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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.

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L O N D O N :

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REFLECTIONS
ON A
FLOWER-GARDEN.

IN A LETTER TO A LADY.

MADAM,



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

* “ 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

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tiful *Flower-Garden*, where I lately walked,
and at once regaled the Sense, and indulged
the Fancy.

'T WAS 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. Busi-
ness 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^o 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, cælumque tueri
Jussit, & erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*

OVID.

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

* 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 important Truth. For sure I am, it is the supreme Happiness of the eternal State; and
therefore

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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 cruci- “ fied.” 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 Knowledge.

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 γνωσης.

Comparison, in the whole Book of sacred Wisdom, pleases me more than that which resembles the blessed J E S U S to yonder Regent of the Day; who now advances on his azure Road, to scatter Light and Gladness through the Nations,

W H A T were all the Realms of the World, but a *Dungeon* of D A R K N E S S, without the B E A M S 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.

A N D what had been the Condition of our *intellectual Nature*, without the great Redeemer,

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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 Solitude, 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 S P I R I T. — In a Word, He hath both presented us with a *clear Discovery* of good Things to come, and administered to us an abundant Entrance into the *final Enjoyment* of them.

W H E N E V E R, therefore, we bless G O D 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.”

J U S T in the same Manner, were the *Rational World dead in Trespasses and Sins*, without the reviving Energy of J E S U S C H R I S T. 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 Q U I C K - E N I N G S P I R I T,” 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 Cheerfulness*, 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 *cheering* the Mind of
 “ Man, and making the Heart *glad*.” *Spect.* Vol. V.
 N^o 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

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mayst be known, confessed, and adored;
That Strangers to thy Name, and Enemies
to thy Doctrines, may be enlightened with
the Knowledge, 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 un sullied is
their Lustre! How little inferior to the proud
Stone, that irradiates a Monarch's Crown!
They want nothing but Solidity and Perma-
nency, to equal them with the finest Trea-
sures 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, hav-
 ing glittered gayly for a little while, disap-
 pear, and are lost.

How sensibly has this Dew *refreshed* the
 Vegetable Kingdoms ! The fervent Heat of
 Yesterday’s Sun had almost parched the Face
 of Nature. But what a sovereign Restora-
 tive 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 remembered 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*

* *Psalms* 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 Profelytes, 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,
And the vast Number, } of Christ’s Converts.
D q. d.

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of thy Birth is of the Womb of the Morn-
ing; (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 desirable, 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
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 ברוך — 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 — שתה — “He shall drink;” which conveys a pleasing Idea (unless, when it relates to a Cup, filled with bitter, intoxicating, or poisoned Liquors; a Case quite different from that under Consideration); but either — בצת — which imports Terror and Astonishment: Or else — שף 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*; “Who so believeth on Me,

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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

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Dews are formed in the serene Evening Air: They steal down by soft Degrees, and with insensible Stillness; 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 Lightning in his Eyes, and Thunder in his Voice. The Mind, smit with a Sense of Guilt, and apprehensive of eternal Vengeance, trembled through all her Powers; just as that strong Mountain tottered to its Centre. Pangs and Agonies preceded their New Birth. They travailed in Pain, and were reduced to the lowest 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.

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

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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 wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous
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 virescunt
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 Landshape. Nor is its Usefulness, like that of a Foil, relative only, but real. There, several valuable *Creatures* are produced and accommodated, without any Expence or Care of ours. There, likewise, spring abundance of those *Herbs*, which assuage the Smart of our Wounds, and allay the fiery Tumults of the Fever; which impart Floridity to our circulating Fluids; add a more vigorous Tone to our active Solids; and, thereby, repair the Decays of our enfeebled Constitutions.

NEARER the Houses, one perceives a spacious *Spread of Branches*; not so stately as the Oaks, but mote amiable for their annual Services. A little while ago, I beheld

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 immaturity 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.

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

ON another Side, the *great Deep* terminates the View. “There go the Ships: “There is that Leviathan:” And there, in that World of Waters, an inconceivable
Number

* ————— *ab Ovo*
Usque ad Mala. —————

Number of Animals have their Habitation. This is the capacious *Cistern* of the *Universe*, that admits, as into a Receptacle, and distributes, as from a Reservoir, whatever waters the whole Globe. There's not a Fountain that gushes in the unfrequented Desert, 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 *Landscape*. 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

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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 Dwellings.” Live, ye highly favoured; live sensible of your Benefits, and thankful to your Benefactor. Look round upon these prodigiously large Incomes of the fruitful Soil, and call them (for you have free Leave) all your own. — Only let me remind you of
one

significant-Pomp of the Pyramid. No such idle Expenses 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,

I. 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 acknowledge 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.

