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MEDITATIONS

AMONG THE

TOMBS.

IN A

LETTER

TO A

LADY.

By *JAMES HERVEY*, A. B.

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.

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M DCC XLVI.

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

longer on 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,

Youth, like the charming Subject of one of these Contemplations. But at 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 Ap-

plauſe 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, 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;

JAMES HERVEY.

PREFACE.

HE 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

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

ſhortly to remove into the ſame ſolemn Man-ſions. — And who would not turn aſide, for a while, from the moſt favourite Amuſements, to view the Place, *where his once-loved* Companions lie? *Who would not ſometimes 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 Sub-ject itſelf will recommend the Remarks? For who is not delighted with the Pro-ſpect 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 uni-verſal, who would not be willing to ren-der it productive of the ſublimeſt Improve-ment? — This Piece of* holy Frugality *I have ventured to ſuggeſt, and endea-voured to exemplify, in the Second Letter; that while the Hand is cropping the tranſient Beauties of a Flower, the at-tentive Mind may be enriching itſelf with*

 ſolid

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.

MEDITA-

MEDITATIONS

AMONG THE

TOMBS.

In a LETTER to a LADY.

MADAM,

TRAVELLING lately into *Cornwall*, I happened to alight at *Kilkhampton*, a considerable Village in that County: Where, finding myself under an unexpected Necessity of resting a little, I took a Walk to the *Church*. The 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 ſerious Meditations. 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 Writeing, I ſhall receive a freſh Pleaſure from them.

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 —— Having obſerved the regular Range of the Pillars, and a ſort of magnificent Plainneſs in the whole Structure; which were rendered more affecting, by a certain Air of Solemnity peculiar to Places of this kind —— I took particular Notice of a handſome *Altar-piece*, preſented by the Maſter-Builders of * *Stow*, out of

* The Name of a noble Seat, erected in this Pariſh, belonging to the late Earl of *Bath*; remarkable formerly for its 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.

Gratitude, I presume, to that gracious God, who carried them through 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 its 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 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 acknowleged 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

on without repeating it. * *But will GOD indeed dwell on 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,

* *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 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, are 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?

tion, rather than to own all the glittering Materials of that ſumptuous Edifice?

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 antient 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

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 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 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

* ——— παντων δε μαλις' αιδευεο σ'αυτον,
Was the favourite Maxim of *Pythagoras*, and ſuppoſed to be the beſt moral Precept, that was 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.

"of

" of him" who has called us to ſuch a ſacred Union with his bleſſed Self.

THE next Thing that engaged my Attention was the *Lettered Floor*: The Pavement, 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!* Serioufneſs and Devotion becometh 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, 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 Knowlege? 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

* Deut. xxxii. 29.

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 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 together, without any Diſtinction of Rank or Seniority. None were ambitious of the uppermoſt Rooms, or chief Seats, in this Houſe of Mourning. None lay in fond and eager Expectation of honourable Greetings, in their darkſome Cells. The Servant was lodged in the ſame Story with his Maſter. The Man of Years and Experience was paired with an Infant of Days. He who was reputed as an Oracle in his Generation, ſlept at the Feet of a Babe.

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

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

WHY then, ſaid my working Thoughts, oh! why, ſhould we raiſe ſuch a mighty Stir about *Superiority* and *Precedence*, when the next Remove 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 Relicks of Humanity, there are, without doubt, Perſons of *contrary Intereſts, and contradicting Sentiments:* But Death, like ſome able Daysman, 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;

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

and

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, 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

* Job iii. 13.

and

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 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, "through many Tribulations, have entered "into the Kingdom of Heaven;" and thereby brought Honour to their Divine Convoy, adminiſtred 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 Privi-

lege

lege not to feel the ſlighteſt of thoſe Evils which afflict 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 planted 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 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? —— 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. Theſe, having glorified their Redeemer on Earth, will, probably, be as *Stars of the firſt Magnitude* in Heaven. They will ſhine with brighter Beams, be repleniſhed with ſtronger Joys, in their LORD's everlaſting Kingdom.

HERE lies the Grief of a fond Mother, and the blasted Expectations 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 tour, 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*

wring

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 Accents, interrupted by many a riſing Sob, ſhe cries, "Farewell, my Son! "my Son! my only Beloved! — Would "to GOD I had died for thee! — Fare-"well, my Child! and farewell, all my "earthly Happineſs! — I ſhall never more "ſee Good in the Land of the Living. — "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, 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 Ground, 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 holy Inſtructions, no-" thing to further its Well-being in that " everlaſting State, upon which it is now " entered. The *poor Body* is nailed up " in a Coffin, and carried out to putrefy " in the Earth. 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 Punishment? — 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 *Knowlege* of Christ, and a cordial *Love* of his Truth!

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

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.

PER-

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

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." — O! dreadful 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

Paſſage more literally, *Before the Face of a Moth*. 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*.

* A Diſtreſs of this Kind is finely painted 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.

of

of the *Frailty 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 ſplendid 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

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

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

SUCH Thoughts must not only *grieve* the *Relatives,* but *surprize* the whole Neighbourhood. They sound a powerful Alarm to heedless dreaming Mortals, and are

* Complaint.

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 Cir-"cumstances, can ascertain your Preservation "a single Moment. So *strong* is the Ty-"rant's Arm, that nothing can resist its "Force; so *un-erring* his Aim, that nothing "can elude the Blow: *Sudden* as Lightening "sometimes is his Arrow launched, and "wounds and kills in the Twinkling of "an Eye. Never promise yourselves Safety "in any Expedient, but constant Prepara-"tion. The fatal Shafts fly so promiscuously, "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."

