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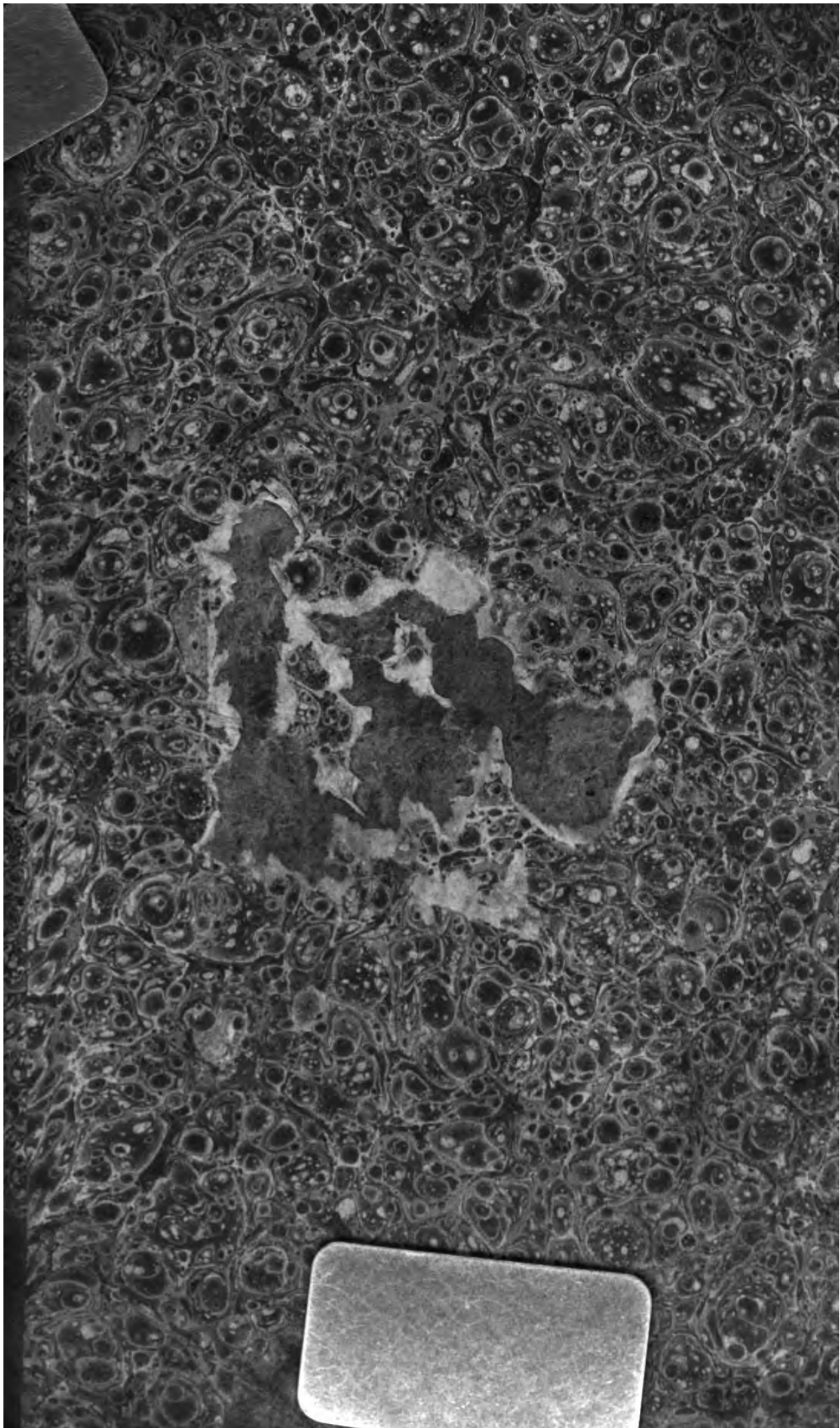
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X To the Bodleian Library,
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