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*confist**. His Finger rolls the Seasons round,
 and presides over all the celestial Revolu-
 tions. His Finger winds up the Wheels,
 and impels every Spring of vegetative Na-
 ture. In a Word, the whole Weight of
 the Creation rests upon his mighty Arm,
 and receives the whole Harmony of its Mo-
 tion from his unerring Eye. — This ha-
 bitable Globe, with all its rich Appendages,
 and fine Machinery, could no more conti-
 nue, 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 so-
 vereign Nod, to “ fall away like Water,
 “ that runneth apace.”

4. CHRIST

* *Col. i. 17.* I beg leave to subjoin St. *Chrysoftom's* per-
 tinent 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. ΤῆΣΕΙΣ, says the eloquent Father,
 εἰς αὐτὸν κρεμάσαι ἢ πάντων ὑποστάσις ἔ μόνον αὐτῷ
 αὐτὰ ἐκ τῆ μη ὄντος εἰς τὸ εἶναι παρηγαγεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
 αὐτὰ συζηρεται νῦν ὡς εἰ ἀποσπαδῆ τῆς αὐτῆ προνοίας,
 ἀπολωλε καὶ διεσθαρῆαι.

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 Nightingale is heard in your Land." You taste *his* Goodness in the luscious Fig, the melting Peach, and the musky Flavour of the Apricot. You smell *his* Sweetness in the

* *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.

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opening Honeyfuckle, 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 *trans-* “ *mit* to Mortals, no more than the uncre- “ ated Fountain transfuses into us. Think “ not, that from any Ability of our own, “ we furnish you with Assistance, or admi- “ nister 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 Ser- “ vices. — Use us, and welcome; for we “ are yours, if ye are CHRIST’S. Crop “ our choicest Beauties; rifle all our Trea- “ sures; 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

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the celebrated *Erasmus*, and our judicious
Locke, having trod the Circle of the Sci-
ences, and ranged thro' the whole Extent of
human Literature, at length betook them-
selves solely to the *Bible*: Leaving the Sages
of Antiquity, they sat incessantly at the
Feet of J E S U S: Wisely they withdrew from
that immense Multiplicity of Learning; from
those endless Tracts of amusing Erudition,
where noxious Weeds are mixed with whol-
some Herbs; where is generally a much
larger Growth of prickly Shrubs, than of
fruitful Boughs: They spent their most ma-
ture Hours in those hallowed Gardens, which
G O D's own Wisdom planted; which G O D's
own Spirit watereth; and in which G O D's
own Son is continually walking: Where
He meeteth those that seek Him, and reveal-
eth to them the Glories of his Person, and
the Riches of his Goodness.

T H U S would I finish the Remainder of
my Days: Having had a Taste of the *politer*
Studies; may I devote my future Applica-
tion to the *lively Oracles*! From other Pur-
suits, 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 per-
 petually 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, com-
 parable 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 Correspon-
 dence; but the others should be my Bosom-
 Friends, my inseparable Companions, “my
 “Delight, and my Counsellors.”

W H A T

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

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 imbalm'd 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.*

M I L T.

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 * cheers 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.

G

offending

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offending Mortals. - I mean the *Sacrifice of the holy JESUS*, when He offered up Himself to GOD, "for a sweet-smelling Saviour." 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 Acknowledgements, 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!*

* *Psalms* 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 Chintzes would lose their Reputation; even superfine Cambricks appear coarse as Canyas in their Presence.

WHAT a cheering 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 unremitting Care, supports those inferior Creatures; and arrays these insensible Beings, with so much Splendor; surely, He will in no wise withhold 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,

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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, files 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 enchanting *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 surprizing 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

H

“for

THIS we cannot bear in our present imperfect State. The *Effulgence* of unveiled Divinity would *dazzle* 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 Incorruption," 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 ordinary 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^o 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.

S O L O M O N, a most penetrating Judge of human Nature, knowing how much Mankind is charmed with the fine Qualities of Flowers, has figured out the blessed **J E S U S**, that "fairest among Ten thousand," by these lovely Representatives. He styles 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 suit.*

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 entirely *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; disdain-
ing 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 high-
est 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 Vast-
ness of the Contrivance, and the Exactness
of the Execution! Poor Man with Diffi-
culty 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 com-
pletely 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
6 upon,

* *Psalm civ. 24.*

† *Ecclef. 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 blooming World? What rich Tints, what splendid 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 tintured exactly alike: Each allows himself a little *Particularity* in his *Dress*, though all belong to one Family; so that they are various, and yet the same. — A pretty Emblem this, of the smaller *Differences* between *Protestant Christians*. There are Modes in Religion, which admit of Variation, without Prejudice to sound Faith, or real Holiness: Just as the Drapery, on these Pictures of the Spring, may be formed after a Variety of Patterns, without blemishing their Beauty, or altering their Nature. —

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Be

* *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 unlawful, 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 wholesome 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.”

