Mr. Hervey's Meditations &c. Vol. I.

to face the Title

J. Wall M.D. inv.t

S. F. Ravenet Sculp.

He gave Himself a Sacrifice for all.

Publishid May 2. 1748. by J. & J. Rivington.

MEDITATIONS

AND

CONTEMPLATIONS.

In TWO VOLUMES.

Containing,

VOL. I.	VOL. II.
MEDITATIONS among the TOMBS.	CONTEMPLATIONS on the NIGHT.
REFLECTIONS on a FLOWER-GARDEN;	CONTEMPLATIONS on the STARRY HEAVENS; And
And A DESCANT on CREATION.	A WINTER PIECE.

By *JAMES HERVEY*, A. B.
Late of *Lincoln-College*, *Oxon*.

The THIRD EDITION, with Additions.

VOL. I.

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M DCC XLVIII.

ADVERTISEMENT

to the Third EDITION.

I *Muſt entreat the Purchaſers of the* former *Editions, to excuſe the Freedom I have taken, in making ſome conſiderable Additions to* this. *It has been done at the Perſuaſion of ſeveral judicious Friends, who apprehended, the Piece might be more uſeful, and leſs unworthy of the public Patronage, if it touched upon ſome very intereſting Subjects, hitherto omitted. As I had no* Views, *but to render the Performance more pleaſing and ſerviceable; None, I hope, will be offended at my* Practice, *or complain of it as injurious. Nevertheleſs, as I would willingly avoid, whatever might ſeem to ſtand in Need of an Apology; I deſire Leave to declare, That no* future *Enlargements, or Alterations, ſhall be ſuffered to depretiate what, with the deepeſt Gratitude for their paſt Encouragement, I* now *commit to the Candour of the Public.*

It is owing to the delicate Deſign, the eloquent Pencil, and the ſtill more amiable Condeſcenſion of the very ingenious Dr Wall, *an eminent Phyſician at* Worceſter, *that I am enabled to preſent my Readers with the two*

beautiful and instructive Frontispieces.—— *And, that these Volumes are thus elegantly adorned, without making any other Advance in the Price, than what unavoidably arises from the additional Number of Sheets, is owing to the Generosity of my honoured Friend,* Sir THOMAS DRURY, Bart. *who, at his own Expence, furnished these costly Copper-Plates, engraved by one of the finest Hands in the Kingdom: A Favour, which I take a very peculiar Satisfaction in acknowleging, not only as it is a signal Honour to the Author and his Performance; but as it is also a pleasing and authentic Proof, that* Christianity *has its* Patrons *in the superior Stations of Life; that there are Persons, who think it no Disgrace to their distinguished Rank, and ample Fortune, to countenance every, even the weakest, Attempt to promote the Interests of true Religion.*

As for the MONUMENTAL *Plate, having considered* most *Things relating to it so largely (see Page* 34.*) I should have said nothing of it in this* Advertisement, *had it not been to lead my Readers to remark what seems to* me *an important* MORAL, *suggested in the* ARMS *of the two Families, not expressed in the Monument itself, but* purposely *inserted here.—It will on the first Inspection be observed, that the Escutcheon*

cutcheon is rent in ſunder, *to intimate the Diſſolution of the near Relation once ſo* happily *ſubſiſting. The Fragments fall to the Bottom of the Plate, as Things comparatively of* very ſmall *Conſequence, and the Motto,* SUBLIMIORA PETAMUS *, *has not only a* fine *Reference to the Device of the* Family Arms *to which it is annex'd, but may be conſidered as ſtanding in a* beautiful *Connection with that* Celeſtial Crown *placed at the Top :—placed at the Top, as the* GREAT SUBLIME OBJECT, TO THE PURSUIT OF WHICH *All, who may in* future *Generations bear thoſe* ARMS, *and All, who* now *behold them, are by theſe* elevating *Words affectionately invited.*

* LET US PURSUE SUBLIMER OBJECTS.

The FRONTISPIECE

Presents the inside View of a Church—The Floor, the Pillars, and the Walls, are interspersed with sepulchral Stones, and funeral Inscriptions—On one Side, is the Monument of an Infant, adorned with an Urn, with a weeping Statue, and inscribed with the following Epitaph —NASCENTES MORIMUR, *No sooner born, than dead.*—On a more elevated Tomb, and under an Assemblage of military Weapons, is pourtrayed a Warrior; supposed to be mortally wounded, expiring in the Attitude of Adoration, and with the Spirit of that noble Line,

O! save my Country, Heav'n! shall be thy last.

A Youth, beholding the Representation of this gallant Patriot, seems to be struck with Admiration, and charmed with Delight. A Minister diverts his Attention to an Object of infinitely higher Dignity, and greater Wonder. If the Hero died—PRO PATRIA, *In Defence of his Country:* CHRIST died—PRO INIMICIS, *For the Salvation of his Enemies.* An Instance of such disinterested, diffusive, and divine Benevolence, as makes all that Heroes have atchieved, and Patriots suffered, dwindle into Nothing, and scarce deserve our Notice.

On

On Mr HERVEY's MEDITATIONS.

IN these lov'd Scenes what rapt'rous Graces shine,
Live in each Leaf, and breathe in every Line.
What sacred Beauties beam throughout the whole,
To charm the Sense, and steal upon the Soul!
In classic Elegance, and Thoughts—his own,
We see our Faults, as in a Mirrour, shewn:
Each Truth, in glaring Characters exprest,
All own the Twin Resemblance in their Breast:
His easy Periods, and persuasive Page,
At once amend, and entertain the Age:
Nature's wide Fields all open to his View,
He charms the Mind with something ever New:
On Fancy's Pinions, his advent'rous Soul
Wantons unbounded, and pervades the Whole:
From Death's dark Caverns in the Earth below,
To Spheres, where Planets roll, or Comets glow.
See Him explore, with more than human Eyes,
The dreary Sepulchre, where Granvil *lies:*
Converse with Stones, or monumental Brass,
The rude Inscriptions,—or the painted Glass:

To gloomy Vaults descend with awful Tread,
And view the silent Mansions of the Dead.
To gayer Scenes He next adapts his Lines,
Where lavish Nature in Embroid'ry shines:
The Jess'mine Groves, the Wood-bine's fragrant Bow'rs,
With all the painted Family of Flow'rs:
There, Sacharissa! *in each fleeting Grace,*
Read all the transient Honours of thy Face.
With equal Dignity, now see Him rise
To paint the sable Horrours of the Skies:
When all the wide Horizon lies in Shade:
And midnight Phantoms sweep along the Glade:
All Nature hush'd—a solemn Silence reigns,
And scarce a Breeze disturbs the sleeping Plains.
Last, yet not less, in Majesty of Phrase,
He draws the full-orb'd Moon's expansive Blaze;
The waving Meteors, trembling from on high,
With all the mute Artill'ry of the Sky:
Systems on Systems, which in Order roll,
And dart their lambent Beams from Pole to Pole.
Hail mighty Genius, whose excursive Soul
No Bounds confine, no Limits can controul:
Whose Eye expatiates, and whose Mind can rove
Thro' Earth, thro' Ether, and the Realms above:
From Things inanimate can direct * *the Rod,*
In just Gradation, to ascend to GOD.

Taught

* In Allusion to the Custom, of shewing curious Objects, and particularizing their respective Delicacies, by the *pointing* of a Rod.

Taught by thy Lines, ſee hoary Age grows wiſe,
And all the Rebel in his Boſom dies:
E'en thoughtleſs Youth, in Luxury of Blood,
Fly the infectious World, and dare—be Good:
Thy ſacred Truths ſhall reach the impervious Heart,
Diſcord ſhall ceaſe, Diſeaſe forget to ſmart:
E'en Malice love, and Calumny commend,
Pride beg an Alms, and Av'rice turn a Friend.
Center'd in CHRIST, *who fires the Soul within,*
The Fleſh ſhall know no Pain, the Soul, no Sin:
E'en in the Terrors of expiring Breath,
We bleſs the friendly Stroke, and live—in Death.

TO

Miſs *R*—— *T*——.

MADAM,

THESE Reflections, the One on the *deepeſt*, the Other on the *gayeſt* Scenes of Nature, when they proceeded privately from the *Pen*, were addreſſed to a Lady of the moſt valuable Endowments: Who crowned all her other endearing Qualities, by a cordial Love of CHRIST, and an exemplary Conformity to his Divine Pattern. She, alas! lives no longer on Earth;

Earth; unleſs it be in the Honours of a diſtinguiſhed Character, and the bleeding Remembrance of her Acquaintance.

It is impoſſible, Madam, to wiſh You a richer Bleſſing, or a more ſubſtantial Happineſs, than that the ſame Spirit of unfeigned *Faith*, the ſame Courſe of undefiled *Religion*, which have enabled Her to triumph over Death, may both animate and adorn your Life. And you will permit me to declare, that my chief Inducement in requeſting your Acceptance of the following Meditations, now they make a public Appearance from the *Preſs*, is, that they are deſigned to cultivate the ſame ſacred *Principle*, and to promote the ſame excellent *Practice*.

Long, Madam, may you *bloom* in all the Vivacity and Amiableneſs of Youth, like the charming Subject of one of theſe Contemplations. But at

the

the ſame time remember, that, with regard to ſuch inferior Accompliſhments, You muſt one Day *fade* (may it prove ſome very remote Period!), like the mournful Objects of the other. This Conſideration will prompt You to go on, as You have begun, in adding the *Meekneſs of Wiſdom*, and all the *Beauties of Holineſs*, to the Graces of an engaging Perſon, and the Refinements of a polite Education.

AND might——O! might the enſuing Hints furniſh You with the leaſt Aſſiſtance, in proſecuting ſo deſirable an End; might they contribute, in any Degree, to eſtabliſh your Faith, or elevate your Devotion; they would, then, adminiſter to the Author ſuch a Satisfaction, as Applauſe cannot give, nor Cenſure take away: A Satisfaction, which I ſhould be able to enjoy, even in thoſe awful Moments, when all that captivates the Eye is ſinking in Darkneſs,

neſs, and every Glory of this lower World diſappearing for ever.

THESE Wiſhes, Madam, as they are a moſt agreeable Employ of my Thoughts, ſo they come attended with this additional Circumſtance of Pleaſure, that they are alſo the ſincereſt Expreſſion of that very great Eſteem, with which I am,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient,

Moſt Humble Servant,

Weſton-Favel, *near* Northampton, May 20, 1746.

JAMES HERVEY.

MEDITATIONS

AMONG THE

TOMBS.

Every Stone that we look upon, in this Repoſitory of paſt Ages, is both an Entertainment, *and a* Monitor.

Plain Dealer. Vol. I. N°. 42.

PREFACE.

THE first of these occasional Meditations begs Leave to remind my Readers of their latter End; *and would invite them to set, not their Houses only, but, which is inexpressibly more needful, their Souls, in Order: That they may be able, through all the intermediate Stages, to look forward upon their approaching Exit, without any* anxious Apprehensions: *And, when the great Change commences, may bid Adieu to terrestrial Things, with all the* Calmness *of a chearful Resignation, with all the* Comforts *of a well-grounded Faith.*

The other Attempts to ſketch out ſome little Traces of the All-ſufficiency *of our* Redeemer, *for the grand and gracious Purpoſes of everlaſting Salvation; that a Senſe of his unutterable Dignity, and infinite Perfections, may incite us to regard Him with Sentiments of the moſt profound* Veneration; *to long for an aſſured Intereſt in his Merits, with all the Ardency of* Deſire; *and to truſt in his powerful Mediation, with an* Affiance *not to be ſhaken by any Temptations, not to be ſhared with any Performances of our own.*

I flatter myſelf, that the Thoughts conceived among the Tombs *may be welcome to the* ſerious *and* humane *Mind; becauſe, as there are few, who have not conſigned the Remains of ſome dear* Relations, *or honoured* Friends, *to thoſe ſilent Repoſitories; ſo there are none, but muſt be ſenſible, that this is* the Houſe appointed for all Living; *and that they themſelves are ſhortly to remove into the ſame ſolemn Manſions.——And who would not turn aſide,*

for

for a while, from the most favourite Amusements, to view the Place, *where his once-loved* Companions lie? *Who would not some time survey those* Apartments, *where he* himself *is to take up an* Abode, *till Time shall be no more?*

As to the other little Essay, may I not humbly presume, that the very Subject itself will recommend the Remarks? For who is not delighted with the Prospect of the blooming Creation, and even charmed with the delicate Attractions *of Flowers? Who does not covet to assemble them in the Garden, or wear them in a Nosegay? Since this is a Passion so universal, who would not be willing to render it productive of the sublimest Improvement?——This Piece of* holy Frugality *I have ventured to suggest, and endeavoured to exemplify, in the Second Letter; that while the Hand is cropping the transient Beauties of a Flower, the attentive Mind may be enriching itself with solid and lasting Good.——And I cannot but entertain some pleasing Hopes, that the nicest*

Taste may receive and relish religious Impressions, *when they are conveyed by such* lovely Monitors; *when the instructive Lessons are found, not on the Leaves of some formidable* Folio, *but stand legible on the fine* Sarcenet *of a* Narcissus; *when they savour not of the* Lamp *and* Recluse, *but come breathing from the fragrant Bosom of a* Jonquil.

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MEDI-

MEDITATIONS

AMONG THE

TOMBS.

In a LETTER to a LADY.

MADAM,

TRAVELLING lately into *Cornwall*, I happened to alight at a considerable Village, in that County: Where, finding myself under an unexpected Necessity of staying a little, I took a Walk to the *Church* *. The Doors,

* I had named, in the former Edition, a *particular Church*; where many of the Monuments, described in the following Pages, *really exist*. But, as I thought it convenient, to mention some Cases *here*, which are not,

Doors, like the Heaven to which they lead, were wide open; and readily admitted an unworthy Stranger. Pleaſed with the Opportunity, I reſolved to ſpend a few Minutes under the ſacred Roof.

IN a Situation ſo *retired* and *awful*, I could not avoid falling into a Sett of Meditations, *ſerious* and *mournfully pleaſing*. Which, I truſt, were in ſome Degree profitable to *me*, while they poſſeſſed and warmed my Thoughts; and, if they may adminiſter any Satisfaction to *you*, Madam, now they are recollected, and committed to Writing, I ſhall receive a freſh Pleaſure from them.

IT was an *ancient Pile*; reared by Hands, that, Ages ago, were mouldered into Duſt.——Situate in the *Centre* of a large *Burial-Ground*; remote from all the *Noiſe* and *Hurry* of tumultuous Life.——The Body *ſpacious*; the Structure *lofty*; the whole *magnificently plain*. A Row of *regular Pillars* extended themſelves through the Midſt

not, according to the beſt of my Remembrance, referred to in any Inſcriptions *there*; I have now omitted the *Name*: that *Imagination* might operate more freely, and the *Improvement* of the Reader be conſulted, without any Thing that ſhould look like a *Variation* from the Truth of *Fact*.

Midſt; and ſupported the *Roof* with Simplicity, and with *Dignity*.——The *Light*, that paſſed through the Windows, ſeemed to ſhed a Kind of *luminous Obſcurity*; which gave every Object a *grave* and *venerable* Air.——The *deep Silence*, added to the gloomy Aſpect; and both heigthened by the Loneliness of the Place; greatly encreaſed the *Solemnity* of the *Scene*.——A Sort of *religious Dread* ſtole inſenſibly on my Mind, as I advanced, all penſive and thoughtful, along the inmoſt Iſle. Such as huſhed every *ruder Paſſion*, and diſſipated all the *gay Images* of an alluring World.

HAVING adored that *eternal Majeſty*, who, far from being confined to Temples made with Hands, has Heaven for his Throne, and the Earth for his Footſtool.——I took particular Notice of a handſome *Altar-piece*; preſented, as I was afterwards informed, by the *Maſter-Builders* of *Stow* *; out of Gratitude, I preſume, to that gracious GOD, who carried them through

 their

* The Name of a noble Seat, belonging to the late Earl of *Bath*; remarkable formerly for it's excellent Workmanſhip, and elegant Furniture; once the grand Reſort of the Quality and Gentry of the Weſt; but now demoliſhed, laid even with the Ground, and ſcarce one Stone left upon another. So that Corn may grow, or Nettles ſpring, where *Stow* lately ſtood.

their Work, and enabled them to "bring forth "the Top-ſtone with Joy."

O! how amiable is *Gratitude!* eſpecially, when it has the *ſupreme Benefactor* for it's Object. I have always looked upon Gratitude, as the moſt exalted Principle, that can actuate the Heart of Man. It has ſomething noble, diſintereſted, and (if I may be allowed the Term) generouſly devout. *Repentance* indicates our Nature fallen, and *Prayer* turns chiefly upon a Regard to one's ſelf. But the Exerciſes of Gratitude ſubſiſted in *Paradiſe*, when there was *no Fault* to deplore; and will be perpetuated in *Heaven*, when "GOD ſhall be *All* in *all*."

THE Language of this ſweet Temper is, "I "am unſpeakably obliged: What Return ſhall I "make?"—And, ſurely, it is no improper Expreſſion of an unfeigned Thankfulneſs, to decorate our Creator's Courts, and *beautify* "the "*Place* where his Honour dwelleth." Of old, the Habitation of his Feet was glorious: Let it not, now, be ſordid or contemptible. It muſt grieve an ingenuous Mind, and be a Reproach to any People, to have their own Houſes wainſcoted with *Cedar*, and painted with *Vermilion*; while the Temple of the LORD of Hoſts is deſtitute of every *decent* Ornament.

HERE

HERE I recollected, and was charmed with, *Solomon's* fine *Addreſs* to the Almighty, at the *Dedication* of his famous *Temple*. With immenſe Charge, and exquiſite Skill, he had erected the moſt rich and finiſhed Structure, that the Sun ever ſaw. Yet, upon a Review of his Work, and a Reflection on the tranſcendent Perfections of the Godhead, how he *exalts* the one, and *abaſes* the other!—The Building was too *glorious*, for the mightieſt Monarch to inhabit; too *ſacred*, for unhallowed Feet even to enter; yet infinitely too *mean*, for the Deity to reſide in. It was, and the Royal Worſhipper acknowledged it to be, a moſt marvellous Vouchſafement in uncreated Excellency, to "put his Name there." The whole Paſſage breathes ſuch a *Delicacy*, and is animated with ſuch a *Sublimity* of Sentiment, that I cannot perſuade myſelf to paſs on without repeating it. * *But will GOD indeed dwell on Earth?*

* 1 Kings viii. 27. *But will*—A fine abrupt Beginning, moſt ſignificantly deſcribing the Amazement and Rapture of the Royal Prophet's Mind.——*GOD:* He uſes no Epithet, where Writers of inferior Diſcernment would have been fond to multiply them: But ſpeaks of the Deity, as an incomprehenſible Being, whoſe Excellency is exalted above all Praiſe.—*Dwell:* To beſtow on ſinful Creatures a propitious Look, or favour them with a tranſient

Earth? Behold! The Heaven, and Heaven of Heavens, cannot contain Thee; how much less this House that I have builded?——Incomparable Saying! Worthy the wisest of Men. Who would not choose to possess such an *elevated Devotion*, rather than to own all the *glittering Materials* of that sumptuous Edifice?

WE

Visit of Kindness, would have been an unutterable Obligation: Will he then vouchsafe to fix his Abode, and take up his stated Residence among them?——*Indeed:* A Word, in this Connexion, exceedingly emphatical; expressive of a Condescension, wonderful and extraordinary almost beyond all Credibility. ——Then a most important Reason is suggested for the preceding Admiration: *Behold:* Intimating the continued, or rather the increasing Surprize of the Speaker, and awakening the Attention of the Hearer. ——*Behold! The Heaven*: The spacious Concave of the Firmament, that wide-extended Azure Circumference, in which Worlds unnumbered perform their Revolutions, is too scanty an Apartment for the Godhead.——Nay, *The Heaven of Heavens:* Those vastly higher Tracts, which lie far beyond the Limits of human Survey; to which our very Thoughts can hardly soar; even These (unbounded as they are) cannot afford an adequate Habitation for *Jehovah*; even These dwindle into a Point, when compared with the Infinitude of his Essence; even These "are "as nothing before him."—*How much less* proportionate then is this poor diminutive Speck, which I have been erecting and embellishing, to so august a Presence, so immense a Majesty?

WE are apt to be ſtruck with Admiration, at the *beautiful Grandeur* of a maſterly Performance in *Architecture*. And, perhaps, on a Sight of the ancient Sanctuary, ſhould have made the *ſuperficial Obſervation* of the Diſciples, "What manner of Stones, and what Buildings, are here?" ——But what a *nobler* Turn of Thought, and *juſter* Taſte of Things, does it diſcover, to join with *Iſrael*'s King in celebrating the *Condeſcenſion* of the *Divine Inhabitant!* That the High and Lofty One, who fills Immenſity with his Glory, ſhould, in a peculiar manner, fix his Abode there! Should *there* manifeſt an extraordinary Degree of his benedictive Preſence; permit ſinful Mortals to approach his Majeſty; and promiſe "to make them joyful in his Houſe of "Prayer!"——*This* ſhould more ſenſibly affect our *Hearts*, than the moſt *curious Arrangement* of Stones can delight our *Eyes*.

NAY, the everlaſting GOD does not diſdain to *dwell* in our *Souls*, by his Holy *Spirit*, and to make even our *Bodies* his Temple.——Tell me, ye that frame critical Judgments, and balance nicely the Diſtinctions of Things, "Is this moſt "aſtoniſhing, or moſt rejoicing?"—He *humbleth* himſelf, the Scripture aſſures us, even to *behold*

the Things that are in *Heaven* *. 'Tis a moſt condeſcending Favour, if he pleaſes to take the leaſt approving Notice of Angels and Archangels, when they bow down in Homage from their celeſtial Thrones: And yet will he graciouſly regard, will he be *intimately united* to poor, polluted, *breathing Duſt?*——O! unparallel'd Honour! Invaluable Privilege! Be This my Portion, and I ſhall not covet Crowns, nor envy Conquerors.

BUT let me remember, what a *Sanctity of Diſpoſition*, and *Uprightneſs of Converſation*, ſo exalted a Relation demands: Remember this, "and rejoice with Trembling."——Durſt I commit any Iniquity, while I tread theſe hallowed Courts? Could the *Jewiſh High-Prieſt* allow himſelf in any known Tranſgreſſion, when he made that *ſolemn* yearly *Entrance* † into the *HOLY of HOLIES*, and ſtood before the immediate Preſence of *JEHOVAH?* No, truly. In *ſuch* Circumſtances, a thinking Perſon muſt *ſhudder* at the moſt *remote* Solicitation to any wilful Offence. I ſhould *now* be ſhocked at the *leaſt* Indecency of Behaviour, and am apprehenſive of every Appearance of Evil.——And why do we not carry this *holy Jealouſy* into all

* Pſal. cxiii. 6. † Hebr. ix. 7.

all our *ordinary* Life? Why do we not, in every Place, * *reverence ourſelves*; as Perſons dedicated to the Divinity, as *living Temples* of the Godhead? For, if we are *real*, and not *merely nominal* Chriſtians, the GOD of Glory, according to his own Promiſe, † *dwells in us, and walks in us*.—O! that this *one* Doctrine of our Religion might operate, with an abiding Efficacy, upon our Conſciences! It would be inſtead of a *thouſand Laws*, to *regulate* our Conduct; inſtead of a *thouſand Motives*, to *quicken* us in Holineſs. Under the Influence of *ſuch* a Conviction, we ſhould ſtudy to maintain a *Purity* of Intention; a *Dignity* of Action; and "to walk worthy of "HIM," who has called us to this *moſt ſacred* Union with his bleſſed Self.

THE next Thing, that engaged my Attention, was the *Lettered Floor*: The Pavement, ſomewhat

* ——— παντων δε μαλις' αισχυνεο σ' αυτον, Was the favourite Maxim of *Pythagoras*, and ſuppoſed to be the beſt moral Precept, ever given to the heathen World. With what ſuperior Force, and infinite Advantage, does the Argument take Place in the Chriſtian Scheme! Where we are taught to regard ourſelves, not merely as *intellectual Beings*, that have *Reaſon* for our Monitor; but as *conſecrated Creatures*, who have a GOD of the moſt conſummate Perfection ever *with* us, ever *in us*.

† 2 Cor. vi. 16.

what like *Ezekiel*'s Roll, was written over from one End to the other. I soon perceived the Comparison to hold good in another respect, and the *Inscriptions* to be Matter of "*Mourning*, *Lamentation*, and *Woe* *." They seemed to court my Observation, and silently invite me to read them.—And what would these *dumb* Monitors inform me of?—Why, That, beneath their little Circumferences were deposited such and such *Pieces* of *Clay*, that once *lived*, and *moved*, and *talked*: That they had received a Charge to preserve their Names, and were the remaining *Trustees* of their *Memory*.

AH! said I, is such my Situation? The adorable Creator around me, and the Bones of my Fellow-Creatures under me! Surely, then, I have great Reason to cry out with the revering Patriarch, *How dreadful is this Place!* † Seriousness and Devotion become this House for ever. May I never enter it lightly or irreverently; but with a profound Awe, and godly Fear!

Oh! that they were wise! ‖ said the inspired Penman. It was his last Wish for his dear People: He breathed it out, and gave up the Ghost. —But what *is* Wisdom? It consists not in refined Speculations; accurate Researches into Nature;

* Ezek. ii. 10. † Gen. xxviii. 17. ‖ Deut. xxxii. 29.

ture; or an universal Acquaintance with History. The divine Lawgiver settles this important Point, in his next Aspiration: *Oh! that they understood this!* That they had right Apprehensions of their spiritual Interests, and eternal Concerns! That they had Eyes to discern, and Inclinations to pursue, the Things which belong to their Peace! ——But how shall they *attain* this valuable Knowledge? I send them not, adds the illustrious Teacher, to turn over all the Volumes of Literature: They may much more expeditiously acquire this Science of Life, *by considering their latter End.* This *Spark* of Heaven is often lost, under the *Glitter* of pompous Erudition; but shines clearly, in the *gloomy* Mansions of the *Tomb.* Drowned is this gentle *Whisper*, amidst the *Noise* of mortal Affairs; but speaks distinctly, in the *Retirements* of serious *Contemplation.*—— Behold! How providentially I am brought to the *School* of *Wisdom!* * The Grave is the most *faithful* † *Master*, and these Instances of Mortality

* The Man how wise! who sick of gaudy Scenes,
Is led by Choice, to take his favourite Walk
Beneath Death's gloomy, silent, cypress Shades,
Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantastic Ray:
To read his Monuments, to weigh his Dust,
Visit his Vaults, and dwell among the Tombs.
Night Thoughts.

† Wait the great Teacher, Death. *Pope.*

lity the most *instructive Lessons.*——Come then, *calm Attention*, and compose my Thoughts; Come, thou *celestial Spirit*, and enlighten my Mind; that I may so peruse these awful Pages, as to become "wise unto Salvation."

EXAMINING the Records of Mortality, I found the Memorials of a § *promiscuous Multitude*. They were *huddled*, at least, they *rested* together, without any Regard to *Rank* or *Seniority*. None were ambitious of the uppermost Rooms, or chief Seats, in this House of Mourning. None entertained fond and eager Expectations of being honourably greeted, in their darksome Cells. The *Man* of *Years* and *Experience*, reputed as an Oracle in his Generation, was content to lye down at the Feet of a *Babe*. In this House appointed for all Living, the *Servant* was equally accommodated, and lodged in the same Story, with his *Master*. The *poor Indigent* lay as softly, and slept as soundly, as the most *opulent Possessor*. All the *Distinction* that subsisted, was, A *grassy Hillock*, bound with Osiers; or a *sepulchral Stone*, ornamented with Imagery.

WHY then, said my working Thoughts, oh! why, should we raise such a mighty Stir about *Superiority* and *Precedence*; when the next Remove

§ *Mista Senum ac Juvenum densantur Funera.* Hor.

move will reduce us all to a State of *equal Meanness?* Why ſhould we exalt ourſelves, or debaſe others, ſince we muſt all one Day be upon a common Level, and blended together in the ſame undiſtinguiſhed Duſt? Oh! that this Conſideration might humble my own, and others Pride; and ſink our *Imaginations* as low, as our *Habitation* will ſhortly be!

AMONG theſe confuſed Relics of Humanity, there are, without doubt, Perſons of *contrary Intereſts, and contradicting Sentiments*: But Death, like ſome able Days-man, has laid his Hand on the contending Parties, and brought all their Differences to an * amicable Concluſion. Here Enemies, *ſworn Enemies*, dwell together in *Unity*. They drop every imbittered Thought, and forget that they once were Foes. Perhaps, their crumbling Bones *mix* as they *moulder*; and thoſe who, while they lived, ſtood aloof in *irreconcileable Variance*, here fall into *mutual Embraces*, and even incorporate with each other in the Grave.——Oh! that we might learn from theſe friendly Aſhes, not to perpetuate the *Memory* of *Injuries*; not to foment the *Fever* of *Reſentment*;

* *Hi Motus Animorum, atque hæc Certamina tanta*
Pulveris exigui Jactu compreſſa quieſcent.
Virg.

ment; nor cherish the *Turbulence* of *Passion*: that there may be as little Animosity and Disagreement in the Land of the Living, as there is in the Congregation of the Dead! — But I suspend for a while such *general* Observations, and address myself to a more *particular* Inquiry.

YONDER *white Stone*, Emblem of the Innocence it covers, informs the Beholder of One, who breathed out its tender Soul, almost in the Instant of receiving it.——There the peaceful *Infant*, without so much as knowing what Labour and Vexation mean, "* lies still and is quiet; it "sleeps and is at Rest." Staying only to wash away its native Impurity in the Laver of Regeneration, it bid a speedy Adieu to Time and terrestrial Things.——What did the little hasty Sojourner find so forbidding and disgustful in our upper World, to occasion its precipitant Exit? 'Tis written, indeed, of its suffering Saviour, that when He had tasted the Vinegar mingled with Gall, He would not drink †: And did our new-come Stranger begin to *sip* the Cup of Life, but, perceiving the *Bitterness*, turn away its Head, and refuse the *Draught*? Was this the Cause, why the wary Babe only open'd its Eyes; just looked

* Job iii. 13. † Matth. xxvii. 34.

looked on the Light; and then withdrew into the more inviting Regions of undisturb'd Repose?

O! fortunate Voyager, that wast no sooner *launched*, than *arrived* at the *Haven!* *——But *more* happy *they*, who have passed the Waves, and weathered all the Storms, of a troublesome and dangerous World; who, "thro' many "Tribulations, have entered into the Kingdom "of Heaven;" and thereby brought *Honour* to their Divine Convoy, administered *Comfort* to the Companions of their Toil, and left an instructive *Example* to succeeding Pilgrims.

O! happy Probationer! *accepted* without being *exercised!* It was thy peculiar Privilege, not to *feel* the slightest of those Evils, which *oppress* thy surviving Kindred; which frequently fetch Groans from the most manly Fortitude, or most elevated Faith. The Arrows of *Calamity*, barbed with Anguish, are *often* fixed deep in our choicest Comforts. The fiery Darts of *Temptation*, shot from the Hand of Hell, are *always* flying in Showers around our Integrity. To thee, sweet Babe, both these *Distresses* and *Dangers* were alike unknown.

CONSIDER

* Happy the Babe, who, privileg'd by Fate
To shorter Labour, and a lighter Weight,
Receiv'd but Yesterday the Gift of Breath,
Order'd To-morrow to return to Death.

Prior's *Sol.*

CONSIDER this, ye *mourning Parents*, and dry up your Tears. Why ſhould you lament, that your Little-ones are crown'd with *Victory*, before the *Sword* was drawn, or the *Conflict* begun ?——Perhaps, the ſupreme Diſpoſer of Events foreſaw ſome inevitable *Snare* of *Temptation* forming, or ſome dreadful *Storm* of *Adverſity* impending. And why ſhould you be ſo diſſatisfied with that *kind Precaution*, which *houſed* your *pleaſant Plant*, and removed into Shelter a tender Flower, before the *Thunders* roared ; before the *Lightenings* flew ; before the *Tempeſt* poured its Rage ?——O remember ! they are not *loſt*, but *taken away from the Evil to come* *.

AT the ſame time, let *Survivors*, doomed *to bear the Heat and Burden of the Day*, reflect, for their Encouragement, — That it is more honourable to have enter'd the Liſts, and to have fought the good Fight, before they come off Conquerors. They, who have *bore* the *Croſs*, and ſubmitted to afflictive Providences, with a chearful Reſignation : have girded up the Loyns of their Mind, and *performed* their Maſter's *Will*, with an honeſt and perſevering Fidelity. —Theſe, having glorified their Redeemer on Earth, will, probably, be as *Stars of the firſt Magnitude* in Heaven. They will ſhine with brighter

* Iſa. lvii. 1.

brighter Beams, be repleniſhed with ſtronger Joys, in their LORD's everlaſting Kingdom.

HERE lies the Grief of a fond Mother, and the blaſted Expectation of an indulgent Father. ——The *Youth* grew up, like a well-watered Plant; he ſhot deep, roſe high, and bid fair for Manhood: But juſt as the *Cedar* began to tower; and promiſed, ere long, to be the Pride of the Wood, and Prince among the neighbouring Trees; —behold! The *Ax* is laid unto the Root; the fatal *Blow* ſtruck; and all its *branching Honours* tumbled to the Duſt.—And did he fall alone? O! no: The Hopes of his Father that begat him, and the pleaſing Proſpects of Her that bare him, fell, and were cruſhed together with him.

DOUBTLESS, it would have pierced one's Heart, to have beheld the tender Parents following the breathleſs Boy to his long Home: Perhaps, drowned in Tears, and all overwhelmed with Sorrows, they ſtood, like weeping Statues, on this very Spot.—Methinks, I ſee the deeply-diſtreſſed Mourners attending the ſad Solemnity: How they wring their Hands, and pour Floods from their Eyes!——Is it Fancy! or do I really hear the paſſionate *Mother*, in an Agony of Affliction, taking her final Leave of *the Darling* of her Soul? Dumb ſhe remained, while the *awful Obſequies* were performing; dumb with Grief,

and leaning upon the Partner of her Woes. But now the inward Anguiſh ſtruggles for Vent; it grows too big to be repreſſed. She advances to the Brink of the Grave. All her Soul is in her Eyes. She faſtens one more Look upon the *dear doleful Object*, before the Pit ſhuts its Mouth upon him. And as ſhe looks, ſhe cries;—in broken Accent, interrupted by many a riſing Sob, ſhe cries, "Farewel, my Son! my Son! "my only Beloved!—Would to GOD I had "died for thee!——Farewel, my Child! and "farewel, all my earthly Happineſs!——I ſhall "never more ſee Good, in the Land of the Liv-"ing.—Attempt not to comfort me.——I will "go mourning, all my Days; till my grey Hairs "come down, with Sorrow, to the Grave."

FROM this affecting Repreſentation, let Parents be convinced, how highly it concerns them to *cultivate the Morals, and ſecure the immortal Intereſts* of their Children.—If you really love the Offspring of your own Bodies; if your Bowels yearn over thoſe amiable Pledges of conjugal Endearment; O! ſpare no Pains; give all Diligence, I intreat you, to "bring them up in the Nurture "and Admonition of the LORD." Then may you have Joy in their Life, or Conſolation in their Death. If their *Span is prolong'd*, their unblameable and uſeful Conduct will be the Staff of your Age, and a Balm for declining Nature.

Or,

Or, if the Number of their *Years* be *cut off* in the *midſt*, you may commit their Remains to the Duſt, with much the ſame comfortable Expectations, and with infinitely more exalted Views, than you ſend the Survivors to *Places* of *genteel Education*. You may commit them to the Duſt, with *chearing Hopes* of receiving them again to your Arms, *inexpreſſibly improved* in every noble and endearing Accompliſhment.

'Tis certainly a *ſevere Trial*, and much more afflictive than I am able to imagine, to reſign a *lovely* blooming *Creature*, ſprung from your own Loins, to the gloomy *Receſſes* of *Corruption*: after having been long dandled upon your Knees; united to your Affections by a thouſand Ties of Tenderneſs; and now become, both "the Delight "of your Eyes," and Support of your Family:— To have ſuch a one torn from your Boſom, and thrown into Darkneſs, doubtleſs, it muſt be like a *Dagger* in your Hearts.—But O! how much more cutting to you, and confounding to the Child, to have the Soul ſeparated from GOD; and for *ſhameful Ignorance*, or *early Impiety*, conſigned over to Places of eternal Torment! How would it aggravate your Diſtreſs, and add a *diſtracting Emphaſis* to all your *Sighs*, if you ſhould follow the pale Corpſe with ſuch bitter Reflections!— "This dear Creature, though "long ago capable of knowing Good from Evil,

" is gone *out* of the World, before it had learned
" the great Design of coming *into* it. A short-
" lived momentary Existence it received from
" me; but no good Instructions, no holy Admo-
" nitions, nothing to further its Well-being in
" that everlasting State, upon which it is now
" entered. The *poor Body* is consigned to the
" Coffin, and carried out to consume away in
" the cold and silent Grave. And what Reason
" have I to suppose, that the *precious Soul* is in a
" better Condition? May I not justly fear, that,
" sentenced by the righteous Judge, it is going,
" or gone away, into the Pains of endless Pu-
" nishment? — Perhaps, while I am *bewailing*
" its untimely *Departure*, it may be *cursing*, in
" outer Darkness, that ever to be deplored, that
" most calamitous *Day*, when it was born of
" such a careless ungodly Parent as I have been."

NOTHING, I think, but the Gnawings of that Worm which never dies, can equal the Anguish of these self-condemning Thoughts. The *Tortures* of a *Rack* must be an easy Suffering, compared with the *Stings* and *Horror* of such a *Remorse*.——How earnestly do I wish, that as many as are intrusted with the *Management* of *Children*, would take timely Care to prevent these intolerable *Scourges* of *Conscience*, by endeavouring to conduct their Minds into an early *Knowledge* of Christ, and a cordial *Love* of his Truth!

ON

ON this Hand is lodged one, whose Sepulchral Stone tells a most pitiable Tale indeed! Well may the *little Images*, reclin'd over the sleeping Ashes, *hang* down their *Heads* with that *pensive Air!* None can consider so mournful a Story, without feeling some Touches of sympathizing Concern.——His *Age* Twenty-eight; his Death *sudden*; himself cut down in the *Prime* of Life, amidst all the Vivacity and Vigour of *Manhood*; "while his Breasts were full of Milk, and his "Bones moistened with Marrow.——Probably, he entertained no Apprehensions of the evil Hour: And indeed, who could have suspected, that so bright a *Sun* should go down at *Noon?* To human Appearance his Hill stood strong: Length of Days seem'd written in his sanguine Countenance: He solaced himself with the Prospect of a long, long Series of earthly Satisfactions.—When, lo! an unexpected Stroke descends! descends from that mighty Arm, which "overturneth the "Mountains by the Roots, and crushes the "imaginary Hero * *before the Moth*;" as quickly, and more easily, than our Fingers squeeze such a feeble fluttering Insect to Death.

* *Job* iv. 19. לפני-עש —— *Ad instar, ad modum Tineæ.*——I retain this Interpretation, both as it is most

PERHAPS, the *nuptial Joys* were all he thought on.——Were not ſuch the Breathings of his enamoured Soul? "Yet a very little while, "and I ſhall poſſeſs the utmoſt of my Wiſhes: "I ſhall call my Charmer mine; and, in *her* "enjoy whatever my Heart can crave."—In the midſt of ſuch inchanting Views, had ſome faithful Friend but *ſoftly reminded* him of the opening Grave, and the End of all Things: how *unſeaſonable*, would he have reckoned the Admonition; and how *impertinent*, the Perſon that adminiſtered it! yet, though all warm with Life, and rich in viſionary Bliſs, he was even then tottering upon the Brink of both.——O! dreadful Viciſſitude!

moſt ſuitable to my Purpoſe, and as it is patronized by ſome eminent Commentators; eſpecially the celebrated *Schultens*. Though I cannot but give the Preference to the Opinion of a judicious Friend, who would render the Paſſage more literally, *Before the Face of a Moth*: Making it to repreſent a Creature ſo exceedingly frail, that even a Moth, flying againſt it, may daſh it to Pieces.——Which, beſides its cloſer Correſpondence with the exact Import of the *Hebrew*, preſents us with a much finer Image of the moſt extreme Imbecillity. For it certainly implies a far greater Degree of Weakneſs, to be cruſhed by the feeble Flutter of the feebleſt Creature, than only to be cruſhed as eaſily as that Creature, by the Hand of Man.—The *French* Verſion is very expreſſive and beautiful; *à la Rencontre d'un Vermiſſeau.*

Viciſſitude! to have the *bridal* * *Feſtivity* turned into the *funeral Solemnity*. O! deplorable Misfortune! to be ſhipwrecked even in the Haven! and periſh in Sight of Happineſs!—What a memorable Proof is here of the *Frality of Man*, in his *beſt Eſtate!* Look, O, look on this Monument, ye *Gay* and *Careleſs!* Attend to this Date; and boaſt no more of To-morrow!

WHO can tell, but the *Bride-maids*, girded with Gladneſs, had prepared the Marriage-Bed? Had decked it with the richeſt Covers, and dreſſed it in Pillows of Down? When—Oh! truſt not in Youth, or Strength, or in any Thing mortal; for there is nothing certain, nothing to be depended on, beneath the unchangeable GOD—Death, relentleſs Death, is making him another Kind of Bed in the Duſt of the Earth. Unto this he muſt be conveyed, not with a ſplen-

* A Diſtreſs of this Kind is painted in very affecting Colours by *Pliny*, in an Epiſtle to *Marcellinus*: *O triſte planè acerbumque Funus! O Morte ipſâ Mortis Tempus indignius! Jam deſtinata erat egregio Juveni; jam electus Nuptiarum Dies; jam nos advocati. Quod Gaudium quo Mærore mutatum eſt! Non poſſum exprimere Verbis, quantum Animo Vulnus acceperim, quum audivi Fundanum ipſum (ut multa luctuoſa Dolor invenit) præcipientem, quod in Veſtes, Margaritas, Gemmas fuerat erogaturus, hoc in Thura, & Unguenta, & Odores impenderetur.*

Plin. Lib. v. Epiſt. 16.

did Proceſſion of *joyous Attendants*, but ſtretched in the *gloomy Hearſe*, and followed by a Train of Mourners. On this he muſt take up a lonely Lodging, nor ever be releaſed, "till the Heavens are no more."——In vain does the *conſenting Fair-one* put on her Ornaments, and expect her Spouſe. Did ſhe not, like *Siſera*'s Mother, look out of the Lattice; chide the Delays of her Beloved; and wonder "why his Chariot was ſo long in coming?" Little thinking, that the *intended Bridegroom* had for ever done with tranſitory Things! That now everlaſting Cares employ his Mind, without one ſingle Remembrance of his lovely *Lucinda!*—— Go, diſappointed Virgin! go mourn the *Uncertainty* of all *created* Bliſs! Teach thy Soul to aſpire after a ſure and *immutable Felicity!* For the once gay and gallant *Fidelio* ſleeps in other Embraces; even in the icy Arms of Death! Forgetful, eternally forgetful, of the World—— and *thee*.

HITHERTO one is tempted to exclaim againſt the *King of Terrors*, and call him *capriciouſly cruel*. He ſeems, by beginning at the wrong End of the Regiſter, to have inverted the Laws of Nature. Paſſing over the Couch of decrepit Age, he has nipped *Infancy* in its *Bud*; blaſted *Youth* in its *Bloom*; and torn up *Manhood* in its full

Maturity.

Maturity.—Terrible indeed are these Providences, yet not unsearchable the Counsels.

For us they sicken, and for us they die *.

SUCH Strokes must not only *grieve* the *Relatives*, but *surprise* the whole *Neighbourhood*. They sound a powerful Alarm to heedless dreaming Mortals, and are intended as a *Remedy* for our *Carnal Security*. Such Passing-Bells inculcate loudly our LORD's Admonition: "Take ye "heed, watch, and pray: for ye know not "when the Time is."—We *nod*, like intoxicated Creatures, upon the very *Verge* of a tremendous *Precipice*. These astonishing Dispensations are the kind Messengers of Heaven, to *rouse* us from our *Supineness*, and quicken us into timely Circumspection. I need not, surely, accommodate them with Language, nor act as their Interpreter. Let every one's Conscience be awake, and this will appear their awful Meaning—"O! ye Sons of Men, in the Midst of "Life you are in Death. No State, no Circum-"stances, can ascertain your Preservation a single "Moment. So *strong* is the Tyrant's Arm, that "nothing can resist its Force; so *unerring* his "Aim, that nothing can elude the Blow: *Sud-"den* as Lightning sometimes is his Arrow "launched, and wounds and kills in the Twin-"kling of an Eye. Never promise yourselves "Safety

* Night-Thoughts.

"Safety in any Expedient, but conſtant Pre-
"paration. The fatal Shafts fly ſo promiſcu-
"ouſly, that none can gueſs the next Victim.
"Therefore, *be ye always ready; for in ſuch an*
"*Hour as ye think not*, the final Summons
"cometh."

Be Ye alſo ready, for in ſuch an Hour as Ye think not——Important Admonition! Methinks, it reverberates from Sepulchre to Sepulchre; and addreſſes me, with Line upon Line, Precept upon Precept.—The Expedient, I acknowledge, is too needful; may co-operating Grace render it effectual! The momentous Truth, though worthy to be *engraved* on a moſt *faithful* Memory, is *ſlightly ſketched* on the *tranſient* Flow of Paſſion. We ſee our Neighbours fall; we turn pale at the Shock; and feel a trembling Dread. No ſooner are they removed from our Sight; but, driven in the Whirl of Buſineſs, or lulled in the Languors of Pleaſure, we forget the Providence, and neglect its Errand. The Impreſſion made on our unſtable Minds, is like the Trace of an Arrow through the penetrated Air, or the Path of the Keel in the furrowed Wave.—Strange Stupidity! To cure it, another Monitor beſpeaks me from a neighbouring Stone. It contains the Narrative of a poor Mortal, *ſnatched* from his Friends, and *hurried* to the awful Bar;

Bar; without Leisure, either to bid the One farewel, or to put up so much as a single Prayer preparatory for the Other: killed, according to the usual Expression, by the sudden Stroke of *Casualty*.