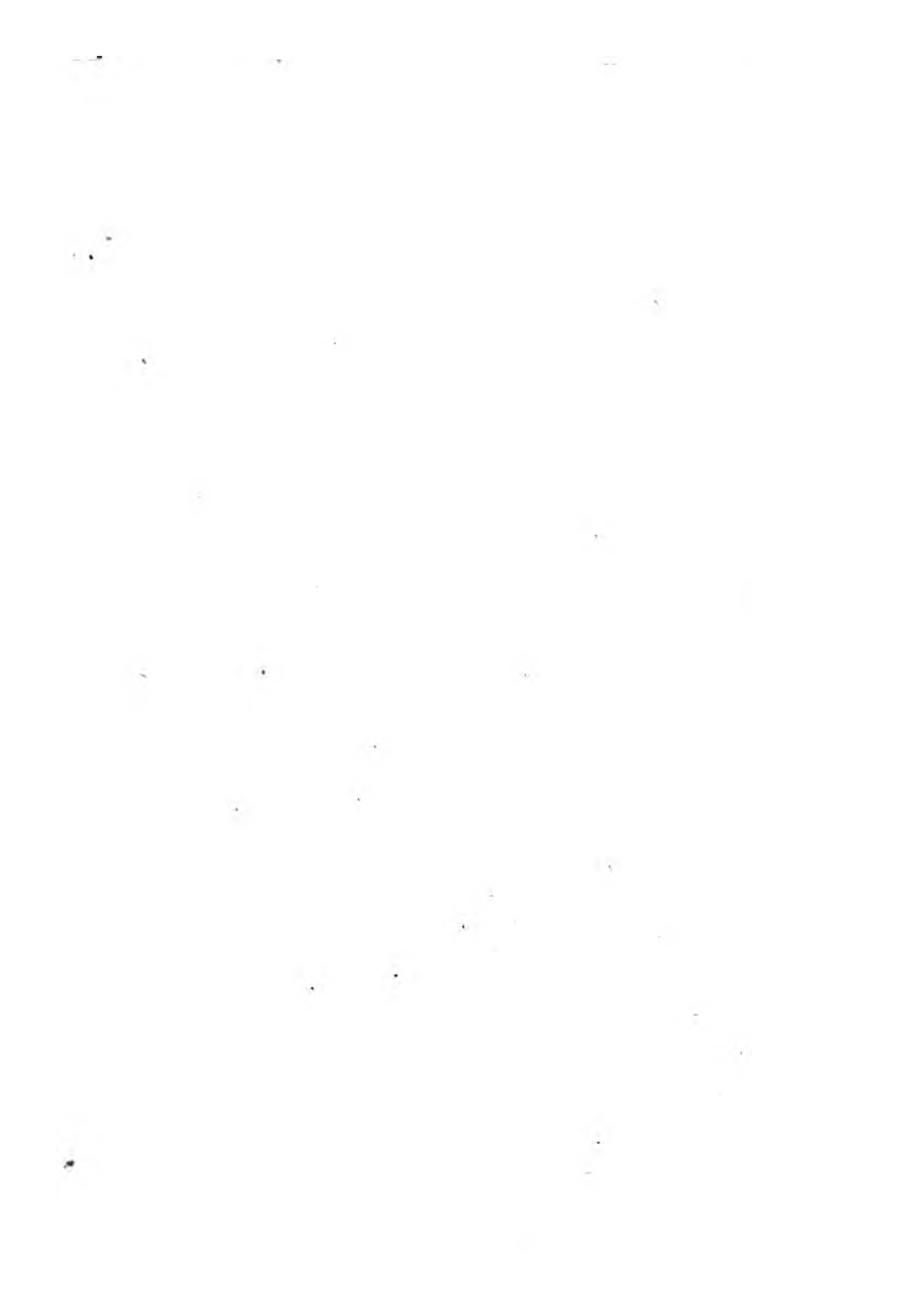
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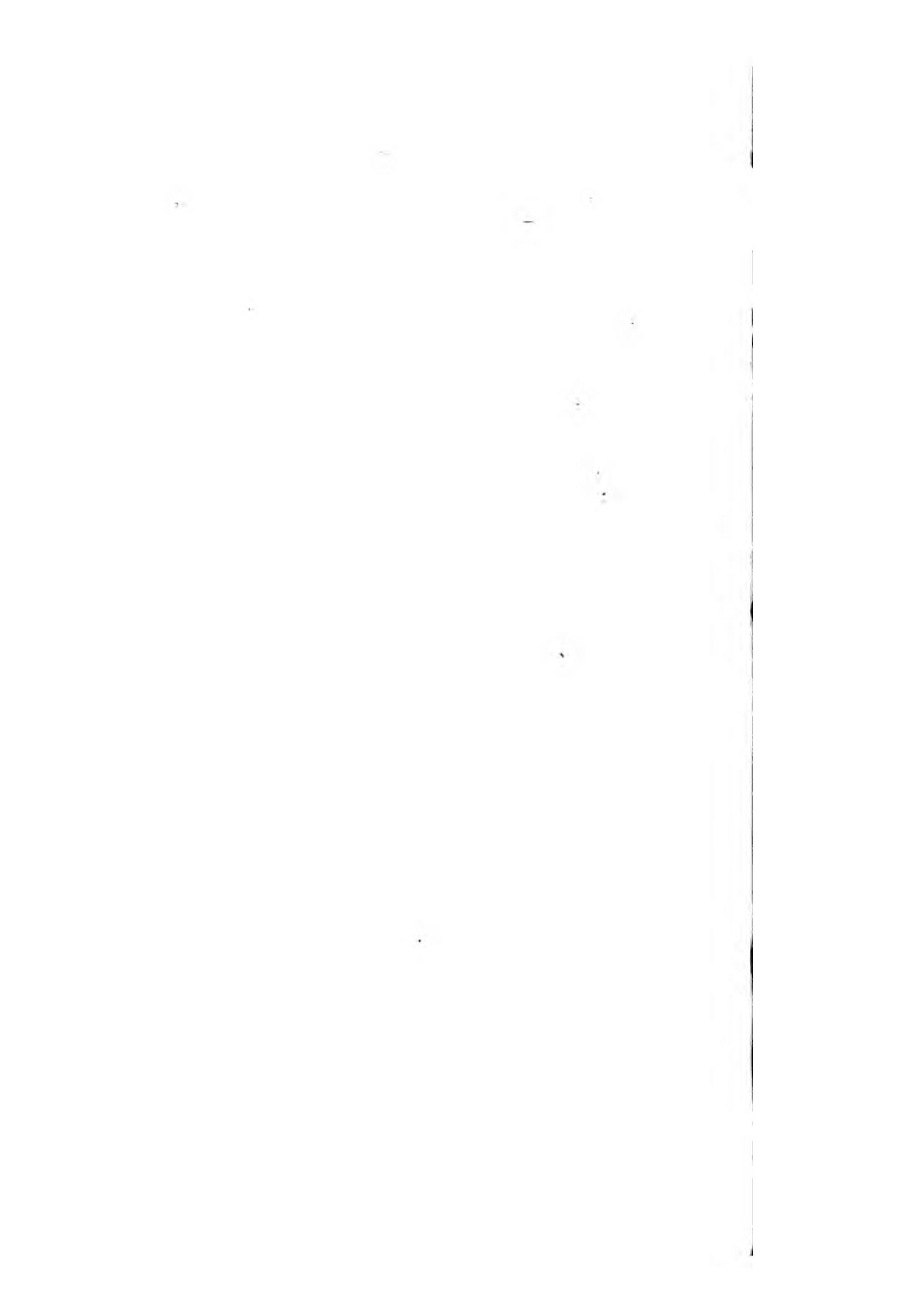
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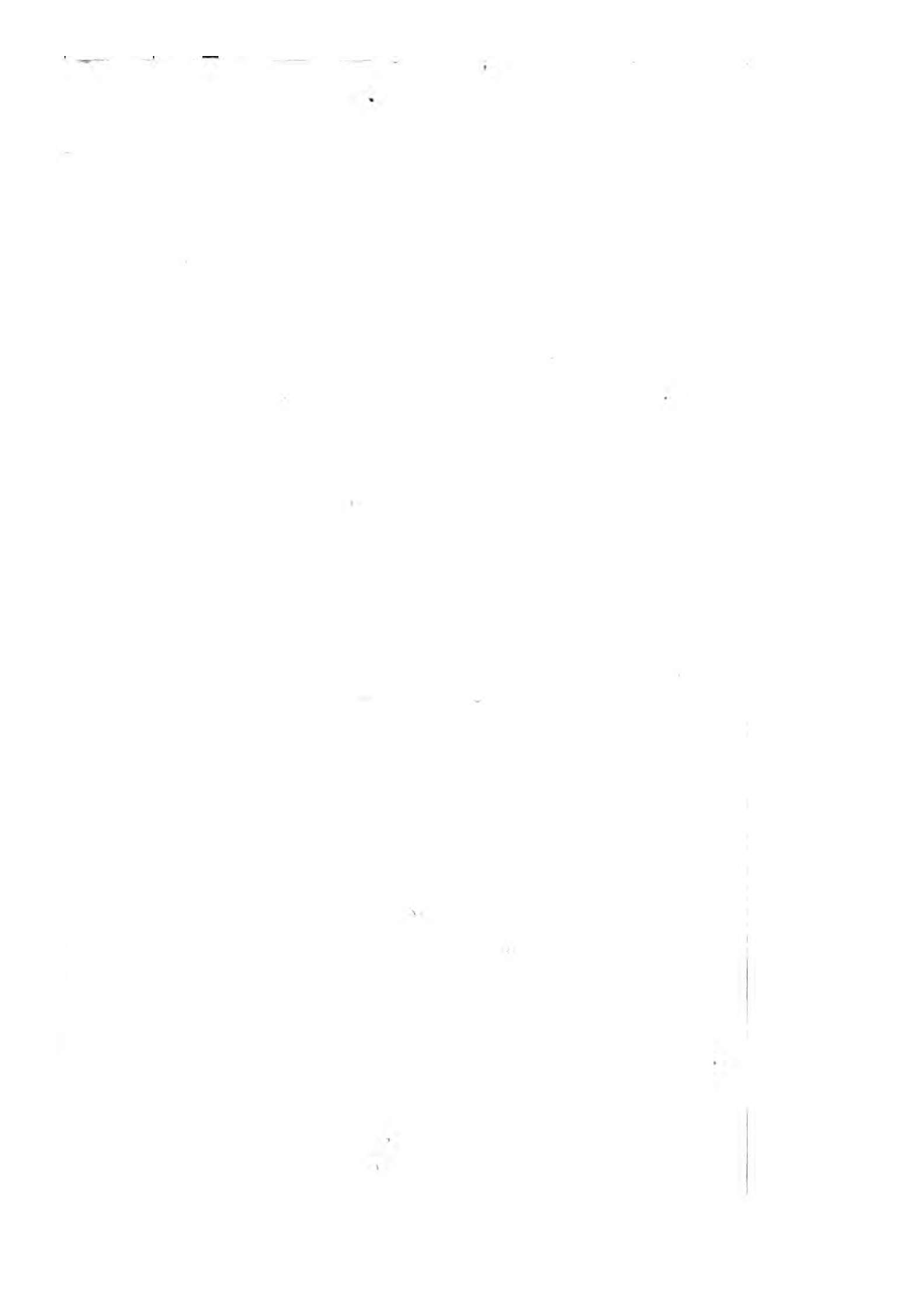


