 To wake in horrors, and confusion wild!—

But soft, and know thyself! 'Tis not for thee,
 Poor destitute! thus groveling in the dust
 Of self-annihilation, to assume
 The Cenfor's office, and reprove mankind.
 Ah me,—thy day of duty is declin'd!
 Thott, rather, to the quick probe thine own wounds,
 And plead for mercy at the judgment-seat,
 Where conscience smites thee for th' offence deplor'd.

Yet not presumptuous deem it, Arbiter
 Of human thoughts, that through the long, long gloom
 Of multiply'd transgressions, I behold
 Complacent smiling on my sickening soul,
 “Delight in thy lov'd Sabbaths!” Well Thou know'st—
 For thou knowest all things,—that the cheerful sound

Of that blest day's return, for circling weeks,
 For months, for years, for more than thrice seven years,
 Was music to my heart! My feet rejoic'd
 To bear me to thy temples, haply fraught
 With Comfort's tidings; with thy gospel's truth,
 The gospel of thy peace! Oh, well Thou know'st,
 Who knowest all things, with what welcome toil,
 What pleasing assiduity I search'd
 Thy heavenly word, to learn thy heavenly will;
 That faithful I might minister its truth,
 And of the high commission nought keep back
 From the great congregation*! Well thou know'st,
 —Sole, sacred Witness of my private hours,—
 How copiously I bath'd with pleading tears,
 How earnestly in prayer consign'd to Thee
 The humble efforts of my trembling pen;
 My best, weak efforts in my Master's cause;
 Weak as the feather 'gainst the giant's shield,
 Light as the gosmer floating on the wind,
 Without thy aid omnipotent! Thou know'st
 How anxious to improve in every grace,
 That best to man's attention might commend
 Th' important message, studious I apply'd
 My feeble talents to the holy art
 Of suasive elocution; emulous
 Of every acquisition which might clothe
 In purest dignity the purest work,
 The first, the highest office man can bear,
 "The Messenger of God;" And well Thou know'st,
 —For all the work, as all the praise is Thine—
 What sweet success accompanied the toil:
 What harvests bless'd the seed-time! Well Thou
 With what triumphant gladness my rapt soul [know'st
 Wrought in the vineyard! how it thankful bore
 The noon day's heat, the evening's chilly frost,
 Exulting in its much-loved Master's cause
 To spend, and to be spent! and bring it home
 From triple labours of the well-toil'd day,

* Psalm xl. ver. 10.

A body by fatigue o'erborne ; a mind
 Replete with glad emotions to its God !
 Ah my lov'd household ! ah my little round
 Of social friends ! well do ye bear in mind
 Those pleasing evenings, when, on my return,
 Mien-wish'd return—serenity the mild,
 And cheerfulness the innocent, with me
 Enter'd the happy dwelling ! Thou, my Ernest,
 Ingenuous youth ! whose early spring bespoke
 Thy summer, as it is, with richest crops
 Luxuriant waving ; gentle youth canst thou
 Those welcome hours forget ? or thou—oh thou !
 —How shall I utter from my beating heart
 Thy name, so musical, so heavenly sweet
 Once to these ears distracted !—Stanhope, say,
 Canst thou forget those hours, when cloth'd in smiles
 Of fond respect, thou and thy friend have strove
 Whose little hands should readiest supply
 My willing wants ; officious in your zeal
 To make the Sabbath-evenings, like the day,
 A scene of sweet composure to my soul * !
 Oh happy Sabbaths !—Oh my soul's delight !
 Oh days of matchless mercy ! matchless praise !
 Gone, gone, for ever gone ! How dreadful spent,
 Useless, in tears, and groans, and bitter woe,
 In this wild place of horrors † !—Oh, return,
 Ye happy Sabbaths !—or to that lov'd realm
 Dismiss me, Father of compassions, where
 Reigns one eternal Sabbath ! Tho' my voice,
 Feeble at best, be damp'd, and cannot soar
 To strains sublime, beneath the sorrowing sense
 Of base ingratitude to thee, my God,
 My Father, Benefactor, Saviour, Friend,—
 Yet in that realm of rest, 'twill quickly catch
 Congenial harmony ! 'twill quickly rise

* Good-Friday, Easter, &c. once so peculiarly happy—yet how past here !—
 What a sad want of the spirit of reformation !

† Epithius has a reflection highly applicable to the sense of our Author :—

“ Nec inficari possum prosperitatis meæ velocissimum cursum. Sed hoc est
 quod feculentem me vehementius coquit. Nam in omni adversitate fortunæ,
 infelicissimum genus est infortunii, fuisse felicem.” De Consol. L. 2: Prof. 4.

Even from humility's weak, trembling touch ;
 Rise with the glowing seraph in the choir,
 And strive to be the loudest in thy praise.
 Too soaring thought ! that, in a moment sunk
 By sad reflection and convicting guilt,
 Falls prostrate on the earth.—So pois'd in air,
 And warbling his wild notes about the clouds,
 Almost beyond the ken of human sight ;
 Clapp'd to his side his plummy steerage, down
 Drops—instantaneous drops the silent lark !
 —How shall I mount to Heaven ? how join the choir
 Celestial of bright Seraphim ? deprest
 Beneath the burden of a thousand sins,
 On what blest dove-like wing shall I arise,
 And fly to the wish'd rest ?

—Of counsel free,
 Some to my aching heart, with kind intent,
 Offer the poisonous balsam of desert ;
 “ Bid me take comfort from the cheering view
 “ Of deeds benevolent, and active life
 “ Spent for the weal of others !” Syren-songs,
 Soon hush'd by howlings of severe reproach,
 Unfeeling, uncompassionate, and rude,
 Which o'er my body, panting on the earth,
 With wounds incurable, insulting, whirls
 Her iron scourge : accumulates each ill
 That can to man's best fame damnation add :
 Spies not one mark of white throughout my life ;
 And, groaning o'er my anguish, to despair,
 As my soul, sad resource, indignant points !

But not from you,—ah cruel, callous foes,
 Thus to exult, and press a fallen man !
 Nor even from you, tho' kind, mistaken friends,
 Admit we counsel here. Too deep the stake,
 Too awful the enquiry—how the soul
 May smile at death, and meet its God in peace—
 To rest the answer on uncertain man !
 Alike above your friendship, or you hate
 Here, here I tow'r triumphant, and behold,

At once confirm'd security and joy,
 Beyond the reach of mortal hand to shake,
 Or for a moment cloud.—Hail, bleeding Love!
 In thy humiliation deep and dread,
 Divine Philanthropist, my ransom'd soul
 Beholds its triumph, and avows its cure!
 Its perfect, free salvation, knows or feels
 No merit, no dependence, but thy faith,
 Thy hope and love consummate! All abjures;
 Casts' all,—each care, each burden, at the foot
 Of thy victorious cross; its heart and life
 One wish, one word uniting—ever may
 That wish and word in me, blest Lord, unite!—
 “Oh, ever may in me Thy will be done!”

Firm and unshaken, as old Sion's Hill,
 Remains this sure foundation: who on Christ,
 The Corner-Stone, build faithful, build secure,
 Eternity is theirs. Then talk no more,
 Ye airy, vague, fantastic reasoners,
 Of the light stubble, crackling in the fire
 Of God's investigation; of the chaff
 Dispers'd, and floating 'fore the slightest wind,—
 The chaff of human merit! gracious God!
 What pride, what contradiction in the term!
 Shall man, vain man, drest in little power
 Deriv'd from Nature's Author; and that power
 Holding, an humble tenant, at the will
 Of him who freely gave it; His high will,
 The dread Supreme Disposer, shall poor man,
 A beggar indigent and vile,—enrich'd
 With every precious faculty of soul,
 Of reason, intellect; with every gift
 Of animal life luxuriant—from the store
 Of unexhausted bounty; shall he turn
 That bounty to abuse? lavish defy
 The Giver with his gifts,—a rebel base;
 And yet, presumptuous, arrogant, deceiv'd,
 Assume a pride for actions not his own,
 Or boast of merit, when his all's for God,

And

And he that all has squander'd ! Purest saints,
 Brightest archangels, in the choir of heaven,
 Fulfilling all complete his holy will,
 Who plac'd them high in glory as they stand ;
 Fulfil but duty ! nay, as owing more
 From love's supreme distinction, readier veil
 Their radiant faces with their golden plumes ;
 And fall more humbled 'fore the throne they hymn
 With gratitude superior. Could bold pride
 One moment whisper to their lucid souls
 Desert's intolerable folly,—down
 Like Lucifer, the Morning-star, they'd fall
 From their bright state obscur'd ! Then, proud, poor
 Conceived in sins, offending from thy youth, [worm,
 In every point transgressor of the law
 Of righteousness ; of merit towards God
 Dream, if thou can'st : or, madman if thou art,
 Stand on that plea for heav'n,—and be undone !

Blest be thy tender mercy, God of Grace !
 That 'midst the terrors of this trying hour,
 When in this midnight, lonely, prison-gloom,
 My inmost soul hangs naked to thy view ;
 When undissembled in the search, I fain
 Would know, explore, and balance every thought
 (For oh, I see Eternity's dread gates
 Expand before me, soon perhaps to close !)—
 Blest be thy mercy, that, subdued to thee,
 Each lofty vain imagination bows ;
 Each high idea humbled in the dust,
 Of self-sufficient righteousness my soul
 Disclaims, abhors, with reprobation full
 The slightest apprehension !—Worthless, Lord,
 Even of the meanest crumb beneath thy board.

Blest be thy mercy, that, so far from due,
 I own thy bounties, manifold and rich,
 Upon my soul have laid a debt so deep,
 That I can never pay !—And oh ! I feel
 Compunction inexpressible, to think
 How I have us'd those bounties ! sackcloth-clad,

And

And cover'd o'er with ashes, I deplore
 My utter worthlessness ; and trembling, own,
 Thy wrath and just displeasure well might sink
 In deeper floods than these, that o'er my head
 Roar horrible, in fiery floods of woe,
 That know nor end nor respite ! but my God,
 Blest be thy mercy ever ! Thou'st not left
 My soul to Desperation's dark dismay !
 On Calvary's Hill my mourning eye discerns,
 With faith's clear view, that Spectacle which wipes
 Each tear away, and bids the heart exult !
 There hangs the Love of God ! There hangs of man
 The Ransom ! there the Merit ; there the Cure
 Of human griefs—The Way, the Truth, the Life !

Oh Thou, for sin burnt-sacrifice complete !
 Oh Thou of holy life th' exemplar bright !
 Perfection's lucid mirrour ! while to Thee
 Repentance scarce dare lift her flowing eyes,
 Though in his strong arms manly Faith supports
 The self-convicted mourner !—Let not love,
 Source of thy matchless mercies, aught delay,
 Like Mary, with Humility's meek hand
 Her precious box of costly Nard to pour
 On thy dear feet : diffusing through the house
 The odour of her unguents ! Let not Love,
 Looking with Gratitude's full eye to Thee,
 Cease with the hallow'd fragrance of her works
 To cheer thy lowliest members ; to refresh
 Thee in thy saints afflicted ! Let not Love
 Cease with each spiritual grace, each temper mild,
 Fruits of the Holy Spirit,—to enrich,
 To fill, perfume, and sanctify the soul,
 Assimilate to Thee, sweet Jesu ! Thee
 That soul's immortal habitant. How blest,
 How beyond value rich the privilege,
 To welcome such a guest ; how doubly blest
 With such a signature,—the royal stamp
 Of thy resemblance, Prince of Righteousness
 Of Mercy, Peace, and Truth ! Oh more and more
 Transform

Transform me to that image! More and more
 Thou New Creation's Author, form complete
 In me the birth divine; the heavenly mind,
 The love consummate,—all-performing love,
 Which dwelt in Thee, its Pattern and its Source;
 And is to man, happy regenerate man,
 Heaven's surest foretaste, and its earnest too.

The thought delights and cheers, though not elates:
 Through pensive Meditation's sable gloom
 It darts a ray of soft, well-temper'd light,
 A kind of lunar radiance on my soul,
 Gentle, not dazzling! Thou, who knowest all,
 Know'st well, thrice gracious Master! that my heart
 Attun'd to thy dear love, how'er seduc'd
 By worldly adulation from its vows,
 And for a few contemptible, contemn'd
 Unhappy moments faithless; well thou know'st
 That heart ne'er knew true peace but in thy love:
 That heart hath in thy love known thorough peace!
 Hath frequent panted for that love's full growth;
 And sought occasions to display its warmth
 By deeds of kindness, mild humanity,
 And pitying mercy to its fellow-men!

And thou hast blest me! and I will rejoice
 That thou hast blest me! thou hast giv'n my soul
 The Luxury of Luxuries, to wipe
 The tear from many an eye; to stop the groan
 At many an aching heart. And Thou wilt wipe
 The tears from mine, and Thou the groan repress:
 And Thou—for oh, this beating heart is thine,
 Fram'd by thy Hand to pity's quickest touch,—
 Thou wilt forgive the sinner; and bestow
 Mercy, sweet mercy! which, inspir'd by Thee,
 He never had the power, and ne'er the will,
 To hold from others, where he could bestow!

Shall he not then rest happily secure
 Of mercy, thrice blest mercy from mankind?
 Where rests it?—Resignation's meek-eyed power
 Sustain me still; Composure still be mine:

Where

Where rests it?—Oh mysterious Providence!
 Silence the wild idea:—I have found
 No mercy yet; no mild humanity:
 With cruel unrelenting rigour torn,
 And, lost in prison, wild to all below:
 So from his daily toil returning late
 O'er Grison's rugged mountains, clad in snow,
 The peasant with astonish'd eyes beholds
 A gaunt wolf, from the pine-grove howling rush!
 Chill horror stiffens him, alike to fly
 Unable, to resist: the monster feeds
 Blood-happy, growling, on his quivering heart!
 Meanwhile light blazes in his lonely cot
 The crackling hearth; his careful wife prepares
 Her humble cates; and thro' the lattic'd light
 His little ones, expecting his return,
 Peep, anxious! Ah, poor victim, he nor hearth
 Bright blazing, nor the housewife's humble cates,
 Nor much-lov'd children henceforth more shall see!
 But soft: 'Tis calm reflection's midnight hour;
 'Tis the soul's solemn inquest. Broods a thought
 Repentful in thy bosom? Art thou yet,
 Penitent pilgrim, on earth's utmost bourn,
 And candidate for Heaven,—art thou yet
 In love imperfect? and has malice place,
 With dark revenge, and unforgiving hate,
 Hell's blackest offspring?—Glory to my God!
 With triumph let me sing, and close my strain.
 Abhorrent ever from my earliest youth
 Of these detested passions, in this hour,
 This trying hour of keen oppressive grief,
 My soul superior rises; nor of these
 Malevolent, a touch, the slightest touch
 Feels, or shall ever harbour! Tho' it feels
 In all their amplitude, with all their weight,
 Ungentlest treatment, and a load of woe,
 Heavy as that which fabling poets lay
 On proud Enceladus! Tho' life be drawn
 By Cruelty's fierce hand down to the lees,

Yet

Yet can my heart, with all the truth of prayer,
 With all the fervour of sincere desire,
 Looking at Thee, thou love of God and man!—
 Yet can my heart in life or death implore,
 “ Father, forgive them, as Thou pitiest me!”

Oh where’s the wonder, when thy cross is seen!
 Oh, where’s the wonder, when thy voice is heard;
 Harmonious intercession! Son of God.
 Oh, where’s the wonder—or the merit where,
 Or what’s the task to love-attuned souls—
 Poor fellow-creatures pitying, to implore
 Forgiveness for them? Oh forgive my foes!
 Best friends, perchance, for they may bring to Thee!
 —Complete forgiveness on them, God of grace;
 Complete forgiveness, in the dreadful hour,
 When most they need forgiveness! And oh such
 As, in that dreadful hour, my poor heart wants,
 And trusts, great Father, to receive from Thee,
 Such full forgiveness grant,—and my glad soul
 Shall fold them then, my brethren, in thy house!

Thus do I sooth, and while away with song
 My lonely hours, in drear confinement past,
 Like thee, oh gallant Raleigh!—or like thee,
 My hapless ancestor, fam’d Overbury!—
 But Oh, in this how different is our fate!
 Thou, to a vengeful woman’s subtle wiles
 A hapless victim fall’st; while my deep gloom,
 Brighten’d by female virtue and the light
 Of conjugal affection—leads me oft,
 Like the poor prison’d linnet, to forget
 Freedom, and tuneful friends, and ruffet health,
 Vocal with native melody; to swell
 The feeble throat and chaunt the lowly strain;
 As in the season, when from spray to spray
 Flew liberty on light elastic wing,
 She flies no more:—Be mute, my plaintive lyre!

March 15, 1777.

END OF THE SECOND WEEK.

WEEK

WEEK THE THIRD.

Public Punishment.—March 18, 1777.

VAIN are thy generous efforts, worthy Bull*,
 Thy kind compassion's vain! The hour is come:
 Stern fate demands compliance: I must pass
 Thro' various deaths, keen torturing, to arrive
 At that my heart so fervently implores;
 Yet fruitless. Ah! why hides he his fell front
 From woe, from wretchedness, that with glad smiles
 Would welcome his approach; and tyrant-like,
 Delights to dash the jocund roseate cup
 From the full hand of gaudy luxury
 And unsuspecting ease—Far worse than death
 That prison's entrance, whose idea chills
 With freezing horror all my curdling blood;
 Whose very name, stamping with infamy,
 Makes my soul frightened start, in phrenzy whirl'd,
 And verging near to madness! See, they ope
 Their iron jaws! See the vast gates expand,
 Gate after gate—and in an instant twang,
 Clos'd by their growling keepers:—When again,
 Mysterious powers!—oh when to ope on me?
 Mercy, sweet Heaven, support my faltering steps,
 Support my sickning heart! My full eyes swim:
 O'er all my frame distils a cold damp sweat.
 Hark—what a rattling din; On every side
 The congregated chains clank frightful: Throngs
 Tumultuous press around, to view, to gaze
 Upon the wretched stranger; scarce believ'd
 Other than visitor within such walls,
 With mercy and with freedom in his hands.
 Alas, how chang'd!—Sons of confinement, see
 No pitying deliverer, but a wretch
 O'erwhelm'd with misery, more hapless far
 Than the most hapless 'mongst ye; loaded hard
 With guilt's oppressive irons! His are chains

* Frederick Bull Esq. Alderman of London; to whose kindness and humanity the Author has expressed the highest obligations.

No time can loosen, and no hand unbind :
 Fetters which gore the soul. Oh horror, horror !
 Ye massive bolts, give way : ye sullen doors,
 Ah, open quick, and from this clamorous rout,
 Close in my dismal, lone, allotted room
 Shroud me ;—for ever shroud from human sight,
 And make it, if 'tis possible, my grave !

How truly welcome, then ! Then would I greet
 With hallow'd joy the drear, but blest abode ;
 And deem it far the happiest I have known
 The best I e'er inhabited. But, alas !
 There's no such mercy for me. I must run
 Misery's extremest round ; and this must be
 A while my living grave ; the doleful tomb,
 Sad sounding with my unremitted groans,
 And moisten'd with the bitterness of tears !

Ah, mournful dwelling ! destin'd ne'er to see
 The human face divine in placid smiles,
 And innocent gladness cloth'd : destin'd to hear
 No sound of genial, heart-reviving joy !
 The sons of sorrows only are thy guests,
 And thine the only music of their sighs,
 Thick sobbing from the tempest of their breasts !
 Ah, mournful dwelling ! never hast thou seen,
 Amidst the numerous wretched ones immur'd
 Within thy stone-girt compass, wretch so sunk,
 So lost, so ruin'd, as the man who falls
 Thus, in deep anguish, on the ruthless floor,
 And bathes it with the torrent of his tears !

And can it be ? or is it all a dream ?
 A vapour of the mind ?—I scarce believe
 Myself awake or acting. Sudden thus
 Am I—so compass'd round with comforts late.
 Health, freedom, peace, torn, torn from all, and lost !
 A prisoner in—Impossible !—I sleep :
 'Tis fancy's coinage ; 'tis a dream's delusion.

Vain dream ! vain fancy ! Quickly am I rous'd
 To all the dire reality's distress :
 I tremble, start, and feel myself awake,
 Dreadfully by awake to all my woes ? and roll From

From wave to wave on Sorrow's ocean tost!

Oh for a moment's pause,—a moment's rest,
To calm my hurried spirits! to recall
Reflection's staggering pilot to the helm,
And still the maddening whirlwind in my soul!
—It cannot be! The din increases round:
Rough voices rage discordant; dreadful shrieks!
Hoarse imprecations dare the thunderer's ire,
And call down swift damnation! thousand chains
In dismal notes clink, mirthful! Roaring bursts
Of loud obstreperous laughter, and strange choirs
Of gutturals, dissonant and rueful, vex
E'en the dull ear of Midnight! Neither rest,
Nor peaceful calm, nor silence of the mind,
Refreshment sweet, nor interval or pause
From morn to eve, from eve to morn is found
Amidst the surges of this troubled sea*!

So, from the Lemane Lake th' impetuous Rhone
His blue waves pushes rapid, and bears down
(Furiate to meet Saone's pellucid stream,
With roar tremendous, thro' the craggy streights
Of Alpine rocks) his freight of waters wild:
Still rushing in perturbed eddies on;
And still, from hour to hour, from age to age,
In conflux vast and unremitting, pours
His boisterous flood to old Lugdunim's wall!

Oh my rack'd brain—oh my distracted heart!
The tumult thickens: wild disorder grows
More painfully confus'd!—And can it be?
Is this the mansion—this the house ordain'd
For recollection's solemn purpose;—this
The place from whence full many a flitting soul
(The work of deep repentance—mighty work,
Still, still to be perform'd) must mount to God,
And give its dread account! Is this the place

*It is but a just tribute to Mr. Akerman the keeper of this dismal place, to observe that all the evils here enumerated are the immediate consequences of promiscuous confinement, and no way chargeable to Mr. A's account. It is from the strictest observation, I am persuaded, that no man could do more in the present circumstances. His attention is great, and his kindness and humanity to those in sickness or affliction, peculiarly pleasing. I can bear testimony to many signal instances, which I have remarked since my sad confinement.

Ordain'd by justice, to confine a while
 The foe to civil order, and return
 Reform'd and moraliz'd to social life!
 This den of drear confusion, wild uproar,
 Of mingled riot and unblushing vice!
 This school of infamy! from whence, improv'd
 In every hardy villany, returns
 More harden'd, more a foe to God and man,
 The miscreant, nurs'd in its infectious lap;
 All cover'd with its pestilential spots,
 And breathing death and poison whereso'er
 He stalks contagious! from the lion's den
 A lion more ferocious as confin'd!

Britons, while sailing in the golden barge
 Of giddy dissipation, on the stream,
 Smooth silver stream of gorgeous luxury,
 Boast gaily—and for ages may they boast,
 And truly! for through ages we may trust
 'Twill interpose between our crimes and God,
 And turn away his just avenging scourge—
 “The national Humanity!” Hither then,
 Ye sons of pity, and ye sons of thought!—
 Whether by public zeal and patriot love,
 Or by Compassion's gentle stirrings wrought,
 Oh hither come, and find sufficient scope
 For all the patriot's, all the christian's search!
 Some great, some salutary plan to frame,
 Turning confinement's curses into good;
 And, like the God who but rebukes to save,
 Extracting comfort from correction's stroke!

Why do we punish? Why do penal laws
 Coercive, by tremendous sanctions bind
 Offending mortals?—Justice on her throne
 Rigid on this hand to example points;
 More mild to reformation upon that:
 —She balances, and finds no ends but these.

Crowd then, along with yonder revel-rout,
 To exemplary punishment, and mark
 The language of the multitude, obscene,

Wild, blasphemous, and cruel! Tend their looks
 Of madding, drunken, thoughtless, ruthless gaze,
 Or giddy curiosity and vain!
 Their deeds still more emphatic, note; and see,
 By the sad spectacle unimpres'd, they dare
 Even in the eye of death, what to their doom
 Brought their expiring fellows! Learn we hence,
 How to example's salutary end
 Our justice sagely ministers! But one,—
 Should there be one—thrice hapless,—of a mind
 By guilt unharden'd, and above the throng
 Of desperate miscreants, thro' repeated crimes
 In stupor lull'd, and lost to every sense;—
 Ah me, the sad reverse!—should there be one
 Of generous feelings; whom remorseless fate,
 Pallid necessity, or chill distress,
 The family's urgent call, or just demand
 Of honest creditor,—(solicitudes
 To reckless, pamper'd worldlings all unknown)
 Should there be one, whose trembling, frighted hand
 Causes like these in temporary guilt,
 Abhorrent to his inmost soul, have plung'd,
 And made obnoxious to the rigid law!
 Sentenc'd to pay,—and, wearied with its weight,
 Well-pleas'd to pay with life that law's demand,
 Awful dispensers of strict justice, say,
 Would you have more than life? or, in an age,
 A country, where humanity reverts
 At torture's bare idea, would you tear
 Worse than on racking wheels a soul like this,
 And make him to the stupid crowd a gaze
 For lingering hours?—drag him along to death
 An useless spectacle; and more than flay
 Your living victim?—Death is your demand:
 Death your law's sentence: then this life is yours,
 Take the just forfeit; you can claim no more!
 Foe to thy infidelity,—and griev'd
 That he avows not, from the christian source,
 The first great christian duty, which so well,

So forcibly he paints!—Yet let me greet
 With heart-felt gratulations thy warm zeal,
 Successful in that sacred duty's cause,
 The cause of our Humanity, Voltaire!
 Torture's vile agents trembling at thy pen:
 Intolerance and Persecution gnash
 Their teeth, despairing, at the lucid rays
 Of truth all prevalent, beaming from thy page.
 The rack, the wheel, the dungeon, and the flame,
 In happier Europe useless and unknown,
 Shall soon,—oh speed the hour, Compassion's God,
 Be seen no more; or seen as prodigies
 Scarce credited, of Gothic barbarous times.

Ah, gallant France, for milder manners fam'd,
 How wrung it my sad soul, to view expos'd
 On instruments of torture—mangled limbs
 And bleeding carcases, beside thy roads,
 Thy beauteous woods and avenues! Fam'd works,
 And worthy well the grandeur of old Rome!

We too, who boast of gentler laws, reform'd
 And civiliz'd by liberty's kind hand:
 Of mercy boast, and mildest punishments:
 Yet punishments of torture exquisite
 And idle;—painful, ruinous parade!
 We too, with Europe humaniz'd, shall drop
 The barbarous severity of death,
 Example's bane, not profit;—shall abridge
 The savage base ovation; shall assign
 The wretch, whose life is forfeit to the laws,
 With all the silent dignity of woe,
 With all the mournful majesty of death,
 Retir'd and solemn, to his awful fate!
 Shall to the dreadful moment, moment still
 To souls best fitted, give distinction due;
 Teach the well-order'd sufferer to depart
 With each impression serious; nor insult
 With clamorous crowds and exultations base,
 A soul, a fellow-soul, which stands prepar'd
 On time's dread verge to take its wonderous flight

To realms of immortality! Yes, the day
 —I joy in the idea,—will arrive,
 When Britons philanthropic shall reject
 The cruel custom, to the sufferer cruel,
 Useless and baneful to the gaping crowd!
 The day will come, when life, the dearest price
 Man can pay down, sufficient forfeit deem'd
 For guilty man's transgression of the law,
 Shall be paid down, as meet for such a price,
 Respectful, sad; with reverence to a soul's
 Departure hence; with reverence to the soul's
 And body's separation, much-lov'd friends!
 Without a torture to augment its loss,
 Without an insult to molest its calm;
 To the demanded debt no fell account
 Of curious, hissing ignominy annex'd:
 Anguish, beyond the bitterest torture keen;
 Unparallel'd in realms where bigotry
 Gives to the furious sons of Dominic
 Her fable flag, and marks their way with blood.

Hail, milder sons of Athens! civiliz'd
 By arts ingenious, by the 'suasive power
 Of humanizing science; well ye thought,
 Like you may Britons think, that 'twas enough,
 The sentence pass'd, a Socrates should die!
 The sage, obedient to the law's decree,
 Took from the weeping executioner
 The draught, resign'd: amidst his sorrowing friends,
 Full of immortal hopes convers'd sublime;
 And, half in Heaven—compos'd himself, and died!

Oh envy'd fate! oh happiness supreme!
 So let me die; so, midst my weeping friends,
 Resign my life! I ask not the delay
 Ev'n of a moment. Law, thou'dst have thy due!
 Nor thou, nor justice, can have more to claim.

But equal laws, on truth and reason built,
 Look to humanity with lenient eye,
 And temper rigid justice with the claims
 Of heaven-descended mercy! to condemn

Sorrowing and slow; while studious to correct,
 Like man's all-gracious parent, with the view
 Benign and laudable, of moral good,
 And reformation perfect. Hither then,
 Ye sons of sympathy, of wisdom; friends
 To order, to compassion, to the state,
 And to your fellow-beings; hither come,
 To this wild realm of uproar! hither haste,
 And see the reformation, see the good
 Wrought by confinement in a den like this!

View, with unblushing front, undaunted heart,
 The callous harlot in the open day
 Administer her poisons, 'midst a rout
 Scarcely less bold or poison'd than herself!
 View, and with eyes that will not hold the tear
 In gentle pity gushing for such griefs,—
 View, the young wretch, as yet unfledg'd in vice,
 Just shackled here, and by the veteran throng,
 In every infamy and every crime
 Grey and insulting, quickly taught to dare,
 Harden'd like them in guilt's opprobrious school;
 Each bashful sentiment, incipient grace,
 Each yet remorseless thought of right and wrong
 Murder'd and buried in his darken'd heart!—
 Hear how those veterans clank,—ev'n jovial clank
 —Such is obduracy and vice,—their chains *!
 Hear, how with curses hoarse and vauntings bold,
 Each spirits up, encourages and dares
 His desperate fellow to more desperate proofs
 Of future hardy enterprize; to plans
 Of death and ruin! Not exulting more
 Heroes or chiefs for noble acts renown'd,
 Holding high converse, mutually relate
 Gallant achievements worthy, than the sons
 Of plunder and of rapine here recount

* This circumstance is slightly mentioned before; and alludes to a fact equally singular and disgusting. The rattling of their fetters is frequently and in a wanton manner, practised amongst some of the worst offenders; as if an amusement, or to shew their insensibility to shame. How shocking to see human nature thus in ruins! Here it is emphatically so, worse than in bedlam as Madness with reason is more dreadful than without it!

On peaceful life their devastations wild ;
 Their dangers, hair-breadth 'scapes, atrocious feats,
 Confederate, and confederating still
 In schemes of deathful horror!—Who, surpriz'd,
 Can such effects contemplate, upon minds
 Estrang'd to good ; fermenting on the lees
 Of pregnant ill ; associate and combin'd
 In intercourse infernal, restless, dire ;
 And goading constant each to other's thoughts
 To deeds of desperation from the tale
 Of vaunted infamy oft told : sad fruit
 Of the mind's vacancy!—And to that mind
 Employment none is offer'd : not an hour
 To secret recollection is assign'd ;
 No seasonable sound instruction brought,
 Food for their thoughts, self-gnawing. Not the day
 To rest and duty dedicate, finds here
 Or rest or duty ; revel'd off, unmark'd ;
 Or like the others undistinguish'd, save
 By riot's roar, and self-consuming sloth !
 For useful occupation none is found,
 Benevolent t' employ their listless hands,
 With indolence fatigued ! Thus every day
 Anew they gather guilt's corrosive rust ;
 Each wretched day accumulates fresh ills ;
 And horribly advanc'd, flagitious grown
 From faulty, they go forth, tenfold of Hell
 More the devoted children : to the state
 Tenfold more dangerous and envenom'd foes
 Then first they enter'd this improving school !
 So, cag'd and scanty fed, or taught to rage
 By taunting insults, more ferocious burst
 On man the tyger or hyæna race
 From fell confinement ; and, with hunger urg'd,
 Gnash their dire fangs, and drench themselves in blood.
 But, should the felon fierce, th' abandon'd train
 Whose inroads on the human peace forbid,
 Almost forbid Compassion's mild regard ;
 (Yet, ah ! what man with fellow-men can fall

So low, as not to claim soft pity's care!)
 Should these aught justify the rigid voice,
 Which to severe confinement's durance dooms
 Infallible the body and the soul
 To bitterest, surest ruin, shall we not
 With generous indignation execrate
 The cruel indiscriminating law,
 Which turns misfortune into guilt and curse,
 And with the felon harden'd in his crimes
 Ranks the poor hapless debtor?—Debt's not guilt:
 Alas! the worthiest may incur the stroke
 Of worldly infelicity! What man,
 How high so'er he builds his earthly nest,
 Can claim security from fortune's change,
 Or boast him of to morrow! Of the east
 Greatest and chief, lo! humbled in the dust,
 Sits Job the sport of misery! Wealthiest late
 Of all blest Araby's most wealthy sons,
 He wants a potsherd now to scrape his wounds;
 He wants a bed to strowd his tortur'd limbs,
 And only finds a dunghill! Creditor,
 Wouldst thou add sorrows to this sorrowing man?
 Tear him from ev'n his dunghill, and confine
 'Midst recreant felons in a British jail!—
 Oh British inhumanity! Ye climes,
 Ye foreign climes—Be not the truth proclaim'd
 Within your streets, nor be it heard or told;
 Lest ye retort the cruelty we urge,
 And scorn the boasted mildness of our laws!
 Blest be the hour,—amidst my depth of woe,
 Amidst this perturbation of my soul,
 God of my life, I can, I will exult!—
 Blest be the hour, that to my humble thought
 Thy spirit, sacred source of every good,
 Brought the sublime idea, to expand
 By charity, the angels grace divine,
 The rude, relentless, iron prison-gates,
 And give the pining debtor to the world,
 His weeping family; and humble home!

Blest

Blest be the hour, when, heedful to my voice
 Bearing the prisoners sad sighs to their ears,
 Thousands, with soft commiseration touch'd,
 Delighted to go forth, and visit glad
 Those prisoners in their woe, and set them free!
 God of the merciful! Thou hast announc'd
 On mercy, thy first, dearest attribute,
 Chosen beatitude. Oh pour the dew,
 The fostering dew of mercy on thy gifts,
 Their rich donations grateful! May the prayers
 Of those enfranchis'd by their bounteous zeal
 Arise propitious for them! and, when hears'd
 In death's cold arms this hapless frame shall lie,
 —The generous tear, perchance, not quite withheld;—
 When friendly memory to reflection brings
 My humble efforts and my mournful fate;
 On stable basis founded, may the work
 Diffuse its good through ages! nor withhold
 Its rescuing influence, till the hour arrives
 When wants, and debts, and sickness are no more,
 And universal freedom blesteth all!

But, till that hour, on reformation's plan,
 Ye generous sons of sympathy, intent,
 Boldly stand forth. The cause may well demand,
 And justify full well your noblest zeal.
 Religion, policy, your country's good,
 And christian pity for the souls of men,
 To prisons call you; call to cleanse away
 The filth of these foul dens; to purge from guilt,
 And turn them to morality's fair school.

Nor deem impossible the great attempt,
 Augæan tho' it seem; yet not beyond
 The strength of those that, like Alcides, aim
 High to be rank'd amidst the godlike few,
 Who shine eternal on fame's amplest roll:
 Honour'd with titles, far beyond the first
 Which proudest monarchs of the globe can give;
 "Saviours and benefactors of mankind!"

Hail, generous Hanway? To thy noble plan,

Sage

Sage sympathetic,* let the muse subscribe,
 Rejoicing! In the kind pursuit, good luck
 She wisheth thee, and honour. Could her strain
 Embellish aught, or aught assist thy toils
 Benevolent, 'twould cheer her lonely hours,
 And make the dungeon smile. But toils like thine
 Need no embellishment; need not the aid
 Of muse or feeble verse. Reason approv'd
 And charity-sustain'd, firm will they stand,
 Under his sanction, who on mercy's works
 E'er looks complacent; and his sons on earth,
 His chosen sons, with angel-zeal inspires
 To plan and to support. And thine well plann'd,
 Shall be supported: Pity for thy brow,
 With policy the sage, shall shortly twine
 The garland, worthier far than that of oak,
 So fam'd in ancient Rome—the meed of him
 Who sav'd a single citizen. More blest'd
 Religion mild, with gentle mercy join'd,
 Shall hail thee—for the citizens, the souls
 Innumerable restor'd to God, the state,
 Themselves, and social life, by solitude;
 Devotion's parent, Recollection's nurse,
 Source of repentance true; of the mind's wounds
 The deepest prober, but the safest cure†!

Hail, sacred solitude! These are thy works,
 True source of good supreme! Thy blest effects
 Already on my mind's delighted eye
 Open beneficent. E'en now I view
 The revel-rout dispers'd; each to his cell
 Admitted, silent! The obstreperous cries
 Worse than infernal yells; the clank of chains—
 Opprobrious chains, to man severe disgrace,
 Hush'd in calm order, vex the ears no more!
 While in their stead, reflection's deep-drawn sighs,
 And prayers of humble penitence are heard,
 To heaven well pleasing, in soft whispers round!

* See Mr. Hawley's pamphlet entitled, "Solitude in Imprisonment."

† Vide Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, part ii. p. 42.

No more, 'midst wanton idleness, the hours
 Drag wearisome and slow: kind industry
 Gives wings and weight to every moment's speed;
 Each minute marking with a golden thread
 Of moral profit. Harden'd vice no more
 Communicates its poison to the souls
 Of young associates, nor diffuses wide
 A pestilential taint. Still thought prevades
 The inmost heart: instruction aids the thought;
 And blest religion with life giving ray
 Shines on the mind sequester'd in its gloom;
 Disclosing glad the golden gates, thro' which
 Repentance, led by faith, may tread the courts
 Of peace and reformation! Cheer'd and chang'd,
 —His happy days of quarantine perform'd—
 Lo, from his solitude the captive comes
 New-born, and opes once more his grateful eyes
 On day, on life, on man, a fellow man!

Hail sacred solitude! from thee alone
 Flow these high blessings. Nor be't deem'd severe,
 Such sequestration; destin'd to retrieve
 The mental lapse; and to its powers restore
 The Heaven-born soul, encrusted with foul guilt:
 'Tis tenderest mercy, 'tis humanity
 Yearning with kindest softness: while her arm
 From ruin plucks, effectuates their release,
 And gives a ransom'd man to earth—to Heaven!

To the sick patient, struggling in the jaws,
 Of obstinate disease, e'er knew we yet
 Grateful and pleasing from physician's hand
 The rough but salutary draught!—For that
 Do we withhold the draught? and, falsely kind,
 Hang sighing o'er our friend,—allow'd to toss
 On the hot fever'd bed, rave on and die,
 Unmedicin'd unreliev'd?—But sages, say,
 Where is the medicine? Who will prescribe a cure,
 Or adequate to this corroding ill,
 Or in its operation milder found?

See, on old Thames's waves indignant ride,

In fullen terror, yonder fable bark,
 By state-physicians lately launch'd, and hight
 Justitia*! Dove-eyed Pity, if thou canst
 That bark ascend with me, and let us learn
 How, temper'd with her sifter Mercy, there
 Reigns justice? and, effective to the ill
 Inveterate grown, her lenient aid supplies.

And rolls this bark on Thames's generous flood—
 Flood that wafts freedom, wafts the high-born sons
 Of gallant liberty to every land?
 See the chain'd Britons, fetter'd man by man!
 See in the stifled hold—excluded whence
 Man's common blessing, air ne'er freely breathes—
 They mingle, crowded!—To our pamper'd steeds
 Inferior now in lodging! Tainted food
 And poison'd fumes their life-springs stagnate rank,
 They reel aloft for breath: their tottering limbs
 Bend weak beneath the burden of a frame
 Corrupted burning; with blue feverous spots
 Contagious; and, unequal to the toil,
 Urg'd by task-masters vehement, severe,
 On the chill land-bank!—by despair and pain
 Worn down and wearied, some their being curse,
 And die, devoting to destruction's rage
 Society's whole race detested! Some,
 More mild, gasp out in agonies of soul
 Their loath'd existence; which nor physic's aid,
 Nor sweet religion's interpoling smile,
 Soothes with one ray of comfort! Gracious God!
 And this is mercy!—Thus, from sentenc'd death
 Britons in pity respite, to restore
 And moralize mankind! Correction this,
 Just Heaven, design'd for reformation's end!
 Ye slaves, that bred in tyranny's domains
 Toil at the galleys, how supremely blest,
 How exquisite your lot (so much deplor'd

* The Author seems chiefly to have formed his idea of the mode of treating convicts on the Thames from a late pamphlet published by Dr. Smith: But we are informed that the evils here complained of have been already, in a great measure, and we trust will soon be wholly, removed.

By

By haughty sons of freedom) to the fate
 Experienc'd hourly by her free-born sons,
 In our Britannia's vaunted residence * ;
 Sole, chosen residence of faith refin'd,
 And genuine liberty! Ye senators,
 Ye venerable sages of the law,
 In just resentment for your country's fame,
 Wipe off this contradictory reproach
 To manners, and to policy like yours!
 Correct, but to amend: 'Tis God's own plan.
 Correct, but to reform; then give to men
 The means of reformation! Then, restor'd
 To recollection, to himself, to God,
 The criminal will bless your saving hand;
 And, brought to reason, to religion brought,
 Will own that solitude, as solely apt
 For work so solemn, has that work atchiev'd,
 Miraculous, and perfect of his cure.

Ah me!—to sentiments like these estrang'd,
 Estrang'd, as ignorant,—and never pent
 Till this sad chance within a prison's wall,
 With what deep force, experienc'd, can I urge
 The truths momentous! How their power I feel
 In this my solitude, in this loan hour,
 This melancholy midnight hour of thought,
 Encircled with th' unhappy! firmly clos'd
 Each barricaded door, and left, just God,
 Oh blessing—left to pensiveness and Thee!

To me how high a blessing! Nor contains
 Seclusion aught of punishment: to mix
 With wretches here were punishment indeed!
 How dread a punishment!—In life's best days,
 Of all most chosen, valued and belov'd,
 Was soft retirement's season. From youth's dawn
 To solitude inur'd, "ne'er less alone

* There is a thought in Lucan to the same purpose, elegantly expressed:

"Felices Arabes, Medique, Eoaque Tellus,

"Quam sub perpetuis tenuerunt fata tyrannis.

"Ex populis, qui regna ferunt, Sors ultima nostra est,

"Quos servire pudet."

Pharsal. Lib. 7.

"Than when alone," with him so truly fam'd
 In wisdom's school, my heart could ever beat
 Glad unison. To meditation's charms,
 Pleas'd votary, how have pass'd my sweetest hours
 In her secrete and calm society!
 Still Meditation, Solitude's fair child,
 Man's dearest friend,—O happy be the time
 That introduc'd me to the hallow'd train;
 That taught me, thro' thy genial lessons sage,
 My best, my truest dignity to place
 In thought, reflection deep, and studious search,
 Divinest recreations of the mind!
 Oh happy be the day which gave that mind
 Learning's first tincture—blest thy fostering care,
 Thou most belov'd of parents, worthiest sire!
 Which, taste-inspiring, made the letter'd page
 My favourite companion: most esteem'd,
 And most improving! Almost from the day
 Of earliest childhood to the present hour
 Of gloomy, black misfortune, books, dear books,
 Have been, and are, my comforts. Morn and night,
 Adversity, prosperity, at home,
 Abroad, health, sickness,—good or ill report,
 The same firm friends; the same refreshment rich,
 And source of consolation! Nay, e'en here
 Their magic power they lose not; still the same,
 Of matchless influence in this prison-house,
 Unutterably horrid; in an hour
 Of woe, beyond all fancy's fictions drear.

Drear hour!—What is it?—Lost in poignant thought,
 Lost in the retrospection manifold
 Of thee, loved study,—and of thee, my sire,
 Who to the fountain fair of Science led
 My infant feet,—I lose all count of time,
 I lose myself. List—'tis dread midnight's hour,
 When waking fancy (with invention wild
 By ages hallow'd) hath to spirits assign'd
 —Spirits of dear departed friends—to walk
 The silent gloom, and bring us from the dead

Tales harrowing up the soul aghast!—And, hark!
 Solemn and slow the iron tongue of night
 Reiounds alarming!—My o'er-harrais'd soul,
 Confus'd, is lost in sorrows: down mine eyes
 Stream the full tears, distress is all alive,
 And quick imagination's pulse beats high!

“ Dear father, is it thou?” Methought his ghost
 Glided in silence by me! Not a word,—
 While mournfully he shakes his dear pale face!
 O stay, thou much-lov'd parent! stay, and give
 One word of consolation; if allow'd
 To son, like whom no son hath ever lov'd,
 None ever suffer'd! See, it comes again:
 August it flits across th' astonish'd room!
 I know thee well, thy beauteous image know:
 Dear spirit stay, and take me to the world
 Where thou art. And where thou art, oh my father,
 I must, I must be happy.—Every day
 Thou know'st, remembrance hath embalm'd thy love,
 And wish'd thy presence. Malancholy thought,
 At last to meet thee in a place like this!
 Oh stay, and waft me instant—But, 'tis gone,
 The dear delusion! He nor hears my words,
 My filial anxiety, nor regards
 My pleading tears. 'Twas but a coinage vain
 Of the distemper'd fancy! Gone, 'tis gone,
 And here I'm left a trembling wretch, to weep
 Unheard, unpitied left, to weep alone!

Nor thou, Maria, with me! Oh, my wife,
 And is this bitter with the bitterest mix'd,
 That I must lose thy heavenly company,
 And consolation soothing! Yet, 'tis best:
 Thy tenderness, thy presence, doth but wound
 And stab to the keenest quick my bursting heart!
 “ I have undone thee!” Can I then sustain
 Thy killing aspect, and that tender tear
 Which secret steals a-down thy lovely face,
 Dissembling smiles to cheer me—cheer me, Heavens!
 Look on the mighty ruin I have pluck'd,

Pluck'd instant, unsuspected, in the hour
 Of peace and dear security on her head!
 And where—O where can cheerfulness be found?
 Mine must be mourning ever. Oh my wife,
 "I have undone thee!"—What th' infuriate hand
 Of foes vindictive could not have atchiev'd,
 In mercy would not, I have wrought! Thy husband!
 Thy husband, lov'd with such a steady flame,
 From youth's first hour!—Ev'n he hath on thee pluck'd,
 On thee, his soul's companion, life's best friend,
 Such desolation, as to view would draw
 From the wild savage pity's deepest groan!

Yes, yes, thou coward mimic, pamper'd vice,
 High praise be sure is thine. Thou hast obtain'd
 A worthy triumph*! Thou hast pierc'd to the quick
 A weak, an amiable female heart,
 A conjugal heart most faithful, most attach'd:
 Yet can I pardon thee: for, poor buffoon,
 Thy vices must be fed; and thou must live,
 Luxurious live, a foe to God and man;
 Commission'd live, thy poison to diffuse,
 And taint the public virtue with thy crimes.
 Yes, I can pardon thee—low as thou art,
 And far too mean an object ev'n of scorn;
 For thou her merits knew'st not. Hadst thou known,
 Thou,—callous as thou art to every sense
 Of human feeling, every nobler touch
 Of generous sensibility,—even thou
 Couldst not have wanton pierc'd her gentle breast;
 But at a distance awful wouldst have stood,
 And, like thy prototype of oldest time,
 View'd her just virtues pass in triumph by,
 And own'd, how'er reluctant—

March 30, 1777.

END OF THE THIRD WEEK.

* Alluding to the character of Mrs. Simony, introduced by Mr. Foot in his play of *The Cozeners*.

WEEK

WEEK THE FOURTH.

The Trial.

DREAD'ST thou an earthly bar? Thou who so oft
 In contemplation serious hast employ'd
 Thy dearest meditations on a bar
 Tremendously decisive! who so oft
 That bar's important terrors hast display'd
 To crowds attentive; with the solemn theme
 Rapt in thought profound—And beats thy heart
 With throbs tumultuous—fail thy trembling knees,
 Now that in judgment thou must stand before
 Weak mortals, like thyself, and soon like thee,
 Shivering with guilt and apprehensions dire,
 To answer in dread judgment 'fore their God!

What gives that judgment terror? Guilt, pale guilt;
 Conscience accusing stern; the fiery law,
 The terrible hand-writing on the wall!
 But vanish these,—that mighty day's-man found,
 Who, smiling on confession's genuine tear,
 The meek repentant aspect, and the hand
 With ready, perfect retribution fraught,
 Urges complete his ransom, and sets free
 Th' immortal prisoner.—But, ah me! on earth
 Such golden mercy reigns not: here is found
 No potent day's-man; here no ransom full,
 No clement mediator. Here stern law,
 With visage all unbending, eyes alone
 The rigorous act. Confession here is guilt,
 And restitution perfect, perfect loss!
 Ah me the while, here men the judges are;
 And there, th'Omniscient mercy's source and stream!

Triumphant consolation! Firm in faith,
 And justify'd by him whose precious blood
 For man flow'd liberal, the soul secure
 Of future acceptation at that bar
 Of trial most momentous, soars above

The

The world's severest trials *, and can view
 Serene the horrors of an earthly bar,
 Though far than death more horrid. Yes, kind death,
 How preferable far thy sight to me!
 Oh that, without this tedious, dread detail
 Of awful circumstance,—this long, sad pomp
 Of ministering wretchedness, thy friendly shaft
 Had instant reach'd, and pierc'd my tortur'd heart:
 How had I blest'd the stroke, and been at peace!
 But thro' a dreary avenue of woe,
 A lengthen'd vault of black distress and shame,
 With mournful melancholy sable hung,
 Must I be led †,—or ere I can receive
 Thine icy comforts to my chill'd life's blood!
 Welcome, thrice welcome were they. But the call
 Of Heaven's dread arbiter we wait: His will
 Is rectitude consummate. 'Tis the will
 Parental of high wisdom and pure love.