WAS it then a random Blow? Doubtless, the Stroke came from an *aiming*, though invisible *Hand*. GOD presideth over the Armies of Heaven; GOD ruleth among the Inhabitants of the Earth; and GOD conducteth what Men call *Chance*. Nothing, nothing comes to pass through a blind and undiscerning Fatality. If Accidents happen, they happen according to the exact Foreknowledge, and in Consequence of the determinate Counsels of almighty Wisdom. The LORD, with whom are the Issues of Death, signed the *Warrant*, and gave the high *Commission*: The seemingly fortuitous *Disaster* was only the *Minister*, appointed to execute the supreme Decree. When the impious Monarch was mortally wounded, it seemed to be a casual Shot. *A certain Man drew a Bow, at a venture* *.—*At a venture*, as He thought: But his Hand was strengthened, by an omnipotent Aid; and the Shaft levelled, by an unerring Eye. So that, what we term *Casualty*, is really *Providence*; accomplishing deliberate Designs, but concealing its own Interposition.—How comforting

* 2 Kings xxii. 34.

forting this Reflection! How admirably adapted, to soothe the throbbing Anguish of the Mourners, and compose their Spirits into a quiet Submission! How excellently suited, to dissipate the Fears of godly Survivors, and create a calm Intrepidity even amidst innumerable Perils!

O! how *thin* is the *Partition* between this World and another! How *short* the *Transition* from Time to Eternity! The Partition, nothing more than the Breath in our Nostrils; and the Transition may be made in the Twinkling of an Eye.—Poor *Chremylus*, I remember, arose from the Diversion of a Card-Table, and dropt into the Dwellings of Darkness.—One Night, *Cerinna* was all Gayety in her Spirits, all Finery in her Apparel, at a magnificent Ball: The next Night, she lay pale and stiff, an extended Corpse, and ready to be mingled with the mouldering Dead.—Young *Atticus* lived to see his ample and commodious Seat completed, but not to spend one joyous Hour under the stately Roof. The Sashes were hung, to admit the Day; but the Master's Eyes are closed in Death. The Chambers were furnished, to invite Repose; but their Lord rests in the lower Parts of the Earth. The Gardens were planned, and a thousand elegant Decorations designed; but their intended Possessor is gone down to the Place of Sculls; gone down to the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

WHILE

WHILE I am *recollecting*, many, I queſtion not, are *experiencing*, the ſame tragical Viciſſitude. The Eyes of that ſublime Being,—who ſits upon the Circle of the Earth, and views all its Inhabitants with one comprehenſive Glance,—even now behold many Tents in Affliction: Such Affliction, as over-whelmed the *Egyptians* in that fatal Night, when the deſtroying Angel ſheathed his Arrows in all the Pride of their Strength.—Some, ſinking to the Floor from their *eaſy Chair*; and deaf even to the moſt piercing Shrieks of their diſtracted Relations.—Some, giving up the Ghoſt, as they are reclined, all alone, under the *ſhady Arbour*, to taſte the Sweets of the *flowery* Scene.—Some, as they ſail, aſſociated with a *Party* of *Pleaſure*, along the Silver Stream, while Wine and Muſic flow around.—Some *intercepted*, as they are returning Home; and ſome *interrupted*, as they enter upon an important Negotiation.—Some arreſted, with the *Gain* of *Injuſtice* in their Hands; and ſome ſurprized, in the immediate Act of *Lewdneſs*, or of *Cruelty*.

LEGIONS, Legions of Diſaſters, ſuch as no Prudence can foreſee, no Care prevent, lye in wait to accompliſh our Doom. A *ſtarting Horſe* may throw his Rider; and at once daſh his Body againſt the Stones, and fling his Soul into the inviſible World. A *Stack* of *Chimneys* may tumble into the Street, and cruſh the unwary Paſſen-

ger

ger under the Ruins; or, even a *Tile*, dropping from the Roof, may be as fatal as the Fall of the whole Structure.—So frail, so very attenuated is the *Thread* of Life, that it not only bursts before the *Storm*, but breaks even at a *Breeze*. The most common Occurrences, those, from which we suspect not the least Harm, may prove the Weapons of our Destruction. A Grape-stone, a despicable Fly, may be more mortal than *Goliath*, with all his formidable Armour.—Nay, if GOD give Command, our very *Comforts* become *killing*. The Air we breathe, is our Bane; and the Food we eat, the Vehicle of Death.—That last Enemy has un-numbered Avenues for his Approach. Yea; lies entrenched in our very Bosom, and holds his Fortress even in the Seat of our Life. The crimson Fluid, which *distributes Health*, is impregnated with the *Seeds* of *Death* *. Some unseen Impediment may obstruct its Passage, or some unknown Violence may divert its Course; in either of which Cases, it acts the Part of a poysonous Draught, or a deadly Stab. The *Body* is a *delicately fine* Machine; consisting of ten thousand Parts, playing

* As Man, perhaps, the Moment of his Breath,
Receives the lurking Principle of Death.
The young Disease that must subdue at length,
Grows with his Growth, and strengthens with his Strength. Pope's *Ethicks*.

ing ten thouſand Motions; and a very *ſmall Pin* taken out, may diſconcert the whole Frame; a *ſingle Wheel* clogged, may put a Stop to all the vital Movements.

SINCE then we are ſo liable to be diſpoſſeſſed of our earthly Tabernacle, let Us look upon Ourſelves only as *Tenants at Will*; and hold Ourſelves in perpetual Readineſs, to depart at a Moment's Warning. Without ſuch an *habitual* Holineſs, we are like Wretches, that ſleep on the Top of a Maſt; while a horrid Gulph yawns, or furious Waves rage below. And where can be the Peace, what the Satisfaction of ſuch a State?—Whereas, a prepared Condition will inſpire a Chearfulneſs of Temper, not to be ruffled by every low Vexation; and create a Firmneſs of Mind, not to be overthrown by the moſt threatening Dangers. When the *City* is fortified with Walls, furniſhed with Proviſion, guarded by able and reſolute Troops; what have the *Inhabitants* to fear? what may they not enjoy? So, juſt ſo, or rather by a *much ſurer* Band, are connected the *real* Taſte of Life, and *conſtant* Thought of Death.

I SAID, *Our very Comforts may become killing.*—And ſee the Truth inſcribed by the Hand, ſealed with the Signet of Fate. The Marble, which graces yonder Pillar, informs me, that near it, are

are depoſited the Remains of my valuable Friend *Sophronia*; who *died* in *Child-bed*.—How often does this Calamity happen! The Branch ſhoots, but the Stem withers. The Babe ſprings to Light; but She that bare Him, breathes her laſt. She gives Life, but (O pitiable Conſideration!) gives it at the Expence of her own; and becomes, at once, a *Mother*, and a *Corpſe*.—Or elſe, perhaps, She expires in ſevere Pangs, and is Herſelf a Tomb for her Infant; while the melancholy Complaint of a Monarch's Woe, is the Epitaph for them both: *The Children are come to the Birth, and there is not Strength to bring forth* *.—Leſs to be lamented, in my Opinion, *this* Miſfortune, than the *other*. Better, for the tender Stranger, to be ſtopped in the Porch; than to enter, only to converſe with Affliction. Better, to find a Grave in the Womb; than to be expoſed on a hazardous World, without the Guardian of its infantile Years, without the faithful Guide of its Youth.

THIS Monument is diſtinguiſhed by its finer Materials, and more delicate Appendages. It ſeems to have taken its Model, from an affluent Hand; directed by a generous Heart; that thought, it could never do enough for the Deceaſed.—It ſeems alſo, to exhibit an *emblematical Picture*

* Iſa. xxxvii. 3.

Picture of *Sophronia*'s Perſon and Accompliſhments. Is her Beauty, or *more* than Beauty, her white-robed Innocence, repreſented by the ſnowy *Colour?* The *Surface*, ſmoothly poliſhed, like her amiable Temper, and engaging Manners: The *Whole* elegantly adorned, without either extravagant Pomp, or ſordid Negligence; like her undiſſembled Goodneſs, remote from the leaſt Oſtentation, yet in all Points exemplary.—But ah! how vain were all theſe endearing Charms! How vain the Luſtre of thy ſprightly Eye! How vain the Bloom of thy bridal Youth! How vain the Honours of thy ſuperior Birth! How *unable* to *ſecure* the lovely Poſſeſſor, from the *ſavage Violence* of Death.—How ineffectual the univerſal Eſteem of thy Acquaintance; the Fondneſs of thy tranſported Huſband; or even the ſpotleſs Integrity of thy Character; to prolong thy Span, or procure Thee a ſhort Reprieve!—The Concurrence of all theſe Circumſtances, reminds me of thoſe beautiful and tender Lines,

How lov'd, how valu'd *once, avails Thee not;*
To Whom related, or by Whom begot.
A Heap of Duſt alone remains of Thee:
'Tis all THOU *art!—and all the* PROUD
ſhall be! *

YET

* Theſe Verſes, are inſcribed on a ſmall but very elegant Monument, lately erected in the great Church at

YET, though unable to divert the Stroke, Chriſtianity is ſovereign to pluck out the Sting of Death. Is not this the ſilent Language of thoſe *Lamps*, that burn; that *Heart*, which flames; thoſe

at *Northampton*: Which, in the *Hieroglyphical* Decorations, correſponds with the Deſcription introduced on this Subject; and particularly, that it is dedicated to the Memory of an *amiable* Woman, Mrs ANNE STONHOUSE; the excellent Wife of my *worthy* Friend Dr STONHOUSE: who has had the Diſtreſs, to ſee all the Efforts of that *healing* Art, to which I, and ſo many Others have been *greatly* indebted, failing in their Attempts to preſerve a Life *much dearer* to Him than his own.

Nec proſunt Domino, quæ proſunt omnibus Artes.
Ov. Metam.

But He has ſought ſome Conſolation, in the midſt of this *tender* Anguiſh; by teaching the ſepulchral Marble to ſpeak, at once, his Eſteem for *her Memory*; and his Veneration for *that Religion*, which She ſo eminently adorned; by ſumming up her Character, in that conciſe, but comprehenſive Sentence, A SINCERE CHRISTIAN. *Conciſe* enough, to be the Motto for a mourning Ring; yet as *comprehenſive*, as the moſt enlarged Sphere of perſonal, ſocial, and religious Worth. For, whatſoever Things are pure, whatſoever Things are lovely, whatſoever Things are of good Report, are they not all included in that grand and noble Aggregate, *A ſincere Chriſtian?*

The firſt Lines, conſidered in ſuch a Connection, are wonderfully plaintive and pathetic.

How

those *Palms*, that flourish; that *Crown*, which glitters, in the well-imitated and gilded Marble? Do

How lov'd, how valu'd *once, avails Thee not;*
To Whom related, or by Whom begot.

They sound, at least in *my* Ears, like the Voice of Sorrow, mingled with Admiration. The Speaker seems to have been lost, for a while, in melancholy Contemplation; suddenly breaks out into this abrupt Encomium; then, melts into Tears, and can proceed no farther. Yet, in this Case, how eloquent is Silence! While it hints the universal Esteem, which attended, the Superiority of Birth, which distinguished, the Deceased; it expresses, beyond all the Pomp of Words, the yearning Affection, and Heart-felt Distress of the *Husband*. Amidst a Group of monumental Marbles, which are lavish of their Panegyric, this, I think, resembles that incomparable Address of the Painter; who, having placed, round a beautiful expiring Virgin, her Friends in all the Agonies of Grief; represented the *unequalled* Anguish of the *Father*, with far greater Liveliness and Strength, or rather with an inexpressible Emphasis, by drawing a Veil over his Face.

If the last Lines, are a wide Departure from the beaten Track of our modern Epitaphs, and the very Reverse of their high-flown Compliments,

A Heap of Dust alone remains of Thee:
'Tis all THOU *art!—and all the* PROUD *shall be!*

they are not without their Precedent, and that of the most consummate Kind. Since they breathe the very Spirit of that sacred Elegy, in which all the Heart of

Do they not, to the discerning Eye, describe the Vigilance of her Faith; the Fervency of her Devotion;

the Hero, and the Friend seem to be dissolved; *How are the Mighty fallen, and the Weapons of War perished!* 2 Sam. i. 27.—They remind the Reader, of that awful Lesson, which was originally dictated by the supreme Wisdom; *Dust thou art, and unto Dust Thou shalt return*, Gen. iii. 19.—They inculcate, with all the Force of the most convincing Evidence, that solemn Admonition, delivered by the Prophet; *Cease Ye from Man, whose Breath is in his Nostrils; for wherein is HE to be accounted of?* Isai. ii. 22.

That no Reader, however inattentive, might mistake the Sense and Design of *this* Part of the *fourth* Line,

'Tis ALL *Thou art!*——

it is guarded above and beneath.—*Above*, is an expanded Book, that seems to be waved, with an Air of Triumph, over the Emblem of Death; which we cannot but suppose to be the Volume of Inspiration, as it exhibits a Kind of *Abridgement* of its whole Contents, in those animated Words, BE YE NOT SLOTHFUL, BUT FOLLOWERS OF THEM, WHO THROUGH FAITH AND PATIENCE INHERIT THE PROMISES, *Heb.* vi. 12.—*Beneath*, that every Part might be pregnant with Instruction, are those striking Reflections, worthy the deep Consideration of the *highest* Proficient in Knowledge and Piety, yet obvious to the Understanding of the most *untaught* Reader; LIFE, HOW SHORT! ETERNITY, HOW LONG!—May my Soul learn the *forcible* Purport of this *short* Lesson, in the contracted Span of *Time!* and

Devotion; her Victory over the World; and the celeſtial Diadem, which the LORD, the righteous Judge, ſhall give her at that Day? *

How happy the Huſband, in ſuch a Sharer of his Bed, and Partner of his Fortunes! Their Inclinations were nicely-tuned *Uniſons*, and all their Converſation was *Harmony*. How ſilken the Yoke to ſuch a Pair, and what Bleſſings were twiſted with ſuch Bands! Every Joy was heightened, and every Care alleviated. Nothing ſeemed wanting to conſummate their Bliſs, but a hopeful Progeny, riſing around them.—That they might ſee *Themſelves* multiplied in their little Ones; ſee their mingled Graces transfuſed into their Offspring; and feel the Glow of their Affection *augmented*, by being *reflected* from their Children. "Grant Us this Gift, ſaid their "united Prayers, and our Satisfactions are "crowned; We requeſt no more."

and all *Eternity* will not be too long to rejoyce in having learned it.

As the Doctor has ordered a little Copper Plate of the Monument to be engraven, for a few of his particular Acquaintance; He has indulged me in the Liberty of preſenting my Readers with the Draught, at the End of this *Part of my Work; to which therefore I refer them, for a* farther *Illuſtration of the Deſcription.*

* 2 Tim. iv. 8.

ALAS! how *blind* are Mortals to *future* Events! How unable to discern, what is really Good! * *Give me Children*, said *Rachel*, *or else I die* †. An Ardour of Impatience altogether unbecoming; and as mistaken, as unbecoming. She dies, not by the *Disappointment*, but by the *Accomplishment*, of her Desire. If Children are, to Parents, like a flowery Chaplet, whose Beauties blossom with Ornament, and whose Odours breathe Delight; Death, or some fell Misfortune, may find Means to entwine themselves with the lovely Wreathe. Whenever our Souls are poured out, with passionate Importunity, after any inferior Acquisition; it may be truly said, in the Words of our divine Master, *Ye know not what Ye ask*.—Does Providence with-hold the Thing that We long for? It denies in Mercy; and only with-holds the Occasion of our Misery, if not the Instrument of our Ruin. With a sickly Appetite, We often loathe what is wholsome, and linger after our Bane. Where, *Imagination* dreams of unmingled *Sweets*; There, *Experience* frequently finds the *Bitterness* of Woe.

THERE-

* *Nescia Mens Hominum Fati Sortisque futuræ!*
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum,
Intactum Pallanta; & cum Spolia ista Diemque
Oderit. Virg.

† Gen. xxx. 1.

THEREFORE, may We covet immoderately, neither *this*, nor *that* Form of earthly Felicity; but refer the whole of our Condition to the Choice of unerring Wisdom. May We learn to renounce our own Will; and be ready to make a Sacrifice of our warmest Wishes, whenever they run counter to the good Pleasure of GOD. For, indeed, as to obey his Laws, is to be perfectly free; so, to *resign Ourselves* to his Disposal, is to *establish* our own *Happiness*, and to be secure from Fear of Evil.

HERE, a small and plain Stone is placed upon the Ground. Purchased, One would imagine, from the little Fund, and formed by the Hand, of Frugality itself. Nothing costly: not one Decoration added: only a very short Inscription: and that so effaced, as to be scarcely intelligible. —Was the Depositary unfaithful to its Trust? Or were the Letters worn, by the frequent Resort of the surviving Family; to mourn over the Grave, and revive the Remembrance of a most valuable and beloved Relative?—For I perceive, upon a closer Inspection, that it covers the Remains of a Father. A *religious Father*; snatched from his growing Offspring, before they were settled in the World, or so much as their Principles fixed by a thorough Education.

THIS, ſure, is the moſt complicated Woe, that has hitherto come under our Conſideration. The *Solemnities* of ſuch a *dying Chamber*, are ſome of the moſt melting and melancholy Scenes imaginable.—There lies the affectionate Huſband, the indulgent Parent, the faithful Friend, and the generous Maſter. He lies in the laſt Extremities, and on the very Point of Diſſolution. Art has done its All. The raging Diſeaſe mocks the Power of Medicine. It haſtens, with reſiſtleſs Impetuoſity, to execute its dreadful Errand; to rend aſunder the ſilver Cord of Life, and the more delicate Tye of mutual Love.

A *Servant* or two, from a revering Diſtance, caſt many a wiſhful Look, and condole their honoured Maſter in the Language of Sighs. The condeſcending Mildneſs, with which *He* was want to give, and the dutiful Alacrity, with which *they* always received, his eaſy Commands; now imbitter their Grief, and make it trickle plentifully down their honeſt Cheeks.——His *Friends*, who have ſo often gladdened his Mind with their enlivening Converſe, are miſerable Comforters. A ſympathizing and mourning Pity, is all the Relief, they are able to contribute: unleſs it be augmented by their ſilent Prayers for the divine Succour, and a Word of Conſolation ſuggeſted from the Scripture.—Thoſe poor Innocents, the *Children*, croud around

round the Bed; drowned in Tears, and almoſt frantic with Grief, they ſob out their little Souls, and paſſionately cry; "Will He leave Us? "Leave Us, in a helpleſs Condition! Leave "Us, to an injurious World!"—Theſe ſeparate Streams are all united in the diſtreſſed *Spouſe*, and over-whelm her Breaſt with a Tide of Sorrows. In Her, the *Lover* weeps; the *Wife* mourns; and all the *Mother* yearns. To her, the Loſs is beyond Meaſure aggravated, by Months and Years of *delightful* Society, and *exalted* Friendſhip. Where; alas! can She find ſuch *cordial* Affection, or repoſe ſuch *unreſerved* Confidence? Where find ſo *diſcreet* a Counſellor; ſo *improving* an Example; and a Guardian, ſo ſeduloufly attentive to the Intereſts of herſelf, and her Children? See! how She hangs over the languiſhing Bed; moſt tenderly ſollicitous to ſoothe the bitter Agonies of her *dearer Self*; and, if it were poſſible, lengthen out a Life, on which her own Comfort, and the Support of her little Ones, principally depend. Behold her Hands, trembling under direful Apprehenſions, yet wiping the cold Dews from the livid Cheeks; ſometimes, ſtaying the ſinking Head on her gentle Arms, or reſting it on her compaſſionate Boſom. See! how She gazes, with a ſpeechleſs Ardour, on the pale Countenance, and meagre

Features.

Features. While all her ſoft Paſſions beat unutterable Fondneſs, and her whole Soul is wounded with exquiſite Anguiſh.

THE *Sufferer*, all patient and adoring, yields to the divine Will; and, by Submiſſion, becomes ſuperior to his Affliction. He is ſenſibly touched with the diſconſolate State of his Attendants; and pierced with an anxious Concern, for the Wife, who will ſoon be a *deſtitute Widow*; for the Children, who will ſoon be *fatherleſs Orphans*. Yet, "though caſt down, not in Deſpair." He is greatly refreſhed, by his Truſt in the everlaſting Covenant, and his Hope of approaching Glory. Religion gives a Dignity even to Diſtreſs. At each Interval of Eaſe, he comforts his very Comforters; and ſuffers with all the Majeſty of Woe.

THE *Soul*, juſt going to abandon the tottering Clay, collects all her Force, and exerts her *laſt* Efforts. The good Man raiſes himſelf on his Pillow; extends a kind Hand to his Servants, which is bathed in Tears; takes an affecting Farewell of his Friends; claſps his Wife in a feeble Embrace; kiſſes the dear Pledges of their mutual Love; and then pours all that remains of Life and of Strength, into the following Words;—"I die, *my* dear *Children*: but GOD, the ever-"laſting GOD, will be with You.—Though

"You

"You lose an earthly Parent; You have a Father in Heaven, who lives for evermore.—"Nothing, Nothing but an unbelieving Heart, "and irreligious Life, can ever separate You, "from the Regards of his Providence—from the "Endearments of his Love."

He could go no farther. His Heart was full, but Utterance failed.——After a short Pause, prompted by affectionate Zeal, with Difficulty, great Difficulty, He added;—"You, the dear "*Partner* of my Soul, You are now the only "Protector of our Orphans.—I leave You under "a Weight of Cares.—But God, who defend-"eth the Cause of the Widow—God, whose "Promise is Faithfulness and Truth—God hath "said, *I will never leave Thee, nor forsake Thee* *. "—This revives my drooping Spirits—Let this "support the Wife of my Bosom—And now, "O Father of Compassions, into thy Hands I "commend my Spirit—and encouraged by thy "*promised* Goodness *I leave my fatherless*——

Here He fainted: fell back upon the Bed; and lay, for some Minutes, bereft of his Senses. As a *Taper*, upon the very Point of Extinction, is sometimes suddenly rekindled, and leaps into a quivering Flame: So *Life*, before it totally expired,

* Heb. xiii. 5.

pired, gave a parting Struggle, and once more looked Abroad from the opening Eye-lids.— He would fain have ſpoke; fain have uttered the Sentence, He began. More than once He aſſayed: but the *Organs* of *Speech* were become like a broken Veſſel; and nothing but the *obſtructing Phlegm* rattled in his Throat. His *Aſpect*, however, *ſpoke* Affection inexpreſſible. With all the Father, all the Huſband, ſtill living in his Looks; He takes one more View of thoſe *dear Creatures*, whom he had often beheld with a parental Triumph. He turns his dying Eyes on that *beloved Woman*, whom he never beheld but with a Glow of Delight. Fixed in this Poſture, amidſt Smiles of Love, and under a Gleam of Heaven, they ſhine out their laſt.

UPON this, the ſilent Sorrow burſts into loud Laments. They weep, and refuſe to be comforted. 'Till ſome Length of Time had given Vent to the Exceſs of Paſſion, and the Conſolations of Religion had ſtanched their bleeding Woes. Then, the afflicted Family ſearch for the Promiſe which fell unfiniſhed from thoſe loved, thoſe venerable and pious Lips. They find it recorded by the Prophet *Jeremiah*, containing the Direction of infinite Wiſdom, and the Promiſe of almighty Goodneſs; *Leave thy fatherleſs Children; I will preſerve them alive; and let thy Wi-*

dows

dows trust in me *.—This *now* is the *Comfort* of their Life, and the *Joy* of their Heart. They treasure it up, in their Memories, as a most valuable *Legacy*. They rely upon it, as an *inexhaustible* Fund, to supply *all* their Necessities; and to ensure the Blessing of Success on all their *honest* Labours. They are rich; they are happy; in this *sacred* Pledge of the divine Favour. They fear no Evil; they want no Good; because God is their Guide, and their Guardian God.

No sooner turned from one *Momento* of my own, and Memorial of another's *Decease*, but a second, a third, a long Succession of these melancholy Monitors croud upon my Sight †.—That which has fixed my Observation, is one of a more *grave* and sable *Aspect* than the former. I suppose, it preserves the Relics of a more aged Person. One would conjecture, that he made somewhat of a Figure in his Station among the Living, as his Monument does among the Funeral Marbles. Let me draw near, and inquire of the Stone, "*Who*, or *what* is beneath its Surface?"—I am inform'd, He was once the *Owner* of a *considerable Estate*; which was *much improved* by his own Application and Management:

* Jerem. xlix. 11.

† ——— *Plurima Mortis Imago.* Virg.

ment: That, he left the World in the *busy* Period of Life; advanced a little beyond the *Meridian.*—Probably, replied my musing Mind, one of those *indefatigable Drudges*, who rise early; late take Rest; and eat the Bread of Carefulness; not to secure the *Loving-kindness* of the LORD: not to make Provision for any *reasonable* Necessity: but only to *amass* together ten thousand times more, than they can possibly *use.* Did he not lay Schemes for inlarging his Fortune, and aggrandizing his Family? Did he not purpose to join Field to Field, and add House to House; till his *Possessions* were almost as vast, as his *Desires!* That, then, he would * sit down, and enjoy what he had acquired; breathe a while from his toilsome Pursuit of Things temporal, and, perhaps, think a little of Things eternal.

BUT see the *Folly* of *worldly Wisdom!* How *silly*, how *childish*, is the Sagacity of (what is called) *manly* and *masterly* Prudence; when it contrives more solicitously for TIME, than it provides for ETERNITY! How strangely *infatuated* are those *subtil* Heads, that weary themselves in concerting Measures for *Shadows* of a *Day*, and scarce bestow a Thought on *everlasting Realities.*—When *every Wheel* moves on smoothly;

* *Hac mente laborem*
Sese ferre, senes ut in otia tuta recedant,
Aiunt, cum sibi sint congesta cibaria. Hor.

ſmoothly; when all the *well-diſpoſed Deſigns* are ripening apace for Execution; and the long-expected *Criſis* of *Enjoyment* ſeems to approach; behold! God from on high laughs at the *Babel-builder*; Death touches the labour'd Bubble, and immediately it breaks. The *Cobweb*, moſt *finely ſpun* indeed, but more *eaſily diſlodged*, is ſwept away in an Inſtant; and all the abortive Projects are buried, in the ſame Grave, with their Projector. So true is that *Verdict*, which the Wiſdom from above paſſes on theſe *ſucceſsful Unfortunates*: "They walk in a vain Shadow, and "diſquiet themſelves in vain *."

Speak, ye, that attended ſuch a one in his laſt Minutes; ye, that heard his *expiring Sentiments*; did he not cry out, in the Language of diſappointed Senſuality, "O Death! How ter-"rible is thy Approach, to a Man that has *de-"voted* himſelf to the Purſuit of *preſent* Satiſ-"factions, and exerciſed no Concern for the "never-ending *Hereafter!* Where, alas! is the "*Profit*, where the *Comfort*, of entering deep "into the Knowlege, and of being dextrous in "the Diſpatch, of *earthly Affairs*; ſince I have, "all the while, neglected *the one Thing needful?* "O deſtructive Miſtake! I have been attentive "to every *inferior Intereſt*, I have laid myſelf "out on the *Trifles* of a *Moment*; but have diſ-

"regarded

* Pſalm xxxix. 6.

" regarded *Heaven*, have forgot *eternal Ages!*"
" Oh! that my Days"——Here, He was going on to breathe ſome *fruitleſs Wiſhes*; or to form, I know not what, *ineffectual Reſolutions*. But, a ſudden Convulſion ſhook his Nerves; diſabled his Tongue; and, in leſs than an Hour, diſſolved his Frame.

MAY the *Children of this World* be warned, by the dying Words of an unhappy Brother; and gather *Advantage*, from his *Misfortune*. Why ſhould they pant, with impatient Ardor, after *White* and *Yellow Earth*; as if the Univerſe did not afford ſufficient, for every one to take a little? Why ſhould they *lade* themſelves with *thick Clay*, when they are to " *run* for an " incorruptible Crown, and preſs towards the " Prize of their high Calling?" Why ſhould they over-load the Veſſel, in which their *everlaſting* ALL is embarked; or fill their Arms with *Superfluities*, when they are to ſwim for their *Lives?* Yet, ſo prepoſterous is the Conduct of thoſe Perſons, who are *all Induſtry*, to heap up an Abundance of the Wealth which periſheth; but are ſcarce ſo much as *faintly deſirous*, of being rich towards GOD.

O! that we may walk from henceforth through all theſe glittering Toys, at leaſt with a wiſe *Indifference*, if not with a ſuperior *Diſdain!* Having enough for the Conveniencies of Life, let us only

accommodate

accommodate ourselves with Things below, and *lay up our Treasures* in the Regions above.—Whereas, if we indulge an *anxious Concern*, or lavish an *inordinate Care*, on any transitory Possessions; we shall *rivet* them to our Affections with so firm an Union, that the utmost *Severity* of *Pain* must attend the *separating Stroke*. By such an *eager Attachment* to what will certainly be ravished from us, we shall only insure to ourselves *accumulated Anguish* against the agonizing Hour: We shall plant aforehand our *dying Pillow* with *Thorns* *.

SOME, I perceive, arrived at *Threescore Years and ten*, before they made their Exit; nay, some few resigned not their Breath, till they had numbered *Fourscore* revolving Harvests.—These, I would hope, "remembred their Creator in the "Days of their Youth;" before their *Strength* became *Labour* and *Sorrow*:—Before that low Ebb of languishing Nature, when *the Keepers of the House tremble, and those that look out of the Windows are darkened* †; when, even the Lighting

* Lean not on Earth; 'twill pierce thee to the Heart;
A broken Reed at best, but oft a Spear;
On its sharp Point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires.
Night Thoughts, No. 3.

† Eccles. xii. 3, 5. I need not inform my Reader, that, by the *former* of these *figurative* Expressions, is signified

ing down of *the Grasshopper is a Burthen* on the bending Shoulders, *and Desire* itself *fails* in the listless, inactive, lethargic Soul:—Before those heavy Hours come, and those tiresome Moments draw nigh; in which, there is too much Reason to say, *We have no Pleasure in them*; no Improvement from them.

If their Lamps were unfurnished with Oil, how unfit must they be, in such decrepit Circumstances, to go to the Market, and buy *? For, besides a Variety of Disorders, arising from the enfeebled Constitution; their Corruptions must be surprisingly strengthened, by such a long Course of Irreligion. *Evil Habits* must have *struck* the deepest *Root*; must have *twisted* themselves with every *Fibre* of the Heart; and be as thoroughly *ingrained* in the *Disposition*, as the Soot in the *Ethiopian*'s Complexion, or the Spots in the Leopard's Skin. If such a one, under such Disadvantages, surmounts all the Difficulties that lie in his Way to Glory, it must be a great and mighty Salvation indeed. If such a one

signified The *enervated* State of the *Hands* and *Arms*; by the *latter*, the *Dimness* of the *Eyes*, or the total *Loss* of *Sight*: that, taken in Connection with other Parts of the Chapter, they exhibit, in a Series of *elegant Similitudes*, a Description of the *various Infirmities*, which accompany *Old Age*.

* Matt. xxv. 9.

one eſcapes Deſtruction, and is ſaved at the laſt, it muſt, without all peradventure, be—*ſo as by Fire* *.

THIS is the Seaſon that ſtands in need of *Comfort*, and is very improper to enter upon the *Conflict*. The Huſbandman ſhould now be putting in his Sickle, or eating the Fruit of his Labours; not beginning to break up the Ground, or ſcatter the Seed.—Nothing, 'tis true, is impoſſible with GOD: He ſaid, *Let there be Light, and there was Light:* Inſtantaneous Light, diffuſed, as quick as Thought, through all the diſmal Dominion of primeval Darkneſs. At his Command, a Leproſy of the longeſt Continuance, and utmoſt Inveteracy, departs in a Moment. He can, in the Greatneſs of his Strength, quicken the Wretch, that has lain dead in Treſpaſſes and Sins, not *four Days* only, but *fourſcore Years*.—Yet truſt not, O truſt not, a Point of ſuch *inexpreſſible Importance*, to ſo *dreadful* an *Uncertainty*. GOD may ſuſpend his Power; may withdraw his Help; may ſwear in his Wrath, that ſuch Abuſers of his Long-ſuffering ſhall "never enter into his Reſt."

YE therefore, that are *vigorous in Health*, and *blooming in Years*, improve the precious Opportunity. Improve your *golden* Hours to the *nobleſt* of all Purpoſes: Such as may render You *meet* for the Inheritance of Saints in Light; and

 aſcertain

* 1 Cor. iii. 15.

aſcertain your *Title* to a State of *immortal Youth*, to a Crown of *eternal Glory* *.—Stand not, all the *Prime* of your *Day*, idle: trifle no longer with the Offers of this immenſe Felicity: but make *Haſte*, and *delay not* the Time, to keep GOD's Commandments. While you are loitering in a *gay Inſenſibility*, Death may be bending his Bow, and marking you out for ſpeedy Victims.—Not long ago I happened to 'ſpy a thoughtleſs *Jay*. The poor Bird was idly buſied in dreſſing his pretty Plumes, or hopping careleſly from Spray to Spray. A Sportſman coming by, obſerves the feathered Rover. Immediately he lifts the Tube, and levels his Blow. Swifter than Whirlwind flies the leaden Death; and, in a Moment, lays the ſilly Creature, breathleſs on the Ground.

* May I be permitted to recommend, as a Treaſure of ineſtimable Value, and a Treatiſe particularly appoſite to my Subject, Dr *Lucas*'s Enquiry after Happineſs? That Part eſpecially, which diſplays the Method, and enumerates the Advantages of *Improving Life, or Living much in a little Time*. Chap. III. p. 158. of the 6th Edit.——An *Author*, in whom the Gentleman, the Scholar, and the Chriſtian, are moſt happily united.——A *Performance*, which, in Point of ſolid Argument, unaffected Piety, and a Vein of Thought amazingly fertile, has, perhaps, no Superior.——Nor can I wiſh my Reader a more refined Pleaſure, or a more ſubſtantial Happineſs, than that of having the Sentiments of this entertaining and pathetic Writer, wove into the very Texture of his Heart.

Ground.—Such, *ſuch*, may be the Fate of the Man, that has a fair Occcaſion of *obtaining* Grace To-day, and wantonly *poſtpones* the Improvement of it till To-morrow. He may be cut off in the midſt of his Folly, and ruined *for ever*, while he is dreaming of being *wiſe hereafter*.

SOME, no doubt, came to this their laſt Retreat, *full of Piety*, and *full of Days*; "as a "Shock of Corn, ripe with Age, and laden with "Plenty, cometh in, in his Seaſon *."—Theſe were Children of Light, and *wiſe* in their Generation; wiſe towards GOD; wiſe for their moſt important Concerns; and wiſe for that bliſsful Eternity, they now inherit.——*Rich* alſo they were, more honourably and permanently rich, than all the Votaries of Mammon. The Wealth of the *One* has made itſelf Wings, and is irrecoverably gone; while the wretched Acquirers are tranſmitted to that Place of Penury and Pain, where not ſo much as one Drop of Water is allowed, to cool their ſcorched Tongues. Whereas, the Stores of the *Other* ſtill abide with them; will never depart from them; but make them glad for Ever and Ever, in the City of their GOD. Their Treaſures were ſuch, as no created Power could *take away*; ſuch as none but infinite Bene-

 ficence

* Job v. 26.

ficence can *beſtow*; and (Oh! comfortable to conſider!) ſuch as I, and every indigent longing Sinner, may *obtain*; Treaſures of heavenly Knowledge, and ſaving Faith; Treaſures of atoning Blood, and imputed Righteouſneſs.

HERE * lie their *Bodies* in "peaceable Habi-"tations, and quiet *Reſting places*." Here they have

* Some, I know, are offended at our burying Corpſes within the Church, and exclaim againſt it as a very great *Impropriety* and *Indecency*: But this, I imagine, proceeds from an exceſſive and *miſtaken Delicacy*. Let proper Care be taken to ſecure from Injury, the *Foundations* of the *Building*; and to prevent the Exhalation of any *noxious Effluvia*, from the putrefying Fleſh: and I cannot diſcover any Inconveniencies attending this Practice.

The Notion, that noiſome Carcaſes (as they are called) are very unbecoming a Place conſecrated to religious Purpoſes, ſeems to be founded on an *antiquated Jewiſh* Canon: Whereby it was declared, that a dead Body imparted Defilement to the Perſon, who touched it; and polluted the Spot, where it was lodged. On which Account, the *Jews* were ſcrupulouſly careful to have their Sepulchres built at a Diſtance from their Houſes; and made it a Point of Conſcience, not to ſuffer any Cemeteries to ſubſiſt in the City. But as this was a Rite purely *ceremonial*, it ſeems to be entirely ſuperſeded by the *Goſpel* Diſpenſation.

I cannot forbear thinking, that, under the Chriſtian Oeconomy, there is a Propriety and Uſefulneſs in the Cuſtom.——*Uſefulneſs*, becauſe it muſt render our ſolemn Aſſemblies more venerable and awful. For when

have thrown off every *Burthen*, and are eſcaped from every *Snare*. The Head ach's no more; the

when we walk over the Duſt of our Friends, or kneel upon the Aſhes of our Relations, this awakening Circumſtance muſt ſtrike a lively Impreſſion of our own Mortality. And what Conſideration can be more effectual, to make us ſerious and attentive in Hearing, earneſt and importunate in Praying?——As for the *Fitneſs* of the Uſage, it ſeems perfectly ſuitable to the Deſign of thoſe ſacred Edifices. They are ſet apart for God; not only to receive his Worſhippers, but to preſerve the Furniture for holy Miniſtrations, and what is, in a peculiar Manner, appropriated to the Divine Majeſty. And are not the *Bodies of the Saints* the *Almighty's Property?* Were they not *once* the Objects of his *tender Love*; are they not *ſtill* the Subjects of his *ſpecial Care?* Has He not given Commandment concerning the Bones of his Elect; and charged the Ocean, and injoined the Grave, to keep them till *that Day?* Are they not precious in his Eſteem? So precious, that when Mountains bright with *Gems*, or rich with *Mines*, are abandoned to the devouring Flames; *Theſe* ſhall be reſcued from the fiery Ruin; *Theſe* ſhall be tranſlated into Jehovah's Kingdom; and, conjointly with the Soul, made "his "Jewels," made "his peculiar Treaſure;" made to ſhine as the Brightneſs of the Firmament, and as the Stars for Ever and Ever.

Is not Christ *the LORD of our Bodies?* Are they not bought with a Price? Bought, not with corruptible Things, Silver and Gold; but, with his Divine Blood. And if the bleſſed Jesus purchaſed the Redemption of our Bodies at ſo infinitely dear a rate, can it enter into our Hearts to conceive, that he ſhould

the Eye forgets to weep; the Flesh is no longer *racked* with *acute*, nor *pines* away under *lingering*, Distempers. Here they receive a final Release from Pain, and an everlasting Discharge from Sorrows. Here *Danger* never threatens them with her terrifying Alarms; but *Tranquillity* softens their Couch, and *Safety* guards their Repose.—Rest then, ye precious Relics, within this hospitable Gloom: Rest in gentle Slumbers, till the last Trumpet shall give the welcome Signal; and sound aloud, through all your silent Mansions, " Arise; shine; for your Light is " come,

dislike to have them reposed under his own Habitation?——Once more; Are not the Bodies of the faithful *Temples of the Holy Ghost?* And is there not, upon this Supposition, an apparent *Propriety*, rather than the least *Indecorum*, in remitting these Temples of Flesh to the Temple made with Hands? They are Vessels of Honour; Instruments of Righteousness; and, even when broken by Death, like the Fragments of a golden Bowl, are valuable; are worthy to be laid up in the safest, most honourable Repositories.

Upon the Whole; since the LORD JESUS has purchased them at the Expence of his Blood, and the blessed Spirit has honoured them with his in-dwelling Presence; since they are right dear in the Sight of the adorable Trinity, and undoubted Heirs of a glorious Immortality; Why should it be thought a Thing improper, to admit them to a transient Rest in their Heavenly Father's House? Why may they not lie down and sleep in the *outer Courts*, since they are soon to be introduced into the *inmost Mansions of* everlasting Honour and Joy?

" come, and the Glory of the LORD is risen " upon You *."

To these how *calm* was the *Evening of Life!* In what a smiling Serenity did their Sun go down! When their Flesh and their Heart failed, how reviving was the Remembrance of an All-sufficient Redeemer; once dying for *their* Sins, now risen again for *their* Justification! How chearing the well-grounded Hope of Pardon for their Transgressions, and Peace with GOD, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD! How did this *assuage* the *Agonies*, and *sweeten* the *Bitterness* of Death?—Where now is *Wealth*, with all her golden Mountains? Where is *Honour*, with her proud Trophies of Renown? Where are all the *vain Pomps* of a deluded *World?* Can they administer any Support in this last Extremity? Can they compose the affrighted Thoughts, or buoy up the departing Soul amidst all the Pangs of Dissolution?—The Followers of the Lamb seem pleased and triumphant, even at their last Gasp. " GOD's everlasting Arms are under- " neath †" their fainting Heads. His Spirit whispers Peace and Consolation to their Consciences. In the Strength of these heavenly Succours, they quit the Field of Battle, not *Captives*, but *Conquerors*; with " Hopes full of " Immortality."

AND

* Isai. lx. 1. † Deut. xxxiii. 27.

AND now they are gone.—The Struggles of reluctant Nature are over. The Body sleeps in Death; the Soul launches into the *invisible State.* —But, who can imagine the delightful Surprize, when they find themselves surrounded by *guardian Angels*, instead of *weeping Friends?* How securely do they wing their Way, and pass through unknown Worlds, under the Conduct of these celestial Guides!—The *Vale of Tears* is quite lost. Farewel, for Ever, the Realms of Woe, and Range of malignant Beings! They arrive on the *Frontiers* of inexpressible *Felicity.* They "are come to the City of the Living GOD:" While a Voice, sweeter than Music in her softest Strains; sweet as the Harmony of hymning Seraphim; congratulates their *Arrival*, and bespeaks their *Admission:* "Lift up your Heads, O ye "Gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting "Doors; that the Heirs of Glory may enter "in."

HERE, then, let us leave "the *Spirits and* "*Souls of the Righteous*;" escaped from an entangling *Wilderness*, and received into a *Paradise* of Delights! escaped from the Territories of Disquietude, and settled in Regions of unmolested Security! * Here, they sit down with *Abraham*, *Isaac*,

* *Seneca*'s Reflections upon the happy State of holy Souls, delivered from the Burthen of the Flesh, are truly

Isaac, and *Jacob*, in the Kingdom of their Father. Here, they mingle with an innumerable Company of Angels, and rejoice around the Throne of the Lamb; rejoice in the *Fruition* of *present* Felicity, and in the *assured Expectation* of an inconceivable Addition to their Bliss; when "God shall call the Heavens from above, and "the Earth, that he may judge his People."

"Fools accounted their Life Madness, and "their End to be without Honour: But, they "are numbered among the Children of God; "and their Lot, their distinguished and eternal "Lot, is among the Saints * !" However, then, an *undiscerning* World may *despise*, and a *profane* World *vilify*, the truly Religious; be this the supreme, the invariable Desire of my Heart! "Let me live the Life, and die the "Death, of the Righteous. Oh! let my latter "End, and future State, be like theirs!"

WHAT

truly admirable.——*In hoc tam procelloso, & in omnes Tempestates exposito navigantibus Mari, nullus Portus, nisi Mortis est. Ne itaque invideris Fratri tuo; quiescit. Tandem liber, tandem tutus, tandem æternus est. Fruitur nunc aperto & libero Cœlo; ex humili & depresso, in eum emicuit locum, qui solutas Vinculis Animas beato recipit Sinu; & nunc omnia Rerum Naturâ bona cum summâ Voluptate percipit.* Sen. ad Polyb.

* Wisd. v. 4, 5.

WHAT *Figure* is That, which ſtrikes my Eye, from an eminent Part of the Wall? It is not only placed in a more *elevated Situation*, than the reſt; but carries a more ſplendid and *ſumptuous Air*, than ordinary. Swords and Spears; murthering Engines, and Inſtruments of Slaughter; adorn the Stone with a formidable Magnificence.—It proves to be the *Monument* of a *noble Warrior*.

Is ſuch Reſpect, thought I, paid to the Memory of this *brave Soldier*, for ſacrificing his Life to the *public Good*.—Then, what Honours, what immortal Honours, are due to the great Captain of our Salvation? Who, though *Lord of the Angelic Legions*, and ſupreme Commander of all the heavenly Hoſts, willingly offered Himſelf a *bleeding* Propitiation for *Sinners!*

THE *One* died, being *a Mortal*; and only yielded up a Life, that was long before forfeited to Divine Juſtice; which muſt ſoon have been ſurrendered as *a Debt to Nature*, if it had not fallen as *a Prey to War*:—But CHRIST took Fleſh, and gave up the Ghoſt, though he was the great I AM; the Fountain of Exiſtence; who calls Happineſs and *Immortality* all his own. He, who thought it no Robbery to be *Equal with God*; He, whoſe Outgoings were *from Everlaſting*; even HE, was made in the *Likeneſs*

of

of Man, and *cut off* out of the Land of the Living. Wonder, O Heavens! Be astonished, O Earth! *He* died the Death, of whom it is witnessed, that He is " the true GOD, and eternal " Life *"

THE *One exposed* Himself *to Peril*, in the Service of his *Sovereign*, and his *Country*; which, though it was glorious to do, yet would have been ignominious, in such Circumstances, to have declined.—But CHRIST took the Field, though He was the *blessed* and *only Potentate*, the KING of Kings, and LORD of Lords. CHRIST took the Field, though He was *sure* to *drop* in the Engagement; and put on the Harness, though He *knew* before-hand, it must *reek* with his *Blood*. That Prince of Heaven resigned his royal Person, not barely to the *Hazard*, but to the *inevitable Stroke*; to Death, certain in its Approach, and armed with all its Horrors.—And for *whom?* Not for those, who were in any Degree deserving; but for his own *disobedient Creatures*; for the Pardon of condemned Malefactors; for a Band of Rebels, a Race of Traitors, the most obnoxious and inexcusable of all Criminals; whom He might have left to perish in their Iniquities, without the least *Impeachment* of his *Goodness*; nay, to the advantageous *Display* of his avenging *Justice*.