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RELIQUIÆ JUVENILES.

MISCELLANEOUS
THOUGHTS,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

ON

NATURAL, MORAL, AND DIVINE
SUBJECTS;

WRITTEN CHIEFLY IN YOUNGER YEARS.

By I. WATTS, D. D.

Et jucunda simul & idonea dicere Vitæ. HOR.

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. BUCKLAND; T. LONGMAN;
T. FIELD; AND C. DILLY.

M,DCC,LXXXIX.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
Countess of HERTFORD.

I Beg leave, MADAM, to flatter myself, that the same condescension and goodness, which has admitted several of these pieces into your closet in manuscript, will permit them all to make this public appearance before you. Your Ladyship's known character and taste for every thing that is pious and polite, give an honourable sanction to those writings which stand recommended by your name and approbation: it is no wonder then that these ESSAYS should seek the favour of such a patronage.

Though the author professes himself much a stranger to the great and splendid part of mankind, yet since your Ladyship was pleased to indulge him a share in the honours of your friendship, he cannot but take pleasure to have been a witness of those virtues, whereby you bear up the dignity of our holy religion, and the blessed gospel, amidst all the tempting grandeurs of this world, and in an age of growing infidelity. He acknowledges it a part of his felicity, that he has had an opportunity to learn how happily the

leisure which you borrow from the magnificence and ceremonies of a court, is employed in devout contemplations, in the study of virtue, and among the writings of the best poets in our own, or in foreign languages, so far as they are chaste and innocent.

But it is no easy task, as a late ingenious pen* has expressed it, *to speak the many nameless graces and native riches of the mind, capable so much at once to relish solitude, and adorn society.*

May such a valuable life be drawn out to an uncommon length, as the richest blessings to your noble family! May you shine long in your exalted station, an illustrious pattern of such goodness as may command reverence and imitation among those who stand round you, in higher or lower life! And when your spirit shall take its flight to superior regions, and that blissful world, whither your meditation and your hope have often raised you, may the court of GREAT BRITAIN never want successors, in your honourable house, to adorn and support it. In the sincerity of these wishes, I take leave to subscribe myself,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's most Obedient

Humble Servant,

I. WATTS.

* Mr. THOMSON, in the dedication of his poem on the Spring.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

AS every Man has some amusements for an hour of leisure, I have chosen Mathematical Science, Philosophy, and Poesy, for mine; and the fruits of some of those hours have been communicated to the world. I acknowledge my obligation to the present age, which has given a favourable acceptance to the Lyric Poems, printed in my youth; the plain Rudiments of Geography and Astronomy; and the Treatise of Logic, published some years ago; and to those scattered Essays of Philosophy which I put together last year. These gleanings of Verse, and occasional Thoughts on Miscellaneous Subjects, which have been growing under my hands for thirty years, are now collected for a present to the public, under the encouragement it has given me to expect the same candour.

That the composition of verse is not beneath the dignity even of sublime and sacred characters, appears in the example of *David* the prophet and the king; to which, if I should add *Moses* and *Salomon*, it would still strengthen the argument, and support the honour of this art. And how far poesy has been made serviceable to the temple, and the interest of religion, has been set in a sufficient light by several pens; nor need I repeat here what is written, in the preface to my book of Poems, on that subject. But I must confess it needs some apology, that when I had told the world twenty-five years ago, that I expected the future part of my life would be free from the service of the Muse, I

should now discover my weakness, and let the world know that I have not been able to maintain my purpose.

It is true, indeed, some of these copies were written before that time, yet a good part of them must date their existence since; for, where nature has any strong propensity, even from our infant-life, it will awake and shew itself on many occasions, though it has been often and sincerely resisted, and subdued, and laid to sleep. And as I have found my thoughts many a time carried away into four or five lines of verse ere I was aware, and sometimes in opposition to my will, so I confess I have now and then indulged it for an hour or two, as an innocent and grateful diversion from more severe studies. In this view I offer it to my friends; and, among the many pieces herein contained, I hope there are some which will give them an agreeable amusement, and perhaps some elevation of thought towards the things of Heaven.—But, in order to taste any degree of pleasure, or reap any profit by reading, I must intreat them sincerely to seek the entertainment of their hearts, as in the conversation of a friend; and not to hunt after the painful and awkward joys of sour criticism, which is ever busy in seeking out something to disgust itself.

I make no pretences to the name of a poet, or a polite writer, in an age wherein so many superior souls shine in their works through this nation. Could I display the excellencies of virtue and Christian piety, in the various forms and appearances of it; with all the beauty and glory in which Mr. *Pope* has set the Kingdom of the Messiah, by his well-mingled imitations of *Isaiab* and *Virgil*; could I paint nature, and the animated wonders of it, in such strong and lively colours as Dr. *Young* has done; could I describe its lovely and dreadful scenes, in lines of such sweetness and terror,

as

as he has described them in his paraphrase on part of the book of *Job*; I should have a better ground for a pretence to appear among the writers of verse, and do more service to the world. Could I imitate those admirable representations of human nature and passion, which that ingenious pen has given us, who wrote the late volumes of *Epistles from the Dead to the Living*, and *Letters Moral and Entertaining*, I should then hope for happier success in my endeavours to provide innocent and improving diversions for polite youth. But since I can boast of little more than an inclination and a wish that way, I must commit the provision of these amusements to such celebrated authors as I have now mentioned, and to the rising geniuses of the age: And may the honour of poetry be retrieved by them, from the scandal which has been cast upon it, by the abuse of verse to loose and profane purposes.

If there are many of these pieces which may seem to carry in them something too youthful and trivial, I entreat my friends to remember, it is a collection of such compositions of this kind, from my early years, as I have found among my papers; and if I had never published them myself, I fear it would have been done some time or other, by persons into whose hands they might have been dispersed; and then the many mingled blunders, which always arise from frequent transcriptions, would have utterly disgusted the reader, as well as brought a double disgrace upon the writer.

It is impossible for the nicest and most correct pen to avoid the offence of those readers who carry an excess of delicacy always about them, much less do I expect it here: nor is it within the power of any man who writes, to escape the censure of those whose minds are so full of vile and uncleanly images, that they will impose their own dishonest and impure ideas upon words of the most distant and innocent sound. Every
low

low and malicious wit may turn even sacred language to wicked and abominable purposes, and clap a set of perverse ideas on the purest diction.—Where neither a *David* nor a *Paul*, neither prophets nor evangelists are safe, no human writer should expect an exemption; but the crime is still in him that construes, not in him that writes. If *Oleo* finds an ill favour in every place where he comes, I suspect that he has some foul ulcer about him; and when I hear *Flavinus* tell me, on a snowy day, that the ground looks yellow, I may venture to pronounce that *Flavinus* has the jaundice.

As for the characters which are found here in some of the *Essays*, I profess solemnly there is not one of the vicious or foolish kind that is designed to represent any particular person. I never thought it proper to have mankind treated in that manner, unless upon some very peculiar and extraordinary occasions, and then I would leave the unpleasing work to other hands.—It has been the aim and design of my life, in my hours of leisure, as well as in my seasons of business, to do what service I could to my fellow-creatures, without giving offence. I would not willingly create needless pain or uneasiness to the most despicable figure amongst mankind. There are vexations enough distributed amongst the beings of my species, without my adding to the heap: And yet I confess I have often attempted to hit the sore part in general; but it was with this sincere intent, that the wise and thoughtful, whosoever they are, may feel their disease, and be healed.—My readers may be assured therefore, that though the vices and the follies, which are here displayed, may appear to be as just and sincere a representation, as if they were all borrowed from life, yet they are not features enough to describe any person living. When a reflecting glass shews the deformities of a face so plain as to point to the person, he will sooner be tempted to break
the

the glass, than to reform his blemishes: But if I can find any error of my own happily described, in some general character, I am then awakened to reform it in silence, without the public notice of the world; and the moral writer attains his noblest end.

My particular friends, to whom I have sent any of these pieces, will generally be pleased to read them in print, and addressed to a feigned name, rather than their own: this I found the safest way to avoid offence on all hands; and therefore I have not mentioned one proper name here, but what was in print before.