* The verses subjoined were written by the King of Prussia, after a defeat, when one of his general officers had proposed to set him the example of self-destruction:

Dans ces jours, pleins d'alarmes,
 La constance et la fermeté
 Sont les boucliers et les armes
 Que j'oppose à l'adversité:
 Que le Destin me persecute,
 Qu'il prepare ou hâte ma chute,
 Le danger ne peut m'ébranler:
 Quand le vulgaire est plein de crainte,
 Que l'espérance semble éteinte,
 L'homme fort doit se signaler.

A friend having given Dr. Dodd in prison a copy of these lines, he was much pleased with them, and immediately paraphrased them as follows:

In these sad moments of severe distress,
 When dangers threaten, and when sorrows press,
 For my defence behold what arms are given—
 Firmness of soul, and confidence in Heaven!
 With these, tho' Fortune hunt me thro' the land,
 Tho' instant, utter ruin seem at hand,
 Compos'd and self-collected I remain,
 Nor start at perils, nor of ills complain.
 To mean despair the low, the servile fly,
 When Hope's bright star seems darken'd in their sky:
 Then shines the Christian, and delights to prove
 His faith unshaken, and unchang'd his love!

† *Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
 Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator!*

HOR.

Then

Then to that will submissive bend, my soul :
 And, while meek resignation to the rod
 Corrective of his justice and his love
 Obedient bows,—Oh for impartial search!
 Oh for a trial strict, to trace the cause,
 The fatal cause, whence sprung the ill deplor'd!
 And why—sad spectacle of woe—we stand
 Thus, sin and sorrow sunk, at this dread bar!

Return, blest hours—ye, peaceful days, return!
 When thro' each office of celestial love
 Ennobling piety my glad feet led
 Continual, and my head each night to rest
 Lull'd on the downy pillow of content!
 Dear were the shades, O Ham, and dear the hours
 In manly musing 'midst thy forests pass'd,
 And antique woods of sober solitude,
 Oh Epping, witness to my lonely walks
 By Heaven-directed contemplation led!
 Ye days of duty, tranquil nights, return!
 How ill exchang'd for those, which busier scenes
 To the world's follies dedicate, engross'd,
 In specious trifling; all important deem'd,
 While guilt, O Chesterfield, with seeming gold
 Of prime refinement, thro' thy fostering smile,
 And patronage auspicious!

Sought by thee,
 And singled out, unpatroniz'd, unknown;
 By thee, whose taste consummate was applause,
 Whose approbation merit; forth I came,
 And with me to the task, delighted, brought
 The upright purpose, the intention firm
 To fill the charge, to justify the choice,
 Perchance too flattering to my heart; a heart
 Frank, inexpert, unhackney'd in the world,
 And yet estrang'd to guile! But ye, more skill'd
 In that world's artful style, judges severe;
 Say, in the zenith of bright Stanhope's sun
 (Though set that sun, alas, in misty clouds!)
 Say 'midst his lustre, whom would not that choice

Have

Have flatter'd?—and still more, when urg'd, approv'd,
 And bless'd by thee, St. David's! Honour'd friend;
 Alike in wisdom's and in learning's school
 Advanc'd and sage!—Short pause, my muse, and sad
 Allow, while leaning on affection's arm
 Deep-sighing Gratitude, with tears of truth,
 Bedews the urn, the happy urn, where rest
 Mingled thy ashes, oh my friend; and hers
 Whose life bound up with thine in amity
 Indissolubly firm, felt thy last pang
 Disrupting as her own; gently sigh'd forth
 The precious boon: while sprung her faithful soul,
 Indignant without thee to rest below,
 On wings of love, to meet thee in the skies!

Blest pair! and envied! Envied and embalm'd
 In our recording memory, my wife,
 My friend, my lov'd Maria, be our lot
 Like theirs!—But soft,—ah my foreboding thoughts!
 Repress the gushing tear;—return, my song.

Plac'd thus, and shelter'd underneath a tree,
 Which seem'd like that in visions of the night
 To Babylonia's haughty prince pourtray'd,
 Whose hight reach'd Heaven, and whose verdant boughs
 Extended wide their succour and their shade,
 How did I trust, too confident! How dream
 That fortune's smiles were mine! and how deceiv'd,
 By gradual declension yield my trust,
 My humble happy trust on Thee, my God!
 How ill exchange'd for confidence in man,
 In Chesterfields, in princes!—Wider scenes,
 Alps still on Alps were open'd to my view;
 And, as the circle in the flood enlarg'd,
 Enlarg'd expences call. Fed to the full
 With flattery's light food*, and the puff'd wind

* So prayse babes the peacock's starry traine,
 And wondren at bright Argus' blazing eye;
 But who rewards him e'er the more for thy?
 Or feeds him once the fuller by a graine?—
 Like praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the skie,
 Like words been winde, and waften soon in vaine.

Of promises delusive——“ Onward still,
 “ Prefs onward,” cried the world’s alluring voice ;
 “ The time of retribution is at hand :
 “ See the ripe vintage waits thee !” Fool and blind,
 Still credulous I heard, and ftill purfued
 The airy meteor glittering thro’ the mire,
 Thro’ brake and bog, till more and more ingulph’d
 In the deceitful quag, floundering I lay.
 Nor heard was then the world’s alluring voice,
 Or promises delufive : then not feen
 The tree umbrageous, with its ample fhade :
 For me, alas, that tree had fhade no more !
 But, ftruggling in the gulph, my languid eye
 Saw only round the barren rufhy moor,
 The flat, wide dreary defart :—Till a hope,
 Drefs’d by the tempter in an angel’s form,
 Prefenting its fair hand,—imagin’d fair,
 Though foul as murkiest Hell, to drag me forth,
 Down to the centre plung’d me, dark and dire
 Of howling ruin ;—bottomlefs abyfs
 Of delolating fhame, and namelefs woe !

But, witnefs Heaven and earth, ’midft this brief ftage,
 This blafing period of my chequer’d life,
 Tho’ by the world’s gay vanities allur’d,
 I danc’d, too oft, alas, with the wild rout
 Of thoughtlefs fellow-mortals, to the found
 Of foily’s tinkling bells ; tho’ oft, too oft
 Thofe paffimes shar’d enervating, which ill
 —Howe’er by fome judg’d innocent,—become
 Religion’s fober character and garb :
 Tho’ oft, too oft, by weak compliance led,
 External feemings, and the ruinous bait
 Of fmoth politenefs, what my heart condemn’d
 Unwife it practis’d ; never without pang ;
 Tho’ too much influenc’d by the pleafing force
 Of native generofity, uncurb’d
 And unchafis’d (as reafon, duty taught)
 Prudent œconomy, in the fober fchool
 Of parfimonious lecture ; ufeul lore,

And

And of prime moment to our worldly weal ;
 —Yet witness Heaven and earth, amidst this dream,
 This transient vision, ne'er so slept my soul,
 Or sacrific'd my hands at folly's shrine,
 As to forget Religion's public toil,
 Study's improvement, or the pleading cause
 Of suffering humanity.—Gracious God,
 How wonderful a compound, mixture strange,
 Incongruous, inconsistent, is frail man !

Yes, my lov'd Charlotte, whose top-stone with joy
 My careful hands brought forth, what time expell'd
 From Ham's lost paradise, and driv'n to seek
 Another place of rest ! Yes, beauteous fane,
 To bright religion dedicate, thou well
 My happy public labours canst attest,
 Unwearied and successful in the cause,
 The glorious, honour'd cause of Him, whose love
 Bled for a human race. Thou canst attest
 The Sabbath-days delightful, when the throng
 Crowded thy hallow'd walls with eager joy,
 To hear truth evangelical ; the sound
 Of gospel comfort ! When attentive sat,
 Or at the holy altar humbly knelt,
 Persuasive, pleasing patterns—Athol's Duke,
 The polish'd Hervey, Kingston the humane,
 Aylesbury and Marchmont, Romney all-rever'd ;
 With numbers more—by splendid titles less
 Than piety distinguish'd and pure zeal.

Nor, 'midst this public duty's blest discharge,
 Pass'd idle, unimproving, unemploy'd,
 My other days ; as if the Sabbath's task
 Fulfill'd, the business of the week was done,
 Or self-allow'd. Witness, thrice holy book,
 Pure transcript of th' Eternal Will to man :
 Witness with what assiduous care I turn'd
 Daily the hallow'd page ; with what deep search
 Explored thy sacred meaning ; thro' the round
 Of learn'd expositors and grave trod flow,
 And painfully deliberating ; the while

My labours unremitting to the world
 Convey'd instruction large ;—and shall convey,
 When moulders in the grave the feeble hand,
 The head, the heart, that gave those labours * birth.

Oh happy toil, oh labours well employ'd,
 Oh sweet remembrance to my sickening soul,
 Blest volumes ! Nor tho' levell'd in the dust
 Of self-annihilation, shall my soul
 Cease to rejoice, or thy preventive grace
 Adoring laud, Fountain of every good !
 For that no letter'd poison ever stain'd
 My page, how weak soe'er ; for that my pen,
 However humble, ne'er has trac'd a line
 Of tendency immoral, whose black guilt
 It well might wish to blot with tears of blood.
 Dear to the christian shall my little works,
 —Effusions of a heart sincere, devote
 To God and duty, happily survive
 Their wretched master ; and thro' lengthen'd years
 To souls oppress'd, comfort's sweet balm impart,
 And teach the pensive mourner how to die †.

Thou too, blest Charity, whose golden key
 So liberal unlocks the prison's gate
 At the poor debtor's call ; oh, witness thou,
 To cruel taxers of my time and thought,
 All was not lost, all were not misemploy'd,
 Nor all humanity's fair rights forgot :
 Since thou, spontaneous effort of the last,
 My pity's child, and by the first matur'd,
 Amidst this flattering fatal æra rose,
 Rose into being, to perfection rose,
 Beneath my humble fostering ; and at length
 Grown into public favour, thou shalt live ;
 And endless good diffuse, when sleeps in dust
 Thy hapless founder now, by direct fate,
 Lock'd in a prison, whence thy bounty sets,
 And shall—oh comfort—long set thousands free.

* Alluding to " Commentary on the Bible," in three volumes, folio.

† Referring to " Comfort for the Afflicted," and " Reflections on Death."

Happy, thrice happy, had my active zeal,—
 Already deem'd too active chance, by some,
 Whose frozen hearts, in icy fetters bound
 Of fordid selfishness, ne'er felt the warmth,
 The genial warmth of pure benevolence,
 Love's ardent flame aspiring;—had that flame
 Kindled my glowing zeal into effect,
 And to thy counterpart* existence giv'n,
 Lov'd institution: with its guardian aid
 Protecting from the prison's ruinous doors,
 Those whom thy kindly mercy rescues thence!
 Or, had that zeal, on firm foundation fix'd
 Like thine my favourite Magdalen,—the plan,

* He intended to have established a "Charity for the Loan of Money without interest, to industrious tradesmen." Necessary papers for that end were collected from Dublin, &c. and the following address, which he wrote and inserted in the Public Ledger of the 1st January 1776, will, in some measure, explain his purpose:

To the Wealthy in the Commercial World.

I HAVE often wished most sincerely to see a charitable fund established in this great and trading city, for the beneficent purpose of "lending to honest and industrious Tradesmen small sums without interest, and on a reasonable security."

The benefits which would arise from such an establishment are too obvious to need enumeration. Almost every newspaper tends more and more to convince me of the necessity of such a plan; for in almost every newspaper we read Advertisements from Tradesmen, soliciting little sums in their distress; and offering—poor unhappy men! even premiums for those little sums.

It is not possible but that persons occupied in trade and commerce must feel for the difficulties of their brethren, and be ready to promote the undertaking I would wish to recommend, although on no interested motives;—for I am no tradesman, nor can any way be benefitted by the plan. Pure good-will, and a compassionate respect to the hardships and distresses of my fellow creatures actuate my heart: And from these motives, I shall be happy to proceed upon, and prosecute this plan, with all the efforts and assiduity I am able, if it shall be approved by the benevolent, and they will testify that approbation, and desire of concurrence, by a line directed to D. at Anderton's Coffee house, Fleet-street. In consequence of which, should a probability of success appear, a meeting shall speedily be advertised in the papers, and all measures pursued to put the good design into immediate execution, which on such a meeting may be judged adviseable. It may be proper just to observe, that in many cities abroad, at Rome in particular, there are institutions of this sort: and there has been one established for many years at Dublin, which is found productive of the happiest consequences.

It is made in Scripture one characteristic of the good man "that he is merciful and lendeth," and a very small sum thus given to a permanent establishment may enable a man to lend for perpetuity!

How can we better begin the new year, my worthy and humane countrymen, than by entering on a work, which may draw down upon us God's blessing, by our charitable relief to many sons and daughters of honest and laborious industry?—

HUMANITY.

Preservative

Prefervative of tender female fame *,
 Fair innocence and virtue, from those ills
 Destructive, complicate, which only find
 Relief beneath thy hospitable roof,
 How had I died exulting!—But, oh raise,
 Inspire some godlike spirit, some great soul,
 Father of mercies, of all love, all good
 Author and finisher;—these, and every work
 Beneficent, with courage to pursue,
 With wisdom to complete!—Oh crown his zeal;
 While forrowing human nature, by his hand
 Cherish'd and sooth'd, to latest times shall tell,
 And bless with tears of gratitude his name!

Mine is a different fate,—confess'd, just Judge,
 The meed of human mixture in my works
 Imperfect, frail: and needing, even the best,
 Thy pardon and the cleansing of thy blood,
 Else whence the frequent retributions base,
 Calumnious and ungrateful, for the deeds
 Of private pity? Whence, for public acts,
 The stab opprobrious, and the slanders' vile?
 Or whence, at this dread moment,—from the fight
 Shroud me in tenfold darkness!—Mercy, Heavens!

And is it He—th' ingenuous youth, so oft
 Of all my being, fortune, comfort, deem'd
 The generous, ample source?—And is it He,
 In whom, thro' drear misfortune's darkest night,
 I saw Hope's day-star rising?—Angel of peace,
 Amidst his future hours, my life's sad loss,
 Let not accusing conscience to his charge
 Impute, distracting—to my crimson'd guilt
 Oh let him lay it, as the forfeit due,
 And justly paid!—Would Heaven that it were paid!
 Oh, that with Rome's first Cæsar, in my robe
 From fight so killing, mantled up mine eyes,
 I might receive the welcome stab; sigh forth,
 “ My Philip, my lov'd Stanhope,—Is it thou?

* “ A plan for a National Female Seminary”—since found amongst the Author's papers, and which appears to have undergone the inspection, and received the approbation of some very distinguished names.

“ —Then let me die.” —

Yet, tho' thus wounded at this bar I stand
 In pangs unutterable, witness Heaven,
 With deep commiseration do I view
 Their sedulous anxiety to prove
 A guilt, my heart,—too wounded to deny,
 Wounded by that guilt's sense, its bitterest part,—
 Instant avow'd. What need then all this toil?
 The deed is done. Wound not the fall'n hart,—
 'Tis cruel—that lies bleeding at your feet:
 ' I own the whole; I urge no legal plea.
 ' On dire necessity's imperious call,
 ' (Sons of the robe, of commerce, sons of men,
 ' That call imperious have you never heard?)
 ' On full intention to repay the whole.
 ' And on that full intention's perfect work,
 ' Free restoration and complete: on wrong
 ' Or injury to none design'd or wrought,
 ' I rest my claim;—I found my sole defence.'
 " Groundless,—'tis thunder'd in my ears—and
 " For in the rigid courts of human law,
 " No restitution wipes away th' offence,
 " Nor does intention justify." So spoke
 (And who shall argue?) Judgment's awful voice!
 Haste then, ye weeping jurymen, and pass
 Th' awarded sentence. To the world, to fame,
 To honour, fortune, peace, and Stanhope lost,
 What have I more to lose? or can I think
 Death were an evil to a wretch like me!

Yet, oh ye sons of justice!—ere we quit
 This awful court, expostulation's voice
 One moment hear impartial. Give a while
 Your honest hearts to nature's touches true,
 Her fine resentments faithful. Draw aside
 That veil from reason's clear reflecting view,
 Which practice long, and rectitude suppos'd
 Of laws establish'd, hath obstructive hung.
 But pleads or time, or long prescription aught
 In favour or abatement of the wrong

By

By folly wrought, or error? Hoary grown,
 And sanctify'd by custom's habit grey,
 Absurdity stalks forth, still more absurd,
 And double shame reflects upon an age
 Wise and enlighten'd. Should not equal laws
 Their punishments proportionate to crimes * ;
 Nor, all Draconic, ev'n to blood pursue
 Vindictive, where the venial poor offence
 Cries loud for mercy? Death's the last demand
 Law can exact: the penalty extreme
 Of human crime! and shall the petty thief
 Succumb beneath its terrors, when no more
 Pays the bold murderer, crimson'd o'er with guilt?

Few are the crimes against or God or man,
 —Consult th' eternal code of right or wrong,—
 Which e'er can justify this last extreme †,
 This wanton sporting with the human life,
 This trade in blood. Ye sages, then, review,
 Speedy and diligent, the penal code,
 Humanity's disgrace: our nation's first
 And just reproach, amidst its vaunted boasts
 Of equity and mercy: Shiver not
 Full oft your inmost souls, when from the bench
 Ye deal out death tremendous? and proclaim
 Th' irrevocable sentence on a wretch
 Pluck'd early from the paths of social life,
 And immature, to the low grave consign'd
 For misdemeanors trivial! Runs not back,
 Affrighted, to its fountain your chill'd blood,
 When, deck'd in all the horrid pomp of death,

* Horace's precept must for ever stand forth as irrefragably just:
 —————“ Adfit

Regula peccatis: quæ penas irroget æquas:
 Ne Scutica dignum horribili scetere flagello.”

Sat. 3. Lib. 1.

† “ He had sometimes expressed his thoughts about our penal laws, that
 “ they were too sanguinary;—that they were against not only the laws of
 “ God, but of nature;—that his own case was hard, that he should die for an
 “ act which he always declared to be wrong but by which he never
 “ intended to injure any one individual; and that, as the public had for-
 “ given him, he thought he might have been pardoned. But now (the day
 “ before his execution) he laid all these thoughts touching himself aside,
 “ though he continued to think in the same manner of the penal laws to
 “ his end.” See the Ordinary's account.”

And Gothic rage surpassing, to the flames
 The weaker sex,—incredible—you doom ;
 Denouncing punishments the more severe,
 As less of strength is found to bear their force?
 Shame on the savage practice ! Oh stand forth
 In the great cause,—Compassion's, Equity's,
 Your Nation's, Truth's Religion's, Honour's cause,
 —Stand forth, reflecting Eden* ! Well-thou'st toil'd
 Already in the honourable field :
 Might thy young labours animate, the hour
 Auspicious is arriv'd. Sages esteem'd,
 And venerably learn'd, as in the school
 Of legal science, so in that of worth
 And sentiment exalted, fill the bench :
 And lo ! the imperial Muscovite, intent
 On public-weal, a bright example shines
 Of civilizing justice. Sages rise :
 The cause, the animating pattern calls.
 Oh, I adjure you, with my parting breath,
 By all your hopes of mercy and of peace,
 By all the blood henceforth unjustly spilt,
 Or wantonly by ail the sorrows deep,
 And scalding tears shed for that blood so spilt !
 In God's tremendous name, lo, I adjure,
 Without procrastination to the task
 Important that you haste ! With equal hand
 In scales of temperate justice, balance well
 The claims of pleading mercy ! Unto crimes
 Inflictions just and adequate assign ;
 On reformation or example sole,
 And all impartial, constantly intent,
 Banish the rage for blood ! for tortures fell,
 Savage, reproachful. Study to restore
 Its young, its useful members to the state,
 Well disciplin'd, corrected, moraliz'd ;
 Preserv'd at once from shame, from death, from Hell,
 Men, rationals, immortals,—Sons of God.
 Oh prosperous be your labours, crown'd your zeal !

* See Mr. Eden's admirable book on Penal Laws.

So shall the annals of our Sovereign's reign,
 Distinguish'd by your virtue,—noble fruit
 Of that high independence He bestow'd *
 So freely from the treasury of his love
 To genuine justice—down to future times,
 Transmitting the rich blessing, shine renown'd
 With truest glory; not by hers surpass'd,
 Th' immortal Legislator of the north!

Ah me unhappy! to that Sovereign's ear
 Resolv'd to bring those truths which, labouring long,
 Have lain, and tost upon my anxious thoughts †:
 Thence too am I excluded! Fatal stroke,

And wounding to my peace! Rigour extreme
 Of angry vengeance! "Nay, it recks not now,"
 Oft, midst the tempest of my grief, I cried,

"It recks not now what falls me! From the house

"Of him I honour'd, shut! Him whose lov'd fire

"My muse in strains elegiac weeping sung ‡,

"Mixing her tribute with a nation's tears!

"Him to whose high-born race,—of liberty

"Firm friends and fautors—from my earliest youth,

"My heart, devoted, willing homage paid,

"And sacred reverence: So paternal love

"And so my college taught, delightful Clare."

Dear ever to my memory for hours

In innocence and peaceful study past;

Nor less for thee, my friend, my Lancaster!

Blest youth, in early hour from this life's woes

In richest mercy borne! Had I but died,

Oh had I died for thee, how had I shunn'd

This harsh severity,—exclusion sad

From my lov'd royal master! How escap'd

Its ills attendant!—Reputation dies,

The darling of my soul, beneath the stroke!

Wild, wanton curses tear my mangled frame!

* Referring to the independence of the judges, settled by the King, as almost one of the first acts of his reign.

† See my Sermon on the Injustice, &c. of Capital Punishments.

‡ See my "Elegy on the Death of Frederick Prince of Wales." Poems, p. 63.

My sphere of usefulness contracted shrinks ;
 And infamy herself with "ghastly smiles"
 My ruin ridicules ! Turn, turn, my brain,
 Distracted, madden'd, turn ! Of reason more,
 Religion, duty, eminence, dream not :
 The door of mercy's clos'd. Thee—oft from thee
 Mercy, sweet Heaven, have I sought and found ;
 From fellow-mortals seldom could I find
 How humbled e'er, or penitent, for faults !
 —And who of erring mortals faultless breathes ?
 Mercy that gift of thine, which most adorns
 The judge's vestment, and the monarch's crown.

Adieu, then, to its hope ; its earthly hope,
 Elsewhere we'll seek it. Forth—oh forth, my friends ;
 My generous, supporting, weeping friends,
 Forth from the bar conduct me. It is past.
 Justice has done her office. Mercy's fled ;
 And smiling, lo ! she sits upon a cloud
 Of fleecy whiteness, ting'd with azur'd gold,
 And beams ineffable composure on me !
 Light sits my bosom'd master on his throne ;
 Airy and disencumber'd feels my soul ?
 And, panting, wishes to spring instant up
 To that white cloud,—the golden vehicle
 To realms of rest immortal ! In my eyes,
 So languid late, and all suffus'd with tears,
 Methinks I see hope's lamp rekindled bright ;
 A living lustre ; shedding like the sun,
 After thick mists, illumination's smile
 O'er all my countenance, marr'd, dimm'd, and wan.

Cheerly my friends, oh cheerly ! Look not thus
 With pity's melting softness ! That alone
 Can shake my fortitude. All is not lost.
 Lo I have gain'd, on this important day
 A victory consummate o'er myself,
 And o'er this life a victory. In this day—
 My birth-day to eternity—Ig've gain'd
 Dismissal from a world, where for a while,
 Like you, like all, a pilgrim passing poor,

A traveller

A traveller, a stranger, I have met
 But stranger treatment, rude and harsh! So much
 T' dearer, more desir'd, the home I seek
 Eternal of my father and my God!

Ah little thought ye, prosecutors prompt,
 To do me good like this! little intend
 For earthly poverty to give th' exchange
 Of wealth eternal! Cheronea's sage,
 Thy dogmas here, so paradoxal deem'd
 By weak half thinkers*—see how amply prov'd
 How verifi'd by men I judg'd my foes;—
 Friends in disguise, Heaven's instruments of good;
 Freely, triumphantly, my soul forgives
 Each injury, each evil they have wrought,
 Each tear they've drawn, each groan they've cost my heart,
 Guiltless tow'rd's them, uninjur'd. Hapless men!
 Down do I look, with pity: fervent beg,
 And unremitting from all-gracious Heaven
 Eternal blessings on you! Be your lives,
 Like mine, true convertites to grace, to God!
 And be your deaths,—ah, there all difference ends—
 Then be our deaths like his, th' atoning just;
 Like his, the only righteous, our last end!

But oh, oblivious memory! baneful woe,
 Which thus in dull forgetfulness can steep
 My faculties; forgetfulness of her
 My better self, for whom alone I wish,
 Thus fall'n to remember that I am!
 My wife, my soul's dear partner in distress,
 Where sits she? lives she? Ah not lives but drags
 The tedious, torturing, horrid, anxious hours
 Of this dire day!—In solemn silence wrapt,
 —Expressive silence motionless, compos'd,
 The melancholy mourner meekly waits
 The awful issue! From her lovely eyes
 Drops not a tear! not ev'n a sigh is heard
 From her deep-wounded heart: Nor through her lips,
 Unsever'd from the luckless morn till night,

* See Plutarch "On the benefits deducible from enemies. *Morals*, vol. 1.

Mute sufferer, steals a murmur * ! Gentle dove,
 So, in the mournful absence of thy mate,
 Perhaps or levell'd by the fowler's art,
 Or lur'd in net insidious, fittest thou alone
 Upon the bared bough ; thy little head
 Nestling beneath thy silvery wings ; while hang
 Thy pennons, late so glossy, shivering down
 Unplum'd, neglected, drooping ! Thro' the day
 So tried, my tender friends,—another task,
 And heavier yet, remains to be perform'd.
 Oh, with the balm of comfort, with the voice
 Of soothing softness, the sad truth unfold !
 Approach the beauteous mourner, all rever'd ;
 And tell her, “ that her husband triumphs, lives ;
 “ Lives tho' condemn'd ; lives to a nobler life !
 “ Nor, in the gladsome view of that high life,
 “ Feels he to death reluctance : Bleft with her,
 “ Indifferent in his choice to live or die !”

Be the decision, thine, Father of life !

Thou gavest, thou hast right to take away ;
 In each alike beneficent ! If thou
 Hast pleasure in me, once more shall I share
 Thy hallow'd services, my heart's chief joy ;
 If not with happy David—oh like his
 Could my song flow repentant—every thought
 Uniting cries with resignation's voice,
 “ Do with me, Lord, as it shall seem thee good † !”

Thus supplicating, down my weary head
 To slumber on its wretched pillow sunk,
 O'erpower'd, oppress'd. Nor on the main mast high
 Rock'd by the billowing tempest, and the dash
 Of furious surges, the poor ship-boy sleeps
 More soundly, than my powers o'erwrought, amidst
 The din of desperate felons, and the roar
 Of harden'd guilt's mad midnight orgies loud !

But, fancy free, the busy soul was wake ;

* “ I speechless sat ;—nor plaintive word,
 “ Nor murmur, from my lips was heard.”

Merrick's Psalms. p. 39.

† 2 Sam. xv. 25, 26.

Anticipation pleasing of its state,
 When sleeps its clayey prison in the grave,
 And forth it bursts to liberty! Methought
 —Such was the vision—in a lowly vale
 Myself I found, whose living green was deck'd
 With all the beauteous family of Spring;
 Pale primrose, modest violet, hare-bell blue,
 Sweet scented eglantine of fragrance rich,
 And permanent the rose: golden jonquil,
 And polyanthus variegate of hue,
 With lilies dale-delighting. Thro' the midst
 Meandering of pure crystal flow'd a stream
 The flowery banks reflecting: On each side,
 With homely cots adorn'd, whose 'habitants,
 When sorrow-sunk, my voice of comfort sooth'd;
 When sickness worn, my hand of care reliev'd,
 Tended, and, ministering to all their wants,
 Instructed in the language of the skies.
 Dear was the office, cheering was the toil,
 And something like angelic felt my soul!

When lui'd, methought, by one of glittering hue
 (Bright gleam'd the coronet upon his brow,
 Rich glow'd his robe of crimson, ermine deck'd)
 I toil'd to gain a neighbouring mountain's top,
 Where blaz'd preferment's temple. So my guide
 With smile complacent taught and led me on,
 Softening with artful speech the tedious way,
 And arduous ever. As I rose, the view
 Still gloomier seem'd, and dreary; the strait path
 Still straighter, and more sharp the pointed briars
 Entangling! With insulting sneers the crowd,
 Pressing the same bad road, jostled me by,
 Or threw me prostrate: till fatigued and faint
 With feeble voice, exhausted quite, I cried,
 "Oh to my vale restore me! to my cots,
 "Illustrious guide! my ministrations blest,
 "Angelical and blessing!"—With a look
 Of killing scorn he eyed me: Instant down,
 Precipitate dash'd o'er me craggy rocks,

Tumbling

Tumbling tumultuous; and in dungeon dark,
 Illumin'd only by the furious glare
 Of lynx and tygers eyes, thro' hunger fierce,
 And eager to devour, trembling I lay!

When, in a moment, thro' the dungeon's gloom
 Burst light resplendent as the mid-day sun,
 From adamantine shield of Heavenly proof,
 Held high by one *, of more than human port,
 Advancing slow: while on his tow'ring crest
 Sat fortitude unshaken: at his feet
 Crouch'd the half-famish'd savages! From earth
 He rais'd me, weeping, and with look of peace
 Benignant, pointed to a crimson cross
 On his bright shield pourtray'd. A milder form,
 Yet of celestial sweetness,—such as oft
 My raptur'd eyes have in the tablet trac'd
 Of unaffected penitence; of her
 Pleasing similitude—the weeping fair
 Early from royal, but unhallow'd love,
 To God's sole service flying *—Fam'd Le Brun,
 Thy glowing pencil's master-piece! Such seem'd
 Repentance, meek approaching. From the den,
 Illumin'd and defended by faith's shield,
 My trembling feet she led; and having borne
 Thro' perils infinite, and terrors wild
 And various,—fainting almost my sick soul—
 She left me at a gate of glittering gold,
 Which open'd instantaneous at the touch
 Of homely porter †, clad in wolfey grey;
 And ever bending lowly to the ground
 His modest countenance! But what a scene
 —Admitted thro' the portal—on my sight
 Transported, rush'd! High on a sapphire throne,
 Amidst a flame like carbuncle, sat Love,
 Beaming forth living rays of light and joy
 On choral crowds of spirits infinite,

* Faith.

† Madame de la Valiere. This fine picture is in the Chapel of the Carmelite
 Nuns at Paris.

‡ Humility.



When, in a moment, thro' the dungeon's gloom
Burst light resplendent as the mid-day sun.

Vide Week 4 page 80.

PRISON THOUGHTS.

Drawn by R. D. Boyd.

Printed for C. Cooke, Westminster Row, July 25, 1796.

Engraved by C. Warren.



In immortality and glory cloth'd;
 And hymning lofty strains to minstrelsy
 Of golden harps accorded, in his praise,
 Love, uncreate, essential; Love, which bled;
 Which bleeding blanch'd to purest white their robes,
 And with eternal gold adorn'd their brows!

Dissolv'd, methought, and all my senses rapt,
 In vision beatific, to a bank
 Of purple amaranthus was I borne
 By a superior genius. His white wings
 Distilling panacea, dove-like spread
 Refreshing fragrance o'er me: Firm of brow
 And masculine he seem'd—th' ennobling power
 Angelic, destin'd in the human heart
 To nourish friendship's flame! Uprais'd my eyes
 As from a trance returning—"Spirit belov'd,
 " And honour'd ever!" anxious strait I cried,
 " Thrice welcome to my wishes! Oh impart—
 " For you can tell—in these delightful realms
 " Of happiness supernal, shall we know,—
 " Say, shall we meet and know those dearest friends,
 " Those tender relatives, to whose concerns
 " You minister appointed? Shall we meet
 " In mutual amity? mutual converse hold,
 " And live in love immortal?—Oh relieve
 " My aching heart's solicitude; and say,
 " Here shall I meet, here know, in boundless bliss,
 " Here view transported, her, my life's best friend,
 " My sorrows faithful soother!"—Gushing tears
 Impetuous stopp'd my voice; and I awoke
 To earth, to night, to darkness, and a jail!

April 14, 1777.

END OF THE FOURTH WEEK.

G

WEEK

WEEK THE FIFTH.

Futurity.

“**T**O death devote!” Thus in the vernal bloom
 Of redolent youth and beauty, on the cross
 Hung high her motto * ;—she, in name and choice
 Of that far better part, like her so fam’d
 In story evangelical,—Sweet faint,
 Friend of my soul, and soother of my grief,
 Shall I then dread in age, and worn with woe,
 To meet the king of terrors?—Coward fear
 Of what we all must meet: The primal curse
 Of our first father rests on all his race,
 And “Dust to dust,” the charter of mankind!

But, were it possible, oh! who would wish
 To stretch the narrow span, grown tedious, stale,
 With dull recurrence of the same dull acts,
 Ev’n in its happiest state! A toilsome care,
 A wearying round of clothing, food, and sleep:
 While chequer’d over with a thousand ills
 Inevitably painful!—In our frame
 Dwell (death’s artillery) diseases dire,
 And potent to dislodge the brittle life
 With agonies heart-rending! In the soul
 Lurks sin, the serpent, with her fiery sting
 Of sorrow, rankling in the conscience deep,
 Source of all mental misery!—From without,
 In close battalion, a black troop of ills
 Level their deep-drawn arrows at our peace;
 And fail not, as we pass thro’ life’s bad road,
 To wound th’ unguarded traveller! witness you
 Who groan distress’d beneath oppression’s scourge;
 Ingratitude’s sharp tooth; the canker’d tongue
 Of slander; fortune’s loss; or, bitterer far,
 The loss of fame, and soul-connected friends!

Thus tax’d, thus wretched, can the man be wise
 Who wishes to retain so poor a boon?

* Miss Mary Bosanquet, whose motto, encircling a cross, is, “Devoted to Death.” From fourteen years of age she dedicated herself to sincere religion and to the present hour has persevered in the most exemplary line of duty. Her letters to the author, in his last distress, afforded him peculiar comfort.

Who

Who fears to render the deposit up
 To his blest hands who gave it ? And who thus
 Beneficent hath rang'd his moral plan,
 Thus good with evil mix'd ; from earth's poor love
 (School of probation) suffering man to wean,
 And raise his hopes to heaven ! Silence then
 The whisper of complaint ; low in the dust
 Dissatisfaction's dæmons growl unheard !
 All, all is good, all excellent below :
 Pain is a blessing ; sorrow leads to joy,
 Joy permanent and solid ! Every ill
 Bears with it love paternal : nay, ev'n death,
 Grim death itself, in all its horrors clad,
 Is man's supremest privilege ! It frees
 The soul from prison, from foul sin, from woe,
 And gives it back to glory, rest, and God !

When will its welcome message lay at peace
 My burden'd, beating heart ?—Oh strange ! to point
 Thy darts, inexorable tyrant, there,
 Where life laughs crown'd with roses ; when these arms,
 Familiar to thy sister Sorrow's fold,
 Would so delighted hug thee ! But thou lov'st
 Full oft the noblest quarry, highest aim :
 Lov'st, unsuspected, and with silent step,
 To steal on the secure : Lov'st to deal round
 Tremendous and impartial thy stern strokes,
 Asserting terrible o'er human-kind
 Thy empire irresistible : And now
 At monarchs, now at mimics, grinning scorn,
 Thy hand indifferent hurls the twanging shaft.

Ah, what a groupe of primest deer lie pierc'd,
 Thou Hunter all-victorious, at thy feet ;
 Since to thy empire dedicate I fell
 From life's bright hope, and languish'd in this grave,
 This living, doleful sepulchre immur'd !

Not all thy gold or orient pearl could save
 Thee, Lusitania's monarch, from the stroke
 Impending long and dread ! Nor, Terrick*, thee,

* Bishop of London.

Thy mitre and thy rochet ! Ensigns blest,
When worn with sanctity ; then surely chang'd
For crown of gold, and robe of spotless white !

See, neither can the coronet, nor garb
Of ermin'd pomp, from Temple* turn aside
The levell'd blow ; nor, higher far in price,
Th' uplifted shield of Janssen's honest heart !
Lo ! too, as if in scorn of purpled pride,
And all life's glories, in this high parade
Funereal marches, tragic-actor now
He who so late light on the comic sock
Trode the gay stage, and bade with laughter's burst
Involuntary the throng'd theatres resound !
Ah, food for worms, poor Woodward, thou, no less
Than patriots, princes, countesses and priests !
Death scorns distinctions : But, despotic power,
Cloth'd in his direst terrors, here he reigns,
Here revels ! Here, with bitterest vengeance shakes
O'er trembling convicts his determin'd shaft,
And gluts himself with horror ! See him lead
From yonder darksome cell, all pale with woe,
'That stranger † sinking ! who, in luckless hour,
With rash hand pierc'd the bosom he ador'd,
Nor drank of comfort more ! half in his heart
The black lance festering sticks ; and death himself,
Howe'er relentless, ere he drives it home,
Of strange commiseration feels a pang,
Reluctant to his office !—

But, that shriek—
Thrilling with dread—whence is it ? 'Tis the voice
Of female misery, bursting thro' the crowd
To the lone dungeon : view that lovely form ‡,

* Countess of Temple.

† Alluding to Tolosa, a poor unhappy Spaniard, lately executed for the murder of his female friend. He took scarce any sustenance from the time of the fact, and was more than half dead when conveyed to the place of execution.

‡ This also alludes to a miserable catastrophe, which happened her on the morning of a late execution. The poor young woman who came to visit her husband, had lain in but seven days. As soon as the husband's fetters were knocked off, he stepped aside, and cut his throat in a dismal manner ; but not quite sufficiently to finish his existence :—And in that shocking state—paid his debt—at the destined place.

Deck'd

Deck'd in the neatest white,—yet not so white
 And wan as her wild visage: “Keep me not,”
 Raving she cries, “Keep me not, cruel, from him.
 “He dies this morn; I know it! he's condemn'd;
 “The dreadful judge has done it! He must die,
 “My husband! and I'm come, clad in my best,
 “To go and suffer with him! I have brought
 “Sweet flowers to cheer him, and to strew his corse,
 “Pale, pale, and speechless lies it!—Husband, come!
 “The little infant, fruit of our glad loves,
 “Smil'd on me, as with parting breath I blest,
 “And kiss'd the dear babe for thee! 'Tis but young;
 “'Tis tender yet;—seven days is young in life:
 “Angels will guard my little innocent:
 “Thy'll feed it, tho' thou could'st not find it food,
 “And its poor mother too!—And so thou dy'st!
 “For me and it thou dy'st! But not alone,
 “Thou shalt not go alone; I will die with thee:
 “Sweet mercy be upon us! Hence, hence, hence!”
 Impetuous then, her white arms around his neck
 She threw; and, with deep groans would pierce a rock,
 Sunk fainting, Oh the husband's, father's pangs,
 Stopping all utterance! Up to Heaven he roll'd
 His frantic eyes; and staring wildly round
 In desperation's madness, to his heart
 Drove the destructive steel!—Fell death,
 Would'st thou a fuller triumph?—Oh my wife,
 How dismal to our ears the shrieks, the groans!—
 And what a crowd of wild ideas press
 Distracting on the soul! “Merciful Heaven,
 “In pity spare us! Say, It is enough,
 “And bid the avenging angel stay his hand!”
 Death bars the plea; and with this thundering stalk
 Brushing beside us, calls, in solemn sound,
 Heed to his dart grief-pointed. Its keen stroke,
 Ah gentle Eleonora*! gives at once
 Relief to thy o'er-burden'd breast! to ours

* Mrs. Dodd's sister; who, in the midst of our sorrows, did—what she never did before—augment them, by dying of a heart broken with grief for our calamity. Oh misery!

Anguish unutterable ! 'Tis ours he wounds,
 Thou amiable friend !—whose languid eye
 Ne'er rais'd a look from earth since that sad hour
 When sunk my fun ! Thou, who from earliest youth
 Hast humbly fought thy God, thou art at peace :
 Happy, thrice happy, on that golden shore,
 Where from the tossing of these troublous waves
 We soon shall land. Oh stay affectionate,
 Oh wait, and welcome us ! Or, if in Heaven
 Blest saints retain concern for those on earth
 Held in the dearest amity, become
 Thy darling sister's gurdian ! As from youth,
 From childhood's dwan, her dear maternal guide,
 Be now, lov'd spirit, in this hour of woe
 Her angel-comfort, her support ! Alas,
 What talk I of support ! thou mercy's God !
 When all her conduct, by the grace inspir'd—
 When all her patient gentleness and love,
 Her fortitude unparallel'd, and peace,
 Have thee their Author: Be the glory thine !

But say, my soul, 'midst these alarming calls,
 This dread familiarity with death ;
 Our common debt, from infancy's first cry
 Denounc'd, expected, tho' its sure approach
 Lurks in uncertainty's obscurest night ;—
 Our common debt, which babes and palsied seers,
 Princes and pilgrims, equally must pay ;—
 Say, canst thou feel reluctance to discharge
 The claim inevitable ? Senseless he,
 Who in life's gaudiest moments fondly strives
 To turn his eyes unheeding from the view,
 Instructive. 'Midst those moments, deep it dwelt
 On my reflecting mind* ! a mind which liv'd
 More in the future than the present world ;
 Which frequent call'd by duty's solemn voice
 From earth's low scenes, on those sublimer far
 Hath ever thought delighted ; and those thoughts
 Conveying to mankind, in them desires

*Reflections on Death—Thoughts in Epiphany--Sermon on Mutual Knowledge.&c.

Its real transcript, its resemblance true
 May be survey'd—the picture of itself.
 For, whatso'er may be our earthly state,
 The mind's the man. My humble labours, then,
 When rests my part corporeal in the dust,
 Hang up my living portrait!—And to give
 Those labours all their force, summon'd I stand
 By awful Providence, to realize
 The theoretic lessons I have taught.
 And lo! compos'd, I fix my dying seal
 In attestation to their truth, their power,
 Felt at my heart, my inmost conscience felt;
 Imparting triumph o'er life's love; o'er death
 Consummate exultation! while my soul
 Longs to go forth, and pants for endless day.

But who can wonder, that amidst the woes,
 Like a swollen torrent, which with frightful roar
 Have burst destructive o'er me; 'midst the loss
 Of all things dear, Fame, Honour Peace, and Rest;
 Amidst the cruel spoiling of my goods,
 The bitterest rancour of envenom'd spite,
 And calumny unfeeling* ;—what surprize
 That my wean'd soul, above this worldly wreck,
 With anxious expectation waits the call
 From malancholy mourning and din grief,
 To everlasting gladness? Powerful Hope,
 And all-sufficient to sustain the soul,
 'Tho' walking thro' the darkest vale of woe!
 Who shall disprove that Hope? or who pretend
 By subtle sophistry that soul to rob
 Of its chief anchor, choicest privilege,
 And noblest consolation—“ Stedfast Faith,
 “ In great Futurity's extended scene:
 “ Eternity of Being?” All things round
 Arise in brightest proof: I see it, feel it,
 Thro' all my faculties, thro' all my powers,
 Pervading irresistible. Each groan

* Numberless letters, of a most unchristian, horrid, and cruel nature, were continually sent to him in the height of his distresses. Yet some of these letters were subscribed, A Lady, A Christian, or, A Christian Brother.

Sent from my sorrowing heart ; each scalding tear
 From my convicted eyes ; each fervent prayer
 By meek repentance offer'd up to Heaven,
 Asserts my immortality ? proclaims
 A pardoning Deity and future world,
 Nor less the thought, chill, comfortless, abhorr'd,
 Of loath'd annihilation !—From the view,
 Humiliating, mean, unworthy man,
 Almost unworthy reptiles,—Glad I turn,
 And triumph in existence ! Nay, each ill
 And every mundane trouble preaches loud
 The same important truth. I read it fair
 And legibly engrav'd on all below :
 On all the inequalities discern'd
 In this perplexing, mix'd, and motley scene ;
 In every rank and order of mankind * ;
 Nay, in the wisest system of our laws,
 Inadequate, imperfect,—and full oft
 Unjust and cruel ; in this dismal jail,
 And in the proudest palaces alike
 I read, and glory to trace out the marks
 Irrefragably clear of future life ;
 Of retribution's just and equal state.

So reason urges ; while fair Nature's self,
 At this sweet season †, joyfully throws in
 Her attestation lovely : bids the sun,
 All bounteous, pour his vivifying light,
 To rouse and waken from their wint'ry death
 The vegetable tribe ! Fresh from their graves,
 At his resistless summons, start they forth,
 A verdent resurrection ! In each plant,
 Each flower, each tree to blooming life restor'd,
 I trace the pledge, the earnest, and the type
 Of man's revival ; of his future rise
 And victory o'er the grave,—compell'd to yield

* See Maclean's Answer to Jenyns, &c. p. 52.

† Spring. See my Poem on the Epiphany, ver. 131, &c. I would have that Poem considered, in dependence with this, as my serious thoughts on these awful subjects, in an early period of my life ; and which, in this last and dreadful one, I find no reason to alter.

Her sacred, rich deposit, from the seed
 Corrupt and mortal, and immortal frame
 Glorious and incorruptible; like his,
 The Sun of righteousness, whose living power
 The mighty work shall operate! Yes, bright source
 Of spiritual life!—the immaterial world
 Pervading, quickening, gladdening,—in the rays
 Full-orb'd of revelation, thy prime gift,
 I view display'd, magnificent, and full,
 What reason, nature, in dim darkness teach,
 Tho' visible, not distinct: I read with joy
 Man's high prerogative; transported read
 The certain, clear discovery of life
 And immortality, announc'd by thee,
 Parent of truth, celestial visitant,
 Fountain of all intelligence divine!
 Of that high immortality the King,
 And of that life the Author! How man mounts,
 Mounts upon angel-wings, when fier'd, secur'd
 In that sublime inheritance; when seen
 As a terrestrial stranger here; a god
 Confin'd a while in prison of the flesh,
 Soon, soon to soar, and meet his brother-gods
 His fellows, in eternity!—How creeps,
 How grovels human nature! What a worm,
 An insect of an hour, poor, sinful, sad;
 Despis'd and despicable, reptile-like
 Crawls man, his moment on his ant-hill here:
 —Marking his little shining path with slime,—
 If limited to earth's brief round
 His painful, narrow views! — Like the poor moth,
 By lights delusive to destruction led;
 Still struggling oft its horrors to evade,
 Still more and more involv'd; in flame he lives
 His transient toilsome minute, and expires
 In suffocating smoke.

Hume, thou art gone!
 Amidst the catalogue of those mow'd down

By

By time's huge scythe, late noted * ; Thou, be sure,
 Wast not forgotten ! Author thou has gain'd
 Thy vast ambition's summit : Fame was thine ;
 Wealth too, beyond thy amplest wish's bound,
 Encompass'd thee : and lo, the pageant ends !
 For who without compassion's generous tear,
 Thy mind at once capacious and humane,
 Can view, to truth, to hope immortal dead ?
 Thy penetrating reason, subtle, strong,
 Hoodwink'd by dark infatuation's veil :
 And all thy fine and manly sense employ'd
 Ev'n on eternity's thrice awful verge,
 To trifle with the wonders of a state
 Respectably alarming ! of a state
 Whose being gives to man—had given to thee
 (Accepted by the humble hand of faith)
 True glory, solid fame, and boundless wealth !
 Treasures that wax not old.

Oh the high blessings of humility !
 Man's first and richest grace ! Of virtue, truth,
 Knowledge and exaltation, certain source,
 And most abundant : Pregnant of all good ;
 And, poor in shew, to treasures infinite
 Infallibly conducting ; her sure gift !
 So, when old Hyems has deform'd the year,
 We view, on fam'd Burgundia's craggy cliffs,
 The slow vines, scarce distinct, on the brown earth
 Neglected lie and grovelling ;—promise poor,
 From plant so humble, of the swelling grape
 In glowing clusters purpling o'er the hills :—
 When all impregnating rolls forth the sun,
 And from the mean stalk pours a luscious flood
 of juice nectareous thro' the laughing land !

Nervous essayist ! haply had thy pen,
 Of masculine ability, this theme
 Pursued intelligent ; from lowly heart
 Delineating true the features mild

* See Mr. Hume's Life written by himself ; with a letter by Dr. Smith giving an account of his Death.

Of genuine humility; mankind,
 Now 'wilder'd by thy sophistry, had blest'd
 And honour'd well thy teaching: whilst thyself
 Secure had sail'd and happy, nor been cast,
 On pride's black rocks, or empty scorn's bleak shore!