THE

* 1 John v. 20.

THE *One*, 'tis probable, died *expeditiouſly*; was ſoon wounded, and ſoon ſlain: A Bullet, lodged in his Heart; a Sword, ſheathed in his Breaſt; or a Battle-ax, cleaving the Brain, might put a *ſpeedy End* to his Miſery; diſpatch him "as in a Moment:"—Whereas, the Divine Redeemer expired in *tedious* and protracted *Torments*. His Pangs were as *lingering*, as they were *exquiſite*. Even in the *Prelude* to his laſt *Sufferings*, what a Load of Sorrows overwhelmed his ſacred Humanity! till the intolerable Preſſure wrung Blood, inſtead of Sweat, from every Pore: Till the crimſon Flood bathed his Body; ſtained all his Raiment; and tinged the very Stones.—But when the *laſt Scene* of the *Tragedy* commenced; when the Executioner's Hammer had nailed him to the Croſs; Oh! how many *diſmal Hours* did that amiable and illuſtrious Sufferer hang, a Spectacle of Woe to GOD, to Angels, and to Men! His Temples mangled with the thorny Crown! his Hands and Feet cleft with the rugged Irons! his Fleſh covered with Wounds, ſmarting and agonizing in every Vein! and his Soul, his very Soul, pierced with Pangs of unutterable Diſtreſs! So *long* he hung, that Nature, through all her Dominions, was thrown into ſympathizing Commotions. The *Earth* could no longer ſuſtain ſuch barbarous Indignities, without Trembling; nor the *Sun* behold them, without

without Horror. Nay, so long did he hang in this *Extremity* of *Torture*, that the Alarm reached even the remote *Regions* of the *Dead*.—— Never, O my Soul, never forget the amazing Truth: The Lamb of GOD was worried; was slaughtered with the utmost Inhumanity; and endured *Death*, in all its *Bitterness*, for thee. His Murtherers, studiously cruel, so guided the fatal Cup, that he tasted *every Drop* of its Gall, before he drank it off to the *very Dregs*.

ONCE again; The *One* died like a *Hero*, and fell gallantly in the Field of Battle.—But died not CHRIST *as a Fool dieth?* * Not on the *Bed of Honour*, with Scars of Glory in his Breast; but, like some execrable Miscreant, *on a Gibbet*; with Lashes of the vile Scourge on his Back. Yes, the blessed JESUS bowed his expiring Head on the *accursed Tree*, and poured out his Soul betwixt two *infamous Felons*; suspended between Heaven and Earth, as an *Outcast* from Both, and *unworthy* of Either.

OH! what suitable Returns, of inflamed and adoring Devotion, can we make to the *Holy One of* GOD; thus dying, that *we* might live? Dying in *Ignominy* and *Anguish*; that we might live for ever in the *Heights* of *Joy*, and sit for ever on *Thrones* of *Glory*.—Alas! it is not in *us*, impotent, insensible Mortals, to be duly thankful. *He* only,

* 2 Sam. iii. 33.

only, who confers ſuch inconceivably rich Favours, can enkindle a proper Warmth of grateful Affection. Then build thyſelf a *Monument*, moſt gracious *Immanuel*, build thyſelf an everlaſting Monument, *of Gratitude* in our *Souls*. Inſcribe the Memory of thy matchleſs Beneficence, not with *Ink* and *Pen*, but with that precious *Blood*, which guſhed from thy ſtreaming *Veins*. Engrave it, not with the *Hammer* and *Chizel*, but with that ſharpened *Spear* which pierced thy bleſſed *Side*. Let it ſtand conſpicuous and indelible, not on outward *Tables of Stone*, but on the very inmoſt *Tables of our Hearts*.

ONE thing more let me obſerve, before I bid Adieu to this entombed Warrior, and his garniſhed Sepulchre. How *mean* are theſe oſtentatious Methods of *bribing* the *Vote of Fame*, and purchaſing a little poſthumous Renown! What a *poor Subſtitute* for a Set of memorable Actions, is *poliſhed Alabaſter*, or the Mimickry of ſculptured Marble! The real Excellency of this * bleeding Patriot

* Sir *Bevil Granvil*, ſlain in the Civil Wars, at an Engagement with the Rebels.——It may poſſibly be ſome Entertainment to the Reader, to ſubjoin Sir *Bevil*'s Character; as it is drawn by that celebrated Pen, which wrote the Hiſtory of thoſe unfortunate Times:——" That which would have clouded any " Victory, *ſays the noble Hiſtorian*, and made the " Loſs

Patriot is written on the Minds of his Countrymen: It would be remembred with Applauſe, ſo long as the Nation ſubſiſts, without this *artificial Expedient* to perpetuate it.—And ſuch, *ſuch* is the Monument I would wiſh for *myſelf*. Let me leave a *Memorial* in the *Breaſts* of my Fellow-Creatures. Let ſurviving Friends bear Witneſs, that I have not lived to myſelf alone, nor been altogether unſerviceable in my Generation. O! let an uninterrupted Series of *beneficent Offices* be the *Inſcription*, and the *beſt Intereſts* of my Acquaintance the *Plate*, that exhibits it.

LET the *Poor*, as they paſs by my Grave, point at the little Spot, and thankfully acknowlege,—" There lies the Man, whoſe unwearied " Kindneſs was the conſtant Relief of my various " Diſtreſſes; who tenderly viſited my languiſhing " Bed, and readily ſupplied my indigent Cir-

" Loſs of others leſs ſpoken of was the Death of Sir " *Bevil Granvil*. He was indeed an excellent Per- " ſon, whoſe Activity, Intereſt, and Reputation, were " the Foundation of what had been done in *Corn-* " *wall:* His Temper and Affections ſo public, that " no Accident which happened, could make any Im- " preſſion upon Him: And his Example kept others " from taking any thing ill, or at leaſt ſeeming to do " ſo. In a Word, a brighter Courage, and a gentler " Diſpoſition, were never married together, to make " the moſt chearful and innocent Converſation."

Clar. Hiſt. Reb. Vol. II.

" cumſtances. How often were his Counſels a
" Guide to my perplexed Thoughts, and a Cor-
" dial to my dejected Spirit! 'Tis owing to
" GOD's Bleſſing on his ſeaſonable Charities, and
" prudent Conſolations, that I now live, and live
" in Comfort."—Let a Perſon, once *ignorant and ungodly*, lift up his Eyes to Heaven, and ſay within himſelf, as he walks over my Bones;
" Here are the laſt Remains of that ſincere
" Friend, who *watched for my Soul.* I can ne-
" ver forget, with what a heedleſs Gayety I was
" poſting on in the Paths of Perdition; and I
" tremble to think, into what irretrievable Ruin
" I might quickly have been plunged, had not
" his faithful Admonitions arreſted me in the
" wild Career. I was unacquainted with the
" Goſpel of Peace, and unconcerned about its
" unſearchable Treaſures: But now, enlighten-
" ed by his *inſtructive Converſation*, I ſee the
" All-ſufficiency of my Saviour; and, animated
" by his *repeated Exhortations*, I count all Things
" but Loſs, that I may win CHRIST. Me-
" thinks, his Diſcourſes, ſeaſoned with Religion,
" and bleſſed by Grace, ſtill tingle in my Ears;
" are ſtill warm on my Heart; and, I truſt,
" will be more and more operative, till we meet
" each other in the Houſe not made with Hands,
" eternal in the Heavens."

BUT

BUT the only *infallible way of immortalizing our Characters*; a Way equally open to the meaneſt, and moſt exalted Fortune; is, "To make "our Calling and Election ſure;" to gain ſome ſweet Evidence, that our *Names are written in Heaven*. Then, however they may one Day be forgotten among Men, they will not fail to be had in everlaſting Remembrance before the LORD.—This is, of all Diſtinctions, far the nobleſt: This will iſſue in never-dying Renown. *Ambition*, be this thy Object, and every Page of Scripture will *ſanctify* thy *Paſſion*; even *Grace* itſelf will *fan* thy Flame.—Every earthly Memorial will ſhortly be obliterated. The *Tongue* of thoſe, whoſe Happineſs we have zealouſly promoted, muſt ſoon be ſilent in the Coffin. *Characters* cut with a Pen of Iron, and committed to the ſolid Rock, will ere-long ceaſe to be legible *. But as many as are inrolled "in the "Lamb's Book of Life," He himſelf declares, ſhall never be blotted out from thoſe Annals of Eternity †. When a Flight of Years has mouldered the *triumphal Column* into Duſt; when the *brazen Statue* periſhes under the corroding Hand of Time; *theſe Honours* ſtill continue; ſtill are blooming and incorruptible in the World of Glory.

* ——*Data ſunt ipſis quoque Fata Sepulchris.* JUV.

† Rev. iii. 5.

Make the extended *Skies* your Tomb,
  Let *Stars* record your Worth:
Yet know, vain Mortals, all muſt die,
  As Nature's *ſickliest Birth.*

Wou'd bounteous Heav'n indulge my Pray'r,
  I frame a nobler Choice;
Nor, living, wiſh the pompous Pile,
  Nor, dead, regret the Loſs.

In thy fair *Book of Life* divine,
  My GOD, inſcribe my Name:
There let it fill ſome humble Place,
  Beneath the ſlaughter'd Lamb.

Thy Saints, while Ages roll away,
  In endleſs Fame ſurvive;
Their *Glories*, o'er the *Wrongs of Time*,
  Greatly triumphant, *live.*

YONDER Entrance leads, I ſuppoſe, to the *Vault*. Let me turn aſide, and take one View of the Habitation, and its Tenants.—The ſullen *Door* grates upon its Hinges: Not uſed to receive many Viſitants, it admits me with Reluctance and Murmurs.—What meaneth this *ſudden Trepidation*, while I deſcend the Steps, and am viſiting the pale Nations of the Dead?—Be compoſed,

poſed, my Spirits; there is nothing to fear in theſe quiet Chambers: "Here, even the Wicked "ceaſe from troubling."

GOOD Heavens! what a ſolemn Scene!—How diſmal the *Gloom!* Here is perpetual Darkneſs, and Night even at Noon-day.—How doleful the *Solitude!* Not one Trace of chearful Society; but Sorrow and Terror ſeem to have made This their united Abode.—Hark! how the hollow Dome reſounds at every Tread. The *Echoes*, that long have ſlept, are awakened, and whiſper along the Walls.

A BEAM, or two, finds its Way through the Grates, and reflects a feeble Glimmer from the Nails of the *Coffins*. So many of thoſe ſad Spectacles, half concealed in Shades, half ſeen dimly by the baleful Twilight, add a deeper Horror to theſe gloomy Manſions.—I pore upon the *Inſcriptions*, and am juſt able to pick out, That Theſe are the Remains of the *Rich* and *Renowned*. No vulgar Dead are depoſited here. The *moſt Illuſtrious*, and *right Honourable*, have claimed this for their laſt Retreat. And, indeed, they retain ſomewhat of a *ſhadowy Pre-eminence*. They lie, ranged in mournful Order, and in a ſort of ſilent Pomp, under the Arches of an ample Sepulchre; while meaner Corpſes, without much Ceremony, "go down to the Stones of the "Pit."

MY Apprehenſions recover from their Surprize: I find, here are no *Phantoms*, but ſuch as *Fear* raiſes.—However, it ſtill amazes me, to obſerve the *Wonders* of this *nether World*. Thoſe who received *vaſt Revenues*, and called whole Lordſhips their own, are here reduced to a *few Sheets of Lead*. *Rooms of State*, and *ſumptuous Furniture*, are reſigned; for no other Ornament than the *Shroud*, for no other Apartment than the darkſome *Niche*. No ſplendid Retinue attend this ſolitary Dwelling: The lordly Equipage hovers no longer about the lifeleſs Maſter; nothing but the ſable *Banners*, which ſeem to be diſplayed in Triumph over a proſtrate Captive; or a duſty *Statue*, which, while the regardleſs World is as gay as ever, the Sculptor's Hand has taught to weep. Inſtead of the *Star*, that blazed upon the Breaſt; or *Coronet*, that glittered round the Temples; the only Remains of departed Dignity are, the Weather-beaten *Atchievement*, and tatter'd *Eſcutcheon*.—Thoſe who gloried in high-born Anceſtors, and *noble Pedigree*, here drop their lofty Pretenſions. They acknowlege Kindred with creeping Things, and *quarter Arms* with the meaneſt Reptiles. "They ſay to Corruption, "Thou art my Father; and to the Worm, Thou "art my Mother and my Siſter."—O mortifying Truth! Sufficient, one would think, to wean the moſt ſanguine Appetite from this tranſitory State

of

of Things; from its ſickly Satisfactions, its fading Glories, its vaniſhing Treaſures.

For now, ye *lying Vanities* of Life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating Train!
Where are ye now? And what is your Amount? *

WHAT is all the World to theſe poor breathleſs Beings? What are their *Pleaſures?* A Bubble broke. What their *Honours?* A Dream that is forgotten. What the *Sum-total* of their *Enjoyments* below? Once, perhaps, it appeared to in-experienced and fond Deſire, ſomething conſiderable: But now Death has meaſured it with his Line, and weighed it in his Scale, what is the Upſhot? Alas! 'tis ſhorter than a Span; lighter than the dancing Spark; and driven away like the diſſolving Smoke.

INDULGE, my Soul, a ſerious Pauſe. Recollect all the gay Things, that were wont to dazle thy Eyes, and inveigle thy Affections. *Here* examine theſe *Baits of Senſe:* Here form an Eſtimate of their *real* Value. Suppoſe thyſelf *firſt* among the *Favourites of Fortune*, who revel in the *Lap* of *Pleaſure*; who ſhine in the *Robes* of *Honour*; and ſwim in *Tides* of inexhauſted *Riches:* Yet, how ſoon would the Paſſing-Bell proclaim thy Exit! And, when once that Iron

* *Thomſ.* Winter, lin. 210. laſt Edit.

Call has ſummoned thee to thy future Reckoning, where would all theſe Gratifications be? At that Period, how will all the Pageantry of the moſt affluent, conſpicuous, or luxurious Circumſtances vaniſh into empty Air?—And is *this* a Happineſs, ſo paſſionately to be coveted?

I THANK you, ye Relics of ſounding Titles, and magnificent Names: Ye have taught me more of the Littleneſs of the World, than all the Volumes of my Library. Your *Nobility* arrayed in a *Winding-ſheet*, your *Grandeur* mouldering in an *Urn*, are the moſt invincible Proofs of the *Nothingneſs* of created Things. Never, ſurely, did Providence write this important Point in ſuch legible Characters, as in the Aſhes of *My Lord*, or on the Corpſe of *His Grace* *. Let others, if they pleaſe, pay their obſequious Court to your wealthy Sons; and ignobly fawn, or anxiouſly ſue, for Preferments: My Thoughts ſhall often reſort, in penſive Contemplation, to the Sepulchres of their Sires; and learn, from their ſleeping Duſt,—to *moderate* my *Expectations* from Mortals;—to ſtand *diſengaged* from every *undue Attachment* to the little Intereſts of Time;—to get above the deluſive *Amuſements* of Honour, the gaudy *Tinſels* of Wealth, and all the empty *Shadows* of a periſhing World.

HARK!

* ——— *Mors ſola fatetur*
Quantula ſint Hominum Corpuſcula. JUV.

HARK! What *Sound* is That!—In ſuch a Situation, every Noiſe alarms.—Solemn and ſlow, it breaks again upon the ſilent Air.—'Tis the *Striking of the Clock:* Deſigned, one would imagine, to ratify all my ſerious Meditations. Methinks, it *ſays Amen*, and ſets a Seal, to every improving Hint. It tells me, That another Portion of my appointed Time is elapſed. One calls it, "The Knell of my departed Hours." 'Tis the Watch-word to Vigilance and Activity. It cries in the Ear of Reaſon, "Redeem the Time. "Catch the favourable *Gales* of *Opportunity:* O! "catch them, while they breathe; before they "are irrecoverably loſt. Thy Span of Life "ſhortens continually. Thy Minutes are all "upon the Wing, and haſtening to be gone. "Thou art a Borderer upon Eternity, and mak-"ing inceſſant Advances to the State thou art "contemplating."—O! may the Admonition ſink deep into an attentive and obedient Mind! May it teach me that *Heavenly Arithmetic*, of "numbering my Days, and applying my Heart "unto Wiſdom!"

I HAVE often walked beneath the impending *Promontory's* craggy *Cliff*; I have often trod the vaſt *Spaces* of the lonely *Deſart*; and penetrated the inmoſt *Receſſes* of the dreary *Cavern*; but never, never beheld Nature louring, with ſo *tre-*

mendous

mendous a Form; never felt ſuch *Impreſſions* of *Awe*, ſtriking cold on my Heart; as under theſe black-brow'd Arches, amidſt theſe mouldy Walls, and ſurrounded by ſuch rueful Objects; where Melancholy, deepeſt Melancholy, for ever ſpreads her Raven Wings.—Let me now emerge from the damp and dreadful Obſcurity.—Farewel, ye Seats of Deſolation, and Shades of Death!—Gladly I reviſit the Realms of Day.

HAVING caſt a *ſuperficial View* upon theſe Receptacles of the Dead, Curioſity prompts my Inquiry, to a *more intimate Survey*. And could we draw back the Covering of the Tomb; could we ſee, What *Thoſe* are now, who *Once* were *Mortals*—Oh! how would it ſurpriſe and grieve us! *Surpriſe* us, to behold the prodigious Tranſformation that has taken place on every Individual; *grieve* us, to obſerve the Diſhonour done to our Nature in general, within theſe ſubterraneous Lodgements.

HERE, the ſweet and winning *Aſpect*, that wore perpetually an attractive Smile, *grins* horribly a naked, ghaſtly Scull.—The *Eye*, that outſhone the Diamond's Luſtre; and glanced her lovely *Lightning* into the moſt guarded Heart: Alas! Where is it? Where ſhall we find the rolling Sparkler? How are all thoſe radiant Glories totally *eclipſed!*—The *Tongue*, that once commanded

commanded all the Charms of Harmony, and all the Powers of Eloquence, in this ſtrange Land has " forgot its Cunning." Where are now thoſe *Strains* of *Melody*, which raviſhed our Ears? Where is that *Flow* of *Perſuaſion*, which carried captive our Judgments? The great Maſter of Language, and of Song, is become ſilent as the Night that ſurrounds Him.—The pamper'd *Fleſh*, ſo lately cloathed in Purple, and fine Linnen, how is it covered rudely with Clods of Clay? There was a Time, when the *timorouſly nice* Creature would ſcarce " * adventure to ſet a " Foot upon the Ground, for Delicateneſs and " Tenderneſs;" but is now enwrapped in clammy Earth, and ſleeps on no ſofter a Pillow than the *ragged Gravel-ſtones*.—Here " the *ſtrong* " *Men* bow themſelves:" The *nervous Arm* is unſtrung; the *brawny Sinews* are relaxed; the *Limbs*, not long ago the Seats of Vigour and *Activity*, lie down *motionleſs*; and the *Bones*, which were as *Bars* of *Iron*, are crumbled into *Duſt*.

HERE, the *Man* of *Buſineſs* forgets all his favourite Schemes, and diſcontinues the Purſuit of Gain. Here, is a total Stand to the Circulation of Merchandize, and the Hurry of Trade. In theſe ſolitary Receſſes, as in the Building of *Solomon*'s Temple, is heard no Sound of the Hammer and

* Deut. xxviii. 56.

and Ax. The Winding-ſheet, and the Coffin, are the utmoſt Bound of all earthly Devices. "Hitherto may they go, but no farther."—Here, the *Sons* of *Pleaſure* take a final Farewel of their dear Delights. No more is the Senſualiſt anointed with Oil, or crowned with Roſe-buds: He chants no more to the Melody of the Viol, nor revels any longer at the Banquet of Wine. Inſtead of ſumptuous Tables, and delicious Treats, the poor Voluptuary is Himſelf a Feaſt for fattened Inſects; the Reptile riots in his Fleſh; "the Worm feeds ſweetly on Him *."—Here alſo, *Beauty* fails; bright Beauty drops her Luſtre here. Oh! How her Roſes fade, and her Lilies languiſh, in this bleak Soil! How does the grand Leveller pour Contempt upon the Charmer of our Hearts! How turn to Deformity, what captivated the World before!

COULD the *Lover* have a Sight of his once-inchanting *Fair-one*, what a ſtartling Aſtoniſhment would ſeize him!—"Is This the Object, "I not long ago ſo paſſionately admired! I ſaid, "ſhe was *divinely fair*, and thought her more "than mortal. Her Form was *Symmetry itſelf*; "*Every Elegance* breathed in her Air; and *all* "the *Graces* waited on her Motions.—'Twas "*Muſic*, when ſhe ſpoke: But when ſhe ſpoke "Encourage-

* Job xxiv. 20.

"Encouragement, 'twas little leſs than *Rap-*
"*ture.* How my Heart danced to thoſe charm-
"ing Accents!—And can *that*, which, ſome
"Weeks ago, was to Admiration *lovely*, be
"now ſo inſufferably *loathſome.*—Where are
"thoſe bluſhing Cheeks; where the coral Lips;
"where that ivory Neck, on which the curling
"Jet, in ſuch gloſſy Ringlets, flowed; with a
"thouſand other Beauties of Perſon, and ten
"thouſand Delicacies of Action? *—O amaze-
"ing, diſtracting Alteration!—Fondly, I gazed
"upon the glittering *Meteor:* It ſhone brightly;
"and I miſtook it for a *Star*, for a permanent
"and ſubſtantial Good. But how is it fallen!
"fallen from an orb not its own! And all that
"I can trace on Earth, is but a *putrid Maſs.*"

LIE, poor *Florella!* lie deep, as thou doſt, in obſcure Darkneſs. Let Night, with her impenetrable Shades, always conceal Thee. Thy Dwelling agrees with thy Condition. Let no prying Eye be Witneſs to thy Diſgrace; but let thy *ſurviving Siſters* think upon thy State, when they contemplate the *Idol* in the *Glaſs.* When the pleaſing Image riſes gracefully to View, ſurrounded with a World of Charms; and fluſhed with

* *Quo fugit Venus? Heu! Quove Color? decens*
Quo Motus? Quid habet illius, illius,
Quæ ſpirabat Amores,
Quæ me ſurpuerat mihi? HOR.

with Joy, at the Conſciouſneſs of them all:—*Then*, in thoſe Minutes of Temptation and Danger, when *Vanity* uſes to ſteal into the Thoughts:—*Then*, let them remember, what a *Veil of Horror* is drawn over a *Face*, that was once beautiful and *brilliant*, as *theirs*. Such a ſeaſonable Reflection might regulate the Labours of the Toilet; and create a more earneſt Solicitude to *poliſh* the *Jewel*, than to *varniſh* the *Caſket*. It might then become their higheſt Ambition, to have the *Mind* decked with Divine *Virtues*, and dreſſed after the amiable Pattern of their Redeemer's Holineſs.

AND would this prejudice their Perſons, or depreciate their Charms?—Quite the Reverſe: It would ſpread a Sort of *Heavenly Glory* over the fineſt *ſet of Features*, and heighten the Loveliness of every other engaging Accompliſhment.—And, what is yet a more inviting Conſideration; theſe Flowers would not *wither* with Nature, not be *tarniſhed* by Time; but open continually into richer Beauties, and *flouriſh* even in the *Winter* of Age.—But the moſt incomparable Recommendation of theſe noble Qualities is; That, from their hallowed *Relics*, as from the fragrant Aſhes of the *Phœnix*, will ere-long ariſe an *illuſtrious Form*, bright as the Wings of Angels, laſting as the Light of the new *Jeruſalem*.

FOR

FOR my Part, the Remembrance of this *ſad Revolution* ſhall make me *aſhamed* to pay my *Devotion*, to a Shrine of periſhing Fleſh; and *afraid*, to expect *all* my Happineſs, from ſo brittle a Joy. It ſhall teach me, not to think too highly of well-proportioned Clay; though formed in the moſt elegant Mould, and animated with the ſweeteſt Soul. 'Tis Heaven's laſt, beſt, and crowning Gift; to be received with *Gratitude*, and cheriſhed with *Love*, as a moſt valuable *Bleſſing*; not worſhipped, with the Incenſe of *Flattery*, and Strains of fulſome *Adoration*, as a *Goddeſs*.—It will cure, I truſt, the *Dotage* of my *Eyes*; and incline me always to prefer the *ſubſtantial* "Ornaments of a meek and virtuous "*Spirit*," before the *tranſient* Decorations of White and Red on the *Skin*.

HERE I called in my roving Meditations, from their long Excurſion on this tender Subject. *Fancy* liſtened a while, to the Soliloquy of a Lover; but now *Judgment* reſumes the Reins, and guides my Thoughts to more near and ſelf-intereſting Inquiries.—However, upon a Review of the whole Scene; crouded with *Spectacles* of *Mortality*, and *Trophies* of *Death*; I could not forbear ſmiting my Breaſt, and fetching a Sigh, and lamenting over the nobleſt of all viſible Beings, lying in Ruins under the Feet of "the *pale*

"*Horſe*,

" *Horſe, and his Rider* *." I could not forbear that pathetic Exclamation, " *O! Thou* † " *Adam, what haſt thou done!*" What Deſolation has thy Diſobedience wrought in the Earth! —O! the ruinous, the tranſcendent *Malignity* of *Sin! Sin* has demoliſhed ſo many ſtately Structures of Fleſh: *Sin* has made ſuch Havock, among the moſt excellent Ranks of GOD's lower Creation: And *Sin* (that deadly Bane of our Nature) would have plunged our *better Part* into the execrable Horrors of the nethermoſt *Hell*; had not our merciful Mediator interpoſed, and given Himſelf for our Ranſom.—Therefore, what grateful Acknowlegements does the whole *World* of *penitent Sinners* owe; what ardent Returns of Love will a whole *Heaven* of *glorified Believers* pay, to ſuch a Friend, Benefactor, and Deliverer!

MUSING upon theſe melancholy Objects, a faithful Remembrancer ſuggeſts from within— " Muſt this ſad *Change* ſucceed in *me* alſo? Am " I to draw my laſt Gaſp; to become a breath- " leſs Corpſe; and *be*, what I *deplore?* ‡ Is there " a Time

* Rev. vi. 8. † 2 Eſdr. vii. 48.

‡ I paſs, with melancholy State,
By all theſe ſolemn Heaps of Fate;
And think, as ſoft and ſad I tread
Above the venerable Dead,
" Time was, like me, they Life poſſeſs'd;
" And Time ſhall be, when I ſhall reſt." *Parnell.*

" a Time approaching, when *this Body* ſhall be " carried out upon the Bier, and conſigned to " its *clay-cold Bed?* While ſome kind Acquain- " tance, perhaps, may let fall one parting Tear, " and cry, Alas! my Brother!"—Nothing is more certain. A *Decree*, much *ſurer* than the Law of the *Medes* and *Perſians*, has irrevocably determined the Doom.

SHOULD one of theſe *ghaſtly Figures* burſt from his Confinement, and ſtart up, in frightful Deformity, before me;—ſhould the *haggard Skeleton* lift a *clattering* Hand, and point it full in my View;—ſhould it open the *ſtiffened* Jaws, and, with a hoarſe tremendous *Murmur*, break this profound Silence;—ſhould it accoſt *me*, as *Samuel*'s Apparition addreſſed the trembling King —" *The* LORD *ſhall deliver* Thee *alſo into the* " *Hands of Death; yet a little while, and* Thou " *ſhalt be with* me *."—The *ſolemn Warning*, delivered in ſo ſtriking a Manner, muſt ſtrongly impreſs my Imagination: A Meſſage in Thunder would ſcarce ſink deeper.—Yet there is abundantly greater Reaſon to be alarmed by that expreſs Declaration of the LORD GOD Almighty, " *Thou ſhalt ſurely die.*"—Well then, ſince Sentence is paſſed; ſince I am a condemned Man; and know not when the Dead Warrant may ar-

* 1 Sam. xvii. 46.

rive; let me die to *Sin*, and die to the *World*, before I die beneath the *Stroke* of a Righteous GOD. Let me employ the little uncertain Interval of Respite from Execution, in preparing for a happier State, and a better Life; that when the fatal Moment comes, and I am commanded to shut my Eyes upon all Things here below, I may open them again to see my Saviour in the Mansions above.

SINCE this *Body*, which is so fearfully and wonderfully made, must *fall to Pieces* in the Grave; since I must soon resign all my bodily Powers to Darkness, Inactivity, and Corruption; Oh! let it be my constant Care to *use* them well, while I *possess* them!——Let my *Hands* be stretched forth to relieve the Needy; and always be more "ready to *give*, than to *receive*."—Let my *Knees* bend, in deepest Humiliation, before the Throne of *Grace*: while the *Eyes* are *cast down* to the Earth, in *penitential Confusion*, or devoutly *looking up* to *Heaven*, for *pardoning Mercy!*—In every friendly Interview, let the "*Law* of *Kindness* dwell on my *Lips*;" or rather, if the Seriousness of my Acquaintance permits, let the *Gospel* of *Peace* flow from my *Tongue*: Oh! that I might be enabled, in every public Concourse, to lift up my Voice like a Trumpet; and pour abroad a more joyful Sound, than its most melodious Accents, in proclaiming the

the glad Tidings of free Salvation.—Be ſhut, my *Ears*, reſolutely ſhut, againſt the *malevolent Whiſpers* of Slander, and the *contagious Breath* of filthy Talking: But be ſwift to hear the Inſtructions of Wiſdom; be *all Attention*, when your REDEEMER ſpeaks; imbibe the precious Truths, and convey them carefully to the Heart. —Carry me, my *Feet*, to the Temple of the LORD; to the Beds of the Sick; and Houſes of the Poor.—May *all* my *Members*, devoted intirely to my Divine Maſter, be the *willing Inſtruments* of promoting his Glory.

THEN, ye *Embalmers*, you may ſpare your Pains: Theſe Works of Faith, and Labours of Love; *theſe* ſhall be my *Spices* and *Perfumes*. Enwrapped in theſe, I would lay me gently down, and ſleep ſweetly in the bleſſed JESUS; hoping, that GOD will "give Commandment "concerning my *Bones*;" and one Day fetch them up from the Duſt, as *Silver* from the *Furnace*, purified, "I ſay not, ſeven times, but "ſeventy times ſeven."

HERE my Contemplation took Wing; and, in an Inſtant, alighted in the *Garden*, adjoining to Mount *Calvary*. Having viewed the Abode of my *deceaſed Fellow-Creatures*; methought, I longed to ſee the Place, where *our* LORD lay.— And, Oh! what a marvellous Spectacle was once

exhibited in this memorable Sepulchre! *He* * "who cloathes Himself with *Light*, as with "a Garment, and walks upon the *Wings* of the "Wind †," was pleased to wear the *Habilitments*

* Darkness his Curtain, and his Bed the Dust,
Though Sun and Stars are Dust beneath his Throne.
Night-Thoughts.

† The *sacred Scriptures*, speaking of the *supreme Being*, say——*He walketh upon the Waves of the Sea*; to denote his uncontroulable Power, *Job* ix. 8. ——*He walketh in the Circuit of Heaven*; to express the Immensity of his Presence, *Job* xxii. 14.——*He walketh upon the Wings of the Wind*; to signify the amazing Swiftness of his Operations, *Psal.* civ. 3. ——In which last Phrase, there is, I think, an Elegance and Emphasis, not taken Notice of by our Commentators, and yet enequalled in any Writer.—— Not, He *flyeth*; He *runneth*; but, He *walketh*: and that, on the *very Wings* of the Wind: on the most impetuous of Elements, roused into its utmost Rage, and sweeping along with inconceivable Rapidity. A *Tumult* in *Nature*, not to be described, is the *composed* and *sedate Work* of the DEITY. A *Speed*, not to be measured, is (with Reverence I use the Expression, and to comport with our low Methods of Conception) the *solemn* and *majestic Foot-pace* of JEHOVAH. ——How *flat* are the following Lines, even in the *great Master* of Lyric Song,

Ocyor Ventis, & agente Nimbos
Ocyor Euro,

when compared with this inimitable *Stroke* of *divine Poetry!*——He *walketh* upon the *Wings* of the *Wind.*

ments of *Mortality*, and dwelt among the *proſtrate Dead*.—Who can repeat the wonderous Truth too often? Who can dwell upon the tranſporting Theme too long? *He*, who ſits *inthroned* in *Glory*, and diffuſes Bliſs among all the Heavenly Hoſts, was once a *pale* and *bloody Corſe*, and preſſed this little Spot.

O DEATH! how great was thy Triumph in that Hour! Never did thy gloomy Realms contain ſuch a Priſoner before.—*Priſoner*, did I ſay? No; he was *more than Conqueror*. He aroſe, far more mightily than *Samſon*, from a tranſient Slumber; broke down the Gates, and demoliſhed the Strong-Holds, of thoſe dark Dominions. —And This, O Mortals, This, is your only *Conſolation* and *Security*. JESUS has trod the dreadful Path, and ſmoothed it for your Paſſage. —JESUS, ſleeping in the Chambers of the Tomb, has brightened the diſmal Manſion, and left an inviting Odour in thoſe Beds of Duſt. The dying JESUS (Never let the comfortable Truth depart from your Minds! The dying JESUS) is your ſure *Protection*, your unqueſtionable *Paſport*, through the Territories of the Grave. Believe in Him, and they ſhall prove a "Highway to "*Sion*," ſhall tranſmit you ſafe to Paradiſe. Believe in Him, and you ſhall be no Loſers, but unſpeakable Gainers, by your Diſſolution. For hear what the Oracle of Heaven ſays upon this

important Point: *Whoso believeth in Me, shall never die* *.—What sublime and emphatical Language is This! Thus much, at least, it must import: The Nature of that last Change shall be surprisingly altered for the better. It shall no longer be *inflicted* as a *Punishment*, but rather *vouchsafed* as a *Blessing:* To such Persons it shall come attended with such a Train of Benefits, as will render it a Kind of *happy Impropriety*, to call it *Dying*. Dying! No, 'tis Then they *truly* begin to *live:* Their Exit is the End of their Frailty, and their Entrance upon Perfection: Their last Groan is the Prelude to Life and Immortality.

O YE *timorous Souls*, that are terrified at the Passing-Bell; that turn pale at the Sight of an opened Grave, and can scarce behold a Coffin, or a Skull, without a shuddering Horror; Ye that are *in Bondage* to the grisly Tyrant, and tremble at the shaking of his Iron Rod; cry mightily, to the Father of your Spirits, for *Faith* in his dear Son. *Faith* will free you from your *Slavery* †.

Faith

* John xi. 26.

† Death's Terror is the Mountain *Faith* removes;
'Tis *Faith* disarms Destruction.———
Believe, and look with Triumph on the Tomb.

These, and some other Quotations, I am proud to borrow from *the Night Thoughts*; especially from

Night

Faith will imbolden you to tread on (this fierceſt of) Serpents. Old *Simeon*, claſping the Child JESUS in the Arms of his Fleſh, and the glorious Mediator in the Arms of his Faith, departs with Tranquillity and Peace. That bitter Perſecutor *Saul*, having won CHRIST, being found in CHRIST, longs to be diſmiſſed from cumbrous Clay, and kindles into Raptures at the Proſpect of Diſſolution. Methinks I ſee another of *Immanuel*'s Followers, * truſting in his Saviour, leaning on his Beloved, go down to the ſilent Shades with Compoſure and Alacrity. In This

Night the *Fourth*: In which, Energy of Language, Sublimity of Sentiment, and the moſt exquiſite Beauties of Poetry, are the leaſt Perfections to be admired: Almoſt every Line glows with Devotion; riſes into the moſt exalted Apprehenſions of the adorable Redeemer; and is animated with the moſt lively Faith in His All-ſufficient Mediation. The Author of this excellent Performance has the peculiar Felicity of ennobling all the Strength of Style, and every Delicacy of Imagination, with the grand and momentous Truths of Chriſtianity. Theſe Thoughts give the higheſt Entertainment to the Fancy, and impart the nobleſt Improvement to the Mind: They not only refine our Taſte, but prepare us for Death, and ripen us for Glory. I never take up this admirable Piece, but am ready to cry out——*Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens, i. e.* Inſpire me with ſuch a Spirit, and Life ſhall be delightful, nor Death itſelf unwelcome.

* 2 Pet. i. 14.

powerful Name, an innumerable Company of ſinful Creatures have ſet up their Banners, and "overcome through the Blood of the Lamb." Authorized by the Captain of thy Salvation, *Thou* alſo mayſt ſet thy Feet upon the Neck of this King of Terrors. Furniſhed with this Antidote, *Thou* alſo mayſt play around the Hole of the Aſp, and put thy undaunted Hand on this Cockatrice-Den. Thou mayſt * feel the Viper faſtening to thy mortal Part, and *fear* no *Evil:* Thou ſhalt one Day ſhake it off by a joyful Reſurrection, and *ſuffer* no *Harm*.

RESURRECTION! That chearing Word eaſes my Mind of an anxious Thought, and ſolves a moſt *momentous Queſtion*. I was going to aſk, "Wherefore do all theſe Corpſes lie here, "in this abject Condition? Is This their final "State? Has Death conquered? and will the "Tyrant hold Captivity captive? How long "wilt Thou forget them, O LORD? For "ever?"—No, ſaith the Voice from Heaven, the Word of Divine Revelation; *The Righteous* are all "*Priſoners of Hope* †." There is an Hour (an awful Secret That, and known only to all-foreſeeing Wiſdom), an appointed Hour there is, when an *Act of Grace* will paſs the *Great Seal*

* Acts xxviii. 3, 5. † Zech. ix. 12.

Seal above, and give them an universal Discharge, a general Delivery from the Abodes of Corruption. Then shall the LORD JESUS descend from Heaven, with the Shout of the Archangel, and the Trump of GOD. *Destruction* itself shall hear the Call, and the obedient *Grave* give up her Dead. In a Moment, in the Twinkling of an Eye, they shake off the Sleep of ten thousand Years, and spring forth, like the bounding Roe, to " meet their LORD in the Air."

AND, Oh! with what cordial Congratulations, what transporting Endearments, do the Soul and Body, those affectionate Companions, re-unite! But with how much greater Demonstrations of Kindness, are they *both* received by their *compassionate Redeemer!* The Ancient of Days, who comes in the Clouds of Heaven, is their Friend, their Father, their Bridegroom. They have nothing to fear from all the Pomp of his Appearance. Those *tremendous Solemnities*, which spread Desolation and Astonishment thro' the Universe, serve only to inflame their Love, and heighten their Hopes. The Judge, the awful Judge, amidst all his Magnificence and Splendor, vouchsafes to confess their Names; vouchsafes to commemorate their Fidelity, before all the Inhabitants of the Skies, and the whole assembled World.

HARK!

HARK! the Thunders are hush'd: The Lightnings cease their Rage: The Angelic Armies stand in silent Suspense: The whole Race of *Adam* is wrapt in pleasing or anxious Expectation.—And now that adorable Being, whose *Favour* is better than *Life*, whose *Acceptance* is a Crown of *Glory*, lifts up the Light of his Countenance upon the Righteous. He speaks; and what ravishing Words proceed from his gracious Lips! What Ecstasies of Delight they enkindle in the Breasts of the Faithful!—"I accept you, "O my People! Ye are they that believed in "my Name. Ye are they that renounced "*Yourselves*, and *are complete in Me*. I see no "Spot or Blemish in you; for ye are washed in "my Blood, and cloathed in my Righteousness. "Renewed by my Spirit, ye have glorified me "on Earth, and have been faithful unto Death. "Come, then, ye Servants of Holiness, enter "into the Joy of your LORD. Come, ye "Children of Light, ye Blessed of my Fa-"ther, receive the *Kingdom*, that shall never "be removed; wear the *Crown*, which fadeth "not away; and enjoy *Pleasures* for ever-"more."

THEN it will be one of the smallest Privileges of the Righteous, that they shall languish no more; that *Sickness* will never again shew her

pale

pale Countenance in their Dwellings *. *Death itself* will be "swallowed up in Victory." That *fatal Javelin*, which has drank the Blood of Monarchs, and finds its Way to the Hearts of all the Sons of *Adam*, shall be utterly broken. That *enormous Scythe*, which has struck Empires from their Root, and swept Ages and Generations into Oblivion, shall lie by in perpetual Uselessness. *Sin* also, which filled thy Quiver, thou insatiate Archer!—*Sin*, which strung thy Arm with such resistless Vigour—which pointed all thy Shafts with inevitable Destruction—*Sin* will then be done away. Whatever is *frail*, or *depraved*, will be thrown off with our Grave-cloaths. All to come is perfect Excellency, and consummate Happiness; the Term of whose Continuance is Eternity.

O ETERNITY! *Eternity!* How are our boldest, our strongest Thoughts, lost and overwhelmed in thee! Who can set Landmarks to limit thy Dimensions, or find Plumbets to fathom thy Depths? *Arithmeticians* have Figures to compute

* *Isaiah* speaking of the new Jerusalem, mentions this, as one of its Immunities, *The Inhabitant thereof shall no more say, I am sick.* And another Clause in its Royal Charter runs thus, *GOD shall wipe away all Tears from their Eyes, and there shall be no more Death, neither Sorrow, nor Crying; neither shall there be any more Pain.* Isai. xxxiii. 24. Rev. xxi. 4.

pute all the Progreſſions of Time: *Aſtronomers* have Inſtruments to calculate the Diſtances of the Stars: But what Numbers can ſtate, what Lines can gauge, the Lengths and Breadths of Eternity? "It is higher than Heaven; what "canſt thou do? deeper than Hell; what canſt "thou know? The Meaſure thereof is longer "than the Earth, broader than the Sea *."

MYSTERIOUS, mighty Exiſtence! A *Sum*, not to be leſſened by the largeſt Deductions: An *Extent*, not to be contracted by all poſſible *Diminutions*. None can truly ſay, after the moſt prodigious Waſte of Ages, "That ſo much of "Eternity is gone." For when Millions of Centuries are elapſed, it is but *juſt commencing*; and when Millions more have run their ample Round, it will be *no nearer ending*. Yea, when Ages, numerous as the Bloom of Spring, increaſed by the Herbage of Summer, both augmented by the Leaves of Autumn, and all mutiplied by the Drops of Rain which drown the Winter—when theſe, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand more —more than can be repreſented by any *Similitude*, or imagined by any *Conception*, are all revolved; Eternity, vaſt, boundleſs, amazing Eternity, will only be beginning. Beginning, did I ſay? rather only *beginning to begin*.

WHAT

* Job xi. 8, 9.

WHAT a *pleasing*, yet *awful* Thought is this! Full of Delight, and full of Dread. O! may it alarm our *Fears*, quicken our *Hopes*, and animate all our *Endeavours!* Since we are soon to launch into this endless and inconceivable State, let us give *all Diligence* to secure our Entrance into Bliss. *Now* let us give all Diligence, because there is no Alteration in the Scenes of Futurity. The Wheel never turns: All is stedfast and immoveable beyond the Grave. Whether we are then *seated* on the *Throne*, or *stretched* on the *Rack*; a Seal will be set to our Condition by the Hand of everlasting Mercy, or inflexible Justice. —*The Saints* always rejoice amidst the Smiles of Heaven; their Harps are perpetually tuned; their Triumphs admit of no Interruption.—The Ruin also of the *Wicked* is irremediable. The fatal Sentence, once passed, is never to be repealed. No Hope of exchanging their doleful Habitations. But all Things bear the same dismal Aspect for ever and ever.

THE *Wicked*—* My Mind recoils at the Apprehension of their Misery. It has studiously waved the fearful Subject, and seems unwilling to pursue it, even now.—But 'tis better to *reflect upon it* for a few Minutes, than to *endure it* to

* ——*Animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit.*
VIRG.

to eternal Ages. Perhaps, the Confideration of their aggravated Mifery may be *profitably terrible:* may teach me more highly to prize the Saviour, who " delivers from going down into " the bottomlefs Pit;" may *drive* me, like the *Avenger's Sword*, to this only *City of Refuge*, for obnoxious Sinners.

THE Wicked feem to lie here, like *Malefactors*, in a deep and ftrong *Dungeon*, referved againft the Day of Trial.—" *Their Departure* was " without Peace." Clouds of Horror fat lowering upon their clofing Eye-lids; moft fadly foreboding the " Blacknefs of Darknefs for ever." When the laft Sicknefs feized their Frame, and the inevitable Change advanced; when they faw the fatal Arrow fitting to the Strings, faw the deadly Archer aiming at their Life, and felt the envenomed Shaft faftened in their Vitals—Good GOD! what Fearfulnefs came upon them! What horrible Dread overwhelmed them! How did they ftand fhuddering upon the tremendous Precipice, exceffively *afraid* to *die*, yet utterly *unable* to *live*.—O! What *pale Reviews*, what *ftartling Profpects*, confpire to augment their Sorrows!—They look *backward*; and, behold! a moft melancholy Scene! Sins unrepented of; Mercy flighted; and the Day of Grace ending. —They look *forward*, and nothing prefents itfelf but the righteous Judge; the dreadful Tribunal;

bunal; and a moſt ſolemn Reckoning.—They roll *around* their affrighted Eyes on attending Friends; and, if *Accomplices in Debauchery*, it ſharpens their Anguiſh, to conſider this further Aggravation of their Guilt, That they have not ſinned alone, but drawn others into the Snare: If *religious Acquaintance*, it ſtrikes a freſh Gaſh into their Hearts, to think of never ſeeing them any more, but only at an unapproachable Diſtance, ſeparated by the unpaſſable Gulf.