No ſooner turned from one *Memento* of my own, and Memorial of another's *Deceaſe*, but a ſecond, a third, a long Succeſſion of theſe melancholy Monitors crowd 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: 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; when all the well-disposed Designs are ripening

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

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 Cob-web, 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 bitter is the Remembrance of thee, "to a Man that has devoted himself to "the Pursuit of *present* Satisfactions, and "exercised no Concern for the never-end-"ing *Hereafter*. Where, alas! is the Pro-"fit, where the Comfort, of entering deep "into the Knowlege, and of being dextrous "in the Dispatch, of earthly Affairs, since "I have neglected *the one Thing needful?* "O destructive Mistake! I have been atten-

"tive

" tive to every *inferior Intereſt*, but have " diſregarded *Heaven*, have forgot *eternal* " *Ages!*" — 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 ourſelves* with Things below, and *lay up*

our

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, "remember'd "their Creator in the Days of their Youth;" before their Strength became Labour and Sorrow; before that low Ebb of languishing Nature, when they had too much Reason to say, "We have neither Pleasure nor Vigour left." 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

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 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

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 Youth*, improve the precious Opportunity. Improve your golden Hours to the nobleſt of all Purpoſes. Stand not, all the *Prime* of your *Day*, idle; 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 feather'd Rover. Immediately he lifts the Tube, and levels his Blow. Swifter than Whirlwind flies the leaden

leaden Death; and, in a Moment, lays the ſilly Creature, breathleſs on the Ground. —— Such, *ſuch*, may be the Fate of the Man, that has a fair Occaſion 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 Sea-"ſon." —— 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 Beneficence can bestow; and (Oh! comfortable to consider!) such as I, and every indigent longing Sinner, may obtain; Treasures of heavenly Knowlege, and saving Faith; Treasures of atoning Blood, and imputed Righteousness.

HERE * lie their *Bodies* in quiet Resting-places. Here they have thrown off every *Burthen*,

* 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

Burthen, and are eſcaped from every *Snare*. The Head ach's no more; the Eye forgets to weep; the Fleſh is no longer racked with acute,

ſuffer any Cemeteries to ſubſiſt in the City. But as this was a Rite purely ceremonial, it ſeems to be intirely ſuperſeded by the Goſpel Diſpenſation.

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

acute, nor pines away under lingering, Diſtempers. Here they find a final Releaſe from Pain, and an everlaſting Diſcharge from Sorrows. Here Danger never threattens them with her terrifying Alarms; but Tranquillity ſoftens their Couch, and Safety guards their Repoſe.—— Reſt then, ye precious Relicks, within this hoſpitable

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 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?

Gloom;

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, 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-

" underneath" 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 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 Seraphims, 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,

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*, 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 how " are they numbered among the Children of " GOD, and their Lot is among the Saints!" However, then, an undiscerning World may despise, and a profane World vilify, the truly Religious; be this 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

WHAT Figure is That, which ſtrikes my Eye, from an eminent Part of the Wall? It is not only 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 ſacrificeing his Life to the *publick Good?* —— Then what Honours, what immortal Honours, are due to *His* moſt precious Name, who willingly gave 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 Bleſſed and Only Potentate. 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 Man*, and

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 "true GOD, and eter-" nal Life."

THE *one expoſed* Himſelf *to Peril*, in the Service of his King and 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 ſure to drop in the Engagement. CHRIST put on the Harneſs, though He knew before-hand, it muſt reek with his Blood. CHRIST reſigned Himſelf not to the *Hazard*, but to the *inevitable Stroke*; to certain Death. —— 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 *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 illuſtrious Sufferer hang! tentered all the while on the keeneſt Edge of mortal Pain. So long he hung, that Nature, through all her Dominions, was thrown into ſympathizing Commotions. The Earth cou'd no longer ſuſtain ſuch barbarous Indignities, without trembling; nor the Sun behold them, without

out 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 An-

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, 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 ſtreamed from thy wounded *Veins*. Engrave it, not with the Hammer and Chizel, but with that ſharpened *Spear* which pierced thy bleſſed *Side*. Let it ſtand conſpicuous and indeleble, 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

ſculptured Marble! The real Excellency of this * bleeding 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 wou'd 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 uninter-

* Sir *Bevil Granvil*, ſlain in the Civil Wars, at an Engagement with the Rebels, and interred in this Church. —— 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 of others leſs "ſpoken of, was the Death of Sir *Bevil Granvil*. He "was indeed an excellent Perſon, whoſe Activity, "Intereſt, and Reputation, were the Foundation of "what had been done in *Cornwall*: His Temper and "Affections ſo publick, that no Accident which hap-"pened, cou'd make any Impreſſion 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.

rupted 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 Circum- " ſtances. How often were his Counſels " a Guide to my perplexed Thoughts, and " a Cordial to my dejected Spirit! 'Tis " owing to GOD's Bleſſing on his ſeaſon- " able Charities, and prudent Conſola- " tions, that I now live, and live in Com- " fort." —— 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 never 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 have been plunged, had not his " faithful Admonitions arreſted me in the

" wild

" wild Career. I was unacquainted with
" the Gospel of Peace, and unconcerned
" about its unsearchable Treasures: But
" now, enlightened by his *instructive Con-*
" *versation*, 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 Re-
" ligion, and blessed by Grace, still tingle
" in my Ears; are still warm on my Heart;
" and, I trust, will be more and more ope-
" rative, till we meet each other in the
" House not made with Hands, eternal in
" the Heavens."