Proud scorn, how poor and blind—how it at once
 Destroys the sight, and makes us think we see!
 While desperate ridicule in wit's wild hands
 Plants a dangerous weapon! How it warps
 From clear discernment, and conclusions just,
 Ev'n captive reason's self! How gay soe'er—
 (Ah misplac'd gaiety on such a theme)
 In life's last hour!—on Charon's crazy bark,
 On Tartarus and Elisium, and the pomp
 Solemn and dreaded of dark pagans Hell!
 Thy reasoning powers knew well, full well to draw
 Deductions true from fables gross as these,
 By poets fancy heighten'd! Well thou knew'st
 The deep intelligence, the solid truth
 Conceal'd beneath the mystic tale; well knew'st
 Fables like these, familiar to mankind
 In every nation, every clime, through earth
 Widely disseminate, through earth proclaim'd
 In language strong, intelligent and clear,
 "A future state retributive." Thou knew'st,
 That in each age the wise embrac'd the truth,
 And gloried in an hope, how dim soe'er,
 Which thou amidst the blaze, the noon-day blaze
 Of christian information, madly scorn'dst
 And diedst insulting! Hail of ancient times,
 Worthies and fam'd believers! Plato, hail!
 And thou, immortal Socrates, of Rome
 Prime ornament and boast! my Tully, hail;
 Friend and companion of my studious life,
 In eloquence and sound philosophy
 Alike superlative!—with minds enlarg'd,
 Yet teachable and modest, how ye sought,
 You and your kindred souls,—how daily dug
 For wisdom as the labourer in the mines!

How

How grop'd, in fancy's and dark fable's night,
 Your way assiduous, painful! How discern'd
 By the mind's trembling, unassisted sight,—
 (Or, haply, aided by a scatter'd ray
 Or distant revelation, half extinct)
 The glimmering of a dawn; the twinkling star
 Of day-light far remote! How sigh'd sincere
 For fuller information! and how long'd,
 How panted for admission to that world
 O'er which hung veils impervious! Sages, yes,
 Your search ingenuous proves it: every page
 Immortal of your writing speaks this truth!
 Hear, ye minute philosophers; ye herd
 Of mean half-thinkers, who chief glory place
 In boldness to arraign and judge your God,
 And think that singularity is sense!
 Hear and be humbled: Socrates himself*—
 And him you boast your master,—would have fallen
 In humble, thankful reverence at the feet
 of Jesus—and drank wisdom from his tongue!
 Divinest fountain! from the copious stream
 Then drink we freely, gladly, plenteous draughts
 Of ever-living wisdom; knowledge clear,
 And otherwise attainless of that state
 Supernal, glorious: where, in angel-form
 And angel-blessedness†, from Death's dread power,
 From Sin's dominion, and from Sorrow's sense
 Emancipated ever, we shall share
 Complete, uninterrupted, boundless bliss;
 Incessant flowing forth from God's right hand,
 Well of perennial joy ‡! Our moral powers,
 By perfect pure benevolence enlarg'd,
 With universal sympathy, shall glow
 Love's flame ethereal! And from God himself,
 Love's primal source, and ever-blessing sun,
 Receive, and round communicate the warmth

* Alluding to his celebrated wish of divine illumination from some superior power.

† Ισαγγελιοι.

‡ See Psalm xiv. 12.

Of gladness and of glory! Then shall rule,
 From dregs of sordid interest defecate,
 Immortal friendship. Then too shall we trace—
 With minds congenial and athirst for truth
 Sincere and simple, the Creator's works,
 Illumin'd by the intellectual soul,
 Refin'd, exalted!—Animating thought!
 To talk with Plato, or with Newton tread
 Thro' empyrean space the boundless track
 Of stars erratic, or the comet vague
 With fiery lustre wand'ring thro' the depths
 Of the blue void, exhaustless, infinite;
 While all its wonders, all its mystic use,
 Expand themselves to the admiring sight!

Descending then from the celestial range
 Of planetary worlds, how blest to walk
 And trace with thee, nature's true lover, Hale,
 —In science sage and venerable—trace
 Thro' vegetation's principle, the God!
 Read in each tube, capillary, and root,
 In every leaf and blossom, fruit and flower,
 Creative energy, consummate art,
 Beauty and bounty blended and complete!
 Oh what a burst of wisdom and delight,
 Intelligence and pleasure, to engage
 Th' enraptur'd mind for ages! 'Twere too short
 Eternity itself, with reasoning quest
 To search, to contemplate great nature's God
 Thro' all his nature's works! Suns, stars, and skies,
 With all their vast and elemental store:
 Seas, with their finny myriads: birds that wing
 With glittering pinions the elastic air,
 And fill the woods with music: Animals,
 That feed, that clothe, that labour for their lord,
 Proud man; and half up to his reason climb
 By instinct marvellous! Fruits, that infinite
 In glow and taste refresh creation's toil:
 And flowers, that rich in scent their incense sweet
 —Delicious offering both to God and man,—

H

Breathe

Breathe free from velvet variegated hues,
 And speak celestial kindness then from these
 His lesser wonders—Fam'd anatomists,
 Ye, who with scrupulous, but still painful search,
 Pore doubtful in the dark recess of life;
 Then turn we, Cheselden, to man; so form'd
 With fear and wonder by the master-hand,
 And learn we, from discovery of the springs
 Of this divine automaton: the blood
 In nimble currents coursing thro' the veins
 And purple arteries; the fibres fine;
 The tubal nerves, so ramified, and quick
 To keen sensation; all the various parts
 So complicate, yet distinct; adapted each
 Its functions with minuteness to fulfil,
 While to the one great end concurring all
 With harmony unvarying!—Learn we hence
 The wisdom exquisite, which gave to life,
 To motion, this his prime, his chief machine!
 And superadded, in his love's display,
 The soul's superior, intellectual rule,
 Connection wonderful! and till that hour
 Of all-expanding knowledge, to man's mind
 Inexplicable still, and still unknown!

How rise upon the thought, to truth attent,
 Truths new and interesting, 'midst this field
 Of universal science!—Nor shall then
 The spirit's seat and influence on our frame,
 Gross and material, be alone evolv'd
 To our astonish'd view. Spirit itself,
 Its nature, properties, distinctions, powers,
 —Deep subject of investigation deep,
 And chief resolver of man's anxious doubts;
 Tho' to his sight impossible, or search,
 While darken'd by mortality—shall rise,
 Soon as he bursts the barrier of the grave,
 Clear and familiar on his sight enlarg'd:
 Seen in himself, beatify'd, and cloth'd
 With spiritual glory: in the angelic world

Seen and admir'd. And—oh ecstatic view,
 Whose sight is perfect bliss, transforming, pure*,—
 Seen and ador'd in Thee, great first and last,
 Sole, self-existent Thou the gracious cause
 Of all existence; Infinitely blest,
 Yet pleas'd with life and being to impart
 That blessing to innumerable creatures round!
 Spirit of the universe, thro' all diffus'd,
 And animating all! Dread Triune God†,
 With beams exhaustless of eternal love,
 Of life, of glory, from thy central throne
 Shining beneficent: and kindling warm
 In every being subject to thy rule,
 Devotion's rapture and thanksgiving's song;
 Mellifluous songs, and hallelujahs high!

New wonders elevate! For not alone
 By contemplation up to nature's God
 From nature's work's ascending, shall the soul
 Beatified receive in future bliss
 Accessions of delight through endless day:—
 Lo, what a scene, engaging and profound,
 Presents itself the darkening curtain drawn—
 From the high acts of Providence, display'd
 In one clear view consistent; in one end
 Important, grand, centering: one design
 Superlatively gracious, through the whole
 Pursued invariably; even from the hour
 When pass'd the sentence on the serpent's head,
 To that thrice-awful moment, when the Son
 His victor-car o'er death and hell shall drive
 Triumphant, and bolt fast the gates of time!

* There must be sympathy in the future state to render it uniformly complete and perfect. We can have no pleasure in God, or God in us, but from that sympathy arising from similitude. We must be made like God to enjoy beatific vision. Bring a bad man to Heaven, with a soul encrusted and sensualized, he would have no pleasure in it: nor could he endure the sight, any more than reptiles that grovel in a cave amidst filth and darkness, could endure the splendors of the mid-day sun. Shakespeare's description is, in this view, highly animated:

“ For vice, tho' to a radiant Angel link'd
 “ Would fete itself in a celestial bed,
 “ And prey on garbage.”

† See Maclean's Answer to Jenyn's, p. 78.

Unroll'd the mystic volume, we behold
 In characters of wisdom strong pourtray'd
 The rise and fall of empires: in thy hand
 Omnipotent, or instruments of good,
 Or of thy justice punitive and dread
 Awful dispensers! There, of heroes, kings,
 Sages, and saints, of prophets and of priests,
 Thy distributions difficult, but wise,
 Discerning, shall we gratefully adore:
 And in the long, long chain of seeming chance,
 And accidents fortuitous, shall trace
 Omniscience all-combining, guiding all!
 No dispensations then will seem too hard,
 Through temporary ills to blissful life
 Leading, tho' labyrinthal! All will shine
 In open day: all, o'er the mighty plan,
 Discover Thee, with wisdom infinite
 Presiding glorious: All thy steadfast truth,
 And love paternal, manifest; while falls
 The prostrate world of spirits, angels, saints,
 In adoration's homage 'fore thy throne!

Nor to our earth, or earth's poor confines bound:
 The soul dilated, glorified and free,
 On seraph's wings shall soar, and drink in glad,
 New draughts of high delight from each survey
 Of its Creator's kingdoms! Pleas'd shall pass
 From star to star; from planetary worlds,
 And systems far remote, to systems, worlds
 Remoter still, in boundless depths of space;
 Each peopled with its myriads: and shall learn
 The wise and strict dependence of the whole;
 Concatenation striking of thy works,
 All-perfect, mighty Master! Wonder-lost
 In the last view of systems numberless,
 All regular, in one eternal round
 Of beauteous order rolling! All design'd
 With skill consummate, tending to one goal,
 And manifesting all, in characters
 Transparent as the diamond's brilliant blaze,

Their

Their Sovereign Ruler's unity of will,
 His all-efficient wisdom, and his love,
 In grace and glory infinite; the chain
 Connecting firm, and through its every link
 Transfusing life's ineffable delights !
 Oh goodness providential ! sleepless care !
 Intent, as ever blest, to bless the whole !
 What plaudits from that whole are due, shall burst
 From full creation's universal choir !

Then, oh transporting ! shall the scheme profound,
 Heaven's labour, and of angels anxious thought
 Sublimest meditation ;—then shall blaze
 In fullest glory on the race redeem'd,
 Redemption's boundless mercy !—High in Heav'n,
 To millions blest, rejoicing in its grace,
 And hymning all its bounties, shall the cross,
 Thy cross, all-conquering Saviour be display'd,
 While seraphs veil their glories, and while men,
 Thronging innumerable, prostrate fall
 Before thy feet, and to the bleeding Lamb
 Ascribe their free salvation !—

Midst that throng
 Of spirits justified, and thro' thy blood
 Cleans'd, perfected, and blest, might I be found,
 To scenes so high exalted ; to such views
 Ennobling brought, such intellect refin'd,
 Such light and love, such holiness and peace ;
 Such spheres of science, and such realms of rest !
 Ah, how I'd scorn the passage strait of death,
 How doleful e'er and horrid ! How I'd look
 With steadfastness unshaken through the grave,
 And smile o'er all its sadness ! How I'd rise
 Exulting, great Forerunner, o'er the waves
 And bitterness of life ! How, smiling, court
 Ev'n the fell hand of horror, to dismiss
 From earth, from darkness, my delighted soul
 To Heaven, to God, and everlasting day !

Teacher of truth, blest Jesu !—On the throne
 Of majesty co-equal thou who sitt'st

From all eternity in glory's blaze
 With thy Almighty Father! Thou, benign,
 From bosom of that Father hast brought down
 Intelligence to man of this blest state
 Consolatory, rational; and fraught
 With every good beyond the highest reach
 Of man's supreme conception! How shall then
 In equal language man his homage pay,
 Or grateful laud thy goodness! Sons of Greece,
 Or ye, who in old times, of sevenfold Nile,
 Proud Tyber, or the Ganges' sacred flood
 Religious drank, and to your dæmon's dark
 Paid superstition's tribute;—tho' I trace
 Delighted, in your visions of the world
 Beyond the grave, your dreams of future life,—
 Proofs of that life's firm credence, of your faith
 In the soul's deathless nature;—yet with tears
 Of human pity, humbled o'er the sense
 Of human imbecility, I read
 Your futile fables, puerile and poor;
 To the soul's life, to virtue's godlike love
 Unanimating, useless; while illum'd
 By gospel-splendor,—else, no doubt, as dark
 And worthy pity—owns my heart rejoic'd,
 That gospel's eminence of wisdom, truth,
 And heavenly emanation, in its traits
 Of future life superlatively drawn!

And who could paint that life, that scene describe
 Immortal, and all-glorious, from the view
 Of mortals shrouded ever,—save the Son,
 Who from eternity that life enjoyed;
 And came in condescension to reveal
 A glimpse of its perfection to mankind?

Presumption vain and arrogant in man,
 To think of sketching with his weak, faint line,
 A scene so much above him! And behold
 That vain presumption punish'd as it ought,
 In Araby's Impostor, dark and lew'd;
 Who dar'd, with temporary follies fraught,

And

And low self-interest, stalking in the van
 Of mad ambition's route—to cheat his train,
 Deluded by his darings, with the hope
 Of sensual ravishment, and carnal joys
 Perpetual in the Paradise of God;
 Reserv'd—for sons of murder and of lust!

Shame on the impious madnes!—Nor less shame
 Must truth indignant dart on those who boast
 Exclusive Christianity; yet dare
 Presumptuous, in their fancied penal fire
 To fetter the free soul, “till the foul sins
 “Done in its days of nature be purged out
 “And burn'd away* ;” unless by lucky chance
 The oft-repeated mass, thro' potent gold,—
 All-sacred influence!—gain'd, unlocks the door
 Of dismal prison-house, and gives the soul
 Enfranchis'd, up to Peter's better care!

Preposterous, weak delusion! strange reproach
 To Christian sapience, and to manly sense!
 But not to Christ's true gospel, and the code
 Of Revelation pure; before whose light,
 Resplendently informing, fables old
 Like these, and vain (of ignorance the birth,
 Or coinage sacerdotal, in an age
 Of gross Cimmerian darkness), growling hide
 Their ignominious heads: as birds of night,
 Reptiles, and beasts of prey before the sun,
 Mounting the misty hills, in splendor rob'd,
 And beaming all around refulgent day!

Other, far other, from that luminous code
 Breaks on the rational, enlighten'd mind
 In perfect beauty that exalted state,
 Of whose high excellence our sight hath dar'd,
 How dim so'er, to take an humble glimpse,
 And peep into its wonders!—But what tongue
 Of man in language adequate can tell,
 What mortal pencil worthily pourtray
 That excellence, those wonders—where nor death

* See Hamlet.

Nor sin, nor pain shall enter ever;—where,
 Each ill excluded, every good shall reign;
 Where day shall ne'er decline; but ceaseless light
 —The Lamb's eternal lustre—blazing blest
 With salutary glory! where shall smile
 One spring unvarying; and glad nature teem
 Spontaneous with exuberance of bounty!
 Where, in immortal health, the frame sublim'd,
 Refin'd, exalted thro' the chymic grave,
 In union with the soul made perfect, pure,
 And to the likeness of its God transform'd,
 Shall find for every sense divine employ,
 Gratification ample, exquisite,
 Angelical, and holy: Chief in sight,
 In vision beatific of its God;
 In blest communion of his love: in praise,
 High choral praise, strung to the golden harp
 In unison eternal, with the throng,
 Thousands of thousands that surround the throne,
 And feel his praise, their glory, and their bliss!
 There too his works constant th' adoring soul
 Shall pleas'd investigate; and constant find
 Fresh well-spring of delight; there constant share
 The lov'd society and converse high
 Of all the good, the wise, the truly great
 Of every age and clime; with saints and seers
 Divine communication holding, rapt
 Perpetually in new and deep displays
 Of wisdom boundless, and of perfect love.
 Then too, oh joy! amidst this blaze of good,
 This consummation rich of highest bliss;
 Then shall we meet,—meet never more to part,
 Dear, dear, departed friends! and then enjoy
 Eternal amity. My parents then,
 My youth's companions*!—From my moisten'd cheeks
 Dry the unworthy tear! Where art thou, Death?
 Is this a cause for mourning?—What a state
 Of happiness exalted lies before me!

* See Thoughts on the Epiphany, ver. 331, &c.

Lo my bar'd bosom ! Strike :—I court the blow :

I long, I pant for everlasting day,
For glory, immortality, and God !

But, ah, why droops my soul ? why o'er me thus
Comes a chill cloud ? Such triumph well befits
The faithful christian ? thee had suited well,
If haply persevering in the course,
As first thy race exultingly began.

But thou art fallen, fallen ! Oh my heart,
What dire compunction !—sunk in foul offence
A prisoner, and condemn'd : an outcast vile ;
Bye-word and scorn of an indignant world,
Who reprobate with horror thy ill deed :
Turn from thee loath'd, and to damnation just
Assign, unpitying, thy devoted head,
Loaded with every infamy !

Dread God

Of Justice and of Mercy ! wilt thou too,
In fearful indignation on my soul,
My anguish'd soul, the door of pity close,
And shut me from thee ever ?—Lo ! in dust,
Humiliant, prostrate, weeping 'fore thy throne—
Before thy cross, oh dying Friend of man,
Friend of repentant sinners I confess,
And mourn my deep transgressions ; as the sand
Innumerable, as the glowing crimson red ;
With every aggravation, every guilt
Accumulate and burden'd ! Against light,
'Gainst love and clearest knowledge perpetrate !
Stamp'd with ingratitude's most odious stain ;
Ingratitude to thee ; whose favouring love
Had bless'd me, had distinguish'd me with grace,
With goodness far beyond my wish or worth !
Ingratitude to man ; whose partial ear
Attended to my doctrine with delight ;
And from my zeal conspicuous justly claim'd
Conspicuous example !—Lord, I sink
O'erwhelm'd with self conviction, with dismay,
With anguish and confusion past compare !

And

And could I weep whole seas of briny tears
 In painful penitence ; could I deplore
 From my heart's aching fountain, drop by drop,
 My crimes and follies ; my deep grief and shame,
 For vile dishonour on thy gospel brought ;
 For vile discredit to my order done ;
 For deep offence against my country's laws !
 For deep offence to pity and to man,—
 A patriarchal age would be too short
 To speak my sorrows and lament my sins ;
 Chief, as I am, of sinners ! Guiltier far
 Than he who, falling, at the cock's shrill call
 Rose, and repented weeping : Guiltier far—
 I dare not say, than Judas ; for my heart
 Hath ever lov'd,—could never have betray'd,
 Oh never, never Thee, dear Lord ! to death ;
 Tho' cruelly, unkindly and unwise
 That heart hath sacrific'd its truth and peace,
 —For what a shameful, what a paltry price !—
 To sin, detested sin ; and done thee wrong,
 Oh blessed source of all its good, its hope !
 For tho' thus sunk, thus sinful, sorrowing thus,
 It dare not, cannot Judas' crime commit,
 Last crime,—and of thy mercy, Lord despair !
 But, conscious of its guilt : contrite and plung'd
 In lowest self-abjection, in the depths
 Of sad compunction, of repentance due
 And undissembled, to thy cross it cleaves,
 And cries for—ardent cries for mercy, Lord !
 Mercy, its only refuge ! Mercy, Christ !
 By the red drops that in the garden gush'd
 'Midst thy soul's anguish from thee ! By the drops
 That down thy precious temples from the crown
 Of agony distill'd ! By those that flow'd
 From thy pierc'd hand's and blessed feet so free ;
 By all thy blood, thy sufferings, and thy death,
 Mercy, oh Mercy, Jesus ! Mercy Thou,
 Who erst on David, with a clement eye,
 When mourning at thy footstool, deign'dst to look
 Thou,

Thou, who th' adulterous Magdalen forgav'ft,
 When in the winning garb of penitence
 Contrite she knelt, and with her flowing tears
 Wash'd lowly thy lov'd feet! Nor thou the thief,
 Ev'n in the last, the bitterest hour of pain,
 Refusedst, gracious! Nor wilt thou refuse
 My humble supplication, nor reject
 My broken bleeding heart, thus offer'd up
 On true contrition's altar; while thro' thee,
 Only thro' Thee acceptance do I hope,
 Thou bleeding love! Consummate Advocate,
 Prevailing Intercessor, great High Priest,
 Almighty Sufferer! Oh look pitying down!
 On thy sufficient merits I depend;
 From thy unbounded mercies I implore
 The look of pardon, and the voice of grace,—
 Grace, Grace!—Victorious Conqueror over sin,
 O'er death, o'er Hell, for me, for all mankind;
 For grace I plead: repentant at thy feet
 I throw myself, unworthy, lost, undone;
 Trusting my soul, and all its dear concerns,
 With filial resignation to thy will:
 Grace,—still on grace my whole reliance built:
 Glory to grace triumphant!—And to thee,
 Dispenser bounteous of that sovereign grace!
 Jesus, thou King of glory! at thy call
 I come obedient: lo, the future world
 Expands its views transporting! Lord, I come;
 And in that world eternal trust to 'plaud,
 With all Redemption's sons, thy glorious grace!
 Then farewell, oh, my friends! light o'er my grave
 The green sod lay, and dew it with the tear
 Of memory affectionate! and you
 —The curtain dropt decisive, oh my foes,
 Your rancour drop; and, candid, as I am
 Speak of me, hapless! Then you'll speak of one
 Whose bosom beat at pity's gentlest touch
 From earliest infancy; whose boyish mind
 In acts humane and tender ever joy'd;

And

And who,—that temper by his inmost sense
 Approv'd and cultivate with constant care,—
 Melted thro' life at Sorrow's plaintive tale;
 And urg'd, compassionate with pleasure ran
 To soothe the sufferer and relieve the woe!
 Of one, who, though to humble fortune bred,
 With splendid generosity's bright form
 Too ardently enamour'd, turn'd his sight,
 Deluded, from frugality's just care,
 And parsimony needful! one who scorn'd
 Mean love of gold, yet to that power,—his scorn
 Retorting vengeful,—a mark'd victim fell!
 Of one, who, unsuspecting, and ill-form'd
 For the world's subtleties, his bare breast bore
 Unguarded, open; and ingenuous, thought
 All men ingenuous, frank and open too!
 Of one, who, warm with human passions, soft
 To tenderest impressions, frequent rush'd
 Precipitate into the tangling maze
 Of error;—instant to each fault alive
 Who, in his little journey through the world—
 Mised, deluded oft, mistook his way;
 Met with bad roads and robbers, for his steps
 Insidious lurking: and, by cunning craft
 Of fellow-travellers sometimes deceiv'd,
 Severely felt of cruelty and scorn,
 Of envy, malice, and of ill report*,

* The following is a striking instance, and an alarming proof, that calumny and slander will one day grievously afflict the conscious mind.—A Clergyman, with whom I had lived in much friendship, always ready to shew him every proof of civility, and for whom I had much esteem; after an absence of a twelvemonth and more, sent me a line, that he was then in a dangerous state, apprehensive of speedy death. I flew to my friend with all zeal and speed; and found him, as it seem'd, in a very dangerous way. Almost as soon as he saw me he burst into tears, and clasping my hands vehemently, said, "Oh, my dear Doctor, I could not die in peace without seeing you, and earnestly imploring your pardon. For amidst all the seeming friendship I shewed, I have been your bitter enemy. I have done all I could upon every occasion to traduce and lessen you: Envy, base envy alone, being my motive; for I could not bear the brilliancy of your reputation, and the splendor of your abilities. —Can you forgive me?"

I was shocked; but with great truth told him to be perfectly at peace; that he had my most sincere forgiveness.—I did all I could to soothe his mind. He recovered; and surely must ever be my friend! Would to God what he then suffered may be a warning to him, and to all, how they indulge such diabolical passions; which, being most opposite to the God who is love, cannot but sooner or later woefully distract the heart!

The

The heavy hand oppressive! One who brought
 —From ignorance, from indiscretion blind,—
 Ills numerous on his head; but never aim'd,
 Nor wish'd an ill or injury to man!
 Injur'd, with cheerful readiness forgave;
 Nor for a moment in his happy heart
 Harbour'd of malice or revenge a thought:
 Still glad and blest to avenge his foes despite
 By deeds of love benevolent!—Of one—
 Oh painful contradiction, who in God,
 In duty, plac'd the summit of his joy;
 Yet left that God, that blissful duty left,
 Preposterous, vile deserter! and receiv'd
 A just return—"Desertion from his God,
 "And consequential plunge into the depth
 "Of all his present—of all human woe!"

Then hear his sufferings! Hear (if found too faint
 His feeble song to win attention) hear
 And heed his dying counsel! Cautious, shun
 The rocks on which he split. Cleave close to God,
 Your Father, sure Protector, and Defence:
 Forsake not his lov'd service; and your cause
 Be sure he'll ne'er forsake. Initiate once
 Happy and prosperous, in religion's course
 Oh persevere unfainting! Nor to vice
 Or tempting folly slightest parley give:
 Their black tents never enter: On the watch
 Continue unremitting, nor e'er slack
 The necessary guard. Trivial neglects,
 Smallest beginnings*, to the wakeful foe
 Open the door of danger;—and down sinks,
 Thro' the minutest leak once sprung, the ship
 In gayest and most gallant tackle trim.
 By small neglects he fell!—

Oh could ye rise,

* Principiis obsta: sero medicina paratur,
 Cum mala per longas convaluere moras
 Sed propera; nec te venturas differ in horas.
 Quil non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.

Ov. R. A. lib. 1. l. 91.

Blest ministers of peace, by his sad fall;
 Gather increase of caution and of zeal?
 And, seeing on what slippery edge ye stand,
 Of foul and fatal lapse take the more heed;—
 With deeper thankfulness he'd bow the knee,
 While thus his fate productive prov'd of good
 To you, of truth blest heralds! whom he views
 With heart-felt anguish scandaliz'd impugn'd
 By his atrocious follies: But for that
 Not honour'd less, or honourable, if rous'd,
 Ev'n by his errors, wisely you maintain
 Your high profession's dignity, and look
 With single eye intent on the great work
 Thrice holy, of your calling; happiest work
 Of mortals here, "Salvation of mens souls."

Oh envied pastor, who thus occupied
 Looks down on low preferment's distant views
 Contemptible; nor e'er his plotting mind
 To little, mean servilities enslaves;
 Forgetting duty's exercise sublime,
 And his attachments heavenly! Who nor joins
 In frivolous converse on the rise of this,
 Nor prospects flattering of that worldly clerk;
 Strange inconsistency! Marching aloft
 With step superior and ambition's paw
 To dignity's wish'd summit!—Nor allows
 Envious, or spreads malicious the low tales
 Diminishing of brethren, who by zeal,
 Of eminence of merit in the cause,
 The common cause of Christ, distinguish'd shine
 Or futile politics and party rage
 Who, heedless, ever for the powers that be
 In meek sincerity implores: and lives
 Only to spread around the good, the peace,
 The truth, the happiness, his open heart
 Innocuous possesses; as the gift
 Of him, the God of peace he serves and loves!

Much envied pastor! Ah, ye men of God,
 Who crowd the levee, theatre, or court;

Foremost

Foremost in each amusement's idle walk ;
 Of vice and vanity the sportive scorn,
 The vaunted pillars ;—ah, that ye were all
 Such happy, envied pastors ! how mankind
 With eyes of reverence would devoutly look,
 How would yourselves with eyes of pleasure look
 On characters so uniform ! while now,
 What view is found less pleasing to the sight !

Nor wonderful, my aged friends ! For none
 Can inward look complacent where a void
 Presents its desolations drear and dark.
 Hence 'tis you turn (incapable to bear
 Reflection's just resentment) your lull'd minds
 To infantine amusements, and employ
 The hours,—short hours, indulgent Heaven affords
 For purposes most solemn,—in the toil
 Of busy trifling ; of diversions poor,
 Which irritate as often as amuse :

Passions most low and sordid ! With due shame,
 With sorrow I regret—Oh pardon me
 This mighty wrong !—that frequent by your side
 Silent I've sat, and with a pitying eye
 Your follies mark'd, and unadmonish'd left,
 'Tho' tenderly lamenting ! Yet, at last,
 —If haply not too late my friendly call
 Strike on dead ears, oh profit by that call !
 And, to the grave approaching, its alarms
 Weigh with me all considerate ! Brief time
 Advances quick in tread ; few hours and dark
 Remain : those hours in frivolous employ
 Waste not impertinent ; they ne'er return !
 Nor deem it dulness to stand still and pause
 When dread eternity hath claims so high.
 Oh be those claims fulfill'd !

Nor, my young friends,
 Whom life's gay sunshine warms with laughing joy,
 Pass you those claims unheeding !—In the bud
 Of earliest rose oft have I sorrowing seen
 The canker worm lurk blighting ; oft, ere noon,

The tulip have beheld drop its proud head
 In eminent beauty open'd to the morn!
 In youth, in beauty, in life's outward charms
 Boast not self-flattering; virtue has a grace,
 Religion has a power, which will preserve
 Immortal your true excellence! Oh give
 Early and happy your young hearts to God,
 And God will smile in countless blessings on you!
 Nor, captivate by fashion's idle glare,
 And the world's shews delusive, dance the maze,
 The same dull round, fatiguing and fatigu'd,
 Till, discontented, down in folly's seat,
 And disappointment's, worthless, toil'd, you sink,
 Despising and despis'd! Your gentle hearts
 To kind impressions yet susceptible,
 Will amiably hear a friend's advice;
 And if, perchance, amidst the giddy whirl
 Of circling folly, his unheeded tongue
 Hath whisper'd vanity, or not announc'd
 Truth's salutary dictates to your ears,
 Forgive the injury, my friends belov'd;
 And see me now, solicitous t' atone
 That and each fault, each error; with full eyes
 Intreating you, by all your hopes and fears,
 By all your dear anxieties; by all
 You hold in life most precious, to attend,
 To listen to his lore! to seek for bliss
 In God, in piety; in hearts devote
 To duty and to heav'n! and seeking thus,
 The treasure is your own. Angels on earth,
 Thus pure and good, soon will ye mount, and live
 Eternal angels with your Father—God!

Of admonition due, just self-contempt,
 And frank expostulation's honest charge,
 The needful debt thus paid; haste thou, my song,
 As hastes my life,—brief shadow,—to its close!

Then farewell, oh my friends, most valued! bound
 By consanguinity's endearing tie,
 Or friendship's noble service, manly love,

And

And generous obligations! See, in all
 —And spare the tear of pity—Heaven's high will
 Ordaining wise and good. I see, I own
 His dispensation, howsoever harsh,
 To my hard heart, to my rebellious soul
 Needful and salutary! His dread rod
 Paternal, lo, I kiss; and to the stroke
 Severe, submissive, thankfully resign!
 It weans me from the world; it proves how vain,
 How poor the life of erring man!—hath taught,
 Experimentally hath taught, to look
 With scorn, with triumph upon death;—to wish
 The moment come!—Oh were that moment come,
 When, launch'd from all that's sinful here below,
 Securely I shall sail along the tide
 Of glorious eternity! My friends,
 Belov'd and honour'd, oh that we were launch'd,
 And sailing happy there, where shortly all
 Must one day sail! Oh that in peaceful port
 We all were landed! all together safe
 In everlasting amity and love
 With God, our God; our pilot thro' the storms
 Of this life's sea!—But, why the frivolous wish?
 Set a few suns,—a few more days decline,
 And I shall meet you.—Oh the glad some hour!
 Meet you in glory, nor with flowing tears
 Afflicted drop my pen, and sigh Adieu?

END OF THE FIFTH WEEK.

††† In a postscript to a friend, the Author writes
 thus: I forgot to request my good friend to tell Mr.
 HANWAY, that in one of my little melancholy Poems,
 written in this dreary place, I have made such men-
 tion of him as I think his attention to the improvement
 of jails demands:—That I earnestly press him, as a
 Christian and a Man, to pursue that improvement with
 zeal:—That much, very much is to be done:—And
 that while the state of prisons remains as it is, the legis-
 lature has some reason to charge itself with the greater

part of the robberies, &c. committed. For the offenders for petty crimes are here hardened in almost every species of vice, and turned out, necessary plunderers of the public, from the depravity of their unaltered disposition, and the deficiency of proper employment. I have felt much on this subject since I have been here; and expressed something of it in the Poem, Week the Third.

PIECES FOUND AMONG THE AUTHOR'S PAPERS
IN PRISON, WITH HIS LAST PRAYER.

I.—THE ADMONITION.

AFFLICTED prisoner, whosoe'er thou art,
To this lone room unhappily confin'd;
Be thy first business here to search thy heart,
And probe the deep corruptions of thy mind!
Struck with the foul transgressions thou hast wrought,
With sin,—the source of all thy worldly woe;
To shame, to sorrow, to conviction brought,
Oh, fall before the throne of mercy low!
With true Repentance pour thy soul in prayer,
And fervent plead the Saviour's cleansing blood:
Faith's ardent cry will pierce the Father's ear;
And Christ's a plea which cannot be withstood.

II.—SCRIPTURE-PENITENTS. (*A Fragment.*)

FIRST in the life of penitents we place
The sinful parent of our sinful race;
Who by temptation foil'd, and man's first foe,
"Brought death into the world, and all our woe!"
Transgression's debt how deeply does he pay!
Depriv'd of innocence; to death a prey;
From Paradise expell'd; to toil assign'd—
Toil of the fainting frame and sick'ning mind!
And doom'd to shed, for near a thousand years,
O'er fall'n descendants penitential tears!
Thus seized the triple league* on mortal man,
And thus, Repentance, thy sad reign began.

*Sin, Sorrow and Death.

Yet,

Yet, awful Power! how blest beneath thy sway,
 Who feel Contrition's dictates, and obey!
 Their vicious deviations who detest,
 And hold Faith's cross, all humbled, to their breast!
 From God's lov'd presence then they need not fly *;
 Nor ope in wrath the flood-gates of the sky:
 For since to man perfection was deny'd,
 By thee his deep demerits are supply'd:
 And, led by thee a suppliant to the throne,
 The God of mercy looks with pity down:
 Smiles on the mourner, and delights to prove
 How free is grace, and how triumphant love!

Eternal proof! See, bath'd in floods of tears,
 Where David foremost in thy train appears:
 How deep his crime, the prophet pictures well;
 How deep his penitence, those sorrows tell!
 That, whether to deplore the crime, or bless,
 We stand suspended; since its evil less,
 Less bright his soul's ingenuous grief had shone,
 And less at once his comfort, and our own!

Hear, like a torrent how his sorrows roll;
 Conviction's tempest tearing up his soul!
 Hear, sad and solemn, to the mournful strings,
 In trembling anguish, how he weeps and sings!
 "Mercy, oh mercy, Lord! with humble heart;
 "For thy known pity's sake, mercy I pray!
 "Boundless in tender mercies as Thou art,
 "Take, Lord! oh take my foul offence away!
 "Oh, from my loathsome guilt, wash, cleanse my soul;
 "Remove, dear Father, each defiling stain:
 "Guilty, oh, guilty, Lord! I own the whole;
 "I see, I feel it; all excuse is vain.
 "Against Thee, Lord! ev'n Thee, have I transgress'd;
 "Lo, self-convicted, I before Thee fall!
 "Just are thy words; their truth is thus confess'd;
 "Just are thy judgments! Sinners are we all.
 "Prone to offend, or ere to birth I came,
 "My mother, when conceiving, gave me guilt:

* As Cain. Gen. iv. 14, 16.

- " Shapen in sin was my corrupted frame, [built.
 " When in the womb that wonderous frame was
 " But Thou, of purer eyes than guilt to view,
 " Thou wilt accept the soul's sincere desire ;
 " Pardon the past, the humbled heart renew,
 " And wisdom by thy secret one inspire.
 " Then listen to my cry ; and oh, my God,
 " Purge me with hyssop, and I pure shall grow ;
 " Wash me, foul leper, in the mystic blood,
 " And whiter I shall be than whitest snow.
 " Against the voice of gladness let me hear
 " Thy voice of pardoning love, for it is sweet :
 " The soul dejected so shalt thou uprear,— [feet.
 " The worm which, crush'd, lies trembling at thy
 " Hide from my sins,—the objects of thy hate,—
 " Oh, hide thy face, and blot them from thy view :
 " A clean heart, God of grace, in me create,
 " And a right spirit in my soul renew !
 " From thy lov'd presence let me not be driven :
 " Let me not lose thy blessed spirit's aid ;
 " Again the joy of thy salvation giv'n,
 " Uphold, support, sustain my heart dismay'd.
 " Then, of thy pardoning mercy satisfy'd,
 " Thy pardoning mercy loud will I proclaim :
 " So shall transgressors, taught by me, confide
 " In thy compassions ; turn, and bless thy name.
 " Ah ! my soul shudders !—From the guilt of blood,
 " Oh, from blood-guiltiness deliver me !
 " Oh God, deliver—my salvation's God,
 " And praise unceasing will I pay to thee.
 " Permit my lips, now clos'd by guilt and shame,
 " Thy pardoning love, Jehovah, to express ;
 " Then to the list'ning world I'll tell thy name,
 " Proclaim thy praise, and sing thy righteousness.
 " For crimes like mine no offerings can atone ;
 " The gift of outward sacrifice is vain ;
 " Could these avail, before thy righteous throne
 " Whole hecatombs I gladly would have slain.

" The

" The contrite spirit and the sighs sincere,
 " Which from the broken, bleeding heart arise,
 " To thee more pleasing sacrifices are :
 " Are gifts, my God, which thou wilt not despise.
 " Hear then, and save ! and to my people, Lord,
 " Thy saving mercy graciously extend !
 " Oh let our Zion live in thy regard ;
 " The walls of our Jerusalem defend !
 " So shall the righteous to thy temple go,
 " And joyful bring their offering and their praise :
 " So shall the blood of lambs in plenty flow,
 " And incense on thy altar copious blaze*.
 With joy, with grief, the penitent I see,
 Offending Heav'n, yet Heav'n-absolv'd for me !
 Oh while, like his, I feel my guilt and shame,
 Be my repentance and my grief the same !
 Then shall the truth which cheer'd his heart be mine ;
 Thy God has pardon'd thee, and life is thine.
 But hark, my soul, what melancholy sound
 Re-echoes from the dungeon's dark profound !
 Hear, sympathetic hear : A King complains,
 Fall'n from his throne, a prisoner, and in chains !
 " God of the world, at length thy rule I own,
 " And prostrate fall before thy boundless throne :
 " Thy power resistless, trembling I confess :
 " In threat'nings awful, but in love no less !
 " O what a blessing has that love assign'd,
 " By penitence to heal the wounded mind !
 " By penitence to sinners, who like me,
 " More than th'unnumber'd sands that shore the sea,
 " My crimes acknowledge ; which, of crimson dye,
 " In all their scarlet horrors meet my eye !
 " Oh, eye, unworthy of the light of Heav'n :
 " Oh sins too mountainous to be forgiv'n :
 " Oh rebel to the law and love divine,
 " How justly God's severest vengeance thine !
 " But oh, I bend my heart's obedient knee,
 " In supplication, Lord for grace from Thee !

* See Psalm 51, and Christian's Magazine, Vol. III. p. 134

" Yes,

" Yes, I have sinn'd, and I confess the whole—
 " Forgive me then, nor cast away my soul !
 " Save me from evil,—from thine anger save,
 " And snatch me from the dark, untimely grave !
 " Friend of the contrite, Thou wilt pardon give :
 " A monument of mercy I shall live !
 " And worthless as I am, for ever prove,
 " That true repentance leads to saving love !
 " That true repentance tunes to praise the heart,
 " And in the choir of Heaven shall bear an ample part*!"
 Thus by affliction's deep correction taught,
 Manasseh to the Lord for mercy sought :
 By the kind chastening of a Father's rod,
 Brought to the knowledge of himself and God !
 Happy affliction, for such knowledge giv'n ;
 And blest the dungeon which led thus to Heaven !

III.—REFLECTIONS. (*unfinished.*)

HERE, seclude from worldly pleasure,
 In this doleful place confin'd,
 Come, and let's improve the leisure :
 Meditate, my thoughtful mind !
 Soul alike and body sharing,
 How have I the one forgot !
 While for t'other only caring,
 Lo ! my miserable lot !
 Yet the one I so much cherish,
 Doom'd to death when giv'n to life,
 Soon, perhaps, must sink and perish,
 Dust to dust—must end the strife !
 From a tedious tour returning,
 Into distant foreign land,
 How my anxious heart is burning
 News of home to understand !

* * * * *

* See Prayer of Manasseh, in the Apocrypha, next to the First Book of Maccabees ; and compare 2 Chron. xxxiii. 21, &c.

To my Friends, especially of the Charitable Societies,

On their sollicitude.

AH, my lov'd friends ! why all this care for one
 To life so lost, so totally undone ;
 Whose meat and drink are only bitter tears,
 Nights pass'd in sorrow, mornings wak'd to cares ;
 Whose deep offence sits heavy on the soul,
 And thoughts self-torturing in deep tumult roll !

Could you, by all your labours so humane,
 From this dread prison his deliverance gain ;
 Could you, by kind exertions of your love,
 To generous pardon royal mercy move,
 Where should he fly ? where hide his wretched head,
 With shame so cover'd ; so to honour dead ?

Spare then the task, and as he longs to die,
 Set free the captive, — let his spirit fly,
 Enlarg'd and happy, to its native sky !
 Not doubting mercy from his grace to find,
 Who bled upon the cross for all mankind.

But if it must not be ; — if Heaven's high will
 Ordains him yet a duty to fulfil ;
 Oh may each breath, while God that breath shall spare,
 Be yours in gratitude, be Heaven's in prayer !
 Deep as his sin, and low as his offence,
 High be his rite thro' humblest penitence !
 While, life or death, — mankind at least shall learn
 From this sad story, and your kind concern,
 That works of mercy, and a zeal to prove
 By sympathetic aid the heart of love,
 On earth itself a sure reward obtain ;
 Nor e'er fall pity's kindly drops in vain !

I live a proof ! and dying, round my urn
 Affliction's family will crowd and mourn :
 " Here rests our friend," if weeping o'er my grave
 They cry — 'tis all the epitaph I crave.

THE

THE CONVICT'S ADDRESS TO HIS UNHAPPY BRETHREN :

Delivered in the Chapel of Newgate, on Friday, June 6, 1777.

*I acknowledge my Faults : and my Sin is ever
before me. Psalm li. 3.*

TO THE REVEREND MR. VILLETTE,
ORDINARY OF NEWGATE,

Reverend Sir,

THE following Address owes its present public appearance to you. I read it to you after it was composed, and you thought it proper to be delivered, as was intended. You heard it delivered, and are pleased to think that its publication will be useful.—To a poor abject worm, like myself, this is a sufficient inducement to that publication; and I heartily pray God, that in your hands it may frequently and effectually administer to the instruction and comfort of the miserable.

I am, dear Sir,

With my sincerest thanks for your humane
and friendly attention,

your truly sorrowful

Friday, June 6, and much afflicted brother in Christ,
1777, WILLIAM DODD.

AN ADDRESS, &c.

My dear and unhappy fellow-prisoners,
CONSIDERING my peculiar circumstances and situation, I cannot think myself justified, if I do not deliver to you, in sincere Christian love, some of my serious thoughts on our present awful state.

In the sixteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, you read a memorable story respecting Paul and Silas, who, for preaching the gospel, were cast by magistrates into prison, ver. 23.—and after having received many stripes, were committed to the jailor, with a strict charge to keep them safely. Accordingly he thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

At

At midnight Paul and Silas, supported by the testimony of a good conscience, prayed, and sung praises to God, and the prisoners heard them; and suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken; and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's chains were loosed. The keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, in the greatest distress, as might well be imagined, drew his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled.—But Paul cried with a loud voice, Do thyself no harm, for we are all here.—The keeper calling for a light, and finding his prisoners thus freed from their bonds by the imperceptible agency of divine power, was irresistibly convinced that these men were not offenders against the law, but martyrs to the truth: he sprang in therefore, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul, and Silas, and brought them out and said, “Sirs, What must I do to be saved?”

“What must I do to be saved?” is the important question, which it becomes every human being to study, from the first hour of reason to the last: but which we, my fellow-prisoners ought to consider with particular diligence and intenseness of meditation. Had it not been forgotten or neglected by us, we had never appeared in this place. A little time for recollection and amendment is yet allowed us by the mercy of the law. Of this little time let no particle be lost. Let us fill our remaining life with all the duties which our present condition allows us practise. Let us make one earnest effort for salvation!—And oh! heavenly Father, who desirest not the death of a sinner, grant that this effort may not be in vain!

To teach others what they must do to be saved, has long been my employment and profession. You see with what confusion and dishonour I now stand before you—no more in the pulpit of instruction, but on this humble seat with yourselves.—You are not to consider me now as a man authorised to form the manners, or direct the conscience, and speaking with the authority of a pastor

to his flock.—I am here guilty, like yourselves, of a capital offence; and sentenced, like yourselves, to public and shameful death. My profession, which has given me stronger convictions of my duty than most of you can be supposed to have attained, and has extended my views to the consequences of wickedness farther than your observation is likely to have reached, has loaded my sin with peculiar aggravations; and I entreat you to join your prayers with mine, that my sorrow may be proportionate to my guilt!

I am now, like you, inquiring what I must do to be saved! and stand here to communicate to you what that inquiry suggests. Hear me with attention, my fellow-prisoners; and in your melancholy hours of retirement, consider well what I offer to you from the sincerity of my good-will, and from the deepest conviction of a penitent heart.

Salvation is promised to us Christians, on the terms of Faith, Obedience, and Repentance. I shall therefore endeavour to shew how, in the short interval, between this moment and death, we may exert faith, perform obedience, and exercise repentance, in a manner which our heavenly Father may, in his infinite mercy, vouchsafe to accept.

I. Faith is the foundation of all Christian virtue. It is that, without which it is impossible to please God. I shall therefore consider, first, How faith is to be particularly exerted by us in our present state.

Faith is a full and undoubting confidence in the declarations made by God in the holy Scriptures; a sincere reception of the doctrines taught by our blessed Saviour; with a firm assurance that he died to take away the sins of the world, and that we have, each of us, a part in the boundless benefits of the universal Sacrifice.

To this faith we must have recourse at all times, but particularly if we find ourselves tempted to despair. If thoughts arise in our minds, which suggest that we have sinned beyond the hope of pardon, and that therefore it is vain to seek for reconciliation by repentance, we must remember how God willeth that every man should be saved,

saved, and that those who obey his call, however late, shall not be rejected.—If we are tempted to think that the injuries we have done are unrepaired, and therefore repentance is vain, let us remember that the reparation which is impossible is not required; that sincerely to will, is to do, in the sight of Him to whom all hearts are open; and that what is deficient in our endeavours, is supplied by the merits of Him who died to redeem us.

Yet let us likewise be careful, lest an erroneous opinion of the all-sufficiency of our Saviour's merits lull us into carelessness and security. His merits are indeed all-sufficient! But he has prescribed the terms on which they are to operate. He died to save sinners, but to save only those sinners that repent. Peter, who denied him, was forgiven; but he obtained his pardon by weeping bitterly. They who lived in perpetual regularity of duty, and are free from any gross or visible transgression, are yet but unprofitable servants:—What then are we, whose crimes are hastening us to the grave before our time?—Let us work with fear and trembling, but still let us endeavour to work out our salvation. Let us hope without presumption; let us fear without desperation; and let our faith animate us to that which we were to consider.

Secondly, “Sincere Obedience to the laws of God.” Our obedience, for the short time yet remaining is restrained to a narrow circle. Those duties, which are called social and relative, are for the most part out of our power. We can contribute very little to the general happiness of mankind, while on those, whom kindred and friendship have allied to us, we have brought disgrace and sorrow. We can only benefit the public by an example of contrition, and fortify our friends against temptation by warning and admonition.

The obedience left us now to practise is “submission to the will of God, and calm acquiescence in his wisdom and his justice.” We must not allow ourselves to repine at those miseries which have followed our of-

fences, but suffer, with silent humility and resigned patience, the punishment which we deserve; remembering that, according to the apostle's decision, no praise is due to them who bear with patience to be buffeted for their faults.

When we consider the wickedness of our past lives and the danger of having been summoned to the final judgment without preparation, we shall, I hope, gradually rise so much above the gross conceptions of human nature as to return thanks to God for what once seemed the most dreadful of all evils—our detection and conviction!—We shrink back, by immediate and instinctive terror from the public eye, turned as it is upon us with indignation and contempt. Imprisonment is afflictive, and ignominious death is fearful! But let us compare our condition with that which our actions might reasonably have incurred.—The robber might have died in the act of violence, by lawful resistance; the man of fraud might have sunk into the grave while he was enjoying the gain of his artifice,—and where then had been our hope? We have now leisure for thought; we have opportunities of instruction; and whatever we suffer from offended laws, may yet reconcile ourselves to God, who, if we sincerely seek him, will assuredly be found.

But how are we to seek the Lord? By the way which he himself hath appointed; by humble, fervent, and frequent prayer. Some hours of worship are appointed us; let us duly observe them. Some assistance to our devotion is supplied; let us thankfully accept it. But let us not rest in formality and prescription: let us call upon God night and day. When, in the review of the times which we have past, any offence arises to our thoughts, let us humbly implore forgiveness; and for those faults (and many they are and must be) which we cannot recollect, let us solicit mercy in general petitions. But it must be our constant care that we pray not merely with our lips; but that when we lament our sins, we are really humbled in self-abhorrence*; and that when we

* See Job, chap. xlii. ver. 6.

call for mercy, we raise our thoughts to hope and trust in the goodness of God, and the merits of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ.