At laſt, perhaps, they begin to *pray*: Seeing no other poſſible Way of Relief, they are conſtrained to apply unto the Almighty: With trembling Lips, and a faultering Tongue, they cry unto that Sovereign Being, "who kills and "makes alive."—But why, O! why, have they *deferred* their Addreſſes to Heaven ſo long? Why have they *deſpiſed* all his Counſels, and ſtood incorrigible under his inceſſant Reproofs? How often have they been *forewarned* of theſe Terrors, and moſt importunately *intreated* to turn to the Lord!—I wiſh, they may find Favour at this late Hour; and by a Miracle of Grace, be ſnatched from the very *Brink*, the breaking Brink, of Damnation. But, alas! Who can tell, whether affronted Majeſty will lend an Ear to their Complaint? He may, for aught any Mortal knows, "laugh at their Calamity, and mock "when their Fear cometh."

Thus

THUS they lie, groaning out the poor Remains of Life; their Limbs bathed in Sweat; their Heart ſtrugling with convulſive Throws; Pains inſupportable throbbing thro' every Pulſe; and innumerable Darts of Agony transfixing their Conſcience.

In that dread Moment, how the frantic Soul
Raves round the Walls of her clay Tenement;
Runs to each Avenue; and ſhrieks for Help;
But ſhrieks in vain! How wiſhfully She looks
On all She's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh! might She ſtay, to waſh away her Crimes,
And fit Her for her Paſſage! Mournful Sight!
Her very Eyes weep Blood; and ev'ry Groan
She heaves, is big with Horror: But the Foe,
Like a ſtanch Murth'rer, ſteady to his Purpoſe,
Purſues her cloſe through every Lane of Life,
Nor miſſes once the Track, but preſſes on;
Till, forc'd at laſt to the tremendous Verge,
At once She ſinks.—

The GRAVE.

IF *this* be the *End* of the *Ungodly*, "My Soul, "come not Thou into their Secret! Unto their "Aſſembly, mine Honour, be not Thou uni-"ted!"—Oh! how awfully accompliſhed is that Prediction of inſpired Wiſdom! "Sin, "though

" though ſeemingly ſweet in the *Commiſſion*; in " the *Iſſue*, biteth like a Serpent, and ſtingeth " like an Adder."

HAPPY Diſſolution! were This the Period of their Woes. But, alas! all theſe Tribulations are only " the *Beginning of Sorrows*;" one ſmall Drop of that " Cup of Trembling," which is mingled for their future Portion.—No ſooner has the laſt Pang diſlodged the reluctant Soul, but they are hurried into the Preſence of an injured angry GOD: Not under the conducting Care of beneficent Angels, but expoſed to the *Inſults* of *accurſed* Spirits; who lately *tempted* them, now *upbraid* them, and will for ever *torment* them.—Who can conceive their Confuſion and Diſtreſs, when they ſtand guilty and inexcuſable before their incenſed Creator? They are received with Frowns: The GOD that made them, has no Mercy on them. The Prince of Peace, the Fountain of Felicity, rejects them with Abhorrence, *hides his Face from them.* He conſigns them over to *Chains* of *Darkneſs*, and *Receptacles* of *Deſpair*, againſt the ſeverer Doom, and more public Infamy, of the Great Day. Then all the Vials of Wrath will be emptied upon theſe wretched Creatures. The *Law* they have violated, the *Power* they have defied, the *Goodneſs* they have abuſed, will all get themſelves Honour

in their *exemplary Destruction*. Then GOD, the GOD to whom Vengeance belongeth, will draw the Arrow to the very Head, and set them as the Mark of his inexorable Displeasure.

RESURRECTION will be no Privilege to them, but *Immortality* itself their *everlasting Curse*.—Would they not bless the Grave, "that "Land where all things are forgotten," and wish to lie eternally hid in its deepest Gloom? But the Dust *refuses* to *conceal* their *Persons*, or draw a *Veil* over their *Practices*. They also must awake, must arise, and appear at the Bar, and meet the Judge: A Judge, before whom "the "Pillars of Heaven tremble, and the Earth melts "away:" A Judge, once long-suffering, and very compassionate, but now unalterably determined to teach stubborn Offenders, what it is to *provoke* the Omnipotent Godhead; what it is to *trample* upon the Blood of his Son; and offer *Despite* to all the gracious Overtures of his Spirit.

OH! the Perplexity, the Distraction, that must confound the impenitent Rebels, when they are summoned to the great Tribunal! "What can "they do in this Day of severe Visitation?" This Day of final Decision?—Where? How? From whence, can they find Help?—To which of the Saints will they turn? Whither betake themselves for Shelter?—Alas! 'tis all in vain:

'Tis

all too late.—Friends and Acquaintance know them no more: Heaven and Earth abandon them to their approaching Doom: and even the *Mediator*, the MEDIATOR himſelf deſerts them in this dreadful Hour.—To *fly*, will be impracticable; to *juſtify* themſelves, ſtill more impoſſible; and *now*, to *make* any *Supplications*, utterly unavailable.

BEHOLD! the Books are opened: The *Secrets* of all *Hearts* are diſcloſed: The *hidden* Things of Darkneſs are brought to Light. How empty, how ineffectual, are all thoſe refined *Artifices*, with which Hypocrites impoſed upon their Fellow-creatures, and preſerved a *Character* in the Sight of Men! The jealous GOD, who has been about their Path, and about their Bed, and 'ſpied out all their Ways, "ſets before them the "Things that they have done." They cannot anſwer him One in a Thouſand, nor ſtand in the awful Judgment. They are *ſpeechleſs* with *Guilt*, and *ſtigmatized* with *Infamy*, before all the Angels of Light. What a Favour would they eſteem it, to hide their aſhamed Heads in the Bottom of the Ocean, or even to be buried beneath the Ruins of the tottering World!

IF the *Contempt* poured upon them be ſo inſupportable, O! "How will their Hearts en-"dure," when the *Sword* of infinite *Indignation* is unſheathed; and fiercely waved around their

defenceleſs Heads, or pointed directly at their naked Breaſts! How muſt the Wretches ſcream with wild Amazement, and rend the very Heavens with their Cries, when "the *right aiming* "*Thunderbolts* go abroad:" Go abroad, with a dreadful Commiſſion, to drive them from the Kingdoms of Glory; and plunge them, not into the Sorrows of a *Moment*, or the Tortures of an *Hour*, but into all the reſtleſs Agonies of *unquenchable* Fire, and *everlaſting* Deſpair *.

MISERY of Miſeries! too ſhocking for Reflection to dwell upon. But if ſo diſmal to *foreſee*; and that at a *Diſtance*; together with ſome comfortable Expectation of *eſcaping* it—O! how bitter, how inconceivably bitter, to *bear*, without any *Intermiſſion*, or any *Mitigation*, through hopeleſs and eternal Ages!

WHO has any Bowels of *Pity?*—Who has any Sentiments of *Compaſſion?*—Who has any *tender Concern* for his Fellow-Creatures? Who? In GOD's Name, and for CHRIST's Sake, let Him ſhew it, by warning every Man, and beſeeching every Man to *ſeek* the LORD while He may be *found:* "To kiſs the Son, before his Anger is "kindled:"

* 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.

MILT.

" kindled:" Submiſſively to adore the Lamb, while he holds out the golden Sceptre.—*Here*, let us act the friendly Part to Mankind: *Here*, let the whole Force of our *Benevolence* exert itſelf; in exhorting whomſoever we are likely to influence, to take the Wings of *Faith* unfeigned, and *Repentance* undelayed, and " flee away from " this Wrath to come."

UPON the Whole; What ſtupendous Diſcoveries are theſe! Lay them up in a faithful Remembrance, O my Soul. Recollect them with the moſt ſerious Attention, when thou lieſt down, and when thou riſeſt up. When thou *walkeſt*, receive them for thy *Companions*; when thou *talkeſt*, liſten to them as thy *Prompters*; and whatever thou *doſt*, conſult them as thy *Directors*. Influenced by theſe Conſiderations, thy *Views* will greaten, thy *Affections* be exalted, and thou *thyſelf* raiſed above the tantalizing Power of periſhing Things. Duly mindful of theſe, it will be the Sum of thy *Deſires*, and Scope of thy *Endeavours*, to gain the *Approbation* of that Sovereign Being, who will then fill the Throne, and pronounce the *deciſive* Sentence. Thou wilt ſee nothing worth a Wiſh *, in Com-

* Great Day of Dread, Deciſion, and Deſpair!
At Thought of Thee, each ſublunary Wiſh
Lets go its eager Graſp, and quits the World.
Night Thoughts.

pariſon of having His Will for thy Rule, His Glory for thy Aim, and His Holy Spirit for thy ever-actuating Principle.

WONDER, O Man, be loſt in Admiration, at thoſe *prodigious Events*, which are coming upon the *Univerſe:* Events, the Greatneſs of which, nothing finite can meaſure. Such as will cauſe whatever is conſiderable or momentous, in the Annals of all Generations, to ſink into Littleneſs and Nothing: Events (JESUS, prepare us for their Approach; defend us when they take place!) big with the everlaſting Fates of all the Living, and all the Dead. I muſt ſee the *Graves* cleaving; the *Sea* teeming; and *Swarms* unſuſpected, *Crouds* unnumbered, yea, Multitudes of *thronging Nations*, riſing from both.—I muſt ſee the *World* in *Flames*; muſt ſtand at the *Diſſolution* of all terreſtrial Things; and be an Attendant on the *Burial* of *Nature*.—I muſt ſee the vaſt Expanſe of the *Sky*, wrapt up like a Scroll; and the incarnate GOD iſſuing forth from Light inacceſſible, with Ten thouſand times ten thouſand *Angels*, to judge both *Men* and *Devils*.—I muſt ſee the Curtain of *Time* drop; ſee all *Eternity* diſcloſed to View; and enter upon a *State* of *Being*, that will never, never, have an End.

AND ought I not (let the vaineſt Imagination judge; ought I not) to try the Sincerity of my *Faith*,

Faith, and take Heed to my *Ways?* Is there an *Inquiry*, is there a *Care*, of greater, of equal, of comparable Importance?—Is not this an infinitely preſſing Call, to ſee that my Loins are girded about, my Lamp trimmed, and myſelf dreſſed for "the Bridegroom's Appearance?" That, waſhed in the Fountain opened in my Saviour's Side, and clad with the Marriage-Garment wove by his Obedience; I may "be found in Peace, "unblameable, and unreproveable."—Otherwiſe, how ſhall I *ſtand* with Boldneſs, when the Stars of Heaven *fall* from their Orbs? How ſhall I come forth *erect* and *courageous*, when the *Earth* itſelf *reels* to-and-fro like a Drunkard *? How ſhall I look up with *Joy*, and ſee my Salvation drawing nigh, when the Hearts of Millions fail for *Fear?*

Now, Madam, leſt my Meditations ſet in a Cloud, and leave any *unpleaſing Gloom* upon your Mind; let me once more turn to the *brightening Proſpects* of the Righteous. A View of Them, and their delightful Expectations, may ſerve to *exhilerate* the Thoughts, that have been muſing upon melancholy Subjects, and hovering about the Edges of infernal Darkneſs: Juſt as a ſpacious Field, arrayed in *chearful Green*, relieves and reinvigorates the Eye, that has fatigued itſelf by

 poring

* Iſai. xxiv. 20.

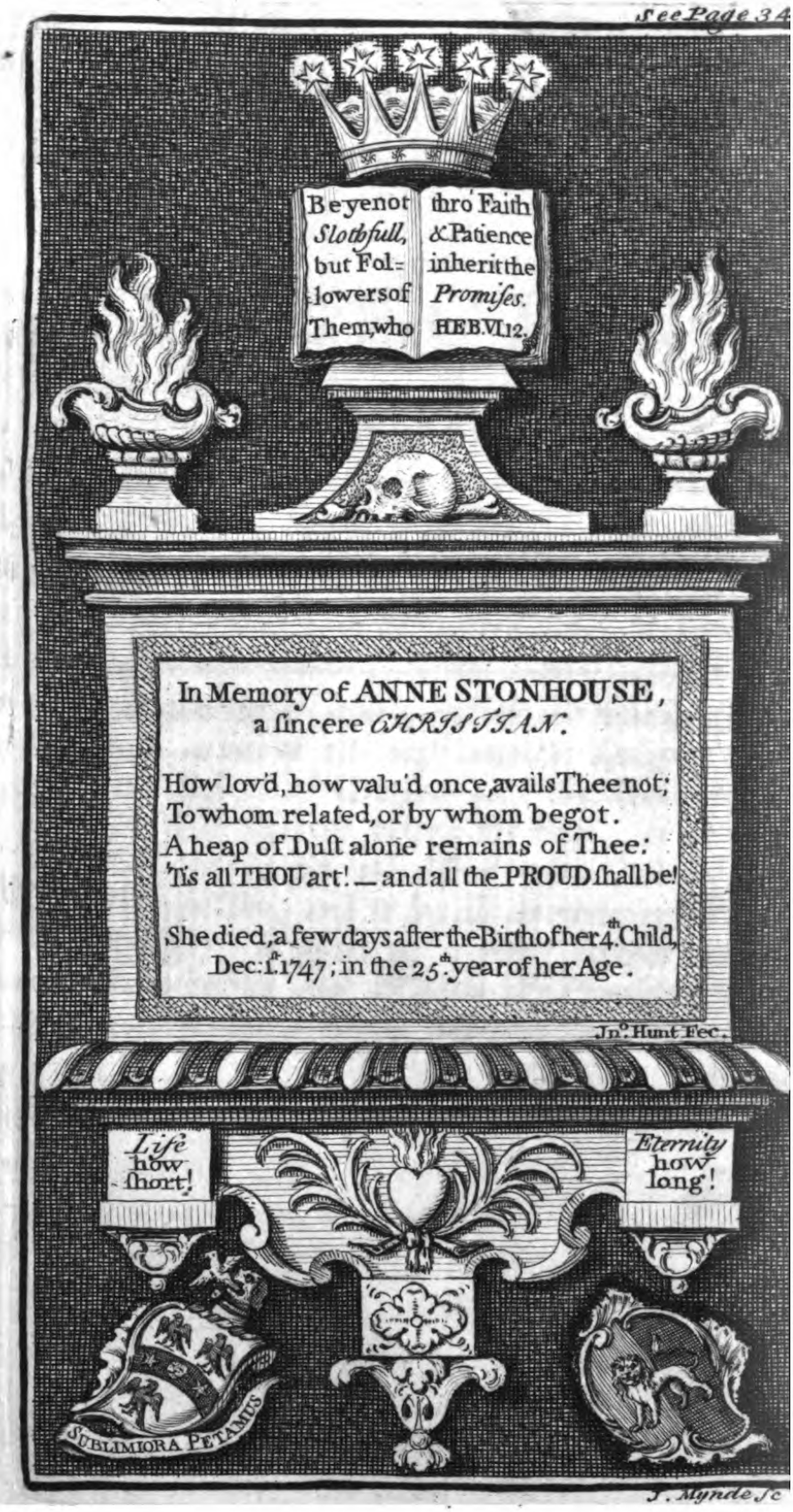
poring upon ſome *minute*, or gazing upon ſome *glaring* Object.

THE *Righteous* ſeem to lie by, in the Boſom of the Earth, as a *wary Pilot* in ſome well-ſheltered Creek; till all the *Storms* which infeſt this lower World, are blown over. Here they enjoy *ſafe Anchorage*; are in no Danger of *foundering* amidſt the Seas of prevailing Iniquity, or of being *ſhipwreck'd* on the Rocks of any powerful Temptation. But, ere-long, we ſhall behold them hoiſting their *Flag of Hope*; riding before *a ſweet Gale* of atoning Merit, and redeeming Love; till they *make*, with all the Sails of an *aſſured Faith*, the bleſſed *Port* of eternal Life.

THEN may the *honoured Friend*, to whom I am writing, rich in good Works, rich in Heavenly Tempers, but inexpreſſibly richer in her Saviour's Righteouſneſs—O! may She enter the Harbour, like a gallant *ſtately Veſſel*, returned ſucceſsful and victorious from ſome grand Expedition, with Acclamations, Honour, and Joy! While my *little Bark*, attendant on the Solemnity, and a Partaker of the Triumph, glides humbly after: and both reſt together in the Haven, the wiſh'd for, bliſsful Haven, of perfect Security, and everlaſting Repoſe.

The E N D.

See Page 34


Be ye not Slothfull, but Followers of Them, who thro' Faith & Patience inherit the Promises. HEB. VI. 12.
In Memory of ANNE STONHOUSE, a sincere CHRISTIAN.
How lov'd, how valu'd once, avails Thee not;
To whom related, or by whom begot.
A heap of Dust alone remains of Thee:
'Tis all THOU art! — and all the PROUD shall be!
She died, a few days after the Birth of her 4th Child, Dec: 1st 1747; in the 25th year of her Age.
Jno. Hunt Fec.
Life how short!
Eternity how long!
SUBLIMIORA PETAMUS
J. Mynde Sc

REFLECTIONS

ON A

Flower-Garden.

I look upon the Pleasure, which we take in a Garden, *as one of the most innocent Delights in human Life. A* Garden *was the Habitation of our first Parents before the Fall. It is naturally apt to fill the Mind with Calmness and Tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent Passions at Rest. It gives us a great Insight into the Contrivance and Wisdom of Providence, and* suggests innumerable Subjects for Meditation.

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REFLECTIONS

ON A

FLOWER-GARDEN.

In a LETTER to a LADY.

MADAM,

SOME Time ago, my Meditations took a Turn among the *Tombs*: They visited the awful and melancholy Mansions of the Dead *: And you was pleased to favour them with your Attention.—May I, now, beg the Honour of your Company, in a more inviting and

* "Discourses on the Vanity of the Creature, "which represent the Barrenness of every Thing in "this World, and its Incapacity of producing any "solid

and delightful Excurſion? In a beautiful *Flower-Garden*, where I lately walked, and at once regaled the Senſe, and indulged the Fancy.

'TWAS early in a *Summer-Morning*; when the Air was cool; the Earth moiſt; the whole Face of the Creation freſh and gay. The noiſy World was ſcarce awake. *Buſineſs* had not quite ſhook off his ſound Sleep, and *Riot* had but juſt reclined his giddy Head. All was ſerene: All was ſtill: Every thing tended to inſpire *Tranquillity* of Mind, and invite to ſerious *Thought*.

ONLY the wakeful *Lark* had left her Neſt, and was mounting on high, to ſalute the opening Day. Elevated in Air, ſhe ſeemed to call the laborious *Huſbandman* to his Toil, and all her *Fellow-Songſters* to their Notes.—Earlieſt of Birds, ſaid I, Companion of the Dawn, may I always riſe at thy Voice! Riſe, to offer the Matin-Song; and adore that beneficent Being, "who maketh the Outgoings of the Morning "and Evening to rejoice."

O!

"ſolid or ſubſtantial Happineſs, are uſeful.——— "Thoſe Speculations alſo, which ſhew the bright "Side of Things, and lay forth thoſe innocent En- "tertainments, which are to be met with among the "ſeveral Objects that encompaſs us, are no leſs bene- "ficial." *Spect.* Vol. V. No. 393. *Upon the Plan of theſe Obſervations the preceding and following Reflections are formed.*

O! how charming to rove abroad at this ſweet *Hour* of *Prime!* To enjoy the Calm of Nature; to tread the dewy Lawns; and taſte the unrifled Freſhneſs of the Air!

Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Riſing ſweet,
With Charm of earlieſt Birds *.

What a Pleaſure do the Sons of *Sloth* loſe! Little, ah! little is the Sluggard ſenſible, how *delicious* an Entertainment He foregoes, for the pooreſt of all *animal* Gratifications.

THE *Greyneſs* of the Dawn decays gradually. Abundance of ruddy Streaks tinge the Fleeces of the Firmament. Till, at length, the *dappled* Aſpect of the Eaſt, is loſt in an ardent and univerſal *Bluſh.*—Is it the Surmiſe of Imagination, or do the Skies *really* redden with *Shame*, to ſee ſo many ſupinely ſtretched on their drowſy Pillows?—Shall *Man* be loſt in luxurious Eaſe? Shall *Man* waſte theſe precious Hours in idle Slumbers? While the vigorous *Sun* is up, and going on his Maker's Errand; while all the *feathered Choir* are hymning the Creator, and paying their Homage in Harmony? Oh! no. Let *Him* heighten the Melody of the tuneful Tribes, by adding the rational Strains of Devotion. Let *Him* improve the fragrant Oblations

* *Milt.* Par. Loſt, B. IV. l. 641.

tions of Nature, by mingling, with the rising Odours, the more refined Breath of Praise.

'TIS natural for Man to look upward *; to throw his first Glance upon the Objects that are above Him.

Strait towards Heav'n my wond'ring Eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample SKY †.

PRODIGIOUS Theatre! Where Lightnings dart their Fire, and Thunders utter their Voice: Where Tempests spend their Rage, and Worlds unnumbered roll at large!—O! the *Greatness* of that mighty *Hand*, which meteth out this amazing Circumference with a *Span!* O! the *Immensity* of that wonderful *Being*, before whom this unmeasurable Extent is no more than a *Point!* —And O! (thou pleasing Thought!) the unsearchable *Riches* of that *Mercy*, which is § *greater than the Heavens*; is more extensive and unbounded in its gracious Exercise, than these illimitable Tracts of Air, and Sea, and Firmament; that pardons Crimes of the most enormous Size, and most horrid Aggravations; pardons them, in Consideration

* *Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri*
Jussit, & erectos ad sidera tollere vultus. OVID.

† *Milt.* Par. Lost, B. VIII. l. 257.

§ Psalm cviii. 4.

Consideration of the Redeemer's Atonement, with perfect Freeness, and the utmost Readiness! More readily, if it were possible, than this *all-surrounding Expanse* admits, within its Circuit, a *Ridge* of *Mountains*, or even a *Grain* of *Sand*.

O! COME hither, then, ye *awakened*, trembling *Sinners*. Come *, weary and heavy-laden with a Sense of your Iniquities. Condemn yourselves. Renounce all Reliance on any thing of your

* The Lines that follow, are admirably descriptive of the Spirit and Practice hinted above. In them Desire *pants*; Prayer *wrestles*; and Faith, as it were, *grasps* the Prize.——I take Leave to transplant them into this Place, because they have the Misfortune to grow in a very obscure Situation. Their native Soil, is no other than *The Lamentation of a Sinner*, written by Mr *Sternhold*. Notwithstanding the unpromising Genius of the Performance, I think, We may challenge the greatest Masters, to produce any Thing more spirited, and importunate; more full of Nature, or more flushed with Life.

Mercy, good LORD, Mercy I crave;
This is the total Sum;
For Mercy, LORD, is all my Suit,
LORD, let thy Mercy come.

The short Sentences——Not a single Copulative——The frequent Repetition of the divine Name——The almost incessant Reiteration of the Blessing, so earnestly desired, so infinitely needed.——These are the genuine Language of Ardour; are Beauties obvious to every Eye; and cannot fail, either to please the *judicious* Taste, or to edify the *gracious* Heart.

your own. Let your *Truſt be in the tender Mercy of* GOD, *for Ever and Ever.*

IN them hath He ſet a Tabernacle for the Sun. —Behold him coming forth from the Chambers of the Eaſt. See; the Clouds, like floating Curtains, are thrown back at his Approach. With what *refulgent Majeſty* does he walk abroad! How tranſcendently bright is his Countenance; ſhedding Day, and inexhauſtible Light, through the Univerſe! Is there a *Scene*, though finiſhed by the moſt elaborate and coſtly Refinements of human Art, *comparable* to theſe illuſtrious Solemnities of opening Sun-ſhine? Before *theſe*, all the ſtudied Pageantry of the Theatre; the glittering Œconomy of an Aſſembly; or even the heightened Ornaments of a royal Palace; hide their diminiſhed Heads, and ſhrink into Nothing.—I have read of a Perſon, ſo ſtruck with the Splendors of this *noble Luminary*, that he imagined himſelf made on purpoſe to contemplate its Glories. O! that Chriſtians would adopt his Perſuaſion, and transfer it to the *Sun of Righteouſneſs!* Thus applied, it would ceaſe to be a chimerical Notion, and become a moſt important Truth. For ſure I am, it is the *ſupreme Happineſs* of the eternal State, and therefore may well be the *ruling Concern* of this preſent Life, "to "know the only true GOD, and JESUS CHRIST, "whom

"whom He hath ſent."—Nor do I ſtand alone in this Opinion. One of the moſt unqueſtionable Judges of whatever is valuable in Science, or perfective of our Nature; a Judge, who formed his *Taſte* on the *Maxims* of *Paradiſe*, and received the *Finiſhings* of his *Education* in the *Third Heavens*; this Judge determines to "know "nothing but JESUS CHRIST, and Him cru-"cified." He poſſeſſed, in his own Perſon, the fineſt, the moſt admired *Accompliſhments*; and yet pronounces them no better than *Dung*, in Compariſon of the * ſupereminent Excellency of this ſaving Knowlege.

METHINKS, I diſcern a thouſand admirable Properties in the *Sun*. 'Tis, certainly, the beſt material Emblem of the Creator. There is more of GOD in its *Luſtre*, *Energy*, and *Uſefulneſs*, than in any other viſible Being. To worſhip it as a Deity, was the leaſt inexcuſable of all the heathen Idolatries. One ſcarce can wonder, that fallen Reaſon ſhould miſtake ſo fair a *Copy* for the adorable *Original*. No Compariſon, in the whole Book of ſacred Wiſdom pleaſes me more than that which reſembles the bleſſed JESUS to yonder *Regent of the Day* †; who now advances

 on

* Το υπερεχον της γνωσεως.

† Unto you, that fear my Name, ſhall the *Sun* of *Righteouſneſs* ariſe, with healing in his Wings. *Mal.* iv. 2.

on his azure Road, to ſcatter Light and Gladneſs through the Nations.

WHAT were all the Realms of the World, but a *Dungeon* of *Darkneſs*, without the *Beams* of the Sun? All their fine Scenes hid under Shades; loſt in Obſcurity.—In vain, we roll around our Eyes in the Midnight Gloom: In vain, we ſtrive to behold the *Features* of amiable *Nature*: Turn whither we will, no Form or Comelineſs appears: All ſeems a *dreary Waſte*; an undiſtinguiſhed Chaos; till the returning Hours have unbarred the Gates of Light, and let forth the Morn.—Then, what a Proſpect opens! The Heavens are paved with Azure, and ſtrewed with Roſes. A Variety of the livelieſt Verdures array the Plains. The Flowers put on a Glow of the richeſt Colours. The whole Creation ſtands forth, dreſſed in all the Charms of Beauty. The raviſhed Eye looks round, and wonders.

AND what had been the Condition of our *intellectual Nature*, without the great Redeemer, and his *Divine Revelation*? Alas! What abſurd and unworthy Apprehenſions did the *Pagan Sages* form of GOD! What *idle Dreams*, what *childiſh Conjectures*, were their Doctrines of a future State! And how did the *Bulk*, even of that favoured People, the *Jews*, weary themſelves in *very Vanity*, to obtain Peace and Reconciliation with

with their offended JEHOVAH! Till JESUS arose upon our benighted Minds, and brought Life and Immortality to Light; till He arose, "to enlighten the wretched *Gentiles*, and to be "the Glory of his People *Israel!*"—Now, we no longer cry out, with a restless Impatience, "Where is GOD my Maker?" For we are allowed to contemplate the *Brightness* of his *Glory*, and the express Image of his Person, "in the "Face of JESUS CHRIST."—Now, we no longer inquire, with an unsatisfied Sollicitude, Which is the Way to Bliss? Because JESUS has marked the *Path* by his shining Example, and left us an unerring *Clue* in his holy Word.—Now, we have no more Reason to proceed with misgiving Hearts, in our Journey to Eternity; or to ask anxiously as we go, "Who will roll away "the Stone," and open the everlasting Doors? Who will remove the flaming Sword, and give us Admission into the Delights of Paradise? For it is done, All done, by the Captain of our Salvation. *Sin* he has *expiated*, by the unblemished Sacrifice of Himself. The *Law* he has *fulfilled*, by his perfect Obedience. The *Sinner* he *transforms*, by his sanctifying SPIRIT.—In a Word, He hath both presented us with a *clear Discovery* of good Things to come, and administred to us an *abundant Entrance* into the final Enjoyment of them.

WHENEVER, therefore, we bless GOD for the circling Seasons, and revolving Day; let us adore, thankfully adore Him, for the more precious Appearance of the *Sun of Righteousness*, and his *glorious Gospel*; without which we should have been groping to this Hour, in spiritual Darkness, and the Shadow of Death; without which we must have been bewildered in a Maze of inextricable Uncertainties; and have "stum-"bled upon the dark Mountains" of Error, till we fell into the bottomless Pit of Perdition.

WITHOUT that grand *enlivening Principle*, What were this Earth, but a lifeless *Mass?* A rude Lump of *inactive* Matter? The Trees could never break forth into Leaves, nor the Plants spring up into Flowers. We should no more behold the Meadows *mantled over* with Green, nor the Valleys *standing thick* with Corn. Or, to speak in the beautiful Language of a Prophet, "* No longer would the Fig-tree blossom, nor "Fruit be in the Vine: The Labour of the Olive "would fail, and the Fields could yield no "Meat: The Flocks must be cut off from the "Fold, and there would be no Herd in the "Stalls."—This darts its Beams among all the Vegetable Tribes, and *paints* the Spring, and *enriches* the Autumn. This pierces to the Roots of the

* Hab. iii. 17.

the Vineyard, and the Orchard; and ſets afloat thoſe fermenting Juices, which at length burſt into Floods of Wine, or bend the Boughs with a mellow Load.—Nor are its Favours confined to the *Upper Regions*, but diſtributed even unto the *deepeſt Receſſes* of Creation. It penetrates the Beds of Metals, and finds its Way to "the "Place of the Sapphires." It *tinctures* the Seeds of Gold, that are ripening into Ore; and throws a *Brilliancy* into the Water of the Diamond, that is hardening on its Rock.—In ſhort, the beneficial Agency of this magnificent Luminary is inexpreſſible. It *beautifies* and *impregnates* univerſal Nature. "There is nothing hid from the Heat "thereof."

JUST in the ſame Manner, were the *Rational World dead in Treſpaſſes and Sins*, without the reviving Energy of JESUS CHRIST. He is "the Reſurrection, and the Life:" The all-powerful Cauſe of the one, and overflowing Fountain of the other. "The Second *Adam* is "*a quickening Spirit*," and all his Saints live through Him. He *ſhines* upon their Affections; and they *ſhoot* forth into Heavenly Graces, and *abound* in the Fruits of Righteouſneſs. Faith unfeigned, and Love undiſſembled, thoſe nobleſt Productions of the renewed Nature, are the Effect of *his* Operations on the Mind. Not ſo much as one Divine Diſpoſition could ſpread it-

ſelf, not one Chriſtian Habit unfold and flouriſh, without the kindly Influences of his Grace.

As there is no Fruitfulneſs, ſo likewiſe no *Chearfulneſs* *, without the Sun.—When that auſpicious Sovereign of the Day diffuſes the *Mildneſs* of his *Morning* Splendours, all Creatures are enlivened by his Preſence, are gladdened with his Gifts. Millions of glittering Inſects awake into Exiſtence, and baſk in his Rays. The Birds ſtart from their Slumbers, and pour their delighted Souls in Harmony. The Flocks, with bleating Accents, hail the welcome Bleſſing. The Herds, in lowing Murmurs, expreſs their hoarſer Acclamations. The Valleys ring with rural Muſic: the Hills echo back the artleſs Strains. All that is vocal, joyns in the general Choir: all that has Breath, exults in the chearing Influence.—Whereas, let that radiant Orb be *eclipſed*, only for a few Minutes, and all Nature immediately aſſumes an Air of *Sadneſs*. The Heavens put on a Kind of Mourning. The moſt ſprightly Animals droop their Wings, or hang down their dejected Heads. The Songſters of the Grove are ſtruck

* "The Sun, which is as the great Soul of the "Univerſe, and produces all the Neceſſaries of Life, "has a particular Influence in *chearing* the Mind of "Man, and making the Heart *glad*." *Spect.* Vol. V. No. 387.

ſtruck dumb. The Voice of Joy ceaſes. Howling Beaſts roam abroad for Prey: Ominous Birds come forth, and ſcreech: The Heart of Man fails, and a chilling Horror ſeizes the foreboding Mind.—So, when CHRIST hides away his Face; when Faith loſes Sight of that *Conſolation of Iſrael*; Oh! how gloomy are the *Proſpects* of the Soul! Our GOD ſeems to be a conſuming Fire, and our Sins cry loudly for Vengeance. The Thoughts bleed inwardly; the Chriſtian walks heavily: all without is irkſome; all within is diſconſolate.—Lift up then, moſt gracious JESUS, thou *nobler Day-ſpring* from on high! O lift up, the Light of thy Countenance upon thy People; *reveal* the *Fulneſs* of thy mediatorial Sufficiency; *make clear* our *Title* to this great Salvation; and thereby impart

What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The Soul's calm Sunſhine, and the Heart-felt Joy. *Pope.*

IN one Inſtance more, let me purſue the Similitude. The Sun, I obſerve, ſhoots his Beams *every Way*; both backwards and forwards; to every Point in the Compaſs, as well as to every Quarter under Heaven. The Eaſt *reddens* with his riſing Radiance, and the Weſtern Hills are *gilded* with his ſtreaming Splendors. The chilly

Regions of the North are *cheared* by his genial Warmth, while the Southern Tracts *glow* with his Fire.—Thus, are the *Influences* of the Sun of Righteouſneſs *diffuſive* and *unconfined*. The Generations of old felt them, and Generations yet unborn will rejoice in them. The Merits of his precious Death *extended* to the *Firſt*, and will be *propagated* to the *Laſt*, Ages of Mankind.—May they, ere-long, viſit the remoteſt Climates, and darkeſt Corners of the Earth! Command thy Goſpel, bleſſed JESUS, thy everlaſting Goſpel, to take the Wings of the Morning, and travel with yonder Sun. Let it fly upon ſtrong Pinions among every People, Nation, and Language; that where the Heat broils, and the Cold freezes, Thou mayſt be known, confeſſed, and adored; That *Strangers* to thy Name, and *Enemies* to thy Doctrines, may be *enlightened* with the Knowlege, and *won* to the Love, of thy Truth! O! may that beſt of Æras come, that wiſh'd for Period advance, when "All the "Ends of the World ſhall remember them-"ſelves, and be turned unto the LORD; and "all the Kindreds of the Nations worſhip before "him!"

FROM the Heavens, we retire to the Earth.—Here, the Drops of *Dew*, like ſo many liquid Cryſtals,

Cryſtals *, ſparkle upon the Eye. How *brilliant* and unſullied is their *Luſtre!* How little inferior to the proud Stone, that irradiates a Monarch's Crown! They want nothing but *Solidity* and *Permanency*, to equal them with the fineſt Treaſures of the Jeweller's Caſket.—But here, indeed, they are greatly deficient; ſhort-lived Ornaments; poſſeſſed of little more than a *momentary Radiancy*. The Sun, that lights them up, will ſoon exhale them. Within another Hour, we may "look for their Place, and they ſhall be "away."—Oh! may every *good Reſolution* of mine, and of my Flock's; may our united Breathings after GOD, not be like theſe *tranſient Decorations* of the Morning; but like the *ſubſtantial Glories* of the growing Day! Theſe ſhine more and more, with augmented Splendors; while thoſe, having glittered gayly for a little while, diſappear, and are loſt.

HOW ſenſibly has this Dew *refreſhed* the Vegetable Kingdoms! The fervent Heat of Yeſterday's Sun had almoſt parched the Face of Nature. But what a *ſovereign Reſtorative* are theſe *cooling Diſtillations* of the Night! How they gladden and invigorate the languiſhing Herbs! Sprinkled with theſe reviving Drops, their Colours

* Now Morn, her roſy Steps in th' Eaſtern Clime
Advancing, ſow'd the Earth with orient Pearl.
MILT.

lours deepen, and they assume a more florid Aspect.—So, does the ever-blessed SPIRIT *revive* the drooping, troubled *Conscience* of a Sinner. When that Almighty Comforter sheds his sweet Influence on the Soul; displays the all-sufficient Sacrifice of a Divine Redeemer; and "witnesses with our Spirit," that we are *interested* in the *Saviour*, and, by this means, are *Children* of *GOD*; then, what a pleasing Change ensues! Former Anxieties are remembred no more. The inward Gloom is dissipated, and every uneasy Apprehension vanishes. Soothing Hopes, and delightful Expectations, succeed. The *Countenance* drops its dejected Mien; the *Eyes* brighten with a lively Chearfulness, while the *Lips* express the Heart-felt Satisfaction, in the Language of Thanksgiving, and the Voice of Melody.—In this Sense, merciful GOD, *be as the Dew unto Israel!* "Pour upon them the continual Dew of "thy Blessing." And Oh! let not my Fleece be dry, while Heavenly Benediction descends upon all around.

WHO can *number* these pearly Drops? They hang on every Hedge; twinkle from every Spray; and adorn the whole Herbage of the Field. Not a Blade of Grass, not a single Leaf, but wears these watery Pendants. So *vast* is the *Profusion*, that it baffles the *Arithmetician's Art*.—Here, let the benevolent Breast contemplate, with Delight,

light, that emphatical Scripture, which describes the *Increase* of the *Messiah's Kingdom*, from this elegant Similitude: The Royal Prophet, speaking of CHRIST, and foretelling the Success of his Religion, has this remarkable Expression *, *The Dew*

* Psalm cx. 3. מרחם משחר לך טל ילדתך. The most exact Translation of this difficult Passage is, I apprehend, as follows; *Præ rore uteri auroræ, tibi est ros juventutis vel prolis tuæ.* The Dew of thy Birth is larger, more copious, than the Dew which proceeds from the Womb of the Morning.——I cannot acquiesce in the new Version; because that disjoins *The Womb of the Morning*, from *The Dew of thy Birth*: Whereas they seem to have a clear Affinity, and close Connexion. The Womb of the Morning is, with Abundance of Elegance, applied to the Conception and Production of Dews; agreeably to a delicate Line, in that great Master of just Description, and lively Painting, Mr *Thomson*:

The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews.
Summer.

Job, I remember, has a fine Expression, that may serve to confirm this Remark, and illustrate the Propriety of the Phrase used in this Connection: "Hath "the Rain a Father, or who hath *begotten the Drops* "*of Dew?*" It seems, the Oriental Writers delighted to represent the Dew, as a kind of Birth, as the Offspring of the Morning. And if so, surely there could be no Image, in the whole Compass of the Universe, better adapted to the Psalmist's Purpose; or more strongly significant of those Multitudes of Proselytes, which were "born, not of Blood, nor of the Will of "the Flesh, nor of the Will of Man, but of GOD;" by

Dew of thy Birth is of the Womb of the Morning; (i. e.) As the Morning is the Mother of Dews; produces

by the powerful Energy of his Word and Spirit.—— Upon this Supposition, the whole Verse describes

The willing Subjection,
The gracious Accomplishments, } of Christ's Converts.
And the vast Number,

q. d. *In the Day of thy Power*, when thy glorious Gospel shall be published to the World, and accompanied with marvellous Efficacy.——In that memorable Period, *Thy People*, discontinuing the former Oblations, commanded under the *Mosaic* Law; shall devote *themselves*, as so many *living Sacrifices*, to thy Honour. Not constrained by Force, but charmed with thy Excellency, they shall come in *Volunteers* to thy Service, and be *free-will Offerings* in thy Church.—Neither shall they be "empty Vines," or bare Professors; but shall walk in all *the Beauties of Holiness*, and bring forth such amiable Fruit, as will adorn the Doctrine they embrace—And, what is still more desireable, they shall be as *numerous*, as they are willing and holy. Born to Thee in Numbers, even more immense and inconceivable, than the Drops of Dew, which are begotten by the Night, and issue from the Womb of the recent Morning.

By this Interpretation, the Text, I think, is cleared of its Obscurity; and appears both truly sublime, and perfectly just.

May I be pardoned the *Digression*, and acquitted from *Presumption*, if, on this Occasion, I take Leave to animadvert upon what seems harsh and unnatural, in the common Exposition of the last Verse of this Psalm? All the Commentators (at least, all that I have had

produces them, as it were, from a prolific Womb; and ſcatters them, with the moſt laviſh Abundance,

had Opportunity to conſult) inform their Readers, That to *drink of the Brook in the Way*, ſignifies *to undergo Sufferings and Death:* Which, in my Opinion, is a Conſtruction extremely forced, and hardly ſupportable; altogether remote from the Import of ſuch poetical Forms of Diction, uſual among the Eaſtern Nations. In thoſe ſultry Climes, nothing in the World could be more welcome to the Traveller, than a Brook ſtreaming near his Paths. To lave his Feet, and quench his Thirſt, in the cooling Current, was one of the greateſt Refreſhments imaginable, and re-animated him to purſue his Journey. For which Reaſon, among others, *Brooks* are a very favourite Image with the inſpired Penmen; uſed to denote a *Situation fertile* and *delightful*, or a *State* of *Pleaſure* and *Satiſfaction*; but never, that I can recollect, to picture out the contrary Condition of *Tribulation* and *Diſtreſs*.

The *Water-floods*, indeed, in the ſacred Writings, often repreſent ſome imminent Danger, or grievous Affliction. But then they are not——נרליבם בדרך——Streams ſo *calm*, that they keep within their Banks, and glide quietly by the Traveller's Footſteps; ſo *clear*, that they are fit for the Way-faring Man's Uſe, and invite his Lips to a Draught; both which Notions are plainly implied in the Text.——They are rather——משברי——boiſterous Billows, burſting over a Ship, or daſhing themſelves, with dreadful Impetuoſity, upon the Shore: Or——שבלת——ſweeping Inundations, that drown the neighbouring Country, and bear down all before them.——Beſides, in theſe Inſtances of Horror, we never find the Word——ישתה——"He ſhall drink;" which conveys a pleaſing

dance, over all the Surface of the Earth: *So shall thy Seed be*, O thou everlasting Father! By the Preaching of thy Word, shall such an innumerable Race of regenerate Children be born unto Thee, and fill all Lands. Millions, Millions of willing

pleasing Idea (unless, when it relates to a Cup, filled with bitter, intoxicating, or impoisoned Liquors; a Case quite different from that under Consideration;) but either——בצת——which imports Terror and Astonishment: Or else——שטף and עבר——which signify to rush upon; to overwhelm; and even to bury under the Waves.

Upon the whole; May not the Passage more properly allude to the *Influences* of the *Holy Ghost?* which were communicated, in unmeasurable Degrees, to our great High Priest; and were, in fact, the Cause of his surmounting all Difficulties.——These are frequently represented by *Waters*; "Whoso believeth "on Me, out of his Belly shall flow Rivers of *living* "*Waters*." And the Enjoyment of them is described by *drinking*; "He that *drinketh* of the Water that I "shall give him, shall never thirst."——Then, the Sense may run in this well-connected and perspicuous Manner. If it be asked, How shall the Redeemer be able to execute the various and important Offices, foretold in the preceding Parts of the Psalm? the Prophet replies, *He shall drink of the Brook in the Way*. He shall not be left barely to his human Nature, which must unavoidably sink under the tremendous Work of recovering a lost World: But thro' the whole Course of his incarnate State, through the whole Administration of his Mediatorial Kingdom, shall be supported with Omnipotent Succours. He shall

willing Converts ſhall *croud* into thy Family, and *repleniſh* thy Church; till they become like the Stars of Heaven, or the Sands of the Sea, for Multitude; or even as *numberleſs* as theſe fine *Spangles*, which now cover the Face of Nature. —Behold then, ye *obſtinately Wicked*, though you "are not gathered, yet will the Saviour be "glorious." His Deſign ſhall not miſcarry, nor his Labour prove abortive, tho' you render it of none Effect with regard to yourſelves. Think not, that IMMANUEL will want *Believers*, or Heaven *Inhabitants*, becauſe *You* continue *incorrigible*. No; the Lamb that was ſlain, will "ſee of the Travail of his Soul, and be ſatisfied," in a never-failing Series of faithful People below, and an immenſe Choir of glorified Saints above; who ſhall form his Retinue, and ſurround his Throne, in ſhining and triumphant Armies, ſuch as no Man can number.

HERE I was reminded of the various *Expedients* which Providence, unſearchably wiſe, uſes, to *fructify* both the material and intellectual World.

ſhall drink at the Brook of *Almighty Power*, and travel on in the Greatneſs of an *uncreated Strength*.—— *Therefore ſhall he lift up his Head*. By this means, ſhall he be equal to the prodigious Taſk, and ſuperior to all Oppoſition. By this means, ſhall he be *thoroughly ſucceſsful*, in whatever he undertakes; and *greatly triumphant* over all his Enemies.

World.—Sometimes, you ſhall have *impetuous* and heavy *Showers*, burſting from the angry Clouds. They laſh the Plains, and make the Rivers foam. A Storm brings them, and a Deluge follows them.—At other Times, theſe gentle *Dews* are formed in the ſerene Evening Air: They ſteal down by ſoft Degrees, and with inſenſible Stilneſs; ſo ſubtle, that they deceive the niceſt Eye; ſo ſilent, that they eſcape the moſt delicate Ear.—Yet theſe very *different Operations* concur in the *ſame* beneficial *End*, and impart Fertility to the Lap of Nature.—So, ſome have I known, reclaimed from the unfruitful Works of Darkneſs, by *violent* and ſevere *Means*. The Almighty addreſſed their ſtubborn Hearts, as he addreſſed the *Iſraelites* at *Sinai*, with Lightning in his Eyes, and Thunder in his Voice. The Mind, ſmit with a Senſe of Guilt, and apprehenſive of eternal Vengeance, trembled through all her Powers; juſt as that ſtrong Mountain tottered to its Centre. Pangs and Agonies preceded their New Birth. They travailed in Pain, and were reduced to the foreſt Extremities, before they found Reſt to their Souls.—Others have been recovered from a vain Converſation, by *Methods* more *mild* and attractive. The Father of Spirits applied Himſelf to their tender Conſciences, in "a ſtill and ſmall Voice." His Grace came down as the Rain into a Fleece of Wool, or as

theſe

theſe ſoftening Drops, that now water the Earth. The Kingdom of GOD took place in their Hearts, without Noiſe or Obſervation. They paſſed from Death unto Life, from a carnal to a regenerate State, by almoſt imperceptible Advances. The Tranſition ſeemed like the Growth of the Corn, very viſible, when effected, though ſcarce ſenſible, while accompliſhing.—O Thou Author and Finiſher of our Faith, recal us from our Wanderings, and reunite us to Thyſelf! Whether Thou *alarm* us with thy *Terrors*, or *allure* us with thy *Smiles*; whether thou drive us with the Scourges of Conviction, or draw us with the Cords of Love; let us, in any wiſe, return to Thee; for Thou art our Supreme Good; Thou art our Only Happineſs.