In the disposition of these pieces, I pretend to no order, but only aimed to diversify every sheet of the collection with verse and prose. In a nosegay, or a flower-piece, no man expects an exact regularity of situation among the parts that compose it: it is sufficient if the colours and fragrance entertain the senses with a grateful confusion.

I presume nobody will expect, in such a book, an entrance into deep arguments, upon difficult subjects of any kind whatsoever. The design is to please and profit every gentle reader, without giving any pain and fatigue to the mind. If any thing here written may induce strangers to take up so good an opinion of the writer as to peruse any of his other works, it is his hearty desire and prayer, that they find abundant compensation in their own improvements in knowledge, virtue, or piety, and may thereby grow fitter for the heavenly world; to which important and happy end all our labours here on earth should conspire, and even our amusements, whether we read or write. *Amen.*

NEWINGTON, }
March 25 1734. }

I. W.

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Aug 13 72 to Jan 1, 73

MISCELLANEOUS
THOUGHTS,
I N
PROSE and VERSE.

I. SEARCHING AFTER GOD.

SINCE we find in ourselves, that we think and reason, we fear and hope, and, by an act of our will, we can put this body of ours into various forms of motion, we may boldly pronounce that *we are*, and that *we live*; for we are conscious of active power, and life, and being.

But where is the hand that made us, and that gave us this life and this power? We know that we did not make ourselves in time past, because we cannot promise ourselves a minute of time to come: We feel no power within to preserve ourselves a moment, nor to rescue or withhold this being or this life of ours from the sudden demands of death.

B

2 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

It is evident yet farther, that we did not give ourselves these wondrous properties and powers which we possess; for, though we are sensible of many deficiencies and imperfections, yet neither the most perfect, nor the most defective amongst us, can add to our *present self* the least new power or property. While we are all surrounded with wants, which we cannot supply, and exposed to death, which we cannot avoid, it is a ridiculous pretence to be our own makers.

We conclude then with assurance, that we are the work of some more powerful and superior hand; but how we came first into being, we know not: the manner of our original existence is hid from us in darkness: we are neither conscious of our creation, nor of the power which created us. He made us, but he hid himself from our eyes and ears, and all the searches of sense. He has sent us to dwell in this visible world, amidst an endless variety of images, figures, and colours, which force themselves upon our senses; but he for ever disclaims all image, colour, and figure himself. He hath set us, who are inferior spirits, this task in these regions of mortal flesh, to search and *feel after him, if haply we may find* the supreme, the infinite, and eternal Spirit. *We are near a-kin to him, even his own offspring,* but we see not our Father's face; nor can all the powers of our nature come at the knowledge of him that made us, but by the labours and inferences of our reason. We toil and work backward to find our Creator: from our present existence we trace out his eternity; and, through the chain of a thousand visible effects, we search out the first, the invisible, and almighty Cause.

For the most part, indeed, we are so amused and engrossed by the things of sense, that we forget our Maker, and are thoughtless of him that gave us being: or, if we seek and follow after him, it is on a cold

cold scent, and with lazy enquiries; and when we fancy we perceive something of him, it is at a distance, and in a dusky twilight. We spy some faint beams, some glimmerings of his glory breaking through the works of his hands; but he himself stands behind the veil, and does not shew himself in open light to the sons and daughters of mortality. Happy creatures, if we could make our way so near him as to behold the lovely and adorable beauties of his nature; if we could place our souls so directly under his kindest influences, as to feel ourselves adore him in the most profound humility, and love him with most sublime affection!

MY GOD, I love and I adore;
 But souls that love would know thee more.
 Wilt thou for ever hide, and stand
 Behind the labours of thy hand?
 Thy hand unseen sustains the poles;
 On which this huge creation rolls:
 The starry arch proclaims thy power,
 Thy pencil glows in every flower:
 In thousand shapes and colours rise
 Thy painted wonders to our eyes;
 While beasts and birds with lab'ring throats,
 Teach us a GOD in thousand notes.
 The meanest pin in nature's frame,
 Marks out some letter of thy name.
 Where sense can reach or fancy rove,
 From hill to hill, from field to grove,
 Across the waves, around the sky,
 There's not a spot, or deep, or high,
 Where the Creator has not trod,
 And left the footstep of a GOD.

But are his footsteps all that we,
 Poor grovelling worms, must know or see?

4 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

Thou Maker of my vital frame,
 Unveil thy face, pronounce thy name,
 Shine to my sight, and let the ear
 Which thou hast form'd, the language hear.
 Where is thy residence? Oh! why
 Dost thou avoid my searching eye,
 My longing sense? Thou Great Unknown,
 Say, do the clouds conceal thy throne?
 Divide, ye clouds, and let me see
 The Power that gives me leave to be.

Or, art thou all diffus'd abroad
 Through boundless space, a present God,
 Unseen, unheard, yet ever near!
 What shall I do to find thee here?
 Is there not some mysterious art
 To feel thy presence at my heart!
 To hear thy whispers soft and kind,
 In holy silence of the mind?
 Then rest my thoughts; nor longer roam
 In quest of joy, for Heaven's at home.

But, oh! thy beams of warmest love;
 Sure they were made for worlds above.
 How shall my soul her powers extend,
 Beyond where time and nature end,
 To reach those heights, thy best abode,
 And meet thy kindest smiles, my God?
 What shall I do? I wait thy call;
 Pronounce the word, my life, my all.
 Oh, for a wing to bear me far
 Beyond the golden morning-star!
 Fain would I trace th' immortal way,
 That leads to courts of endless day,
 Where the Creator stands confess'd,
 In his own fairest glories dress'd.
 Some shining spirit help me rise,
 Come waft a stranger through the skies;

Bless'd

Bless'd JESUS, meet me on the road,
 First offspring of th' Eternal GOD,
 Thy hand shall lead a younger son,
 Clothe me with vestures yet unknown,
 And place me near my Father's throne.

II. ROMAN IDOLATRY.

IT has been an old temptation to mankind, almost ever since human nature was made, that we desire to find out something just like GOD. Hence arose a great part of the Idolatry of ancient ages, and of almost all the *Heathen* world: hence the skilful and impious labours of the Statuary and the Painter: hence all the gaudy glittering images, and all the monstrous shapes that possess and inhabit the temples of the *Gentiles*. They were all designed to represent the shining glories, or the active powers of Divinity. The fruitful brain of the Poet and the Priest have yet farther multiplied the images of the Godhead, to make it appear like something which we can feel, hear, or see. But, *to whom shall we liken God? with what likeness will ye compare me? saith the holy One of Israel; Isa. xl. 18, 25.* He is, and will be for ever, the *Great Inimitable*, and the *Infinite Unknown*.

And yet this folly has not spent itself all in the *Heathen* world. The *Jewish* nation was often fond of Idols, and they would more than once have the figure of Divinity among them; though the wilderness of *Sinai* in the days of *Moses*, and the tents of *Dan* and *Bethel* in *Jeroboam's* reign, can bear witness that it looked much more like a calf than a God. *Israel* too often fell in with the rest of the nations,

6 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

and *changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.*

The Christian world indeed has much clearer light, and nobler discoveries of the invisible nature of GOD; and yet how has the *Romish* church fallen into gross idolatry, and, in this respect, with profane attempt they have painted all the blessed Trinity! Whatsoever pretence they may derive from the human nature of the Son of GOD, or from the dove-like appearance of the Holy Spirit, to draw the figures of a dove or a man, as a memorial of those sacred condescensions; yet I know no sufficient warrant they can have to fly in the very face of divine prohibition, and to paint and carve the figure of GOD the Father like an old man, when he never appeared among men in any bodily forms; and our Lord Jesus himself says of him, *Ye have neither heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape,* John v. 37.