The reception of the holy Sacrament, to which we shall be called, in the most solemn manner, perhaps a few hours before we die, is the highest act of Christian worship. At that awful moment it will become us to drop for ever all worldly thoughts, to fix our hopes solely upon Christ, whose death is represented, and to consider ourselves as no longer connected with mortality.— And, possibly, it may please God to afford us some consolation, some secret intimations of acceptance and forgiveness. But these radiations of favour are not always felt by the sincerest penitents. To the greater part of those whom angels stand ready to receive, nothing is granted in this world beyond rational hope;—and with hope, founded on promise, we may well be satisfied.

But such promises of salvation are made only to the penitent. It is requisite then that we consider,

Thirdly, “How repentance is to be exercised.” Repentance, in the general state of Christian life, is such a sorrow for sin as produces a change of manners, and an amendment of life. It is that disposition of mind, by which he who stole, steals no more; by which the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doth that which is lawful and right. And to the man thus reformed it is expressly promised, that he shall save his soul alive*. Of this repentance the proofs are visible, and the reality certain, always to the church with which he communicates; because the state of the mind is discovered by the outward actions.—But of the repentance which our condition requires and admits, no such evidence can appear; for to us many crimes and many virtues are made impossible by confinement; and the shortness of the time which is before us, gives little power even to ourselves, of distinguishing the effects of

* There cannot be a stronger exemplification of this idea than the conduct of the jailor, who uttered the question, with which we commenced our enquiry—What shall I do to be saved! What a change of mind and manners was wrought in him, by the power of God! Read Acts, chap. xvi.

terror from those of conviction ; of deciding, whether our present sorrow for sin proceeds from abhorrence of guilt, or dread of punishment ? whether the violence of our inordinate passions be totally subdued by the fear of God, or only crushed and restrained by the temporary force of present calamity ?

Our repentance is like that of other sinners on the death-bed ; but with this advantage, that our danger is not greater, and our strength is more. Our faculties are not impaired by weakness of body. We come to the great work not withered by pains, nor clouded by the fumes of disease, but with minds capable of continued attention, and with bodies, of which we need have no care ! We may therefore better discharge this tremendous duty, and better judge of our own performance.

Of the efficacy of a death-bed repentance many have disputed ; but we have no leisure for controversy. Fix in your minds this decision, "Repentance is a change of the heart ; of an evil to a good disposition." When that change is made, repentance is complete. God will consider that life as amended, which would have been amended if he had spared it. Repentance in the sight of man, even of the penitent, is not known but by its fruits ; but our Creator sees the fruit in the blossom, or the seed. He knows those resolutions which are fixed, those conversions which would be permanent ; and will receive them who are qualified by holy desires for works of righteousness, without exacting from them those outward duties which the shortness of their lives hindered them from performing.

Nothing therefore remains, but that we apply with all our speed, and with all our strength, to rectify our desires and purify our thoughts ; that we set God before us in all his goodness and terrors ; that we consider him as the Father and the judge of all the earth ; as a Father, desirous to save ; as a Judge, who cannot pardon unrepented iniquity ; that we fall down before him self-condemned, and excite in our hearts an intense detestation of those crimes which have provoked him : with
vehement

vehement and steady resolutions, that if life were granted us, it should be spent hereafter in the practice of our duty *; that we pray the Giver of grace to strengthen and impress those holy thoughts, and to accept our repentance, though late, and in its beginnings violent; that we improve every good motion by diligent prayer; and having declared and confirmed † our faith by the holy communion,—we deliver ourselves into his hands, in firm hope, that he who created and redeemed us will not suffer us to perish. *Rom. v. 8. viii. 32.*

The condition, without which forgiveness is not to be obtained, is that we forgive others. There is always a danger lest men, fresh from a trial in which life has been lost, should remember with resentment and malignity the prosecutor, the witnesses, or the judges. It is indeed scarce possible; that with all the prejudices of an interest so weighty and so affecting, the convict should think otherwise than that he has been treated, in some part of the process with unnecessary severity. In this opinion he is perhaps singular, and therefore probably mistaken. But there is no time for disquisition: we must try to find the shortest way to peace. It is easier to forgive than to reason right. He that has been injuriously or unnecessarily harrassed, has one opportunity more of proving his sincerity, by forgiving the wrong, and praying for his enemy.

It is the duty of a penitent to repair, so far as he has the power, the injury which he has done. What we can do, is commonly nothing more than to leave the world an example of contrition. On the dreadful day, when the sentence of the law has its full force, some will be found to have affected a shameless bravery, or negli-

* See 2 Cor. ch. v. 14, 15.

† I would have this expression to be particularly attended to.—While as a dying man, and with all possible sincerity of soul I add, that if I could wish to declare my faith, I know not of any words in which I could do it so well, and so perfectly to my satisfaction, as in the communion-service of our church; and if I would wish to confirm that faith, I know not of any appointed method so thoroughly adapted to that end of participation in that communion itself.—See particularly in this service, the Exhortation, Confession, prayer beginning “We do not presume,” &c.—Consecration—and prayer after receiving, O Lord and heavenly Father, &c.—Convicts should diligently and repeatedly read over the service before they communicate.

gent intrepidity. Such is not the proper behaviour of a convicted criminal. To rejoice in tortures is the privilege of a martyr; to meet death with intrepidity is the right only of innocence, if in any human being innocence could be found. Of him whose life is shortened by his crimes, the last duties are humility and self-abasement. We owe to God sincere repentance: we owe to man the appearance of repentance.—We ought not to propagate an opinion, that he who lived in wickedness can die with courage. If the serenity or gaiety with which some men have ended a life of guilt, were unfeigned, they can be imputed only to ignorance or stupidity, or, what is more horrid, to voluntary intoxication:—if they were artificial and hypocritical, they are acts of deception, the useless and unprofitable crimes of pride unmortified, and obstinacy unsubdued.

There is yet another crime possible, and, as there is reason to believe, sometimes committed in the last moment, on the margin of eternity.—Men have died with a steadfast denial of crimes, of which it is very difficult to suppose them innocent. By what equivocation or reserve they may have reconciled their consciences to falsehood, if their consciences were at all consulted, it is impossible to know. But if they thought that, when they were to die, they paid their legal forfeit, and that the world had no farther demand upon them; that therefore they might, by keeping their own secrets, try to leave behind them a disputable reputation; and that the falsehood was harmless, because none were injured,—they had very little considered the nature of society. One of the principal parts of national felicity arises from a wise and impartial administration of justice. Every man reposes upon the tribunals of his country the stability of possession, and the serenity of life. He therefore who unjustly exposes the courts of judicature to suspicion, either of partiality or error, not only does an injury to those who dispense the laws, but diminishes the public confidence in the laws themselves, and shakes the foundation of public tranquillity.

For

For my own part, I confess, with the deepest compunction, the crime which has brought me to this place; and admit the justice of my sentence, while I am sinking under its severity. And I earnestly exhort you, my fellow-prisoners, to acknowledge the offences which have been already proved; and to bequeath to our country that confidence in public justice, without which there can be neither peace nor safety.

As few men suffer for their first offences, and most convicts are conscious of more crimes than have been brought within judicial cognizance, it is necessary to inquire how far confession ought to be extended. Peace of mind, or desire of instruction, may sometimes demand, that to the minister, whose counsel is requested, a long course of evil life should be discovered:—but of this every man must determine for himself.—To the public, every man, before he departs from life, is obliged to confess those acts which have brought, or may bring, unjust suspicion upon others; and to convey such information as may enable those who have suffered losses to obtain restitution.

Whatever good remains in our power we must diligently perform. We must prevent, to the utmost of our power, all the evil consequences of our crimes: We must forgive all who have injured us: We must, by fervency of prayer and constancy in meditation, endeavour to repress all worldly passions, and generate in our minds that love of goodness and hatred of sin, which may fit us for the society of heavenly minds. And, finally, we must commend and entrust our souls to Him who died for the sins of men; with earnest wishes and humble hopes, that he will admit us with the labourers who entered the vineyard at the last hour, and associate us with the thief whom he pardoned on the cross!

To this great end you will not refuse to unite with me, on bended knees, and with humbled hearts, in fervent prayer to the throne of grace! May the Father of mercy hear our supplications, and have compassion upon us!

“ O almighty

“ O almighty Lord God, the righteous Judge of all the earth, who in thy providential justice dost frequently inflict severe vengeance upon sinners in this life, that thou mayest by their sad examples effectually deter others from committing the like heinous offences ; and that they themselves, truly repenting of their faults, may escape the condemnation of hell,—look down in mercy upon us, thy sorrowful servants, whom thou hast suffered to become the unhappy objects of offended justice in the world !

“ Give us a thorough sense of all those evil thoughts, words, and works which have so provoked thy patience, that thou hast been pleased to permit this public and shameful judgment to fall upon us ; and grant us such a portion of grace and godly sincerity, that we may heartily confess and unfeignedly repent of every breach of those most holy laws and ordinances, which if a man do, he shall even live in them.

“ Let no root of bitterness and malice, no habitual and deadly sin, either of omission or commission, remain undisturbed in our hearts ! But enable us to make our repentance universal, without the least flattering or deceitful reserve, that so we may clear our consciences before we close our eyes.

“ And now that thou hast brought us within the view of our long home, and made us sensible, that the time of our dissolution draweth near,—endue us, we humbly pray thee, O gracious Father, with such Christian fortitude, that neither the terrors of thy present dispensations, nor the remembrance of our former sins, may have power to sink our spirits into a despondency of thy everlasting mercies in the adorable Son of thy love.

“ Wean our thoughts and affections, good Lord, from all the vain and delusive enjoyments of this transitory world, that we may not only with patient resignation submit to the appointed stroke of death, but that our faith and hope may be so elevated, that we may conceive a longing desire to be dissolved from these our
earthly

earthly tabernacles, and to be with Christ, which is far better than all the happiness we can wish for besides!

“ And in a due sense of our own extraordinary want of forgiveness at thy hands, and of our utter unworthiness of the very least of all thy favours—of the meanest crumbs which fall from thy table—O blessed Lord Jesus, make us so truly and universally charitable, that in an undissembled compliance with thy own awful command and most endearing example, we may both freely forgive and cordially pray for our most inveterate enemies, persecutors, and slanderers! Forgive them, O Lord, we beseech thee—turn their hearts, and fill them with thy love!

“ Thus, may we humbly trust, our sorrowful prayers and tears will be acceptable in thy sight. Thus shall we be qualified, through Christ, to exchange this dismal bodily confinement [and these uneasy fetters] for the glorious liberty of the sons of God.—And thus shall our legal doom upon earth be changed into a comfortable declaration of mercy in the highest heavens:—and all through thy most precious and all sufficient merits, O blessed Saviour of mankind!—who with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest ever, One God, world without end. Amen*.

DR. DODD'S LAST PRAYER.

Written June 27, in the Night previous to his Suffering.

GREAT and glorious Lord God! Thou Father of Mercies, and God of all Comfort! a poor and humble publican stands trembling in thy awful presence; and, under the deep sense of innumerable transgressions, scarce dares so much as to lift up his eyes or to say, “ Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!”

For I have sinned, oh Lord! I have most grievously sinned against Thee; sinned against light, against con-

* See Rosell's Prisoner's Director:—a work of some merit—and which I have endeavoured, in my melancholy hours of leisure, to revise, and (I humbly hope) improve; and mean to leave behind me, in the hands of the Ordinary, as a small testimony of my sincere, but very weak, endeavours for the best welfare of unhappy men in confinement; to whom I have written a general Address, to be prefixed to the new edition of Rosell,

viction; and by a thousand, thousand offences, justly provoked thy wrath and indignation! My sins are peculiarly aggravated, and their burden more than ordinarily oppressive to my soul, from the sight and sense I have had of thy love, and from the high and solemn obligations of my sacred character!

But, oppressed with consciousness, and broken in heart under the sense of guilt, I come, oh Lord! with earnest prayer and tears, supplicating Thee, of thy mercy, to look upon me; and forgive me for his precious merit's sake, which are infinitely more unbounded than even all the sins of a whole sinful world! By his cross and passion, I implore, to spare and to deliver me, O Lord!

Blessed be thy unspeakable goodness for that wonderful display of divine love, on which alone is my hope and my confidence! Thou hast invited, oh blessed Redeemer, the burdened and heavy-laden, the sick in soul, and wearied with sin, to come to Thee, and receive rest. Lord, I come! Be it unto me according to thy infallible word! Grant me thy precious, thy inestimable rest!

Be with me, thou all-sufficient God, in the dreadful trial through which I am to pass! and graciously vouchsafe to fulfil in me those precious promises which Thou, in such fatherly kindness, hast delivered to thy afflicted children! Enable me to see and adore thy disposing hand in this awful, but mournful event; and to contemplate at an humble distance thy great example; who did go forth, bearing thy cross, and enduring its shame, under the consolatory assurance of the joy set before Thee!

And oh, my Triumphant Lord! in the moment of death, and in the last hour of conflict, suffer me not to doubt or despond! But sustain me in thy arms of love; and oh, receive and present faultless to thy Father, in the robe of thy righteousness, my poor and unworthy soul, which thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood!

Thus

Thus commending myself and my eternal concerns into thy most faithful hands, in firm hope of a happy reception into thy kingdom; Oh, my God hear me, while I humbly extend my supplications for others; and pray, That thou wouldest bless the King and all his family: that thou wouldest preserve the crown in his house to endless generations, and make him the happy minister of truth, of peace, and of prosperity to his people! Bless that people, O Lord! and shine, as thou hast done, with the light of thy favour, on this little portion of thy boundless creation. Diffuse more and more a spirit of Christian piety amongst all ranks and orders of men; and in particular fill their hearts with universal and undisssembled love:—Love to thee and love to each other!

Amidst the manifold mercies and blessings vouchsafed through thy gracious influence—thou Sovereign Ruler of all hearts!—to so unworthy a worm, during this dark day of my sorrows, enable me to be thankful; and in the sincerity of heart-felt gratitude to implore thine especial blessing on all my beloved fellow-creatures, who have by any means interested themselves in my preservation! May the prayers they have offered for me return in mercies on their own heads! May the sympathy they have shewn, refresh and comfort their own hearts! And may all their good endeavours and kindnesses be amply repaid by a full supply of thy grace and abundant assistance to them in their day of distress;—in their most anxious hours of need!

To the more particular and immediate instruments of thy providential love and goodness to me, O vouchsafe to impart, Author of all good,—a rich supply of thy choicest comforts! Fill their hearts with thy love, and their lives with thy favour! Guard them in every danger: soothe them in every sorrow: bless them in every laudable undertaking: restore an hundred-fold all their temporal supplies to me and mine: and after a course of extensive utility, advance them, through the merits of Jesus, to lives of eternal bliss.

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Extend,

Extend, great Father of the world, thy more especial care and kindness to my nearer and most dear connections. Bless with thy continual presence and protection my dear brother and sister, and all their children and friends! Hold them in thy hand of tender care and mercy; and give them to experience, that in thee there is infinite loving-kindness and truth!—Look with a tender eye on all their temporal concerns; and after lives of faithfulness and truth, oh bear them to thy bosom, and unite us together in thy eternal love!

But oh, my adorable Lord and hope, suffer me in a more particular manner to offer up to thy sovereign and gracious care my long-trying and most affectionate wife! Husband of the widow, be thou her support? sustain and console her afflicted mind! enable her with patient submission to receive all thy will:—and when, in thy good time, thou hast perfected her for thy blessed kingdom, unite again our happy and immortal spirits in celestial love, as thou hast been pleased to unite us in sincere earthly affection! Lord Jesus, vouchsafe unto her thy peculiar grace and all-sufficient consolation!

If I have any enemies, oh, thou who diedst for thy enemies, hear my prayers for them! Forgive them all their ill-will to me, and fill their hearts with thy love! And, oh, vouchsafe abundantly to bless and save all those who have either wished or done me evil! Forgive me, gracious God! the wrong or injury I have done to others; and so forgive me my trespasses, as I freely and fully forgive all those who have in any degree trespassed against me. I desire thy grace, to purify my soul from every taint of malevolence; and to fit me, by perfect love, for the society of spirits, whose business and happiness is love!

Glory be to thee, oh God! for all the blessings thou hast granted me from the day of my creation until the present hour; I feel and adore thy exceeding goodness in all; and in this last and closing affliction of my life, I acknowledge most humbly the justice of thy fatherly correction, and bow my head with thankfulness for thy
rod!

rod! Great and good in all! I adore and magnify thy mercy: I behold in all thy love manifestly displayed; and rejoice that I am at once thy creature and thy redeemed!

As such, oh Lord, my Creator and Redeemer, I commit my soul into thy faithful hands! Wash it and purify it in the blood of thy Son from every defiling stain: perfect what is wanting in it; and grant me, poor, returning, weeping wretched, prodigal—grant me the lowest place in thy heavenly house; in and for his sole and all-sufficient merits—the adorable Jesus;—who with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth ever, one God, world without end!

Amen and Amen, Lord Jesus!

A LETTER TO THE REVEREND DOCTOR DODD.

Sent to him during his Confinement in Newgate.

Dear Sir,

LET it not surprise you in this tremendous hour to be accosted by an old, perhaps forgotten, but still sympathizing Friend. The world smiles in prosperity; the Christian love in adversity; and the hour of Nature's sorrow is the important period for such a friendship.

From the first moment the melancholy news had reached my ear, how truly was my heart engaged in prayer and pity! I anticipated the dreadful pangs which rend your soul; and the awful consideration, that these things were but the beginning of sorrow, was ready to draw blood from my heart, as well as tears from my eyes. I turned to him, from whom proceeds all that is truly great and good, and was encouraged to intreat the merciful Redeemer to look down with tender pity, and cause this dark night to become the womb of a bright morning; yea, the brightest your eyes have ever seen.

Every stroke of your rod deeply affects me; but, above all, I feel for your precious, your immortal soul.

Will you permit me, my dear Sir, to throw aside all reserve, while treating on this important subject? Shall

I prevail with you to bear with the manner for the sake of the matter; and despise not truth though ignorantly uttered?

I fear you have lived a long time in that friendship with the world which the Spirit of God declares is enmity with himself. However excellent some or many of your actions may have been, you have rested in the letter, not in the spirit of Christianity; you have been contented without the experimental knowledge of those words, "He that is in Christ Jesus is a new creature." Your will, your affections, your desires and delights, have they not all been fixed on earthly objects? Rejoicing in the possession or mourning the disappointment, your daily delight has not been in the divine communications of the Holy Spirit; fellowship with God has not been your chiefest joy; the pursuit of empty shadows found nearer access to your heart than the noble choice of following the despised Nazarene. Think not, dear Sir, I draw this judgment from the late unhappy event. O, no; that I only consider as the natural fruit of the unregenerate heart. The point I aim at is, the want of that change, that death unto sin, that new birth unto righteousness, whereby the children of wrath become the children of grace. St. Paul says, "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith:" therefore he was willing to be offered up, since nothing but a crown of righteousness presented itself to his opening prospect. He had kept that faith which purifieth the heart, overcometh the world, and quencheth all the fiery darts of the evil one.

I remember, when I was about fourteen, the season in which I was favoured with your most intimate acquaintance, you once told a story which I shall never forget, concerning one of the Scotch Divines, who said on his death-bed, "If every stone, timber, and nail in this house could speak, they would bear witness to the many hours of sweet communion my soul hath spent with God therein." O, Sir, can the beams of your house bear witness that your enjoyments have been such

as

as eternity shall ripen? And this heavenly disposition, you must be sensible, can alone fit us for the enjoyment of the New Jerusalem. No object can give pleasure unless it meets with a sense which suits and apprehends it. The grain of corn is more welcome to the fowl than the richest pearl. So to the soul whose treasure is yet on earth, the beauties of thy lovely Jesus shine in vain. But, alas! who can break this adamantine chain! Who can unlock the heart bound down with twice ten thousand ties, and bring the captive soul into the glorious liberty of the sons of God? Can disappointment, can reproach, dishonour, loss, or even death itself? Alas! these may torment, but never change the heart: it is a sight of the crucified Jesus alone which breaks your heart in pieces. This Jesus waits to do you good; hear him saying, Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help. O that you would cry; his ear attends the softest prayer. This is my fear lest you should forget there is no way into the sheepfold but through the door, and no way of entering that door but knowing ourselves to be lost and undone creatures, whose ways have been altogether perverse before him, and then to be saved by faith in Christ alone.

How often has Christ appeared delightful even in a prison! Several have praised God for bringing them there, and by that means awakening them to a knowledge of their lost estate, that they might be made acquainted with a happiness till then unknown. Adorable Jesus! so work on the soul of this my unhappy friend, display thy pardoning love, and write it on his aching heart:

“No; my best actions cannot save,
 “But thou must please e’en them;
 “Yet when on thee I do believe,
 “My worst shall not condemn.”

I know not how to break off. My spirit deeply mourns both for your present and approaching sufferings, and equally for her who so sadly shares your every woe. Had you remained in prosperity, nothing would
 have

been farther from my thoughts than a renewal of acquaintance; for I have found, in being despised and trampled under foot of the great ones of the earth, more solid peace, more lasting joy, than my warmest wishes could ever have expected: but now I cannot forget you if I would, I long for your salvation; will you acknowledge all the wisdom of the world can never save you? Will you look for salvation from the mere mercy of God? How many have gone triumphantly to glory, even from under the hand of an executioner! My dear Sir, that triumph may be yours; and if you do not reject it, it surely shall. The king of terrors shall appear no longer terrible; and your happy spirit, loosed from every earthly tie, and delighted with the freedom of the living water, shall spring into eternity with so feeling a joy as you have never known in all your life. You have tried the world, and found it empty. Never did man strive more for the honours of it than you have done; for that, you turned your back on the closest followers of the Lamb, the little few despised indeed of man, but whose lives were hid with Christ in God; for that you have been conformed in all your life and conversation to the customs, fashions, and maxims of it: but while you were a slave to man, ungrateful man! who neither thanked nor payed you, you slighted Him who is able to cast both body and soul into hell. But, O the unbounded love of Jesus! He blasted all your hopes; he chastened and corrected. For what end? Only to convince you how ready he is to receive and make you a beloved son. The wicked have no bands in their death, they will not listen to awakening fears; but whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth: yea, the body may be given up to suffer, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord.

I am not yet without hope, even for your life. It is founded on this: I know the hearts of all are in the hand of my God, from the king on the throne to the beggar on the dunghill, and he turneth them what way soever he will. I know, if you seek but Daniel's faith, Daniel's
God

God can shut the lion's mouth. If, with Nebuchadnezzar, you have learned to acknowledge to Most High ruler over all, he can restore you again to your former estate, or else take you to behold his glory. When I consider your great talents, and how much you might have done for God, I cannot help crying to the Lord once more to send you into his vineyard with a changed heart full of the Holy Ghost and power. And now my dear Sir, what shall I say? My heart is full: I know not how to leave off: It is as though my pen could not part from the paper. Nature shrinks from that pang which is usually the sad attendant of a last farewell: but Grace cries out, Yet there is hope. An eternity of joy presents a kingdom where no horrid alarm of war shall break our eternal repose; where sorrow, death, and parting shall be no more; and the Royal Army of Cross-bearers, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, are ready to embrace and welcome you among them.

To that efficacious blood, with tears of love and sorrow, I commit you; and, though with reluctance, I must now conclude,

Your sincerely affectionate
and sympathizing friend,

MARY BOSANQUET.

Feb. 1777.

By a series of correspondence, almost weekly, from the above date, till within three days of his execution, Miss Bosanquet says she had reason to believe he felt a contrite heart, and found the sinner's Friend to be his.—

June 25th, he wrote her his last farewell, as follows:

My dear Friend,

June 25, 1777.

ON Friday morning I am to be made immortal! I die with a heart truly contrite, and broken under a sense of its great and manifold offences, but comforted and sustained by a firm faith in the pardoning love of Jesus Christ. My earnest prayers to God are, that we may meet and know each other in that kingdom towards which you have been so long and so happily travelling.

116 DR. DODD'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

velling. I return you my most affectionate thanks for all your friendly attention to me; and have no doubt, should any opportunity offer, you will remember my excellent, but most afflicted partner in distress. I do not know where to direct to worthy Mr. Parker, but beg to trouble you with my dying love and kind remembrance to him. The Lord Jesus Christ be with our spirits. Amen.

W. DODD.

Soon after the Doctor's death, the lady received from a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, who constantly attended him, a very encouraging account, in which he declares he believes him to be singing the song of the redeemed; and concludes his letter with the following words:

“ Thus ended the mortal, and began the never-ceasing
“ life of your old and my new friend: and I bless God
“ our Saviour for this new proof of his saving grace, and
“ the power of his precious blood.

“ The time is elapsed; I have written more than I
“ intended; and yet not a tenth part of what I could.
“ You may be comforted, as I have been richly. Your
“ and my fears are at an end.

“ May the God of all grace keep your and my heart
“ in the knowledge of him, yea, cause us to grow in
“ grace and love! This is the earnest prayer of

“ Your affectionate friend,
“ and willing servant in Christ.”

DR. DODD'S* ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

THE greatest affliction and oppression to my mind at present is, the piercing reflection that I, who have lived all my life in an endeavour to promote the truth of Christianity, should now become an obstacle to that truth, and a scandal to that profession;—that I, who have with all my power, and with all sincerity, laboured

* Of this account Dr. Dodd may be said to have only drawn the outlines; the picture, as it appears, was finished by Dr. Johnson.

to do good, and be a blessing to my fellow-creatures, should now become an evil and a curse, What shall I, can I, ought I to do, to prevent, as much as in me lies, any such dreadful consequences of my shame and my crime? Will a public attestation of my sincere belief of Christianity, and an ingenuous detail and confession of my offences, be of any avail?—In order to do this, and to acquaint you in few words with a perfect knowledge of myself (though I should wish to do it more fully) be so good as to consider the few following particulars:

I entered very young on public life, very innocent—very ignorant—and very ingenuous. I lived many happy years at West Ham, in an uninterrupted and successful discharge of my duty. A disappointment in the living of that parish obliged me to exert myself; and I engaged for a chapel near Buckingham Gate. Great success attended the undertaking: it pleased and elated me. At the same time Lord Chesterfield, to whom I was personally unknown, offered me the care of his heir, Mr. Stanhope*. By the advice of my dear friend, now in heaven, Dr. Squire, I engaged under promises which were not performed. Such a distinction too, you must know, served to increase a young man's vanity. I was naturally led into more extensive and important connections, and, of course into greater expences and more dissipations. Indeed, before, I never dissipated at all—for many, many years, never seeing a play-house, or any public place, but living entirely in Christian duties. Thus brought to town, and introduced to gay life, I fell into its snares. Ambition and vanity led me on. My temper, naturally cheerful, was pleased with company; naturally generous, it knew not the use of money; it was a stranger to the useful science of œconomy and frugality; nor could it withhold from distress, what it too much (often) wanted itself.

Besides this, the habit of uniform, regular, sober piety, and of watchfulness and devotion, wearing off, amidst this unavoidable scene of dissipation, I was not,

M

as

* The present Lord Chesterfield.

as at West Ham, the innocent man that I lived there. I committed offences against my God! which yet, I bless him, were always, in reflection detestable to me.

But my greatest evil was expence. To supply it, I fell into the dreadful and ruinous mode of raising money by annuities. The annuities devoured me. Still I exerted myself by every means to do what I thought right, and built my hopes of perfect extrication from all my difficulties when my young and beloved pupil should come of age. But, alas! during this interval, which was not very long, I declare with solemn truth, that I never varied from the steady belief of the Christian doctrines! I preached them with all my power, and kept back nothing from my congregations which I thought might tend to their best welfare; and I was very successful in this way during the time. Nor, though I spent in dissipation many hours which I ought not, but to which my connections inevitably led, was I idle during this period; as my Commentary on the Bible, my Sermons to Young Men, and several other publications prove. I can say too, with pleasure, that I studiously employed my interest, through the connections I had, for the good of others. I never forgot or neglected the cause of the distressed; many, if need were, could bear me witness. Let it suffice to say, that during this period I instituted the charity for the Discharge of Debtors.

Such is the plain and ingenuous detail of myself. I sincerely lament all I have done wrong. I love, and ever did, religion and goodness. I hate and abhor vice, and myself for ever having committed any. I look with peculiar detestation on the crime to which I am at present obnoxious; and I wish before I die, of all things, possible, to make amends—by the most sincere and full confession and humiliation of myself.

May 21, 1777.

W. DODD.

The

The following Declaration Dr. Dodd inclosed in a Letter to a Friend some time before he suffered.

THOUGH I acknowledge in all its atrocity, and more especially with a view to my peculiar circumstances and character, the offence for which I suffer,—yet, considering that it is punished with such sanguinary severity in no commercial state under heaven; and that in my case it has been fully atoned for, so far as human creatures can atone to each other, I cannot but judge my punishment rather hard:—and still more so, as that public (for whose benefit and example such ignominious death and punishment can alone be intended) has with a pleading (and almost unanimous) voice supplicated the throne, in the most humble manner, to shew mercy and avert the abhorred stroke, by assigning another, though perhaps not less afflictive punishment.

In this dispensation, however, I look far beyond the hand of poor human vengeance, and adore the justice and goodness of God, who correcting me in judgment for deviations from the purity of his Gospel, as a distinguished minister of it, has been pleased to call me thus by death to proclaim my repentance, and to attest my faith in Him; and to declare to all my fellow-creatures, and to my beloved countrymen in particular, for whose love to me I am under the highest obligations, my firm belief of the principles which I have long preached, and in my writings delivered with the utmost truth and sincerity; and which I thus seal with my blood, in perfect resignation to the will of my adorable Master, and in a firm dependence on those principles for the salvation of my own soul.

W. DODD,

Letters to Two Noble Lords of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council.

LETTER I.

My Lord*.

I HAVE committed a capital crime, for which the sentence of the law has passed upon me; and whether that sentence shall be executed in its full rigour, may, perhaps, depend upon the suffrage of your Lordship.

The shame and self-reproach with which I now solicit your commiseration, I hope no man will ever feel, who has not deserved to feel them like myself. But I will not despair of being heard with pity, when, under the terrors of a speedy and disgraceful death, I most humbly implore your Lordship's intercession.

My life has not been wholly useless; I have laboured in my calling diligently and successfully; but success inflamed my vanity, and my heart betrayed me. Violent passions have exposed me to violent temptations; but I am not the first whom temptation has overthrown. I have, in all my deviations, kept Right always in view, and have invariably resolved to return to it. Whether, in a prosperous state, I should have kept my resolution, public justice has not suffered me to know.

My crime has been indeed atrocious, but my punishment has not been light. From a height of reputation, which perhaps raised envy in others, and certainly produced pride in myself, I have fallen to the lowest and grossest infamy; from an income which prudence might have made plentiful, I am reduced to live on those remains of charity which infamy has left me.

When so much has been given to justice, I humbly intreat that life, such as it must now be, may be given to mercy; and that your Lordship's influence may be employed in disposing our Sovereign to look with compassion on,

My Lord,

Your lordship's most humble Suppliant,

June 11, 1777.

WILLIAM DODD.

* Lord North, then Prime Minister.

LETTER

LETTER II.

My Lord *,

NOT many days are now to pass before the fate of one of the most miserable of human beings will be finally determined. The efficacy of your Lordship's voice is well known; and whether I shall immediately suffer an ignominious death, or wander the rest of my days in ignominious exile, your opinion will probably determine. Do not refuse, my Lord, to hear the plea, whatever it may be, which I humbly oppose to the extremity of justice.

I acknowledge, my Lord, the atrociousness of my crime; I admit the truth of the verdict that condemned me; yet I hope, that when my evil is censured, my good may likewise be remembered; and that it may be considered how much that society which is injured by my fraud, has been benefited by my charitable labours. I have offended; I am penitent; I entreat but for life, for a life which must pass certainly in dishonour, and probably in want. Do not refuse, my Lord, to compassionate a man who, blasted in fame and ruined in fortune, yet shrinks with terror from the precipice of eternity. Let me live, however miserable; and let my miseries warn all those to whom they shall be known, against self-indulgence, vanity, and profusion.

Once more, my Lord, let me beg for life; and when you see me going from the gloom of a prison to the penury of banishment, do not consider public justice as wholly unsatisfied by the sufferings of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble Supplicant,

June 11, 1777.

WILLIAM DODD.

* Earl Mansfield.

Dr. DODD's PETITION

(Presented by his Brother)

To the KING's Most Excellent Majesty.

Sire,

IT is most humbly presented to Your Majesty by William Dodd, the unhappy convict now under sentence of death,

That William Dodd, acknowledging the justice of the sentence denounced against him, has no hope or refuge but in Your Majesty's clemency :

That though to recollect or mention the usefulness of his life, or the efficacy of his ministry, must overwhelm him, in his present condition, with shame and sorrow, he yet humbly hopes that his past labours will not wholly be forgotten ; and that the zeal, with which he has exhorted others to a good life, though it does not extenuate his crime, may mitigate his punishment :

That debased as he is by ignominy, and distressed as he is by poverty, scorned by the world, and detested by himself, deprived of all external comforts, and afflicted by consciousness of guilt, he can derive no hopes of longer life, but that of repairing the injury he has done to mankind, by exhibiting an example of shame and submission, and of expiating his sins by prayer and penitence :

That for this end he humbly implores from the clemency of Your Majesty, the continuance of a life legally forfeited ; and of the days which by your gracious compassion he may yet live, no one shall pass without a prayer, that Your Majesty, after a long life of happiness and honour, may stand, at the day of final judgment, among the merciful that obtain mercy.

So fervently prays the most distressed and wretched of your Majesty's subjects,

WILLIAM DODD.

Mrs.

Mrs. DODD's PETITION

(presented by Herself)

To the QUEEN's Most Excellent Majesty.

Madam,

IT is most humbly represented by Mary Dodd, the wife of Dr. William Dodd, now lying in prison under sentence of death,

That she has been the wife of this unhappy man more than twenty-seven years, and has lived with him in the greatest happiness of conjugal union, and the highest state of conjugal confidence :

That she has been a constant witness of his unwearied endeavours for public good, and his laborious attendance on charitable institutions. Many are the families whom his care has delivered from want ; many are the hearts which he has freed from pain, and the faces which he has cleared from sorrow :

That therefore she most humbly throws herself at the feet of the Queen, earnestly intreating that the petition of a distressed wife asking mercy for a husband, may be considered as naturally soliciting the compassion of Her Majesty ; and that when her wisdom has compared the offender's good actions with his crime, she will be pleased to represent his case to our Most Gracious Sovereign in such terms as may dispose him to mitigate the rigour of the law.

So prays your Majesty's most dutiful subject and suppliant,

MARY DODD.

SUCH were the last thoughts of a man whom we have seen exulting in popularity, and sunk in shame. For his reputation, which no man can give to himself, those who conferred it are to answer. Of his public ministry, the means of judging were sufficiently attainable. He must be allowed to preach well, whose sermons strike the audience with forcible conviction. Of his life, those who thought it consistent with his doctrine,

trine, did not originally form false notions. He was at first what he endeavoured to make others; but the world broke down his resolution, and he in time ceased to exemplify his own instructions.

Let those who are tempted to his faults, tremble at his punishment; and those whom he impressed from the pulpit with religious sentiments, endeavour to confirm them, by considering the regret and self-abhorrence with which he reviewed in prison his deviations from rectitude.

Whatever assistance his anxiety might prompt him to solicit in forming the petitions (which, however he must be considered as confirming by his name) the account of his past life, and of his dying sentiments, are the effusions of his own mind. Those who read them with the proper disposition, will not read in vain.

A few Days before Dr. Dodd suffered Death, the following Observations on the Propriety of Pardoning him, were written and sent to the Public Papers by Dr. Johnson.

YESTERDAY was presented to the Secretary of State, by the Earl Percy, a Petition in favour of Dr. Dodd, signed by twenty-three thousand hands. On this occasion it is natural to consider,

That in all countries penal laws have been relaxed as particular reasons have emerged:

That a life eminently beneficent, a single action eminently good, or even the power of being useful to the public, have been sufficient to protect the life of a delinquent;

That no arbiter of life and death has ever been censured for granting the life of a criminal to honest and powerful solicitation:

That the man for whom a nation petitions, must be presumed to have merit uncommon in kind or in degree; for however the mode of collecting subscriptions, or the right of judgment exercised by the subscribers, may be

open

open to dispute, it is at least plain that something is done for this man, that was never done to any other, and Government which must proceed upon general views, may rationally conclude that this man is something better than other offenders have been, or has done something more than others have done :

That though the people cannot judge of the administration of justice so well as their governors, yet their voice has always been regarded :

That this is a case in which the petitioners determine against their own interest ; those for whose protection the law was made, intreat its relaxation : and our governors cannot be charged with the consequences which the people bring upon themselves :

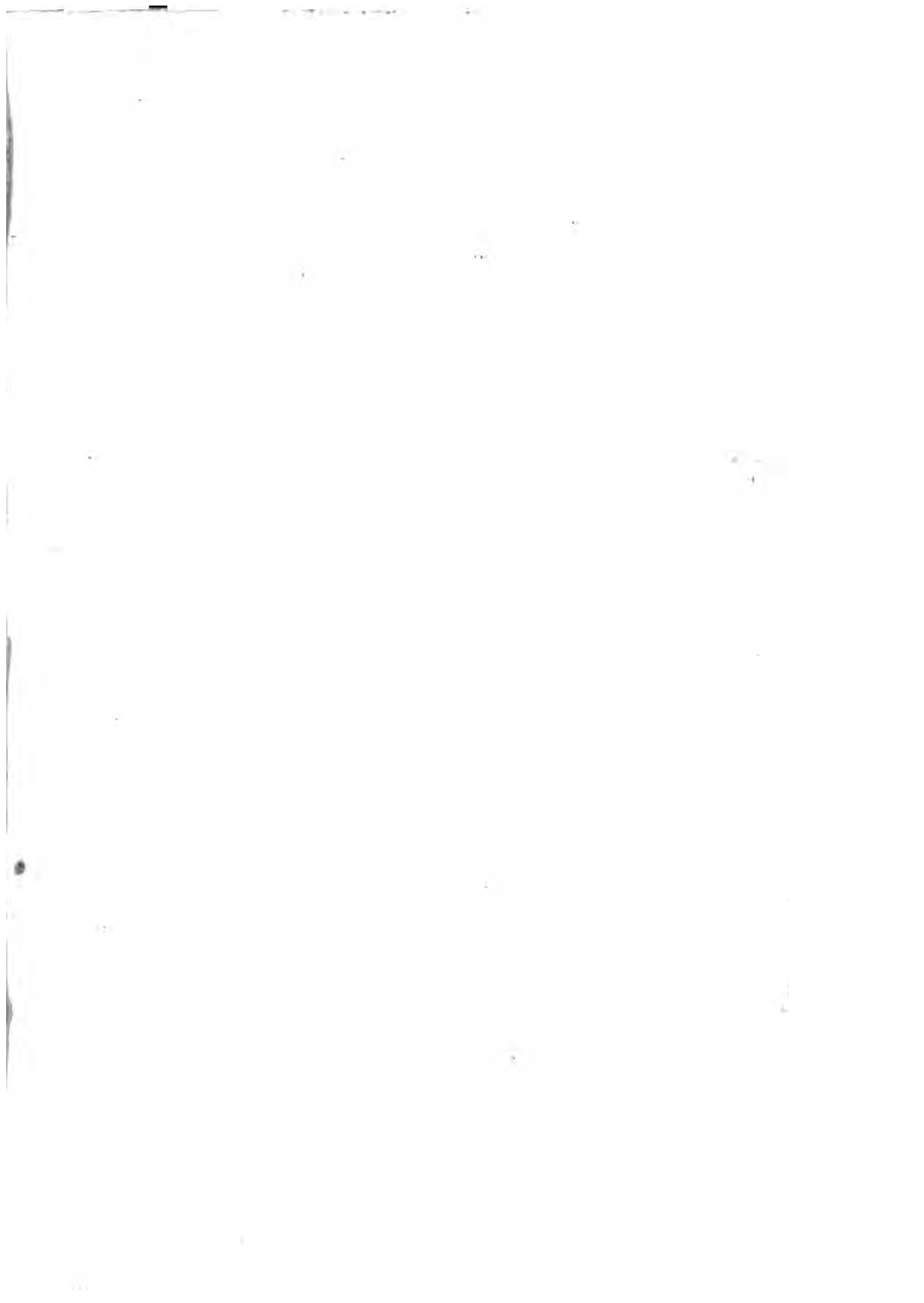
That as this is a case without example, it will probably be without consequences, and many ages will elapse before such a crime is again committed by such a man :

That though life be spared, justice may be satisfied with ruin, imprisonment, exile, infamy, and penury.

FINIS.









Pale and emaciated he sat
in the chair of sickness.

Page 27

JOB'S REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

Drawn by R. DeWald

Printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row, June 21, 1796.

Engraved by Chantrell

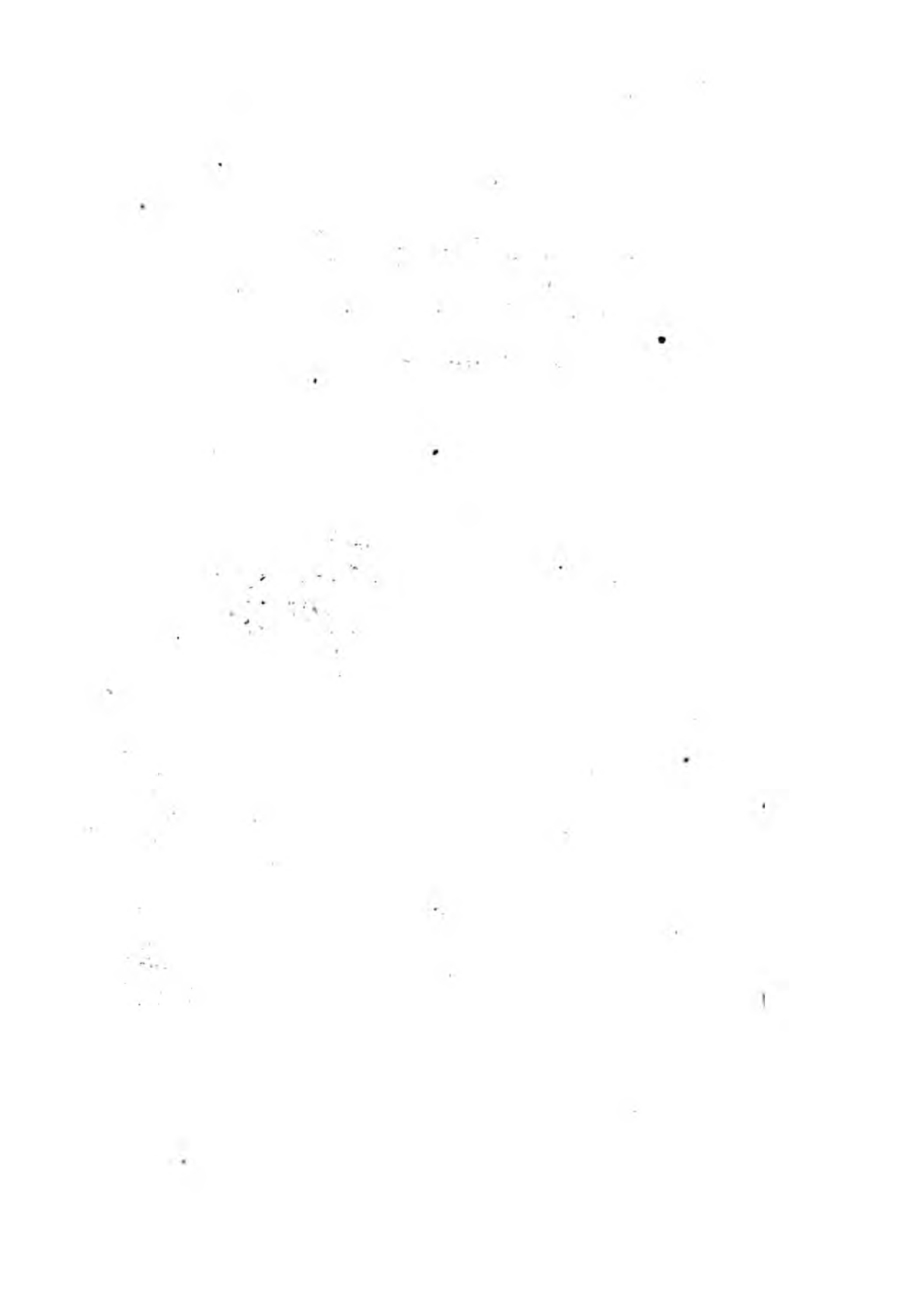
DODD ON DEATH,
forming part of
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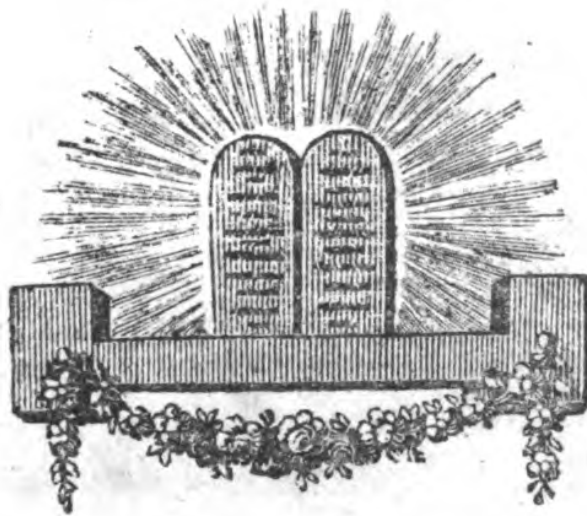
What is that Tomb on yonder tomb? Vide p. 91.



REFLECTIONS
ON
DEATH,
BY
WILLIAM DODD, LL. D.

LATE CHAPLAIN TO THE MAGDALEN.

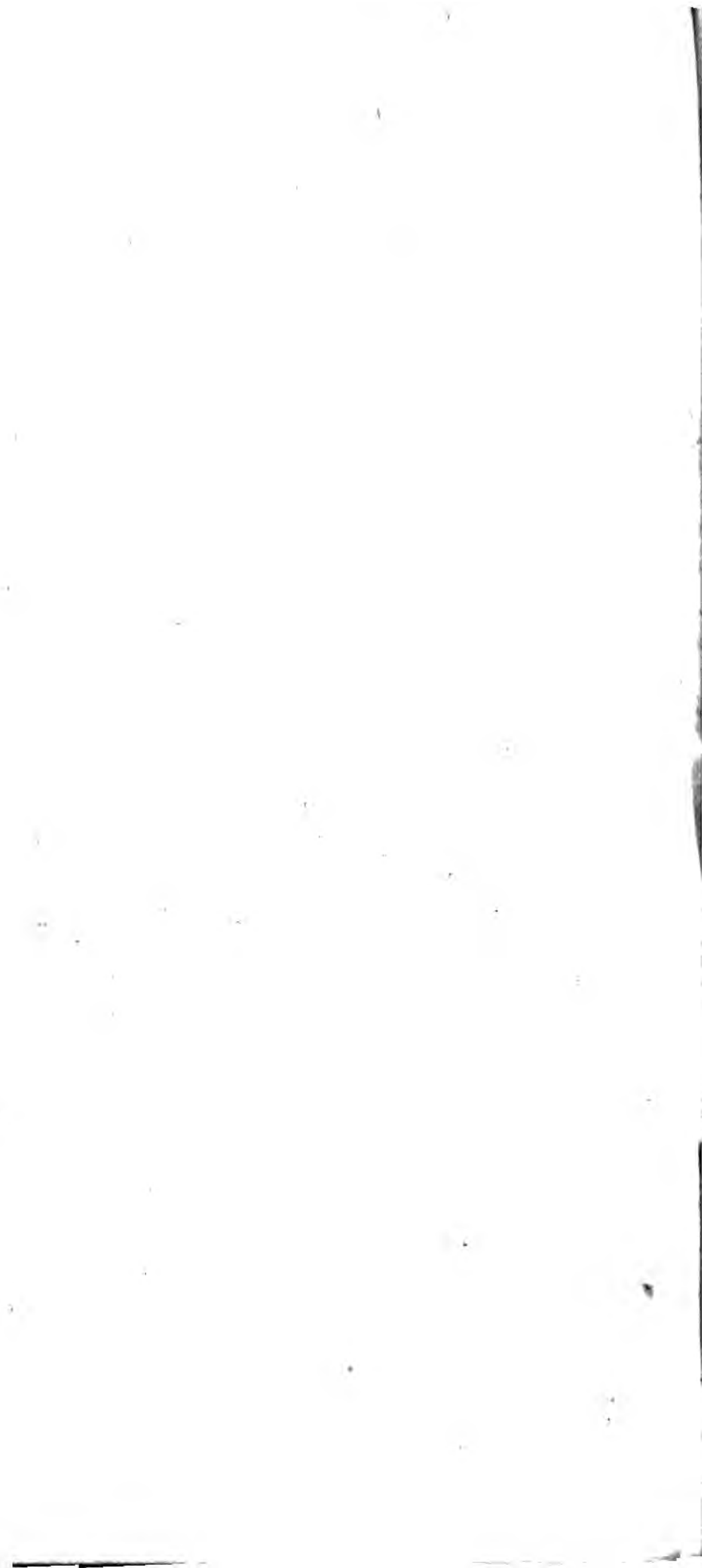
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Reflections were first written with a Design to be published in a small Volume, proper to be given away by well disposed Persons at Funerals, or on any other solemn occasion. But the Editors of the **CHRISTIAN'S MAGAZINE**, supposing they might be of some Service to that useful and well-esteemed Work, requested the Author first to print them there, and afterwards to pursue his original Design. Accordingly they were printed in separate Chapters, and he hath Reason to be satisfied with the Reception they met with. His best Prayers accompany them in their present Form, that they may be useful to Mankind.