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 Elec-
" tion 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

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.

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.

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

In

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, 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 melancholy Abode. — Hark! how the hollow Dome reſounds at every Tread. The *Echo's*, 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 Caverns. — 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 gloomy *Niche.* No ſplendid Retinue attend this ſolitary Dwelling: The lordly Equipage hovers no longer about the lifeleſs Maſter; nothing but a ſable *Plume*, that ſeems to nod over his Tomb; or a *Statue*, which 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 morti-

fying Truth! Sufficient, one wou'd think, to wean the moſt ſanguine Appetite from this tranſitory State 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?

Thomſ. Wint.

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:*

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 wou'd the Paſſing-Bell proclaim thy Exit! And when once that Iron 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 Relicks 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,

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! 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 irre-

"coverably

" coverably loſt. Thy Span of Life ſhortens " continually. Thy Minutes are all upon " the Wing, and haſting to be gone. Thou " art a Borderer upon Eternity, and making " 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 Wiſ- " dom!"

LET me now emerge from this damp and dreadful Obſcurity, and reviſit the chearing 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 Caverns!

HERE

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 ſhot her lovely Lightening into the moſt guarded Heart; Alas! Where is it? Where ſhall we find the rolling Sparkler? How are all theſe radiant Glories totally eclipſed! —— The *Tongue*, that once 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 pampered *Fleſh*, ſo lately cloathed in Purple, and fine Linen, 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-

* Deut. xxviii. 56.

vel-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 Ax. The Winding-ſheet, and the Coffin, are the utmoſt Bound of all earthly Devices. " Hi- " therto 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 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 wou'd ſeize him! —— " Is " This the Object, I not long ago ſo paſſion- " ately 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 Encouragement, 'twas little leſs " than *Rapture*. How my Heart danced " to thoſe charming Accents! —— And can " that, which, ſome Weeks ago, was to " Admiration lovely, be now ſo inſuffer- " ably loathſome? —— Where is that Ivory " Neck, thoſe bluſhing Cheeks, the coral " Lips, with ten thouſand other matchleſs

* *O quam te memorem, virgo! namque haud tibi vultus Mortalis, nec vox hominem ſonat. O Dea certe!*

Virg.

 " Beauties?

" Beauties? —— O amazing, diſtracting Al-
" teration! —— 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 fal-
" len! 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 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 So-

licitude 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, nor 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 *Relicks*, 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 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,

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

under the Feet of " the *pale 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 destructive 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, " and become a breathless Corpse? Is there " a Time

* 2 *Esdr.* vii. 48.

" a Time coming, when this Body ſhall
" be carried out upon the Bier, and com-
" mitted to its long Home? While ſome
" kind Acquaintance, 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 Forms* 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,

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 arrive; 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

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 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 Gar- " ment, and walks upon the Wings of the " Wind," was pleaſed to wear the Habiliments 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

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

COMPL.

once

once a pale and bloody Corpſe, 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 *Sampſon*, 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 "High-"way 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

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

These,

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

These, and some other Quotations, I am proud to borrow from The COMPLAINT; especially from *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.*

* 2 *Pet.* i. 14.

This

This 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 Condi-"tion? 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

* *Acts* xxviii. 3; 5.

(an awful Secret That, and known only to all-foreſeeing Wiſdom, but), an appointed Hour there is, when an *Act of Grace* will *paſs* the *Great 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 Arch-angel, 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, reunite! But with how much greater Demonſtrations of Kindneſs are they *both* received by their *compaſſionate Redeemer!* The awful Judge 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 through the Univerſe, ſerve only to inflame

inflame their Love, and heighten their Hopes. Their Maſter confeſſes their Names before all the Inhabitants of Heaven, and the whole aſſembled World. —— Will not that adorable Being, whoſe *Favour* is better than *Life*, whoſe Acceptance is a Crown of *Glory*; will not He lift up the Light of his Countenance upon them, and, with Words of the moſt intire Approbation, ſay, "I accept you, O my People? Ye are they "that believed in my Name. Ye are they "that renounced *Yourſelves*, and *are com-* "*plete in Me*. I ſee no Spot or Blemiſh "in you; for ye are waſhed in my Blood, "and cloathed in my Righteouſneſs. Re-"newed by my Spirit, ye have glorified me "on Earth, and have been faithful unto "Death. Come, then, ye Servants of Ho-"lineſs, enter into the Joy of your LORD. "Come, ye Children of Light, receive the "*Kingdom*, that ſhall never be removed; "wear the *Crown*, which fadeth not away; "and enjoy *Pleaſures* for evermore."

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 Countenance in their

Dwellings. *Death itſelf* will be "ſwal-"lowed 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 Uſeleſneſs. *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 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 Mea- " ſure 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 multiplied 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

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 Chains of their Woe are rivetted by an irrepealable Sentence.

THE *Wicked* —— * My Mind recoils at the Apprehension of their Misery. It has studiously waved the fearful Subject, and

 seems

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

ſeems unwilling to purſue it, even now.—— But 'tis better to *reflect upon it* for a few Minutes, than to *endure it* to eternal Ages. Perhaps, the Conſideration of their aggravated Miſery may teach me more highly to prize the Saviour, who " delivers from " going down into the bottomleſs Pit;" may *drive* me, like the *Avenger's Sword*, to this only *City of Refuge* for obnoxious Sinners.