But this *Popish* church descends yet to meaner idolatry; and because Christ, who is *God manifest in the flesh*, represents himself, in a metaphor, as *the bread of life*, to support and nourish our souls, therefore they turn their Saviour into a real piece of bread: they make a God of dough, and they devour and they worship the work of the baker. O sottish religion, and stupid professors! Could we ever have imagined, that such an absurd superstition, that gives the lie grossly to sense and reason at once, should ever find room in the belief of man, in spite of all his sensible and his rational powers? Could one have imagined, I say, that such a glaring falshood, that shocks at once our intellectual and our animal faculties, should be lodged and fostered in the bosom and heart of the sons of *Adam*? But experience here exceeds imagination.

nation. What a shameful reproach and scandal is it to human nature, that a *faith with so much nonsense in it*, should overspread whole nations, and triumph over the largest part of the knowing and refined world! But every dawning day-light is a witness of these national idolatries, these scandals to mankind, and all their intellectual glory. Every sun that sets or rises in some part or other of the earth, beholds multitudes of fools and philosophers, ploughmen and princes, acknowledging the breaden God, bending the knee to the wafer cake, and bowing towards the sacred repository of the kneaded idol.

It was the first ambition and iniquity of man to affect a forbidden *likeness to God*; there is insolence added to the ambition, when we bring down GOD to our level, and make him a *man*, like ourselves: But when we sink the Deity beneath our own nature, when we make a mere *animal* or *vegetable* of him, and turn him into a bit of senseless *paste*, the madness of this impiety must for ever want a name.

III. To DORIO. *The first Lyric Hour.*

THERE is a line or two that seem to carry in them, I know not what softness and beauty, in the beginning of that ode of *Casimire*, where he describes his first attempts on the harp, and his commencing a lyric poet.

*Albis dormit in Rosis
Liliisque jacens et violis Dies,
Primæ cui potui vigil
Sonnium Pieriâ rumpere Barbita,
Curæ dum vacuus Puer*

8 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

Formosi legerem littora Narviae.

Ex illo mihi posteri

Florent sole dies, &c.

I have tried to imitate these lines, but I cannot form them into English Lyrics: I have released myself from the fetters of rhyme, yet I cannot gain my own approbation. I have given my thoughts a further loose, and spread the sense abroad; but I fear there is something of the spirit evaporates: and though the elegant idea perhaps does not entirely escape, yet I could wish for a happier expression of it. Such as it is, receive it, *Dorio*, with your usual candor, correct the deficiencies and restore the elegance of the *Poliss* poet, to these six or seven lines, wherein I have attempted an imitation.

"Twas an unclouded sky: The day-star sat
On highest noon: No breezes fann'd the grove,
Nor the musicians of the air pursu'd
Their artless warblings; while the sultry day
Lay all diffus'd and slumb'ring on the bosom
Of the white lily, the perfum'd jonquil,
And lovely blushing rose. Then first my harp,
Labouring with childish innocence and joy,
Broke silence, and awoke the smiling hour
With infant notes, saluting the fair skies,
(Heaven's highest work) the fair enamell'd meads,
And tall green shades along the winding banks
Of *Avon* gently flowing. Thence my days
Commenc'd harmonious; there began my skill
To vanquish care by the sweet-sounding string.

Hail happy hour, O blest remembrance, hail!
And banish woes for ever. Harps were made
For Heaven's beatitudes: There *Jesse's* Son
Tunes his bold lyre with majesty of sound,

To

To the creating and all-ruling power
 Not unattentive : while ten thousand tongues
 Of hymning seraphs and disembodied saints,
 Echo the joys and graces round the hills
 Of Paradise, and spread MESSIAH'S name,
 Transporting bliss ! Make haste, ye rolling spheres,
 Ye circling suns, ye winged minutes, haste,
 Fulfil my destin'd period here, and raise
 The meanest son of harmony to join
 In that celestial concert.

IV. THE HEBREW POET.

This Ode represents the Difficulty of a just Translation of the Psalms of DAVID, in all their Hebrew Glory ; with an Apology for the Imitation of them in Christian Language.

[The first hint borrowed from *Cajimire, Jessæ quisquis, &c.* Book iv. Ode 7.]

I.

SHEW me the man that dares and sings
 Great David's verse to *British* strings :
 Sublime attempt ! but bold and vain
 As building *Babel's* tower again.

II.

The Bard * that climb'd to *Cooper's-Hill*,
 Reaching at *Zion*, sham'd his skill,

And

* Sir *John Denham*, who gained great reputation by his poem, called *Cooper's-Hill*, failed in his translation of the Psalms of *David*.

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And bids the sons of *Albion* own,
That *Judab's* Psalmist reigns alone.

III.

Blest Poet! now, like gentle *Thames*,
He sooths our ears with silver streams:
Like his own *Jordan*, now he rolls,
And sweeps away our captive souls.

IV.

Softly the tuneful shepherd leads
The *Hebrew* flocks to flow'ry meads:
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

V.

Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along:
He jars; and, lo! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

VI.

When kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre:
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets th' thunderer in arms.

VII.

Behold the God! th' almighty King
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing:
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

VIII.

Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse:
Earth trembles; and her mountains flow,
At his approach, like melting snow.

IX.

But who these frowns of wrath can draw,
That strike heav'n, earth, and hell, with awe?
Red

Red lightning from his eye-lids broke ;
His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

X.

He spake ; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed :
While the great master strikes his lyre,
You see the frightened floods retire :

XI.

In heaps the frightened billows stand,
Waiting the changes of his hand :
He leads his *Israel* through the sea,
And watry mountains guard their way.

XII.

Turning his hand with sovereign sweep,
He drowns all *Egypt* in the deep :
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Through desarts to the promis'd land.

XIII.

Here camps with wide embattel'd force ;
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course :
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
The harp lies strow'd with ruin'd walls.

XIV.

See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And moves down nations with their kings :
From every chord his bolts are hurl'd,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

XV.

Lo ! the great Poet shifts the scene ;
And shews the face of God serene :
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation ride,
With guards of justice, at his side.

XVI.

No meaner muse could weave the light,
To form his robes divinely bright ;

12 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

Or frame a crown of stars to shine
With beams for Majesty divine.

XVII.

Now in prophetic light he sees
Ages to come, and dark degrees :
He brings the Prince of glory down,
Stript of his robe and starry crown.

XVIII.

See *Jews* and *Heathens* fir'd with rage ;
See, their combining powers engage
Against th' Anointed of the LORD,
The Man whom angels late ador'd ;

XIX.

GOD'S only SON : Behold, he dies !
Surprising grief ! The groans arise !
The lyre complains on every string,
And mourns the murder of her King.

XX.

But Heaven's Anointed must not dwell
In death : the vanquish'd powers of hell
Yield to the harp's diviner lay ;
The grave resigns th' illustrious prey.

XXI.

MESSIAH lives ! MESSIAH reigns !
The song surmounts the airy plains,
T' attend her LORD with joys unknown,
And bear the Victor to his throne.

XXII.

Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the Lord of glory nigh :
Eternal doors, your leaves display,
To make the Lord of glory way.

XXIII.

What mortal bard has skill or force
To paint these scenes, to tread this course,

OF

Or furnish through th' ethereal road
A triumph for a rising God ?

XXIV.

Astonish'd at so vast a flight
Through flaming worlds and floods of light,
My muse her awful distance keeps,
Still following, but with trembling steps.

XXV.

She bids her humble verse explain
The *Hebrew* harp's sublimer strain ;
Points to her Saviour still, and shows
What course the Sun of Glory goes.

XXVI.

Here he ascends behind a cloud
Of incense *, there he sets in blood † ;
She reads his labours and his names
In spicy smoke †, and bleeding lambs †.

XXVII.

Rich are the graces which she draws
From types, and shades, and *Jewish* laws ;
With thousand glories long foretold
To turn the future age to gold.

XXVIII.