W. D.

The Notes and Illustrations added to this Edition, it is hoped will not be thought altogether superfluous, or wholly unnecessary, as the Editor has aimed in and by them, to make the Treatise in general more agreeable to the Tenets, of the truly Pious and Evangelical Reader.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

CHAP. I.

—————To die—to sleep—
No more : and by a sleep, to say, we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to : 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd—to die, to sleep—
To sleep!—perchance to dream : aye, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of times,
Th' oppressor's wrongs, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes—
But that the dread of something after death
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

SHAKESPEARE.

A FEW-evenings ago I was called to perform the last sad office to the sacred remains of a departed friend and neighbour.*

It is too commonly found, that a familiarity with death, and a frequent recurrence of *funerals*, *graves*, and *church-yards*, serve to harden rather than humanize the mind ; and to deaden rather than excite those becoming reflections, which such objects seem excellently calculated to produce. Hence the physician enters, without the least emotion, the gloomy chambers of expiring life : the undertaker handles, without concern, the clay-cold limbs : and the sexton whistles, unappalled, while

* Ministers who are often called to attend the dying beds and funerals of the young and old, the rich and poor, professors and profane, are best calculated, or at least best furnished with materials, to enforce on all, the necessity of reflecting on *death*, and preparing for it.

his spade casts forth from the earth the mingled bones and dust of his fellow-creatures.* And, alas! how often have I felt, with indignant reluctance, my wandering heart engaged in other speculations, when called to minister at the grave, and to consign to the tomb the ashes of my fellow-creatures!

Yet nothing teacheth like death: † and though perhaps the business of life would grow torpid, and the strings of activity be loosed, were men continually hanging over the meditation—yet, assuredly, no man should fail to keep the great object in view; and seasonably to reflect that the important moment is coming, when he too must mingle with his kindred clay; when he too must appear before God's awful Judgment seat; when he too must be adjudged by a fixed, irrevocable, and eternal decree. ‡

As I entered the church-yard,

*Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap:
where—Each in his narrow cell forgotten laid,*

so many of my friends, my neighbours, and my fellow-creatures, lie mouldering in dust:—struck with the slow and solemn sound of the deep-toned bell, and particularly impressed with the afflicting circumstances of his death, whose obsequies I was waiting to perform, I found the involuntary tear rush from mine eyes, and the unbidden sigh heave in my labouring bosom.§

* See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The Sexton
. Poor wretch! he minds not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade,
Shall do for him what he hath done for thousands.

BLAIR'S GRAVE.

† Wait the great teacher death.

DR. YOUNG.

‡ *It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.*

HEB. ix. 27.

This is one of the most awful texts in the sacred writings, and cannot be too much insisted on and enforced, both from the pulpit and the press.

§ The reader cannot but observe these reflections are written in a similar style to Hervey's celebrated Meditations; a style,

And, "Oh Death, mighty conqueror, (I could not forbear saying, in the silence of unaffected meditation)—Oh Death, how terrible, how wonderful thou art! Here I stand, full of life; health smiling on my cheek, and sparkling in my eye; my active feet ready to bear me briskly along, and my hands prompt to execute their appointed office: scenes of pleasing felicity are before me; the comforts of domestic serenity dwell seemingly secure around me; and my busy soul is planning future improvements of happiness and peace.—But the moment is coming, perhaps is near, when life's feeble pulse shall play no longer; these eyes no more sparkle, nor this cheek glow with health; that, pale as the shroud which invests me, and those, closed to unclose and awaken no more on earth; the feet shall decline their function, and the useless hands fall heavily down by my side.* Farewel then all the engaging and endearing scenes around me: farewel the comforts of domestic peace: my much loved friends shall weep tenderly over me; and my thinking, restless, busy soul at length find sweet repose, and be anxious no more.

It is fixed: and all the powers of earth can neither arrest nor divert the sure, unerring dart! but with consummate wisdom the great Lord of the world, hath wrapped up the important moment in impenetrable darkness from human view; that from the cradle we might have the solemn object before us, and *act as men!* because as *men* we must die!

style, Dr. Dodd was peculiarly fond of, and adopted particularly in the *pulpit*, as the most pleasing, affecting, and energetic.

* Dr. Watts happily meditates on the dissolution of the body in the following lines:

And must this body die,
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay?
 Corruption, earth, and worms
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 'Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.

Let

Let me then not labour to divert the improving speculation, but advance still nearer, and see, if I can learn, what it is to die!

To die! Oh, you, my friends, amidst whose graves I now am wandering—you, who not long since, like me, trod this region of mortality, and drank the golden day *—with you the bitterness of death is past: you have tasted what that is, which so much perplexes the human thought, of which we all know so little, and yet of which we all must know so much! Oh! could you inform me what it is to *die*, could you tell me what it is to breathe the last sad gasp;—what are the sensations of the last convulsion, of the last pang of dissolving nature! Oh, could you tell me how the soul issues from the lifeless dwelling which it has so long inhabited! what unknown worlds are discovered to its view; how it is affected with the amazing prospect; how it is affected with the remembrance and regard of things left here below—Oh could ye tell me—but, alas! how vain the wish! †—clouds and darkness rest upon it: and nothing but experience must be allowed to satisfy these anxious researches of dying rationals.

Yet let us not forbear these researches: or at least not relinquish the interesting meditation. For what can be of equal importance to a man, destined inevitably to tread the path of death—what of equal importance to examine, as whither that path leads, and how it may be trod successfully? ‡—what of equal importance for

* See Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, Night IV. line 144.

† But ah! no notices they give,
Nor tell us how nor where they live;
As if bound up by solemn fate,
To keep this secret of their state;
To tell their joys nor pains to none,
That man might live by *faith* alone.

SOLITARY WALKS.

‡ The thought of death indulge,
Give it its wholesome empire, let it reign,
That kind Chastiser of the soul in joy.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

a pil-

a pilgrim of a day to contemplate, as that great event which must open to him a state unalterable and without an end?

*All men must tread that gloomy path—It is appointed for all men once to die. Adam's curse is upon all his posterity.** Dust they are, and to dust they must return.—But whither leads that gloomy path!—Alas, in the heathen world, with a bewildered mind, they sought the resolution of that question—Death was dreadful indeed in such circumstances: for if we want the glad hope of immortality to cheer our departing souls, what affliction can even be conceived more affecting than death and dissolution, a separation from all we hold dear upon earth, and a perfect annihilation of all future expectations?†

Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel: and the question is answered clearly from that book, whence alone we can gain information on this point—*Once to die, and after that be judged.‡*—*We must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ!* Oh my soul, how awful a reflection! can any thing more be wanting to inspire thee with the most serious purposes, and most devout resolves, than the certainty of *death*, the assurance of *judgment*, the knowledge of *immortality!* *And after death be judged!* § Tell me no more of the pangs of death, and the torment of corporeal sufferings, —What, what is this, and all the evils of life's contracted span to the things which follow after? || This

* ROMANS, 5. xii.

† Annihilation is an *after*-thought,
A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue dies.

Dr. YOUNG.

‡ ACTS, xvii. 31.

§ Well might Felix tremble, when St. Paul reasoned of *righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.*

ACTS, xxiv. 25.

|| If there's an *hereafter*—
And that there is, Conscience uninfluenc'd,
And suffered to speak out, tells every man;
Then must it be an awful thing to die.

BLAIR'S GRAVE.
it

it is which makes death truly formidable, which should awaken every solemn reflection, and stimulate every rational endeavour!

To be judged! to be sentenced by an irreverfible decree, to an allotment eternal and unchangeable; an allotment of consummate felicity, or consummate diftrefs.*

Oh immortality, how much doth the thought of thee debase in their value every earthly enjoyment, every earthly purfuit and poffeffion†—and fhew man to himfelf in a point of view, which amply difcovers his true bufinefs on earth, which amply difcovers the true dignity of his nature, and forcibly reproves his wretched attachment to all fublunary things.

And methinks, as if a voice were fpeaking from yonder grave—I hear a folemn whifper to my foul!

“ Every grave proclaims thy own mortality! child of the duft, be humble and grow wife! a few days fince, like thee, I flourifhed in the fair field of the earthly world! a few days fince, I was cut down like a flower, and my body lies withering in this comfortlefs bed; regardlefs of God, and inattentive to duty, I paffed gayly along, and thought no ftorm would ever overcloud my head—In a moment the unexpected tempeft arofe. I funk and was loft. Go thy way, and forget not thyfelf: remember that to day thou haft life in thy power; *to-morrow*, perhaps, thou may’ft lie a breathlefs corple. ‡ Estimate from thence the value, poor and fmall as it is, of all things beneath the fun,—and forget not that death and eternity are by an indifoluble band united.

If thou darest to die without repentance, and unpre-

* *The wicked fhall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.* MATT. xxv. 16.

† His hand the good man faftens on the fkies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

‡ To-morrow, I will better live,
Is not for man to fay;
The morrow can no fureties give,
The wife make fure *to-day*.

paired

pared to meet thy God and judge, who can enough deplore thy misery, most wretched of all human beings! everlasting anguish, remorse and punishment assuredly await thee.—But if bearing futurity in mind, thou art so blest as to be enabled to live in conformity to the Gospel of thy God and Saviour, he will, according to his gracious promise, open the golden doors of perennial bliss for thee, whilst eternal delight, from the full river of God's inexhausted love, remains to crown thy faithful services.

Immortal! be wise, remember judgment, and prepare to die.”—

Lost in the deep reflection, I was awakened from it by the intelligence of the approach of the funeral of my departed friend.

CHAPTER II.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth, PR. xxvii. 1. Defer not until death to be justified! ECC L. xviii. 22.

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions; unto the man that has nothing to vex him; and that hath prosperity in all things: yea unto him that is yet able to receive meat. ECC L. xli. 1.

THE horses nodding their sable plumes, advanced with solemn pace;* whilst the slow-moving wheels of the melancholy hearse, seemed to keep time with the deep-toned bell, expressive of the silent sorrow, (now and then interrupted with a groan of distress) which reigned in the mournful coaches that followed.

They stop:—and ah, my friend, what all this labour, and all this difficulty to drag thy body in its last narrow dwelling, from the confinement of the hearse, and to bear it along the church-yard to its gloomy mansion in the church! Ah, where is thy former activity—thy wonted sprightliness and vigour! Thou who didst tread over the threshold with such lively strength, and brushed away

* Solemn and slow it moves unto the tomb,
While weighty sorrows nod on every plume.

the dew of the morning with stout and nimble vivacity; have thy feet too forgotten to do their office? And must thy fellow-mortals toil beneath the load of thy clayey corpse, to bear thee from the sight and sense of the survivors?

Oh death, thou sovereign cure of human pride! * to what a state, impartial in thine attack, dost thou reduce, as well the noblest and the fairest, the greatest and the best, as the meanest and most worthless of mankind! Though our friends be dear to us as a right eye; lovely as the bloom of the morning; powerful as the sceptered monarch of the East, thou not only degradest them from the elevated height, but renderest obnoxious to the view, and inaccessible to the tender embrace of the last lingering, faithful, unshaken adherent; let corruption cease to be vain; let rottenness, and dust no longer swell in brief and borrowed arrogance. †

But see the afflicting sight! *Five* tender children, each in an almost infant state, are led by weeping friends, in mourning procession, after the body of their departed father.

In a coach behind, waiting to complete the melancholy view, is an infant, three days old, brought into the world by its half-distracted mother, before its appointed time! Big sorrow, and insupportable grief, hath hastened the throws and dire anguish of child-

* Well might a Latin poet say,

. Mors sola fatetur

Quantula sunt hominum corpuscula. JUV.

† The following well-known lines may serve as a suitable comment and illustration of the above observations:

I dreamt that, buried with my fellow clay,

Close by a common beggar's side I lay;

And as so mean an object shock'd my pride;

Thus, like a corpse of consequence, I cried,

Scoundrel be gone! and hence forth touch me not;

More manners learn, and at a distance rot.

Scoundrel then, with an haughtier tone, cried he,

Proud lump of earth, I scorn thy words and thee;

Here all are equal, now thy case is mine,

This is my rotting-place, and that is thine.

birth;

birth; and behold the little orphan, insensible of its misery, is offered to the baptismal font, while its father is consigned to the dreary tomb.*

Crowds of spectators from every part are attentive to the moving scene: on every face sits sympathetic sorrow; in every eye swells the generous tear of compassion and concern.

But a few days are past since a trembling messenger, with breathless speed, urged my instant attendance at the sick bed of NEGOTIO, on whose life, it was to be feared, the remorseless fever had made fatal inroads.— I hastened without delay; and I found—but who can describe the afflicting misery! Confusion, anguish, and distress; weeping, lamentation, and woe; dismay and unutterable agony took up their residence in the dwelling of NEGOTIO! Surprised in the midst of youth, and in the ardor of earthly pursuits, by the awful and irresistible summons of death, the *husband*, the *father*, the *man*, lay racked with such thoughts as his condition might well be supposed to awaken.†

Unable to bear the shock, his wife, who long sleepless had watched by his couch, was thrown on the ground in an adjacent chamber, and her little infants were weeping around her, the more to be pitied, as unconscious of their misery, and wondering, with artless plaints, why their beloved *mamma* was thus sad and in tears! Near relations were tender in their best offices, while every heart was anticipating the wretched widow's distress.

* This pathetic or affecting picture, taken from a real scene, which the Author was called upon to attend in his ministerial character, could not but excite the pity, and provoke the tears of every spectator capable of feeling for the distressed situation of the mourning widow and her helpless orphans.

† For a worldly-minded man, in the midst of youth, riches, and pleasure, to be laid on a sick bed, and in the apprehension of his friends, as well as his own, to be near the borders of dissolution, is surely a very awful condition, and much to be dreaded by every thoughtless candidate for sensuality and dissipation.

When I sat down by his bed, and gently undrew the curtain, he looked—and shall I ever forget the earnest, anxious, speaking look? A tear dropt from his eye, he caught my hand, he strove to speak, but his full heart forbad; and the organs of speech, deeply affected by his malady, were unfaithful to the trust of words which he gave them: we sat silent for some time, and with difficulty at length I perceived that he said, or wished to say, “*I fear it is too late.—Pray for me: for Christ’s sake, pray*”

I endeavoured, as well as the affliction of my mind would permit me, to suggest every ground of hope, every motive of consolation: he squeezed my hand, and sighed.* “*Little is to be done, (he strove to say,) amidst all the distractions of a sick bed like mine: Oh consider my wife, consider my poor little babes!*” We said all which could be said; had scarce finished the usual prayers, and were preparing to mention the Sacrament, when the visit was interrupted by the necessary attendance of the physician, whose departure the lawyer awaited, to settle his temporal affairs. Two more blisters were ordered to *six* he already had upon him; a drowsy sleepiness, dire prognostic of death, seized him; which hourly increasing, at length terminated in strong convulsions, and the busy, active, sprightly NEGOTIO died in his *thirty-third* year.†

Died! utterly unprepared and unprovided to leave this world; far less provided and prepared to enter in-

* Alas! what comfort or consolation can be administered to a wicked man in the views of death and eternity? Having lived a life of gaiety and pleasure, he can have no good *scriptural* ground to hope of meeting his latter end without fear and terror; death-bed repentance is at best precarious and uncertain; *one* was saved at the *last* hour, that none might despair; and *but* one, that none might presume. LUKE. xxiii. 43.

† Few years but yield us proofs of death’s ambition
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.

Dr. YOUNG.

to the next. His worldly concerns totally unsettled ; his eternal concerns scarce ever thought of !

How much to be deplored is the fate of NEGOTIO ! and yet, alas, how much is it to be feared that many thousands are hourly splitting on the same rock with him !

He lived only for *this* world. Full of hope, and buoyant with life ; death was not in all his thoughts ; and a future state, when suggested to him, was considered as unworthy his present concern, because it was judged so distant. He thought not of the present span of existence, as of a short state of trial, an hour of weary pilgrimage ; nor considered himself as an immortal being, speedily to give an account to the dread Judge of mankind.* But deluded by the specious pretence of making necessary provision for his family, a duty he well knew incumbent upon him, a duty he saw universally approved and applauded ; he had no other view than to amass wealth, and provide a large fortune for his children ; the comforts of which he promised himself to partake, and had formed many chimerical schemes of chariots and country retirements, of brilliant gaiety and envied splendor. †

Amidst these designs and pursuits, it might with too much truth be said of NEGOTIO, that God was not in all his thoughts. Indeed he regularly attended his church in the morning of the Sabbath-day, and as regularly gave the afternoon to indulgence and dissipation. But while at the church, how listless was he to the prayers, now and then yawning out an unmeaning *Amen!* for his heart was there where his *treasure* was placed. ‡

* Did we esteem ourselves only as pilgrims and strangers here below, and as *accountable* beings, who must ere long be judged according to our deeds, we should not be so much attached to things temporal, but think more seriously and frequently about those things which are *eternal*: according to the Apostle Paul's exhortation. COLOSSIANS, iii. 2.

† Man appoints, but God often sees fit to disappoint.

‡ MATTHEW, vi. 21.

The sermons had seldom much weight with him; he sometimes observed they were good; and when they touched on the subjects most pertaining to himself, he failed not to remark that the preacher was rather *too severe*.* Thus he went on; and in the eagerness of temporal pursuits, and the over earnest desire to grow rich, had too far engaged his fortune, and not been successful according to his hopes; the reflection on which harrassed his mind; while his industrious desires to obtain his ends and bless his family, as much harrassed his body, and brought on that *fever*, the sad issue of which we have just been describing.

Many and excellent were the qualifications of NEGOTIG; his mind was tender and humane; tender affection dwelt on his heart towards the partner of his bed; and few parents knew a more sensible concern † for the fruit of their loins. No man would have been more ready or more active in the kind offices of friendship, if the multiplicity of his own avocations had not rendered him incapable of being serviceable to others. He had no objection to the great truths of revelation; ‡ and once in a sickness, from whence he was wonderfully raised, determined strictly to comply with them; but the world recovered its dominion as health again mantled in his cheek, and he returned to the pursuit which engaged his heart, with vigour redoubled, and activity augmented, in proportion to the time and opportunities he had lost.

How often, in the freedom of friendship, have I remonstrated, but remonstrated in *vain*; till he saw me

* “A faithful minister cannot be too severe, either in describing of sin, or dehorting from it.”

† A man may be, in the general tenor of his conduct, what the *world* calls a good husband and parent, and at the same time an utter stranger to *true* piety and *real* religion.

‡ There is such a thing as believing and assenting to the truths of divine revelation, without a *saving* knowledge of, or a *heart-felt* concern about them: Reader examine thyself with

with shyness, and heard me with reluctance. Striving to justify himself, he usually concluded, when every argument failed, that he was *young*, and not likely soon to die;* and would some time hence in retirement perform all those duties, and prepare for that futurity which he could not but acknowledge it was wise to foresee, and necessary to prepare for.†

Alas, my friend, how are thy vain hopes frustrated! Cut off in the full blossom of all thy expectations, in the flower of life, thy earthly designs all abortive; thy beloved wife and dear children left to struggle with loneliness, sorrow, and difficulties; and thy soul, thy deathless soul, gone to meet the great God and Saviour! that God whom it never desired to serve or love; that Saviour whose mercies it never implored, except, perhaps, at the last sad moment; and whose wonderful loving kindness had no charms to engage it to obedience, duty, and esteem.

And is the fate of NEGOTIO peculiar? Is he the only dreamer among the many thousands who walk the road of mortality? Would to Heaven he were; or would to Heaven his hapless example might be hung out as a beacon to warn others,‡ and prove effectual to awaken the children of this world from their sleep of death, thundering in their ears this solemn admonition,

“What art thou seeking, child of eternity, what art thou seeking with such restless assiduity! Look up and behold the Heavens, where dwells the judge of the world! Formed by his hand, thou art placed a while, short-lived probationer, on his earth, and when he shall

* Prepare for death, young man, make no delay;
The old *must* go, 'tis true, but younger *may*.

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

† Dr. Young beautifully observes
Procrastination is the thief of time,
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment, leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

‡ Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

give the tremendous summons, thou must drop thy earthly body, and appear an immortal soul before his judgment-seat! Eternity then awaits thee; as thou hast done good or evil, an eternity of blessedness or misery! Wilt thou then, in the folly of thy heart, neglect thy God; set up thy standard on earth; and think to fix thy dwelling here? when perhaps the breath of death may, the next moment, puff down all the fantastic castles raised by thy airy hopes! Wilt thou forfeit eternal joys for the transitory things of earth? Wilt thou not be a *man*? act wisely; choose soberly; keep immortality in view; and live every day as one who knoweth that the next day, perchance, he may be obliged to lay aside his pilgrim's weeds;* leave the inn of this uncertain life; and enter on a state which can never be changed, and which shall *never* have an end!"

Whatsoever effect these Reflections may have on others, may they, oh my God! at least, be imprinted on my *own* heart; never may I so live *here*, as to forget that I am to live for ever *hereafter*.

CH A P. III.

I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord — Even so saith the Spirit: for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them. REV. xiv. 13.

SUCH was NEGOTIO; whose sad funeral obsequies performed, and whose little infant baptized, I was soon left alone to my solitary walk in the church-yard; and being not much disposed to leave the solemn scene, I determined to continue a while longer, and indulge the pleasing sobriety of melancholy meditation.

How various, how innumerable are the shafts of *Death*! They fly unerring from his quiver around us; and on so thin a thread hangs human life, to so many accidents and disasters is human life subject, that one

* Make every day a critic on the past,
And live each hour as if it was your last.

would rather marvel that we continue to *live*, than that we should forget one moment that we are to die! * Nothing can be more beautiful, nervous, and expressive, than the following Prayer used in our *Burial Service*:

“ Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of Misery! He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower! he fleeth as it were a shadow; and never continueth in one stay.

In the midst of life we are in death; of whom may we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeas’d?

Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts: shut not thy merciful ears to our prayers: but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee.”

Were we truly influenced by the doctrine and piety of this incomparable prayer, there is no doubt but we should make a better estimate of Life and Death than is usually done; we should set a less value on the one, and meet the other with more courage and resignation.

For what is man, and what is his life—*Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live*,—short, indeed, suppose it to extend to the utmost length of human existence, even to fourscore years. But alas! too commonly, extent of life is but extent of sorrow; the time, though short, is yet *full of misery*. † The natural and acquired evils, the evils unavoidable, and the evils brought on ourselves by our own folly, vice, and imprudence are many, are great.

* Dr. Watts, reflecting on the innumerable channels through which the blood is conveyed over the whole animal system, breaks out in wonder and astonishment, saying,

Strange that an harp of thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long.

† Job. xi. 1, 2.

Our best happiness on earth is short, precarious, and uncertain; *he cometh up, and is cut down like a flower*; to-day we flourish in all the external accommodations of life, to-morrow the taste can no more relish its delicacies, nor the ear be delighted with the melody of the viol; no more the tongue can chaunt with pleasing harmony; the eyes open no more on sublunary scenes, while the useless lids are (it may be) closed by the trembling hand of our weeping friends.

As the shadow that departeth, that *fleeth* away, and its place is known no more, so we vanish from the earth, and our memory is soon buried in oblivion. To us little regard is paid any longer: still our associates, with their usual gaiety and ardor, pursue their several designs; still, as before, the business of life goes briskly on; the sun shines as brightly; the earth blooms as gaily;* the forests echo as sweetly with the music of the winged choristers; and all things wear their accustomed form: while our neglected clay is mouldering in the dust, and trodden over by many a thoughtless—perhaps many a friendly foot. †

Many a *friendly foot*!—yes, even now while I wander in the silence of the night, amidst these lonely receptacles of the dead, how many *graves* are around me, which contain the precious relics of neighbours and fellow creatures, by myself consigned to their last earthly home! ‡—wretched, wretched home! were not the soul secure of *immortality*; were not the body lodged in the

* The author here seems to have in view the sentiments of Mr. Pope, in a letter to Mr. Steele, where he thus expresses himself: “The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever; the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, and the world will proceed in its old course.”

† ————What is this world?

What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
The very turf on which we tread once lived.

BLAIR'S GRAVE,

‡ The grave, that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude. NIGHT THOUGHTS.
grave,

grave, as a faithful deposit, hereafter to be raised to life and glory,* by the Almighty Redeemer's trump. †

That reflection sooths all the sorrow, and extracts all the poison from the dart of death!—What is that I read on yonder tomb—on which the passing moon reflects her full light, as she walks majestic, in brightness, through the skies, and makes her silver way through the dark and mantling clouds—*Oh Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? The sting of Death is sin, and the strength of sin is the Law—But, thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.* ‡—These were the words, which last hung on the lips, and at his desire are engraven on the tomb of OSIANDER, who died full of faith; a man whose death might well inspire the wish—*Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his!* §

O NEGOTIO! how unlike to thee was OSIANDER: how unlike in life, how unlike in death!—though the same temporal concerns, the same worldly occupations were common to either.

Happy in parents, who well knew the influence and importance of religious principles, OSIANDER was early initiated and perfectly instructed in the school of Piety: abundantly did he verify the truth of the wise man's observation: for conducted, when young, into the happy path of truth, he never departed from it. || His youth was amiably distinguished by the most conscientious and tender regard to his parents; a presage of his future felicity; and his whole demeanour was tempered with the most winning modesty and engaging respect.

Rare felicity in OSIANDER; he obtained a partner,

* *Certum est in cineres corpus mortale reverti,
Sed tamen æternus non erit ille sopor.* MANT.

† 1 CORINTHIANS, xv. 52.

‡ 1 CORINTHIANS, xv. 55-6-7.

§ NUMBERS, xxiii. 10.

|| *Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.* PROV. xxii. 6.

formed

formed with every qualification suitable to his own: it might well be said of them, so similar were their tempers, their desires, their pursuits, so much,

Like objects pleas'd them, and like objects pain'd,
that

'Twas but one soul that in two bodies reign'd.

No wonder then OSIANDER was a pattern, as of *filial*, so of *conjugal* affection. Peace and serenity ever welcomed him to his house, and true satisfaction departed not from his happy dwelling. Hence he found no cause to search *abroad* for the felicity which multitudes cannot find at home; nor dreamed of the tavern and the club, the places of merriment and diversion, to drown the cares he never knew, or to give the bliss he continually enjoyed.*

Happy in so choice a companion, he was diligent to discharge, in the exactest degree, the parental duty towards those dear pledges of his love, wherewith their faithful embraces were blest. And hence, from their earliest youth, he took care to inspire them with every sentiment of true religion, and to bring them up in the faith and fear of that Almighty Father, a regard to whom, deeply rooted in the minds of children, is the most undoubted security of their regard to *earthly* parents.†

As the connections of OSIANDER necessarily rendered his family large, he was conscientiously exact in the discharge of his duty to his domestics and servants. "Every man, he was wont to say, should esteem himself as a priest in his own family; and be therefore careful to instruct his dependents, as those of whom he must one day give a solemn account." And, "One reason, (he would often say) why men are generally so negligent of this important duty, is the sad example they set

* An engaging picture of matrimonial happiness. Would to God there were more pleasing copies of it to be met with in the *present* day; but, alas! how few is the number, and how seldom are they found!

† Children who fear not God, seldom regard man; this is a melancholy truth, and too often verified.

themselves

themselves—an example which renders all precept ineffectual.* Hence he was diligent to maintain that prime pillar of domestic authority: he spoke by his life as well as his words; and never proposed a duty to his family which they did not see him practise himself. †

Family prayer was never omitted in his house. The Sabbath-day was never spent in trifling, visiting, and folly; much less in drunkenness and debauchery. Attended by as many of his family as was convenient, he himself led the way to his church, both morning and afternoon; while the evening of that blessed day was ever spent in catechising and instructing the younger, and in reading some useful discourse to the more advanced part of his household. ‡—Never abstaining from the hallowed table of the Lord, he was earnest always in pressing that important duty: and few who lived with him were long strangers to that heavenly banquet.

Thus exemplary at home, he was no less esteemed abroad: his punctuality, honesty, and worth, were universally commended; and though some of freer principles would sometimes be apt to sneer at his preciseness (as they termed it) yet no man maintained a more universal credit, pursued his temporal business with more becoming alacrity, or, by the blessing of God, flourished more in all desirable success. §

It pleased the Sovereign Disposer of all things to give him a long foresight of his approaching dissolution, by means of a lingering and consumptive illness.

* Be not a man of *words*, but *deeds*,
Example (precepts) far exceeds.

† Setting a good example is the best way to recommend and enforce good precepts.

‡ This method of spending the sabbath-day, cannot be too much inculcated or enforced on every master and mistress of a family; the neglect of it has been the ruin (it is greatly to be feared) of thousands of children, apprentices, and servants.

§ Well might the Psalmist say, the blessing of the Lord is in the house of the Righteous; blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways, happy shalt thou be and it shall be well with thee. PSALM, cxxviii. 1, 2.

Shall

Shall I ever forget with what delight I heard him declare his high hopes, when, coming in by accident, I found him, with his beloved wife by his side; pale and emaciated he sat in the chair of sickness, his hand tenderly clasping her's, and his eyes fixed upon her:—while she, with soft affection, strove to conceal her heart-felt distress, and the tear, unpermitted to come forth, stood trembling in her eye.—“I was endeavouring, dear Sir, said he, to reconcile my life's loved companion to the stroke which shortly must separate us—separate for a while—separate, blessed be the Lord of life, only to meet that we may never more part.—But, alas! so frail is human nature, so weak is human faith, so attached are we to this poor crazy prison, that we cannot, we cannot be triumphant,—we sink and grovel upon the earth even to the last.”*

Affection like your's, said I, so long tried, and so tender, cannot be supposed to part without pangs: nor should we think ourselves the worse *Christians*, because we feel the most sensibly as *Men*.

“Oh no, said he, I have never thought the finest feelings of humanity inconsistent with the most elevated degree of Christian virtue—but, methinks, when a pair have lived, (as thanks be to God,) my dearest wife and myself have constantly endeavoured to do—with a perpetual prospect to a *future scene*, and an earnest, though very imperfect labour, to walk worthy our high calling and hope—it should be matter of the noblest joy when the consummation of all our labours is at hand, when we are about to drop the veil of flesh, and to enter on the fruition of everlasting peace: Surely this should dry up

* Dr. Watts very justly sings
 Our dearest joys and nearest Friends,
 The partners of our blood,
 How they divide our wav'ring minds,
 And leave but half for God.
 Oh! may we scorn these cloaths of flesh,
 These fetters and this load;
 And long for evening to undress
 That we may rest with God. HYMN lxi. B. 2.

all

all our tears, and cause us to rejoice on behalf of the friend who is about—not to die but to live: not to lose life but to enjoy it*—For myself, I have no more doubt of immortality, nor (let me speak it with due humility) of my own felicity with God, through *Jesus Christ*, than I have of my present existence. All nature, and the universal voice of the wise, in every age, proclaim the animating doctrine: but the Christian Religion hath displayed it in such full light, so dispelled every cloud, so removed every scruple, that it would be the greatest indignity to the blessed Author of it, either to doubt a future and eternal existence, or to doubt an eternal and happy one through faith in *Jesus Christ*.† *Infidelity* appears to me of all sins the most monstrous, after those various declarations which God hath made to support and confirm our *faith*.”‡

We were charmed at the divine warmth with which he uttered these words: his wife burst into a flood of tears: tears of mingled joy and sadness, who could refrain? We sat silent:—He at length went on.

“ Yet let me not be thought presumptuous: I know the utter abhorrence of God to the least spark of self-dependance; I know the absolute contrariety of pride to the true interest of a fallen creature: I am nothing: I have nothing: I can do nothing: to the glory of his free grace be all I ever have done, be all I ever hope for!§ But there is such an exhaustless fund of

* We can never think too much upon this solemn and interesting truth

When this our short and fleeting life is o'er,
We die to live; and live—to die no more;

SOLITARY WALKS.

† It is the absolute declaration of God himself. *He that believeth shall be saved*, and Christ has promised, as he liveth, they (who truly believe in him) shall live also.

‡ Unbelief robs the Christian too often of his spiritual comfort; but let him who professes to believe in Christ, take heed respecting the *nature, ground, and fruits* of his faith, that they are of the *right kind*, according to the rule of God's unerring *word*.

§ This will ever be the language of a *true Christian*, though not the sentiments of every *nominal one*.

unexampled mercy and love in the great Saviour of mankind, so wonderful are his doings, so passing all comprehension his tender regards for the children of men, that I dare not dispute his rich offers; that I dare not hesitate in the embracing his full promises.

Oh, Sir, I can say, with the utmost sincerity, that the reflection on his past mercies is my sole and unspeakable comfort; and in his love I already taste something of the bliss I expect. Influenced by that love, and by a sincere (though alas most weak) faith in him, I have laboured diligently to act in conformity to his will: and though conscious of a thousand and ten thousand infirmities, though in my best services utterly unprofitable, though in all, less than the least of his mercies, yet I have an unshaken confidence in his all-sufficient merits; and fully relying upon them, I commit my soul to him, with all the satisfaction and serenity of calm and well-grounded hope.*—He is a rock that can never fail us: the cross of *Christ* promiseth the sinner every thing which Repentance can presume to ask.†

Much more passed between us, some things far too tender to be committed to paper; and it will not be any wonder to the serious reader to be told, that a sickness of some weeks was borne by a man of such faith, with all the chearful resignation and consummate patience which are peculiar to the true Christian.‡ Nothing

* Oh! the comforts and consolations of an expiring in Jesus Christ, how solid, unspeakable, and encouraging! well might the Psalmist David say, *the end of that man is peace.*

PSALM, xxxvii. 37.

† Touch'd by the cross we live, or *more* than die;
That touch, with charm celestial; heals the soul
Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turns earth to Heaven, to heavenly thrones transforms
The ghastly ruins of the mould'ring tomb.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

‡ It may well be said, religion has pleasures which none but the real Christian can enjoy; consolations which none but the real Christian can partake of, and a crown of glory promised to its followers after death, which none but the real Christian can have a title to, or wear. 2 TIMOTHY, iv. 8.
would

would be more instructive, perhaps, than many of the discourses which he held with his friends, during the scene of trial.—A few hours before he died, he took a solemn leave of his wife and children, to whom he had delivered at large his dying advice—and perfectly sensible of his approaching dissolution; some minutes before he expired he was heard to say, “*O Death, where is thy sting! O Grave, where is thy victory! the sting of Death is sin, and the strength of sin is the Law,—but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.*” And having said this, he fell asleep, with a composure perfectly lovely, with a peace infinitely desirable.

C H A P. IV.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows. MATTHEW, x. 29. &c.

Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in Me. JEREMIAH, xlix. II.

FEW passions are more strongly implanted in the human mind, than the love of our offspring; to be devoid of which, degrades the *human* far beneath the *irrational* creature; through every species of which, the wonderful influence of parental affection is discernible. The wisdom of the great Creator is immediately obvious in this gracious provision for the helpless young; and it is certain that this powerful regard, in the human species, may be rendered productive of the most excellent effects.

Too commonly, indeed, it is grossly abused; and the honourable claim of parental regard is made the pretence for an unworthy and mean attachment to the pursuits of the world, and the love of this life. Many men cheat themselves under this specious delusion; and while they conceive that the spring of their actions, and the cause of their singular attention to earthly desires, is the

laudable purpose of providing for their families;* they are, the mean while, but following the bent of their own inclinations, and treading in a track which they would continue to tread, were they not influenced at all by the motive which they fancy engages them in it. Frequent experience hath manifested this; but it was never seen more evidently, perhaps than in the case of AVARO; who lived only for his children, as he constantly avowed, and on that account denied himself every reasonable gratification; when, as if it were to falsify those pretences, as well as to awaken him, if possible, to a more rational conduct, the Sovereign of Heaven deprived him of his children in a short compass of time; and lo, he remains the same grovelling earth-worm, though he hath none to share that inheritance, which he purchases at the price of his soul!

If any truth be fully revealed in the sacred oracles, if any hath the sanction of the soundest reason, it is the belief of a wise, good, and superintending Providence, of an universal Father, who tenderly watcheth over, and graciously careth for the concerns of those beings whom himself hath created, and placed in their several stations upon earth; † a truth of an aspect the most benign, and of an influence the most important to all the affairs of men: to forget and disregard which, leads to all the folly of self-seeking, all the madness of self-dependance, all the bitter anxiety of self-corroding care: to remember, and live under the constant persuasion of which, induces all the sweetness of a serene conscience, all the fortitude of a resigned soul, all the comfort of an unshaken hope. ‡

* A prudent desire and endeavour to make a suitable provision for our families, are laudable and praise-worthy; but an over-anxious pursuit after temporal things is hurtful and unbecoming, particularly respecting those who profess to be Christians.

† MATTHEW, vi. 26.

‡ Well might our Saviour upbraid his disciples with unbelief of his providential care, by saying, *if God so cloath the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the*
the

And to this, were we to judge by the rules of right reason, or religion, that parental affection which is so universal and amiable, must naturally bend every parent: whom, if no other consideration were sufficient to persuade to the practice of Religion, and to a dependance upon the Deity, the reflection of its infinite moment to their offspring, and of the unspeakable value of the divine favour, should powerfully incline thereto. For there is no patrimony like the divine protection, and no friendship so stable as the friendship of Heaven. The former can never be exhausted, the latter will never fail or forsake us: no change of circumstances will change its fidelity: nay, much unlike the friendship of the world,* in the black day of adversity it will smile with the most sweetness and affection.

Our earthly schemes in behalf of our children, may prove unsuccessful, and be quickly blasted by the finger of disappointment: our labours may end in vexation, and all our attempts be insufficient to secure the fortune we may wish: or should we secure it, the patrimony we have gained, at the expence of so much care and anxiety (nay perhaps at the high price even of *felicity eternal*) may be embezzled by the faithless guardian; devoured by the litigious lawyer; or foolishly squandered away by the spendthrift heir; whom our industry has capacitated to sink into the foul sewers of idleness, vice and sloth; † and deprived at once of the comforts of *the oven, shall be not much more cloath you, O ye of little faith!*

MATTHEW, vi. 30.

* Dr. Young expresses a similar opinion of the world's friendship, in the following lines.

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

† Idleness, vice and sloth have been the ruin of thousands; therefore carefully to be avoid; particularly by young persons of both sexes; for an idle man is the devil's playfellow; slothfulness bringeth a man to rags, while

Vice its own punishment will ever prove,
But Virtue leads to blissful realms above.

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

this life, and the hopes of a better, by supplying him with the means and opportunity to be iniquitous ; when perhaps without them he had been led to careful industry, to sobriety, and all the blessed fruits of a rational and prudent demeanour.

Let it not be concluded from hence, that we would condemn that proper care for the subsistence of a family, which all nations have judged necessary and becoming. We mean only to decry that absurd, but too common practice, of living merely to lay up wealth for those who shall survive us ; without taking care to secure the favour of Providence, without looking at all to the great superintendant of human affairs, who laughs, with just contempt, at the spider-webs which men of this character so industriously weave. Without God in their lives, without hope in their death, they are unable calmly to lay their dying heads on their pillows,* or to commend, with humble, but confident faith, their weeping widows and orphans to the heavenly *Husband*, and the everlasting *Father*.

Of these, poor NEGOTIO never thought, and therefore could derive no comfort to himself, could administer no comfort to his wife or his children, from the solid expectation of the fatherly care of Omnipotence.† This rendered his death doubly dreadful : as the contrary view soothed every sorrow, and cheered every gloom before the face of the departing OSIANDER. He beheld his wife and his children with an eye of gladness, as the pe-

* The wicked, in the views of dissolution, may hope for mercy at the hands of their offended Maker, but not on scriptural grounds, for the word of God assures us, without repentance there is no salvation ; LUKE, xiii 3.

† The offspring of wicked parents if they continue in the roads of impiety and vice, may justly expect ; according to the express declaration of Jehovah, that the curse due to their parents will descend on them, for he has said *he will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate him and keep not his commandments.*

EXODUS, xx. 5.
culiar

cular care of the *Father* of the *Fatherless*, and the *Husband* of the *Widow*: and to that care he consigned them with a cheerful hope and peaceful acquiescence.* NEGOTIO saw his family with the eye of distraction, as the prey of poverty, and the sport of an injurious world.

Unaccustomed to estimate worth by any other standard than that of earthly acquisitions, he considered them as unavoidably miserable: and leaving them unprovided with what the world calls good, he left them, as it seemed to him, *destitute*; and doomed to all the contempt of penury, and all the painful pity of distress.—Such was the issue of his anxious solicitude for temporal things.—Oh, happy had it been for thee, NEGOTIO, happy for thy family, if some portion of thy anxiety had been allotted to eternal concerns! then hadst thou died in the pleasing reflection, that, not void of attention to thy great business on earth, thou wast going thyself to the kingdom of a *Father*, who watcheth with peculiar attention over the *orphan* and the *widow*, especially when consigned by the faithful parent to his secure protection: and who is equally able to save by *many* as by *few*: to bless where there is little, as well as where there is much; to bless with the most substantial blessings—*competency*, *content*, and a *good conscience*: which bestow those consolations, solid, secure, and immoveable, that are denied frequently, or sought for in vain, by the distinguished favourites of exorbitant wealth or exalted power.

Conscious hereof, OSIANDER, during his last sickness, was never deficient in pouring this healing balm into the bleeding heart of his life's loved companion, and softer friend.

“*Widowhood*, † he was often wont to say to her, is

* The real Christian, trusting in God as his heavenly father, friend and portion, may safely leave all he has in his hands, knowing he will safely keep that which is committed to him against that day, when he comes to judge the world by his Son Christ Jesus.

2, TIMOTHY, I. 12.

† See the fine speech of St. *Chrysoptom's* mother, in the *Christian's Magazine*, Vol. I. p. 54.

doubtless

doubtless a state of the deepest distress: left to weather out all the storms and tempests of a calamitous world, a poor dejected woman then most wants the tender support of the husband, whose loss she most very wants more feelingly to teach her. Not only every source of usual satisfaction is dried up: not only every allowable and life-cheering comfort is cut off: but the flood-gates are open to a tide of new troubles, unknown, unthought of before: which the memory of past felicities mournfully enhanceth; the retrospect of happiness *once* enjoyed, but now lost, adding double weight to the woe which springs up unwelcome in its place.

Even where the affection hath not been of the most tender sort, the loss of a husband is severely felt; but where it hath been just and sincere, where long tried fidelity hath much approved each to the other, there, as the parting becomes more afflictive, so the loss is more sensibly felt. Widowhood is then an *iron furnace* indeed.—But to catch the allusion, as the Son of God was seen in the furnace with the three faithful *Israelites*, preserving them unhurt from the rage of the flames;* so will he be present, with peculiar protection, and shield with his fatherly providence, the widow and her orphans.—*Leave thy fatherless children, saith this kind God, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in Me.*†

This passage, I will freely confess to you, hath at all times given the greatest comfort to my mind, and at the same time encouraged me to a cheerful discharge of my duty, and to perfect dependance on God; conscious, that if I could by any means secure the fatherly care of Omnipotence for you, and my dear children, I need not be anxious for aught besides; I have endeavoured to keep this point in view: and I can now commend you to that care, with the most joyful and heart-felt delight. For the Lord will never leave you nor forsake you: He is emphatically styled *the father of the fatherless, and the*

* DANIEL, iii. 25.

† JEREMIAH, xlix. II.

*husband of the widow.** A reflection which surely must make every tender parent, every affectionate husband solicitously careful to obtain God's blessing, if they really love their children; if they have a real regard for their wives and offspring; for the Lord God hath shewn, all through his blessed word, how near and dear to him are the interests of the widow and the orphan: He hath given peculiar laws, with much tenderness, respecting them: he hath urged, as the greatest offence, the neglect and injury of them: he hath made it one of the characteristic parts of true and undefiled religion, to visit the *fatherless* and *widows* in their affliction; † and as an emblem of his ever full and flowing mercy towards them, he sent his Prophet to one of them in the day of her distress, and enriched her with a continual supply, while want and famine were reigning around: giving at once a proof and a significant token of his fatherly providence, and encreasing mercies to the *widow* who *trusteth* in him. ‡

For, my dear love, permit me to say, though I have scarce any need to say it to you, that these rich promises to *widows* are not given indiscriminately and under no conditions: it may be very possible to languish in all the wretchedness of a widowed state, and yet to enjoy none of the distinguished care of Heaven. St. Paul speaks of those who are *widows indeed*; which plainly implies that some in a state of *widowhood* may be far from the Divine notice. A *widow indeed*, according to him, is *one, who trusteth in God, and continueth in supplications and prayer night and day*; one who is truly sensible of the afflictive hand of Providence upon her; who endeavours to receive with meekness, and to improve in resignation by the chastising stroke; who fixeth her soul's dependance upon the high and gracious providence of her God, and laboureth, with all the sincerity of faith,

* PSALM, lxxviii. 5.

† JAMES, i. 27.

‡ KINGS, iv. 6.

and fervour of prayer, to cast herself and all her concerns upon him, as knowing he careth for her.

And as thus *trusting* in God, and continuing in prayer, the widow should be particularly grave, serious, and sober in all her behaviour, dress and deportment: she should not forget that God hath been pleased to cut off, if I may so say, the ornament of her head, and the pride of her life; and therefore requireth a decent solemnity in all her carriage. If the loss happens to a woman in earlier life, she hath need of more peculiar watchfulness against all the attacks of carnal enemies; and should be very cautious not to give the least room for that reproach, either of wantonness or calumny, which some are so apt to impute to widowhood in general.*

And should she, my dear, be left in your case, with a family around her, oh how much anxiety attends that necessary, that important charge; that most tender duty which she oweth to them—I cannot, indeed, I cannot speak of this heavy burden; my heart is too full: and I have perfect satisfaction in your motherly love to my dear children.—But do not sink under the burden, for God is with you: He will bless your endeavours: he will support you in every difficulty.—*Leave thy fatherless children to me, I will preserve them alive,* † said he: *alive*, that is, through Grace, *alive* to the only valuable, the *divine* life; *alive* to himself! Oh! sweet and comfortable promise, let it always be your support, and rest perfectly confident that while you exert your best, though feeble efforts, for your dear children, the father of the fatherless will more than second you: trust in him: continue in prayer to him for them and for yourself: and you will have a husband infinitely preferable to this poor perishing mortal who is about to leave you—and they, my beloved pretty orphans,—have a *father.* ‡—

“ Oh! thou gracious father, preserve, protect, de-

* Would to God there were no widows in our day, but such who answered the above description.

† JEREMIAH, xlix. 11

‡ PSALM, xxvii. 10.

“ Oh!

send, both *her* and *them*—and when my weeping eyes shall be closed in death; when my supplicating tongue shall be silent in dust; when my solicitous heart shall cease to throb for them! Oh! be thou their never-failing, their heavenly *husband, father, friend!*—their God and portion in this life and in that which is to come—Oh may we meet to part no more—meet to praise and adore thy exceeding loving kindness, through endless ages in glory.” †

Thus spoke OSIANDER: and happy that husband who thus, like him, can in the views of death, pour the balm of divine consolation into the heart of his afflicted and lamenting partner.

CHAP. V.

Still frowns grim *Death*; Guilt points the tyrant's spear.
And whence all human guilt?—From *Death* forgot!

YOUNG.

WERE it possible to avoid the stroke, or to escape the victorious arm of *Death*; they would have something to plead for their conduct, who shun with all their power, the solemn reflection; who make it the whole business of their lives to dissipate the important thought of that, which they must sooner or later meet with, and to which they are inevitably doomed! † But as no human power can arrest, even for one moment, the fatal dart; * as every individual must pass through this black and lamentable flood; surely wisdom dictates

* Thrice happy Christians! who, when time is o'er,
Shall meet in realms of bliss, to part no more. G.W.

† For it is appointed unto all men once to die.

HEBREWS, ix. 27

‡ When death receives the dire command,
None can elude or stay his hand;
For when his dread commission's seal'd,
The *youngest, healthiest*, all must yield.

RURAL CHRISTIAN.
a se-

a serious and frequent attention to so interesting a concern, and reason advises the most diligent survey of this dreadful evil; that we may learn to encounter it with holy courage, or at least, to submit to it without reluctance. *Death*, viewed with an hasty and trembling eye, appears in formidable terror, as the cruel blaster of all human hopes and joys; but *Death*, viewed with an eye of faith, and contemplated with the coolness of rational deliberation, loses much of its terror, and is approached with no small degree of complacency and peace. †

You tremble at the fear of *Death*; come, draw near, and let us see what that is, which thus alarms your quickest apprehensions. See in the most fearful garb, *Death* is only the ransomer of frail mortals from the prison of a sinful, painful, and corrupted frame; their deliverer from a transitory, and vexatious world; ‡ their introducer to an eternal and—oh that we could always add—a *blessed* state! but there, *there* alas, is the dread. 'Tis this which clothes *Death* in his terrors, and gives all its sharpness to his sting. Could we be assured, had we a scriptural and well grounded presumption, that the departing soul should enter into a state of felicity, and be received into the bosom of its Saviour and its God; we should then universally lay down the load of mortality, not only without regret, but even with triumph. †

* *Death* and his image rising in the brain,
Bear *faint* resemblance, never are alike;
Fear shakes the pencil, fancy loves excess,
Dark ignorance is lavish of her shades,
And these, the formidable picture draw.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

† ————— *Death* ends our woe
And puts a period to the ills of life. DR. YOUNG.