THE Wicked ſeem to lie here, like Malefactors, in a deep and ſtrong Dungeon, reſerved againſt the Day of Trial.——" *Their Departure* was without Peace." Clouds of Horror ſat lowering upon their cloſing Eyelids; moſt ſadly foreboding the " Blackneſs " of Darkneſs for ever." When the laſt Sickneſs ſeized their Frame, and the inevitable Change advanced; when they ſaw the fatal Arrow fitting to the Strings, ſaw the deadly Archer aiming at their Life, and felt the envenomed Shaft faſtened in their Vitals —— Good GOD! what Fearfulneſs came upon them! What horrible Dread overwhelmed them! How did they ſtand ſhuddering upon the tremendous Precipice, exceſſively afraid to die, yet utterly unable to

live.

live. — O! What *pale Reviews*, what *ſtartling Proſpects*, conſpire to augment their Sorrows! — They look *backward*; and, behold! a moſt melancholy Scene; Sins unrepented of; Mercy ſlighted; and the Day of Grace ending. — They look *forward*, and nothing preſents itſelf but the righteous Judge; the dreadful Tribunal; 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 un-approachable 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

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 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 they lie, groaning out the poor Remains of Life; their Limbs bathed in Sweat; Pains inſupportable, throbbing thro' every Pulſe; and innumerable Darts of Agony transfixing their Conſcience. —— If *this* be the *End* of the *Ungodly*, "My Soul, "come not Thou into their Secret! Unto "their Aſſembly, mine Honour, be not "Thou united!" —— Oh! how awfully accompliſhed is that Prediction of inſpired Wiſdom! "Sin, though ſeemingly ſweet "in the *Commiſſion*; in the *Iſſue*, biteth "like a Serpent, and ſtingeth like an Ad-"der."

HAPPY

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, 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 Phials 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 make them the Objects 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 Eternal 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 " What can they do in this Day of Viſita-

" tion?"

" tion?" —— Whither ſhall they betake themſelves? —— *To fly*, will be impoſſible; *to juſtify* themſelves, impracticable; and *now*, to *make* any *Supplications*, unavailable. —— 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 endure," 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 be at their Wits-end, when " the right-aiming Thunderbolts go abroad," with a Commiſſion to drive them from the

Kingdoms of Glory, and plunge them into a Lake of unquenchable Fire !

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 Hopes of *eſcapeing* it — O! how bitter, how inconceivably bitter, to *bear*, without any *Intermiſſion*, or any *Mitigation*, for *Ever and Ever*.

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:" 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 *doeſt*, 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 Compariſon 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*, and take Heed to my *Ways*? Is not this an infinitely preſſing Call,

to

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 unreprove-"able." — 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 near, 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 *exhilarate* 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 re-invigorates the Eye, that has fatigued

* *Iſai.* xxiv. 20.

fatigued itself by 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*, rideing before *a sweet Gale* of atoning Merit, and redeeming Love, till they *make*, with full Sail, 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 happy Harbour, like some gallant stately *Vessel*, conspicuously and gloriously! While my little *Bark* glides gladly after, and both rest for Ever in *the Haven where we would be.*

The E N D.

E R R A T A.

PAG. 5. *Line* 21. *of the Note, for* are, *r.* is. *p.* 16. *l.* 6. *for* tour, *r.* tower. *p.* 19. *l.* 11. *r.* Sighs. *p.* 24. *l.* 22. *for* Thoughts, *r.* Strokes.

REFLECTIONS
ON A
FLOWER-GARDEN.
IN A
LETTER
TO A
LADY.

By JAMES HERVEY, A. B.

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. Spect. Vol. VII. N° 477.

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MDCCXLVI.

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 delightful Excursion? In a beau-

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

tiful *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

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

" maketh the Outgoings of the Morning
" and Evening to rejoice."

O! how charming to rove abroad at this ſweet HOUR OF PRIME! To enjoy the Calm of Nature, and taſte the unrifled Freſhneſs of the Morning. —— What a Pleaſure do the Sons of SLOTH loſe! Little, ſure, does the Sluggard know, how delicious an Entertainment he foregoes, for the pooreſt of all Animal Gratifications. —— Methinks, the Morning bluſhes, and the Skies 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?

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

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

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

PRODIGIOUS Theatre! Where Lightenings dart their Fire, and Thunders utter their Voice: Where Tempeſts ſpend their Rage, and Worlds un-numbered 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 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,

* Pſalm cviii. 4.

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 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 exhauſtleſs Light through the Univerſe! ——— 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 transfer His Perſuaſion to the *Sun of Righteouſneſs!* Thus applied, it would ceaſe to be a chimerical Notion, and become a moſt mportant Truth. For ſure I am, it is the ſupreme Happineſs of the eternal State, and

therefore

therefore may well be the ruling Concern of this present Life, " To know the only " true GOD, and JESUS CHRIST, whom " He hath sent." Nor do I stand alone in this Opinion. One of the most unquestionable Judges of whatever is valuable; nay, the most distinguished among the inspired Writers, determines to " know nothing " but JESUS CHRIST, and Him crucified." 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,

* Το υπερεχον της γνωσεως.

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 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,

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 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

"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 "stumbled 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 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

* *Hab.* iii. 17.

"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 QUICK-"ENING 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 itſelf, 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. 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 Songsters of the Grove are 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 Counte-

* "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. N° 387.

Countenance upon us, and give us evermore the Joy of thy Salvation.

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, and 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

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 remem-"ber themſelves, and be turned unto the "LORD; and all the Kindreds of the Na-"tions worſhip before him!"