Grace is her theme, and joy, and love :
Descend, ye blessings, from above,
And crown my song. Eternal God,
Forgive the muse that dreads thy rod.

XXIX.

Silent, she hears thy vengeance roll,
That crushes mortals to the soul,
Nor dares assume the bolt, nor sheds
Th' immortal curses on their heads.

Yet

* *Christ's* Intercession.

† His Sacrifice.

XXX.

Yet since her God is still the same,
 And *David's* Son is all her theme,
 She begs some humble place to sing
 In concert with *Judea's* King.

V. THE THANKFUL PHILOSOPHER.

AMONG all the useful and entertaining studies of philosophy, there is none so worthy of man as the science of human nature. There is none that furnishes us with more wonders of divine wisdom, or gives higher occasion to adore divine goodness. *Charistus*, a gentleman of great piety and worth, has spent many an hour upon this delightful theme. In the midst of his meditations one day, he was debating thus with himself, and enquiring what sort of being he was.

Now I stand, said he, now I lie down; I rise again and walk, I eat, drink, and sleep; my pulse beats, and I draw the breath of life: surely I have the parts and powers of an *animal*; I am a living body of flesh and blood, a wonderful engine, with many varieties of motion. But let me consider also what other actions I perform.

I think, I meditate and contrive; I compare things and judge of them; now I doubt, and then I believe; I will what I act, and sometimes wish what I cannot act: I desire and hope for what I have not, as well as am conscious of what I have, and rejoice in it: I look backward, and survey ages past, and I look forward into what is to come: surely I must be a spirit, a thinking power, a soul, something very distinct

ting from this machine of matter with all its shapes and motions.

Mere *matter*, put into all possible motion, can never think, reason, and contrive; can never hope and wish, as I do, and survey distant times, the past and future: yet it is as impossible also that a *mind*, a *soul*, should walk or lie down, should eat or drink; but I feel, I know; I am assured I do all these. I perform some actions that cannot belong to a spirit, and some that flesh and blood can never pretend to.

What am I then? What strange kind of being is this, which is conscious of all these different agencies, both of matter and spirit? What sort of thing can I be, who seem to think and reason in my head, who feel and am conscious of pain or ease, not at my heart only, but at my toes and fingers too? I conclude then, I can be nothing else but a *compounded creature*, made up of these two distinct beings, *spirit* and *matter*; or, as we usually express it, *soul* and *body*.

It is very plain also to me, upon a small inquiry, that this body and this soul did not make themselves, nor one another. But, did not I myself join these two different natures together when they were made? Did not my soul take this body into union with itself? By no means: for the first moment that I knew any thing of myself, I found the powers of thought working in animal nature; that is, I found myself such a *compound being* as I now am: I had no more hand in the union of these two principles, or in the composition of myself, than I had in the making of those two distinct beings of which I am compounded: It was God only, that great God who created both parts of me, the *animal* and the *mind*, who also joined them together in so strange an union; and if I were to enter into the mysteries of this union, it would
open

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open a wide and various scene of amazement at his unsearchable wisdom.

But let me examine a little: was there no ancient and early kindred between this particular *spirit* and this *flesh* of mine, this mind and this animal? Is there no original relation, no essential harmony and special congruity between my body and my soul, that should make their union necessary? None at all that I can find, either by my sense or reflection, my reason or experience. These two beings have dwelt above thirty years together, strangely united into one, and yet I have never been able to trace any one instance of previous kindred between them. This mind might have been paired with any other human body; or this body with any other mind. I can find nothing but the sovereign will of GOD that joined this mind and this animal body together, and made the wondrous compound: it was he ordained me to be what I am, in all the circumstances of my nativity.

See'st thou, O my soul, that unhappy cripple lying at thy neighbour's door, that poor mis-shapen piece of human nature? Mark, how useless are his limbs! he can neither support nor feed himself. Look over against him, there sits one that was blind from his birth, and begs his bread. If thou hadst been originally united to either of these pieces of flesh and blood, then hadst thou been that poor cripple, or that very blind beggar.

Yonder lies a piteous spectacle, a poor infant that came into the world but three months ago, its flesh covered with ulcers, and its bones putrifying with its father's sins: I hear its whining cries, and long piteous wailings; its bitter groans touch my heart, and awaken all my tenderness: Let me stand and reflect a little. Surely I had been that wretched thing, that
little,

little, pining, perishing infant, and all those pains and agonies had been mine, if GOD had reserved my soul in his secret counsels till a few months ago, and then confined it to that unhappy mansion of diseased and dying flesh.

Once more let my eyes affect my heart. What a strange awkward creature do I see there! The form of it has been as the form of a man, but its motions seem to be more irregular, and the animal more senseless than a very beast: yet they tell me, it is almost forty years old. It might have been by this time a statesman, a philosopher, a general of an army, or a learned divine; but reason could never act nor shew itself in that disordered engine. The tender brain was ruffled, perhaps, and the parts of it disturbed in the very embryo, or perhaps it was shaken with convulsions when it first saw the light; but the place of its birth was the same with mine, and the neighbours say, it was born the next door to me. How miserable had I been, if, when that body was prepared, my soul had received order to go but one door farther, to fix its mortal dwelling there, and to manage that poor disabled machine! And if the spirit also that resides there had been united to my flesh, it had been a sad exchange for me: that idiot had been all that I was by nature, and I had been that idiot.

My meditations may rove farther abroad, may survey past ages and distant nations, and by the powers of fancy, I may set myself in the midst of them.

Had this spirit of mine been joined to a body formed in *Lapland* or *Malabar*, I had worshipped the images of *Thor* or *Bramma*; and perhaps I had been a *Lapland* wizard with a conjuring drum, or a *Malabarian* priest, to wear out my life in ridiculous *Eastern* ceremonies.

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Had my soul been formed and united to a *British* body fifteen hundred years ago, I had been a painted *Briton*, a rude idolater, as well as my fathers; a superstitious *Druid* had been my highest character, and I should have paid my absurd devotions to some fancied deity, in a huge hollow oak, and lived and died in utter ignorance of the true GOD, and of JESUS my Saviour. Or had my spirit been sent to *Turkey*, *Mahomet* had been my prophet, and the ridiculous stories of the *Koran* had been all my hope of eternal life.

If *Gnatho* the flatterer stood by, I know what he would say, for he has told me already, that as my stature is tall and manly, so my genius is too sublime and bright to be buried under those clouds of darkness. Last week he practised upon my vanity, so far as to say, "*Charistus* has a soul and reason, which would have led him to the knowledge of the true GOD, if he had been born in the wilds of *America*, and had for his father a savage *Iroquois*, or his ancestors had been all *Naraganset* Indians." But I gave him a just and sharp reproof for his want of sense, as well as for his flattery.

Fond foolish man, to imagine there are no geniuses which outshine me in the wild and barbarous world, no bright and sublime intellects, but those which are appointed to act their part in the nations of *Europe*! Good sense and natural smartness are scattered among most of the nations of mankind. There are ingenious *Africans*, *American* wits, Philosophers and Poets in *Malabar*; there are both the sprightly and the stupid, the foolish and the wise, on this and on the other side of the great *Atlantic* ocean: but the brighter powers of nature cannot exert themselves and shine in the same glory, when the affairs and circumstances all
around.

around them are mean, and low, and despicable; when their life, and time, and all their powers from their very infancy are employed in providing a sorry sustenance for the body, and supplying the importunate appetites of nature.

Had I the largest share of natural understanding and sprightliness, far beyond what my friends can imagine, all the advantage of it would have been, that perhaps I had shaped a nicer bow, or set the feathers on an arrow for swifter flight than my neighbour: perhaps I might have sooner hit the flying partridge, and laid a surer trap for a wild goose or a pigeon; I had learned to outwit the brutal creation with more success; egregious victory and triumph! Or if I had employed my best spirits and vigour in the affairs of my religion, I might have danced in more antic postures round some sacred bonfire, and contrived some new superstitions, or perhaps authorized some new gods or goddesses; or might have howled among my fellows with more hideous airs than they, and have worshipped the devil with more zeal and activity. Wretched prerogatives of a sprightly nature, left without the beams of illuminating grace!