‡ To meet death without cause to fear it, is the privilege only of a true believer in Jesus; well therefore, does an eminent writer say,

Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb. DR. YOUNG.

we

we should then universally lay down the load of mortality, not only without regret, but even with triumph.*

Whence then comes it to pass?—let us no longer lay the blame on *Death*, for it is fairly exculpated—whence comes it to pass? that we dare to live, without treasuring up “this rational and well grounded presumption,” which the Christian Religion so copiously supplies, and which we are called upon to treasure up by every motive of interest, of common sense, and of duty? if we neglect this, let us not pretend to quarrel with our fate, and to repine at the fearfulness of death; we ourselves give all his fearfulness to him, and from ourselves alone proceeds the cause of our bitterest disquietude. For God hath plainly declared to us the irreversible condition of our nature. Our death is no less certain than our existence.† He hath graciously provided a sovereign and infallible antidote against the fear of death, in the victorious resurrection of his dear Son.‡ He hath informed us, that our bodies must return to dust; that all our possessions must be left behind; and that a state everlasting and unalterable awaits us—a state of endless bliss with him, or of misery with condemned spirits.§

If then, my soul, deaf to his informations, and regardless of his mercies, thou shalt forget the condition of thy nature; pride thyself in the beauties of thy present body; boast thyself in the possessions of thy present state; neglect to secure an interest in the Saviour, by

* To meet death without cause to fear it, is the privilege only of a true believer in Jesus; well therefore, does an eminent writer say,

Believe, and look with triumph in the tomb.

DR. YOUNG.

† Fixt is the term to all the race on earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth;
No force can death resist, no flight can save,
All fall alike, the fearful and the brave.

POPE.

‡ I CORINTHIANS, XV. 20.

§ MATTHEW, XXV. 46.

faith

D

faith unfeigned, and obedience unreserved—thine, and thine eternally will be the just condemnation: nor canst thou wonder that the stroke of death, in this view, is horrible to thy apprehension; for it will separate thee from all thou holdest dear, and convey thee to a region, dolorous and unwelcome, where thou hast no treasure, and canst not have either *hope* or *love*. But remember, in this case, *Death* deserves no blame; for it is not *Death* which is terrible in itself; it is man, foolish man, who renders it so, by his inexcusable neglect.*

It is from hence arises the fear of death; from *estimating* too highly the things of this life, and from *forgetting* the *mutable condition* annexed to every mortal blessing. Hence sprung all the mistakes, and all the miseries of the young, the lovely *Misella*; and all the piercing pangs, which tore her wretched parents hearts.

Misella was blessed, by the great Giver of all Good Gifts, with a frame peculiarly elegant and pleasing. Softness and sweetness dwelt in her countenance; the down of the swan was rivalled by her skin; her shape was faultless, her limbs were finished with the most beautiful symmetry, and her voice was musical as the harmony of the lute. She was taught from her cradle to value this fine person; and her fond and overweening parents fed the soothing vanity with every food which their dotage could supply.†

Her education was perfectly polite, adapted to set off the graces of her fame, little calculated to expand or improve the more valuable beauties of the mind. Her taste for dress was remarkably elegant, her manner of

* Death will be to the real Christian, the end of all his earthly troubles, and the beginning of his heavenly joys, while to the wicked and impenitent, it will prove the end of all their hopes, and the beginning of their eternal desperation.

DANIEL, xii. 2.

† The very means and the best method they could have taken, or the devil himself could have devised, to make their child a curse to them, and bring down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

dancing particularly genteel: she excelled much at cards, and few were happier in devising schemes, and engaging parties of pleasure. As her voice was charming in itself, so was it improved by art, and aided by the soft touches of the guitar, which she handled with inimitable grace; preferring it to all other instruments, as the attitude in playing upon it, is most advantageous for the display of a fair lady's gentility.

She very early gave her parents a convincing proof of the mistake they had made in her education, and of their unhappiness in neglecting to inculcate the principles of religious duty and conscientious virtue. For in her seventeenth year, she married a young officer, of inferior rank, and no fortune, with the intire disapprobation of her parents; nay, and in direct contradiction to their commands. The gaiety of his dress, and the charms of his person, captivated her heart; and, unaccustomed to reason and think, she broke through every obligation to gratify her romantic passion.*

The blind and excessive fondness of her parents soon induced them to pass over this breach of duty, and to welcome their darling daughter and her husband to their affectionate arms. Accustomed from her cradle to a life of dissipation and pleasure, now that she was free from all parental restraint, she indulged the mad propensity with still greater ardour.† From one public place to another, during the summer, she led her passive husband; during the winter they lived in all the fatiguing gaiety of town diversions.

* Young women can never be too cautious respecting the men they make choice of, as partners for life, for their future happiness depends on it. What a melancholy reflection is it, that numbers in the present day, marry in haste, and repent at leisure, when it is too late.

† The education of children is truly an important task, and cannot be too carefully attended to by parents in general; for it is an observation confirm'd by experience:

Children like tender osiers take the bow

And as they first are fashion'd always grow.

D 2

A child

A child was the issue of their marriage; but as the daughter had been before, so now the mother was swallowed up in the woman of pleasure; she sent the little infant to her parents, regardless of its welfare, if she could but pursue her beloved gratifications.—The case was the same with a second produce of their conjugal endearments. She looked upon child-bearing as a severe tax paid by the fair sex, and as an obstacle in their way to the possession of those delights, which alone have worth and relish in the esteem of a woman of fashion.*

My reader will not be amazed if a life of this kind produced no small difficulties in their circumstances. Her parents, though not very affluent, readily contributed all they could: and ah! too fond—fed scantily and dressed meanly, that their daughter might be clad in scarlet, and feast in delicacy.† It happened that her husband, in the third year of their marriage, was called abroad to attend his regiment. Pleasure was her passion; she felt therefore little regret at parting with him. Nor did she live, during his absence, like the widowed wife, and separated friend. She followed her diversions with redoubled assiduity; was the life of the ball, the delight of the men, the queen of joy.

But her constitution, tender and delicate, was unequal to the toil; her nocturnal revels extinguished the rose in her cheek; her laborious life of pleasure brought on a consumption. Besides this, with declining health, her character became equivocal; (though it is agreed by all, she was never really criminal, in the sense that word is commonly used;) but the want of appearances is often as fatal to reputation, as even the want of virtue

* Alas! how many Misellas, such thoughtlessness and imprudent married woman, do we see daily: may the Lord of his infinite mercy lessen the number, by teaching them wisdom from above.

† If ever parents were blinded by affection, to the true interests of their children, surely these were among the number.
itself,

itself,* To exhilarate her spirits, she had frequent recourse to improper means; to renovate her beauty, she had constant recourse to destructive arts.

Her parents, who seldom saw her,—saw her only for a few passing moments, which she could sometimes, though very rarely, steal from her engagements, to dedicate to the children of her bowels, and to the parents, whose only joy, she knew, was in her company.—Her parents hearing of her declining state intreated, earnestly and with tears, intreated her to come to them, and to use all proper means for the recovery of her health. She sent them no reply; but using what appeared to her the necessary methods, yet prosecuting at the same time, her usual course of pleasure, she appeared a dead body, almost in the bright scenes of revelry and joy,—and at length was seized with an acute disorder, which in two days carried her off, in a strange place; at a distance from her friends! and without a relation to close her eyes! †

A messenger was instantly dispatched to her parents; a tender parent only can guess their anguish. The afflicted father flew down to the place of her death with all possible speed; and when he entered the house, where lay the dead body of his child, his only child, the child of his soul—“Oh give me my daughter, he cried out, let me but see her dear face, though she is dead; lead me, lead me to my child, shew a poor old man the sad remains of all his hopes and wishes.” Dumb grief pre-

* It is a well known proverb, *give a dog an ill name and bang him*; and so is, *if you are not a thief, don't look thief-like*: the meaning of which is, the loss of reputation, however it may be founded only on suspicion, is truly as hurtful and disadvantageous as though there was real sufficient ground for it; and if we are not candidates for vice and votaries of dissipation, we should not associate with those who are: for a man is generally known by his company.

† Hapless Misella! may surviving fair ones,
By thy example learn to shun thy fate;
How wretched is the woman wise too late.

G. BARNWELL

veiled: the mistress of the house conducted him to the door of the room, where lay the pale and lifeless corpse.

He threw himself with unutterable distress, on the bed, beside his daughter, and bedewing her clay-cold face with tears, lay for some time in all the agony of silent sorrow! "Are we thus to meet, at length he burst out, thus!—Oh my Kitty, my child, my daughter, are those dear lips ever sealed in silence? Ah, all pale and wan! and will those eyes, which used to look upon me with such joy, never, never open more? One word, my child, oh if it were but one word! Ah cruel and unkind—that I might not be allowed to watch thee in thy sickness! hadst thou permitted me to attend, thy dear life had been saved.

Alas, why do I rave? she hears me not—pale, indeed; but lovely as ever: Ah, soft and precious hand, marble in coldness.—I will never let thee go.—Oh my Kitty, my child, my only beloved!—I am undone, for thou art no more; oh that I had died with thee;* would to God I might die this moment! My Kitty, my child, my daughter, my all!"—Here again he burst into an agony of tears, and betrayed all the signs of the most excruciating grief.

But it is unnecessary to dwell longer on this part of our tale; it will be more proper to make some remarks upon it: these, however, together with the very different character of Pulcheria, must engage the next chapter.

* Extravagant or excessive grief, is finely depicted in the lamentations of David, the man after God's own heart, over the corpse of his son Absalom, as recorded in the 18th chapter of the 2d. book of Samuel.



CHAP. VI.

Take compassion on the rising age ;
 In them redeem your errors manifold ;
 And by due discipline and nurture sage,
 In Virtue's love betimes your docile sons engage.

WEST'S POEM ON EDUCATION.

HOW great a blessing is early instruction! Misella never heard the sweetly persuasive lectures of wisdom ; she was never called to attend to the winning voice of religion and truth ; and therefore left to the blind conduct of impetuous passions, she was driven along, " to every wave a scorn ;" she foundered and was lost!—We do not pretend to say, that early instruction and virtue are so inseparably connected as never to be divided : we do not say, that all who enjoy this advantage must go right ; that all who enjoy it not, must infallibly go wrong. This would be to contradict palpable experience. But we are bold to advance, that as there is the chance of ten thousand to one in favour of the former ; so is there the same chance, it is feared, against the latter. * How alarming a reflection to parents !

Had Misella, from her early infancy, been trained up in the knowledge of herself, her God, and her duty—had she been carefully led to a true estimate of her corruptible frame—not deceived into a wrong opinion of it, from poisonous flattery, and delusive adulation—had she been taught, that every good gift comes from God, and consequently can be no proper subject of human vanity—had she been taught, that God expects a proper return, and reasonable service for the bounty he shews—that our present state is a state of trial—that we are pilgrims and probationers of a day, and must necessarily in a short time remove our tent from this world, and live—live everlastingly in another, happy or wretched,

* The wisest man declares, if you train up a child in the way he should go, when he is old, he will not depart from it.

PROVERBS, xxii. 6.

as

as we have performed our duty in this :*—Had these lessons of useful import been early and stedfastly imprinted on her mind, most probably the miserable parent had not wept in such anguish over his more miserable daughter—most probably her hands might have closed, with filial piety and tenderness, his aged eyes.

But—ah me!—how constantly do we behold these important lessons neglected! While fond and over-weaning parents, like those of Mifeila, cheat their little ones, even from infancy, into false opinions of themselves! The mistakes, so frequent and so fatal, in the education of children, would almost lead one to approve the Lacedemonian policy, which allowed not to parents the liberty of educating their own children, but committed this most necessary business to the care of the state: and, from an accurate observation of the conduct of parents, how few have yet fallen within the observation of the writer of these lines, who were tolerably capacitated for the task! who had prudence and fortitude enough to conquer paternal prejudices, and to stand superior to the soft foibles of melting affection.

With respect to the gentler sex, it is an evil, too notorious to be denied, that ere the pretty innocents can lisp their pleasing tales, they are initiated into the school of pride and shew—taught to reverence dress, even to superstition, as the glare of alluring finery!—The mind thus early vitiated, strongly retains the taste; † vanity and modish folly engross the whole attention, and ruin half, or render trifling and insipid, unwary thousands in the female world.—For it is a fact, I apprehend, scarcely to be controverted, that, in the lower orders of life, more women are seduced into prostitution, through their love of dress, than through their love of vice; and, in the higher, we know to what lengths an attachment to this deep rooted foible is carried.

* MATTHEW, XXV. 46.

† Hence let parents and tutors be careful
In virtue's paths to lead the infant mind;
For as the bough is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

With such principles, strongly impressed, how can we expect to find in the fair one, the endearing and sensible companion—replete, as Milton phrases it,* with all good, wherein consists

Woman's domestic honour, and chief praise.

How can we expect it—while, as he goes on, they are—

Bred only and completed to the taste

Of lustful appetite, to dance, to sing,

To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.

PARADISE LOST, xi. 616.

Let it not be said, that the writer is severe—he would only wish to hold out a friendly warning against an evil, destructive to the tender and affectionate parent, upon whom it principally lies to give to female elegance its greatest merit; while he entreats the inconsiderate and the fond, attentively to contemplate the half-distracted father, weeping over the clay-cold corpse of his darling Misella.

And wouldst thou, Oh Reader, wish thy beloved offspring a better fate? Wouldst thou wish never to share in the horrors of so sad a distress?—then let it be thy chief study early and diligently to inform with true wisdom, the young, the waxen mind; attentive to the Poet's remark:

Children like tender oziars take the bow,

And as they first are fashion'd always grow.

Sensible of this capital truth, the parents of the amiable Pulcheria omitted no opportunity to cultivate her mind, and early to lead her into the pure and peaceful paths of sacred wisdom. She was not inferior in person to Misella; but in conduct how superior!—in death how different!* —As I have not had the happiness to converse with many from whom I have reaped greater improvement, or received more delight; As I have never attended a death-bed with more profit and edification than that of the ever-valued Pulcheria, it hath frequently made me curious to learn from her parents the method they pursued in her education—

* Live to the Lord, that thou may'st die so too;

To live and die is all we have to do.

And

And one day sitting with her excellent father, I took the liberty to hint my desire.

“I know, Sir, (said I) you are above the vulgar prejudices; and have so just a sense of the divine wisdom and goodness in removing your daughter from this state of probation to a realm of glory, that the subject is rather pleasing than painful to you. You know my high opinion of her virtues; tell me what particular steps you took, in her early days, to lay the foundation of that noble structure which she reared?”——“You judge rightly, (Sir, said the old man) it is pleasing to me to think, as well as to talk of my valuable daughter, whom I reflect upon with the most heart-felt complacency, as having soon ran her compleat circle of virtues here; * as having speedily finished her course, and entered so early on her everlasting reward.

“Praised be God, for giving me such a child; praised be God for placing before me such an example.—Forgive the involuntary tear—I cannot, on this occasion, withhold it; the remembrance of my dear angel so affects and ravishes me:—On, when will the hour come, that I shall once more see her—once more meet her, for ever to enjoy her lovely converse—meet her—Dear Sir, excuse me—the pleasing hope overpowers me; excuse the parent—excuse the man.”——We sat silent a few minutes; some natural tears we mutually dropt—but wiped them soon; when my worthy friend proceeded—“I will satisfy your desire—I did indeed lay down some few rules, respecting the education of my child; and they were invariably regarded—I will tell you the most material of them. Attribute it to the weakness of an old man’s memory, if I am not altogether so perfect in them as I wish.

* The speaker perhaps had the following celebrated lines of WALLER in his view.

Circles are prais’d, not that abound
In largeness, but th’ exactly round:
So live we praise that doth excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

In

“ In *care, reproof, correction, and encouragement*, my wife and myself (as all parents should) resolved to act, and ever acted in perfect concert.*—We early taught our child implicit submission to ourselves; assured that, otherwise, we should be able to teach her nothing.—It was our care to remove all bad examples, as far as possible, from her sight; and in consequence, to be cautious in our choice of domestics.†—We endeavoured always to understand ourselves what we wished our child to understand—to be ourselves what we would have her be—to do ourselves what we would have her practise—as knowing that parents are the original models upon which children form their tempers and behaviour‡.

“ We laboured gradually and pleasingly to infuse into her mind the clearest and most affecting notions of God; his universal presence—almighty power—his goodness, truth, and over-ruling providence—his regard to pious men, and attention to their prayers.§—These things we imprinted upon her tender spirit, and fixed them by those striking examples, || wherewith the sacred writings abound.—We took care that she should frequently hear conversations upon serious and spiritual subjects, to which she used to attend as matters of curiosity: and from which she caught much of a religious

* Mothers are often said to spoil children by indulgence; but both parents should mutually unite, and determine not to spare the rod and spoil the child.

† Children are often spoiled by being left to converse, and be familiar with servants.

‡ Children may generally be said to follow example rather than precept.

§ As the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, parents therefore should be careful to inculcate that fear in their children betimes.

|| Such particularly as those of Noah, Abraham, Joseph, &c. the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea; the miracles in the wilderness; the deliverance of Daniel and of the three Israelites from the furnace. The miracles of Christ, the Apostles, &c.

and

and proper spirit. Few people are sensible of the advantage derived to children from suitable and serious conversation.*

“ It was our most earnest study, early to shew her the vanity of the world: the frailty of the body; the corruption of our fallen nature, the dignity and infinite worth of the immortal soul; † and to make her acquainted, as she was capable, with what God hath done for that soul; and to set before her all the riches and mercy of redemption.—We constantly inculcated upon her, this important truth, that she was not created merely to live here below, but in the glorious and eternal world above; and that she was placed here only to have her virtue tried and exercised, ‡ that she might be made fit to live for ever in Heaven.—“ And therefore, my dear, you see, (I used to observe) that there can be no room for pride in your person, or vanity in any external endowments, for your body is the workmanship of the great God; you cannot make one hair of your head white or black: and your body is but the prison, if I may so say, of your nobler part, which is immortal, and must share in the rewards or punishments of futurity, while your body will moulder in corruption, and become so odious, that your nearest and dearest friends cannot approach it. §

* Alas! how trifling and improper, is the conversation of too many parents before their children, and how little calculated to inform their judgments, or regulate their conduct.

† MATTHEW, xvi. 26.

‡ The present life is justly stiled a state of trial and probation; for the scriptures of divine truth frequently represent it as a warfare, and the troubles and afflictions we meet with, as so many trials of our faith, patience, and resignation. 2. TIMOTHY, 2, 3, 4. I PETER, i. 7.

§ If a beautiful, proud, and gay woman, would but seriously reflect on what a loathsome carcase she must ere long become, in the silent grave, amidst worms, rottenness, and corruption, it would tend to mortify her pride, lessen her vanity, and teach her to be humble.

“ Remember,

“Remember, you have received all you are, and all you have from God; therefore never presume to assign any merit to yourself; nor estimate any thing here below, at too high a rate: for this life you perceive is only a state of trial, and of consequence unworthy our too fond attachment. Heaven is your home; God is your father; and eternity is your life.” But pardon me, dear Sir, I digress from my rules, and like an old man indeed, fall into downright prating——Satisfied that all Religion stands or falls with the breach of the Sabbath, we habituated our dear child from her infancy to sanctify that sacred day; to esteem highly the word of God; to reverence his ordinances, and to respect his ministers. And we were especially careful, that with all religious instruction (you know my own sentiments) she should imbibe a spirit of universal candor, goodness, and charity: as far from the wildness of enthusiasm as from the narrowness of superstition and bigotry.

“We always addressed her understanding, and treated her as a rational * creature: we encouraged her enquiries, and used her betimes to think and to reason. We represented vice in its true colours, † which are the most odious, and virtue in its proper form of beauty and loveliness.—We were especially diligent to give her a deep sense of truth and integrity, and an abhorrence of all manner of falshood, fraud, craft, subterfuge, and dissimulation, as base, dishonourable, and highly displeasing to the Almighty. Assured that we could not cherish veracity too much, we never were severe for any fault she ingenuously acknowledged; but always, while we strove to convince her of the wrong she had done, we

* We suppose, that by this remark the gentleman means to express his disapprobation of the simple method, in which many ignorant nurses, (we would not say parents,) treat children; as if they imagined them mere little animals, unconcerned with rationality.

† Well might Pope say,

Vice to be hated, need but to be seen.

E

honoured

honoured and commended her for the truth she had spoken.*

“ Convinced of the countless evils which attend the female sex from their passion for dress and shew, we endeavoured all in our power to give her a law, that is a true opinion of these things; and though she always wore such apparel in her younger days as became her rank and station, yet we never deceived her into a wrong opinion of herself by gaudy, external ornaments—If we had,—how could we have excused ourselves?†—Whenever we observed any thing tending to a bold, pert, or forward behaviour, (though, blessed be God, there was even from her infancy little appearance of this) it was checked immediately: for we knew it might grow up into a flippant pertness, or a dissolute insolence.

“ From many examples before us, we saw the misfortune of suffering children to be men and women too soon; for children are by no means fit to govern themselves, or to direct others: we avoided this dangerous rock.—Soon as she was able to apply to the business of instruction, we inured her to diligence and close application, yet not so close as to deprive her of such amusements and exercises as were proper to preserve cheerfulness, vivacity, and health.‡ And you, who knew her, (good Sir,) and her many accomplishments, will do me the justice to believe, that we permitted her not to want any advantages of increasing in wisdom and knowledge, and that she did not abuse those advantages.

“ I had forgot to observe, that we taught her most assiduously the duty of humanity; for we taught her to

* It is an old Proverb, and a just one,
‘Truth may be blam’d, but can’t be sham’d.’

† Parents are much to blame to encourage or countenance their children in following the fashions of the times too scrupulously, it naturally tends to promote pride and vanity in the young and tender breast.—

‡ This is a good rule for parents to act by in general, towards their children, respecting their employments and diversions.

reverence the feelings of nature even in the lowest orders of creatures; we suffered her not to treat any with contempt, but to shew all possible acts of tenderness and charity, cherishing with all our might a spirit of modesty and gentleness, of benevolence and compassion, even to insects and animals, always discountenancing that wanton cruelty which some children shew as an early proof of a barbarous, wicked, and inhuman disposition.*

“And the fruits were equal to our labours—the lovely plant well repaid all our care and tendance.”

To shew that this was not merely the remark of parental partiality, let us proceed to take a view, in our next Chapter, of the amiable Pulcheria in her life and death.

CHAP. VII.

Favour is deceitful, and Beauty is vain; but a Woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. PROVERBS, xxxi. 30.

OUR obligations are truly great to those parents who carefully train up their children in the paths of wisdom, piety, and virtue; that they may be enabled to discharge every social duty with propriety. † And as so much of the comfort and peace of human life depend upon the fair sex, we are doubly indebted to those who early inform their tender minds, and deliver into the hands of the husband, not only the lovely mistress, but the endearing companion, and heart approved friend. This was the constant, and successful endeavour of the parents of Pulcheria; some of whose rules in the education of their child, were delivered in the foregoing chapter.

An education so wise and rational could scarce be supposed to have failed of the desired effect. The modesty, understanding, and elegance of Pulcheria were generally

* See advice to a daughter.

† Children can never be sufficiently sensible of the obligations they lie under to their parents, for their care, protection, and education, till they become parents themselves.

observed, and the charms of her person, though of the first rate, were always eclipsed by the superior beauties of her mind. She was sensible, but not assuming; humble, but not mean; familiar, but not loquacious; religious, but not gloomy.* The tenderness and delicacy of her sentiments peculiarly recommended her; and that sweet temper which never suffered her to indulge the malevolence of censure, rendered her the object of universal esteem. I speak not of her accidental acquirements, her skill in music, her taste for painting, &c. nor of her domestic knowledge: suffice it to say, she was well accomplished in these, and in every improvement which her parents could supply, or she herself could make.

The happy Benvolio, with the perfect approbation of her parents, received this rich treasure to his embraces, and called the lovely Pulcheria his, in her twenty-first year. He was the object of her choice, and his acknowledged worth well justified her heart's attachment to him. The fruits of her parents care were now abundantly manifested; Benvolio thought—and justly thought—his lot peculiarly blessed, in a wife of so refined and happy a disposition. The felicity was consummate as the strongest and most undissembled affection can produce. Their pleasures were mutual; and of separate satisfactions,—happy pair!—they had not the least idea!†

* This reminds me of the character of Marcia, in the tragedy of Cato:

True she is fair, oh how divinely fair!
 But then the lovely maid improves her charms
 With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
 And sanctity of manners. ADDISON.

† Happy they! the happiest of their kind,
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace; but harmony itself
 Attuning all their passions into love.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

Her

Her servants could never be lavish enough in her praises ; for she treated them always with the most amiable humanity : “ she considered them, she used to say, as fellow-creatures, placed indeed in an inferior station, but not on that account the less acceptable in the sight of God. Nay, if we remembered, (she would observe) who it was that for our sakes took upon him the form of a servant, we should certainly treat our domestics with becoming gentleness. Besides, she would go on, it appears to me an office of common humanity, to render a state of servitude and dependance as light and pleasing as possible : for while we, by the bounty of Heaven, enjoy such superior blessings, shall we not, in gratitude, do all in our power to bless others who are less favoured by Providence ?* I esteem my servants as a kind of meaner, humbler friends ; and though I would on no account make myself too familiar with them, or listen either to their flattery or their tales ; yet I never would be deficient in alleviating their inconveniencies and promoting their real happiness. †

Acting upon these principles, she was the darling of her domestics ; they beheld her with a degree of veneration. She was so happy as seldom to find cause to change ; and she never entertained her friends with tedious tales of the ill behaviour and errors of her servants. ‡

* However different our stations in life, may be, we are all of the same blood, and therefore have no reason to be proud of ourselves, or to lord it over those who are below us ; but to be humble, thankful, and benevolent.

† Good masters often make good servants : would to God, every master and mistress properly considered this, and adopted the sentiments and conduct of Benvolio and Pulcheria for their own.

‡ A practice too common with many in the present day, but highly censurable and imprudent.

I should observe that she was careful to see them well instructed in their duty, and for that purpose she not only supplied them with proper books, but saw that they read them, while her beloved partner omitted no opportunity to assist in this necessary service.

Conscious of the high obligation upon all to observe the Sabbath, she strictly devoted that day to religion. She took care that such of her family as could possibly be spared, should always attend with her, at the morning and evening service of the parish church. This she esteemed an indispensable duty;* and never allowed herself to ramble from church to church, as was the case with some ladies of her acquaintance in the neighbourhood, whose practice she constantly disapproved. "I owe this duty, she used to say, to my family, to my neighbours, to my minister: and I cannot tell what evil may arise from a different example."

The evening of the Sabbath was always spent in religious exercises; and she never would think of seeing company on that day. Routs on Sundays were monsters in her apprehension. "I can excuse, she would often observe, those in the lower stations of life, who have no other day of leisure but the Sabbath, and who perhaps are pent up in narrow shops all the rest of the week, if they dedicate some part of the day to recreation:† but for us, who have the enjoyment of all the week, surely it is inexcusable to devote this sacred day to our pleasures. Shall not the great Giver of all, receive a tribute of some small portion of our time?"

* How great the pity! that so many persons in the superior walks of life, content themselves with only going to church on Sundays, without suitably attending to and constantly practising what they hear preached; hearing the gospel should always be accompanied with a life regulated by its prospects.

† This sentiment is not agreeable to the fourth command, *remember the sabbath day to keep it holy*, and therefore should not be adopted by a follower of Christ, be his station in the world what it may.

But

But were I to dwell upon all the excellencies of her life and conduct, the limits prescribed me in this paper would soon be exceeded. I shall omit, therefore, any account of the benevolent charity which she exercised so largely, (inasmuch that never a child of distress went with a heavy heart and unrelieved from her presence)—while I hasten to give some account of her death. Her constitution was delicate; after the birth of the second beloved infant which she brought her Benvolio, (her first died early, and gave an opportunity for the display of the most exemplary resignation), she caught a cold, which was accompanied with unhappy circumstances; and though she recovered in some measure, yet the consequence was an hasty decay.

It is not easy to conceive the anguish of her parents and her husband upon so melancholy an occasion; upon a discovery that all the efforts of art, and all the powers of medicine were in vain; while her patience and resignation obliged them to refrain from every word of repining* though it tended to increase their sorrow by enhancing their esteem for her. Happy as I was in her friendship, it was my custom often to visit her during her long and trying illness; but I shall not easily forget an interview at the close of it, which I must confess, wholly unmanned me, while it taught me the deepest humility.

I found her seated in the chair of sickness in her bed-chamber, with her little infant lying in her lap, over which she hung with such a look of maternal fondness and anxiety, as I yet never saw, and which no painting could express! Soon as I advanced, she lifted up her eyes, in which stood the big and affectionate drops; while death seemed to sit upon her countenance, wan,

* We cannot but feel for and sympathize with those whom we love, when they are in pain and sorrow; but it is inconsistent for us as Christians to murmur or repine, being assured what God does, either respecting us or ours, is right and best.

yet not devoid of that placid sweetness, which ever dwelt upon it.

“ I was indulging, Sir, (said she) and I hope not improperly, some natural affection, and taking, perhaps—my last leave of my poor little babe, who holds my heart too fast—(false and weak heart as it is) rather too fast bound to this transitory scene! (pretty innocent)! see how it smiles on its weeping mother; unconscious yet of the bitterness of grief, and the sadness of tears. Sweet babe! I must leave thee; indeed I must leave thee; the Father of heaven thinks fit, and his will be done. But oh, the parent, dear Sir, the parent will feel: Surely this will not be deemed a deficiency in humble resignation*.” I observed that Christianity by no means opposes humanity; and that grace doth not destroy, it only regulates and refines our affections.

“ My soul, she went on, thankfully acquiesces in all the divine disposals, and I am satisfied, that whatever a God of love and wisdom ordains, must be best for his creatures. But when I look upon this dear innocent; when I consider the various evils of the world, and the prevalence of our corrupt passions: when I consider the peculiar inconveniences of our sex, if deprived of maternal care and instruction; my heart throbs with sensible anxiety—and I wish—O Father of Love, pity and pardon me! Must I, ah, must I leave this sweet harmless creature to all the trials and difficulties of life? Oh my pretty babe, I must leave thee; but I shall intrust thee (and in that let me take comfort, intrust thee to a tender father, and to the protection of a Saviour and a God, who careth for his little ones. Blessed Saviour” —“ She was here overpowered by the strength of her affection: and falling into a fainting fit, from which we almost apprehended she would never recover, her husband and her parents were instantly called up; every effort was used to restore her; though grief suffered no

* Christians are not Stoics, they cannot but feel, though they should not fall under their troubles and afflictions.

one present to utter a syllable. The scene was the most profoundly awful I ever beheld.

At length she came to herself; and the first object she saw was her trembling mother bathed in tears, and holding her clay cold hand; on the other side stood her father; at her feet knelt her anxious and distressed husband—around her several of us were placed, whose tears sufficiently witnessed our concern. She raised her languid eyes; gazed earnestly at us—then fixed them upon her mother, “Best and most beloved of parents, said she, farewell, farewell; God of his good mercy reward your tender care of me, and give us a meeting in the future world.—Oh my father, and are you too there: support my poor mother, and remember you have a daughter gone before you to that place, where all sorrow ceases—But my husband”—She said no more; then threw her arms round his neck, and both mingled their tears together for some time. She sighed forth, “Best and most dear of men, let me thank you, sincerely thank you, for all the marks of your tender esteem. Be kind to my pretty babe; Oh! why should I say be kind? I know your goodness; but my sweet innocent; let her—” She stopt short—but soon went on, “I little expected all this pain at parting; this is dying; this is truly the bitterness of death.*

“My dear friends, (she continued, addressing herself to all of us around her) accept my best acknowledgments for all your kind offices to me; if you ever remember me when I am gone, remember, that my soul perfectly rejoiced in God’s dealing with me; and that however the weaker passions of nature may prevail, yet I am wholly resigned to his will, thankful to him for all; nay desirous to quit this world, that I may see my dear Saviour, the Lord of life and love, who gave his

* This pathetic picture drawn (as we may naturally suppose) from life, somewhat resembles the affecting description of an eminent Christian in his dying moments, in Mr. Hervey’s Meditations among the Tombs, page 25.

life for me, and in whose merits alone I joyfully trust for salvation.

“ I am on the brink of eternity, and now see clearly the importance of it—Remember, oh remember, that every thing in time is insignificant to the awful concerns of —” eternity,*—she would have said; but her breath failed; she fainted a second time; and when all our labours to recover her seemed just effectual, and she appeared returning to life, a deep sob alarmed us—and the lovely body was left untenanted by its immortal inhabitant.

Now she is number'd among the children of God; and her lot is among the Saints.

Well may it be said,
Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.

C H A P. VIII.

Should such a wretch to num'rous years arrive,
It can be little worth his while to live;
No honours, no regards his age attend,
Companions fly; he ne'er could have a friend:
His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright,
He looks within, and shudders at the sight:
When threat'ning death uplifts his pointed dart,
With what impatience he applies to art,
Life to prolong amidst disease and pains!
—Why this, if after it no sense remains?
Why should he chuse these miseries to endure,
If death could grant an everlasting cure!
'Tis plain there's something whispers in his ear,
(Tho' fain he'd hide it) he has much to fear.

JENNYN'S Translation of BROWN'S Poems on
Immortality, &c.

AMONGST the various arguments of consolation on the loss of our friends, that which is drawn from

* Well does the poet say,
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance—
How solid all, where change shall be no more?

DR. YOUNG.
the

the pleasing hope of a future meeting, and perfect felicity, doubtless is the most persuasive. Grief subsides, and sorrow softens into a tenderly pleasing remembrance, when the soul is comforted with the happy expectation of one day seeing again—seeing, never more to separate, those whom death hath torn from our affectionate embraces, and removed a little before us, to our father's house.

The transporting thought suffers us no longer to lament our loss; the flame of our friendship is still kept alive, and the anxious fear of disappointment on our part, becomes an active principle of obedience and duty.—See in this view what we owe to our friends, and how careful we should be religiously to pass the short time of our pilgrimage here, that when we depart they may have scriptural grounds to believe, that our souls are with God; and that at his right hand they shall meet us, in the fulness of bliss.

What a comfort was this to the parents and friends of the amiable Pulcheria; who, sensible of her constant attention to spiritual concerns, were well convinced, that her change was from mortality to glory, and therefore resigned her with cheerful thanksgiving to God; weeping over her, it is true, but weeping only the tears of gentle affection; and living always with a comfortable respect to that happy hour, when again they should meet, after melancholy absence, to part no more for ever.

And shall it be?—Oh thou God of infinite grace! ever studious of thy creatures' felicity, various in thy bounties, and infinite in loving kindness:—It must be so. For whatever conduces most to our bliss, we have abundant evidence to conclude will be always thy decree.—It must be so! oh pleasing, balmy hope!* And

* It must must be so, ———

Or whence those pleasing hopes, those fond desires,
Those longings after immortality?

'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,

And intimates eternity to man

ADDISON'S CATO.

ONCE

once again, ye best-loved parents, ye tender solicitous guardians of my youth, once again shall I behold you—but ah! not as once; not as wasted with sickness, and wearied with pain! I shall see you made like unto God; and saved from sorrow, from sin, and from death. Thou too, my Lancaster, loved friend of my youth, with whom so often I have roved along the banks of favoured Cam, and enjoyed all the sweets of virtuous, unpolluted friendship; thou too shalt rejoice my longing sight! for never hast thou been wiped from the tablets of my memory: still have I borne thee, as a seal, upon my heart; my first, my dearest, my disinterested friend!

Happy, thrice happy thou! far removed from this bad world, ignorant of its ensnaring arts and fatal deceptions. Happy, thrice happy thou! offered, in virtuous innocence, and unhackneyed in the ways of evil men, an unpolluted flower, an early and sweet sacrifice to Heaven.*—And shall we meet? Alas, too well I know where rests the only doubt.—But the blest hope shall animate my soul: still, still will I maintain the painful conflict—Aid me, oh mighty Redeemer, in the fight: and through thy merits give me victory, † give a happy, speedy union with thyself, and with my deceased friends.

But have we not living friends? And shall we in our regard for the dead, forget our duty to the living?—Forbid it, Heaven! Nor let it be feared, where virtuous friendship reigns in the generous heart, that the love which awakens every tender sentiment for the departed, will make us less anxious to communicate felicity to the surviving; less anxious so to live, that we may leave behind us the sweet odour of our memory, and the anxious desire to enjoy us again. Without this reciprocation of mutual endearments, what is life? and what is

* Early, bright, transient chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

† St. Paul declares we are more than conquerors, through him that hath loved us. ROM. viii. 37.

what is man! Was he formed for himself, or can he be blest in unsocial existence? Can he be contented (nay then let him relinquish his claim to immortality) can he be contented to live without the love, to die without the tribute of friendly remembrance!—Can he be contented to live the despiser of his God, and to die the affliction of his friends, who can never think without horror of his future existence! How then can they dry up their tears? Oh wretched parents of the more wretched Misella! my heart bleeds for you: I wonder not that ye refuse to be comforted.

Have we then any value for our friends, are they really dear to us, do we wish to remove every cause of anguish from their souls, and to wipe off every tear of distress from their eyes?—Let this be a motive to influence our conduct, and to render us active in the discharge of every duty to God and to them; that so, when we are summoned to that future and important world, they may close our eyes with peace, and say with heartfelt satisfaction, “Farewel, oh farewel, thou dearest, best-lov’d friend! Thy life, thy love, thy faith, leave us no room to doubt of thy felicity. Thou art happy. We mourn only for ourselves. Yet soon, very soon, we hope to meet thee again—Then farewel only for a little while: we will ever bear thee in most faithful remembrance; and treading in the paths of thy virtues, will hope speedily to receive thy reward.”

How desirable to leave this world, thus lamented and beloved! How much better than to drag out a contemptible existence through threescore and ten worthless years, and at length to drop into the grave, and there to rot without one longing wish from one lamenting friend?*

The contrast, perhaps, may strike us; let us view it in Bubulo, whose funeral obsequies I saw lately performed with all the pomp and vain parade of ostenta-

* They who live unbeloved, may naturally expect to die unlamented.

tious pride; yet though carried to the silent tomb with this farce of shew, no eye dropt a tear and no heart heaved a sigh when Bubulo ceased to breathe.

Full threescore years and ten had Bubulo encumbered with his heavy load this sublunary world; and it would be difficult to point out any works of benevolence or religion, any works of real worth or humanity, which distinguished these seventy years. Fond of vile pelf, the earth-worm continually toiled to add to his heap; and though rich and daily encreasing in wealth, could never prevail upon himself to communicate of his riches to others, or to serve his nearest relations. Yet smooth were his words, and fair were his promises; and who that knew him not, would have thought him any other than an universal friend to mankind?

The hours which were not devoted to gain, were consecrated to the service of his nice and enormous appetite, to devouring of flesh, and drinking of wine. He was, in this respect, a perfect animal: and who that saw him at a city feast ever thought him of a superior order? His faculties were almost entirely absorbed by this life of indulgence and gluttony: yet stupid as he appeared to be, he could pretend to scoff at Religion, to deny even the being, and to despise the revelation of God.—What a dreadful character! from such slaves of the devil and heirs of hell good Lord deliver us!

He found a female willing to submit to the slavery of his dominion; she brought him three children, and happily was soon freed from her captivity. The eldest son continued a kind of superior servant to him, till his death, which he had long impatiently wished for, and at length heard of with joy. The younger, of a more sprightly disposition, unbiassed by principles, rushed headlong into the practice of all fashionable vices, and being unassisted by his father, committed some actions which obliged him to secure himself, by a voluntary banishment to the West-Indies. His daughter, though frequently asked in marriage, could never prevail upon him to forward her happy settlement in life:—he could not spare

spare a fortune for her; she continued with him, therefore, in a state of discontent, and added but little to his felicity by her filial duty, as he was so averse to make any addition to her's by his parental regard. He saw his widow'd sister, with many little orphans, surrounded with a variety of difficulties; and persuaded at length to undertake her affairs, embroiled them more and more; and in conclusion gave them up, because his own business and concerns would not allow him sufficient time to attend to them.

A long and wasting illness warned him of eternity: he would not receive the warning. He dreaded death, yet would not prepare to die. The jovial associates at the tavern and the club forsook and forgot him: his servants attended on, but cursed him: his children thought every day of his existence too long; the few dependants, which his money occasioned, ceased to regard him, and paid their respects chiefly to his son. Bubulo observed it, and it grieved him to his very soul. He sent for more and more physicians; they wrote, shook their heads, and took their fees. All hope was gone. The minister of the parish was sent for. He found the almost lifeless wretch weeping, and lying along the ground; for he would be removed from his bed; but not having strength to support himself, he fell down, and in a few moments died. Nobody wept, for nobody had cause to weep: The pride of the family gave him a pompous funeral—And now he is forgotten!

Think not, oh reader, the character of Bubulo exaggerated: He lived! and alas, too much it is to be feared, there are many such Bubulos living, whose example should inspire us with detestation of a life, which must certainly end in a death not less dreadful.

N. B. A friend of the writer of these Reflections is pleased to observe, "The Reflections on Death please me much. But don't you carry things rather to far, when you say, (in your 7th chapter) 'tis an indispensable duty to go to our parish church'—Was I to live in London, I should rarely or never go to my parish church, *If I had a stupid humdrum*

C H A P. XI.

— Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin ;
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account,
 With all my imperfections on my head !
 O horrible—O horrible ;—most horrible !

SHAKESPEAR.

IN the Liturgy of the Church of England, we pray to God to deliver us from sudden death ; that is, as her best divines have always explained it, and as reason clearly understands it, from a death sudden and unlooked for, from a death instantaneous and unexpected ;* for which no provision has been made ; which finds the soul utterly unprepared, and sends the unhappy creature into eternity, with all his imperfections on his head. A death

minister. I long to live in London, that I might hear clever men, &c.—I disapprove as much as you can do, running after Methodist preachers, and enthusiasts : but should I not prefer a Sherlock at the Temple, if I lived in Fleet-street, to, &c.”

It is a misfortune, that when gentlemen quote, they will not refer to the work, and observe the words—It is not said positively, in the place referred to, that “ it is an *indispensible duty*, &c.”—The writer of these Reflections doth not deliver his own sentiments in that place ; he only says, (see p. 93.) that the lady, whose character is given, Pulcheria, esteemed it (for her part) an indispensable duty. It did not follow from thence, that the writer of these Reflections thought it so : though being thus called upon by a man of sense and learning, (as his friend confessedly is) he is now ready to declare, that he sincerely thinks there can be but very few exceptions. As to that of a Sherlock, it is too peculiar to be drawn into example.—But what would this gentleman say of those, who, loose to all connections with their parish minister, &c. would leave a Sherlock, nay and esteem him a legal preacher, without unction, &c. &c. to hear a butcher, or a weaver, a man without learning, nay, it may be, a stranger to his own mother tongue ?

* Beware, Lorenzo, a slow sudden death.

NIGHT THOUGHTS,
 like

like this is doubtless to be deprecated, more than the wide wasting pestilence, or the devouring sword.*

On the other side, to the good man, to the soul conscious of its frail dependance here, and properly careful to secure its eternal interests in the world beyond the grave, a sudden death is so far from an evil, that it appears rather a blessing, and in this view hath been earnestly wished for, even by men of exemplary piety.†

Indeed, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as sudden death to us, *who, as soon as we are born, begin to draw to our end*; who breathe this sublunary air as temporary strangers, existing only a while upon the bounty of Providence; and assured that the moment will come shortly, may come instantly, when the Lord of life shall summon us into his tremendous presence.‡ And as such is the condition of our being, we cannot properly call that stroke sudden; to live in constant expectation of which, is our highest wisdom and duty; submission to the will of him who is as good as he is wise, is doubtless the best service which such imperfect creatures can pay in every particular; and therefore we act most wisely when we submit the determination of this point to the Father of Mercies, and wait with resignation either for the momentary stroke, or the long and lingering trial, which dismisseth us from the stage of life.—This care only should be our's; well to act our

* The thought of death alone, the fear destroys;
A disaffection to that precious thought,
Is more than midnight darkness on the soul,
Which sleeps beneath it, on a precipice,
Pufft off by the first blast, and lost for ever. Dr. YOUNG.

† St. Paul had a desire to depart, PHILIPPIANS, i. 23. St. John wishes for the coming of Jesus Christ quickly, in the 22d of REVELATIONS, and 20th verse.

‡ The young, the old, the rich, the poor,
Can neither life an hour insure.

SOLITARY WALKS,

parts; that the dismissal may be with a plaudit, with the approbation of our judge.*

“ Yet, yet, oh Father of Unutterable Love—thou source of everlasting goodness—yet, if the meanest of thy creatures might be allowed to make his request—if thou wouldest deign to give him liberty of choice—suffer him not, oh do not suffer him long to languish on the bed of feeble disease, or excruciating pain; nor yet snatch him hence, by an instantaneous stroke, before he has looked his last farewell, and given the final affectionate adieu to all his heart-approved, his dearest, tenderest, and most valued friends! † He will not call their kind attendance round his bed, the afflicting parade of Death: He will rejoice in their sympathetic tenderneſs; he will struggle to pour forth the voice of consolation and love; he will point to the hope which upholds his soul, the shining pole star by which he steers, and by which, he trusts, his dearest friends shall steer into the joyful harbour of eternal rest? The hope, the star, the sun, Christ Jesus, the conqueror of death, and destruction of the grave. ‡

Such was the petition of the beloved Uranius; Heaven heard and granted his prayer. This day he sickened; the next summoned, and took leave of his friends; perfect in his senses, he saw Death approaching, and saw him unappalled! for he had led his life in continual preparation for the awful event.—On the evening of the third day, he closed his eyes, and commended his spirit to God, who gave it; and almost without a groan, ex-

* Let rich and poor lay this to heart,
Not he who acts the greatest part,
But they who act the best, will be
The happiest men eternally.

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

† Neither a sudden nor a lingering death is in general to be wished for, but God's own time and way, for removing us out of this present evil world, should be the matter of our prayer, and full submission to, as the best and fittest; while to be habitually ready for the awful summons, should be our daily study and concern.

‡ HOSEA, xiii. 14.

changed

changed this mortal for an immortal state! Happy Uranius—so let me die! or rather, let me say, “so let me live,” and Death cannot fail to be blessed.*

How different was the death, and ah! how different was the life, of my neighbour Agricola; who often, though in vain, I have endeavoured to wean from the world, and to shew the deceit and delusion of all earthly attachments. But alas, he would not believe! Agricola was a wealthy and laborious farmer; it might, strictly speaking, be said of him, that he rose up early, and late took rest, and eat the bread of carefulness.† He prevented the morning’s dawn, and called the hinds to the field, ere the rosy sun peeped over the misty mountains. The flail, early heard resounding in his barn, awakened the rest of the village, and was industry’s summons to arise. His shepherds first drove their flocks a-field; and as the bleating multitude poured from their cotes, Agricola stood by, and beheld with rapture the whiteness of their fleeces, and the strength of his sportive lambs. The neighbouring markets saw him always first to enter, and last to leave the scene of commerce and advantage; his samples were always ready, and were always best.

Thus he pursued temporal things with unwearied application, and unremitting diligence; but for eternal things, Agricola never once heeded, never once thought of them! What then! Did not Agricola believe in God, in Providence, in Eternity? Oh yes, he believed all this;‡—but he had no time to think of such things! “Hereafter” was his word; it will be soon enough

* Where to live is Christ, to die must be gain, eternal gain; for thus saith the Spirit, *blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.*

† PSALM, cxxvii. 2.

‡ True faith or a firm belief in these great and glorious doctrines of divine Revelation, will never leave mankind to live, (as the common phrase is,) as they list, or to act without thought and consideration, but will more or less influence the life, and regulate the conduct.

“ hereafter.” What then! Did Agricola forsake the weekly services of the church, and wholly relinquish the worship of God? Oh, by no means. Agricola never or very rarely was absent from the divine service: He generally invited the curate of his little village—(a poor laborious man, like himself, who rode with all haste from parish to parish, and served three distant churches!) He generally invited him to a regale at his house on the Sabbath; when the time would allow, the good man embraced it with thankfulness; they drank together in friendly sort; and behold, their conversation was of “ *the oxen in the field.*” Agricola had sagacity enough to discern this impropriety in the conduct of the man of God: his rector’s rare appearance in the village, and ready acceptance of his tythes, gave him also no very favourable idea of Religion.* He judged these men servants of the Lord for the wages of the world; and apprehended all religion to be merely lucrative and earthly.† He was desirous to believe it such; hence in the ale-house, at the markets, and in the little club of his village-neighbours, he frequently delivered his sentiments with freedom, when God and his priests were sure to be treated with little or no respect.

Agricola continued this course of life for some years; only as his money encreased so increased his heart’s attachment to it;‡ and (as the world was fond to say) his regard to probity diminished as his possessions were multiplied. The widows and the poor complained of his rapacity and extortion; the fields spoke his covetousness; for he encroached upon his neighbours lands, and the ancient boundaries were rendered disputable. The markets were said to be forestalled, and his abun-

* From such worldly-minded rectors and curates, Good Lord deliver us.