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

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

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. *The path of the just is as a shining light &c*

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 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,

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, 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 of*

* *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 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,

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

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 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 Refresh-

Dews; produces them, as it were, from a prolific Womb; and ſcatters them, with the

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 —— נחלים ברדך —— 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 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,

the moſt laviſh Abundance, 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 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

"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 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.

hold 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 Tra- " vail 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. —— 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

Dews are formed in the ſerene Evening Air: They ſteal down by ſoft Degrees, and with inſenſible Stilneſs; ſo ſubtile, 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 Lightening 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 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 re-unite 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.

III. 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

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.*

Theſe are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,
Almighty! Thine this univerſal Frame,
Thus wond'rous fair! Thyſelf how wond'rous then! MILT.

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

YONDER lie the *Meadows*, ſmoothed into a perfect Level; decorated with an Embroidery of the gayeſt Flowers, and loaded with * *ſpontaneous* Crops of *Herbage*; which, converted into Hay, will prove a moſt

* —— *Injuſſa viréſcunt*
Gramina. —— VIRG.

moſt commodious Proviſion for the Barrenneſs of Winter; will ſupply with Fodder our ſerviceable Animals, when all the Verdure of the Plains is killed by Froſts, 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 ſtocked, no doubt, with Variety of *Fiſh*, that afford a ſolitary Diverſion to the Angler, and nouriſh for his Table a delicious Treat. Nor is it the only Merit of this liquid 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 aſſwage 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 mote amiable for their annual Services. A little while ago, I be-

held

held 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 un-molested 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 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 Win-

ter: 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.

IV 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.

V 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

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

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 Desart, nor a Rivulet that flows in the remotest Continent, nor a Cloud that swims in the 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,

* 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. Though every Piece of this extensive and diversified Scene is cast in the most elegant Mold; yet nothing is calculated merely for Shew and Parade. You see nothing formed in the Taste of the ostentatious Obelisk, or insignificant

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 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 within your Walls, as "well as Plenteouſneſs around your Dwel-"lings." 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

ſignificant 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.

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.

* 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 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.

not. —— He fetched them up from utter Darkneſs, 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 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 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*

* *Heb.* i. 2. —— In this Sense, CHRIST is *the Saviour of all Men.* The former and latter Rain, the precious Fruits of the Earth, Bread 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 Power and infinite Wisdom in the Structure of the Universe: Heathens might acknowlege a most stupendous Liberality, in the unreserved Grant of the whole Fabrick, 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.

*consist**. His Finger rolls the Seasons round, and presides over all the celestial Revolutions. His Finger winds up 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

* *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. Τουτεστιν, says the eloquent Father, εις αυτον κρεμαται η παντων υποστασις· ου μονον αυτα ουτα εκ του μη οντος εις το ειναι παρηγαγεν, αλλα και αυτος ουτα συνεχει νυν· ωστε αν αποσπασθη της αυτου προνοιας, απολωλε και διεφθαρται.

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 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 Night-"ingale 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

* *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.

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 Mortals, 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 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 yourselves with our " most valuable Qualities; only let us be " In-

* *Rom.* viii. 22.

" 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, from my low Procedure, I may form an Alluſion to the moſt exalted Practices, I would obſerve, upon this Occaſion, That the

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 wholsome 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 Fragments of specious Instruction: From this I trust to reap

reap a Harvest of the sublimest Truths*.—— 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

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

VIII 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. —— 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

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.

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 cloying, elates its Powers. —— It puts me in mind of that ever-memorable Sacrifice, which was once made in behalf of

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

offending Mortals. I mean the *Sacrifice of the holy* JESUS, when He offered up Himself to GOD, " for a sweet-smelling Sa-" vour." 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 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 Dunghil. —— But in CHRIST's immaculate Holiness, in CHRIST's consummate Obedience, in CHRIST's most precious Blood-shedding, O! with what un-imaginable Complacency, does Justice rest satisfied, and Vengeance acquiesce! —— All thy Works,

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 Forgiveneſs: 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!*

* *Pſalm* xlv. 9.

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; a Felicity, that never falls short of the very Perfection of Elegance. —— How inimitably fine is the *Texture* of the Web,

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*, relating 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; " 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 Conveniences 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 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 of thy Vanity, that the native Elegance of a common Daisy * eclipses all this elaborate Finery.

* *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.

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, *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

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

ſanctifying Operations, thou ſhalt 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 beatifick 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 Senſes, but touch, with a ſurpriſing Delicacy, the ſweeteſt Movements of the Mind;

——— *To the Heart inſpiring*
Vernal Delight and Joy.

MILT.

HOW often have I felt them *diſſipate* the *Gloom* of *Thought*, and transfuſe a ſudden Gaiety through the dejected Spirit! I cannot wonder,

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 most refined Sweets of the Garden: I cannot wonder, that Queens forego, for awhile, the Compliments 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

* "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 Instinct, this secret Satisfaction and "Complacency, arising from the Beauties of the Creation, let us consider, to *Whom* we stand indebted

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 of Bliss, and must lie oppressed under such "an "exceeding great, eternal Weight of Glory." But when "this Corruptible hath put on In-"corruption," the Powers of the Soul will be all invigorated, and these earthly Tabernacles "transformed into a Likeness with "CHRIST's glorious Body." Then, tho' "*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 de-*

"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 of Joy, "which naturally brighten up and refresh the Soul on "such Occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual State "of Bliss and Happiness." *Spect.* Vol. V. N° 394.