BEFORE I proceed further, let me aſcend the *Terrace*, and take one Survey of the neighbouring *Country*.—O! What a Proſpect ruſhes upon my Sight! How vaſt; how various; how "full "and plenteous with all manner of Store!" Nature's whole Wealth!—What a rich and inexhauſtible Magazine is here, furniſhing Subſiſtence for every Creature! Methinks, I read, in theſe ſpacious Volumes, a moſt lively Comment, upon that noble Celebration of the Divine Beneficence; *He openeth his Hand, and filleth all Things living with Plenteouſneſs.*

Thefe are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,
Almighty! Thine this univerfal Frame,
Thus wond'rous fair! Thy felf how wond'rous then! MILT.

THE *Fields* are covered deep, and ftand thick, with Corn. They expand the Milky *Grain* to the Sun, in order to receive from his Beams a more firm Confiftence, and a golden Hue; that they may be qualified to fill the Hufbandman's Barns with Plenty, and his Heart with Gladnefs.

YONDER lie the *Meadows*, fmoothed into a perfect Level; decorated with an Embroidery of the gayeft Flowers, and loaded with * *fpontaneous* Crops of *Herbage:* which, converted into Hay, will prove a moft commodious Provifion for the Barrennefs of Winter; will fupply with Fodder our ferviceable Animals, when all the Verdure of the Plains is killed by Frofts, or buried in Snows. —A winding *Stream* glides along the flowery Margin, and receives the Image of the bending Skies, and waters the Roots of many a branching Willow. 'Tis ftocked, no doubt, with Variety of *Fifh*; that afford a folitary Diverfion to the Angler, and nourifh for his Table a delicious Treat. Nor is it the only Merit of this liquid Element,

* ——— *Injuffa virefcunt*
Gramina ——— VIRG.

Element, to maintain the finny Nations; it alſo carries *Cleanlineſs*, and diſpenſes *Fruitfulneſs*, where-ever it rolls the cryſtal Current.

THE *Paſtures*, with their verdant Mounds, chequer the Proſpect; and prepare a ſtanding *Repaſt* for our *Cattle*. There, "our *Oxen* are "made ſtrong to labour, and our *Sheep* bring "forth Thouſands, and ten Thouſands." There, the *Horſe* acquires Vigour, for the Diſpatch of our Buſineſs, and Speed to expedite our Journeys. From thence, the *Kine* bring home their Udders, diſtended with one of the richeſt and healthieſt Liquors in the World.

ON ſeveral Spots, a *Grove* of Trees, like ſome grand Colonnade, erects its towering Head. Every one projects a friendly Shade for the Beaſts, and creates a hoſpitable Lodging for the Birds. Every one ſtands ready to furniſh *Timber* for a Palace, or *Maſts* for a Navy; or, with a more condeſcending Courteſy, *Fuel*, for our Hearths.—One of them ſeems ſkirted with a wild uncultivated *Heath*; which, like well-diſpoſed Shades in Painting, throws an additional Luſtre on the more ornamented Parts of the Landſchape. Nor is its Uſefulneſs, like that of a Foil, relative only, but real. There, ſeveral valuable *Creatures* are produced and accommodated, without any Expence or Care of ours. There, likewiſe, ſpring abundance of thoſe *Herbs*, which aſſuage the

Smart of our Wounds, and allay the fiery Tumults of the Fever; which impart Floridity to our circulating Fluids; add a more vigorous Tone to our active Solids; and, thereby, repair the Decays of our enfeebled Conſtitutions.

NEARER the Houſes, one perceives a ſpacious *Spread of Branches*; not ſo ſtately as the Oaks, but more amiable for their annual Services. A little while ago, I beheld them; and all was one beauteous, boundleſs Waſte of *Bloſſoms*. The Eye marvelled at the lovely Sight, and the Heart rejoiced in the Proſpect of autumnal Plenty. But now, the blooming Maid is reſigned, for the uſeful Matron: The Flower is fallen, and the *Fruit* ſwells out on every Twig.—Breathe ſoft, ye Winds! O! ſpare the tender Fruitage, ye ſurly Blaſts! Let the *Pear-tree* ſuckle her juicy Progeny, till they drop into our Hands, and diſſolve in our Mouths. Let the *Plum* hang unmoleſted upon her Boughs, till ſhe fatten her delicious Fleſh, and cloud her poliſhed Skin with Blue. And as for the *Apples*, that ſtaple Commodity of our *Orchards*, let no injurious Shocks precipitate them immaturely to the Ground; till revolving Suns have tinged them with a ruddy Complexion, and concocted them into an exquiſite Flavour. Then, what innumerable Claſſes, of what burniſhed Rinds, and what delightful Reliſhes, will repleniſh the Store-room! Some, to preſent us with

with an early Entertainment, and refresh our Palates amidst the sultry Heats: Some, to borrow Ripeness from the falling Snows, and carry Autumn into the Depths of Winter: Some, to adorn the Salver, make a Part of the Dessert, and give an agreeable * Close to our Feasts: Others, to fill our Vats with a foaming Flood; which, mellowed by Age, may sparkle in the Glass, with a Liveliness and Delicacy, little inferior to the Blood of the Grape.

I OBSERVE several small *Inclosures*, which seem to be apprehensive of some hostile Visit from the North; and, therefore, are defended, on that Quarter, by a thick Wood, or a lofty Wall: at the same Time, they cultivate an uninterrupted Correspondence with the South, and throw open their whole Dimensions to its friendly Warmth. One, in particular, lies within the Reach of a distinguishing View; and proves to be an Olitory. It looks, methinks, like a plain and frugal Republic. Whatever may resemble the Pomp of Courts, or the Ensigns of Royalty, is banished from this humble Community. None of the Productions of the *Kitchen-Garden* affect Finery, but all are habited with perfect Decency. Here, those celebrated Qualities are eminently united, The utmost Simplicity with the

* ——— *ab Ovo*
Usque ad Mala. ——— HOR.

the exacteſt Neatneſs *.—A ſkilful Hand has parcelled out the whole Ground, into narrow Beds, and intervening Alleys. The ſame diſcreet Management has aſſigned to each Family, a proper and diſtinct Abode. So that there is no Confuſion, amidſt a great Multitude; becauſe every Individual is aſſociated with Propriety, and all the Tribes are ranged with Regularity.—But, if it be pleaſing to behold their orderly Situation, and their modeſt Beauties; how delightful, to conſider the Advantages, they yield! What a *Fund* of choice *Accommodations* is Here! What a Source of wholeſome Dainties! and all, for the Enjoyment of Man. Why does the *Parſley*, with her frizled Locks, ſhagg the Border; or why the *Celery*, with her whitening Arms, perforate the Mold; but to render his Soops ſavoury? The *Aſparagus* ſhoots its tapering Stems, to offer Him the Firſt-fruits of the Seaſon; and the *Artichoak* ſpreads its turgid Top, in order to give Him a Treat of vegetable Marrow. The Tendrils of the † *Cucumber* creep into the Sun; and,

* *Simplex Munditiis.* HOR.

† *Virgil*, with great Conciſeneſs, and equal Propriety, deſcribes the *Cucumber*,

——*Tortuſqua Cucumis*
Creſceret in Ventrem.

Milton

and, though baſking in its hotteſt Rays, they ſecrete for their Maſter, and barrel up for his Uſe, the moſt cooling Juices of the Soil. The *Beans* ſtand firm, like Files of embattled Troops; the *Peaſe* reſt upon their Props, like ſo many Companies of Invalids; while both repleniſh their Pods with the Fatneſs of the Earth, on purpoſe to pour it on their Owner's Table.—Not one Species, among all this Variety of Herbs, is a Cumberer of the Ground. Not a ſingle Plant, but is good for Food, or ſome Way ſalutary. And, with ſo beneficent an Œconomy, are the ſeveral Periods of their Miniſtration ſettled; that no Portion of the Year is left deſtitute of ſuch valuable Eſculents, as are beſt ſuited to the Temperature of the Air, and the State of our Bodies.—O! why ſhould the *Poſſeſſor* of ſo valuable a Spot envy the Condition of Kings *? Since He may

Milton has (if We admit Dr *Bentley*'s Alteration, which is, I think, in *this* Place unqueſtionably juſt) almoſt tranſlated the *Latin* Poet,

———Forth crept
The ſwelling Gourd.
Georg. IV. Par. Loſt, B. VII. l. 320.

* Hic *rarum tamen in Dumis Olus, albaque circum Lilia, Verbenaſque premens, veſcumque Papaver,* Regum æquabat Opes Animis: *ſeráque revertens Nocte domum, Dapibus menſas onerabat inemptis.*
VIRG. Georg. IV. l. 130.

daily walk amidſt Rows of peaceable and obſequious Subjects. Every One of which tenders him ſome agreeable Preſent, and pays him a willing Tribute. Such as is moſt excellently adapted, both to ſupply his Wants, and to regale his Taſte: to furniſh Him, at once, with Plenty, and with Pleaſure.

AT a Diſtance, one deſcries the mighty *Hills:* They heave their huge Ridges among the Clouds, and look like the Barriers of Kingdoms, and Boundaries of Nature. Bare and deformed as their Surface may appear, their Bowels are fraught with inward Treaſures; Treaſures, lodged faſt in the *Quarries*, or ſunk deep in the *Mines*. From thence, Induſtry may draw her Implements; to plow the Soil, to reap the Grain, and procure every neceſſary Convenience. From thence, Art may fetch her Materials; to rear the Dome, to ſwell the Organ, and form the nobleſt Ornaments of politer Life.

ON another Side, the *great Deep* terminates the View. "There go the Ships: There is that "Leviathan:" And there, in that World of Waters, an inconceivable Number of Animals have their Habitation. This is the capacious *Ciſtern* of the *Univerſe*; that admits, as into a Receptacle; and diſtributes, as from a Reſervoir; whatever waters the whole Globe. There's not a Fountain, that guſhes in the unfrequented Deſert;

ſert; nor a Rivulet, that flows in the remoteſt Continent; nor a Cloud, that ſwims in the higheſt Regions of the Firmament; but is fed by this all-repleniſhing Source.—The Ocean is the grand *Vehicle* of *Trade*, and the Uniter of diſtant Nations: To us it is peculiarly kind, not only as it wafts into our Ports the Harveſt of every Climate; renders our Iſland the Centre of Traffick; but alſo as it ſecures us from foreign Invaſions, by a ſort of impregnable Entrenchment *.

METHINKS, the View of this profuſe Munificence inſpires a *ſecret Delight*, and kindles a *diſintereſted Good-will*.—While the "little Hills "clap their Hands," and the luxuriant "Valleys "laugh

* *Whoſe Rampart was the Sea.* Nahum iii. 8.

I hope, this little *Excurſion* into the Country will not be looked upon as a *Departure* from my Subject; becauſe a rural View, though no eſſential Part of a Garden, is yet neceſſary to complete its Beauty.—As *Uſefulneſs* is the moſt valuable Property, that can attend any Production; *this* is the Circumſtance, chiefly touched upon in the Survey of the Landſchape. Tho' every Piece of this extenſive and diverſified Scene is caſt in the moſt elegant Mould; yet nothing is calculated merely for Shew and Parade. You ſee nothing formed in the Taſte of the oſtentatious Obeliſk, or inſignificant Pomp of the Pyramid. No ſuch idle Expences were admitted into that conſummate Plan, which regulated the Structure of the Univerſe. All the Decorations of Nature are no leſs *advantageous*, than *ornamental*; ſuch as ſpeak the Maker infinitely beneficent, as well as incomparably magnificent.

" laugh and ſing;" who can forbear catching the general Joy? Who is not touched with lively Senſations of Pleaſure?—While the everlaſting Father is ſcattering Bleſſings through his whole Family, and crowning the Year with his Goodneſs; who does not feel his Breaſt overflowing with a diffuſive Benevolence?—My Heart, I muſt confeſs, beats high with Satisfaction; and breathes out *congratulatory Wiſhes*, upon all the Tenants of theſe rural Abodes: " Peace be with-" in your Walls, as well as Plenteouſneſs around " your Dwellings." Live, ye highly favoured; live ſenſible of your Benefits, and thankful to your Benefactor. Look round upon theſe prodigiouſly large Incomes of the fruitful Soil, and call them (for you have free Leave) all your own. —Only let me remind you of one very important Truth. Let me ſuggeſt, and may you never forget; That you are *obliged* to CHRIST JESUS for every one of theſe Accommodations, which ſpring from the teeming Earth, and ſmiling Skies: For,

1. CHRIST * *made* them, when they were not.—He fetched them up from utter Darkneſs, and

* When I aſcribe the Work of Creation to the SON, I am far, very far, from offering to exclude the eternal FATHER, and ever-bleſſed SPIRIT, from the ſame Honour. The Acts of thoſe inconceivably glorious

and gave them both their Being, and their Beauty. He created the Materials of which they are composed, and moulded them into this endless Multiplicity of amiable Forms, and useful Substances. He arrayed the Heavens with a Vesture of the mildest Blue, and cloathed the Earth in a Livery of the gayest Green: His Pencil streaked, and his

rious Persons are, like their Essence, undivided and one. But I choose to state the important Point in this Manner, because This is the manifest Doctrine of the New Testament; the express Belief of our Church; and a most noble Peculiarity of the Gospel Revelation.——I choose it also, because I would take every Opportunity of inculcating and celebrating the *Divinity* of the REDEEMER: A Truth, that imparts an unutterable Dignity to Christianity: A Truth, which lays a most immoveable Foundation for all the comfortable Hopes of a Christian: A Truth, which will render the Mystery of our Redemption the Wonder and Delight of Eternity: And with this Truth, every one will observe, my Assertion is inseparably connected.

If any one questions, whether this be the Doctrine of our Church, let the *Creed*, which we repeat in all our more solemn Devotions, determine his Doubt. "I believe," says that Form of sound Words, "in "one LORD JESUS CHRIST, very GOD of very "GOD, *by whom all Things were made*."——— If it be farther inquired, From whence the *Nicene* Fathers derived this Article of their Faith? I answer, From the Writings of the beloved Disciple, who lay on the Saviour's Bosom, and of that great Apostle, who was caught up into the Third Heaven. *John* i. 3. *Coloss.* i. 16.

his Breath perfumed, whatever is beautiful or fragrant in the Univerſe. His Strength ſet faſt the Mountains; His Goodneſs garniſhed the Vales; and the ſame *Touch* that healed the *Leper*, wrought the whole viſible *Syſtem* into this complete Perfection.

2. CHRIST *recovered* them, when they were forfeited.—By *Adam*'s Sin we loſt our Right to the Comforts of Life, and Fruits of the Ground: His Diſobedience was the moſt impious and horrid *Treaſon*, againſt the KING of Kings. Conſequently, his whole Patrimony became *confiſcated:* as well the Portion of temporal good Things, ſettled upon the human Race during their Minority; as that everlaſting Heritage reſerved for their Enjoyment, when they ſhould come to full Age. But the "Seed of the Woman," inſtantly interpoſing, took off the *Attainder*, and redeemed the alienated Inheritance. The Firſt *Adam* being diſinherited, the Second *Adam* * was *appointed Heir*

* *Heb.* i. 2.——In this Senſe, CHRIST is *the Saviour of all Men.* The former and latter Rain, the precious Fruits of the Earth, Food to eat, and Raiment to put on,——all theſe He purchaſed even for his irreclaimable Enemies. They eat of his Bread, who lift up their Heel againſt Him.

We learn from hence, in what a peculiar and endearing Light, the *Chriſtian* is to contemplate the Things that are ſeen. *Heathens* might diſcover an eternal

Heir of all Things, visible as well as invisible: And we hold our Possession of the one, and expect an Instatement in the other, purely by virtue of our Alliance to Him, and our Union with Him.

3. CHRIST *upholds* them, which would otherwise tumble into Ruin.—*By Him*, says the Oracle of Inspiration, *all Things consist* *. His Finger rolls the Seasons round, and presides over all the celestial Revolutions. His Finger winds up the

eternal Power, and infinite Wisdom, in the Structure of the Universe: Heathens might acknowlege a most stupendous Liberality, in the unreserved Grant of the whole Fabric, with all its Furniture, to the Service of Man. But the Christian should ever keep in mind his Forfeiture of them, and the Price paid to redeem them. He should receive these Gifts of indulgent Providence, as the *Israelites* received the Law, from the Hand of a Mediator: Or rather, To Him they should come, not only issuing from the Stores of an unbounded Bounty, but swimming (as it were) in that crimson Tide, which streamed from IMMANUEL's Veins.

* *Col.* i. 17. I beg leave to subjoin St *Chrysostom*'s pertinent and beautiful Note, upon the Passage; by which it will appear, that the Sentiment of these Sections is not merely a private Opinion, but the avowed Belief of the Primitive Church. Τȣ̃τεστιν, says the eloquent Father, εις αυτον κεκραται η παντων υποστασις· ȣ μονον αυτῳ αυτα εκ τȣ μη οντος εις το ειναι παρηγαγεν, αλλα και αυτος αυτα συγκρατει νυν· ωστε αν αποσπασθη της αυτȣ προνοιας, απολωλε και διεφθαρται.

the Wheels, and impels every Spring of Vegetative Nature. In a Word, the whole Weight of the Creation rests upon his mighty Arm, and receives the whole Harmony of its Motion from his unerring Eye.—This habitable Globe, with all its rich Appendages, and fine Machinery, could no more continue, than they could create themselves. *Start* they would into instant *Confusion*, or *drop* into their primitive *Nothing*, did not his Power support, and his Wisdom regulate them, every Moment. In Conformity to his Will, they subsist stedfast and invariable in their Orders; and wait only for his sovereign Nod, to "fall away like Water, that runneth apace."

4. CHRIST * *actuates* them, which would otherwise be lifeless and insignificant.—Pensioners they are, constant Pensioners on his Bounty, and borrow their *All* from his Fulness. *He only has Life*; and whatever operates, operates by an Emanation from his All-sufficiency. Does the Grape refresh you, with its enlivening Juices? It

* *John* v. 17. *My Father worketh hitherto, and I work*; i. e. I exert that unremitting and unwearied Energy, which is the Life of the Creation.—Thus the Words are paraphrased by a masterly Expositor, who has illustrated the Life of our blessed LORD, in the most elegant Taste of Criticism; with the most amiable Spirit of Devotion; and without any Mixture of the malignant Leaven, or low Singularities of a Party. See the *Family Expositor*, Vol. I. Sect. 47.

It is by a Warrant received, and Virtue derived, from the Redeemer. Does Bread ſtrengthen your Heart, and prove the Staff of your Life? Remember, that it is by the Saviour's Appointment, and through the Efficacy of his Operation. You are charmed with *his* Melody, when the "Time "of ſinging of Birds is come, and the Voice of "the Nightingale is heard in your Land." You taſte *his* Goodneſs in the luſcious Fig, the melting Peach, and the muſky Flavour of the Apricot. You ſmell *his* Sweetneſs in the opening Honeyſuckle, and every odoriferous Shrub. Could theſe Creatures ſpeak for themſelves, they would, doubtleſs, diſclaim all Sufficiency of their own, and aſcribe the whole Honour to their Maker.—"We are Servants," would they ſay, "of HIM, who died for you. *Ciſterns* only, "dry Ciſterns in ourſelves, we *tranſmit* to Mor-"tals no more than the uncreated Fountain "transfuſes into us. Think not, that from any "Ability of our own, we furniſh you with "Aſſiſtance, or adminiſter to your Comfort. "'Tis the divine Energy, the Divine Energy "alone, that works in us, and does you Good. "—We *ſerve* you, O ye Sons of Men, that "you may *love* Him, who placed us in theſe "Stations. O! love the LORD, therefore, "all ye who are ſupported by our Miniſtry; or

"elſe

" elſe we ſhall * groan with Indignation, and " Regret, at your Abuſe of our Services.—Uſe " us, and welcome; for we are yours, if ye " are CHRIST's. Crop our choiceſt Beauties; " rifle all our Treaſures; accommodate your- " ſelves with our moſt valuable Qualities, only " let us be *Incentives* to *Gratitude*, and *Motives* " to *Obedience*."

HAVING gazed the ſpacious *Sky*, and ſent a Glance round the *inferior Creation*; 'tis Time to deſcend from this Eminence, and confine my Attention to the *beautiful Spot* below.—Here, Nature, always pleaſing, every where lovely, appears with peculiar Attractions. Yonder, ſhe ſeems dreſſed in her *Deſhabille*; grand, but irregular. Here, ſhe calls in her Handmaid Art, and ſhines in all the delicate *Ornaments*, that the niceſt *Cultivation* can convey. *Thoſe* are her *common Apartments*, where ſhe lodges her ordinary Gueſts: *This* is her *Cabinet of Curioſities*, where ſhe entertains her intimate Acquaintance.—My Eye ſhall often expatiate over thoſe Scenes of univerſal Fertility: My Feet ſhall ſometimes bruſh thro' the Thicket, or traverſe the Lawn, or ſtroll along the Foreſt Glade: But to this delightful Retreat ſhall be my chief Reſort. Thither will I *make Excurſions*; but Here will I *dwell*.

IF

* Rom. viii. 22.

IF from my low Procedure, I may form an Allusion to the most exalted Practices; I would observe, upon this Occasion; That the celebrated *Erasmus*, and our judicious *Locke*, having trod the Circle of the Sciences, and ranged thro' the whole Extent of *human Literature*, at length betook themselves solely to the *Bible*: Leaving the Sages of Antiquity, they sat incessantly at the Feet of JESUS: Wisely they withdrew from that immense Multiplicity of Learning; from those endless Tracts of amusing Erudition, where noxious Weeds are mixed with wholesome Herbs; where is generally a much larger Growth of prickly Shrubs, than of fruitful Boughs: They spent their most mature Hours in those hallowed Gardens, which GOD's own Wisdom planted; which GOD's own Spirit watereth; and in which GOD's own Son is continually walking: Where He meeteth those that seek Him, and revealeth to them the Glories of his Person, and the Riches of his Goodness.

THUS would I finish the Remainder of my Days: Having had a Taste of the *politer Studies*; may I devote my future *Application* to the *lively Oracles!* From other Pursuits, one may *glean* some *Fragmonts* of specious Instruction: From this I trust to *reap* a *Harvest* of the sublimest Truths, the noblest Improvements, and the purest

Joys *.—Waft me then, O! waft my Mind, to *Sion*'s consecrated Bowers. Let my Thoughts perpetually rove through the awfully-pleasing Walks of Inspiration. Here grow those Heaven-born Plants, the Trees of *Life* and *Knowlege*; whose ambrosial Fruits we now may "take, and "eat, and live for ever." Here flow those precious Streams of *Grace* and *Righteousness*; whose living Waters "whosoever drinks, shall thirst "no more." And what can the Fables of *Grecian* Song, or the finest Pages of *Roman* Eloquence—What can they exhibit, in any Degree comparable, to these matchless Prerogatives of Revelation?—Therefore, though I should not dislike to pay a *Visit* now-and then to my *Heathen Masters*, I would *live* with the *Prophets* and *Apostles*. With the one I would carry on some occasional Correspondence; but the others should be my Bosom-Friends, my inseparable Companions, "my Delight, and my Counsellors."

WHAT *Sweets* are these, that so agreeably salute my Nostrils? They are the Breath of the Flowers; the Incense of the Garden.—How liberally does the Jessamine dispense her odoriferous Riches! How deliciously has the Woodbine imbalmed this Morning-walk! The Air is all Perfume.

* *Quicquid docetur, Veritas; quicquid præcipitur, Bonitas; quicquid promittitur, Felicitas.*

Perfume.—And is not this another moſt engaging Argument, to forſake the Bed of *Sloth?* Who would lie diſſolved in ſenſeleſs Slumbers, while ſo many breathing Sweets invite him to a Feaſt of Fragrancy? Eſpecially conſidering, That the advancing Day will exhale the volatile Dainties. A *fugitive Treat* they are, prepared only for the Wakeful and Induſtrious: Whereas, when the Sluggard lifts his heavy Eyes, the Flowers will droop; their fine Scents be diſſipated; and, inſtead of this refreſhing Humidity, the Air will become a Kind of liquid Fire.

WITH this very *Motive*, heightened by a Repreſentation of the moſt charming Pieces of Morning Scenery, the Parent of Mankind awakes his lovely Conſort. There is ſuch a *Delicacy* in the *Choice*, and ſo much *Life* in the *Deſcription*, of theſe rural Images; that I cannot excuſe myſelf, without repeating the whole Paſſage.—Whiſper it, ſome friendly *Genius*, in the Ear of every one, that is now ſunk in Sleep, and loſt to all theſe noble Gratifications!

Awake: The Morning ſhines, and the freſh Field
Calls you: Ye loſe the Prime, to mark how ſpring
The tended Plants, how blows the citron Grove;
What drops the Myrrh, and what the balmy Reed;
How Nature paints her Colours; how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom, extracting liquid Sweets *.

* *Milt.* Par. Loſt, B. V. l. 20.

How *delightful* is this *Fragrance!* It is diſtributed in the niceſt *Proportion*; neither ſo ſtrong, as to oppreſs the Organs; nor ſo faint, as to elude them. We often ſit cloyed and ſated at a ſumptuous Banquet; but This Pleaſure never loſes its *Poignancy*, never palls the Appetite.—Here Luxury itſelf is innocent and refined; or rather, in this Caſe, Indulgence is incapable of Exceſs. This balmy Entertainment not only regales the *Senſe*, but * chears the very *Soul*; and, inſtead of clogging, elates its Powers.—It puts me in mind of that ever-memorable Sacrifice, which was once made in behalf of offending Mortals. I mean the *Sacrifice of the Bleſſed* JESUS; when He offered up Himſelf to GOD, "for a ſweet-"ſmelling Savour." For ſuch the Holy Spirit ſtiles that wonderful Oblation: as if no Image, in the whole ſenſible Creation, was ſo proper to give us an Idea of the *ineffable Satisfaction*; which the Father of Mercies conceived from that unparallel'd Atonement, as the *pleaſing Senſations*, which ſuch rich Perfumes are capable of raiſing. "Thouſands of Rams, and ten Thouſands of "Rivers of Oil," from an apoſtate World; the moſt ſubmiſſive Acknowlegements, added to the moſt coſtly Offerings, from Men of defiled Hands, and unclean Lips; What could they have

* Ointment and Perfume rejoice the Heart.
Prov. xxvii. 9.

have effected? A Prophet introduces the "High "and Lofty One, that inhabiteth Eternity," turning Himself away from such filthy Rags; turning Himself away, with a disdainful Abhorrence *, as from the noisome Steams of a Dunghill.—But in CHRIST's immaculate Holiness; in CHRIST's consummate Obedience; in CHRIST's most precious Blood-shedding; O! with what unimaginable Complacency, does Justice rest satisfied, and Vengeance acquiesce!—All thy *Works*, O Thou *Surety* for ruined Sinners! all thy *Sufferings*, O Thou *slaughtered Lamb of* GOD! as well as all thy *Garments*, O Thou *Bridegroom* of thy Church! † *smell of Myrrh, Aloes, and Cassia!* They are infinitely more grateful to the Eternal Godhead, than the choicest Exhalations of the Garden, than all the Odours of the spicy East, can be to our Nostrils.

As the Altar of old sanctified the Gift, so this is the great Propitiation, which recommends the *obnoxious Persons*, and *unprofitable Services*, of the believing World. In *this* may my Soul be interested! By *this* may it be reconciled to the Father!—There is such a leprous *Depravity* cleaving to my Nature, as pollutes whatever I perform. My most profound Adorations, and sincerest Acts of *Religion*, must not presume to *challenge* a Reward, but humbly *implore* Forgive-

 ness *;

* Amos v. 21, 22. † Psalm xlv. 9.

neſs *: Renouncing, therefore, Myſelf in every Inſtance of Duty; diſclaiming all Shadow of Confidence † in any Deeds of my own; may I, now and evermore, *be accepted through the Beloved!*

WHAT

* A Writer of diſtinguiſhed Superiority *thus* addreſſes the great Obſerver of Actions, and Searcher of Hearts; and vindicates *my* Sentiments, while he ſo juſtly and beautifully utters his own;

Look down, great GOD, with Pity's ſofteſt Eye,
On a poor breathing Particle in Duſt.
His Crimes forgive; forgive his Virtues too,
Thoſe *ſmaller Faults, half Converts* to the Right.
Night-Thoughts, N°. 9.

† See Page 44 and 45 in the *ſecond* Edition of a moſt *candid* and *evangelical* little Treatiſe, called CHRISTIANITY the Great ORNAMENT of Human Life, printed for *Bonwicke* in St *Paul*'s Church-Yard.—" If Chriſtians happily avoid the *dan-* " *gerous* Extream and too often *fatal* Rock, of a dead " *fruitleſs* Faith on the one Hand, He [*i. e.* Satan] " will endeavour by all kind of plauſible Inſinuations, " to ſplit them on the oppoſite, *viz.* Spiritual Pride, " Oſtentation, and *Dependance on their Works*, as if " THESE were the *meritorious*, or *procuring* Cauſe " of all true Peace, Hope, Conſolation, and Divine " Acceptance.——Now this *Self-Dependance* may be " ranked among the *moſt dangerous* of the infernal " Politicks, becauſe the fatal Poiſon lies *deep*, and too " often *undiſcerned*."

WHAT *Colours*, what charming Colours, are here! Theſe ſo nobly *bold*, and Thoſe ſo delicately *languid*. What a *Glow* is enkindled in ſome! What a *Gloſs* ſhines upon others! In one, methinks, I ſee the Ruby, with her bleeding Radiance; in another, the Sapphire, with her Sky-tinctured Blue; in all, ſuch an exquiſite Richneſs of Dyes, as no other Set of Paintings in the Univerſe can boaſt *.—With what a Maſterly *Skill* is every one of the varying Tints *diſpoſed!* Here, they ſeem to be thrown on with an *eaſy Daſh* of Security and Freedom; there, they are adjuſted by the *niceſt Touches* of Art and Accuracy. Thoſe which form the Ground, are always ſo judiciouſly choſen, as to heighten the Luſtre of the ſuperadded Figures; while the Verdure of the Impalement, or the Shadings of the Foliage, impart new Livelineſs to the whole. Indeed; whether they are blended, or arranged; ſoftened, or contraſted; they are manifeſtly under the Conduct of a Taſte, that never miſtakes;

* ————Who can paint
Like *Nature?* Can Imagination boaſt,
Amid his gay Creation, Hues like theſe?
And can he mix them with that matchleſs Skill,
And lay them on ſo delicately fine,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In ev'ry Bud that blows?

Thomſ. Spring.

a Felicity, that never falls ſhort of, the very Perfection of Elegance.—How inimitably fine is the *Texture* of the Web, on which theſe ſhining Treaſures are diſplayed! What are the Labours of the *Perſian* Looms, or the boaſted Commodities of *Bruſſels*, compared with theſe curious Manufactures of Nature? Compared with theſe, the moſt admired Chintſes would loſe their Reputation; even ſuperfine Cambricks appear coarſe as Canvas in their Preſence.

WHAT a chearing Argument does our Saviour derive from hence, to ſtrengthen our *Affiance in* GOD! He directs us to learn a Leſſon of Heaven-depending Faith, from every Bird, that wings the Air; and from every Flower, that bloſſoms in the Field. If Providence, with unremitted Care, ſupports thoſe inferior Creatures; and arrays theſe inſenſible Beings, with ſo much Splendor; ſurely, He will in no wiſe with-hold from his elect Children, "Bread to eat, and "Raiment to put on."—O ye faithful Followers of the Lamb, diſmiſs every low *Anxiety*, relateing to the needful *Suſtenance* of Life. He that feeds the Ravens, from an inexhauſtible Magazine; He that paints the Plants, with ſuch ſurpaſſing Elegance; in ſhort, He that provides ſo liberally, both for the animal and vegetable Parts of His Creation, will not, cannot, neglect His own People. *Fear not, little Flock*, ye peculiar

liar Objects of Almighty Love! *it is your Father's good Pleasure to give you a Kingdom.* And, if He freely give you an *everlasting Kingdom* hereafter, He will certainly allow you all *necessary Conveniencies* here.

ONE cannot forbear reflecting, in this Place, on the too prevailing Humour of being *fond and ostentatious of Dress* * : What an abject and mistaken

* Mr *Addison* has a fine Remark on a famous female Warrior, celebrated by *Virgil.* He observes, that, with all her other great Qualities, this *little Foible* mingled itself. Because, as the Poet relates, an intemperate Fondness, for a rich and splendid Suit of Armour, betrayed Her into Ruin. In this Circumstance, our Critic discovers a *Moral* concealed; this He admires, as a neat, though oblique *Satire*, on that trifling Passion. *Spect.* Vol. I. N°. 15.

I would refer it to the judicious Reader, whether there is not a Beauty of the *same* Kind, but touched with a more *masterly* Hand, in the Song of *Deborah.* ——Speaking of *Sisera*'s Mother, the sacred eucharistic Ode represents Her, as anticipating, in her fond Fancy, the Victory of her Son; and indulging the following Soliloquy,——*Have they not sped? Have they not divided the Prey? To Sisera a Prey of divers Colours; a Prey of divers Colours of Needle-Work; of divers Colours of Needle-Work on both Sides; meet for the Necks of Them that take the Spoil?*——She takes no Notice of the signal Service He would do his Country, by quelling so dangerous an Insurrection: never once reflects on the *present* Acclamations, the *future*

mistaken Ambition is this! How unworthy the *Dignity* of *Immortal*, and the *Wisdom* of *Rational* Beings! Especially, since these little Productions of the Earth have indisputably the Pre-eminence, in such outward Embellishments.—Go; cloathe thyself with Purple, and fine Linen; trick thyself up in all the gay Attire, that the Shuttle or the Needle can furnish: Yet, know, to the Mortification

future Advancements, and the *eternal* Praise, which are the usual Acknowlegements of an illustrious Conqueror's Merit. She can conceive nothing *greater*, than to be *clad* in an *embroidered* Vesture; and to *trail* along the Ground, a *Robe* of the richest Dyes, this is, in *her* Imagination, the most noble Spoil, He can win; the most distinguishing Trophy, He can erect. ——It is also observable, how She *dwells* upon the trivial Circumstance; reiterating it again and again. It has so charmed her ignoble Heart; so entirely engrossed her little Views; that She can *think* of nothing else; *speak* of nothing else; and can hardly ever *desist* from the darling Topic.——Is not this a *keen*, though *delicately couched* Censure, on that poor, contemptible, groveling Taste; which is enamoured with silken Finery, and makes the *Attributes* of a Butterfly the *Idol* of its Affections?

How peculiarly conspicuous is the elevated and magnificent Spirit of that venerable *Mother* in *Israel*, when viewed in Comparison with the low, the idle Turn of this *Midianitish Lady!*——Such strong and beautiful *Contrasts* are, I think, some of the most striking Excellencies of *poetic Painting:* and in no Book are they more frequently used, or expressed with greater Life, than in the *sacred Volumes* of Inspiration.

Mortification of thy Vanity, that the *native* Elegance of a common Daiſy * eclipſes all this *elaborate* Finery.—Nay, wert thou decked like ſome illuſtrious *Princeſs*, on her Coronation-Day, in all the Splendor of Royal Apparel; couldſt thou equal even *Solomon*, in the Height of his Magnificence and Glory; yet would the meaneſt among the *flowery Populace* outſhine thee: Every diſcerning Eye would give the Preference to theſe Beauties of the † Ground.—Scorn then to borrow thy Recommendations from a neat Diſpoſition of Threads, and a curious Arrangement of Colours. Aſſume a becoming Greatneſs of Temper: Let thy Endowments be of the immortal Kind: Study to be *all-glorious within:* Be cloathed with Humility: Wear the Ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit ‡. To ſay all in a Word,

* Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,
They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confeſs'd Magnificence deride
Our mean Attire, and Impotence of Pride.
PRIOR.

† Mr *Cowley*, with his uſual Brilliancy of Imagination, ſtiles them *Stars of Earth.*

‡ How beautifully does the Prophet deſcribe the *Furniture* of a renewed and heavenly *Mind*, under the Similitude of a rich and complete *Suit* of *Apparel! I will greatly rejoice in the* LORD; *my Soul ſhall be joyful in my* GOD; *for He hath cloathed me with the*

Word, *Put on the* LORD JESUS CHRIST *: Let his *Blood* be ſprinkled upon thy Conſcience, and it ſhall be whiter than the Virgin Snows: Let His *Righteouſneſs*, like a ſpotleſs Robe, adorn thy inner Man; and thou ſhalt be amiable, even in the moſt diſtinguiſhing Eye of GOD. Let His Bleſſed *Spirit* dwell in thy Heart; and, under His ſanctifying Operations, thou ſhall be made Partaker of a Divine Nature.

THESE are *real Excellencies*; truly noble Accompliſhments theſe. In this manner be arrayed, be beautified; and thou wilt not find a Rival in the Feathers of a Peacock, or the Foliation of a Tulip. Theſe will exalt thee, far above the *low Pretenſions* of Lace and Embroidery. Theſe will prepare thee to ſtand in the beatific Preſence, and to take thy Seat among the Angels of Light.

WHAT an inchanting *Situation* is this! One can ſcarce be melancholy within the *Atmoſphere* of Flowers: Such lively Hues, and delicious Odours, not only addreſs themſelves agreeably to

the Garments of Salvation; He hath covered me with the Robe of Righteouſneſs, as a Bridegroom decketh himſelf with Ornaments, and as a Bride adorneth herſelf with her Jewels. Iſai. lxi. 10.

* Rom. xiii. 14.

to the Senſes; but touch, with a ſurpriſing Delicacy, the ſweeteſt Movements of the Mind:

——— To the Heart inſpiring
Vernal * Delight and Joy. MILT. B. IV.

How often have I felt them *diſſipate* the *Gloom* of *Thought*, and transfuſe a ſudden Gaiety through the dejected Spirit! I cannot wonder, that *Kings* deſcend from their *Thrones*, to walk amidſt *blooming Ivory and Gold*; or retire from the moſt ſumptuous Feaſts, to be recreated with the more refined Sweets of the Garden: I cannot wonder, that *Queens* forego, for awhile, the Compliments of

* "I would have my Reader endeavour to "MORALIZE this natural Pleaſure of the "Soul, and to improve this *vernal Delight*, as "*Milton* calls it, into a *Chriſtian Virtue*. When "we find ourſelves inſpired with this pleaſing In-"ſtinct, this ſecret Satisfaction and Complacency, "ariſing from the Beauties of the Creation, let us "conſider, to *Whom* we ſtand indebted for all "theſe Entertainments of Senſe; and *Who* it is that "thus opens his Hand, and fills the World with "Good.———Such an habitual Diſpoſition of Mind "*conſecrates* every Field and Wood; turns an *ordi-"nary Walk* into a Morning or Evening Sacrifice; "and will improve thoſe tranſient Gleams which na-"turally brighten up and refreſh the Soul on ſuch "Occaſions, into an inviolable and perpetual State "of Bliſs and Happineſs."

Spect. Vol. V. N°. 394.

of a Nation, to receive the Tribute of the Parterre; or withdraw from all the *Glitter* of a *Court*, to be attended with the much more ſplendid *Equipage* of a *Bed* of *Flowers*.—But if this be ſo pleaſing, what tranſporting Pleaſure muſt ariſe, from the Fruition of uncreated Excellency! O, what *unknown Delight*, to enter into thy *immediate Preſence*, moſt Bleſſed LORD GOD! To ſee Thee *, Thou King of Heaven, and LORD of Glory, no longer "through a Glaſs "darkly, but Face to Face!" To have all thy Goodneſs, all thy Greatneſs, ſhine before us; and be made glad for ever with the brighteſt Diſcovery of thy Perfections, with the ineffable Joy of thy Countenance!

THIS we cannot bear in our preſent imperfect State. The *Effulgence* of unveiled Divinity would *dazle* a mortal Sight. Our feeble Faculties could not but be *overwhelmed*, with ſuch a *Fulneſs*

* *Iſaiah* repreſents the Felicity of the Righteous in the everlaſting World, by this elegant and amiable Image; *Thine Eyes ſhall ſee the King in his Beauty.* ——*Milton* touches the ſame Subject, with a ſurpriſeing Elevation and Majeſty of Thought; They

——*walk with* GOD,
High in Salvation, and the Climes of Bliſs:——

Words, which like the fiery Carr, almoſt tranſport our Affections to thoſe glorious Manſions.

Iſai. xxxiii. 17. *Milt.* Book XI. v. 707.

Fulness of Bliss; and must lie *oppressed*, under such "an exceeding great, eternal *Weight* of "Glory." But when "this Corruptible hath "put on Incorruption," the Powers of the Soul will be all invigorated; and these earthly Tabernacles "transformed into a Likeness with "CHRIST's glorious Body." Then, though "* the Moon shall be confounded, and the Sun "ashamed," when the LORD of Hosts is revealed from Heaven; yet, shall his faithful People be enabled to *see Him as He is*.

HERE then, my Wishes, here, be fixed: Be *this* your determined and invariable Aim: Here, give a Loose to your whole Ardour: Cry out, All that is within me, in the Language of Inspiration, *This one Thing have I desired of the* LORD, *which*, with incessant Earnestness, *I will require*; *that I may dwell, in the* celestial *House of the* LORD, *all the Days of my* future *Life*; *to behold the fair Beauty of the* LORD, and to contemplate, with Wonder and Adoration—with unspeakable and everlasting Rapture—all the Attributes of the incomprehensible Godhead.

SOLOMON, a most penetrating Judge of human Nature, knowing how much Mankind is charmed with the fine Qualities of Flowers, has figured out the Blessed JESUS, that "fairest "among

* Isai. xxiv. 23.

" among ten Thousand," by these lovely Representatives. He stiles Him * *The Rose of Sharon*, and *the Lily of the Vallies* †; like the one, full of Delights, and communicable Graces; like the other, exalted in Majesty, and complete in Beauty. In that sacred Pastoral, he ranges the Creation, borrows its most finished Forms, and dips his Pencil in its choicest Dyes, to present us with a Sketch of the Amiableness of his Person: His Amiableness, who is the Light of the World; the Glory of his Church; the only Hope, the sovereign Consolation of Sinners; and high, infinitely high, not only above the noblest Comparison,

* Cant. ii. i.

Malus ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvæ,
Utque rosæ campis, ut lillia vallibus alba,
Sic CHRISTUS *decus omne suis.*

† By the *Lily of the Vallies*, I apprehend, is meant, not the Flower which commonly passes under that Denomination, and is comparatively mean; but the grand, majestic, Garden-Lily; growing in a rich irriguous Soil, where it flourishes in the most ample manner, and arrives at the highest Perfection. The Circumstance of the *Vallies*, added by the sacred Writer, is significant not of the *Species*, but of the *Place*.————This is, by far, the noblest Interpretation, and most exactly suitable to the spiritual Sense; which intimates, That the blessed JESUS delights to dwell, by the Communications of his Spirit, in *humble* Hearts.—שושנת העמקים *Lilium Vallibus gaudens.*

pariſon, but even "above all Bleſſing and Praiſe." —May I alſo make the ſame Heavenly Uſe of all ſublunary Enjoyments! Whatever is pleaſureable or charming *below*, let it raiſe my Deſires to thoſe ſublime Delights which are *above*: Which will yield, not partial, but perfect, Felicity; not tranſient, but never-ending, Satisfaction and Joy. —Yes, my Soul, let theſe Beauties in *Miniature* always remind Thee of that glorious Perſon, in whom "dwells all the *Fulneſs* of the Godhead bodily." Let theſe little Emanations teach thee to thirſt after the eternal Fountain: O! may the Creatures be thy conſtant Clue to the Creator! For this is a certain Truth, worthy thy moſt frequent Recollection, and attentive Conſideration, That the *whole Compaſs* of finite Perfection is only a faint *Ray* *, ſhot from that immenſe *Source*; is only a ſmall *Drop*, derived from that inexhauſtible *Ocean*; of all Good.

WHAT a ſurpriſing *Variety* is obſervable among the flowery Tribes! How has the bountiful Hand of Providence diverſified theſe niceſt Pieces of his Workmanſhip! added the Charms

* ——Thou ſitt'ſt above all Heav'ns,
To Us inviſible, or *dimly ſeen*
In theſe thy loweſt Works; yet theſe declare
Thy Goodneſs beyond Thought, and Pow'r divine.
Milt. Book V.

of an endless Novelty to all their other Perfections!—Because, a constant *Uniformity* would soon render the Entertainment tiresome, or insipid; therefore, every Species exhibits something intirely *new*. The Fashion spreads not from Family to Family, but every one has a Mode of its own, which is truly original. The most cursory Glance perceives an apparent Difference, as well as a peculiar Delicacy, in the *Airs* and *Habits*, the *Attitude* and *Lineaments*, of every distinct Class.

SOME rear their Heads with a majestic Mien, and overlook, look *Sovereigns* or *Nobles*, the whole Parterre. Others seem more moderate in their Aims, and advance only to the middle Stations; a Genius turned for Heraldry, would term them, the *Gentry* of the Border. While others, free from all aspiring Views, creep unambitiously on the Ground, and look like the *Commonality* of the Kind.—Some are intersected with elegant *Stripes*, or studded with radiant *Spots*. Some affect to be genteelly *powdered*, or neatly *fringed*; while others are plain in their Aspect, unaffected in their Dress, and content to please with a naked *Simplicity*. Some assume the Monarch's *Purple*; some look most becoming in the Virgin's *White*; but *Black*, doleful Black, has no Admittance into the Wardrobe of Spring. The Weeds of Mourning would be a manifest

Indecorum,

Indecorum, when Nature holds an universal Festival. She would now inspire none but delightful Ideas, and therefore always makes her Appearance in some * amiable Suit.—Here *stands* a *Warrior* clad with Crimson; there *sits* a *Magistrate* robed in Scarlet; and yonder *struts* a *pretty Fellow*, that seems to have dipped his Plumes in the Rainbow, and glitters in all the gay Colours of that resplendent Arch. Some *rise* into a curious *Cup*, or *fall* into a Set of beautiful *Bells*: Some *spread* themselves in a swelling *Tuft*, or *croud* into a delicious *Cluster*.—In some, the predominant Stain *softens* by the gentlest *Diminutions*, till it has even stole away from itself. The Eye is amused at the agreeable Delusion; and we wonder, to find ourselves insensibly decoyed into a quite different Lustre. In others, you would think the fine Tinges were emulous of Pre-eminence; disdaining to mingle, they *confront* one another, with the Resolution of *Rivals*, determined to dispute the Prize of Beauty; while each is improved, by the Opposition, into the highest Vivacity of Complexion.