A N O T H E R 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. — Not 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-

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 successory 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! Infomuch 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.

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make

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 Measure!” — Who, my Soul, but that most adorable, most beneficent Being, who in the

Euness

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 acknowledge, 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 uncontrollable 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 Display*, of his matchless *Power*: Though they challenge our Praise, and surpass our Comprehension; yet are they by no means the utmost Exertions, but rather some slighter Effays, 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.”

decmer. 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 G O D* ; 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 crowd 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,

* * *Casmire*, 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.

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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 cæli.*

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

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

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

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

Kindness

Kindness with regard to ourselves: We fancy 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

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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, quam 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 **what-ever*

* 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 Lufts 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

78 REFLECTIONS *on a*
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 browse 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^o 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 enchanting *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 obliging, * 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 M A N, 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

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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 favours 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 Satisfaction, 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-

pears, 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 balsmy 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 cheer 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

* *Psalms* 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. — 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*.

T H E R E F O R E 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 Sustainance, 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. N^o 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 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 Moroseness: *Peevishness*, like a stinging Nettle, render the Conversation forbidding: *Avarice*, like some choaking Weed, teach the Fingers to gripe, and the Hands to oppress: *Revenge*, like some poisonous Plant, replete with baneful Juices, rankle in the Breast, and meditate Mischief to its Neighbour: While unbridled *Lusts*, like Swarms of noisome Insects, taint each rising Thought, and render “ every Imagination of the Heart only evil continually.” — Such are the usual Products of savage Nature! Such the Furniture of the uncultivated Soul!

WHEREAS, let the Mind be put under the *Nurture and Admonition of the LORD*: Let a holy Discipline clear the Soil: Let sacred Instructions sow it with the best Seed: Let Skill and Vigilance dress the rising Shoots; direct the young Ideas how to spread, the wayward Passions how to move: — Then, what a different State of the

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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 affuescere 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 Desert. And if He restrain the Dew of his Heavenly Benediction, all human Endeavours miscarry; the rational Plantation languishes; and our most pregnant Hopes from 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

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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

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 Affec-
tion;

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

tion; courts and careffes it all the Day; nor ever lofes Sight of the refulgent Charmer, fo long as it continues above the Horizon. — In the Morning, you may perceive it prefenting a golden Bofom to the Eaft; at Noon, it points upward to the middle Sky; in the Evening, follows the fame attractive Influence to the Weft.

SURELY Nature is a Book, and every Page rich with facred Hints. To an attentive Mind the *Garden* turns *Preacher*, and its blooming Tenants are fo many lively Sermons. What an engaging Pattern, and what an excellent Leffon, 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 ufe the Expression) to the Sun of Rightcoufnefs. Let our Paflions rife and fall, take this Courfe or that, as his Word determines, as his holy Example guides. Let us be fo accommodated both to his commanding and providential Will, as the Afpect of this enamoured Flower is to the fplendid 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 J E S U S ; 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 J E S U S , thy merciful High-Priest, pleading his atoning Blood, and making Intercession for Transgressors. — In every *Prayer* look unto J E S U S , thy prevailing Advocate, recommending thy Devotions, and “ bearing “ the Iniquity of thy holy Things.” — In every Temptation look unto J E S U S , 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 J E S U S 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 χροις αυτο μαραινει.
 Και το ιον καλον εστιν εν εισει, και ταχυ γηρα.
 Λευκον το κεινον εστι, μαραινεται αδικα πιπτη.
 Α δε χιων λευκα, και τακείται αδικα παχθη.
 Και καλλος καλον εστι το παιδικον, αλλ' ολιγον ζη.
Theocr. Idyl. 23.

When *Snows* descend, and robe the Fields
 In Winter's bright Array;
 Touch'd by the Sun, the Lustre 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 Checks ; 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.

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tenance will irradiate, with a matchless Perfection, all their Faculties. Cleansed intirely from every Dreg of Corruption, like some unfullied 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 enchanting 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 fully 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 *ra-vage* 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-
6
umph

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

P ready

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 imperled with Dews. — Welcome, ye refreshing Shades! I feel, I feel, your cheering 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: Infomuch 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 De-*
luge — 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 Sha-
 dow 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 *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 J E S U S, 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 L O R D.

T H E R E 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 wholesome 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 matinae
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,

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that

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 *Basin*, 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 Pencil 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 cheerless Desert, 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 Satisfaction. Weaned from whatever is temporal,

* *Psalms 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 J E H O - V A H, 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.

T H O U

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 Vollics 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 *Lightnings*, 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 Channels, 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-
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vinces;

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 Knowledge! — But I lose,
I lose my Words, in this amazing Theme. —
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his Praise!*

F I N I S.