To thee, O my GOD, to thee are due my eternal praises; and to thee will I offer the humblest acknowledgments and songs of highest gratitude. It is thou hast made my compounded nature what it is, in all the comfortable and hopeful attendants of it: thou hast not joined my spirit to the disturbed brain of an idiot, to a crippled carcase, or a piece of rumpled deformity. Thou hast given to my soul a body, with its proper limbs, and organs of sense, capable of activity, converse, and service among the reasonable world. Blessed be my GOD for ever, that he has appointed me to act my part in *Great Britain*, while it is a land of divine light;

light; he has placed my soul in such a dwelling, and with such circumstances among the sons of men, as may, through his grace, prepare it for the company of angels, and for his own blisful presence in the world above.

But has not my spirit been depressed by a sickly constitution, and confined to a feeble engine of flesh, under daily disorders? Have I not sustained many sorrows on this account, and wasted some years among the infirmities of the body, and in painful idleness? Are there not several souls favoured with a more easy habitation, and yoked with a better partner? Are they not accommodated with engines which have more health and vigour, and situated in much more happy circumstances than mine? What then? shall I repine at my lot; and murmur against my Creator, because he has made some hundreds happier than I; while I survey whole nations, and millions of mankind, that have not a thousandth part of my blessings?

I dare not complain, O my God, that I am not one of the few who enjoy the highest pleasures, and the most easy circumstances on earth; but I have infinite reason to adore thy distinguishing goodness, who hast not suffered me to be one of the miserable millions!

VI. THE PRAISE OF GOD.

WHAT is praise? It is a part of that divine worship which we owe to the power that made us. It is an acknowledgment of the perfections of God, ascribing all excellencies to him, and confessing

feeling all the works of nature and grace to proceed from him. Now, when we apply ourselves to this work, and dress up our notions of a God in magnificence of language, when we furnish them out with shining figures, and pronounce them in sounding words, we fancy ourselves to say great things, and are even charmed with our own forms of praise: but, alas! the highest and best of them, set in a true light, are but the feeble voice of a creature, spreading before the Almighty Being that made him, some of his own low and little ideas, and telling him what he thinks of the great God, and what God has done. When the holy Psalmist would express his honourable thoughts of his Maker, they amount only to this, *Thou art good, and thou doest good*, Psal. cxix. 68. How inconsiderable an offering is this for a God! and yet so condescending is his love, that he looks down, and is well pleased to receive it. Let us meditate on this a little, and learn how utterly unworthy our highest attempts of worship, and our most refined strains of praise, are of divine acceptance.

1. *We can tell God but a very little of what he is, or has done.* How small a portion do we know! and how mean must our praise be! Now, to speak of the worth of another so very poorly and imperfectly, would be an affront among men; yet the great God takes it well at our hands, when we labour to say what we know of his greatness or his goodness. Our brightest ideas of him eclipse his glory, and our highest language sink beneath the dignity of his nature: *God is great, and we know him not*, Job xxxvi. 26. *he is exalted above our praises*, Neh. ix. v.

2. *We can tell God nothing but what he knows much better himself.* It is not to increase his knowledge when we spread our own concerns before him in prayer;

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prayer; for he knows what we are, what is our frame, what are our weakneses and our wants, far better than we ourselves are acquainted with them: much less when we *praise* him, can we presume to know what GOD is, or what he does, or tell him any thing that relates to himself, but what he knew eternally before us, and knows infinitely better than we do; we can add no new ideas to his mind, nor enlarge one of his own ideas.

3. We can only tell GOD what angels and happy souls tell him more of, and in a much better manner; And yet all that angels can say bears no proportion to what GOD is; for if it did, GOD were not infinite. Should a little emmet, that feels the sun-beams lift up its head and say, *O sun, thou art warm*; a creeping insect that knows nothing of the nature, the glory, the wonderful properties, operations, and effects of this prodigious and astonishing world of fire; nothing of its various and admirable motions, real or supposed, nothing of its vast circumference and greatness; yet this despicable emmet, gives praise to the sun much more than we can do to our GOD, much more than angels can do, more than all created nature can do; because there is some proportion between the praises of this creeping worm, and the glories of the sun; they are both finite: but the glories of our GOD are infinite; therefore no created praise bears any proportion. It is only the Godhead that can fulfil its own praises; that voice that built the heavens and the earth can tell what GOD is, and what GOD has done. If he pronounce a word, and create all things by it, it is only that word can pay him sufficient praise.

How far then are our feeble and mean essays of worship from adding any thing to our Maker! A sorry ant gives heat and glory to the sun, by telling it it is warm,

warm, as much as all the acclamations of heaven and earth can add real glory to the blessed God. His essential perfections are incapable of receiving the least grain of addition from all the thoughts and tongues of the intellectual world. His own idea of himself is his noblest praise.

How far are the most exalted praises we pay to God, below the danger of flattery! Flattery exalts a thing beyond its nature and merit; but no fellow-creature would call himself flattered, should we speak of him in so mean terms, and so much below his worth, as we must do when we speak the highest praises of our God that our thoughts can reach to: and yet, Psal. l. 23. *He that offereth praise, glorifies me.* O divine condescension, that a God will esteem our despicable praises some of his glories!

VII. A MEDITATION FOR THE FIRST OF MAY.

WHAT astonishing variety of artifices, what innumerable millions of exquisite works, is the God of nature engaged in every moment! How gloriously are his all-pervading wisdom and power employed in this useful season of the year, this spring of nature! What infinite myriads of vegetable beings is he forming this very moment, in their roots and branches, in their leaves and blossoms, their seeds and fruit! Some indeed begun to discover their bloom amidst the snows of *January*, or under the rough cold blasts of *March*: those flowers are withered and vanished in *April*, and their seeds are now ripening to perfection. Others are shewing themselves this day
in

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in all their blooming pride and beauty; and while they adorn the gardens and meadows, with gay and glowing colours, they promise their fruits in the days of harvest. The whole nation of vegetables is under the divine care and culture; his hand forms them day and night with admirable skill and unceasing operation, according to the natures he first gave them, and produces their buds and foliage, their flowery blossoms, and rich fruit in their appointed months: their progress in life is exceeding swift at this season of the year; and their successive appearances, and sweet changes of raiment are visible almost hourly.

But these creatures are of lower life, and give but feebler displays of the Maker's wisdom. Let us raise our contemplations another story, and survey a nobler theatre of divine wonders. What endless armies of animals is the hand of God moulding and figuring this moment throughout his brutal dominions! What immense flights of little birds are now fermenting in the egg, heaving and growing towards shape and life! What vast flocks of four-footed creatures, what droves of large cattle are now framed in their early embryos, imprisoned in the dark cells of nature! and others perhaps are moving towards liberty, and just preparing to see the light. What unknown myriads of insects in their various cradles and nesting places are now working towards vitality and motion! and thousands of them with their painted wings just beginning to unfurl, and expand themselves into fluttering and day-light; while other families of them have forsaken their husky beds, and exult, and glitter in the warm sun-beams.