† *How manifold are thy Works, O* LORD! Multiplied even to a Prodigy. Yet *in Wisdom*, consummate Wisdom, *hast Thou made them all.*—

* ——*Nunc formosissimus annus.* VIRG.

† Psalm civ. 24.

How I admire the *Vastness* of the Contrivance, and the *Exactness* of the Execution! Poor Man with Difficulty accomplishes a single Work: Hardly, and after many Efforts, does He arrive at a tolerable Imitation of some one Production of Nature. But the Almighty Artist spoke Millions of Substances into instantaneous Being; all wonderfully various, all completely perfect.—Repeated Experiments generally discover Errors in *our* happiest Inventions. But *these* fine Structures have pleased, for almost six thousand Years; and no * Fault been discovered in the original Plan, no Room for the least Improvement upon the first Model.—All our Performances, the more *minutely* they are scanned, the more *imperfect* they appear. But, with regard to these delicate Objects, the more we search into their Properties, the more we are ravished with their Graces: They are sure to disclose *fresh Strokes* of the most masterly Skill, in proportion to the *Attention* with which they are examined.

NOR is the *Simplicity* of the *Operation* less astonishing, than the *Accuracy* of the *Workmanship*, or the *Infinitude* of the *Effects*. Should you ask, "Where, and What, are the Materials that beautify the blooming World? What "rich

* Eccles. iii. 14. *I know that whatsoever* GOD *doth, it shall be for ever: Nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it.*

"rich Tints, what ſplendid Dyes, what Stores "of ſhining Crions, ſtand by the Heavenly Lim-"ner, when he paints the Robe of Nature?" 'tis anſwered, His powerful Pencil needs no ſuch coſtly Apparatus. A ſingle Principle, under his conducting Hand, branches out into an Immenſity of the moſt varied, and moſt finiſhed Forms. The *Moiſture* of the *Earth*, paſſed through proper Strainers, and diſpoſed in a Range of pellucid Tubes:—This performs all the *Wonders*, and produces all the *Beauties*, of Vegetation. This *creeps* along the Fibres of the low-ſpread Moſs, and *climbs* to the very Tops of the lofty-waving Cedars. This, attracted by the Root, circulating through inviſible Canals, and pervading the Subſtance of the minuteſt Twigs, *burſts* into Gems; *expands* itſelf into Leaves; and *cloaths* the Foreſt with all its verdant Honours.—This one *, *plain* and *ſimple*, Cauſe gives Birth to all the Charms, which deck the Youth and Maturity of the Year. This *bluſhes* in the early Hepatica, and *flames* in the late-advancing Poppy.

* When every ſeveral Effect has a particular ſeparate Cauſe, this gives no Pleaſure to the Spectator, as not diſcovering Contrivance. But that Work is beheld with Admiration and Delight, as the Reſult of deep Counſel, which is *complicated* in its *Parts*, and yet *ſimple* in its *Operation*. Where a great Variety of Effects are ſeen to ariſe, from one Principle operating uniformly. *Abernethy on the Attributes.*

This *reddens* into Blood in the Veins of the Mulberry, and *attenuates* itself into leafen Gold, to create a Covering for the Quince: This *breathes* in all the fragrant Gales of our Gardens, and *weeps* odorous Gum in the Groves of *Arabia*. —So * *wonderful* is our Creator *in Counsel*, and *so excellent in Working!*

IN a Grove of Tulips, or a Knot of Pinks, one perceives a Difference in almost every Individual. Scarce any two are turned and tinctured exactly alike: each allows himself a little *Particularity* in his *Dress*, though all belong to one Family; so that they are various, and yet the same.—A pretty Emblem this, of the smaller *Differences* between *Protestant Christians*. There are Modes in Religion, which admit of Variation, without Prejudice to sound Faith, or real Holiness: Just as the Drapery, on these Pictures of the Spring, may be formed after a Variety of Patterns, without blemishing their Beauty, or altering their Nature.—Be it so then, that, in some Points of inconsiderable Consequence, several of our Brethren *dissent*: yet, let Us all live amicably and sociably together; for we harmonize in *Principals*, though we vary in *Punctilios*. Let us join in Conversation, and intermingle Interests; discover no Estrangement of Behaviour, and

* Isai. xxviii. 29.

and cherish no Alienation of Affection: If any Strife subsists, let it be to follow our Divine Master most closely, in Humility of Heart, and Unblameableness of Life: Let it be to serve one another most readily, in all the kind Offices of a cordial Friendship. Thus shall we be *united*, though *distinguished*; united in the same grand Fundamentals, though distinguished by some small Circumstantials; united in one important *Bond* of brotherly *Love*, though distinguished by some slighter *Peculiarities* of *Sentiment*.

I APPREHEND, that between Christians, whose Judgments disagree only about a *Form* of Prayer, or *Manner* of Worship, there is no more *essential* Difference; than between Flowers that bloom from the same kind of Seed, but happen to be somewhat diversified in the Mixture of their Colours:—Whereas, if *one* denies the Divinity of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and degrades the incarnate GOD to the Meanness of a mere Creature; if *another* cries up the Worthiness of human Works, and depreciates the alone meritorious Righteousness of the glorious Mediator; if a *third* addresses the incommunicable Honours to a finite Being, and bows to the Image, or prays to the Saint:—These are Errors, in my Opinion, *unhappily* derogatory to the REDEEMER's Dignity, and not a little prejudicial to the Comfort of his People: Against these, therefore, to

remonſtrate, beſpeaks not the cenſorious *Bigot*, but the *Friend of Truth*, and the Lover of Mankind.—Whereas to ſtand *neuter* and *ſilent*, while ſuch Principles are propagated, might be an Inſtance of *criminal* Remiſſneſs, rather than of *Chriſtian* Moderation.—For Perſons who eſpouſe ſuch Perſuaſions, as the *former*; and habituate themſelves to ſuch Practices, as the *latter*; we will not fail to maintain a tender Compaſſion; we will not ceaſe to put up earneſt Interceſſions; we will alſo acknowledge and love, whatever is truly excellent and amiable in them: yet we dare not ſubſcribe their Creed; we cannot remit our *aſſiduous*, but *kind* Endeavours, to reconcile them to what (on the *moſt impartial* Examination) we are thoroughly convinced, is a *more ſcriptural* Belief, and a *purer* Worſhip *.

ANOTHER

* In the former Editions of this Piece, I expreſſed, myſelf, on this Point, *unwarily* and *harſhly*. But my Meaning, and real Sentiments, were no other than thoſe repreſented above.——The Reader, from thoſe unguarded Intimations, might too naturally be led to conclude, That the Author avows, and would ſtir up, a Spirit of *Perſecution*. But, this is a Method of dealing with Opponents in religious Doctrines, which He diſclaims, as abſurd; and abhors, as iniquitous. He is for no Force, but that of *rational Conviction*; for no Conſtraint, but that of *affectionate Perſuaſion*. *Thus*, if You pleaſe, *compel them to come in*, Luke xiv. 23.

ANOTHER remarkable Circumſtance, recommending the flowery Creation, is their *regular Succeſſion.* They make not their Appearance all at once, but in an orderly Rotation: While a proper Number of theſe obliging Retainers are in waiting, the others abſcond; but hold themſelves in a Poſture of Service, ready to take their Turn, and fill each his reſpective Station, the Inſtant it becomes vacant.—The *Snow-drop*, foremoſt of the lovely Train, breaks her Way through the frozen Soil, in order to preſent her early Compliments to her Lord: Dreſſed in the Robe of Innocency, ſhe ſteps forth, fearleſs of Dangers, long before the Trees have ventured to unfold their Leaves, even while the Iſicles hang on our Houſes.—Next peeps out the *Crocus*, but cautiouſly, and with an Air of Timidity: She hears the howling Blaſts, and ſkulks cloſe to her low Situation. Afraid ſhe ſeems, to make large Excurſions from her Root, while ſo many ruffian Winds are abroad, and ſcouring along the Æther.—Nor is the *Violet* laſt in this ſhining Embaſſy of the Year; which, with all the Accompliſhments that would grace a Royal Garden, condeſcends to line our Hedges, and grow at the Feet of Briars. Freely, and without any Solicitation, it diſtributes the Bounty of its emiſſive Sweets; while itſelf, with an exemplary Humility,

lity, retires from Sight; seeking rather to administer Pleasure, than to win Admiration *. *Emblem*, expressive Emblem, of those *modest Virtues*, which delight to bloom in Obscurity; and extend a chearing Influence to Multitudes, who are scarce acquainted with the Source of their Comforts! *Motive*, engaging Motive, to that *ever-active Beneficence*; which stays not for the Importunity of the Distressed, but even prevents them with the Blessings of its Goodness!—The poor *Polyanthus*, that lately adorned the Border with her sparkling Beauties; and, transplanted into our Windows, gave us a fresh Entertainment; is now no more. I saw her Complexion fade; I perceived her Breath decay; till at length she expired, and dropt into her Grave. —Scarce have we sustained this Loss, but in comes the *Auricula*, and more than retrieves it: Arrayed she comes, in a splendid Variety of amiable Forms; with an Eye of Crystal, and Garments of the most glossy Sattin; exhaling Perfume, and powdered with Silver. A very distinguished Procession This! The favourite Care of the Florist! Scarce one among them but is dignified with a Character of Renown, or has the Honour to represent some celebrated Toast. But these also, notwithstanding their illustrious Titles, have exhausted their whole Stock of Fragrance,

* *Prodesse quàm conspici.*

Fragrance, and are mingled with the meaneſt Duſt.—Who could forbear grieving at their Departure, did not the *Tulips* begin to raiſe themſelves on their fine Wands, or ſtately Stalks? They fluſh the Parterre with one of the gayeſt Dreſſes, that blooming Nature wears. Did ever *Beau* or *Belle* make ſo gaudy an Appearance in a Birth-night Suit? Here one may behold the innocent Wantonneſs of Beauty: Here ſhe indulges a Thouſand Freaks, and ſports herſelf in the moſt charming Diverſity of Colours: Yet I ſhould wrong her, were I to call her a *Coquet*; becauſe ſhe plays her lovely Changes, not to enkindle diſſolute Affections, but to diſplay her Creator's Glory.—Soon ariſes the *Anemone*; incircled at the Bottom, with a ſpreading Robe; and rounded, at the Top, into a beautiful Dome. In its looſely flowing Mantle, you may obſerve a noble Negligence; in its gently bending Tufts, the niceſt Symmetry: I would term it the *fine Gentleman* of the Garden; becauſe it ſeems to have the peculiar Felicity of reconciling Art with Eaſe.—The ſame Month has the Merit of producing the *Ranunculus*. All bold and graceful, it expands the Riches of its Foliage, and acquires by Degrees the loveliest Enamel in the World. As Perſons of *intrinſic* Worth diſdain the *ſuperficial* Arts of Recommendation, practiſed by *Fops*; ſo, this lordly Flower ſcorns to borrow any

any of its Excellence, from Powders and Essences. It needs no such Attractives, to render it the Darling of the Curious; being sufficiently engaging from the Elegance of its Figure, the radiant Variety of its Tinges, and a certain superior Dignity of Aspect.—Methinks, Nature improves in her Operations: Her latest Strokes are most masterly: To crown the Collection, she introduces the *Carnation*; which captivates every Eye with a noble Spread of Graces, and charms another Sense with a Profusion of exquisite Odours. This single Flower has, centred in itself, the Perfections of all the preceding: The Moment it appears, it so commands our Attention, that we scarce regret the Absence of the rest.—The *Gilly-flower*, like a *real Friend*, attends you through all the Vicissitudes and Alterations of the Season: While others make a transient Visit only, This is rather an Inhabitant, than a Guest, in your Gardens; adds *Fidelity* to *Complaisance*.

BUT 'tis in vain to attempt a Catalogue of these amiable Gifts: There is an endless *Multiplicity* in their *Characters*, and an invariable *Order* in their *Approaches*. Every Month brings its Ornaments, such as are different from the rest, and peculiar to itself.

HERE let me stand awhile, to contemplate the wise and gracious *Design*, apparent in this

Distribution

Diſtribution of Flowers, through the ſeveral Periods of the Year.—Were they all to bloſſom together, there would be at once a promiſcous *Throng*, and at once a total *Privation*; ſo that we ſhould ſcarce have Opportunity of adverting to the Beauties of Half, and muſt ſoon loſe the agreeable Company of them All. But now, ſince every Species has a ſeparate Poſt to occupy, and a diſtinct Time for appearing, we can take a leiſurely and minute Survey of each ſucceeding Set. We can view and review their Forms; taſte their Sweets; enter into a more intimate Acquaintance with their charming Qualities; and receive all thoſe pleaſing Services which they are commiſſioned to yield.—This remarkable Piece of Oeconomy is productive of another very valuable Effect. It not only places, in the moſt *advantageous Light*, every particular Community; but alſo is the moſt effectual *Proviſion*, againſt the *Frailty* of the whole Nation: Or, to ſpeak more truly, it renders them a Sort of * *immortal Corps*, whoſe ſucceſſionary Attendance never fails. For though ſome are continually dropping,

* In Alluſion to the celebrated Practice of the *Perſian* Kings; who maintained, for their Lifeguard, a Body of Troops, called *Immortal*; becauſe it perpetually ſubſiſted: For as ſoon as any of the Men died, another was immediately put into his Place.
Rollin's Ancient Hiſtory, Vol. II.

ping, yet, by this Expedient, others are as continually rising, to beautify our Borders, and keep up the Entertainment unintermitted.

O! WHAT *Goodness* is this, to provide such a Series of Gratifications for Mankind! Both to diversify, and perpetuate the fine Collation: To take care, that our Paths should be, in a manner, incessantly strewed with Flowers: And what *Wisdom*, to bid every one of these insensible Beings know the precise Juncture for their coming forth! Insomuch that no Actor on a Stage can be more exact in performing his Part; can make a more regular Entry, or a more punctual Exit.

WHO imboldens the *Daffodil*, to venture abroad in *February*, and to trust her flowering Gold with inclement and treacherous Skies? Who informs the various Tribes of *Fruit-bearing Blossoms*, that vernal Suns, and a more genial Warmth, are fittest for their delicate Texture? Who teaches the *Clove* to stay, till hotter Beams are prepared, to infuse a spicy Richness into her Odours, and tincture her Complexion with the deepest Crimson?—Who disposes these beautiful *Troops* into such orderly Bodies; *retarding* some, and *accelerating* others? Who has instructed them to *file off*, with such perfect Regularity, as soon as the Duty of their respective Station is over?

over? And, when one Detachment *retires*, Who gives the Signal for another immediately to *advance?* Who, but that unerring Providence, which, from the highest Thrones of Angels, to the very lowest Degrees of Existence, orders all Things in "Number Weight, and Measure!"

THESE, O my Soul, are the Regulations of that most adorable, most beneficent Being, who in the Fulness of Time bowed the Heavens; came down to dwell on Earth; and united the *Frailty* of thy mortal Nature to all the *Glories* of his Godhead. All the Honour of this admirable Establishment belongs to that ever blessed Ransomer of Sinners, who sustained the Vengeance, which thou hadst deserved, and wast doomed to suffer; who fulfilled the *Obedience*, which thou wast *obliged*, but *unable*, to perform; and in his most sacred immaculate Humanity, humbled Himself (O never enough to be admired Loving-Kindness!) humbled Himself to Death, even the Death of the Cross.—He formed this vast Machine, and adjusted its nice Dependencies. The Pillars, that support it; the Embellishments, that adorn it; and the Laws, that govern it; are the Result of his unsearchable Counsels. O! the *Heights* of His *Majesty*, and the *Depths* of His *Abasement!*

WHICH shall we admire most, his *essential Greatness*, or his *free Grace?* He created the exalted

exalted Seraph, that ſings in Glory; and every the minuteſt Inſect, that flutters in Air, or crawls in Duſt. He marks out a Path for all thoſe Globes of Light, which travel the Circuit of the Skies; and diſdains not to rear the Violet from its lowly Bed, or to plait the Daiſy that dreſſes our Plains. So *grand* are His Operations, yet ſo *condeſcending* his Regards!—If *Summer*, like a ſparkling Bride, is all glorious in her Apparel, what is this but a feeble Reflection of his uncreated *Effulgence?* If *Autumn*, like a munificent Hoſt, exhibits all Things richly to enjoy, what is this but a little Taſte of his inexhauſtible *Liberality?* If *Thunders* roar, you hear the Sound of his *Trumpet:* If *Lightenings* glare, you ſee the Launching of His glittering *Spear*: If the "perpetual Hills be ſcattered, and the ever-"laſting Mountains bowed," you behold a *Diſplay*—No, ſays the Prophet, you have rather * *The Hiding of His Power.* So immenſe is His Power,

* *Hab.* iii. 4. Nothing can be more magnificently conceived, than the *Imagery* of this whole Chapter; and, upon the Foot of our Interpretation, nothing was ever more delicately and nobly turned, than the *Sentiment* of this Clauſe. Other Senſes of the Paſſage, I acknowlege, may be aſſigned with equal Propriety. But none, I think, can be imagined ſo *majeſtic* and *ſublime*. As the Original will fairly admit of it; as it carries no Diſagreement with the Context; and

Power, so uncontroulable and inconceivable, that all these mighty Works are but a *Sketch*, in which more is *concealed* than discovered.

THUS, I think, we should always view the visible System, with an Evangelical *Telescope* (if I may be allowed the Expression), and with an Evangelical *Microscope:* Regarding CHRIST

and expresses a most important, as well as undoubted Truth; I hope I may be permitted to use it, at least by way of Accommodation. Especially, as it suggests one of the finest *Mottos* imaginable, wherewith to inscribe all the visible Productions of the Creator's Hand. When, struck with Astonishment, we consider their Grandeur, Beauty, and consummate Perfections, let us, in Justice to their Author, apply the exalted Reflection of this sacred Ode: "In all these "*is the Hiding*, rather than an *adequate Display*, of "his matchless *Power*: Though they challenge our "Praise, and surpass our Comprehension; yet are "they by no means the utmost Exertions, but rather "some slighter Essays, of omnipotent Skill."—— *Milton*, relating the Overthrow of the fallen Angels, reminds his Reader of a noble Circumstance, much of this Nature. *Messiah*, unaided and alone, had utterly routed an innumerable Host of apostate Spirits. But, to create a juster Idea of this illustrious Conqueror, the Poet beautifully adds——*Yet half his Strength He put not forth.*——If we forget to make the same Remark, when we contemplate GOD in His Works, we must necessarily form very scanty Conceptions of that supreme Being, before whom all Nations are as a "Drop of a Bucket, "and are counted as the small Dust of the Balance."

JESUS as the great Projector and Architect, that planned and executed the amazing Scheme. Whatever is magnificent or valuable, tremendous or amiable, ſhould ever be aſcribed to the Redeemer. This is the Chriſtian's *Natural Philoſophy*: And with regard to this Method of conſidering the Things that are ſeen, we have an inſpired Apoſtle for our Preceptor and Precedent. Speaking of CHRIST, He ſays, "Thou, LORD, "in the Beginning, haſt laid the Foundations of "the Earth, and the Heavens are the Work of "thy Hands."—Did we carefully attend to this leading Principle, in all our Examinations of Nature, it would, doubtleſs, be a moſt powerful Means of * *enkindling* our *Love*, and * *ſtrengthening*,

* * The Apoſtles, I obſerve, delight to uſe this Method of diſplaying the *Honours* of the *Redeemer*, and eſtabliſhing the *Faith* of his *People*——The beloved Diſciple, teaching that moſt precious Doctrine "of a Lamb ſlain to take away the Sins of the World," in order to evince the Sufficiency of CHRIST's Sacrifice for this bleſſed Purpoſe, affirms, That *All Things were made by Him: And without Him was not any Thing*, No, not ſo much as one ſingle Being, *made*, John i. 3. —St *Paul*, preaching the ſame glad Tidings to the *Coloſſians*, and expreſly maintaining, That we have Redemption through his Blood, ſeems to foreſee an Objection of this kind: "To expiate Tranſgreſſions "againſt an infinite Majeſty, is a moſt prodigious "Act; it muſt coſt vaſtly more than any common "Surety

ening our *Faith*: For when I look round upon Millions of noble Subſtances, and carry with me this tranſporting Reflection, "The Maker of "them all died on a Croſs for me;" how can I remain any longer indifferent? Muſt not the *coldeſt* Heart begin to *glow* with Gratitude?—When I ſurvey an Immenſity of the fineſt Productions imaginable; and remember, That the Author of them all is "my Righteouſneſs, my "Redemption;" how can I chooſe but re-

"Surety can pay, to redeem a ſinful World. What "Reaſon have we to believe, that JESUS is equal to "this mighty Undertaking?" All poſſible Reaſon, replies the Apoſtle, from the Dignity of his Perſon: For He is *the Image of the inviſible* GOD; and from the Greatneſs of his Works, For *by Him all Things were made*. Conſider the Operations of his Hands, and you cannot doubt the atoning Efficacy of his Death, *Col.* i. 15, 16.——The Author of the Epiſtle to the *Hebrews* falls exactly into the ſame Train of arguing; declaring, that CHRIST JESUS has purged our Sins by the Sacrifice of Himſelf: He proves His ample Ability for this tremendous Office, from His eſſential Excellence, becauſe He is the *Brightneſs of His Father's Glory*; and from His admirable Works, becauſe *He made the Worlds, and upholdeth all Things by the Word of His Power*, Heb. i. 2, 3.——Which Thought, as it is ſo important in itſelf; of ſuch ſignal Comfort to Chriſtians; and ſo particularly inſiſted on by the inſpired Writers; I hope, I ſhall need no Apology, for an Attempt to illuſtrate and enforce it, in a Kind of Evangelical *Deſcant* upon *Creation*, annexed to theſe Reflections.

pose the most *chearful Confidence* in such a Mediator?

LET me add one more Remark, upon the admirable *Adjustment* of every Particular, relating to these *fine Colonies* planted in the Parterre. —With such surprising *Correctness* is their *Structure* finished, that any the least conceivable Alteration would very much impair their Perfection. Should you see, for Instance, the nice Disposition of the Tulip's Attire fly abroad, disorderly and irregular, like the flaunting Woodbine: Should the Jessamin rear her diminutive Head, on those grand Columns which support the Holly-hock: Should the erect and manly Aspect of the Piony hang down with a pensive Air, like the flexile Bells of the Hyacinth: Should that noble Plainness, which distinguishes the Lily, be exchanged for the Fringes which edge the Pink, or the gaudy Stains which bedrop the Iris: Should those tapering Pillars, which arise in the Middle of its Vase, and, tipt with golden Pendants, give such a Lustre to the surrounding Panels of Alabaster.—Should these sink and disappear, like the Chives which cover the Heart of the Anemone—In many of these Cases, would not the *Transposition* be fantastical and aukward? In all, to the apparent *Prejudice* of every Individual?

AGAIN;

AGAIN; with regard to the *Time* of their *appearing*; this Circumſtance is ſettled by a remarkable Foreſight and Precaution. What would become of the *Sailor*, if, in very ſtormy Weather, he ſhould raiſe a lofty Maſt, and croud it with all his Canvas? Such would be the ill Effect, if the moſt ſtately Species of Flowers ſhould preſume to come abroad in the bluſtering Months. Therefore thoſe only that ſhoot the ſhorteſt Stems, and diſplay the ſmalleſt Spread of Leaves, or (if you pleaſe) carry the leaſt Sail, are launched amidſt the blowing Seaſons.—How injudiciouſly would the *Perfumer* act, if he ſhould unſeal his fineſt Eſſences, and expoſe them to the Northern Winds, or Wintry Rains! Our blooming Artiſts of the aromatic Profeſſion, at leaſt the moſt delicate among them, ſeem perfectly aware of the Conſequences of ſuch a Procedure. Accordingly, they poſtpone the Opening of their odoriferous Treaſures, till a * ſerener Air, and more * unclouded Skies, grant a Protection

* * *Caſimire*, in a very poetical Manner, addreſſes himſelf to the *dormant* Roſe, and moſt prettily invites her to *venture abroad*, by the Mention of theſe two Circumſtances.

Siderum ſacros imitata vultus,
Quid lates dudum, Roſa? Delicatum
Effer è terris caput, O tepentis
Filia cœli.

tection to their amiable Traffick; till they are under no more Apprehensions of having them dissipated by rude Blasts, or drowned in incessant Showers.

WHAT a striking Argument is here for *Resignation*, unfeigned Resignation, to all the *Disposals* of *Providence!* Too often are our dissatisfied Thoughts apt to find Fault with Divine Dispensations: We tacitly arraign our Maker's Conduct, or question His Kindness with regard to ourselves: We fansy our Lot not so commodiously situate, or our Condition not so happily circumstanced, as if we had been placed in some other

Jam tibi nubes *fugiunt* aquosæ,
Quas fugant albis Zephyri *quadrigis*;
Jam tibi mulcet Boream *jocantis*
Aura Favoni.

Child of the Summer, charming Rose,
No longer in Confinement lie:
Arise to Light, thy Form disclose;
Rival the Spangles of the Sky.

The *Rains* are gone, the *Storms* are o'er;
Winter retires to make thee way;
Come then, thou sweetly-blushing Flow'r;
Come, lovely Stranger, come away.

The *Sun* is dress'd in beaming *Smiles*,
To give thy Beauties to the Day;
Young *Zephyrs* wait, with gentlest *Gales*,
To fan thy Bosom, as they play.

other Station of Life.—But let us behold this exquisitely nice *Regulation* of the *minutest Plants*, and be ashamed of our *repining Folly*. Could any Fibre in their Composition be altered, or one Line in their Features be transposed, without clouding some of their Beauties? Could any Fold in their Vestments be varied, or any Link in their orderly Succession be broken, without injuring some delicate Property? And does not that All-seeing Eye, which preserves so exact a Harmony among these *pretty Toys*, maintain as watchful a Care over His *rational Creatures?*—Does He choose the propereſt Season for the Cowslip to arise, and drink the Dews? And can He *neglect* the Concerns, or *misjudge* the Conveniencies, of his Sons and Daughters? He, who has so completely disposed whatever pertains to the vegetable Oeconomy, that the least Diminution or Addition would certainly hurt the finished Scheme, does, without all Peradventure, preside with equal Attention over the Interests of his own People.

BE still, then, thou uneasy Mortal *; know, that GOD is unerringly wise; and be assured, that,

* *Permittas ipsis expendere numinibus, quid*
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima *quæque dabunt dii:*
Carior est illis homo, quàm sibi. JUVEN.

that, amidſt the greateſt Multiplicity of Beings, He does not overlook thee. Thy Saviour has given me Authority to aſſert, That thou art of far ſuperior Value, in the Eſtimate of Omnipotence, than all the Herbage of the Field.—If His ſacred Will ordains *Sickneſs* for thy Portion, never dare to imagine, That uninterrupted Health would be more advantageous: If He pleaſes to with-hold, or take away, *Children*, never preſume to conclude, That thy Happineſs is blaſted, becauſe thy Hopes of an increaſing Family are diſappointed. He that marſhals all the Starry Hoſt, and ſo accurately arranges every the meaneſt Species of Herbs; HE orders all the *Peculiarities*, all the *Changes* of thy State, with a *Vigilance* that nothing can elude, with a *Goodneſs* that endureth for ever.—Bow thy Head, therefore

Since all the downward Tracts of Time
God's watchful Eye ſurveys;
O! who ſo wiſe to chooſe our Lot,
And regulate our Ways?

Since none can doubt his equal Love,
Unmeaſurably kind;
To his *unerring*, *gracious* Will,
Be ev'ry Wiſh reſign'd.

Good when He gives, ſupremely Good;
Nor leſs, when He denies;
Ev'n Croſſes from his ſov'reign Hand
Are Bleſſings in Diſguiſe.

fore, in humble Acquiescence: Rest satisfied, That * *whatever is*, by the Appointment of Heaven, *is right*, is best.

AMONG all the Productions of the Third Creating-Day, this of Flowers seems to be peculiarly

* If Mr *Pope* understands the Maxim in this limited Sense, he speaks a most undeniable and glorious Truth. But, if that great Poet includes whatever comes to pass, through the wild and extravagant Passions of Men; surely no thinking Person, at least no Christian, can accede to his Opinion.——What GOD orders, is *wise* beyond all Possibility of Correction, and *good* above all that we can ask or think. His Decrees are the Result of infinite Discernment, and all his Dispensations the Issues of unbounded Benevolence.——But Man, fallen Man, is hurried away by his Lusts into a thousand Irregularities, which are deplorably evil *in themselves*, and attended with *Consequences* manifestly pernicious to *Society*.——Let the Sentiment, therefore, be restrained to the Disposals of Heaven, and I most readily subscribe it. But if it be extended to the Conduct of Men, and the Effects of their Folly, I think myself obliged to enter my Protest against it; For, whatever kindles the Divine Indignation——is Cause of final Ruin to the Author——is strictly forbid by GOD's holy Word——is contrary to the whole Design of his revealed Will, and the very Reverse of his essential Attributes.——*This* cannot possibly be *right*. This is most undoubtedly *wrong*. Omnipotence, indeed, can over-rule it, and educe Good from it: But the very Notion of *over-ruling*, supposes it to be absolutely *wrong* in itself.

culiarly designed for Man: A Present, calculated in an especial Manner for his Use and Delight. Man has, as it were, the *Monopoly* of this Favour; and scarce shares the Satisfaction resulting from it, with any other Animal. I don't find, that other Creatures are smit with their Beauties, or regaled with their Odours. The Horse never stands still to gaze upon their Charms; nor does the Ox turn aside to browze upon their Sweets. Senses they have to discern these curious Objects in the *gross*, but no Taste to *distinguish* their fine Accomplishments.—Just so, *carnal* and unenlightened *Men* may understand the *literal* Meaning of Scripture; may comprehend the Evidences of its Divine Inspiration; and yet have no *Relish* of the Heavenly Truths, it teaches; no ardent *Longing* for the spiritual Blessings, it offers; see "no Form or Comeliness" in the Saviour, it describes, so as to render Him the *supreme Desire* of their Souls.

THE *chief End* of these beautiful Appearances, Philosophers say, is to enfold and cherish the Embryo Seed; or to swathe the tender Body during its infant State.—But whatever is the chief End of Nature, 'tis certain, she never departs from the Design of *administring Delight to Mankind* *.

This

* "We find that the most important Parts in the "Vegetable World, are those which are the most "beautiful.

This is inſeparably connected with her other Views.—Were it only to ſecure a reproductive Principle, what need of ſuch *elegant Complications?* Why ſo much Art employed, and ſo many Decorations added? Why ſhould Veſtments be prepared, richer than Brocades, more delicate than Lawns, and of a finer Glow than the moſt admired Velvets?—If the great Mother had no other Aim, than barely to accommodate her little Offspring, warm Flannel, or homely Fuſtian, would have ſerved her Turn: Served it, full as well as the moſt ſumptuous Tiſſues, or all the Furniture of the Mercer's Shop.

IT ſeems plain then, that Flowers were endued with ſuch inchanting *Graces*, for the *Pleaſure* of *Man*; and, in purſuance of this original Intention, they ſtill pay their Court to the human Race. Accordingly, the fineſt of each Species croud about our Habitation, and are rarely to be ſeen at a Diſtance from our Abodes. They *thrive* under our cultivating Hand, and obſerving Eye; but degenerate and *pine away*, if unregarded

" beautiful. Theſe are the Seeds by which the ſeve-
" ral Races of Plants are propagated and continued,
" and which are always lodged in Flowers or Bloſ-
" ſoms. Nature ſeems to hide her principal Deſign,
" and to be induſtrious in making the Earth gay and
" delightful, while ſhe is carrying on her great
" Work, and intent upon her own Preſervation."
Spect. Vol. V. N°. 387.

garded by their Lord.—To win his Attention, and deck his Retreats, they hide their *Deformities* under Ground; and display nothing but the most *graceful Forms*, and *engaging Colours*, to his Sight.—To merit a farther Degree of his Esteem, the Generality of them *dispense* a delightful *Perfume*. And, what is still more obliging, * *reserve* their *richest Exhalations*, to embalm his *Morning* and *Evening* Walks †: Because he usually chooses those cool Hours, to recreate himself among their blooming Ranks; therefore, at those Hours, they are most lavish of their Fragrance, and breathe out their choicest Spirits.

O MAN, greatly beloved by thy Creator! The Darling of Providence! Thou art distinguished by *his Goodness*; distinguish thyself also by *thy Gratitude*. Be it thy one undivided Aim to glorify Him, who has been at so much Expence to gratify thee!—While all these inferior Creatures,

* ——— The Flow'rs,
That open *now* their choicest bosom'd Smells,
Reserv'd from Night, and *kept for thee in Store*.
MILT.

† The twining Jasmine, and the blushing Rose,
With lavish Grace their *Morning* Scents disclose:
The smelling Tub'rose and Junquil declare
The stronger Impulse of an *Ev'ning* Air.
PRIOR'S *Sol.*

Creatures, in *silent Eloquence*, declare the Glory of GOD, do thou lend them thy *Tongue*. Be thou the High-Priest of the mute Creation: Let their Praises become vocal in thy Songs.—Adore the supreme Benefactor, for the Blessings He showers down upon every Order of Beings: Adore Him for numberless Mercies, which are appropriated to thyself: But, above all, adore Him, for that noble Gift of a *rational* and *immortal Soul*.—This constitutes us Masters of the Globe, and gives us the real Enjoyment of its Riches. This discovers ten thousand Beauties, which otherwise had been lost; and renders them both a Source of Delights, and a Nursery of Devotion.—By virtue of this exalted Principle, we are qualified to *admire* our Maker's *Works*, and capable of *bearing* his illustrious *Image*; bearing his illustrious Image, not only when these Ornaments of the Ground have resigned their Honours, but when the great Origin of Day is extinguished in the Skies, and all the flaming Orbs on high are put out in obscure Darkness. —*Then* to survive; to survive the Ruins of one World, and to enjoy GOD—to resemble GOD —to be "filled with all the Fulness of GOD," in another—What a Happiness, what an inestimable Happiness, is this! Yet *this* is thy Privilege (barter it not for Trifles of an Hour), this thy glorious Prerogative, O Man!

O!

O! THE Goodness, the *exuberant Goodness* of GOD! I cannot forbear celebrating it once more, before I pass to another Consideration.— How much should we think ourselves obliged to a generous Friend, that should *build* a stately Edifice * purely for our Abode! But how greatly would

* I cannot persuade myself, that the Comparison is stretched beyond proper Bounds, when carried to this Pitch. It is my stedfast Opinion, That the World, at least this lower World, with its various Appurtenances, was intended *purely* for Man; that it is *appropriated* to him; and that he (in Subordination to GOD's Glory) is the *End* of its Creation.——Other Animals, 'tis true, partake of the Creator's Benefits; but then they partake under the Notion of Man's Domestics, or on the Foot of Retainers to Him; as Creatures that bear some Relation to his Service, and some way or other contribute to his Good. So that still He is the *Centre* of the Whole; or, as our incomparable *Milton*, equally Master of Poetry and Divinity, expresses himself, *All Things live for Man. Par. Lost*, XI. 161.

Mr *Pope*, in his Ethic Epistles, is pleased to explode this Tenet, as the Height of *Pride*, and a gross *Absurdity*.——For my Part, I see no Reason for such a Charge. With all Submission to so superior a Genius, it seems very remote from Pride, to be duly sensible of Favours vouchsafed; to contemplate them in all the Extent of their Munificence, and acknowlege them accordingly. I should rather imagine, That to contract their Size, when they are immensely large; to stint their Number, when they are altogether innumerable; that such a Procedure favours more

would the Obligation be increaſed, if the Hand that built, ſhould alſo *furniſh* it! And not only furniſh

more of *Inſenſibility*, than our Hypotheſis of Preſumption; and has more in it of *Ingratitude*, than that of Arrogance.

And how can it be deemed an Abſurdity, To maintain, that GOD gave us *a World* for our Poſſeſſion; when it is our Duty to believe, That He gave us his *only Son* for our Propitiation? Sure it can be no Difficulty to ſuppoſe, That He deſigned this habitable Globe, with its whole Furniture, for our preſent Uſe, ſince He with-held not his Holy Child JESUS, but freely delivered Him up for our final Salvation.

Upon the Whole, I cannot but conclude, That the Attempt of our famous Poet is neither *kind*, with regard to his Fellow-Creatures——nor *grateful*, with regard to his Creator———neither is his Scheme, in Fact, *true*. The Attempt not *kind*, with regard to Man; becauſe it robs him of one of the moſt delightful and raviſhing Contemplations imaginable. To conſider the Great Author of Exiſtence as having *me* in his Eye, when He formed univerſal Nature; as contriving all Things with an immediate View to the Exigencies of my particular State, and making them all in ſuch a Manner as might be moſt conducive to my particular Advantage; this muſt needs occaſion the ſtrongeſt Satisfactions, whenever I caſt a Glance on the Objects that ſurround me.——— Not *grateful* with regard to GOD; becauſe it has the moſt direct Tendency to diminiſh our Senſe of his Kindneſs, and conſequently to throw a Damp upon our Gratitude. It teaches us to look upon ourſelves as almoſt loſt among a Croud of other Beings, or regarded only with an occaſional and incidental Beneficence; which muſt certainly

furniſh it, with all that is commodious and comfortable; but *ornament* it alſo, with whatever is ſplendid and delightful!—*This* has our moſt indulgent Creator done, in a manner infinitely ſurpaſſing all we could wiſh, or imagine.

THE

certainly weaken the Diſpoſition, and indeed ſlacken the Ties, to the moſt adoring Thankfulneſs.——To which, I apprehend, we may juſtly add, Neither is the Scheme, in Fact, *true*. For, not to mention what might be urged from the ſure Word of Revelation, this one Argument appears to be ſufficiently concluſive. The World began with Man; the World muſt ceaſe with Man; conſequently the grand Uſe, the principal End of the World, is, to ſubſerve the Intereſts of Man. It is on all ſides agreed, That the Edifice was erected, when Man was to be furniſhed with an Habitation; and that it will be demoliſhed, when Man has no farther Need of its Accommodations: When he enters into the Houſe not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens, "the Earth, and all "the Works that are therein, ſhall be burnt up." From which it ſeems a very obvious and fair Deduction, That Man is the *final Cauſe* of this inferior Creation.

So that I think my Readers, and myſelf, *privileged* (not to ſay, on the Principles of Gratitude, *obliged*) to uſe thoſe lovely Lines of our Author, with a Propriety and Truth, equal to their Elegance and Beauty;

For *me* kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,
Suckles each Herb, and ſpreads out every Flow'r;
Annual, for *me*, the Grape, the Roſe, renew
The Juice nectareous, and the balmy Dew;
For *me*, the Mine a thouſand Treaſures brings;
For *me*, Health guſhes from a thouſand Springs.

Eth. Ep. I. *ver.* 129.

THE *Earth* is assigned us for a Dwelling.—The *Skies* are stretched over us, like a magnificent Canopy, dyed in the purest Azure; and beautified, now with Pictures of floating Silver, now with Colourings of reflected Crimson.—The *Grass* is spread under us, as a spacious Carpet; wove with silken Threads of Green, and damask'd with Flowers of every Hue.—The *Sun*, like a golden Lamp, is hung out in the ethereal Vault; and pours his Effulgence, all the Day, to lighten our Paths.—When Night approaches, the *Moon* takes up the friendly Office; and the *Stars* are kindled in twinkling Myriads, to chear the Darkness with their milder Lustre, not disturb our Repose by too intense a Glare.—The *Clouds*, besides the rich Paintings they hang around the Heavens, act the Part of a shifting Screen; and defend us, by their seasonable Interposition, from the scorching Beams of Summer: May we not also regard them, as the great Watering-Pots of the Globe? which, wafted on the Wings of the Wind, dispense their Moisture * evenly through the universal Garden;

* This Circumstance, amidst Abundance of other noble and delicate Remarks upon the Wonders of Nature, is finely touched in the *Philosophical Transactions* recorded in the Book of *Job*, Chap. xxxviii. ver. 25. —מי פלג לשטף תעלה *Who hath divided a Water-*

Garden; and fructify, with their Showers, whatever our Hand plants.—The *Fields* are our exhauſtleſs Granary.—The *Ocean* is our vaſt Reſervoir.—The *Animals* ſpend their Strength, to diſpatch our Buſineſs; reſign their Cloathing, to repleniſh our Wardrobe; and ſurrender their very Lives, to provide for our Tables.—In ſhort, every *Element* is a Store-houſe of Conveniencies; every *Seaſon* brings us the choiceſt Productions; all *Nature* is our Caterer.—And, what is a moſt endearing Recommendation of theſe Favours, they

courſe for the overflowing of Waters?——The Hebrew is ſo pregnant and rich with Senſe, that no *Tranſlation* can do it Juſtice. The following *Paraphraſe*, perhaps, may repreſent the principal Ideas comprehended in the expreſſive Original.——Who has *branched out*, and with admirable Judgment *diſpoſed*, a *Variety* of *Aqueducts*, for that immenſe Collection of Waters which float in the Sky? Who *diſtributes* thoſe pendulous *Floods*, through all the Borders of the Earth? Diſtributes them, not in dreadful Cataracts, or *promiſcuous Gluts* of Rain; but in kindly Drops, and refreſhing Showers; with as much *Regularity* and *Oeconomy*, as if they were conveyed by *Pipes* from a *Conduit*.——To WHOM ſhall we aſcribe that Niceneſs of Contrivance, which now emits, now reſtrains them; ſometimes derives their humid Train to one Place, ſometimes to another; diſpenſes them to *this* Soil in larger, to *that* in ſmaller Communications; and, in a Word, ſo manages the mighty Fluid, that every Spot is *ſupplied* in exact Proportion to its Wants, and none *deſtroyed* by an undiſtinguiſhing Deluge?

they are all as *lovely* as they are *useful*. You observe nothing mean or inelegant. All is clad in *Beauty*'s fairest Robe *, and regulated by *Proportion*'s nicest *Rule*. The whole Scene, exhibits a Fund of Pleasures to the Imagination; at the same Time, that it more than supplies all our Wants †.

THEREFORE thou art *inexcusable*, O Man, whosoever thou art, that *rebellest* against thy Maker. He surrounds thee with unnumbered Benefits, and follows thee with an Effusion of the richest, noblest Gifts. He courts thy Affections, He solicits thy Gratitude, by Liberalities which are never intermitted, by a Bounty which knows no Limits.—O! most Blessed LORD, let this thy Goodness, thy unwearied Goodness, lead us to Repentance. *Win* us to Thyself, Thou Fountain of Felicity, by these

* Perhaps, it was from such an Observation, that the *Greeks*, those critical and refined Judges of Things, expressed the *Mundane System* by a Word, which signifies *Beauty*——κοσμος.

† "Those several living Creatures, which are "made for our Service or Sustenance, at the same "time either fill the Woods with their Musick, furnish us with Game, or raise pleasing Ideas in us "by the Delightfulness of their Appearance. Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers, are as refreshing to the "Imagination, as to the Soil through which they "pass." *Spect.* Vol. V. No. 387.

ſweet *Inducements*. *Draw* us to our Duty, Thou GOD of our Salvation, by theſe "*Cords* of "Love."

WHAT a living Picture is Here of the *beneficial* Effects of *Induſtry!* By Induſtry and Cultivation, this neat Spot is an Image of *Eden*. Here is all that can entertain the Eye, or * regale the Smell: Whereas, without Cultivation, this ſweet Garden had been a deſolate Wilderneſs: Vile Thiſtles had made it loathſome, and tangling Briars inacceſſible. Without Cultivation, it might have been a Neſt for Serpents, and the horrid Haunt of venemous Creatures. But the Spade and Pruning-knife, in the Hand of Induſtry, have improved it into a ſort of Terreſtrial Paradiſe.

HOW naturally does this lead our Contemplation, to the *Advantages* that flow from a virtuous *Education*, and the *Miſeries* that enſue from the † *Neglect* of it!—The Mind, without early Inſtitution, muſt, in all Probability, become like the "Vineyard of the Sluggard." If left to the Propenſities of its own depraved Will, what can we expect, but a moſt luxuriant Growth of unruly Appetites, which, in time, will break forth into

* *Omnis copia narium.* HOR.

† *Neglectis urenda filix innaſcitur agris.* HOR.

into all manner of ſcandalous Irregularities? What?—but that *Anger*, like a prickly Thorn, arm the Temper with an untractable Moroſeneſs: *Peeviſhneſs*, like a ſtinging Nettle, render the Converſation forbidding: *Avarice*, like ſome choaking Weed, teach the Fingers to gripe, and the Hands to oppreſs: *Revenge*, like ſome poiſonous Plant, replete with baneful Juices, rankle in the Breaſt, and meditate Miſchief to its Neighbour: While unbridled *Luſts*, like Swarms of noiſome Inſects, taint each riſing Thought, and render "every Imagination of the Heart only evil "continually."—Such are the uſual Products of ſavage Nature! Such the Furniture of the uncultivated Soul!

WHEREAS, let the Mind be put under the *Nurture and Admonition of the* LORD: Let a holy Diſcipline *clear* the Soil: Let ſacred Inſtructions *ſow* it with the beſt Seed: Let Skill and Vigilance *dreſs* the riſing Shoots; direct the young *Ideas* how to ſpread, the wayward *Paſſions* how to move:—Then, what a different State of the inner Man will quickly take place? *Charity* will breathe her Sweets, and *Hope* expand her Bloſſoms: The *perſonal* Virtues diſplay their Graces, and the *ſocial* ones their Fruits *: The Sentiments

* This Transformation of the *Heart*, and Renewal of the *Life*, are repreſented, in Scripture, by Similitudes

Sentiments become generous; the Carriage endearing; the Life honourable and useful *.