* *Isai.* xxiv. 23.

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, 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 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

* Cant. ii. 1.
Malus ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvæ,
Utque rosæ campis, ut lilia vallibus alba,
Sic CHRISTUS *decus omne suis.*

World; the Glory of His Church; the only Hope, the ſovereign Conſolation of Sinners; and high, infinitely high, not only above the nobleſt Compariſon, but even " above " all Bleſſing and Praiſe." —— May I alſo make the ſame Heavenly Uſe of all ſublunary Enjoyments. Whatever is pleaſurable 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 boun-

bountiful Hand of Providence diverſified theſe niceſt Pieces of his Workmanſhip! added the Charms 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, like *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 un-ambitiouſly 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,

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, 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

* ——— *Nunc formoſiſſimus annus.* VIRG.

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.* — 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

* *Psalm* civ. 24.

† 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.*

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 bloom- " ing World? What rich Tints, what ſplen- " did Dies, what Stores of ſhining Crions, " ſtand by the Heavenly Limner, 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 one plain and ſimple Cauſe gives Birth to all the Charms, which deck the

Youth

Youth and Maturity of the Year. This blushes in the early *Hepatica*, and flames in the late-advancing Poppy. 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 Council*, 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* be-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. ——

* *Isai.* xxviii. 29.

Be it ſo then, that we diſſent in ſome Points of inconſiderable Conſequence; yet let us 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 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 Opinion.

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 pays the incommunicable Honours to a finite Being, and bows to the Image, or prays to the Saint: Theſe, ſure, are vaſt Deviations from the Truth of the Goſpel. Theſe are unallowable, and moſt pernicious Errors. These the true Believer cannot *tolerate*, nor bid the Abettors of them GOD *ſpeed*.—I would not be ſevere in my Cenſures, nor uncharitable in my Sentiments; but I fear, I greatly fear, that ſuch Tenets ſwerve from the Evangelical Standard, not as one Pink differs from another of the ſame Claſs, but as widely as the Thorn differs from the Roſe, or the Hemlock from the wholſome Herb. For ſuch Perſons, we will not fail to maintain a tender Compaſſion, we will not ceaſe to put up earneſt Interceſſions; but we dare not ſubſcribe their Creed, or give them "the Right Hand of Fellowſhip."

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. Its emiſſive Sweets perfume the Air, while

itſelf,

itſelf, with an exemplary Humility, retires from Sight; ſeeking rather to adminiſter Pleaſure, than to win Admiration. Emblem, beautiful Emblem, of thoſe modeſt Virtues, which delight to bloom in Obſcurity; which extend their Efficacy to Multitudes, who are cheared with the beneficent Influence, but ſcarce acquainted with the Source of their Comforts! The poor *Polyanthus*, that lately adorned the Border, 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, in Garments of the moſt gloſſy Sattin. 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, and are mingled

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

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 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 *July-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 Inhabit-

Gilly-flow

ant,

ant, 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* of Flowers, through the several Periods of the Year. —— Were they all to blossom together, there would be at once a promiscuous *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 distinct 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

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, 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

* 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 Antient Hiſt. Vol. II.

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? And, when one Detachment retires, Who gives the Signal for another immediately to advance? Who, but that un-erring Providence, which, from the higheſt Thrones of Angels, to the very loweſt Degrees of Exiſtence, orders all Things in "Number, Weight, and Mea-"ſure!" —— Who, my Soul, but that moſt adorable, moſt beneficent Being, who in the

Fulneſs

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! Who, but 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 that ſacred Humanity, which He aſſumed, 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 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 Reflexion 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 " everlaſting Mountains bowed," you behold a Diſplay —— No, ſays the Prophet, you have rather * *The Hiding of His Power.*

So

* *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 expreſſes a moſt important, as well as undoubted Truth; I hope I may be permitted, at leaſt, to propoſe it to public Conſideration; 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,

So immenſe is His 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 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.

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 Diſ-* "*play*, 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."

deemer. 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 our *Faith*: For when I look round

* * 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 expressly 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 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,

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 Right- " eouſneſs, my Redemption;" how can I chooſe but repoſe the moſt chearful Confidence in ſuch a Mediator?

LET me add one more Remark, upon the admirable Adjuſtment of every Particular,

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 truſt, an Attempt to illuſtrate and enforce it, in the Poſtſcript, will be the more eaſily excuſed.

cular, 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,

* * *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.

Skies, grant a Protection 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

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

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

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.

Kindness

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 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, 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 withhold, or take away, *Children*, never pre-

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

Since all the downward Tracts of Time
GOD's watchful Eye surveys;
O! who so wise to chuse 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;
E'n Crosses from his sov'reign Hand
Are Blessings in Disguise.

ſume 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, in humble Acquieſcence: Reſt ſatisfied, That * *whatever*

* 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

ever 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 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

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.

" no

" 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 is inſeparably connected with her other Views. —— Was 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

* " We find that the moſt important Parts in the " Vegetable World, are thoſe which are the moſt " beautiful. Theſe are the Seeds by which the ſeveral " Races of Plants are propagated and continued, and " which are always lodged in Flowers or Bloſſoms. " Nature ſeems to hide her principal Deſign, and to " be induſtrious in making the Earth gay and delight- " ful, while ſhe is carrying on her great Work, and " intent upon her own Preſervation." *Spect.* Vol. V. N° 387.

barely

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 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 obligeing, * reſerve their richeſt Exhalations, to embalm

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

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, 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! 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!