† Alas! how many endeavour only to make a gain of godliness, and follow Jesus, merely for the loaves and fishes.

‡ It is frequently observed, and too often verified, the more we have, the more we want.

dance became the source of oppression to the poorer farmer: he wished to stand alone; and beheld with a malevolent eye the flocks, the herds, and the crops of others—He grew surly, proud, and insolent: vainly imagining that his wealth gave him an importance, and a right to tyrannize over his inferior neighbours.* My connections with him afforded me opportunity often to remonstrate: he sometimes heard, and promised fair, but he heard more frequently with impatience, and would have spoken his dislike, if worldly motives had not compelled him to silence.

Happy had it been for him if he had heard, regarded, and been wise. Happy for him if he had trusted less to that “hereafter,” which never came! For as last summer he attended his reapers in the field, suddenly the Heavens grew black with clouds; the sun withdrew his light; the air seemed to stagnate with intolerable fervour; the lightning flashed with unremitting fury; vast peals of thunder burst fearfully around; there was no place to fly unto; they were exposed to all the terrors of the storm. Agricola stood aghast—when behold, the thunder-bolt of Omnipotent, (a sheet of living flame disclosing itself over his head,) in a moment struck him a blackened corpse to the ground!

Oh horrible! most horrible! thus to be sent to our final account! And shall not the death of Agricola instruct us? Wilt thou, O Man, after such an admonition, persevere in forgetfulness of duty and attachment to the world!—canst thou secure thyself from so deplorable an end?—No! thou can’st not; thou can’st not promise to thyself one future moment! Death lies concealed in every path we tread, and his stroke will ever be sudden and dreadful, in proportion to the degree of

* Wealth may naturally claim some degree of homage and respect from the sons and daughters of poverty and indigence, but never should (though it too often does) create in the possessors of it, pride, or self-importance.

our forgetfulness of that stroke, and our attachment to the vain delights, or possessions of the world.

CHAP. X.

He who liveth in Pleasure, is dead while he liveth.

1 TIM. v. 6.

IT gives the Author of these Reflections singular pleasure to have the approbation of a lady, so justly admired for her good taste as Lady ——. He esteems it a particular favour that she condescends to make a request to him, which he most readily grants, as assured, that the letter which she desires him to admit, will not only be pleasing, but highly instructive to his serious readers. The death of Mr. Nash drew her thoughts to it, and therefore she is pleased to inform me, she copied it out for the benefit of the public: It was sent by a person of known worth and piety, some years since, to that son of pleasure: What effect it had, his future life, alas! did but too plainly shew!

To RICHARD NASH, Esq. at Bath.

SIR,

THIS comes from your sincere friend, and one that has your best interest deeply at heart: It comes on a design altogether important, and of no less consequence than your everlasting happiness: So that it may justly challenge your careful regard. It is not to upbraid or reproach, much less to triumph and insult over your misconduct: No; 'tis pure benevolence, 'tis disinterested good-will prompts me to write; so that I hope I shall not raise your resentment. However, be the issue what it will, I cannot bear to see you walk in the paths which lead to death, without warning you of your danger, without sounding in your ears the awful admonition, "Return and live:—For why will you die?" I beg of you to consider whether you do or not, in some measure,

sure, resemble those unhappy children of Eli, whom, though they were famous in their generation, and men of renown, yet vengeance suffered not to live. For my part, I may safely use the expostulation of the old Priest:—*Why do you such things?* for I hear of your evil doings by all this people. Nay, my brother, for it is no good report I hear; you make the Lord's people to transgress." I have long observed and pitied you; and a most melancholy spectacle I lately beheld, made me resolve to caution you, lest you also come into the same condemnation.

I was not long since called to visit a poor gentleman, ere while of the most robust body, and of the gayest temper I ever knew. But when I visited him, oh how was the glory departed from him! I found him no more that sprightly, and vivacious son of joy, which he used to be; but languishing, pining away, and withering under the chastising hand of God. His limbs feeble and trembling: His countenance forlorn and ghastly:* And the little breath he had left, sobbed out in sorrowful sighs! His body hastening apace to the dust, to lodge in the silent grave, the land of darkness and desolation. His soul just going to God who gave it; † to enter upon an unchangeable and eternal state.

When I was come into his chamber, and had seated myself on his bed, he first cast a most wishful look upon me, and then began, as well he as was able to speak—“ Oh that I had been wise—that I had known this—that I had considered my latter end!—Ah! Mr.—Death is knocking at my door:—In a few hours more I shall draw my last gasp; and then comes judgment—the tremendous judgment.‡ How shall I appear, unprepared as I am, before the all-knowing and omnipotent God! How shall I endure the day of his coming!”

When I mentioned, among many other things, that

* PSALM XXXIX. 11.

† ECCLESIASTES xii. 7.

‡ ECCLESIASTES xii. 14.

holy Religion which he had formerly so slightly esteemed: he replied (with a hasty eagerness) "Oh that religion is the only thing I now long for * I have not words to tell you how highly I value it—I would gladly part with all my estate, large as it is, or a world, to have lived in the practice of it. Now my benighted eyes are enlightened, I clearly discern the things that are excellent.

What is there in the place whither I am going, but God? or what is to be desired on earth but religion?" "But if this God should restore you to health, (said I) think you that you should alter your former course?"—"I call heaven and earth to witness (said he) I would labour for holiness as I shall soon labour for life. As for riches and pleasures, and the applauses of men, I account them as dross and dung; no more to my happiness than the feathers that lie on the floor.

"Oh if the righteous judge would try me once more; if he would reprieve and spare me a little longer, in what a spirit would I spend the remainder of my days! I would know no other business—aim at no other end—than perfecting myself in holiness. Whatever contributed to that—every means of grace—every opportunity of spiritual improvement, should be dearer to me than thousands of gold and silver—but alas! why do I amuse myself with fond imaginations? The best resolutions are now insignificant, because they are too late. The day in which I should have worked is over and gone, and I see a sad, horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness for ever. Heretofore (woe is me) when God called I refused: when he invited I was one of them that made excuse.—Now, therefore I receive the reward of my deeds—fearfulness and trembling are come upon me: I smart;

* 'Tis this alone,
Amidst life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can cherish, elevate and fill.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.
I am

I am in sore anguish already ; and yet this is but the beginning of sorrows ! It doth not yet appear what I shall be—but sure I shall be ruined, undone, and destroyed with an everlasting destruction !”

This sad scene I saw with my eyes ; these words, and many more, equally affecting, I heard with my ears ; and soon after attended the unhappy gentleman to his tomb. The almost breathless skeleton spoke in such an accent, and with so much earnestness, that I could not easily forget him or his words. And as I was musing upon this sorrowful subject, I remembered Mr. N—sh. I remembered you, Sir—for I discerned too near an agreement and correspondence between yourself and the deceased. “ They are alike (said I) in their ways, and what shall hinder them from being alike in their end ? The course of their actions was equally full of sin and folly, and why should not the period of them be equally full of horror and distress ? I am grievously afraid for the survivor, lest as he lives the life, so he should die the death of this wretched man, and his latter end should be like his.

For this cause, therefore, I take my pen to advise—to admonish—nay, to request of you to repent while you have an opportunity, if haply you may find grace and forgiveness. Yet a moment, and you may die ; yet a little while, and you must die : and will go down with infamy and despair to the grave, rather than depart in peace, and with hopes full of immortality ?

But I must tell you, Sir, with the utmost freedom, that your present behaviour is not the way to reconcile yourself to God. You are so far from making atonement to offended justice, that you are aggravating the future account, and heaping up an increase of wrath against the day of wrath. For what say the Scriptures ? those books, which, at the consummation of all things, the Ancient of Days shall open, and by which you shall be judged ? What say those sacred volumes ? They testify and declare to every soul of man, *That whoſo liveth*

*in pleasure, is dead while he liveth.** So that while you roll on in a continued circle of sensual delights and vain entertainments, you are dead to all the purposes of piety and virtue.

Think, Sir, I conjure you, think upon this, before it is too late, if you have any inclination to escape the fire that will never be quenched. Would you be rescued from the just vengeance of Almighty God? Would you be delivered from weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth? Sure you would! But you may be certain that will never be done by amusements, which at the best, are trifling and impertinent; and therefore, if for no other reason, foolish and sinful. 'Tis by seriousness; 'tis by retirement and self-examination, you must accomplish this great and desirable deliverance.† You must not appear at the head of every silly diversion, but enter into your closet, and shut the door, and commune with your own heart, and search out your own spirit. The pride of life, and all superfluity of naughtiness must be put away. You must make haste, and delay not the time to keep (and with all your might too) all God's holy commandments. Always remembering that mighty sinners must be mightily penitent; or else be mightily tormented.

Your example and your projects have been extremely prejudicial, I wish I could not say fatal and destructive to many: For this there is no amends, but an alteration of your conduct, as signal and remarkable as your person and name.

If you do not by this method remedy in some degree the evils which you have sent abroad, and prevent the mischievous consequences which may ensue—wretched will you be, yea wretched to all eternity. The blood of souls will be laid to your charge; God's jealousy

* I TIMOTHY, v. 6.

† 'Tis good for every rational creature upon earth, frequently and seriously to ask himself, what am I? what was I created for? and whither am I going?

like a consuming flame, will smoke against you ; as you yourself will see in that day, when the mountains shall quake, and the hills melt, and the earth be burnt up at his tremendous presence.

Once more then, I exhort you as a friend ; I beseech you as a brother, I charge you as a messenger from the great God, in his own most solemn words : *Cast away from you your transgressions ; make you a new heart and a new spirit ; so iniquity shall not be your ruin.**

Perhaps you may be disposed to contemn this, and its serious purport ; or to recommend it to your companions as a fit subject for raillery.—But let me tell you beforehand, that for this, as well as for many other things, *God will bring you into judgment.* † He sees me now I write : he will observe you while you read. He notes down my words in his book ; he will also note down your consequent procedure. So that, not upon me, but upon your ownself, will the neglecting or despising my friendly admonitions turn. “ If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself ; if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it.”

With hearty good wishes for your welcome, I remain, Sir, your unknown friend, ‡ &c.

* EZEKIEL, xvii. 30, 31.

† ECCLESIASTES, xi. 9.

‡ The Writer of these Reflections thought himself obliged to retain this letter, (which, however, he has taken the liberty to correct in a few places) not only out of respect to the lady who communicated it, but because it was published in the Christian's Magazine, in the regular course of the Reflections. He finds it too in a life of Mr. Nash, lately published, and was therefore the rather inclined to retain it, as that biographer seems to think it too severe, and is inclined to palliate a life of utter dissipation, which certainly merited the severest strictures.

No man living can have a higher regard for benevolence and humanity than the writer of these lines : but he thinks benevolence of the soul of a much higher nature than that of the body ; and would be far from leading those who are treading the insidious paths of pleasure with too eager delight, into de-

lusive and dangerous opinions, as if tenderness of heart, and acts of charity, could atone for every other deficiency. Dissipated and fond of pleasure as we are, little need is there to encourage men in so false a pursuit. It is hoped therefore, that the writer of Nash's life, (who he is I know not) in a future edition, will strike out that offensive and hurtful passage, which every sincere Christian must disapprove, wherein he asserts, "That there was nothing criminal in his (Nash's) conduct:—that he was a harmless creature, whose greatest vice was vanity,—and that scarce a single action of his life, except one, deserves the asperity of reproach." And this is said of a man, who with a heart of exquisite humanity, and which might have been moulded into the noblest form,—was yet, through life, a gamester profess, and an encourager of illegal gambling!—a follower of pleasure all his days, and a perpetual dissipater!—and whose conversation was made up of trifling, of falsehood, and of immorality!

In matters which concern the souls of men, let us be especially careful; for fatal, indeed, may it be to betray them into wrong opinions. In other respects we will unite to applaud Mr Nash, and will readily join his panegyrists:—we will be thankful to him for the improvements he has made at Bath, by his means the most elegant and pleasing of all public places; and we will be thankful to the Editor of his life, for the amusement and satisfaction we have received from so well-wrote and entertaining a performance.



CHAP. XI.

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for Death mature.
 This is old age ; but then thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
 To wither'd, weak, and grey ; thy senses then
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
 To what thou hast : and for the air of youth
 Hopeful and chearful, in thy blood will reign
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
 To weigh thy spirits down ; and last, consume
 The balm of health.

MILTON.

IN our two foregoing chapters, we have two very different and alarming characters before us ; each sufficient to shew us the vanity of this life, and to awaken in our souls an earnest attention to future concerns. The one, cut off by a sudden blast from heaven in the full bloom of days, and the vigour of health ; the other, dragging through a length of wearisome years a feeble existence*, to the last scene of all.

Which ends our strange, eventful history,
 To second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

SHAKESPEARE.

Old age is honourable, and hath its advantages.— But might I presume, oh ! thou Almighty and All-wise ! short-sighted as I am, and incapable at the best to distinguish my real good from evil, might I presume to judge, or to ask any thing of thee respecting my future state in this poor and perishing world, I would humbly say, “ Suffer me not to bear the load of life when every faculty is benumbed, when every power of enjoyment is

* Mr. Nash died at Bath in February 1761, aged 88, “ The man was sunk long before, as one expresses it, in the weakness and infirmities of exhausted nature.”

past; when oblivion darkens the memory, and all the senses seem wearied and sealed up; when the power of being useful to mankind is totally removed; nay, when the power of pleasing is no more, and we become a burden even to our nearest friends."

See the trembling, palsied Hassan, unable to move; scarce able to utter intelligible sounds; weak in his sight; imperfect in hearing; oppressed with pains; forgotten by the world; forsaken by all: and attended only by a distant relation, whom interest alone keeps with him, impatient for his departure, and anxious to possess his wealth. Yet though thus miserable, despised, forsaken, and forgotten; Hassan loves the world; clings faster to it, the more it shrinks from his embraces: detests the thoughts of death; and thinks and talks of nothing with satisfaction, but the delusive mammon of unrighteousness.* Oh what an old age is this! How wretched an issue of a long and useless life! Fourscore years have been passed to no end, but the procuring of wealth. Fourscore years are over; the wealth is procured; the man is about to die; and he hath neither child nor friend to inherit it! He hath no power to enjoy it himself; he is dead while he liveth: yet his affections are placed—not on things above—but ah! sad reverse!—on things below. Can the world produce any object more pitiable or more contemptible than Hassan?

Vigorous old age, the winter of an useful, virtuous life, is as much to be desired, as the contrary is to be deprecated. Crowned with victory over the inferior passions, girt round with useful and experimental knowledge, leaning on the staff of prudence, courage,† and

* LUKE, xvi. 9, 11.

† Bishop Hall gives us an instance of courage in an old plain man in the country: some thieves broke into his solitary dwelling, taking advantage of the absence of his family, and finding him sitting alone by his fire-side, they fell violently upon him; when one of them fixing his dagger to the old man's heart, swore that he would presently kill him, if he did not instantly deliver to them that money which they knew he had lately received.

resolution, the old man becomes a blessing to society ; we rise up to him with reverence, and rejoice to do him honour.

Such is the hoary Sophron ; we behold him with a degree of awe and veneration ; we consult him with confidence ; and to follow his advice is to act wisely and consistently. Sophron filled a very busy sphere of life, and maintained a high reputation for integrity, prudence, and piety. He retreated in proper season from the stage, and now dedicates his time to the great business of self-recollection. Yet he is no absolute hermit nor recluse ; nor does he so live to himself as to forget the concerns of others ; mild and affable, he delights in the conversation of his friends, and pleasingly instructs, while scarce seeming to instruct ; benevolent and humane, he listens to the voice of affliction, and is always the ready friend of the poor and oppressed. Happy Sophron ! he has not lived in vain : his youth was active ; his old age is healthful, placid, and serene. Resigned to the Sovereign Disposer's will, he waits contentedly for his approaching change, and looks with joy to his journey's end ; looks with joy to that welcome harbour, wherein his weather-beaten vessel must shortly cast anchor !* when his youth shall be renewed like unto the eagle's, and he shall live with God in perfect felicity for ever. †

ceived. The old man looking boldly into the face of the villain, replied, with an undoubted courage ; “ Nay, if I were killed by thee, I have lived long enough ; but I tell thee, son, unless thou mend thy manners, thou wilt never live to see half my days.”

* With joy the sailor, long by tempests tost,
Spreads all his canvas for the wish'd for coast ;
With joy the hind, his daily labour done,
Sees the broad shadows and the setting sun ;
With joy the slave, worn out with tedious woes,
Beholds the hand which liberty bestows ;
So death with joy my feeble voice shall greet,
My hand shall beckon and my wish shall meet.

ANON.

† 1 *Thessalonians* iv. 17.

If

If men will not look forward, nor prepare for eternity, we cannot expect they should prepare for old age; but surely, if we wish or desire to live long,—and it is to be feared this is too much the wish of human hearts,—we should endeavour to provide for the winter of life, by laying up such a store of true wisdom and experience as may render the close of it comfortable; or at least soften the many unavoidable difficulties of age.

Intemperance will, in the general, prevent our long continuance here below, as it certainly is the source of many pains and evils;* Vice and immorality will render our old age despicable to others and afflicting to ourselves,† and make us the more uneasy to quit the stage of life, as we draw nearer the solemn change. So that the grand rule to attain a happy old age, as well as a happy death, is, to “live well:” to live, as becometh those who bear the name of Christians, and profess to be the disciples and followers of Christ.‡

Uncertain as is the tenure of human life, this rule, one would conceive, should be universally regarded. For how few, how very few, of the myriads of mortals, who tread this earth, arrive at old age, or see the present boundary of human life, the “seventieth year!” ||

* Old Adam, the faithful servant, in Shakespeare, speaks thus:

Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.—

† As virtue is its own reward, so vice is generally its own punishment.

‡ Well might a good man say, not long since, respecting true Christians, “The children of God are best known by their family likeness.”

|| PSALM XC. 10.

What

What numbers before that are consigned to a state eternal and unalterable! alarming thought!—And canst thou, oh Reader, promise thyself this length of days? Knowest thou how long thy line shall run: knowest thou, when the tremendous Judge shall call, and thou must appear before his impartial tribunal? Alas, human fate is mantled in thick darkness? But eternity—who, like Agricola, would be utterly unprepared for it, since the call may come instantly? and then how terrible will be the consequences?

But Agricola's fate was peculiar.—So thought his neighbour *Hauptulus*. He saw the finged corpse of Agricola borne from the field; shook his head, declared the stroke a judgment from Heaven, and enlarged greatly on the demerits of the deceased:* yet he forgot himself. *Hauptulus* was the pride of the village where he lived; young, healthful, and robust; the maidens beheld him with pleasure; the young men heard of his perfections with envy. A lively good-nature recommended him universally; and relying on the strength of his constitution, he was the first and last at every merriment, at every wake, at every scene of rural pleasantries and joy.

Drinking too much at one of these meetings, and staying too late from home, he caught a cold; a violent fever ensued; he became delirious; all hopes in a few days were lost; and he, who never employed one serious hour about his soul, thus plunged,—ah hapless improvident—into an everlasting state!—Was his fate peculiar? Was his death sudden?—'Tis a death, 'tis a fate every day exemplified—And would you choose to share such a fate? to die such a death? Surely no; then be careful not to lead such a life. For there are innumerable outlets from this present scene: lightnings and fevers are not the only instruments in the hand of God:

* *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is the language of humanity and benevolence, founded on that well known proverb, *humanum est errare.*

the meanest and most inconsiderable agent is all-sufficient with him to stop the throbbing heart,* and to draw the veil of death over the closing eyes.

CHAP. XII.

Woe then apart, (if woe apart can be
From mortal man,) and fortune at our nod;
The gay, rich, great, triumphant, and august,
What are they? the most happy (strange to say!)
Convince the most of human misery.

YOUNG.

THOUGH Death levels all distinctions, and pays no more deference to the Crown, than to the unnoticed head of the meanest peasant; yet the great seem willing to preserve, even in death, that distinction which they have shared in life; and therefore refuse to mix their mortal dust with common and inferior clay! There may be a propriety in this; subordination is absolutely necessary: and it may be decent, that they who have been elevated in life, should, at the close of it, still keep up their due dignity and distinction. But this will not prevent us from meditating in the vault of the nobles, where surely we shall find ample matter for contemplation.

By the side of the church, where first I was led into these Reflections, such a vault is found. Let me descend into the solemn and sacred recess! How awful! As I tread slowly down the stone steps, which lead into it, a melancholy murmur seems to echo through the silent mansion; the moon just throws in a faint light, sufficient for me to discern the contents, (though indeed no stranger to them,) and all my soul thrills with an

* Know, thoughtless Man, when 'tis thy Maker's will,
A fly, a grape stone, or a hair may kill.

anxious dread and horror *—Whence this strange, this uncommon fear upon us, when conversing with the deceased? Helpless dust and ashes as they are, we know they cannot harm or injure us. Nay, and were it possible for any of them to appear to us, surely it would be most delightful, as well as most acceptable, to hear from them some of the wonders of that unknown world,—which is at once so interesting and so important.

But ah!—no notices they give,
Nor tell us where, nor how they live:
Though conscious while with us below,
How much themselves desir'd to know;

As if bound up by solemn fate
To keep this secret of their state;
To tell their joys or pains to none,
That man might live by faith alone.

Oh, come hither, ye sons of ambition, ye children of pride; descend a while from the lofty summit whereon you stand, and look disdain on all beneath you; oh come, and pass a few silent minutes with me in this lonely vault, which boasts the most noble inhabitants; and pride will no more dwell in your eyes, or vanity rise in your hearts. †

Here are the great and the gay; the young and the brilliant; the honourable and the lovely, placed in no mean order or elegance together. Their coffins are decorated with velvet and with silver; but ah, their contents are only like vulgar dust.—There lies the noble Altamont; no wonder the remembrance of him first strikes every soul which descends into this vault, and

* See Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs.

† Ye proud, ambitious, wealthy, young, and gay,
Who drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence, come with me,
And in the mould'ring corpse your picture see,
What you and all must soon or later be.

was no stranger to his character. An able writer* hath given us a striking account of his last moments: let us first recollect this, and then make our Reflections upon it.

“ I am about to represent to you, (says he,) the last hours of a person of high birth, and high spirit; of great parts, and strong passions, every way accomplished, not least in iniquity. His unkind treatment was the death of a most amiable wife, and his great extravagance, in effect, disinherited his only child.

The sad evening before the death of that noble youth I was with him. No one was there but his physician and an intimate friend whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in, he said;

“ You, and the physician, are come too late.—I have neither life, nor hope.† You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead.”

“ Heaven, (I said,) was merciful.”

“ Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless and to save me?—I have been too strong for Omnipotence! I have pluck'd down ruin.”

I said, the blessed Redeemer.

“ Hold! hold! you wound me! That is the rock on which I split.—I denied his name.” ‡

Refusing to hear any thing from me, or to take any thing from the physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock struck. Then with vehemence he exclaimed—

“ Oh time! time! It is fit thou shouldst thus strike thy murderer to the heart.—How art thou fled for ever! —A month!—Oh for a single week! I ask not for

* Dr. Young, in his *Centaur* not *Fabulous*.

† It is declared in the oracles of divine truth, that *the wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death*, Prov. xiv. 32; hence learn the happiness of the one, and the misery of the other.

‡ They who deny Christ on earth, he will deny in Heaven, Matt. x. 53.

years.* Though an age were too little for the much I have to do."

On my saying, we could not do too much: that Heaven was a blessed place—

"So much the worse. 'Tis lost! 'tis lost! Heaven is to me the severest part of hell!"

Soon after I proposed prayer.

"Pray you that can; I never prayed; I cannot pray.—Nor need I. Is not Heaven on my side already? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own."

His friend being much touched, even to tears, at this (who could forbear? I could not) with a most affectionate look, he said:

"Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee—Dost weep for me? That's cruel. What can pain me more?"—

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.

"No, stay. Thou still may'st hope; therefore hear me: how madly have I talked? how madly hast thou listened and believed? But look on my present state, as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain; but my soul, as if strung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason, full mighty to suffer. And that, which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is doubtless immortal.† And as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel."

I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary confessor, on his asserting the two prime articles of his

* Dr. Young may well say,
Buy no moment but in purchase of its worth,
And what its worth ask death-beds, they can tell;
A moment we may wish when worlds want wealth
To buy————— . NIGHT THOUGHTS.

† This is no small proof or argument in favour of the soul's immortality.

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creed, extorted by the rack of nature; when he thus, very passionately exclaimed—

“No, no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak—My much-injured friend! my soul as my body lies in ruins; in scattered fragments of broken thought. Remorse for the past throws my thoughts on the future. Worse dread of the future strikes it back on the past; I turn and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is upon me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless Heaven for the flame; this is not an everlasting flame, nor that an unquenchable fire.”

How were we struck? yet soon after still more. With what an eye of distraction, with what a face of despair, he cried out—

“My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another hell? Oh! thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent Lord God! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hides me from thy frown.”

Soon after his understanding failed: His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgot. And ere the sun (which I hope has seen few like him) arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished and most wretched Altamont expired.*

* Let the young, wealthy, gay, and inconsiderate votaries of pleasure and dissipation, learn from the latter moments of the wretched Altamont, (who is supposed by some to intend the late Lord Bolingbroke) the folly of living unmindful of approaching death, and be convinced of the truth of that common Proverb, *they who swim in sin, shall sink in sorrow.*

CHAP. XIII.

Adorn'd with all that Heav'n or earth could give
To make her amiable ——— MILTON.

HOW doubly dreadful is Death, when it hurries away an affrighted and unprepared soul from all the splendour and pomp of earthly greatness; from noble mansions; elegant gardens; beautiful and extensive parks; numerous attendants; large possessions; and all the bright circle of sublunary grandeur! "And must I leave these? Curse upon my fate; must I leave all these?" said the noble Publio, as, stretched upon the bed of disease, he lay struggling with unconquerable pain, like a wild bull in the net; impatient and restless under the hand of Omnipotence, as the untamed lion, in the toils of the Lybian hunter.

Yes, Publio, thou must leave all these; and, proud and vain as thou hast been of thy titles and honours; as much elevated as thou hast thought thyself above thy fellow mortals, thou must now at length experience that death levels all distinctions, and strikes at thee with as cruel unconcern as he strikes at the meanest peasant, who toils in the neighbouring fields.* Why will men forget this obvious truth? Surely if the rich and noble would bear it in mind, it would be a powerful check against every motion of pride, and would instantly crush the least appearance of elation.

If we look to this world only, how superior are the advantages which the great and wealthy enjoy, how infinitely superior to those which the poor and mean possess? But if we look beyond the present scene, nay, if we look only on the parting moment, how great advantages have the serious poor over the thoughtless rich?

* *Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.*

Poverty denies to men the enjoyment of almost every thing which the wealthy call convenient and comfortable; much more of what they call elegant and pleasurable. But poverty disengages the affections from this transitory scene, and depriving men of the enjoyment, renders them more indifferent to their continuance in the world. He who has nothing to leave behind him, must be supposed to quit the stage with infinite less regret, than he who is surrounded with every thing that can elevate the desires, or delight the heart of man.* Now if we were steady to our Christian principles, and fixed in our pursuits of the blessings of eternity, doubtless, in this view, poverty would be very far from being esteemed an evil.

But let us not conceal the truth; there is often more of envy and chagrin in our strictures on wealth and greatness, than a real contempt of these idols, or a true Christian renunciation of them. And it is to be feared, that our remarks respecting their possessors, are frequently stretched beyond the line of truth. It is a point, of which long experience and close observation have left me no room to doubt, that the great are not the happy: I mean, that true felicity, and an exalted state, have no natural and necessary connection.† Yet am I equally satisfied that the poor are not happy. If the disturbing, anxious, and higher passions, molest the repose of the former, the chagrining and vexatious passions sufficiently ruffle the quiet of the latter. In great goodness and condescension to his creatures, the All-wise Disposer of all things hath made happiness peculiar to no state, and attainable in all; it is a plant which

* Hence the rich may learn not to despise the poor, while the poor are taught not to envy or covet the riches of the affluent, the honours of the nobles, or possessions of the great.

† Remember, man, the universal Cause
Acts not by partial but by gen'ral laws;
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

POPE,
will

will thrive in every soil, though some may be more kindly to it than others: I have seen it blooming in all the verdure of the most flourishing palm tree, in the splendid palace of the noble: I have seen it fresh, beautiful, and fragrant in the lowly dwelling of the peaceful and contented cottager. For the true Christian is the happy man; and he who is indeed a Christian, will find peace and joy, whether in a cottage or a palace.

What could have deprived the gay, the young, the noble, the ingenious, and most accomplished Altamont, of happiness superlatively pleasing? Had he but known and practised the precepts of that divine religion, whose excellence is sufficiently marked by the name of him who revealed it,—*Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God!* Every earthly bliss crowded around the noble young man, sedulous to present themselves; and anxious to offer their sweets to his acceptance; elegant mansions, highly furnished with all that art could bestow, were ready provided for him; parks beautified with the finest lawns, and most extensive prospects stretched themselves around him; ample estates were in his possession, sufficient to supply every necessity, and sufficient for calls of magnificence, liberality, and charity: and Heaven had blessed him with a mind capacious of the largest enjoyments, and with sense equal to the most elegant refinements. Happy peculiarity—Heaven had blessed him also with an amiable consort, whose virtuous endearments were themselves sufficient to have constituted solid bliss; and in whose love, scarce a man exists, who would not have thought himself crowned with his heart's full content.

Ah! wretched Altamont,—the want of that Christian virtue which alone will felicitate, robbed thee of the enjoyment of all these blessings, and brought thee in early youth to an untimely death; thy soul undone, thy fortune ruined, thy wife broken-hearted, and thy orphan beggared! Ah vain and worthless nobility! What availed to thy miserable remains, the nodding plumes and the escutcheoned hearse, with all the pomp of funeral solemnity! Here thou liest mouldering in the

velvet-clad coffin ; and I, so much beneath thee in station, can weep thy sad fate, and commiserate thee, thou fallen sou of greatness !

O ye nobles of the earth, consider and be wise. Nobility without virtue, is but a polished shaft, more quick and keen to destroy ; adorned with Christian faith, 'tis a coronet of gold, graceful and honourable to the brow ;* it will dignify you in time, and add honour to your greatest honours in eternity.

So thought the incomparable lady, whose sad relics I view with joy ; and am transported to find in this doleful vault an inscription like the following over her honoured remains. Let us peruse it, and leave it to our reader's reflections.

“ Here rests the body of Mary, Countess of ———, &c.—who departed this life, &c. whom it were unpardonable to lay down in silence, and of whom it is difficult to speak with justice. For her just character will look like flattery, and the least abatement is an injury to her memory.”†

In every condition of life she was a pattern to her sex ; appeared mistress of those peculiar qualities, which were requisite to conduct her through it with honour, and never failed to exert them in their proper seasons, to the utmost advantage.

She was modest without affectation, easy without levity, and reserved without pride. She knew how to stoop without sinking, and to gain people's affections without lessening their regard.

She was careful without anxiety, frugal without parsimony ; not at all fond of the superfluous trappings of greatness, yet abridged herself of nothing which her quality required.

Her piety was exemplary, her charity universal.

* Greatness alone in virtue's understood ;
None's truly great but he who's truly good.

† Praises on Tombs are titles vainly spent,
A man's good name is his best monument.

She found herself a widow in the beginning of her life, when the temptations of honour, beauty, youth, and pleasure, were in their full strength; yet she made them all give way to the interest of her family, and betook herself entirely to the matron's part.*

The education of her children engrossed all her care; no charge was spared in the cultivation of their minds, nor any pains in the improvement of their fortunes.

In a word, she was truly wise, —truly honourable, —and truly good.

More can scarce be said; and yet he who said this, knew her well, and is well assured, that he has said nothing which either veracity or modesty would oblige him to suppress.†

C H A P. XIV.

*Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,
Earth's high station ends in, "Here he lies;"
And "Dust to dust," concludes her noblest song.*

YOUNG.

FROM the vault, where rest the precious remains of the great and noble, I ascended into the church, and was immediately led to that part of the sacred edifice, which is dedicated to the memory of these illustrious personages! What superb monuments! what elaborate decorations! what pompous inscriptions! what high sounding epitaphs! one would imagine from a perusal of these, that all the sons and daughters of this noble house, like those mentioned in another sacred

* Few widows in the present day, God knows, deserve this character, or strive to imitate so praise-worthy an example.

† The reader may be assured of the truth of what is here delivered, as this character was penned by that excellent prelate Dr. Hough, formerly Bishop of Worcester.

place,

place, were valiant and virtuous! but alas, even tombs are taught to flatter and to lye.

How strong is the desire of pre-eminence in the human breast? we wish to preserve it even in death. In some respects it may be well so to do: But what vanity can be so truly contemptible, as that which assigns a large sum of money, to the erecting a splendid monument, serving to perpetuate only the erector's folly and pride! let the truly virtuous and truly good, the friends to society, and the ornaments of religion, be distinguished in death: for the rest, whatever titles they bear, or honours they boast, they are but empty names—let them be consigned to oblivion and to dust!*

What a foppery and false taste discovers itself in some of these fantastic monuments before me, the emblems of which it is more difficult to decypher, than the darkest shades of an allegoric poem! what absurdity and prophaneness glare in others! methinks I am transported, by some invincible power, while I gaze from a Christian church into one of the heathen temples; for their deities crowd around me, sculptured with all the pride of heart, while I can discern a medallion only of him to whose memory the monument is consecrated! It looks as if the noble dead had renounced their dependance upon Christ and his Gospel: and returned to the worship of those heathen divinities, into whose hands they seem to commend their fame.

But while I turn away with disgust from these fine, but misapplied efforts of art; that elegantly simple monument strikes and delights me. It is the statue of the late Duke of —: It is finished in the highest taste; it affords the most exact resemblance of his person; the posture is the most natural and easy; proper for the place, serious and contemplative; It is raised on a plain,

* If we cannot speak well of our deceased fellow creatures, we had better be silent concerning them; "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum,*" is a very suitable motto for reflections on deceased friends, relatives, or acquaintance.

but beautiful pedestal; there are no fantastic decorations; the inscription contains nothing more than the name of this worthy nobleman, the date of his birth and death, and the detail of his illustrious issue. There needs no more; his virtues live in the faithful memory of his friends and of his country; and time itself cannot obliterate the impression, which his beneficence hath made on the hearts of the distressed. But could time efface these, should they be universally forgotten; yet will they be had in everlasting remembrance before God, the eternal rewarder of those who live to do good; who make the blessings vouchsafed to them by a kind Providence, the exalted means of felicity to others.* Such actions in life will smooth the rough brow of death, and render the departure from honours and opulence not only easy, but joyful!

Methinks, as I stand contemplating this animated statue, I can fancy its noble original before me, as I have often seen him; and imagine I hear him thus addressing me: "See the end of all human grandeur, and learn to think nothing great in mortality; nothing can be truly great which is uncertain; nothing can be truly good, which must shortly have an end. Ere while I flourished in all the verdure which human existence can boast. High in birth, high in honours; dignified with the royal favour; abounding in wealth, and of consequence courted and flattered by the obsequious crowd.

In this elevated state I forgot not myself: I remembered that I was a man; that I was to give an account to a superior tribunal, and that my punishment or reward would be pronounced according to the improvement or abuse of the trust reposed in me. When therefore the solemn summons came, when I heard the alarming voice, 'Thou must die!' I was not confounded, though impressed with awe: commending myself to the Father of Mercies, I resigned his earthly favours with

* Would to God such righteous persons were oftener to be found among the noble and the great ones of the earth.

complacency and thankfulness, in the joyful and animating hopes of a future and better state.*

Had my conduct been the reverse of this, what should I have gained, or rather what should I not have lost? for my pomp and power could not have arrested the stroke of death, which would have pierced my heart with agony inexpressible, as separating me from all things desirable here below, and removing me to a world where I can neither have hope or desire.—Mine was a better choice: the remembrance of death taught me wisdom; † for they who remember death will assuredly be wise. †

This is an important truth: the abuse of life proceeds from the forgetfulness of death; § when men fix their standards upon the earth, and vainly propose this transitory scene as the end of their being, and the object of their love, what errors and evils are the consequences? what fearful disappointments here, and what horrid punishment awaits them hereafter!

This was the case with the famous Cardinal of the noble house of Beaufort, who, much unlike that amiable nobleman, whose character we have been just considering,

* The apostle Paul had a desire to depart, and why? because he was assured he should be with Christ, which he knew was far better than to continue in this present evil world, surrounded with enemies, exposed to temptations, and at a distance from him whom his soul loved. PHILIPPIANS. i. 23.

† Death! the great counsellor who man inspires
 With every noble thought, and fairer deed;
 Rich Death, that realises all my cares;
 Toils, virtues, hopes, without it a chimera;
 Death, of all pain the period, not of joy,
 Death wounds to cure, we fall, we rise, we reign;
 Spring from our fetters, faster in the skies;
 The king of terrors is the prince of peace.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

‡ DEUTERONOMY, xxii. 29.

§ The man who consecrates his hours,
 By vigorous effort and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death.

Dr. YOUNG.
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remembered not that wealth and greatness were insignificant and unavailing to stay the hand of death; and that, gained by indirect methods, they prove, in the conclusion, a never-dying worm to the guilty and distracted conscience. When, therefore, as history informs us, he was arrested in his mad career, and all the terrors of death were marshalled in horrid array before him, thus he complained, and thus vented his afflicted soul to his weeping friends around: *—“ And must I then die? will not all my riches save me? I could purchase the kingdom if that would prolong my life. What! is there no bribing of death? when my nephew the Duke of Bedford died, I thought my happiness and my authority greatly increased; but the Duke of Gloucester’s death raised me in imagination to a level with kings; and I thought of nothing but accumulating still greater wealth, to purchase at length the triple crown! Alas! how are my hopes disappointed! wherefore, O my friends, let me earnestly beseech you to pray for me, and recommend my departing soul to God.” †

* See Harpsfield’s History.

† Cardinal Beaufort was of royal extraction, he was the son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, Catharine Swinford: he was commonly called, the rich Cardinal of Winchester: he died 1447. Shakespear, who generally preserves historical truth very exactly, in his second part of Henry the VIth, hath given us in lively colours, a description of the Cardinal’s death.

Scene, the Cardinal’s Bed-chamber.

Enter King Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinal
in bed.

‡ *K. H.* How fares my lord, speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Card. If thou beest death, I’ll give thee England’s treasure.
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.

K. H. Ah! what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death’s approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Card. Bring me upon my trial when you will.

Dy’d

Oh, what an end was this! what availed this unhappy great man, that, sacrificing to his ambition some of the most sacred duties of humanity, he died possessed of a sum, superior to what perhaps any subject before him had possessed? What availed it, that amidst the terrors of death he consigned large sums to charitable offices! and least of all, what could avail the ten thousand masses which he ordered to be said for his departed soul? Heaven is not to be purchased with gold, nor the favour of God to be bought with money. Our redemption was not perfected by such corruptible things, but by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot! and he who, after an evil life, thinks to conciliate the regard of the Most High, by donations and

Dy'd he § not in his bed? where should he die?
 Can I make men live whether they will or no?
 Oh torture me no more, I will confess—
 Alive again? then shew me where he is;
 I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.—
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them:
 Comb down his hair: look, look! it stands upright
 Like lime twigs set to catch my winged soul.
 Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him!

K. H. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
 Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
 Oh beat away the busy meddling fiend
 That lays strong siege upon this wretch's soul,
 And from his bosom purge his black despair.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. H. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
 Lord-cardinal, if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,
 Lift up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

—He dies, and makes no signs.—O God forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. H. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
 Close up his eyes, and draw the curtains round,
 And let us all to meditation.—

§ Meaning the Duke of Gloucester, of whose murder he was suspected.

masses,

masses, dies in a mistake as gross and fatal as that wherein he lived.

Indeed, to the honour of the Protestant church, we must observe, that this most destructive of all errors is seldom found within her pale; at least, in comparison with its frequency in the Romish church; where the religious orders are led to deceive even the souls of dying men, for the sake of accumulating wealth to their own societies. Shocking and dreadful! how contrary to the tenor of that Gospel, by which we are assured, that the truly humbled heart, and penitent desire, a lively faith, and undissembled sorrow, can alone recommend us to the Father of Heaven, through the merits and intercession of his only begotten Son!

Before I conclude this chapter, let me point out to my reader a noble penitent of the Protestant communion, as a contrast to this Cardinal of the church of Rome: the late Earl of Rochester, I mean; whose life was defiled with every vice, but whose death was distinguished by the most exemplary repentance—a repentance, not shown by external gifts, and the appointment of repeated masses for his soul; but by inward contrition, and a real sorrow for his past sins, by a desire to undo all the evil he had done, and to stop the current of all the mischief which unhappily owed its source to him;—by an unfeigned application to the only Redeemer of lost sinners, and a fixed resolution to amend his life (if that life should be spared), and to be as exemplary in holiness, as he had been infamous in every practice of vice.—This is true repentance;* and such a penitent, Christ will assuredly redeem, as well from the guilt, as from the defilement of all accumulated iniquities.

* True repentance is a blessed token of the forgiveness of sins, none ever truly repented of sin without its being pardoned, through the merits of Jesus's blood, which cleanses from all sin.

C H A P. XV.

————— Take phyfic, pomp :
 Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
 That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
 And ſhew the Heavens more juſt. SHAKESPEARE.

HIGH in health, and recumbent on the downy breaſt of proſperity and indulgence, *Securus* rejects our reflections with diſdain, and will not, cannot bear to hear of death, the cruel ſpoiler of all his earthly comforts. “ Away with the melancholy ſtrain (he cries); I cannot endure the voice of this gloomy contemplative. Let him not approach to diſturb my reſoſe, nor like the hoarſe and ill-boding raven, croak his fatal admonitions in my ears.” Ah, miſtaken mortal, what troubles art thou treaſuring up for a future moment ! Pity him, Heaven, who has no pity for himſelf !—We will leave him then, though with ſorrow and compaſſionate regret, and intreat thy attendance, Oh ſerious and Chriſtian reader, (who art not afraid to view theſe mournful but inſtructive ſcenes) to the ſick, the dying bed of the poor man,* now that we have viſited together, the ſuperb vault of the affluent and noble. If thou art rich, perhaps thou haſt never been called to ſo ſad a ſcene, and the ſight of it may teach thee gratitude and content : † if thou art poor, it will affect thy heart, and lead thee to a ſerious concern for futurity, that both

* Carry me, my feet, to the temple of the Lord ; to the beds of the ſick ; and the houſes of the poor.

HERVEY'S MEDITATIONS.

† We are incited to the relief of miſery, by the conſciouſneſs that we have the ſame nature with the ſufferer ; that we are in danger of the ſame diſtreſſes ; and may ſome time be obliged to imlore the ſame aſſiſtance.

JOHNSON'S IDLER.

temporal



Turn round and view upon the floor
another miserable heap of tatters

Vide Chap. 25 P. 99.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

Drawn by R. B. Gould.

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Engraved by Chas. ...

temporal and eternal evils may not be thy deplorable lot!

Come then, and let me lead thee up these narrow and miserable stairs, to the wretched apartment, whither I myself was ere while led, and where the poor man lies languishing on the bed of emaciating disease! Seest thou this dismal dwelling, foul, wretched, and offensive!

Hear, the wind whistles through the shattered casement, ill defended by vile rags and darkened paper, sure mark of penury and distress.*

Seest thou that wretched object, pale and meagre, with haggard, staring eyes, and beard unshaven, stretched upon those floes, with not a curtain round him, and with scarce a cover to conceal his wasted body?

Turn round and view upon the floor another miserable heap of tatters. It is the bed of two poor children of this afflicted sufferer! and this, this place of woe, is the only habitation which receives and hides the heads of these poor and helpless children, with their wretched mother and himself! That woman, bathed in tears, and clothed in the ragged garments of poverty, is the wife, the mother of these unfortunate children—hapless wife! and still more hapless mother!

But though narrow this apartment, though offensive and foul, it would well suffice, and be but little complained of, did not want, cruel want, here too fix her dreary abode; could the mother supply the importunate demands of her hungry children, or alleviate the pains and sufferings of her oppressed husband. But alas! the parish withholds relief from aliens to its rights, and how shall the charity of the beneficent find out in their obscure retreats, the stranger and unknown!

Nay, but even poverty itself, with all its dire necessities, might patiently be borne,—well, very well, if fiducial dependance upon God, was but found in the

* ——— Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty,

THOMSON'S SEASONS,

sufferer's heart : if heavenly hope dwelt in the afflicted breast ; if there was any prospect of an happy issue, when all these mournful trials are overpast, and the soul safely landed on a future, blessed and eternal shore ! but for this we enquire in vain : from the want of it proceeds far the greatest part of these evils. When I came to talk with Egeno, (so call we this poor man) concerning his soul, his faith, his hope, and future expectations ; he fixed his eyes upon me with the most unutterable anguish, and elevating his emaciated hand, sighed out, " Alas ! alas ! Sir, sure I shall recover ! " " But if you should not, said I, as God knows there appears but little probability—what then ? What says your conscience, and in what is your trust and confidence ? " " I cannot tell, he replied, I know I have not been so good as I ought : but if I live, I will endeavour to be better. " *

I turned to his wife, to ask somewhat of his past life ; and to know whether during his long illness (for he had been long declining) he had ever shewn any concern for his soul, or whether she had ever read to him for his instruction ?—Weak and wretched as he was, he could reply, with abundant acrimony, " She instruct me ?—No, she had better first instruct herself, she wants it most, " What greater shock could an humane heart feel, than to perceive a fierce altercation likely to ensue between two persons so mutually and so deeply distressed ? I interposed with some authority ; and endeavoured with all my power, to set forth the dreadful terrors of futurity, before the eyes of this unawakened sinner, just, just about to launch—Oh horrible—into its awful gulf ! from whence there is no return.

* This is often the language of persons in sickness, who have lived thoughtless of God, their immortal souls and a future state : but alas ! how seldom (though life is spared) do they perform their best promises of amendment and reformation !

He

He heard me with attention, and I perceived at length a tear stealing down his pallid cheeks. "I have been miserable, said the poor unhappy object, all the days of myself; and now I perceive that I must be miserable through all eternity too!" Upon hearing this, we could none of us refrain from tears. Oh! who could refrain? to see a fellow-creature lying in this exquisite distress, soul and body equally estranged from comfort, health, and ease!—Oh! who could refrain? to see a fellow creature thus about to perish, ignorant and hopeless, in a land where the glad tidings of the gospel are so constantly and universally preached!

Moved with compassion, I endeavoured to offer some consolation—the utmost which I dared to offer: for alas! how can the ministers of Christ exceed their commission? how can they speak peace to those, to whom there is no peace?—But my offers were unavailing; he told me, "he had led a wicked and a careless life, and now he found that the end of it was sorrow and despair. After every argument to rouse and to console, I joined in prayer with him and his wretched household; and exhorting him to earnest prayer and fervent supplication for himself, to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, I left them, designing on the morrow to renew my visit.

But from this melancholy office I was prevented by his wife, who came in the morning to inform me that he expired in the night; expired regardless, as it seemed, of every thing; utterly stupid, senseless, and unheeding.

And thus too often it happens, that the minister is sent for when the soul is at the last gasp,* when all

* There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked, Isa. xlviii. 22.

† Too many appear in the views of death, to place too much dependance on, too much confidence in, and encourage themselves too much, from receiving the sacrament (at the hands of a clergyman) to hope that all will be well with them after death; as if there was some merit in

hope is given up, and when all our endeavours, alas! are as inefficacious, as pouring water into a sieve. During almost a twelvemonth's illness, Egeno thought not of God, of repentance, or of death. Just when the lamp of life was going out, just when the trembling soul fluttered on the verge of eternity, the alarm was given, and all was confusion, disorder, and dismay. His whole life was a scene of care, of toil, of discontent, and sin. Neglectful, wholly neglectful of religion, his sabbaths were passed in trifling or drunkenness; the scanty pittance he gained by his labour, was too commonly condemned, before it was earned; and his wife and children bewailed in hunger and want, their frequent disappointment of his wages. Hence arose brawls and contentions at home, which rendered their little wretched lodging still more wretched. As no surplus was saved, his own and the cloathing of his family, was seldom superior to rags; and he lived without a friend to serve, as he died without a friend to succour or to pity him.* Miserable end of a miserable existence! Fearful poverty and introduction to sufferings far more fearful?—

Good God! what is man! how terrible is it thus to pass a few years in this vale of sorrow, comfortless, despicable, and abandoned—To know none of the refreshments and delights of this life, and yet wilfully to forfeit all delights of the future! But let me forbear making any reflections, till I have shewn you the contrast of Egeno, in a man of the same occupation, and the same rank of life, whom also I lately attended upon his death-bed—and would to heaven my latter end may be like his!

mere ordinances or partaking of them; no, it is a dreadful mistake; nothing but repentance for sin, accompanied with true faith in Jesus Christ, can afford solid ground for hope of pardon, salvation, and eternal life.

* Would to God, persons in the lower classes of life, would take warning from Egeno, and seriously think in time, of that eternity which awaits them beyond the grave.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

The ports of death are fins ; of life, good deeds ;
 Through which the Saviour leads us to our needs ;
 How wilful blind is he then, who should stray,
 And hath it in his power to make his way ?
 This world death's region is, the other life's ;
 And here it should be one of our first strifes,
 So to front death, as man should judge us past it :
 For good men but see death, the wicked taste it.