O! THAT *Governors* of *Families*, and *Masters* of *Schools*, would watch, with a conscientious Solicitude, over the Morals of their tender Charge. What Pity it is, that the advancing Generation should lose these invaluable Endowments, through any Supineness in their Instructors!—See, with what Assiduity the *curious Florist* attends his little Nursery; visits them early and late; furnishes them with the propereſt Mold; supplies them with seasonable Moisture; guards

litudes very nearly allied to the Images used above; ——GOD, by his sanctifying Spirit, *will make the Soul as a watered Garden*. Under the Operation of this divine Principle, *The Desert shall rejoyce, and blossom as the Rose*. Wherever it exerts the refining and ennobling Energy, *Instead of the Thorn, shall come up the Fir-tree; and instead of the Brier, the Mirtle*-Tree, Jerem. xxxi. 12. Isai. xxxv. 1. Isai. lv. 13.

* ——— *A teneris assuescere tanti est!* VIRG.

——— ὁ γαρ μικρον διαφερει, το ὁτως η ὁτως ευθυς εκ νεων εθιζεσθαι, αλλα παμπολυ, μαλλον δε το παν. *Aristot.* The Principles we imbibe, and the Habits we contract, in our early Years, are not Matters of *small Moment*, but of the *utmost Consequence* imaginable. They not only give a transient or superficial *Tincture*, to our *first* Appearance in Life; but most commonly *stamp* the *Form*, of our *whole* future Conduct, and even of our *eternal* State.

guards them from the Ravages of Insects; screens them from the Injuries of the Weather; marks their springing Buds; observes them attentively through their whole Progress; and never intermits his Anxiety, till he beholds them blown into full Perfection.—And shall a *Range of painted Leaves*, that flourish To-day, and To-morrow fall to the Ground—Shall these be tended, with more zealous Application, than the noble *Faculties* of an *immortal Soul?*

YET trust not in Cultivation *alone*; 'tis the Blessing of the *Almighty* Husbandman, that imparts *Success* to such Labours of Love. If GOD "seal up the Bottles of Heaven," and command the Clouds to with-hold their Fatness, the best-manured Plot becomes a barren Desert. And, if He restrain the Dew of his Heavenly Benediction, all human Endeavours miscarry; the rational Plantation languishes; and our most pregnant Hopes, from Youths of the most promising Genius, prove abortive. *Their Root shall be as Rottenness, and their Blossom shall go up as Dust* *.—Therefore, let *Parents* plant; let *Tutors* water; but let both look up to the Father of *Spirits*, for the desired Increase.

ON every Side, I espy several *budding* Flowers. As yet, they are closely convolved, and

* Isai. v. 24.

wrapt within a ſtrong Incloſure. All their Beauties lie concealed, and their Sweets locked up.—Juſt ſuch is the *niggardly Wretch*, whoſe Aims are all turned inward, and meanly terminated upon *Himſelf*: Who makes his own private Intereſts, or perſonal Pleaſures, the ſole Centre of his Deſigns, and the ſcanty Circumference of all his Actions.

BUT, ere-long, the ſearching Beams will open theſe ſilken *Folds*, and draw them into a graceful *Expanſion*. Then, what a lovely Bluſh will glow in their Cheeks, and what a balmy Odour exhale from their Boſoms!—So, when Divine Grace ſhines upon the Mind, even *the Churl becomes bountiful*: The Heart of Stone is taken away; and a Heart of Fleſh, a Heart ſuſceptible of the ſofteſt, moſt compaſſionate Emotions, is introduced in its ſtead. O! how ſweetly do the ſocial Affections dilate themſelves, under ſo benign an Influence: Juſt like theſe diſcloſing Gems under the powerful Eye of Day. The tender Regards are no longer *confined* to a ſingle Object, but *extend* themſelves into a generous Concern for Mankind, and *ſhed* liberal Refreſhments on all within their Reach *.

ARISE

* How beautiful is the *Idea*, and how ſignificant the *Expreſſion*, in that fine Paſſage of the Prophet; where, deſcribing the *charitable Temper*, He ſays —*If*

ARISE then, Thou Sun of Righteouſneſs; ariſe, with Healing under thy Wings; and transfuſe thy gentle, but penetrating Ray, thro' all our intellectual Powers. Enlarge every *narrow Diſpoſition*, and fill us with a *diffuſive Benevolence*. Make Room in our Breaſts for the whole human Race, and teach us to love all our Fellow-Creatures, for their amiable Creator's Sake: May we be pleaſed with their Excellencies, and rejoice at their Happineſs; but feel their Miſeries as our own, and, with a Brother's Sympathy, haſten to relieve them.

DISPOSED at proper Diſtances, I obſerve a *Range* of ſtrong and *ſtately Stalks*. They ſtand like Towers, along the Walls of a fortified City; or riſe like lofty Spires, amidſt a Group of Houſes. They part, at the Top, into ſeveral penſile ſpiky Pods;

——*If Thou draw out thy Soul to the Hungry!*—— which, I think, may very properly be illuſtrated by the Circumſtances obſerved above. The opening of theſe Buds into a large and extenſive Spread is a pretty Pourtrait of the *Amplitude* of a *generous Heart*, which cannot ſhut up its Compaſſion, or remain unconcerned at any human Calamity. The Freeneſs and Copiouſneſs with which their choiceſt Eſſences, their *aromatic Souls*, are continually poured out, may repreſent not only the various *Acts* of an unwearied *Liberality*, but alſo that *cordial Affection*, and *yearning Tenderneſs*, with which they are beſtowed. Iſai. lviii. 10.

Pods; from each of which will be excluded, within a little time, a fine Figure, of a very peculiar and instructive Character; *rounded* into a Form, that constitutes a perfect Circle; *spread wide* open into the most frank and communicative Air; tinged with the Colour, which, of all others, most captivates the Miser's Eye.

BUT the Property I chiefly admire, is its *passionate Fondness* for the *Sun*. When Evening with her Shades comes on, the poor Flower droops, and folds up its Leaves. It mourns all the long Night, like some forlorn Lover, for the Absence of the Light. No sooner does Providence open "the Eyelids of the Morning," but immediately it * addresses itself to the Object of its Affection; courts and caresses it all the Day; nor ever loses Sight of the refulgent Charmer, so long as it continues above the Horizon.—In the Morning, you may perceive it presenting a golden Bosom to the East; at Noon, it points upward to the middle Sky; in the Evening, follows the same attractive Influence to the West.

SURELY Nature is a Book, and every Page rich with sacred Hints. To an attentive Mind the *Garden* turns *Preacher*, and its blooming Tenants

* ——— *Illa suum, quamvis Radice tenetur,*
Vertitur ad Solem. ——— OVID.

Tenants are so many lively Sermons. What an engaging Pattern, and what an excellent Lesson, have we Here!—*So*, let the Redeemed of the LORD *look unto* JESUS*, and be conformed to their Beloved. Let us all be *Heliotropes* (if I may use the Expression) to the *Sun* of *Righteousness*. Let our Passions rise and fall, take this Course or that, as his Word determines, as his holy Example guides. Let us be so accommodated both to his *commanding* and *providential* Will, as the Wax is turned to the imprinted Seal; or as the Aspect of this enamoured Flower, to the splendid Star which creates our Day.

IN every *Enjoyment*, O thou watchful Christian, look unto JESUS; receive it as proceeding from his Love, and purchased by his Agonies †. —In every *Tribulation* look unto JESUS; mark his gracious Hand, managing the Scourge; or mingling the bitter Cup; attempering it to a proper Degree of Severity; adjusting the Time of its Continuance; and ready to make these seeming Disasters productive of real Good.—In every Infirmity and *Failing*, look unto JESUS, thy

* Heb. xii. 2.

† He sunk beneath our heavy Woes,
To raise Us to his Throne:
There's not a Gift his Hand bestows,
But cost his Heart a Groan. WATTS.

thy merciful High-Prieſt, pleading his atoning Blood, and making Interceſſion for Tranſgreſſors. —In every *Prayer* look unto JESUS, thy prevailing Advocate, recommending thy Devotions, and "bearing the Iniquity of thy holy Things *." —In every *Temptation* look unto JESUS, the Author of thy Strength, and Captain of thy Salvation; who alone is able to lift up the Hands that hang down, to invigorate the enfeebled Knees, and make thee more than Conqueror over all thy Enemies.—But eſpecially, when the *Hour* of thy *Departure* approaches; when "thy "Fleſh and thy Heart fail;" when all the Springs of Life are irreparably breaking; *then* look unto JESUS with a believing Eye †. Like expiring *Stephen*, behold him ſtanding at the Right Hand of GOD, on purpoſe to ſuccour his People in this their laſt Extremity. Yes, my Chriſtian Friend, when thy Journey through Life is finiſhed, and thou art arrived on the very Verge of Mortality; when thou art juſt launching out into the inviſible World, and all before thee is vaſt Eternity; Then, O then, be ſure to look ſtedfaſtly unto JESUS! "See by Faith the "LORD'S CHRIST." View Him, as the only *Way*

* Exod. xxviii. 38.

† *Look unto ME, and be ye ſaved, all the Ends of the Earth.* Iſai. xlv. 22.

Way * to the everlasting Mansions, as the only *Door* † to the Abodes of Bliss.

YONDER Tree, that faces the South, has something too remarkable to pass without Observation.—Like the fruitful, though feeble Vine, She brings forth a large Family of Branches: but, unable to support them herself, commits them to the Tuition of a sunny Wall. As yet, the tender Twigs have scarce gemmed their future Blossoms. However, I may anticipate the well-known Productions; and picture to myself the *Passion-Flower*, which will, in due Time, with a long and copious Succession, adorn the Boughs.

I HAVE read, in a profane Author, of Flowers inscribed with the *Names* of *Kings* §: but here is One, imblazoned with the Marks of the *bleeding Prince* of Life. I read, in the inspired Writings, of *Apostolic Men*, who bore about in their Bodies the Dying of the LORD JESUS ‖: but here is a *blooming Religioso*, that carries apparent Memorials of the same tremendous and fatal Catastrophe.—Who would have expected

* John xiv. 6. † John x. 9.

§ *Dic quibus in Terris inscripti Nomina Regum Nascuntur Flores?* ——— VIRG.

‖ 2 Cor. iv. 10.

expected to find ſuch a Tragedy of Woe, exhibited in a Collection of the moſt delicate Delights? Or, to ſee *Calvary*'s horrid Scene, pourtrayed on the ſofteſt Ornaments of the Garden? —Is Nature then acted by the noble Ambition, of paying *commemorative* Honours to her agonizing Sovereign? Is She kindly officious to *remind* forgetful Mortals, of that Miracle of Mercy; which it is their Duty to contemplate, and their Happineſs to believe?—Or, is a *ſportive* Imagination my Interpreter; and all the ſuppoſed Reſemblance, no more than the *precarious* Gloſs of Fancy? Be it ſo: yet even Fancy has her Merit, when ſhe ſets forth in ſuch pleaſing Imagery, the crucified JESUS. Nor ſhall I refuſe a willing Regard to Imagination herſelf; when ſhe employs her creative Powers, to revive the Senſe of ſuch unparallel'd Love, and prompt my Gratitude to ſo divine a Friend.

THAT *ſpiral Tendril*, ariſing from the Bottom of the Stalk, is it a Repreſentation of the *Scourge*, which laſhed the Redeemer's unſpotted Fleſh; and inflicted thoſe Stripes, by which our Souls are healed? Or, is it twiſted for the *Cord*, which bound his Hands in painful and ignominious Confinement: thoſe beneficent Hands, which were inceſſantly ſtretched out to unlooſe the heavy Burthens, and to impart Bleſſings of every choice Kind.—Behold the *Nails*, which were

drenched

drenched in his ſacred Veins, and riveted his Feet to the accurſed Tree: thoſe beautiful * Feet, which always went about doing Good, and travelled far and near to ſpread the glad Tidings of everlaſting Salvation.—See the *Hammer*, ponderous and maſſy, that drove the rugged Irons through the racked Nerves; that forced a Paſſage for thoſe dreadful Wedges, between the diſlocated Bones.—View the *Thorns*, which encircled our royal Maſter's Brow, and ſhot their keen afflictive Points into his bleſſed Head: that Head, which was ever meditating Peace to poor Sinners, and ſpent many a wakeful Night in ardent Prayer for their Happineſs. O the Smart! the fiercely-throbbing Smart! when, inſtead of the triumphal Laurel, or the odoriferous Garland, that pungent and ragged Wreath was planted on the meek Meſſiah's Forehead! When rude and barbarous Blows of the ſtrong Eaſtern Cane †, ſtruck the prickly Crown, and fixed every

* *How beautiful are the Feet of Him, that bringeth good Tidings, that publiſheth Peace, that bringeth good Tidings of Good, that publiſheth Salvation!* Iſai. lii. 7.

† *They took the Reed*, ſays the ſacred Hiſtorian, *and ſmote Him on the Head*: "and ſo, as it were, "nailed down the Thorns into his Forehead and "Temples, and occaſioned thereby exquiſite Pain, "as well as a great Effuſion of Blood.——It is "moſt

every Thorn deep in his tender Temples! *— There ſtand the *Diſciples*, ranged in the green Impalement; and forming a Circle, round the Inſtruments of their great Commander's Torture. They ſtand wedged in firm Battalion; and appear like ſo many faithful Adherents, that breathe a gallant Reſolution, either of defending their LORD to the laſt Extremity, or of dropping, in honourable Deaths, by his Side. O! that they had given ſuch Proofs of Zeal and Fidelity in their Conduct, as their ſteady Poſture, and determined Aſpect, ſeem to promiſe. But, alas! what

" moſt probable, *adds the ſame judicious Critic*, " this was a Walking-Staff, which they put into his " Hand as a Sceptre; for *a Blow* with a *ſlight Reed* " would ſcarce have been felt, or have deſerved a " Mention in a Detail of ſuch dreadful Sufferings." ——*Family Expoſitor*, Vol. II. Sect. 188.

* The Smart, attending this unparalleled Piece of Contempt and Barbarity, muſt be *inexpreſſibly ſevere*: not only, on Account of the many painful Punctures made in the Fleſh; but principally, becauſe the *Perioſtæum*, a moſt exquiſitely ſenſible Tegument of the Bones, lying, in thoſe Parts, very near the external Skin, muſt receive a *Multitude* of moſt *terrible* Wounds; the Anguiſh of which could not fail of being inflamed to an Exceſs of Rage, by the *Continuance* of ſo many thorny Lancets in that extremely tender Membrane; which, in ſuch a Caſe,

——————tremblingly alive all o'er,
Muſt ſmart and agonize at every Pore.

what is human *Firmneſs*, when deſtitute of Succours from above, but an expiring *Vapour?* What is every *Saint*, if unſupported by powerful Grace, but an abandoned *Traitor?*—Obſerve the *Glory*, delineated in Rays of imperial Purple. But ah! how incapable are Threads, though ſpun by Summer's fineſt Hand; though dyed in Snows, or dipped in Heaven; to diſplay the immaculate Excellency of his human, or the ineffable Majeſty of his divine Nature! Compared with theſe ſublime Perfections, the moſt *vivid* Aſſemblage of Colours, fades into an *un-meaning Flatneſs*; the moſt charming Effects of Light and Shade, are not only mere Daubings, but an abſolute Blank.

AMONG all the Beauties, that ſhine in ſunny Robes, and ſip the ſilver Dews, *this*, I think, has the *nobleſt Import*, if not the *fineſt Preſence*. Were they all to paſs in Review, and expect the *Award* of *Superiority* from my Deciſion, I ſhould not heſitate a Moment. Be the Prize aſſigned to this amiable Candidate; which has ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed, and ſo highly dignified herſelf, by bearing ſuch a remarkable Reſemblance to "The righteous Branch *, The "Plant of Renown *."—While Others appoint it a Place in the *Parterre*, I would tranſplant the

* * So the bleſſed JESUS is deſcribed by *Jerem.* xxiii. 5. by *Ezek* xxxiv. 29.

Paſſion-Flower, or rather transfer its ſacred Significancy to my *Heart*. *There* let it bloom, both in Summer, and in Winter; bloom in the moſt impreſſive Characters, and with an un-decaying Luſtre. That I alſo may wear—wear on my very Soul, the Traces of IMMANUEL, pierced for my Sins, and bruiſed for my Tranſgreſſions. That I alſo may *be crucified with* CHRIST *, at leaſt in penitential Remorſe, and affectionate Sympathy. That I may *know the Fellowſhip of his Sufferings* †; and feel all my evil Affections wounded by his Agonies, mortified by his Death.

THERE is another Subject of the verdant Kingdom, which makes ſo very uncommon a Figure, as juſtly claims my particular Notice. One, ſo extremely *diffident* in her Diſpoſition, and *delicate* in her Conſtitution, that She dares not venture herſelf abroad in the open Air: but is nurſed up in the Warmth of a *Hot-bed*, and lives cloyſtered in the Cells of a *Green-houſe*.— But, the moſt curious Peculiarity, is, That of all her kindred Species, ſhe alone partakes of *perceptive Life*; at leaſt, advances neareſt to this more exalted State of Being; and may be looked on as the Link, which connects the animal and the vegetable World. A Stranger, obſerving her Qualities, would almoſt be induced to ſuſpect,

* Gal. ii. 20. † Phil. iii. 10.

pect, that ſhe is endued with ſome inferior Degrees of Conſciouſneſs and Caution. For, if You offer to handle this *Senſitive Plant*, She immediately takes the Alarm; haſtily contracts her Fibres; and, like a Perſon under Apprehenſions of Violence, *withdraws* from your Finger, in a Kind of precipitate *Diſorder*. Perhaps, the Beauty of her Aſpect might be ſullied, or the Niceneſs of her Texture diſcompoſed, by the human Touch. Therefore, like a coy Virgin, ſhe keeps at a Diſtance from all unbecoming Familiarities; and will admit no ſuch improper, if not pernicious, Freedoms.

WHATEVER be the Cauſe of this unuſual Effect, it ſuggeſts an inſtructive Admonition to the Chriſtian. *Such* ſhould be our *apprehenſive, timorous* Care, with regard to Sin, and all, even the moſt *diſtant Approaches* of Vice. We ſhould avoid the very Appearance of Evil, and ſtand aloof from every Occaſion of falling.—If Sinners entice; if forbidden Pleaſures tempt; or if Opportunity beckon, with the Gain of Injuſtice in her Hand; fly from the gilded Snare: fly with Haſte, fly without any Delay, from the bewitching Ruin.—Does *Anger* draw near, with her lighted Torch, to kindle the Flame of Reſentment in our Breaſts? Does *Flattery* ply our Ears, with her inchanting and intoxicating Whiſpers? Would *Diſcontent* lay her leaden

Hand upon our Tempers, and mould into our Minds her ſowre Leaven; in order to make Us a Burthen to Ourſelves, and un-amiable to Others? Inſtantly let Us divert our Attention from the dangerous Objects; and not ſo much endeavour to *antidote*, as to *ſhun* the moral Contagion. Let Us revolve, in our Meditations, that wonderful *Meekneſs* of our diſtreſſed Maſter; which, amidſt the moſt abuſive and provoking Inſults, maintained an uniform Tenour of unſhaken Serenity. Let Us contemplate that prodigious *Humiliation*; which brought Him, from an infinite Height above all Worlds, to make his Bed in the Duſt of Death. Let Us ſoothe our jarring, our uneaſy Paſſions, by an attentive Reflection on that *Chearfulneſs* and *Reſignation*; which rendered Him, in the deepeſt Poverty, unfeignedly thankful; and, under the heavieſt Tribulations, moſt ſubmiſſively patient.

HARBOUR not, therefore, on any Conſideration, the Betrayer of your Virtue. Be deaf, inflexibly deaf to the beguiling Sollicitation. If it obtrude into the unguarded Heart, give it Entertainment, no, not for a Moment. To parly with the Enemy, is to open a Door for Deſtruction. Our *Safety* conſiſts in *Flight*: and, in this Caſe, *Suſpicion*, is the trueſt *Prudence*; *Fear*, the greateſt *Bravery*.—Play not on the Brink of the Precipice. Flutter not round the Edges of the

the Flame. But reject, with a becoming Mixture of Sollicitude and Abhorrence, the very first Insinuations of Iniquity: As cautiously, as the *smarting Sore* shrinks even from the softest Hand; as constantly, as this *jealous Plant* recoils at the approaching Touch *.

* The Prophet *Isaiah*, in an elegant and lively Description of the *upright Man*, says, *He shaketh his Hands from holding of Bribes*; and, I may add, from practising any Kind of Iniquity. The Image, exceedingly beautiful and equally expressive, both illustrates and enforces the Doctrine of this whole Section.——*Shaketh his Hands*; just as a Person would do, who happens to have *burning Coals* fall into his Lap, or some *venemous Creature* fastening upon his Flesh. In such a Case, None would stand a Moment to consider; none would debate with Himself the Expediency of the Thing; but, instantly fling off the pernicious Incumbrance; instantly endeavour to disengage himself from the clinging Mischief.——*Isai.* xxxiii. 15.

I have represented the *Danger*, of not *smothering* immediately the *very first* Sparks of Temptation, in a Variety of Views. Because, a proper Behaviour, in this Conjuncture, is of such vast Importance to the Purity, the Safety, and the Comfort of our Minds.——Because, I had the royal Moralist in my Eye; who, deterring his Pupils from the Path of the Wicked, cries; with an Air of deep Concern, and in the Language of vehement Importunity, cries; *Avoid it*; *pass not by it*; *turn from it*; *and pass away*.——How strongly is the Counsel urged, by being so *frequently* repeated; in such a remarkable *Diversity* of concise and abrupt, consequently of forcible and pressing Admonitions!——*Prov.* iv. 15.

NOT long ago, these curious Productions of the Spring were *coarse* and mis-shapen *Roots*. Had we opened the Earth, and beheld them in their Seed, how uncouth and contemptible had their Appearance been!—But now they are the *Boast* of Nature; the *Delight* of the Sons of Men; finished Patterns for Enamelling and Embroidery; outshining even the *happiest Strokes* of the Pensil. They are taught to bloom, but with a very inferior Lustre *, in the richest Tapestries, and most magnificent Silk. Art never attempts to *equal* their incomparable Elegancies; but places all her Merit in *copying* after these delicate Originals. Even those that glitter in Silver, or whose Cloathing is of wrought Gold, are proud to borrow additional Ornaments from a Sprig of Jessamine, or a little Assemblage of Pinks.

WHAT a fine Idea may we form, from hence, of the *Resurrection* of the *Just*, and the *State* of their reanimated *Bodies!* As the Roots even of our choicest Flowers, when deposited in the Ground, are rude and ungraceful; but, when they spring up into blooming Life, are most exquisitely

* The Cowslip smiles in *brighter Yellow* drest,
Than that which veils the nubil Virgin's Breast:
A *fairer Red* stands blushing in the Rose,
Than that which on the Bridegroom's Vestments flows. PRIOR's *Sol.*

quiſitely elegant; ſo, the poor Fleſh of a Saint, when committed to the Duſt, alas! what is it? A Heap of Corruption; a Maſs of putrefying Clay. But when it obeys the great Archangel's Call, and ſtarts into renewed Exiſtence; O! what an aſtoniſhing Change enſues! What a moſt prodigious Improvement takes place!—That which was ſown in *Weakneſs*, will be raiſed in all the Vivacity of *Power*. That which was ſown in *Deformity*, will be raiſed in the Bloom of celeſtial *Beauty*; and ſhine "as the Brightneſs "of the Firmament," when it darts the inimitable Blue through the Fleeces—the ſnowy Fleeces, of ſome cleaving Cloud.

Fear not, then, thou faithful *Chriſtian*; fear not, at the appointed Time, to *deſcend* into the *Tomb*. Thy *Soul* thou mayeſt truſt with thy omnipotent Redeemer, who is LORD of the unſeen World; "Who has the Keys of Hell, and "of Death." Moſt ſafely mayſt thou truſt thy better Part in thoſe beneficent Hands, which were pierced with Nails, and faſtened to the ignominious Tree, for thy Salvation.—And, with regard to thy *fleſhly Tabernacle*, be not diſmayed; 'tis only taken down, to be rebuilt upon a divinner Plan, and in a more heavenly Form. If it retire into the Shadow of Death, and Gloom of the Grave, 'tis only to return from a ſhort Confinement to endleſs Liberty. If it dies, 'tis in

order to rise more illustrious from its Ruins, and wear an infinitely brighter Face of Perfection and of Glory *.

HAVING now made my *Panegyric*, let me next take up a *Lamentation*, for these sweetest Productions of the Vegetable World.—For I foresee their approaching Doom: Yet a little while, and all these pleasing Scenes vanish: Yet a little while, and all the Sweets of the breathing, all the Beauties of the blooming Spring, perish. Every one of these amiable Forms must be shrivelled to Deformity, and trodden to the Earth.—Significant Resemblance this, of all created Beauty. *All Flesh is Grass*, saith the Prophetic Voice, *and all the Goodliness thereof as the Flower of the Field.* Behold then, ye *brightest* among the *Daughters* of *Eve*, behold yourselves in this Glass. See the *Charms* of your *Person* eclipsed, by the Lustre of these little Flowers; and the *Frailty* of your *State* represented, † by their

* The Wise, the Just, the Pious, and the Brave,
Live in their Deaths, and flourish from the Grave.
Grain hid in Earth, repays the Peasant's Care;
And Ev'ning Suns but set to rise more fair.

†. Και το ροδον καλον εστι, και ο χορτος αυτο μαραινει·
Και το ιον καλον εστιν εν ειδει, και ταχυ γηρα· Λευκον

their transient Glories. A Fever may scorch those polished Veins; a Consumption emaciate the

Λευκον το κεινον εστι, μαραινεται ανικα πιπτη·
Α δε χιων λευκα, και τακεται ανικα παχθη·
Και καλλος καλον εστι το παιδικον, αλλ' ολιγον ζη. *Theocr. Idyl.* 23.

When *Snows* descend, and robe the Fields
In *Winter's* bright Array;
Touch'd by the Sun, the Lustre fades,
And weeps itself away.

When *Spring* appears; when *Violets* blow,
And shed a rich Perfume;
How soon the Fragrance breathes its last!
How short-liv'd is the Bloom!

Fresh in the Morn, the *Summer Rose*
Hangs wither'd ere 'tis Noon;
We scarce enjoy the balmy Gift,
But mourn the Pleasure gone.

With gliding Fire, an *Ev'ning Star*
Streaks the *Autumnal* Skies;
Shook from its Seat, it darts away,
And, in an Instant, dies.

Such are the *Charms* that flush the Cheek,
And sparkle in the Eye:
So, from the lovely finish'd Form
The transient *Graces* fly.

To this the *Seasons*, as they roll,
Their Attestation bring:
They warn the *Fair*; their ev'ry Round
Confirms the Truth I sing.

the dimpling Cheeks; a Load of unexpected Sorrows depreſs thoſe lively Spirits. Or, if theſe Diſaſters, in Pity, ſpare the tender Frame; yet Age, inexorable Age and Wrinkles, will come at laſt; will wither the fine Features, and blaſt every ſprightly Grace.

THEN, ye *Fair*, when thoſe ſparkling Eyes are darkened, and ſink in their Orbs; when they are rolling in Agonies, or ſwimming in Death—How will you *ſuſtain* the *Affliction?* How will you *repair* the *Loſs?*—Oh! apply your Thoughts to *Religion*; chooſe and attend to the *One thing needful.* Believe in, and imitate the bleſſed JESUS: Then ſhall your Souls mount up to the Realms of Happineſs, when the well-proportioned Clay is mingling with its mean Original. The bright Beams of GOD's Countenance will irradiate, with a matchleſs Perfection, all their Faculties. Cleanſed intirely from every Dreg of Corruption, like ſome unſullied Mirror, they will reflect the complete Image of their Creator's Holineſs.—Oh! that you would thus *dreſs* your *Minds*, and prepare for the immortal State! Then, from ſhining among your *Fellow-Creatures* on Earth, you ſhall be tranſlated to ſhine around the *Throne* of GOD for Ever and Ever. Then, from being the Sweetners of our Life, and the Delight of our Eyes, here below, you ſhall paſs, by an eaſy Tranſition, into

Angels

Angels of Light; and become "an everlasting "Excellency, the Joy of all Generations."

Yes; Ye flowery Nations, Ye must all decay.—Yonder *Lily*, that looks like the Queen of the gay Creation—See, how gracefully it erects its majestic Head! What an Air of Dignity and Grandeur ennobles its Aspect! For elevated Mien, as well as incomparable Lustre, justly may it be preferred to the magnificent Monarch of the East. But, all stately and charming as it is, it will hardly survive a few more Days: That unspotted Whiteness must quickly be tarnished, and the snowy Form defiled in the Dust.

As the Lily pleases with the noble Simplicity of its Appearance, the *Tulip* is admired for the Gayety and Multiplicity of its Colours. What a Profusion of Dyes arrays its painted Cup! Its Tinges are so glowing, its Contrasts so strong, and the Arrangement of them both, so elegant and artful!—'Twas lately the Pride of the Border, and the reigning Beauty of the delightful Season. As exquisitely fine as the Rainbow, and almost as extremely transient; it spread, for a little Moment, its glittering Plumage; but has now laid all its distinguished Honours down. Those radiant Stripes are blended, alas! rudely blended, with common Mold.

To

To a graceful Shape, and blooming Complexion, the *Rose* adds the most agreeable Perfume. Our Nostrils make it repeated Visits, and are never weary of drinking in its Sweets. A Fragrance, so peculiarly rich and reviving, transpires from its opening Tufts, that every one covets its Acquaintance. How have I seen even the accomplished *Charissa*, for whom so many Votaries languish, fondly caressing this little Flower! That lovely Bosom, which is the Seat of Innocence and Virtue, whose least Excellency it is to rival the Delicacy of the purest Snows, among a Thousand Charms of its own, thinks it possible to adopt another from the Damask Rose-bud.—Yet even this universal Favourite must fail. Its native Balm cannot preserve it from Putrefaction. Soon, soon, must it resign all those endearing Qualities; and hang neglected on its Stem, or drop despised to the Ground.

ONE could wish, methinks, these loveliest of the inanimate Race, a longer Existence: But in vain: They *fade*, almost as soon as they *flourish*: Within less than a Month their Glories are extinct. Let the Sun take a few more Journeys through the Sky; then visit this inchanting Walk, and you will find nothing but a wretched Wilderness of ragged or naked Stalks.—But O! (my Soul exults in the Thought) the *Garment* of celestial *Glory*, which shall ere-long array the reanimated

Body,

Body, will never wax old. The illuſtrious *Robes* of a Saviour's conſummate *Righteouſneſs*, which are appointed to deck the juſtified Spirit, are incorruptible and immortal. No Moth can *corrode* their *Texture*, no Number of Ages ſully their *Brightneſs*. The Light of Day may be quenched, and all the Stars ſink in Obſcurity; but the Honours of "Juſt Men made perfect" are ſubject to no Diminution: Inextinguiſhable and unfading is the Luſtre of their Crown.

Yes; ye flowery Nations, ye muſt all decay.—Winter, like ſome enraged and irreſiſtible Conqueror, that carries Fire and Sword, where-ever he advances; demoliſhes Towns; depopulates Countries; ſpreads Slaughter and Deſolation on every Side—So, juſt ſo, will *Winter*, with his ſavage and unrelenting *Blaſts*, invade this beautiful Proſpect. The Storms are gathering, and the Tempeſts muſtering their Rage, to fall upon theſe Vegetable Kingdoms. They will *ravage* through the Dominions of Nature, and plunder her *Riches*, and lay Waſte her *Charms*.—Then, ye *Trees*, muſt ye ſtand ſtript of your verdant Apparel; and, ye *Fields*, be ſpoiled of your waving Treaſures. Then, the *Earth*, diſrobed of all her gay Attire, muſt ſit in Sables, like a diſconſolate Widow: The *Sun* too, that now rides in Triumph round the World, and ſcatters Gay-

ety

ety from his radiant Eye, will then look faintly from the Windows of the South; and, casting a short Glance on our dejected World, will leave us to the uncomfortable Gloom of tedious Nights.—Then, these pretty *Choristers* of the *Air* will chant no more to the gentle Gales. The Lark, the Linnet, and all the feathered Songsters, abandon their Notes, and indulge their Woes. Mute is every shrill and tuneful Pipe: The Harmony of the Woods is at an End; and Silence (unless interrupted by howling Winds), sullen Silence, sits brooding upon the Boughs, that are now made vocal by a Thousand warbling Throats.

BUT, O! ravishing Remembrance! the *Songs* of *Saints* in *Light* never admit a Pause for Sadness. All Heaven will resound with the Melody of their Gratitude, and all Eternity echo to their triumphant Acclamations. The *Hallelujahs* of that World, and the harmonious Joy of its Inhabitants, will be as lasting as the Divine Perfections they celebrate.—Come then, Holy Love, and *tune* my *Heart*; descend, Celestial Fire, and *touch* my *Tongue*; that I may stand ready to strike up, and bear my Part, in that great *Hosanna*, that everlasting Hymn.

Yes; yes; ye flowery Nations, ye must all decay.—And, indeed, could you add the *Strength* of

of an Oak, or the Stability of a Pyramid *, to all the *Delicacy* of your Texture; yet ſhort, exceeding ſhort, even then, would your Duration be. For *I ſee, that all Things come to an End.* The Pillars of Nature are tottering; the Foundations of the round World are falling away: "The Heavens themſelves wax old like a Gar-"ment."—But, amidſt theſe Views of general Ruin, Here is our Refuge, This our Conſolation, *We know that our Redeemer liveth.* Thy Years, bleſſed JESUS, ſhall not fail: From Ever-

* I know not any Performance, in which the tranſitory Nature, of theſe moſt durable Monuments of human Grandeur, is hinted with ſuch a modeſt Air of Inſtruction; or their hideous Ruin deſcribed, in ſuch a Pomp of pleaſing Horror; as in a ſmall, but ſolemn, picturesque, and majeſtic Poem, entitled——THE RUINS OF ROME. Written by the Rev. Mr DYER; whom the Reader (if He has the Pleaſure of peruſing that beautiful Piece) will eaſily perceive to have drawn from the *Originals* themſelves; as nothing but the *Sight* of thoſe magnificent Remains could have inſpired his Lines with ſuch Vivacity.——As a Specimen of the Work, and a Confirmation of the Remark ſuggeſted above, I take Leave to tranſcribe the following Lines;

——————— The Pilgrim oft
At dead of Night, mid his Oraiſon hears
Aghaſt the Voice of Time, diſparting Tow'rs,
Tumbling all precipitate down daſh'd,
Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the Moon.

Everlasting to Everlasting, Thou art still the same; the same most excellent and adorable Being; the same omnipotent and faithful Friend; the same all-sufficient and inestimable Portion. O! may we but partake of thy Merits; be sanctified by thy Grace; and received into thy Glory!—Then, perish, if ye will, all inferior Delights. Let all that is *splendid* in the Skies expire, and all that is *amiable* in Nature be expunged. Let the whole Extent of Creation be turned again into one undistinguishable Void, one universal Blank:—Yet, if GOD be ours, we shall have *enough*: If GOD be ours, we shall have *all*, and abound *: All that our Circumstances can want, or our Wishes crave, to make us inconceivably blessed and happy: Blessed and happy, not only through this little Interval of Time, but through the unmeasurable Revolutions of Eternity.

THE *Sun* is now come forth in his *Strength*, and beats fiercely upon my throbbing Pulse.—Let me retire to yonder inviting *Arbour*. There the Woodbines retain the lucid Drop; and the Jessamines, that line the verdant Alcove, are still impearled with Dews.—Welcome, ye *refreshing*

* His Hand the good Man fastens on the Skies,
And bids Earth rowl, nor feels the idle Whirl.
Night-Thoughts, No. 4.

freſhing Shades! I feel, I feel, your chearing Influence. My languid Spirits revive; the ſlackened Sinews are new-ſtrung; and Life bounds briſker through all her crimſon Chanels.

RECLINED on this moſſy Couch, and ſurrounded by this fragrant Coolneſs, let me renew my Aſpirations to the ever-preſent Deity. Here let me remember, and imitate, the pious *Auguſtine*, and his Mother *Monica:* Who, being engaged in Diſcourſe on the Beauties of the viſible Creation, roſe by theſe Ladders, to the Glories of the inviſible State; till they were inſpired with the moſt *affecting Senſe* of their ſupereminent Excellency, and actuated with the moſt *ardent Breathings* after their full Enjoyment: Inſomuch that they were almoſt rapt up into the Bliſs they contemplated; and ſcarce "knew, whether "they were in the Body, or out of the Body."

WHEN *Tempeſts* toſs the Ocean; when plaintive Signals of Diſtreſs are heard from the bellowing Deep, and melancholy Tokens of Shipwreck come floating on the foaming Surge; then, how delightful to ſtand ſafe on Shore, and hug one's ſelf in conſcious Security! *—When a *Glut* of

* As *Lucretius* gave the *Hint* for theſe Obſervations, ſo He aſſigns the *Reaſon* of the Pleaſure ſpecified. It ariſes, not from the Conſideration of *Another's Miſery;*

of *Waters* burſts from ſome mighty Torrent; ruſhes headlong over all the neighbouring Plains; ſweeps away the helpleſs Cattle; and drives the affrighted Shepherd from his Hut; then, from the Top of a diſtant Eminence, to deſcry the Danger we need not fear; how pleaſing!—Such, methinks, is my *preſent Situation*; for now the Sun blazes from on high: The Air glows with his Fire: The Fields are rent with Chinks: The Roads are ſcorched to Duſt: The Woods ſeem to contract a ſickly Aſpect, and a ruſſet Hue: The Traveller, broiled as he rides, haſtens to his Inn, and intermits his Journey: The Labourer, bathed in Sweat, drops the Scythe, and deſiſts from his Work: The Cattle flee to ſome ſhady Covert, or elſe pant and toſs under the burning Noon. Even the ſtubborn Rock, ſmit with the piercing Beam, is ready to cleave. All Things *languiſh* beneath the *dazling Deluge*—While I ſhall enjoy a *cool* Hour, and *calm* Reflection, amidſt the Gloom of this *bowery Receſs*, that ſcarce admits one Speck of Sunſhine.

THUS,

ſery; this would argue the rankeſt Malevolence; but from the agreeable Contemplation of our *own* perſonal *Safety*: which, while We view Circumſtances, that are pernicious to Others, but harmleſs to Ourſelves, is not a little heightened by the Contraſt.

THUS, may both the Flock, and their Shepherd, *dwell beneath the Defence of the Most High*, and *abide under the Shadow of the Almighty* *. Then, though † the *Pestilence* walketh in Darkness, and the *Sickness* destroyeth at Noon-day; though Thousands fall beside us, and Ten thousands at our Right Hand; we need fear no Evil: Either the destroying Angel shall pass over our Houses; or else He shall dispense the *Corrections* of a *Friend*, not the *Scourges* of an *Enemy*; which, instead of hurting us, shall work for our Good.—Then, though *Profaneness* and *Infidelity*, far more malignant Evils, breathe deadly Contagion, and taint the Morals of Multitudes around us; yet, if the great Father of Spirits "hide us in the Hollow of "his Hand," we shall hold fast our Integrity, and be faithful unto Death.

LET then, dearest LORD, O! let thy Servant, and the People committed to his Care, be received into thy Protection. Let us take Sanctuary under that *Tree* of *Life*, erected in thy ignominious Cross; let us fly for Safety to that *City* of *Refuge*, opened in thy bleeding Wounds. These shall be a sacred Hiding-place,

* Psalm xci. 1.

† This was written, when a very infectious and mortal Distemper raged in the Neighbourhood.

not to be pierced by the Flames of Divine Wrath, or the fiery Darts of Temptation. Thy dying Merits, and perfect Obedience, shall be to our Souls, *as Rivers of Water in a dry Place*, or *as the Shadow of a great Rock in a weary Land* *.

BUT most of all, in that *last tremendous Day*, when the Heavens are rent asunder, and wrap'd up like a Scroll; when thy Almighty Arm shall arrest the Sun in his Career, and dash to-pieces the Structure of the Universe; when the Dead, both Small and Great, shall be gathered before the Throne of thy Glory, and the Fates of all Mankind hang on the very Point of a final irreversible Decision:—Then, blessed JESUS, let us be *owned* by Thee, and we shall not be *ashamed*; *defended* by Thee, and we shall not be *afraid*. O! may we, at that awful, that unutterably important Juncture, be covered with the Wings of thy Redeeming Love; and we shall behold all the horrible Convulsions of expiring Nature, with Composure, with Comfort! We shall even welcome the Consummation of all Things, as the *Times of Refreshing from the Presence of the* LORD †.

THERE

* Isai. xxxii. 2. † Acts iii. 19.

THERE are, I perceive, who ſtill attend the Flowers; and, in Defiance of the Sun, ply their Work on every expanded Bloſſom. The *Bees*, I mean, that Nation of Chymiſts! to whom Nature has communicated the rare and valuable Secret of enriching themſelves, without impoveriſhing others; who extract the moſt delicious Syrup from every fragrant Herb, without wounding its Subſtance, or diminiſhing its Odours. I take the more Notice of theſe *ingenious Operators*, becauſe I would willingly make them my *Pattern* *. While the gay *Butterfly* flutters her painted Wings, and ſips a little fantaſtic Delight, only for the preſent Moment; while the gloomy *Spider*, worſe than idly buſied, is preparing her inſidious Nets for Deſtruction, or ſucking Venom even from the moſt wholſome Plants; this frugal Community are wiſely employed in providing for Futurity, and collecting a copious Stock of the moſt balmy Treaſures. —And O! might theſe Meditations ſink into my Soul! would the GOD, who ſuggeſted each heavenly *Thought*, vouchſafe to convert it into an *eſtabliſhed Principle*, to determine all my Inclinations, and regulate my whole Conduct;

* ——*Ego apis matinæ*
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma. HOR.

I ſhould then gather Advantages from the ſame blooming Objects, more precious than your golden Stores, ye induſtrious Artiſts: I alſo ſhall go home laden with the *richeſt Sweets*, and *nobleſt Spoils*, though I crop not a Leaf, nor call a ſingle Flower my own.

HERE I behold, aſſembled, in *one View*, almoſt all the *various Beauties*, that have been ſeverally entertaining my Imagination. The *Viſtas*, ſtruck through an antient Wood, or formed by Rows of venerable Elms; conducting the Spectator's Obſervation to ſome amiable Object; or leading the Traveller's Footſteps to this delightful Seat:—The *Walls*, enriched with Fruit-Trees, and faced with a Covering of their leafy Extenſions; I ſhould rather have ſaid, hung with different Pieces of Nature's nobleſt Tapeſtry:—The *Walks*, neatly ſhorn, and lined with Verdure; or finely ſmoothed, and coated with Gravel:—The *Alleys*, arched with Shades, to embower our Noon-tide Repoſe; or thrown open for the free Acceſſion of Air, to invite us to our Evening Recreation:—The decent *Edgings* of Box, that incloſe, like a plain Selvage, each beautiful Compartment, and its ſplendid Figures:—The ſhapely *Evergreens*, and *flowering Shrubs*, that ſtrike the Eye, and appear with peculiar Dignity, in this diſtant Situation:

tuation:—The *Bason*, with its cryſtal Fount, floating in the Centre, and diffuſing an agreeable Freſhneſs through the Whole:—The Waters, falling from a remote *Caſcade*, and gently murmuring as they flow along the Pebbles:—*Theſe*, added to the *reſt*; and all ſo diſpoſed, that each recommends and endears each; render the *Whole*, a moſt ſweet raviſhing Scene, of Order and Variety, of Elegance and Magnificence.

FROM ſo many lovely Proſpects, cluſtering upon one's Sight, it is impoſſible not to be reminded of *Heaven*; that World of Bliſs, thoſe Regions of Light, where the Lamb that was ſlain manifeſts his beatific Preſence, and his Saints live for evermore.—But O! what Penſil can ſketch out a Draught of that goodly Land? What Language expreſs the incomparable Splendors of IMMANUEL's Kingdom? Would ſome celeſtial Hand draw aſide the Veil but for one Moment, and permit us to throw a ſingle Glance on thoſe Divine Abodes; how would all ſublunary Poſſeſſions become tarniſhed in our Eyes, and grow flat upon our Taſte! One tranſient Glimpſe of thoſe unutterable Beatitudes would captivate our Souls, and engroſs all their Faculties. *Eden* itſelf, after ſuch a Viſion, would appear a chearleſs *Deſart*, and all earthly *Charms* intolerable *Deformity*.

Very excellent Things are ſpoken of Thee, Thou City of GOD *. Volumes have been written, and thoſe by inſpired Men, to diſplay the Wonders of thy Perfections. All that is rich and reſplendent in the viſible Creation, has been called in to aid our Conceptions, and elevate our Ideas. But indeed, no Tongue can utter, no Pen can deſcribe, no Fancy can imagine, what GOD, of his unbounded Munificence, has prepared for them that love Him.—Seeing then, that all terreſtrial Things muſt come to a ſpeedy End, and there remaineth ſuch a Reſt, ſuch a bliſsful and everlaſting Reſt, for the People of GOD; let me never be too fondly attached to any preſent Satisfactions. Weaned from whatever is temporal, may I maintain a ſuperior Indifference for ſuch tranſitory Enjoyments; but long, long earneſtly for the Manſions that are above; the Paradiſe, "which the LORD hath planted, "and not Man." Thither may I tranſmit the *Chief* of my *Converſation*, and from thence expect the *Whole* of my *Happineſs*. Be that the ſacred, powerful Magnet, which ever influences my Heart, ever attracts my Affections. *There* are ſuch tranſcendent Glories, as Eye has not ſeen: *There*, are ſuch tranſporting Pleaſures, as Ear has not heard: *There*, is ſuch a Fulneſs

* Pſalm lxxxvii. 2.

Fulneſs of Joys, as the Thought of Man cannot conceive.