* 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

Abode! But how greatly would the Obligation be increaſed, if the Hand that built, ſhould

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 Domeſticks, 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 Ethick 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 ſavours 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 re-

ſhould alſo furniſh it! And not only furniſh it with all that is commodious and comfortable,

gard 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 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

fortable, 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 *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 damasked 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 ap-

vious 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.

proaches,

proaches, 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: * The Pſalmiſt elegantly terms them Water-ſpouts, which, wafted on the Wings of the Wind, diſpenſe their Moiſture † evenly through the Globe; 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 Conveniences; every *Seaſon* brings us the choiceſt Productions; all *Nature* is our

* *Pſalm* xlii. 7. New Tranſlation.

† 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.

Caterer.

Caterer. —— And, what is a moſt endearing Recommendation of theſe Favours, 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 ſweet *Inducements*. Draw us to our

* "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 Delight-"fulneſs of their Appearance. Fountains, Lakes, and "Rivers, are as refreſhing to the Imagination, as to the "Soil thro' which they paſs." *Spect.* Vol. V. Nº 387.

Duty,

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 venomous 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 "Vine-"yard of the Sluggard." If left to the Propensities of its own depraved Will, what

* *Omnis copia narium.* HOR.

† *Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris.* HOR.

can

can we expect, but a most luxuriant Growth of unruly Appetites, which, in time, will break forth into all manner of scandalous Irregularities? What? —— but that *Anger*, like a prickly Thorn, arm the Temper with an untractable Morosenes: *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 Imagi-"nation 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 become generous; the Carriage endearing; the Life honourable and useful *.

O! THAT *Governors* of *Families*, and *Masters* of *Schools*, would watch, with a conscientious Sollicitude, 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 Mould; supplies them with seasonable Moisture; guards them from Insects; screens them from Cold; marks their springing Buds; observes them attentively thro' 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,

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

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 Deſart. And if He reſtrain the Dew of his Heavenly Benediction, all human Endeavours miſcarry; the rational Plantation languiſhes; and our moſt pregnant Hopes from the moſt promiſing Genius prove abortive. —— Let Parents plant; let Tutors water; but let both look up to the Father of Spirits, for the deſired Increaſe.

ON every Side, I 'ſpy ſeveral *budding* Flowers. As yet, they are cloſely convolved, and 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 centred upon himſelf.

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 then, Thou Sun of Righteouſneſs; ariſe, with Healing under thy Wings; and transfuſe thy gentle, but penetrating Ray, through 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; 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 Eye-"lids of the Morning," but immediately it * addreſſes itſelf to the Object of its Affection;

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

tion; 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 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 Aſpect of this enamoured Flower is to the ſplendid Star which creates our Day.

IN every *Enjoyment*, O thou watchful Chriſtian, look unto JESUS; receive it as proceeding

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 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

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

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 Silks. Art never attempts to equal their incomparable Elegancies; but places all her Merit in copying

after

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 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 mayst 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 diviner 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 *Panegyrick*, 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

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 Prophetick 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 transient Glories.

* Και το ροδον καλον εστι, και ο χρονος αυτο μαραινει·
Και το ιον καλον εστιν εν ειαρι, και ταχυ γηρα·
Λευκον το κρινον εστι, μαραινεται ανικα πιπτη·
Α δε χιων λαμπρα, και τακεται ανικα παχθη·
Και παλλος 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 melts,
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.

Glories. A Fever may ſcorch thoſe poliſhed Veins; a Conſumption emaciate 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 Coun-

With ſtreaming Fire, an *Ev'ning Star*
Streaks the Autumnal Skies;
It lights the Blaze; then ſhoots away;
And, in an Inſtant, dies.

Such are the *Charms* that flush the Cheek,
And ſparkle in the Eye:
So, from the Face divinely fair,
The tranſient *Graces* fly.

tenance

tenance 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 Sweeteners of our Life, and the Delight of our Eyes, here below, you ſhall paſs, by an eaſy Tranſition, into 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 majeſtick Head! What an Air of Dignity and Grandeur ennoble 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

ſpotted 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 array 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 Mould.

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

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, 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,

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 Tri-

umph round the World, and ſcatters Gayety 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 an Oak, or the Stability of an *Egyptian* 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 "Garment." —— But, amidſt theſe Views of general Ruin, Here is our Refuge, Here our Conſolation, *We know that our Redeemer liveth.* Thy Years, bleſſed JESUS, ſhall not fail: From 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

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 the little Revolutions of Time, but through the unmeaſurable Lengths 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 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 Channels.

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 ſuper-eminent 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 *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

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, 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

* *Psalm* xci. 1.

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

Thousands

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, 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*,

* *Isai.* xxxii. 2.

or

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 are, I perceive, who ſtill attend the Flowers; and, in Defiance of the Sun,

* *Acts* iii. 19.

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

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

my

my whole Conduct: I ſhould then gather Advantages from the ſame blooming Objects, more precious than your golden Stores, ye induſtrious Artiſts: I alſo ſhould 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: —— 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 beatifick 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

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 writ, 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 attach'd to any preſent Satisfactions. Weaned from whatever is temporal,

* *Pſalm* lxxxvii. 2.

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 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. H.

POSTSCRIPT.

I Come now to execute an Engagement undertook *Page* 71. *in the Note.*

BUT, first, let me once again intreat the Christian to contemplate the magnificent and delicate *Scenes* of the *Universe*, with a particular Reference to CHRIST, as the *Creator*. He can hardly imagine, what Fewel every Object, view'd in this Light, would administer to the languishing Lamp of Divine *Love*. Every Production in Nature would strike a Spark into his Soul, and tend to raise the smoaking Flax into a Flame.