Rowe.

IT is common, to hear circumstances and stations in life, urged as an excuse for neglect of religion : to obviate which, we have examples proposed to us of sincere and regular piety, in every station of life.* Thus we are shewn, that religion is incompatible with no worldly circumstances ; and of consequence, no worldly circumstances can offer a sufficient excuse for a disregard to it.† The wretched Egenio could urge his labour and poverty,—but how ineffectually ? Look at his fellow-labourer Mentor, and learn how weak and frivolous such an apology.

Mentor was of the same occupation with Egenio ; worked in the same shop, and earned the same wages. Mentor too was a married man and had children. Thus far there was a similitude ; but in other respects, where can that similitude be found ?—Diligent and punctual, Mentor was never absent a day from his business, unless

* It must be understood, that I speak here, of the honest and allowable stations in life. There are some professions, with which indeed religion is absolutely incompatible : and therefore if a man would save his soul, he must either abjure these, or never think of salvation.

The AUTHOR.

† It is a good proverb, Prayers and provender hinder no man.

detained

detained by sickness or some necessary avocation; ever found in his duty, while Egeno kept holiday, and wasted his important time in drunkenness and riot.

Fearing God, and anxious to please him, Mentor never refrained his feet from the church, and was a regular attendant at the blessed supper of the Lord; strictly observing the Sabbath, and spending it as became a Christian, a husband, and a father; while Egeno's temple was the alehouse, and his devotion only oaths and impiety.*

Go to the places of their abode, and mark the contrast there also; you have viewed that of Egeno—miserable scene of poverty!—At Mentor's little dwelling all was neat, clean, and wholesome. He had procured a small house, with a good piece of ground, which he carefully cultivated with his own hands when he returned from his work in the evening; often rising an hour or two before the time of labour in the morning, to do the business of his garden, and to take care of his crop, which paid him well for his toil. His wife, industrious and careful, contributed her part with gladness;† her children were brought up, with every notion suitable to their station; and she omitted no opportunity to aid her husband's honest efforts by her frugality and pains. An aged mother dwelt under the same roof with them, and owed a comfortable subsistence to the pious affection of her laborious son.

It pleased God to extend the life of this useful and worthy, though mean and unnoticed man, to a happy length; for he lived to close his aged mother's eyes, and

* Happy Mentor! may thy example be more generally followed, while Egeno's is suitably reprobated and abhorred.

† Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

GRAY'S ELEGY.

to pay the last duties of filial regard to her.* He lived to see two of his sons capable of maintaining themselves in the world with decency and comfort; and treading—distinguished felicity of a parent!—in the steps of their father's sobriety and virtue:† sons, to whose care he could with confidence leave his wife, as their religion had taught them, that a peculiar blessing ever attends those who delight to honour their parents,‡ and “to rock the cradle of declining age.”

How pleasing, how instructive to attend the death-bed of such a Christian! Oh! ye great and vain, ye children of voluptuousness and pomp, how doth the death bed of such a Christian, reproach your follies, and condemn your visionary views!—on that bed I saw him!—true, no consultation of physicians was held on his account; no damask furniture decorated his apartments; no carpets were spread over his floors; vessels of silver and gold were not found to convey the little nourishment he took:—but ah! what poor and wretched comforters are these, when the languishing body declares the fatal moment of eternal separation from this present world, near at hand! How much more excellent the consolation arising from the testimony of an approving conscience! The more a man leaves behind him, the more reluctantly he dies:‖ to die is an easy matter to the poor; and to a good man what matters it whether he dies on a throne or a dung-

* Honour thy father and mother that thy days may be long upon the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee. EXOD. XX. 12. This commandment, accompanied with a promise, plainly implied, if not fully expressed, is no little encouragement to the practice of filial piety and obedience.

† Happy proof! of the good effects of a pious example and instructions on the minds of children.

‡ EXOD. XX. 12.

‖ Covet not the riches, honours, or possessions of the great and noble; for the less you have in this world, the less reason you will have to regret when you come to die, leaving what you possess.

hill?

bill? The only misfortune at the hour of death, is to find oneself destitute of the supports of true Religion!*

Mentor was not destitute of these: "I am arrived, Sir, (said he) at that period for which I was born, and for which I have been long preparing: and blessed be God, I do not find any terrors in the approach of death! Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ! I am thankful to the good providence of my heavenly Father for all things;—but how shall I express my thankfulness for his exceeding love in the precious gift of his dear son! Oh! what a support is he to sinful creatures, like us, in this hour especially! Blessed, for ever blessed be God, for his inestimable gift of redemption through the blood of the Lamb, offered up for the sins of a rebel world!"

Rejoiced to see him thus triumphant over death, I congratulated his felicity, and remarked the vanity of worldly stations, when God distributes his spiritual favours thus freely to the low as well as the rich. "True, Sir, said he, this is a sweet reflection to the poorer and meaner sort of Christians: it hath often refreshed my soul, and stopped every tendency of murmuring and complaints, which are too apt to arise in our haughty hearts, at the sight of the rich, and their plentiful enjoyments.† And it was a pleasing thought often to me in the midst of my labour, that my divine and glorious Saviour stooped to a mean and toilsome employment, and condescended to work with his own hands; setting us an example, and thus alleviating, to the true Christian, all the weariness of fatigue and daily pains. .

* Thy force alone, Religion! death disarms,
Breaks all his darts and every viper charms.

BLACKMORE'S CREATION.

† God frequently makes the poor in this world, rich in faith, and heirs of his eternal kingdom, while he sends the rich empty away; *not many rich, not many mighty, not many noble are called.* I CORINTHIANS, i, 26, 27.

The

The recollection of this, has frequently given me new life and spirits when I have been almost worn out, and ready to sink down with labour. And when I have considered all his loving kindness towards me, which he has shewn in so many instances, I have always with joy persevered in my duty, and thought myself happy that I had a being to praise and adore him. And now my race is run, and I am about to appear before the Judge of all the Earth! “I doubt not, replied I, you will appear with joy, and be for ever blessed in his kingdom;”—“Through Christ, I trust I shall, (said he) my only hope and reliance is on the precious Redeemer! for oh, Sir, what am I, what have I, but from him?—and alas! what I have done is so imperfect and unworthy, that it cries for pardon only, not for reward; can it be possible that any human being can talk of merit before God! * Lord Jesus, pardon the sinfulness even of my best and most holy services, and wash them in thy most precious blood, which cleanseth from all sin.”

“But, (observed I) though you depend not upon any thing you have done, nor apprehend the least merit or deserving in any of your own works, doth it not give your soul some peace and comfort, when you look back and remember that you have done such works? or rather, that you have in any measure sincerely endeavoured to obey the laws of Christ?” “Oh yes, (replied he), great, very great peace! without this I could have no peace at all: for without this what test could I have of my sincerity in any respect? or how could I dare to expect any mercy from the Redeemer? No, I bless him for enabling me, by his sovereign grace, to do any thing: would to God I had been more diligent, and had done more. Without holiness no man shall see him: I have laboured after it with all my might, and to the best of my knowledge; †

* A sinner may plead for mercy at God’s hands, but never can plead merit, without it is that of Christ’s.

† ’Tis greatly to be feared many deceive themselves in this particular; for where is even the best of Christians, who can truly

but am thoroughly sensible of the imperfection of my best endeavours. May the gracious Saviour pity my weakness, and perfect what is wanting in me!"

He added much more: but from this the Reader may easily collect, how happy an end a man of such just sentiments must make. He received the blessed sacrament from my hands, and never did I administer that sacred ordinance to a more elevated Christian. I remember one passage in our conversation struck me. "Sir, (said he) though I had never any great learning, I have always been pleased with reading, and from some book,* early in my youth, I was taught to consider myself as a pilgrim, appointed to travel through this world to the other, where I was to remain for ever. This notion made a great impression upon me; and I ever afterwards used to consider myself as a traveller, and therefore entertained no great hopes or fears respecting any thing below; but looked continually to the end of my journey, the happiness of which, I was persuaded, depended on my right management of myself during my stay here.† And this thought was the occasion not only of much content to my soul, and of much peace and resignation under every affliction and cross accident; but of my continued attention to duty, and of the exactest caution in my daily walking."

Such was Mentor; whose life and death were equally amiable and exemplary. What a contrast to the wretched Egeno! What man but could wish to die the death of the former? Then let him take heed not to lead the life

truly say, in the view of death, they have acted to the best of their abilities, or done all that was in their power, to approve themselves the children of God? Alas! every one must acknowledge, after having done all they are able to do, we are but unprofitable servants. LUKE, xvii. 10.

* Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

† A just conclusion, worthy to be adopted and attended to, by every son and daughter of mortality.

of the latter.* Ye sons of men, in the humbler stations of life, read the important lesson before you. Look at the examples, and revolve their ends! avoid the vices of Egeno, and copy the virtues of Mentor.—so will you live in credit, and die in peace.†

CHAP. XVI.

Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things; not answering again—Nor purloining, but shewing all good fidelity; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.
TITUS ii. 9, 10.

Let thy soul love a good servant—and defraud him not of his liberty. ECCLES. vii. 21.

AFTER having attended the death-beds of the busy and the gay, the noble and the poor; after having surveyed the issue of life spent in those pursuits, which are common to mankind in general, and contrasted every character, to make each more striking; I intended to have stopped here, and considered death in the general view;—to have offered arguments and consolations against the fear of it; and as a conclusion, to have contemplated the great things which follow after, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.*

But a funeral, at which I was called lately to officiate, leads me to postpone these reflections to a following

* To live the life of the righteous, is a good ground to hope for dying the death of the righteous.

† Isaiah lvii. 2.

‡ Death, Judgment, Heav'n, and Hell, think, Christians, think,
You stand upon eternity's dread brink;
Faith and Repentance seek with earnest prayer;
Despise this world, the next be all your care.

TRAPP.

K

chapter,

chapter; that I may pay some tribute to the memory of an humble man, whose virtues deserve to be had in honour, though his low station denies him the loud applause of public celebrity. But why should fame be the prerogative of greatness; of worldly greatness and external splendor? To do well, and to deserve, in every station, is to be great, and ought to obtain praise—and will obtain praise!—Yes, ye sons of obscurity, whom no titles dignify, whom no pedigrees ennoble—but whose virtuous actions are more illustrious than either—yes, ye shall inherit praise, as much superior to that which men, the world, and time can give, as God, as Heaven, and eternity are superior to all these.

This bright and blessed honour is not conferred according to rank, birth, or title; but to high and low, rich and poor, the glorious prize is held forth alike, and to him who doeth best, shall the best recompence be given.*—Yet one sure method to obtain this blessing, in that kingdom, where all distinctions eternally cease, is to act and live agreeably to those distinctions and subordinations, which God hath wisely appointed upon earth: I mean the sure method to obtain God's favour, is to acquiesce thankfully in that station of life, wherein he hath placed us; and with entire submission, to discharge faithfully and uniformly all the duties of it.†

So thought the worthy man, whose decent funeral was lately solemnized: he had been servant in a neighbouring family, above twenty years; and during that time had abundantly approved himself by the strictest fidelity. A rare example, when the depravity of this order amongst us, is the subject of universal complaint, and the severest tax upon the domestic felicity of numbers! Though perhaps the cause and the remedy of the evil are both to be drawn from other sources, than those which are generally proposed: to be drawn rather from the

* Genesis iv. 7. Romans ii. 6, 7.

† Revelations, ii. 10.

heads of families, than from those who act in menial capacities. * A prudent and conscientious master, for the most part, makes prudent and regular servants: and it is from the increase of such examples, that we must expect improvement in our attendants.

Petrucio, (so call we the subject of our present chapter) was happy in this respect; happy in a master, whose own life was regular, and whose great care was to discharge tenderly every duty which he owed, particularly to his servants. He was well recompensed by the love and fidelity of his servants in general, but of Petrucio in particular. This faithful domestic had right notions of God, himself, and his duty. He murmured not at the inferiority and servility of his own condition: he knew it was the will of God; as such he received it with thankfulness, and lived in it with chearful content: considering himself as the servant of Christ, he acted conscientiously, as desirous to please him, and not man only. Reflecting that the eye of God, if not of his master, was always upon him, † he feared to neglect his duty, ‡ and thought it a poor excuse for himself, if he could escape the notice of an earthly observer, while all his actions were minutely scanned by him, who searches the inmost secrets of the heart. Hence he served not as a man-pleaser, but as the servant of God, in singleness of heart as unto Christ; not with eye-service, but as the servant of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; all his service was done with a good will, not with a morose constraint and sourness,—as to the Lord and not to man only—for he knew, and ever bore in mind the

* The influence of example in good masters is generally beneficial respecting servants;—Would to God they had no other examples set before them.

† Omnia cum videat, nulli Deus ipse videtur.

MANT.

‡ Thou God seeth me, is a reflection ever to be remembered by all, and will prove a successful antidote to the wilful practice of known sin. GENESIS xvi. 13.

comfortable truth, That whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free.*

In consequence of these right principles, Petrucio ever esteemed his master's interest, as essentially connected with his own: and would as soon have suffered the extremest punishment, as have joined in any collusion to defraud, much more to have, himself, defrauded his master. It was his constant endeavour to preserve the strictest economy in every part of his trust, and he would express the highest wonder and deepest abhorrence at any of those infamous arts, which modern polite servants would frequently advise him to practise, and to which tradesmen, for the basest ends, would often attempt to allure him.

“ Though I am in a state of servitude upon earth, he would often say, I hope to be in a state of freedom with God hereafter: but how can I hope for this, if I am deficient in those easy duties, which are required in my present station? For surely, when all the necessaries of life are found me, it is easy to be just and faithful, honest and industrious—nay gratitude itself alone should lead to this, for his sake, who provides so well for me; and who requires certainly that I should repay all his expence, with every worthy and chearful endeavour possible on my part.”†

We may well believe that a servant, with such notions, must be uniform and excellent in his whole conduct. And such indeed was Petrucio. He received every order with silence and humility: he executed every order with diligence and punctuality. He pretended not to be wiser than his directors; and he was a stranger to the odious malapertness, which is one of the distinguishing

* Ephes. vi. 5, &c.

† Would to God servants, in the general, would take pattern from Petrucio, and think and act as he did; happy indeed would the master of such servants be, and happy would be servants in so doing.

qualifications of contemptible modern valets. His long continuance in the family, had wrought in his breast a tender affection, not only for his master and mistress, but also for their children and relations: and at length their interest was become so peculiarly his own, that he shared in all their joys, and partook of all their sorrows.

The fruits of his fidelity were the confidence and esteem of his master and mistress; the affection of the family; the reverence of his fellow-servants; and a comfortable saving, on which he proposed to live, if ever he should have cause to quit the service; and which, dying in it, he had the pleasure to bequeath to a widow sister and her children, whom it rescued from many difficulties, and placed in a happy situation, above dependence and necessity.

During the time of his last sickness, he frequently declared, that the tenderness and regard of his master and mistress to him, more than overbalanced the merit of all his former services, and were an abundant recompence to him. For Petrucio had a generous mind, and was sensible of affectionate treatment. * His master every day visited his sick room, and read and prayed by his bed-side: his mistress with her own hands administered his medicines, and took care to supply him with the most proper nourishment. His humility alone could equal his gratitude and thankfulness on such occasions; and when, upon his expressing his great obligations, his mistress once said, that "this, and much more than this, was due for his faithful services."— "And that word, madam, said the honest fellow, with tears in his eyes, that word is a reward sufficient for more than twenty times such services as mine."

Thus died this useful worthy man; and to do all honour to him, his master buried him at his own ex-

* Gratitude is commendable and praise-worthy in all; from the poor and needy to the wealthy and benevolent, as well as from every rational creature under heaven, to their great Creator, Benefactor and Preserver, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not.

pence, with all the decency and propriety conceivable: six neighbouring farmers, tenants to his master, bore his pall; his master and mistress walked as chief mourners; the rest of the family attended in procession, and had mourning given them on the occasion; and so great was the esteem in which this faithful servant was held, (who I should have observed was the willing and joyful hand by which his master and mistress distributed their liberal charities)—that scarce a dry eye was seen at his funeral: and his death and funeral, I persuade myself, have done more to reform the servants in that part of the world, than twenty lectures to them could have achieved. “See how Petrucio, though a servant, is honoured and respected!”—was the general cry: and the general reason given on all hands was, “Because he was faithful, honest and industrious.”

And let servants, in conclusion, be told, that if they would obtain such favour here, and such recompence as Petrucio doubtless hath obtained, their only method is to go and do likewise; is to imitate his example; is to make their master’s interest their own. The best motive upon which they can do this, is to consider, that in so doing they serve the Lord Christ, and may be assured, that, according to their fidelity, so shall they reap hereafter. For God is no respecter of persons. *

* I subjoin to this chapter the following excellent rules, which were sent by an unknown hand, entirely agreeing with the gentleman who sent them, “That, if they were hung up in all kitchens and servants’ halls, (printed on a large sheet) they would be extremely useful.”

To Faithful, Honest, and Industrious Servants.

A Good character is valuable to every one, but especially to servants, for it is their bread; and without it they cannot be admitted into a creditable family

* Act x. 34.

and happy is it that the best of characters is in every one's power to deserve.

II. Engage yourself cautiously, but stay long in your place; for long service shews worth, as quitting a good place through passion is a folly, which is always repented of too late.*

III. Never undertake any place you are not qualified for; for pretending to do what you do not understand, exposes yourself, and what is still worse, deceives those whom you serve.

IV. Preserve your fidelity; for a faithful servant is a jewel, for whom no encouragement can be too great.

V. Adhere to the truth, for falshood is detestable; and he that tells one lie, must tell twenty more to conceal it.

VI. Be strictly honest; for it is shameful to be thought unworthy of trust.

VII. Be modest in your behaviour; it becomes your station, and is pleasing to your superiors.

VIII. Avoid pert answers; for civil language is cheap, and impertinence provoking.

IX. Be clean in your business: for slovens and sluts are disrespectful servants.

X. never tell the affairs of the family you belong to: for that is a sort of treachery, and often makes mischief; but keep their secrets, and have none of your own.

XI. Live friendly with your fellow servants; for the contrary destroys the peace of the house.

XII. Above all things avoid drunkenness; for it is an inlet to vice, the ruin of your character, and the destruction of your constitution.

XIII. Prefer a peaceable life with moderate gains, to great advantages with irregularity.

XIV. Save your money, for that will be a friend to you in old age; be not expensive in dress, nor marry too soon.

* Every servant, whether male or female, who attends to these rules, will be approved and respected, by all whom they are called to serve.

XV. Be careful of your master's property: for wastefulness is a sin.

XVI. Never swear, for that is a sin without excuse, as there is no pleasure in it.

XVII. Be always ready to assist a fellow-servant; for good-nature gains the love of every one.

XVIII. Never stay when sent on a message; for waiting long is painful to a master, and a quick return shews diligence.

XIX. Rise early; for it is difficult to recover lost time.

XX. The servant that often changes his place, works only to be poor; for the rolling stone gathers no moss.

XXI. Be not fond of encreasing your acquaintance; for visiting leads you out of your business, robs your master of your time, and puts you to an expence you cannot afford: and, above all things, take care with whom you are acquainted, for persons are generally the better or the worse for the company they keep.

XXII. When out of place, be cautious where you lodge; for living in a disreputable house puts you upon a footing with those that keep it, however innocent you are yourself.

XXIII. Never go out on your own business without the knowledge of the family, lest in your absence you should be wanted; for leave is light; and returning punctually at the time you promise, shews obedience, and is a proof of sobriety.

XXIV. If you are dissatisfied in your place, mention your objections modestly to your master or mistress, and give a fair warning, and don't neglect your business, nor behave ill, in order to provoke them to turn you away; for this will be a blemish in your character, which you must always have from the last place you served.

C H A P. XVIII.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
 To break the shock, blind nature cannot shun!
 And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore;
 Death's terror is the mountain faith removes:
 That mountain barrier between man and peace.
 'Tis faith disarms destruction, and absolves
 From every clamorous charge the guiltless tomb.

YOUNG.

WHILE wrapt in the silence of the night, I take my solitary and contemplative walk in the church-yard, with what a feeling concern do I reflect on the living world around me! How striking the contrast! Here rest in peace the well-nigh forgotten remains of those who once, it may be, filled up busy spheres on the earth.* All those distinctions which they so anxiously courted, are now for ever done away: all those animosities which they so warmly agitated, are now for ever hushed and forgotten; and all those complainings and sighs which they so mournfully uttered, are silenced, are silenced for ever, and heard no more—Yet on the great theatre of the world the same parts are still acting, the same ardour for place and pre-eminence; the same propensity to malice and envy; the same repinings and lamentations are found:—as if generations preceding, read no lessons of instruction; as if men utterly forgot that their hour appointed was hastily advancing.

Oh that they were wise, that they understood these things, that they would consider their latter end! † Benevolent

* Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forgotten laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

GRAY'S *Elegy in a Country Church-yard.*

† Deuteronomy xxxii. 29.

wish!

wish! for nothing so powerfully, so strongly teaches, as a consideration of that latter end *—which is of general concern, for every son of Adam is equally interested therein. Can we reflect upon the day of dissolution approaching, when every sublunary hope shall cease, and every worldly project vanish as the shadow? Can we survey the solemn mansions of the dead, where the mingling dust bespeaks the folly of earthly pre-eminence and honour,—and yet pursue, with unremitting chase, the fleeting vanities of life? and yet indulge, with unrelenting hearts, the burning passions, which torture human peace, and murder man's best felicity?—Nay, can it be possible that we should look beyond the grave, and recollect that an existence everlasting awaits us, and not use every wise, every scriptural method to secure to our souls the comforts of that existence, when time hath cloied upon us, and we have bidden an eternal adieu to all things here below. †

Thrice awful meditation! May its powerful instructions deeply impress my soul!—Nothing teaches like death. 'Tis indeed the wages of sin, and a fearful evil, we must needs allow it! But then it is a persuasive monitor, and superior to all things, convinces us of and leads us to combat and conquer sin.

The sting of death is sin. From thence we may plainly discover what is the grand remedy against its fear and its power to do harm. Destroy sin, and death becomes no longer formidable; he cannot hurt or annoy,

* See Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs, page 6.

† Since we can die but once, and after death
Our state no alteration knows;
But when we have resign'd our breath,
Th' immortal spirit goes
To endless joys or everlasting woes;
Wife is the man who labours to secure,
That mighty and important stake,
And by all methods tries to make
His passage safe and his reception sure.

for his sting is taken away. But how shall we achieve this desirable enterprise, how destroy the sting of death? 'Tis done, already done for us! *Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.* *

Here then, thou trembling mortal, who art every day distressing thy feeble soul with the fear of approaching death,—here behold the first and greatest consolation under it: “*Faith in Jesus Christ,*” who through death destroyed him who had the power of death; and will deliver thee from that fear of death, which all thy life time hath kept thee in bondage! Look to that triumphant conqueror, who died on the cross, and lay in the grave, to sanctify it for us: see in his precious redemption a full pardon for all thy offences; and with the eye of faith steadily fixed upon him, thou also shalt triumph over an enemy, already vanquished. †

This is the grand remedy against, and chief consolation under, the fear of death, “the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ:” ‡ which, properly understood, comprehends every other consolation. But that we may not be misunderstood, let us, as a second consolation and remedy, recommend to the soul, desirous of victory over this fearful foe, “an earnest care to live a life of gospel obedience through that faith in Christ;” § which indeed, without such obedience, will be found too weak to support the firm structure of a joyful hope. Live as you would wish to have lived when your anxious head is laid upon the dying pillow: || live as the Gospel of

* 1 Corinthians xv. 57.

† Believe, and look with triumph in the tomb.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

‡ Whom to know aright is life eternal. JOHN xvii. 3.

§ True faith works by love in the heart, to Christ, his ways, ordinances and people; and obedience in the life to all his laws, precepts, and commands.

|| Repent, believe, and mourn your errors past,
And live each day as tho' it was your last.

RURAL CHRISTIAN.
that

that Saviour directs, through whom alone you expect salvation; live as you are assured he will approve. The prospect of death will then animate your soul with fortitude and delight: and you will have a desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, which is best of all.*

There again we enjoy another consolation, exquisite and unspeakable, under the apprehensions of death! "We shall be with Christ!" We shall live with him, and be like him! Like him in purity and holiness, and like him in happiness too! Transporting thought! Can death be esteemed an evil—nay rather, must we not welcome that as our greatest good, which conveys us from a dying world, like the present, to a kingdom, where joy, and rest, and peace, shall eternally surround us?—But of this we shall speak more hereafter.

Another reflection which ought to abate our fears, and reconcile us to death is "the absolute certainty, and unavoidable necessity of it." Could our fears at all avail to prevent the stroke, or even to respite it, they might well be allowed, and we should have some plausible reason to urge in their support. But alas, the stroke is inevitable.† Surely then it is our wisdom, to familiarize ourselves to an event which must come shortly, and which, to render us still more watchful, may come instantly. Claim ye then no more the character of rational, ye simple ones of the earth, who start at the thoughts of death,‡ and use every method which ingenious thought can devise to dissipate and drive it from you.—Lo, the moment comes, and utterly unprepared, ye must stand before your God.—Conquer yourselves: and remembering that death will come when it will come, review it in all its circumstances, and learn,

* Philippians i. 23.

† *Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.*

GENESIS iii. 19.

‡ The thought of death alone the fear destroys.

DR. YOUNG.
through

through Christ, to gain a happy victory over this dreadful leveller of all human distinctions.

Reflect of what will death deprive you; not of being—which to us must certainly be of all things most dear. No; the soul cannot cease to be, it only changes its circumstances and state.

“But it separates those old and familiar friends, the body and the soul.”—And let us bless God for the separation. For can we regret a separation from that flesh, which is the seat of sin and of diseases, and which from both, hath so frequently afflicted us with the most piercing distress? No; farewell then to the body (we will say with joy) since thereby we bid an eternal farewell to sickness, pain, and sin.*

“But death separates us from this world!” True; and it introduces us to one, utterly unlike the present, where sorrows and losses, disappointments and trials, shall never more be known.—“But it separates us from our friends!”—Afflicting separation! The tender heart must bleed, and the affectionate eye cannot fail to drop a tear! Yet look forward, and behold—see in the blissful realms to which thy spirit is soaring—friends, immortal and unalterable friends, awaiting thy glad arrival!—and perhaps many already, many near to thy heart, have gone before thee, and will give thee a joyful and blessed welcome. Nay, yet a little while, and thou shalt receive to thy rejoicing embraces, those whom thou hast left weeping in this vale of sorrow.†

Armed with these consolations, who shall fear the stroke of death? Who but must rejoice to relinquish this scene of trial and trouble, and to commit their souls into the arms of an ever-living Redeemer,‡ who died to save

* To be absent from the body and present with the Lord, will be, more or less, the wish of every real believer in Christ. 2 Corinthians v. 8.

† Tho' death will come, yet give your sorrows o'er,
For all those pious friends, who're gone before,
You'll meet ere long in Heav'n, to part no more. G.W.

‡ Job xix. 25.

his people from their sins : of a Father, whose unwearied care is over all his works, and whose watchful providence extendeth to the minutest concerns of all his creatures? In that reviving truth the soul must find comfort, as under every trial and affliction, so especially when the moment of death approaches; which a child, submissive to the better will of such a father, will receive with thankfulness, and Christian resignation!

As therefore death must come, and after death judgment, and a state of bliss or misery unalterable, let us, like the wise virgins, keep our lamps always ready trimmed and burning, that we may never be found unprepared.* And that we may still be excited to a stricter watchfulness—let us contemplate those great things that are to come hereafter; let us now suppose ourselves, as summoned to appear before the judgment-seat of God; † and as about to receive the eternal reward of our deeds, ‡——Heaven or hell——affecting thought! Holy Father——we tremble and adore! Blessed Jesus, be our advocate and intercessor!

* Matthew xxv. 10.

† Acts xvii. 31. John v. 28, 29.

‡ 1 Peter i. 17. Romans ii. 11, 12.

And is there a last day? and must there come
A sure, a fixt, inexorable doom?

.....
The judge descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summon'd to his bar.
The echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
For judgment, judgment, sons of men prepare.

DR. YOUNG'S Last Day.



CHAP. XIX.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate
 Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
 I think of nothing else: I see! I feel it!
 All nature, like an earthquake trembling round;
 All deities, like summer's swarms, on wing!
 All basking in the full meridian blaze!
 I see the Judge inthron'd! the flaming guard!
 The volume open'd! open'd ev'ry heart;
 A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!
 No patron! intercessor none! now past
 The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
 For guilt no plea: to pain no pause, no bound!
 Inexorable all! and all extreme.

NIGHT THOUGHTS, Night ix.

DID our existence end with this life, how little to be dreaded; yea, in many cases, how much to be desired, were death! But our existence doth not end with this life; eternity is before us, and it is eternity which makes death of so much consequence.* How awful, how alarming is that representation, which the sacred scriptures give us of the solemn day approaching, which is to determine our fate for this eternity! Let us contemplate the stupendous scene;—for who can dwell upon such interesting Reflections, without serious thoughts, and Heaven-directed resolutions? The steady belief of a future judgment is sufficient to make all men zealous in duty.†

* Beyond the grave two states alone remain,
 Of endless pleasure, and eternal pain.

SOLITARY WALKS.

† If there is an hereafter,
 And that there is, conscience, unfluenc'd
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
 Then must it be an awful thing to die.

BLAIR'S GRAVE.
 The

The doctrine of a future judgment is peculiar to the Christian Revelation. Human reason could not discover it; for human reason could not discover how the God of the whole earth would be pleased to deal with his creatures, and with that world which he has formed for them.—But in much mercy, to animate and awaken our best desires, the eternal Lord of all hath declared, that an endless and unalterable state is reserved for us, happy or miserable, as we comply with, or refuse the terms of his covenant: and that upon a day appointed, he will pass the righteous sentence upon all; when those who have done good shall go into eternal life, and those who have done evil into everlasting fire.*

Alarming, important truth! What thinking creature can be indifferent to it! Picture the awful scene to your view; imagine yourself now called to the bar of inviolable justice! there enthroned in glory unutterable, sits the Sovereign Judge, the gracious Redeemer! Thousand thousands ministering unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand standing before him! See that earth, once the seat of all your cares and fears, now wrapped in universal flame: hark, the heavens are passing away with insufferable noise; the sun is extinguishing; the stars have started from their spheres, and all this system of created things is hastening into utter destruction! The trump, the awakening trump hath sounded, and all the dead, rising from their sepulchres, are summoned to appear before the impartial Judge!†

Oh, terrible distress! Where, where shall we fly, if conscience condemns us, and we dare not approach that impartial judge? In vain shall we call upon the rocks to

* Matthew xxv. 46.

† Man starting from his couch, shall sleep no more;
The day is broke which never more shall close;
Great day of dread, decision and despair!
I see the judge inthron'd, the flaming guard;
The volume open'd, open'd every heart.

hide or the mountains to cover us; rocks and mountains are themselves dissolving; they can give neither shelter for our heads nor support for our feet!* In vain shall we solicit our friends to intercede;—our friends shall then be too deeply concerned for themselves to regard the cause of others; and what, ah—what could patrons or friends avail, when, “the clement, the mediatorial hour” is now absolutely passed and gone;—and we have not made him our intercessor, who would have been as mighty to save and reward as he now is to punish and avenge? What too will dissembling profit us, or how can we expect to deceive him, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, who pierceth into the heart’s inmost recess? Who will lay open before us the whole volume of our lives, and place in the universal view of all those thoughts, and words, and deeds of darkness, which in vain we secreted from the eyes of our fellow-creatures upon earth!—for who can escape the eyes of Omniscience?

Can tongue express, can heart conceive, the anguish which will rend our souls, when the dire sentence of condemnation shall pass—a sentence from his lips, which breathe only mercy and love to the just;—and which we despise, while calling to us upon earth, with the most pathetic invitations,—*Come unto me, and I will give you rest!* † Aggravating circumstance! We have abused his love! We might have been blessed, eternally blessed!—But now the fatal moment is arrived, “*Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels,*” ‡—is the dreadful malediction!

No, my soul, through this Redeemer’s never-changing love, we will hope, confidently hope, to avoid the horrors of this extreme distress! And, oh, that every

* Where, where for shelter shall the guilty fly?
When consternation turns the good man pale?

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† Matthew xi. 28.

‡ Matthew xxv. 41.

soul of man would, with such composed and solemn thought, meditate upon it, that joyful songs of thankfulness only might on that day be heard: that with humble trust we might approach the Judge's throne, and find in him,—not the Almighty Avenger,—but the Father, the Saviour and eternal Friend!

What can equal the goodness of our God! or what could we desire more gracious at his hands, than that he should seat upon the tribunal of justice that son, that only begotten and beloved son,* who once came to our earth, not to judge, but to be judged; who died for those sinners, on whom he is now willing to confer an eternity of bliss! †

Happy he, who, convinced of this sovereign grace, looks continually and stedfastly, with the eye of Faith, to that great day when the Saviour shall come in the clouds!—Then shall his fears be for ever removed, and all his anxious doubts shall vanish as the smoke; then, with an accent of melodious sweetness, with a look diffusing love and joy ineffable, the great Redeemer shall welcome him, together with all those who have been faithful unto death,—shall welcome them and say, *Come, ye blessed of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world!*—Nay, he shall vouchsafe to enumerate those general deeds of Christian benevolence, which such souls have performed through their faith in him: and not only enumerate but acknowledge them, as if they had been conferred upon himself, *Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.* ‡

How forcible, how affectionate a motive to us, now in the day of our pilgrimage, to be diligent, continu-

* John v. 22.

† O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My soul in praise to him, who gave my soul
And all her infinite of prospect fair,
Cut thro' the shades of hell, great love! by thee,
O most adorable! most unador'd.

‡ Matthew xxv. 40.

ally and unweariedly diligent in all such acts and offices of love! Christ will accept them, our Redeemer, our Judge, our Hope, and our All, will accept our tender charities to his members, and our fellow-creatures; will accept our works of faith, and labours of love,* as if we had been happy enough to have had an opportunity of performing them, even to his own person. And, publishing the grateful tidings to all around, he will allow us to partake of his triumph, and to enter, amidst his returning saints and angels, those regions of glory and peace, where we shall live with him, and enjoy everlasting happiness.

But we will refer to our next Chapter what we have to add respecting the peculiar blessedness of that state, and the exquisite misery reserved for those *who know not God, and who obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who will be punished with everlasting destruction, from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power, † when he shall be revealed from Heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance; and when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them who believe in that day. ‡* A passage of Scripture which cannot fail greatly to influence those who give it that attention which its importance deserves; for who can think of everlasting destruction, from the presence of the Lord, and the glory of his power, without an anxious desire to avoid that destruction, the very terror of which chills the heart.

* 1 Thessalonians i. 5.

† Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend;
My God, my Father, and my Friend!
Do not forsake me in my end!

LORD ROSCOMMON.

‡ 2 Tim. i. 7.

CHAP.

C H A P. XX.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal. MATT. xxv. 46.

ETERNAL punishment! Eternal life! What awful words! What solemn events! Who can read them, and be unconcerned! Who can think of them, and be indifferent to the momentous truths they impart?—Were our existence to terminate with the present passing scene, indulgence might be laudable, and every self-gratification right.* “Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die: let us crown ourselves with rose-buds; let none of us go without his part of our voluptuousness;” would then be the language of reason and truth.—But eternity before us—consummately blessed, or consummately wretched—and death every moment shaking his dart triumphantly over us, preparing to strike once and strike no more;—can it be possible that any rational being should remain unsolicitous, and neglect to prepare for the important realities of eternity, while chasing, with unremitting ardor, the fugitive vanities of time and sense?

Yet, alas! many beings, proud of their faculties, and boasting their superior reason—are found, are daily found, immersed in sin, and rivetted to the world;—heedless of God, of themselves, and immortality! uninfluenced by every motive of gratitude, unmoved by every argument of interest, to obey the voice of Religion and Truth, and

* If death was nothing, and nought after death!
 If when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
 Returning to the barren womb of nothing
 Whence first they sprung, then might the debauchee,
 Untrembling, mouth the heavens, and inly laugh
 At the poor bugbear death.

BLAIR'S Grave.
 to

to secure the eternal salvation of their souls! Oh, that they would indulge one serious reflection; that they would condescend awhile to meditate with us, on the miserable woe reserved for those who forget their God:—on the inexpressible comforts which they shall reap in joy, who love and serve him.

Think then, my fellow-creatures, oh! think of that awful day of which we spoke before*, and imagine, if you can, the horror which must seize the souls of those who hear the dreadful sentence, *Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire!*—Driven from the presence of God, which is itself complete and perfect joy; driven from the society of those best loved friends, whose kind remonstrances they would not hear on earth, and now—ah! fatal separation—now must never, never more hear or behold! And driven thence—aggravating circumstance! even by the condemnation of that Lord of love, who, desirous to bless and to save, freely shed even his own most precious blood, and as freely would have given them life, had they but humbly asked it.†

And were not this, only this expulsion from God, from Christ, from Heaven—of itself a hell sufficient, yet what horrors remain behind? They shall be driven into the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, whose actual and insufferable tortures shall aggravate the mind's inward horror.—Oh! *who can dwell with everlasting burnings!* ‡ yet where, where shall one drop of water be found to cool the parched tongue? Who can dwell where devils and condemned souls shall mix their mutual and insulting taunts, and upbraidings? where there shall be no society, but a society in common accusations, and where, every gentle passion expelled, the tumultuous workings of despairing minds shall miserably confuse and distract each other.

* In the last Chapter.

† Matthew xxiii. 37.

‡ Isaiah xxxiii. 14.

There too the passions, which were indulged and gratified on earth, shall become severe tormentors, ever craving, yet never finding gratification; ever consuming the anxious heart, themselves never consumed! There the worm of an accusing conscience never dieth; there the flame of self-condemnation and burning guilt shall never be quenched.*

Where shall the soul find comfort? shall it be in the companions of its earthly crimes, condemned to the same place of woe? Alas, those companions will then be found the sharpest thorns to goad the guilty mind. Fierce hate will seize the place of former love, and they will curse each other in the bitterness of their souls, as the mutual causes of each other's undoing. But, little consolation being found in accusing others, their upbraidings will speedily recoil upon themselves!† Then only will be heard—(ah me! the very thought is anguish) for ever heard, dire gnashings of teeth, weeping and wailing, execrations and sorrow.—Yet neither is this all: for though peace and rest enter not there; though one gleam of joy shall never pierce through the darkness of their distress; yet all this, and more, might be borne well, very well—did hope, fair comforter! who comes to all, did she but ever come, and cheer the wretched sufferers with the sweet alleviation, that, years on years passed by; that ages upon ages gone; a period will be put to this consummate misery, and the prisoner of hell be set free. But this hope is withdrawn!‡

* Isaiah lxvi. 24. Mark ix. 44.

† Against the Highest fiercely they blaspheme,
But then again their own mad choice condemn;
Much they curse God, but curse themselves much more,
In concert the sulphurous torrents roar. TRAPP.

‡ In Milton's Paradise Lost, we find the following tremendous description:

— He (Satan) views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible on all sides round

Oh eternity, eternity! how fearful is the thought!
And wilt thou, oh man, for the momentary delusions
of sin, plunge into this gulf of punishment unutterable,
unending!

At least, my soul, let the prospect be profitable to
thyself; and, struck abundantly with its horrors—infi-
nitely more alarming than thou canst imagine or paint
—turn thy view, and let us contemplate the more plea-
sing scene, the life eternal, and endless pleasures which
the dear Redeemer hath in store for those who, by pa-
tient continuance in well doing, seek for glory, honour,
and immortality.*

But if an inspired Apostle, who was favoured with
the rapturous prospect, declares, that it hath not even
entered into the heart of man to conceive the greatness
and excellency of the good things reserved for the righte-
ous; how shall we attempt to spell them out, dark ha-
bitants in cottages of clay! May it not suffice to know,
that the happiness we expect, will be in every view
complete? Happiness without the least mixture or alloy
of discontent or dissatisfaction!†—Pleasing truth! yet
not entirely sufficient to gratify our thirsty and inquisi-
tive souls.

In condescension to our weakness,—or perhaps I
might say—our strength—(for earnest desires after the
knowledge of immortality, doubtless bespeak the soul
immortal)—however, in great goodness certainly, the

As one great furnace flam'd: yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades; where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed,
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd!

Book I. v. 60, &c.

* Romans ii. 7.

† 1 Corinthians xiii. 12.

Lord of life has vouchsafed to us some glimpses of that future felicity,* which may render us desirous to know more, and animate every endeavour towards the possession of so exalted a good.

We feel evil so sensibly, that perhaps we can form a better idea of Heaven from its negative than its positive blessings. Who among us is a stranger to sickness, to sorrow and pain? Who among us is a stranger to the comfort which would follow an entire exemption from these corporeal evils?—Now in Heaven, our bodies spiritualized, and our souls made perfect, we shall never know pain of body, or pain of mind: sorrow and tears shall never have admission into those realms of joy.†

But happy as our state would be, freed from those cruel spoilers of our peace, yet if death and dissolution were certain, the eminence of our bliss would only render the stroke doubly dreadful. In Heaven then, to secure the perpetuity of our delight, there shall be no more death:‡ this mortal shall put on immortality—and, eternally free from pain and sorrow, we shall fear no end of the transporting scene.

Positive blessings, numberless and unutterable, shall attend these negative ones. God will not only wipe away all tears from our eyes! will not only invest us with eternal security in bliss; will not only remove every thing defiling and noxious from those regions of joy; but he himself will dwell amongst us, and be our God.§ —He, the adorable Father, with the Lamb of Love,

* Every one shall enjoy as much as they shall be able to contain, or shall be necessary to compleat their joy and perfect their happiness.

† This bottomless source of glory and bliss, shall for ever and ever overflow all the glorified in heaven, and satisfy their souls with unspeakable delights.

DRELINCOURT.

† Isaiah xxxv. 10. li. 11.

‡ Revelations xxi. 4.

§ Revelations xxi. 3.

and

and the Spirit of Holiness, shall be the object of our divine contemplation.—He, the blessed and all glorious Deity, whose presence is joy, and bliss, and heaven, shall be the life, the light, the praise of the new Jerusalem, and all its divine inhabitants! * Love shall reign triumphant in every heart: every pure and celestial desire shall be gratified to the full: every holy and devout affection shall find its adequate supply; and one uninterrupted scene of thankfulness, serenity and comfort, shall smile eternally, and eternally be found; where the harps of ten thousand times ten thousand shall unceasingly be tuned to the praises of the Father of Mercies, and the Lamb, who sitteth on the throne, for ever and ever. †

Come, then, Lord Jesus! come, and put a speedy period to this miserable world of confusion and sin! Hasten, blessed Lord, hasten thy kingdom; whence every evil shall be wholly removed, and where all good shall be found which can perfect the bliss of men and of angels! Faint and dark, indeed, are our earth-bound conceptions of this consummate glory; and of that which thou hast purchased for thy servants—purchased at a price which may justify our most elevated hopes, even at the price of thine own life, and ever precious blood! Yet through the riches of thy wondrous grace, the humble Christian, who by faith now enters into rest, hath some sweet foretaste, some pleasing anticipation of the joys to come.

Love, grateful love! looking to thee, feels a transport which enraptures the soul, fills it with sweet complacency towards all its fellow-creatures; and makes the afflictions of this transitory world light and easy to be borne—nay, which makes death itself no longer formidable, but devoutly to be wished, as the happy conveyance of an imprisoned spirit to its God and its hope: to its freedom and perfection: to its dear departed friends, and all the joys of a blissful immortality.

* Revelations xxii. 5.

† Revelations v. 11, 12, 13.

Give me, oh! give me divine Love, thou bountiful bestower of every good gift! so shall I experience the beginning of Heaven in my heart, and die with full persuasion, that the fair bud will burst into a perfect blossom—that my joys, begun in grace, will be ere long consummated in glory everlasting.*

For thee, too, my reader, let me offer up this fervent prayer: “Oh! mayest thou feel and be made perfect in the love of Christ!” so will thy life be blessed below; so will thy death be comfortable; † so wilt thou be made partaker of thy Saviour’s kingdom.

Serious and important have been the subjects which have employed our mutual meditations: may they be impressed no less strongly on thy heart than on my own: may they awaken thee, if careless, to a life of devout meditation; may they confirm thee in that life, if happily thou art already devoted to it. This, this you may be certain is the only road to peace; this, this you may rest assured of, is the only true wisdom of human nature.

Earnestly wishing thee much success in thy Christian course, I bid thee farewell; and exhort thee to keep thine eye stedfast on the author and finisher of thy salvation. All besides, will fail and forsake thee. ‡—— But a little while, and as well the hand which hath written, as the eye which reads these lines, shall become

* Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne’er forsakes.

DR. WATTS.

† What wise man would not live the life of the righteous, that his latter end may be like his? That in the agonies of death, and in the very jaws of the grave, no disturbing thoughts may discompose him, no guilty fears distract him, but he may go out of the world with all the joyful presages of eternal rest and peace.

SHERLOCK.

‡ All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond is substance.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.
cold

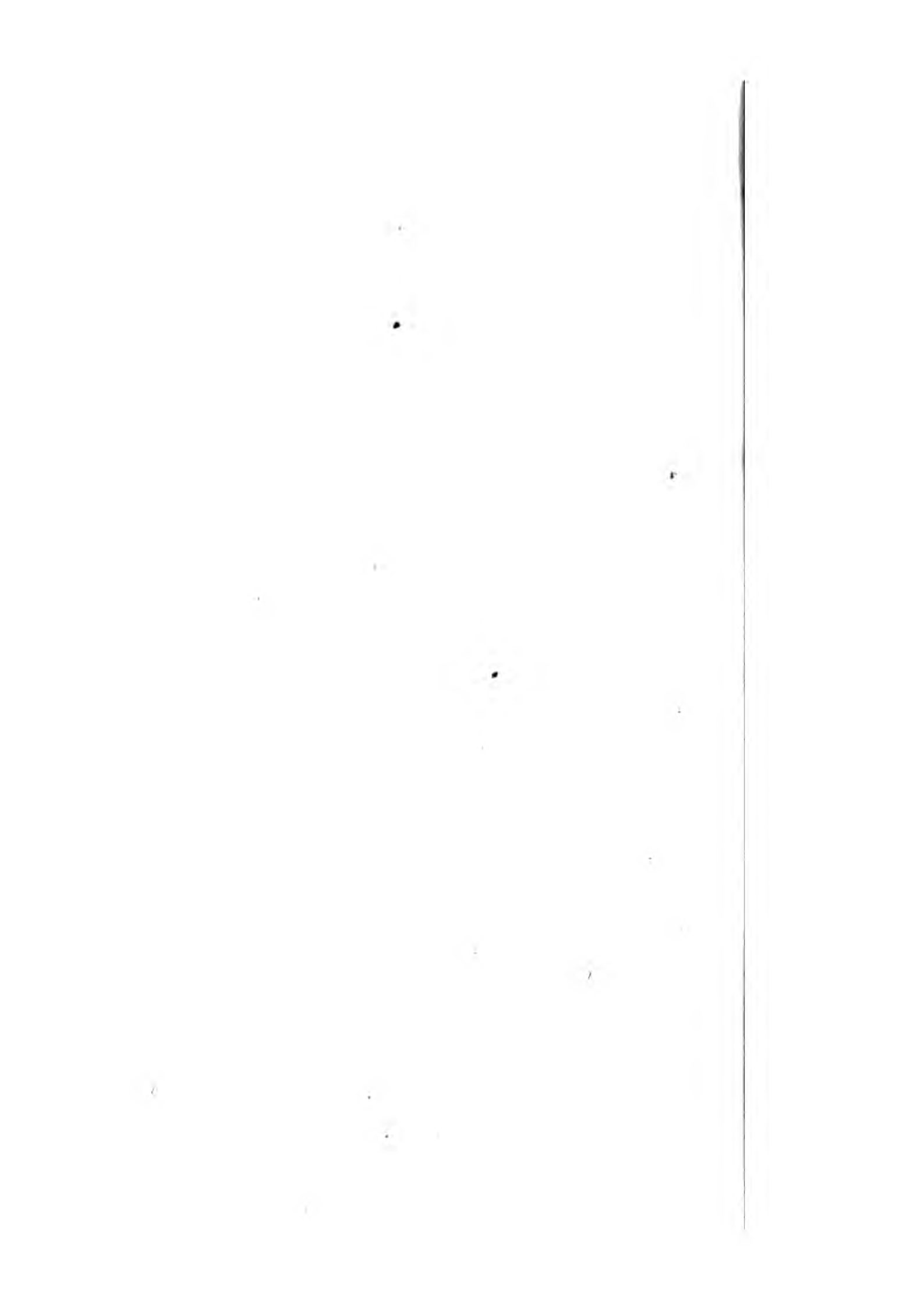
cold and inactive, and moulder in the dust: speedily, oh! my friend, our days will be completed, and we must bid an eternal adieu to all things here below! Then let us live like men conscious of this solemn truth—let us live like those who know they must ere long die; who know that they must live for ever.—So shall we make sure our own salvation;† and, however strangers to each other here, shall meet and rejoice together in that blissful kingdom above, where sorrow and affliction shall be known no more.

* Philippians ii. 12. † Peter i. 10.

Finis.



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