INTO that conſummate Felicity, thoſe eternal Fruitions, permit me, Madam, to wiſh You, in due Time, an *abundant Entrance*; and to aſſure You, that this Wiſh is breathed, with the ſame Sincerity and Ardour, for my honoured Correſpondent, as it is, MADAM, for

Your moſt Obedient, &c.

J. HERVEY.

A DESCANT UPON CREATION.

With Joy, with Grief, that healing Hand I see;
The Skies *it form'd, and yet it* bled *for me.*
Night-Thoughts, N°. 4.

The CONTENTS.

The Design of the Whole—Angels—the visible Heavens—Stars—Comets—Planets—Sun—Moon—Thunders—Lightenings—Clouds, wintry and vernal—Rainbow—Storms and Tempests—Pestilence—Heat and Cold—Ocean—Woods and Shrubs—Vine and Fruit-Trees—Meadows and Fields—Mines and Jewels—Fountains and Rivers—Birds—Bees—Silk-worm—Cattle and Creatures in every Element—general Chorus of Praise.

A DESCANT UPON CREATION.

IF the Reader pleases to look back to Page 187, He will find me engaged by a *promissory* Note, to subjoyn a *DESCANT* upon *CREATION.*

To know the Love of CHRIST; to have such a deep Apprehension of his unspeakable Kindness, as may produce in our Hearts an adoring Gratitude to his dying Majesty, and an unfeigned Faith in his precious Merits; this, according to St *Paul*'s Estimate, is the highest and happiest Attainment in the sacred Science of Christianity *. The following, is an Attempt to assist the attentive Mind, in learning a Line or

* Eph. iii. 19.

or two of that best and greatest Lesson. It introduces the most conspicuous Parts of the visible System, as so many Prompters to our dull Affections; each suggesting a Hint, adapted to the important Occasion, and suited to its respective Character.

CAN there be a more powerful Incentive to this heavenly Temper, than to consider the magnificent and delicate Scenes of the Universe, with a particular Reference to CHRIST, as the Creator?—Every Object, viewed in this Light, will, I hope, administer incessant Recruits, to the languishing Lamp of *divine Love*. Every Production in Nature will strike a Spark into the Soul, and the whole Creation concur to raise that smoaking Flax into a Flame.

CAN any Thing impart a stronger *Joy* to the Believer, or more effectually tend to confirm his *Affiance* in the crucified LAMB; than to behold the Heavens declaring his Glory, and the Firmament shewing his handy-work? Surely, it must be Matter of inexpressible Consolation to the poor Sinner, to observe the Honours of his Redeemer, written with Sun-Beams, over all the Face of the World.

LET Those, therefore, who delight to read an Account of their incarnate JEHOVAH, as He is revealed in the Books of *Moses* and the Prophets, the Evangelists and Apostles; endea-

vour, accustom themselves, to see a Sketch of his Perfections, as they stand delineated in that *stately* Volume, where every *Leaf* is a spacious Plain—every *Line* a flowing Brook—every *Period* a lofty Mountain.

SHOULD any of my Readers be un-exercised in such Speculations, I beg Leave (in Pursuance of my Promise) to present them with a *Specimen:* to offer a Clue, which may possibly lead their Minds into this most improving and delightful Train of Thinking.

SHOULD Any be inclined to suspect the following Observations, as the Voice of Rant, or the lawless Flight of Fancy; rather than acquiesce in them, as the *Words of Truth and Soberness:* I entreat them to recollect, That they are warranted by the unanimous Testimony of the inspired Penmen. Who frequently celebrate IMMANUEL, or CHRIST JESUS, as the great Almighty Cause of All; assuring Us, that *All Things were created by Him, and for Him, and that in Him all Things consist* *.

ON such a Subject, what is *wonderful*, is far from being *extravagant*. To be wonderful, is the grand Characteristic of GOD, and his Works; especially, of that most distinguished and glorious even of the divine Works, REDEMPTION. So glorious, that " all the Miracles

* Colos. i. 16, 17.

" in *Egypt*, and the marvellous Acts in the Field " of *Zoan*;" all that the *Jewish* Annals have recorded, or the human Ear has heard; dwindle into *trivial* Events, and are scarce worthy to be *remembered* *, in comparison of this stupendous Transaction.—Kindled, therefore, into pleasing Astonishment, by such a Survey; let me give full Scope to my Meditations, and pour out my whole Soul on so boundless a Subject; regardless of the Limits, which cold Criticism might prescribe.

O YE *Angels*, that surround the Throne; ye Princes of Heaven, " that excel in Strength," and are cloathed with transcendent Brightness; He, who placed You in those Stations of exalted Honour, who dignified your Nature with such illustrious Endowments; He, whom You all obey, and all adore:—HE took not on Him the Angelic Form, but united Himself to frail Flesh and Blood; communicated with Us wretched Mortals in our Weariness, our Pains, and all our Infirmities, Sin only excepted:—That We might, one Day, be raised to your sublime Abodes; be adopted into your blissful Society; and joyn with your transported Choir, in giving Glory to HIM that sitteth upon the Throne, and to the LAMB for ever and ever †.

O YE

* Isai. xliii. 18. † Rev. v. 13.

O YE *Heavens*; whose azure Arches rise so immensely high, and stretch so un-measurably wide: stupendous Amphi-theatre; amidst whose vast expansive Circuit, Orbs of enormous Magnitude are perpetually running their amazing Races: unfathomable Depths of Ether; where Worlds unnumbered float, and, to our limited Sight, Worlds un-numbered are lost:—He, who adjusted your Dimensions with his Span, and formed the magnificent Structure with his Word; HE was once wrapt in Swadling-cloths, and laid in a Manger:—that the Benefits accruing to his People, through his most meritorious Humiliation, might have no other Measure of their Value than Immensity; might run parallel, in their Duration, with Eternity.

O YE *Stars*; that beam with such inextinguishable Brilliancy, through the midnight Sky; Oceans of Flame, and Centers of Worlds, tho' seemingly little Points of Light:—He, who shone, with essential Effulgence, innumerable Ages, before your twinkling Tapers were kindled; and will shine, with everlasting Majesty and Beauty, when your Places shall be known no more: HE was involved, for many Years, in the deepest Obscurity; lay concealed in the contemptible City *Nazareth*, lay disguised under

the mean Habit of a Carpenter's Son:—that He might plant the Heavens *, as it were, with new Constellations, and exalt the Clods of Earth to a Radiancy, superior to yours; a Radiancy, which shall adorn the very Heaven of Heavens, when you shall vanish away like Smoke †, or expire as momentary Sparks from the smitten Steel.

Comets; that sometimes shoot into the illimitable Tracts of Ether, farther than the Discernment of our Eye is able to follow; sometimes, revisit the planetary System, and sweep our affrighted Hemisphere with your enormous fiery Train: that, sometimes, make near Approaches to the Sun, and burn almost in his immediate Beams; sometimes, retire to very remote Distances,

* Isai. li. 16.

† Alluding to a Passage in *Isaiah*, which is, I think, grand and elevated beyond all Comparison. ——*Lift up your Eyes to the Heavens, and look upon the Earth beneath: for the Heavens shall vanish away like Smoke, and the Earth shall wax old like a Garment, and They that dwell therein shall die* like the feeble Insect; *but my Righteousness shall be for ever, and my Salvation shall not be abolished*, Isai. li. 6. ——With the great *Vitringa*, I translate the Words במו כן, not, *in like Manner*; but, *like the feeble Insect*. Which renders the Period more complete, the Sense more emphatical, and is more agreeable to the Genius of the sacred Original.

tances, and freeze, for Ages, in the excessive Rigours of Winter:—He, who at his sovereign Pleasure, with-draws the blazing Wonder; or leads forth the portentous Stranger, to shake Terror over guilty Kingdoms: HE was overwhelmed with the most shocking Amazement, and plunged into the deepest Anxiety; was chilled with Apprehensions of Fear, and scortched by the Flames of avenging Wrath:—That I, and other rebellious Creatures might not be for ever agitated, in the Extreams of jarring Passions; opposite, yet, on either Side, tormenting; far more tormenting to the Soul, than the severest Degrees of your Heat and Cold to the human Sense.

YE *Planets*; that, winged with un-imaginable Speed, traverse the Regions of the Sky; sometimes climbing millions and millions of Miles above, sometimes descending as far below, the great Axle of your Motions; Ye, that are so minutely faithful, to the Vicissitudes of Day and Night; so exactly punctual, in bringing on the Changes of your respective Seasons:—He, who launched You, at first, from his mighty Arm; who continually impels You, with such wonderful Rapidity; and guides You, with such perfect Regularity; Who fixes "the Habitation of his Holiness and his Glory," infinite

Heigths above your scanty Rounds: HE once became a helpless Infant; sojourned in our inferior World; fled from the Persecutor's Sword; and wandered as a Vagabond in a foreign Land: —that He might lead our Feet into the Way of Peace; that He might bring Us Aliens near to GOD, bring Us Exiles home to Heaven.

THOU *Sun*; inexhausted Source of Light, and Heat, and Comfort; without whose Presence an universal Gloom would ensue, and Horror insupportable: Who, without the Assistance of any other Fire, sheddest Day through a thousand Realms; and, not confining thy Munificence to Realms only, extendest thy enlightening Influences to surrounding Worlds: Prime Chearer of the Animal, and great Enlivener of the vegetable Tribes; so beautiful in thyself, so beneficial in thy Effects, that erring Heathens addressed thee with Adorations, and mistook thee for thy Maker:—He, who filled thy Orb with a Profusion of Lustre; Lustre, in its direct Emanations, unsufferably bright; but, rebated by Reflection, delightfully mild: He, before whom thy meridian Splendors are but a Shade; Whose Love transfused into the Heart, is infinitely more exhilerating, than even thy sweet and clear shining after the Rain:—HE divested Himself of his all-transcending Distinctions, and

drew

drew a Veil over the Effulgence of his Divinity; that, by speaking to Us, Face to Face, as a Man speaketh unto his Friend, He might dispel our intellectual Darkness: His "Visage was "marred," and He became the Scorn of Men, the Outcast of the People; that, by this Manifestation of his un-utterably tender Regard for our Welfare, He might diffuse many a Gleam of Joy through our dejected Minds: that, in another State of Things, He might cloathe even our fallen Nature, with the Honours of that magnificent Luminary; and give all the Righteous to shine forth, as the Sun in the Kingdom of their Father.

THOU *Moon*; that walkest among the Host of Stars, and, in thy lucid Appearance, art superior to them all: fair Ruler of the Night; sometimes, supplying the Day, with thy waxing Brightness; sometimes, waning into Dimness, and scarcely scattering the nocturnal Gloom; sometimes, covered with Sack-cloth, and alarming the gazing Nations:—He, who dresses thy opake Globe, in beaming, but borrowed, Silver; whose Dignity is unchangeable, underived, and all his own; He vouchsafed to wear a Body of Clay; HE vouchsafed to appear as in a bloody Eclipse, shorn of his resplendent Beams, and surrounded with a Night of

Horror, that knew not one reviving Ray:—Thus, has He impowered his Church, to tread the Moon under her Feet *; and, inspired with the Hope of brighter Glory, of more enduring Bliss, to triumph over all the vain Anxieties, and vainer Amusements, of this sublunary, precarious, mutable World.

YE *Thunders*; that shake our Abodes, and send your tremendous Vollies from Pole to Pole; He, who permits Terror to sound her Trumpet in your dreadful Accents; whose awful Message you bear to frighted Hinds †, and trembling Kings:—HE uttered a feeble infantile Cry in the Stable, and strong expiring Groans on the accursed Tree:—that He might, in the gentlest Accents, whisper Peace to our Souls; and, at length, tune our Voices to the Melody of Heaven.

O YE *Lightenings*; that brood, and lie couchant, in the sulphureous Vapours; that burst from the angry Gloom, swifter and fiercer, than the Lyon rushing from his Den: Scourges of Pride, that cleave the knotty Oak, and singe the aspiring Pine; but play, with harmless Lustre, over the bladed Productions of the Valley: flaming Shafts of Justice, that formerly laid in Ashes the licentious Abodes of Lust and Violence; that will,

* Rev. xii. 1. † Psal. xxx. 9.

will, e'er long, set on Fire the Elements, and co-operate in the Conflagration of the Globe:—He, who kindles your Flash, and directs You when to sally, and where to strike; commissions your whirling Bolts, whom to kill, and whom to spare: HE resigned his sacred Person to the most barbarous and provoking Insults; submitted his beneficent Hands to the ponderous Hammer, and the piercing Nail; yea, with-held not his Heart, his very Heart, from the Stab of the Executioner's Spear: and, instead of flashing Confusion on his outragious Tormentors; instead of striking them dead to the Earth, or plunging them to the Depths of Hell, with his Frown; He cried—in his last Moments, and with his agonizing Lips, He cried, FATHER FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT, WHAT THEY DO!—O! what a Pattern of Patience for his Saints! What an Object of Admiration for Angels! What a Constellation of every mild, amiable, and benign Virtue, shining, in this Hour of Darkness, with ineffable Splendor and Beauty! *—Hence, hence it is, that We are not trembling

* One can hardly forbear taking Notice of the *disingenuous* Temper, and *perverse* Taste of *Celsus*; who attempts to turn, this most distinguishing and ornamental Part of our LORD's Life, into Ridicule and Reproach.——Having spoken of CHRIST, as despitefully

trembling under the Lightenings of Mount *Sinai*; that We are not blasted by the Flames of divine Vengeance;

spitefully used, and arrayed in a purple Robe; crowned with Thorns, and holding, by Way of mock Majesty, a Reed instead of a Sceptre, (for He enters into all these Circumstances, which is very remarkable) He adds,——Τι ουκ, ει μη προσθεν, αλλα νυν γουν θειον τι επιδεικνυται; και της αισχυνης ταυτης εαυτον ρυεται, και τους υβριζοντας εις εαυτον τε και τον πατερα δικαιοι; Orig. contra Cels. p. 81. i. e. *Why, in the Name of Wonder, does He not, on this Occasion at least, act the* GOD? *Why does He not deliver Himself from this shocking Ignominy; or execute some signal Vengeance, on the Authors of such injurious and abusive Insults, both of Himself and his Father?*——Why? because HE was Meekness and Gentleness itself: whereas, *your* Deities were Slaves to their turbulent and resentful Passions. Because, *they* were little better than Savages in human Shape; who too often made a Merit of Slaughter, and prided themselves in spilling Blood: but, CHRIST was the Prince of Peace, and came not to destroy Men's Lives, but to save. Because, any Madman on Earth, or Fury from Hell, is capable of venting his Rage; but Who, amidst such unsufferable Provocations and Barbarities; Who, having in his own Hand, the Power to rescue himself, the Power to avenge himself: could submit to all, with an unruffled Serenity of Patience; and not only not be exasperated, but *overcome*, in so triumphant a Manner, *Evil with Good?* None but CHRIST! None but CHRIST! This was Compassion worthy of a GOD; Clemency and Charity *truly divine*.

Therefore, the Calumny raised by the same virulent Objector, in another Place, carries its own Confutation:

Vengeance; or doomed to dwell with everlasting Burnings.

YE frowning *wintry Clouds*; Oceans pendent in the Air, and burthening the Winds; He, in whose Hand, You are an over-flowing Scourge; or, by whose Appointment, an Arsenal * of warlike Stores: He, who opens your Sluices, and a Flood gushes forth; to destroy the Fruits of the Earth, and drown the Husbandman's Hopes: Who moulds You into frozen Balls, and You are

futation: or rather, falls with a Weight of *Infamy* on his dunghil Deities; while it bears a most *honourable* Testimony, to the majestic and invincible Meekness of our Saviour.———Συ μεν, says He to the Christian, τα αγαλματα των λοιδορων καταγελας, ος αυτον γε τον Διονυσον η τον Ηρακλεα παρονα ει ελοιδορησας, εκ αν ισως χαιρων απηλλαξας. τον δε σον Θεον παρονα καταιτιωντες και κολαζοντες, ουδεν οι ταυτα δρασαντες πεπονθασιν, ibid. p. 404. i. e. *You, indeed, take upon You to deride the Images of our Deities; but if* Bacchus *himself, or* Hercules *had been present, You would not have dared to offer such an Affront; or, if You had been so presumptuous, would have severely smarted for your Insolence. Whereas, they who tormented the very Person of your* GOD, *and even extended him with mortal Agony on the Cross, suffered no Effects of his Displeasure.*

* *Juvenal* seems to consider the Clouds, under this same Character, in that beautiful Line,

Quicquid habent Telorum Armamentaria Cœli.
Satyr. 13.

are shot, linked with Death *, on the Troops of his Enemies:—HE, instead of discharging the Furiousness of his Wrath upon this guilty Head, poured out his Prayers, poured out his Sighs, poured out his very Soul, for me and my Fellow-transgressors:—that, by Virtue of his inestimable Propitiation, the Over-flowings of divine Good-will might be extended to sinful Men; that the Skies might pour down Righteousness, and Peace on her downy Wings, Peace with her balmy Blessings, descend to dwell on Earth.

YE *vernal Clouds*; Furls of finer Air, Folds of softer Moisture; He who draws You, in copious Exhalations, from the briny Deep; bids You leave every distasteful Quality behind, and become floating Fountains of sweetest Waters; He, who dissolves You into gentle Rain, and dismisses You in balmy Showers; who kindly commissions You, to drop down Fatness, as You fall, and to scatter Flowers over the Field:

—HE,

* It is well known, what terrible Slaughter has been made, by these missive Weapons of the Almighty, *Josh.* x. 11.——But, the most dreadful Description of this *great Ordnance* of the Heavens is in *Rev.* xvi. 21. *There fell upon Men a great Hail out of Heaven, every Stone about the Weight of a Talent.*

—HE, in the un-utterable Bitterness of his Spirit, was without any comforting Sense of his almighty Father's Presence; had not one Drop of that sacred Consolation, which, on many of his afflicted Servants, has been distilled as the Evening Dews, and has "given Songs in the Night" of Distress:—That, from this un-allayed and inconsolable Anguish of our all-gracious Master, We, as from a Well of Salvation, might derive large Draughts of spiritual Refreshment.

THOU grand *etherial Bow*; whose Beauties flush the Firmament, and charm every Spectator: He, who paints thee on the fluid Skirts of the Sky; who decks thee with all the Pride of Colours; and bends thee into that graceful and majestic Figure: at whose Command, thy vivid Streaks sweetly rise, or swiftly fade:—HE, through all his Life, was arrayed in the humble Garb of Poverty; and, at his Exit, wore the gorgeous Garment of Contempt: insomuch, that even his own familiar Friends, ashamed, or afraid to own Him, "hid as it were their Faces "from Him *:"—To teach us a becoming Disdain,

* Isai. liii. 3. כמסתר פנים ממנו *Fuit tanquam aliquis, a quo quisque faciem occultaret. He was as some* flagitious and *abandoned Wretch, from whom every One,* disdaining such a Character, and disclaiming such an Acquaintance, studiously *hid his Face.*

dain, for the unsubstantial and transitory Glitter of all worldly Vanities: to introduce Us, in Robes brighter than the Tinges of thy resplendent Arch; even in the Robes of his own most immaculate Righteousness, to introduce Us, unblameable and unconfounded, before that awful Throne, which the peaceful Rainbow surrounds; surrounds, as a Pledge of everlasting Fidelity, and infinite Mercy.

YE *Storms* and *Tempests*, that vex the Continent, and toss the Seas; that dash Navies on the Rocks, and drive Forests from their Roots: He, who holds the rapid and raging Hurricane, in straitened Reins; and walks, dreadfully serene, on the very Wings of the Wind: He, whose Breath rouses You into such resistless Fury, and whose Nod controuls You in your wildest Career:—HE went, all meek and gentle, like a Lamb to the Slaughter for Us; and, as a Sheep before her Shearers is dumb, so He opened not his Mouth:—Thus, are We instructed to bear, with decent Magnanimity, the various Assaults of Adversity; and to pass, with a becoming Tranquillity of Temper, through the ruder Blasts of injurious Treatment: thus are We delivered from the fiercer Storms of inexorable Justice; from the "Fire, the Brimstone, and "the

" the horrible Tempest, which shall be the Por-
" tion of the Ungodly."

THOU *Pestilence*, that scatterest ten thousand Poisons from thy baleful Wings; tainting the Air, and infecting the Nations: that leavest mighty Regions depopulated, and crouded Cities, even great and fair, without Inhabitant:—He, who arms thee with inevitable Destruction, and ordains thee to march before * his angry Countenance; to spread Desolation among the Tents of the Wicked, and be the Fore-runner of far more fearful Indignation: HE, in his holy Humanity, was arraigned as a Criminal; and, though Innocence itself, yea, the very Pattern of Perfection, was condemned to die, like the most execrable Miscreant; as a Nuisance to Society, and the very Bane of the public Happiness, He was hurried away to Execution, and hammered to the Gibbet:—That, by his Blood, He might prepare a sovereign Medicine, to cure Us of a more fatal Distemper, than the Pestilence that walketh in Darkness, or the Sickness that destroyeth at Noon-day: that He might himself say to our last Enemy, " O Death, I will be
" thy Plague; O Grave, I will be thy De-
" struction †."

Heat,

* *Before Him went the Pestilence*, Hab. iii. 5.

† Hos. xiii. 14.

Heat, whose burning Influence parches the *Lybian* Wilds; tans, into Soot, the *Æthiopian*'s Complection; and makes every Species of Life pant, languish, and sicken: *Cold*, whose icy Breath glazes yearly the *Russian* Seas; often glues the frozen Sailor to the Cordage; and stiffens the Traveller into a Statue of rigid Flesh:—HE, who sometimes mingles You both, and produces a delightful Temperature; sometimes, suffers You to act separately, and rage with intolerable Severity: that King of Heaven, and Controuler of universal Nature, when dwelling in a Tabernacle of Clay, was exposed to chilling Damps, and smitten by sultry Beams: the Stars, in their midnight Watches, heard Him pray; and the Sun, in his meridian Fervours, saw Him toil:—Hence are our frozen Hearts dissolved, into a Flow of divine Love; conscious of a Deliverance from those insufferable Flames, which glow in the infernal Prison.

THOU *Ocean*, vast World of Waters; He, who sunk that capacious Bed for thy Reception, and poured the liquid Element into unfathomable Channels; before Whom, all thy foaming Billows, and floating Mountains, are as the small Drop of a Bucket: Who, by the least Intimation of his Will, swells thy fluid Kingdoms, in

wild

wild Confusion, to mingle with the Clouds; or reduces them, in calm Composure, to slumber on the Shores: He who, once, gave thee a Warrant to over-whelm the whole Earth, and bury all its degenerate Inhabitants in a watery Grave; but has, now, laid an everlasting Embargo on thy boisterous Waves, and bound thee, all fierce and madding as Thou art, in Chains stronger than Adamant, yet formed of despicable Sand: —All the Waves and Billows of inexorable Vengeance passed over HIS tormented Body, and afflicted Soul; that We might emerge from those Depths of Misery, from that Abyss of Guilt, into which We were plunged by *Adam*'s Fall, and more irretrievably sunk by our own Transgressions: that, at the last, We might be restored to that happy World, which is represented, in the Vision of GOD, as having "no "Sea *;" to denote its perpetual Stability, and undisturbed Serenity.

YE *Mountains*, that over-look the Clouds, and project a Shade into distant Provinces: everlasting Pyramids of Nature, not to be shook by conflicting Elements; not to be tore by the Convulsions of Earth-quakes; nor impaired even by the Ravages of Time:—He, who bid your Ridges rise so high, and your Foundations stand

* Rev. xxi. 1.

so fast: in whose Scale, You are lighter than Dust, in whose Eye, You are less than nothing; —HE sunk, beneath a Load of Woes; Woes insupportable, but not his own; when He took our Iniquities, and heaved the more than mountainous Burthen from a guilty World.

YE verdant *Woods*, that crown our Hills, and are crowned yourselves with leafy Honours: Ye humble *Shrubs*, adorned, in Spring, with opening Blossoms; and fanned, in Summer, by gentle Gales: Ye, that in distant Climes, or in cultivated Gardens, breathe out spicy Odours, and embalm the Air with delightful Perfumes: —Your all-glorious and ever-blessed Creator's Head was encircled with the thorny Wreathe, and his Body bathed in a bloody Sweat:—that We might wear the Crown, which fadeth not away; and live, for evermore, surrounded with Delights, as much surpassing your's, as your's exceed the rugged Desolations of Winter.

THOU mantling *Vine*; He, who hangs, on thy slender Shoots, the rich, transparent, weighty Cluster; Who, under thy un-ornamented Foliage, and amidst the Pores of thy otherwise worthless Bough, prepares the Liquor—the refined and exalted Liquor, that chears the Nations, and fills the Cup of Joy:—*Trees*, whose Branches are

elevated

elevated and waving in Air; or diffused, in easy Confinement, along a sunny Wall: He, who loads You with a lovely Burthen of delicious Fruits; whose genial Warmth beautifies their Rind, and mellows their Taste:—HE, when voluntarily subject to our Wants, instead of being refreshed with your generous Juices, or regaled with your luscious Pulp, had a loathsome Potion of Vinegar, mingled with Gall, addressed to his Lips:—that We might eat of the Fruit of the Tree of Life, which grows in the midst of the Paradise of GOD *; and drink new Wine, with Him, in his Father's Kingdom.

YE luxuriant *Meadows*; He who, without the Seed-man's Industry, replenishes your irriguous Lap, with never-failing Crops of Herbage; who enamels their chearful Green, with Flowers of every Hue:—Ye fertile *Fields*; He, who blesses the Labours of the Husbandman; who enriches your well-tilled Plains with waving Harvests, and calls forth the Staff of Life from your Furrows: He, who causes both Meadows and Fields to laugh and sing, for the Abundance of Plenty:—He was no Stranger to corroding Hunger, and parching Thirst; HE eat the bitter Bread of Woe, and had "Plenteousness of "Tears to drink:"—that We might partake

* Rev. ii. 7.

of richer Dainties, than those which are produced by the Dew of Heaven, and proceed from the Fatness of the Earth; that We might feed on "the hidden Manna," and eat the Bread which giveth Life unto the World.

YE *Mines*, rich in golden Ore, or bright with Veins of Silver; that distribute your shining Treasures, as far as Winds can waft the Vessel of Commerce; who bestow your Alms on Monarchs, and have Princes for your Pensioners:—Ye Beds of *Gems*, Toy-shops of jealous Nature, which form, in dark Retirement, the glittering Stone; *Diamonds*, that sparkle with a brilliant Water, *Rubies*, that glow with a crimson Flame; *Emeralds*, dipped in the freshest Verdure of Spring, Sapphires, decked with the fairest Drapery of the Sky; *Topaz*, emblazed with dazling Yellow, *Amethyst*, impurpled with the Blushes of the Morning:—He, who tinctures the metallic Dust, and consolidates the lucid Drop; HE, when sojourning on Earth, had no Riches, but the Riches of dis-interested Benevolence; had no Ornament, but the Ornament of unspotted Purity; poor He was in his Circumstances, and mean in all his Accommodations, that WE might be rich in Grace, and "obtain Salvation with eternal Glory:" that We might for ever inherit the new *Jerusalem*,

that

that ſplendid City, whoſe Streets are paved with pure Gold, and the Walls garniſhed with all Manner of precious Stones *.

YE guſhing *Fountains*, that trickle potable Silver through the matted Graſs: Ye fine tranſparent *Streams*, that glide, in cryſtal Waves, along your fringed Banks: Ye deep and ſtately *Rivers*, that wind and wander in your Courſe, to ſpread your Favours wider; that gladden Kingdoms in your Progreſs, and augment the Sea with your Tribute:—He, who ſupplies all your Currents, from his own ever-flowing and inexhauſtible Liberality; HE, when his Nerves were racked with exquiſite Pain, and his Blood inflamed by a raging Fever, cried, I THIRST; and (O! unparalleled Hardſhip!) was denied, in his great Extremity, the poor Refreſhment of a ſingle Drop of Water:—That We, having all Sufficiency in all Things, might abound to every good Work Here; and, Hereafter, might be filled with all the Fulneſs of GOD, and "drink "of his Pleaſures, as out of a River."

YE *Birds*, chearful Tenants of the Bough, gayly dreſſed in gloſſy Plumage; Who wake the Morn, and ſolace the Groves, with your artleſs Lays: Surpriſing Architects, who, without Rule

* Rev. xxi. 19, 21.

or Line, build your pensile Structures with inimitable Niceness: You have each his commodious Nest, roofed with Shades, and lined with Warmth, to protect and cherish the callow Brood:—but He, who tuned your Throats to Harmony, and taught You that curious Skill; HE was "a Man acquainted with Grief," and had not where to lay his Head; had not where to lay his Head, till He felt the Pangs of Dissolution, and was laid in the silent Grave:—That We, dwelling under the Wings of Omnipotence, and resting in the Bosom of infinite Love, might spend an harmonious Eternity in "singing the "Song of *Moses*, and of the LAMB."

Bees, industrious Workmen; that sweep, with busy Wing, the flowery Garden; and search the blooming Heath; and sip the mellifluous Dews: Strangers to Idleness, that ply, with incessant Assiduity, your pleasing Task; and suffer no opening Blossom to pass un-explored, no sunny Gleam to slip away unimproved: most ingenious Artificers, that cling to the fragrant Buds, and, with your nice inserted Tubes, probe them to the very Bottom; drain them of their treasured Sweets; and extract even the odoriferous Souls of Herbs, and Plants, and Flowers:—You, when You have completed your Work; collected, refined, and securely lodged the ambrosial

brosial Stores; and might reasonably expect the peaceful Fruition of your Acquisitions; You, alas! are barbarously destroyed, and leave your hoarded Delicacies to Others: leave them to be enjoyed by your very Murtherers. I cannot but pity your hard Destiny;—How, then, should my Bowels melt with Sympathy, and Eyes flow with Tears *, when I remember, that *thus*, *thus* it fared with your and our incarnate Maker! †

* Canst Thou, ungrateful Man, his Torments see,
Nor *drop* a *Tear* for HIM, who *pour'd* his *Blood* for Thee? PITT's *Poems*, Octavo.

† No One, I hope, will be offended at my introducing, on *such* an Occasion, Creatures of so low a Rank. Since, even the Volumes of Inspiration seem to lend me the Sanction of their sacred Authority. As they disdain not to compare the blessed JESUS to a *Door*, a *High-Way*, &c. And, perhaps, *all* Comparisons, which respect a Being of *infinite* Dignity, are not only *mean*, but *equally* mean and unworthy.

I am sensible, likewise, that in this Paragraph, and some others, all the Circumstances are not completely correspondent. But if, in *some grand* Particulars, the Reddition answers to the Description, this, I trust, will be sufficient for my Purpose, and satisfactory to my Readers.——Perhaps, it would be no mistaken Caution, to apply the same Observation to many of the beautiful Similitudes, Parables, and Allegories, used by our LORD; such as the *brazen Serpent*, the *unjust* Steward, the *Thief* in the Night, *&c.* Which, if scrupulously sifted, or rigorously strained, for an entire Co-incidence in *every* Circumstance, must appear to great Disadvantage, and lead into palpable Inconveniences.

After a Life of the most exemplary and useful Piety; a Life, filled with Offices of Beneficence, and Labours of Love; HE was, by wicked Hands, crucified and slain: He left the Honey of his Toil; the Balm of his Blood, and the Riches of his Obedience, to be shared among Others: to be shared even among Those, who too often crucify Him afresh, and put Him to open Shame.

SHALL I mention the Animal, that *spins* her soft, her shining, her exquisitely fine *silken* Thread? Whose matchless Manufactures lend an Ornament to Grandeur, and make Royalty itself more magnificent.—Shall I take Notice of the Cell, in which, when the Gayety and Business of Life are over, the little Recluse immures herself, and spends the Remainder of her Days in Retirement?—Shall I rather observe the Sepulchre, which, when cloyed with Pleasure, and weary of the World, she prepares for her own Interment; or how, when a stated Period is elapsed, She awakes from a Death-like Inactivity; breaks the Enclosure of her Tomb; throws off the dusky Shroud; assumes a new Form; puts on a more sumptuous Array; and, from an Insect creeping on the Ground, becomes a winged Inhabitant of the Air?—No: this is a poor *Reptile*; and therefore unworthy to serve

as

as an Illustration, when any Character of the Son of GOD comes under Consideration. But—let me correct myself. Was not CHRIST (to use the Language of his own blessed Spirit) "*a* "*Worm*, and no Man * ?" Did He not also bequeath the fine Linnen of his own most perfect Righteousness, to compose the Marriage-garment † for our naked Souls? Did He not, before his Flesh saw Corruption, emerge triumphant from

* Psal. xxii. 6.

† This, and several other Hints, interspersed in the two Volumes, refer to the *active* and *passive* Righteousness of CHRIST, *imputed* to Believers, for their Justification. Which, in the Opinion of many great Expositors, is the mystical and the most sublime Meaning of the *Wedding-Garment*, so emphatically and forcibly recommended by the Teacher sent from GOD, *Matt.* xxii. 11. A Doctrine, which Some of Those who honour my Meditations with a Perusal, probably, may not receive with much, if any Approbation. I hope, the *whole* Performance will not be cashiered, for *one* Difference in Sentiment: and I beg, that the Sentiment itself may not hastily be rejected, without a serious Hearing. For, I have the Pleasure of being intimately acquainted with a Gentleman of good Learning, and distinguished Sense, who had *once* as strong Prepossessions *against* this Tenet, as can well be imagined. Yet *now* not only admits it as Truth; but embraces it, as the Joy of his Heart; and cleaves to it, as the Rock of his Hopes. A plain and solid Treatise, entitled *Submission to the Righteousness of* GOD, was the Instrument of removing his Prejudices, and reducing Him to a better Judgment.

from the Grave; and mount not the lower Firmament only, but ascend the highest Heavens; taking Possession of those immortal Mansions, in our Name, and as our Fore-runner?

YE *Cattle*, that rest in your enclosed Pastures; Ye *Beasts*, that range the ample Forest; Ye *Fish*, that rove through trackless Paths of the Sea: *Sheep*, clad in Garments, which, when left by You, are wore by Kings; *Kine*, who feed on Verdure, which, transmuted in your Bodies, and strained from your Udders, furnishes a Repast for Queens; *Lyons*, roaring after your Prey, and *Leviathan* taking your Pastime in the great Deep: with all that climb the Hills, or creep the Vales; all that wing the Firmament, or tread the Soil, or swim the Wave:—He, who spreads his ever-hospitable Board; who admits You all to be his continual Guests; and suffers You to want no Manner of Thing that is Good: —HE was destitute, afflicted, tormented; endured all that was miserable and reproachful; in order to exalt the Sojourners in Clay, to Seats of most

ment.——It is written by Mr *Benjamin Jenks*; whose *Book* of *Devotions* has deservedly passed through *eleven* Editions; and is truly admirable for the Sublimity, Spirituality, and Propriety of the Sentiments, as well as for the pathetic Turn of Expression, with which they are cloathed.

most distinguished Honour; in order to introduce the Slaves of Sin, and Heirs of Hell, into consummate and everlasting Bliss.

SURELY, the Contemplation of such a Subject, and the distant Anticipation of such a Hope, may almost turn Earth into Heaven, and make even inanimate Nature vocal in Praise. Let it then break forth from every Creature. Let the *meanest* feel the inspiring Impulse; let the *greatest* acknowlege themselves unable, worthily to express the stupendous Goodness.—Praise HIM, ye *Insects* that crawl on the Ground; Who, though high above all Height, humbled Himself to dwell in Dust.—*Bleat* out, ye Vallies; let broader *Lows* be responsive from the Hills; ye *Forests* catch, and ye *Rocks* retain, the inarticulate Hymn; for the great and good Shepherd, disdained not to be born in the Stable, and, with frequent Step, to retire into the Desert.—*Birds* of the Air, waft on your Wings, and warble in your Notes, HIS Praise; who, though LORD of the celestial Abodes, while sojourning on Earth, wanted a Shelter commodious as your Nests.—Ye *rougher* World of *Brutes*, joyn with the gentle Songsters of the Shade, and howl to HIM your Applause; who breaks the Jawbones of the infernal Lyon; who softens into Mildness the savage Disposition, and bids the Wolf

Wolf lye down, in amicable Agreement, with the Lamb.—Wave, ye ſtately *Cedars*, in Sign of Worſhip, wave your branching Heads to HIM, who meekly bowed his own on the accurſed Tree. —Breathe balmy Incenſe, ye blooming *Flowers*, to the incarnate Myſtery; who, though his Name be, Wonderful, Councellour, the mighty GOD, and the Prince of Peace; yet vouchſafes to be called the Roſe of *Sharon*, and the Lily of the Vallies.—*Pleaſing Proſpects*, Scenes of Beauty, where niceſt Art conſpires with laviſh Nature, to form a Paradiſe below; lay forth all your Charms, and in all your Charms confeſs yourſelves a mere Blank, compared with HIS Amiableneſs, who is "faireſt among ten thou-"ſand, and altogether lovely."—Drop down, ye gentle *Showers*, and teſtify, as You fall; O, teſtify of HIS Grace, which deſcends more copiouſly than the Rain, diſtils more ſweetly than the Dew.—Let ſighing *Gales* breathe, and murmuring *Rivulets* flow; flow, in harmonious Conſonance, to HIM; whoſe Spirit is far more reviving than the cooling Gale; who is himſelf the Fountain of living Waters.—Ye *Lightenings*, blaze to HIS Honour; ye *Thunders*, ſound HIS Praiſe; while reverberating *Clouds* return the Roar, and bellowing *Oceans* propagate the tremendous Hymn:—*Muteſt* of Creatures, in ſilent Oratory diſplay the Triumphs of HIS

Meekneſs;

Meekness; who, amidst the most provoking Insults, was "dumb and opened not his Mouth."—Great *Source* of *Day*, address thy radiant Homage to a far sublimer Sun; write, in all thy ample Round, with every lucid Beam, O write HIS Praise; whose Word, accompanied with his Spirit, sheds brighter Light, and more exhilerating Rays, through the Mind.—Shine clear, ye *Skies*; look gay, thou *Earth*; let *every* Creature smile; for, by the Appearance of the Sun of Righteousness, Peace is made with Heaven, and Joy come down to dwell on Earth.—*Angels* and *Arch-Angels*, O let your Songs be of JESUS, and teach the Heaven of Heavens to eccho with his honoured Name: Ye beheld Him, with greater Transports of Admiration, when You attended his Agony in the Garden, and saw Him prostrate on the Ground; than when You beheld universal Nature rising at his Call, and saw the Wonders of creating Might: tune, tune to loftiest Notes your golden Harps, and waken Raptures unknown before even in heavenly Breasts: while *all* that has Breath, swells the sacred Concert, and bursts into a boundless Peal of Melody.

CHIEFLY, let *Man* exalt his Voice; let Man, with distinguished Hosannas, hail the REDEEMER. For Man, He was stretched on the racking Cross; for Man, He was consigned to the

the gloomy Sepulchre.—However different, therefore, in your Age, or more different in your Circumstances, be unanimous in magnifying a Saviour, who is no Respecter of Persons; who gave himself a Ransom for All.—Bend, ye *Kings*, from your Thrones; in your imperial Robes, fall prostrate at HIS Feet; who forsook a nobler Throne for You; who makes all his People "Kings to GOD for ever."—*Children* of *Poverty*, meanest of Mortals, (if any can be called poor, who are *thus* enriched; if any can be accounted mean, who are *thus* ennobled;) rejoyce, greatly rejoyce in GOD your Saviour; who chose to be poor, chose to be contemned, that You might possess the Riches, and be numbered with the Princes, of Heaven.—*Sons* of *Affliction*, though harrassed with Pain, and inured to Anguish, O change your Groans into Songs of Gratitude; let no complaining Voice, no jarring String be heard, in the universal Symphony; but *glorify* the LAMB even *in the Fires*; who himself bore greater Anguish, than You feel, and has promised You a Share in the Joy, He inherits; who has made your Sufferings short, and will make your Rest eternal.—*Men* of *hoary* Locks, bending beneath a Weight of Years, and tottering on the Brink of the Grave; let CHRIST be your Support, under all Infirmities; lean upon CHRIST, as the Rock of your Salvation;

vation; let his Name, his precious Name form the last Accents, that quiver on your pale expiring Lips,—and let this be the first, that lisps on your Tongues, ye tender *Infants*: remember your REDEEMER in your earliest Moments: devote the choice of your Hours to the learning of his Will, and the chief of your Strength to the Glorifying of HIS Name; who, in the Perfection of Health, and the very Prime of Manhood, was content to become a motionless and ghastly Corpse; that You might be girt with the Vigour, and cloathed with the Bloom, of immortal Youth.

YE *Spirits* of *just* Men made *perfect*, who are released from the Burthen of the Flesh, and freed from all the vexatious Sollicitations of Corruption in Yourselves, delivered from all the dreadful Effects of Iniquity in Others: Who sojourn no longer in the Tents of Strife, or the Territories of Disorder; but are received into that pure, harmonious, holy Society, where no ungenerous Action creates outward Irregularity, no suspicious Jealousies breed inward Disaffection; where Every one acts up to his amiable and exalted Character; where GOD himself is pleased *graciously* and *immediately* to preside.—You find, not without pleasing Astonishment, your Hopes improved into actual Enjoyment, and your Faith delightfully superseded by the Beatifick Vision:

You

You feel all your former Shyness of Behaviour, happily lost in the Overflowings of unbounded Love; and all your little Differences in Opinion entirely overwhelmed in the Tides of invariable Truth: Bless therefore with all your enlarged Powers, bless *His* infinitely larger Goodness, who when He had overcome the Sharpness of Death, opened the Gates of Paradise, opened the Kingdom of Heaven, to all Generations, and to every Denomination, of the Faithful.

YE Men of *holy* Conversation, and *humble* Tempers, think of HIM, who *loved You, and washed You from your Sins in his own Blood*; O think of Him, on your silent Couch; talk of Him, in every social Interview: glory in his Excellencies; make your Boast of his Obedience; and add, still continue to add, the Musick of a dutiful Life, to all the Oblations of a grateful Tongue.—*Weakest* of *Believers*, who go mourning under a Sense of Guilt, and conflicting with the ceaseless Assaults of Temptation, O put off your Sack-cloth, and be girded with Gladness. Because, JESUS, is as merciful to hear as He is mighty to help. Because, He knows your Integrity, amidst all your Failings; He is touched with the tenderest sympathizing Concern for all your Distresses; and He lives, ever lives to be your *Advocate* with the FATHER.—Why then should uneasy Doubts sadden your Countenances?

Countenances? Why ſhould deſponding Fears oppreſs your Souls? Turn, turn thoſe diſconſolate Sighs into chearful Hymns; ſince you have his *powerful Interceſſion*, his *ineſtimable Merits* to be your Anchor in all Tribulations, to be your Paſſport into *eternal* Bleſſedneſs.—Above all, O Ye *Miniſters* of the *Sanctuary*, Heralds commiſſioned from above, lift every One his Voice like a Trumpet, and loudly proclaim the REDEEMER. Get Ye up, Ye Ambaſſadors of Peace, get Ye up into the high Mountains, and ſpread far and wide the Honours of the LAMB, "that was "ſlain, but is alive for evermore." Teach every ſacred Roof to reſound with his Fame, and every human Heart to glow with his Love. Declare, as far as the Force of Words will go, O declare the inconceivable Richneſs of that atoning Blood, whoſe Merits are commenſurate with the Glories of the DIVINITY *. Tell the ſinful Wretch, what

* If in this Place, and others, I have ſpoken magnificently of the Blood of CHRIST, and its unknown Efficacy to expiate Guilt; I think, it is no more than is expreſſed in a very celebrated Hymn; written by one of the greateſt *Wits*, who had alſo been one of the greateſt *Libertines*, and afterwards commenced one of the moſt remarkable *Penitents*, in *France*. A Hymn, which even Mr *Bayle* confeſſes to be a *very fine* one; which another great Critic calls an *admirable* one; and which a Genius ſuperior to them both, recommends

what Pity yearns in IMMANUEL's Bowels, and *what* the compassionate High-Priest has done for his Soul. Invite the Indigent, to become rich; entreat the Guilty, to accept of Pardon; because, in the crucified JESUS is Fulness of Grace, and All-sufficiency to save.—While You, placed in conspicuous Stations, pour the joyful Sound; may I, as I steal through the Vale of humble Life, catch the pleasing Accents! For *me*, the Author of all Blessings became a Curse: for *me*, his Bones were dislocated, and his Flesh was torn: He hung, with streaming Veins and an agonizing Soul, on the Cross, for *me*.

mends as a *noble* one. (See *Spect.* Vol. VII. No. 513.)

The Author, having acknowleged his Crimes to be, beyond Measure heinous, and almost beyond Forgiveness provoking:——so provoking, as to render even Tears from such Eyes offensive, and Prayers from such Lips abominable:——composes himself to submit, without the least repining Sentiment; to submit, even with Praise and Adoration, to the most dreadful Doom. Accordingly, He stands in resigned Expectation, of being instantly struck by the Bolts of Vengeance; but——with a Turn of Thought equally surprising and sprightly, with a Faith properly founded, and happily firm, adds,

Yet where! O where! *can* even thy Thunders fall?
CHRIST's Blood o'erspreads and shields me from them *all*.

me. O, may I, in my little Sphere, and amidst the scanty Circle of my Acquaintance, at least whisper these glad transporting Tidings; whisper them from my own Heart, that they may surely reach, and sweetly penetrate theirs.

BUT, when Men and Angels raise the grand Hymn; when all Worlds, and all Beings, add their *collective* Acclamations, and unite in harmonious Gratitude;—this full, fervent, and universal Chorus will be so *inferior* to the Riches of the REDEEMER's Grace; so *disproportionate* to the Magnificence of his Glory; that it will seem but to *debase* the unutterable Theme, it attempts to exalt: the loud Hallelujah will *die away*, in the solemn mental Eloquence of prostrate, rapturous, *silent* Adoration.

Oh Goodness infinite! Goodness immense!
And Love that passeth Knowlege.—*Words are vain;*
Language is lost in Wonders so divine.
Come then, expressive SILENCE, *muse his Praise.*

F I N I S.