BESIDES, how must it gladden the Heart of a Believer, and confirm his *Affiance* in the crucified Lamb, to behold the Heavens declaring his Glory, and the Firmament shewing his Handy-work! It cannot but be Matter of inexpressible Consolation to the poor Sinner, to observe the Honours of his Redeemer, writ 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*, the Prophets, and Evangelists, endeavour 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, and every Period a lofty Mountain.

SHOULD any of my Readers be unexercised in such Meditations, I beg Leave (in pursuance of my Promise) to present them with a Specimen: To offer a Clue, which may lead their Minds into this most useful Train of Thinking. Thus, then would I frequently reflect:

O YE *Heavens*, whose wide-extended Arches encompass so many floating Worlds; He, who measured out your Dimensions with his Span, and bid you stand as Boundaries of the Universe; He once was wrapt in Swaddling-Cloths, and laid in a Manger, to bring to pass my endless Felicity.

THOU

THOU *Sun*, that, without the Assistance of any other Fire, sheddest Day through a Thousand Realms, He, who filled your Orb with boundless Lustre, before whom your meridian Splendors are but Darkness; He emptied Himself of his Glory for my Sake, and became the Scorn of Men, the Outcast of the People.

THOU *Moon*, that walkest among un-numbered Stars, and, superior to them all, rulest the Night with thy milder Ray; He, who dressed thy Globe with beaming Silver, and dwells in Light inaccessible; He vouchsafed to wear a Body of Clay, in order to work out my Salvation, and hid not his Face from Shame and Spitting.

YE *Thunders*, that shake our Abodes, and send your tremendous Vollies from Pole to Pole; He, who gave you those dreadful Accents, whose awful Message you bear to the trembling Nations; He once, for my Welfare, poured out infantile Tears in the Stable, and expiring Groans on the accursed Tree.

O YE *Lightenings*, that burſt from the angry Clouds, and whirl the Shafts of Juſtice thro' the Skies; He, who kindles your Flaſh, and directs your Stroke; He was bound like a Slave, was dragged to the Bar like a Felon, was ſentenced to Death like a Murderer; and ſtruck not (O! triumphant Long-ſuffering! ſtruck not) his inſolent Abuſers into the Depths of Hell with his Frown.

YE *Storms* and *Tempeſts*, that ſweep over whole Continents, and drive Foreſts headlong from their Roots; He, whoſe Breath rouſes you into ſuch horrible Rage, and whoſe Nod controuls you in your wildeſt Career; He (once) went, all meek and gentle, like a Lamb to the Slaughter for me; and, as a Sheep before her Shearers is dumb, ſo He opened not his Mouth.

THOU *Peſtilence*, that ſcattereſt Ten thouſand Poiſons from thy baleful Wings, that leaveſt whole Regions depopulated and deſolate; He, who arms thee with inevitable Deſtruction, and makes thee the Weapon of his Indignation; He once was numbered

with

with the moſt infamous of Malefactors; and, to ranſom me from Ruin, was content to tinge a Gibbet with his Blood.

THOU *Ocean*, vaſt World of Waters, He who ſunk that capacious Bed for your Reception, and poured the liquid Element into thoſe unfathomable Chanels, in whoſe Preſence all your rolling Mountains are as the ſmall Drop of a Bucket; He, in the Days of his Fleſh, had not where to lay his Head; but ſuffered all that is miſerable and reproachful, in order to introduce a wretched Worm into the completeſt Bliſs.

YE guſhing *Fountains*, that trickle thro' the matted Graſs; ye fine tranſparent *Streams*, that glide along your flowery Banks; ye deep and ſtately *Rivers*, that refreſh Kingdoms in your Courſe, and ſwell the Sea with your Tribute; He who feeds you all from his own overflowing Fulneſs; He, formerly thirſted on Mount *Calvary*, and (what is ſtill more aſtoniſhing) thirſted in vain, for a ſingle Drop of Water.

YE lofty *Mountains*, that overlook the Clouds, and project a Shade into diſtant Pro-

vinces; He who bid you rise so high, and stand so fast; He, gave his Back to the Scourge, his Head to the Thorns, and his Heart to the Executioner's Spear, on purpose to make a bleeding Atonement for my Iniquities.

THOU *Earth*, with all thy admirable Productions, whatever climbs thy towering Hills, or creeps along thy humble Vales; whatever wings the Air above, or cloathes the Ground beneath; He, whose Voice spoke thee into Being, whose Arm upholds thee every Moment, whose Bounty distributes such an Infinity of Riches throughout thy ample Territories; That great, honoured, and adored Author of all thy Blessings, once was made a Curse for me; and hung, with torn Flesh, with streaming Veins, with an agonizing Soul, on the Cross, — FOR ME.

O Goodness infinite! Goodness immense!
And Love that passeth Knowlege! — *But I lose,*
I lose my Words, *in this amazing Theme.* —
Come then, expressive Silence, *muse his Praise!*

FINIS.

E R R A T A.

PAG. 2. *lin.* 1. *after* Flower Garden, *add* †. *p.* 19. *l.* 26. *of the Note, for* מ ב, *r.* מ ו ב. *p.* 41. *l.* 23. cloying, *r.* clogging. *p.* 49. *l.* 4. moſt *r.* more. *p.* 57. *l.* 18. *dele* be. *p.* 63. *l.* 23. *r.* Gillyflower.