An exquisite world of wonders is complicated even in the body of every little insect, an ant, a gnat, a mite, that is scarce visible to the naked eye. Admirable

nable engines! which a whole academy of philosophers could never contrive; which the nation of poets hath neither art nor colours to describe; nor has a world of mechanics skill enough to frame the plainest, or coarsest of them. Their nerves, their muscles, and the minute atoms which compose the fluids fit to run in the little channels of their veins, escape the notice of the most sagacious mathematician, with all his aid of glasses. The active powers and curiosity of human nature are limited in their pursuit, and must be content to lie down in ignorance.—*Hitherto shall ye go, and no further.*

It is a sublime and constant triumph over all the intellectual powers of man, which the great God maintains every moment in these inimitable works of nature, in these impenetrable recesses and mysteries of divine art! And the month of *May* is the most shining season of this triumph. The flags and banners of Almighty Wisdom are now displayed round half the globe, and the other half waits the return of the sun, to spread the same triumph over the Southern world. This very sun in the firmament is God's prime minister in this wondrous world of beings, and he works with sovereign vigour on the surface of the earth, and spreads his influences deep under the clods to every root and fibre, moulding them into their proper forms, by divine direction. There is not a plant, nor a leaf, nor one little branching thread, above, or beneath the ground, that escapes the eye or influence of this beneficent star: an illustrious emblem of the omnipresence and universal activity of the Creator.

But has this all-wise Creator, this supreme Lord of all nature, no intellectual prime minister at all in these his dominions? Has he delegated all his powers to that bulky globe of fire, which we call the sun,

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that

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that inanimate and unthinking mass of matter? Is this huge burning and senseless body commissioned to penetrate every dark cranny of nature, either with its light or heat, and to animate every atom in the vegetable and animal kingdoms; and yet no intellectual being, no spirit so much a-kin to God, as to be favoured with the like extensive vicegerency? Though the light of reason does not tell his name, yet has not revelation informed us? Yes, surely; there is a man after God's own heart, the fairest image of the Creator, and nearest a-kin to him, among all the works of his hands: there is a Man, and his name is Jesus, who holds most intimate and personal union with the Godhead, in whom all divine wisdom dwells bodily, and to his care has the Father committed all the infinite varieties of the vegetable and animal worlds. By him are all these wonders produced in the course of providence, as by an under-agent in the kingdom of nature, Is not the government of heaven and earth put into his hands? Is he not made Lord of principalities and powers, of men, angels, and devils, and of all their works? And can we think that he has been denied the government of the lower parts of his Father's workmanship? Does he not manage all things in the world of grace? Surely then we may infer, he rules as wisely and as spaciouſly in the upper and lower regions of the creation, as an intellectual and conscious instrument of the providence of his Father, God. *My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. I and my Father are one. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing and honour, and glory and power, be to him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.*

VIII.

VIII. DIVINE GOODNESS IN THE CREATION.

THOSE authors have been very entertaining to me, who have taken a survey of the *wisdom of God* in the works of nature; such are the Reverend and pious Mr. Ray, in his treatise on that subject; Mr. Derham, in his two volumes written on that divine theme; and the Archbishop of *Cambray*, in his demonstration of the existence of God. But I do not remember to have read in those authors this one instance of the wide-spreading diffusion of divine goodness, through this lower world, viz. That the most universal and conspicuous appearances, both of the earth and sky, are designed for the convenience, the profit, and pleasure of all the animal creation; all that we see above us, and all beneath us, is suited to our nourishment or to our delight.

What is more necessary for the support of life, than food? Behold the earth is covered with it all around; grass, herbs, and fruits for beasts and men, were ordained to overspread all the surface of the ground, so that an animal could scarce wander any where, but his food was near him. Amazing provision for such an immense family!

What is more joyful than the *light*? Truly *the light is sweet*, says the wisest of men, and a *pleasant thing it is to behold the light of the sun*. See the whole circuit of the heavens is replenished with sun-beams, so that while the day lasts, wheresoever the eye is placed, it is surrounded with this enjoyment: it drinks in the easy and general blessing, and is thereby entertained with all the particular varieties of the creation. It is light conveys to our notice all the riches of the divine workmanship;

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workmanship; without it nature would be a huge and eternal blank, and her infinite beauties for ever unknown.

Again, What are the sweetest *colours* in nature, the most delightful to the eye, and most refreshing too? Surely the *green* and the *blue* claim this pre-eminence. Common experience, as well as philosophy tells us, that bodies of blue and green colours send us such rays of light to our eyes, as are least hurtful or offensive; we can endure them longest; whereas the *red* and the *yellow*, or *orange* colour, send more uneasy rays in abundance, and give greater confusion and pain to the eye; they dazzle it sooner, and tire it quickly with a little intent gazing; therefore the divine Goodness dressed all the heavens in *blue*, and the earth in *green*. Our habitation is overhung with a canopy of most beautiful *azure*, and a rich *verdant* pavement is spread under our feet, that the eye may be pleased and easy where-soever it turns itself, and that the most universal objects it has to converse with might not impair the spirits, and make the sense weary.

I.

When God the new-made world survey'd,
His word pronounc'd the building *good*;
Sun-beams and *light* the heavens array'd,
And the whole earth was crown'd with *food*.

II.

Colours that charm and ease the eye,
His pencil spread all nature round;
With pleasing *blue* he arch'd the sky,
And a *green* carpet dress'd the ground.

III.

Let envious Atheists ne'er complain,
That nature wants, or skill, or care:
But turn their eyes all round in vain,
T' avoid their Maker's goodness there.

IX.

IX. THE SACRED CONCERT OF PRAISE.

I.

COME, pretty birds, fly to this verdant shade,
 Here let our different notes in praise conspire :
 'Twas the same hand your painted pinions spread,
 That form'd my nobler powers to raise his honours
 higher.

II.

Fair songsters, come ; beneath the sacred grove
 We'll sit, and teach the woods our Maker's name :
 Men have forgot his works, his power, his love,
 Forgot the mighty arm that rear'd their wondrous
 frame.

III.

I search the crowded court, the busy street,
 Run through the villages, trace every road :
 In vain I search ; for every heart I meet
 Is laden with the world, and empty of its God.

IV.

How shall I bear with men to spend my days ?
 Dear feather'd innocents, you please me best :
 My God has fram'd your voices for his praise,
 His high designs are answer'd by your tuneful breast.

V.

Sweet warblers, come ; wake all your cheerful tongues,
 We join with angels and their heavenly choirs :
 Our humble airs may imitate their songs,
 Tho' bolder are their notes, and purer are their fires.

VI.

Had I ten thousand hearts, my God, my Love ;
 Had I ten thousand voices all are thine :
 Where love enflames the soul, the lips must move,
 Nor shall the song be mortal where the theme's divine.

X. THE WORLD A STRANGER TO GOD.

I.

INFINITE Beauty, everlasting Love,
How are our hearts, our thoughts, estrang'd from
thee!

Th' eternal God surrounds us; yet we rove
In chace of airy toys, and follow as they flee.

II.

Oh! could I cry, and make the nations hear,
From North to South my voice should teach thy name:
I'd tell them that they buy their joys too dear,
And pay immortal souls for glittering dust or fame.

III.

Almighty Power, break off these chains of sense,
Melt them away with love's celestial fire,
Create the world anew; let man commence
A seraph here on earth, let man to Heaven aspire.

XI. PURGATORY.

TWAS a gainful contrivance of the priests of
Rome, to erect a building between heaven and
hell, where to dispose of good Christians after death,
till they are completely fit for heaven: This is *Pur-*
gatory; a place where the remaining vices of the dying
man are purged out with fire: the torments of it are
said to be equal to the torments of hell, and differ only
in duration. Those souls for whom the *priest is hired*
to say most masses, are soonest freed from the relics
of iniquity, and get the speediest release to the heavenly
regions. This fills the coffers of the clergy by the legacies
of

of the dead: every one that leaves the world, takes something away from his friends and his heirs to purchase prayers for himself, and to shorten the anguish of his purification. Even that excellent man, the archbishop of *Cambray*, in his posthumous book, called his *Spiritual Works*, speaks of the necessity of this purifying fire, for good Christians to burn out the remnant of self-love, by teaching them patience, and entire resignation of the will, and perfect contentment under the fiery discipline.

But I cannot imagine how this doctrine should be any temptation to men to become profelytes to the church of *Rome*. One instance of this kind, which I am going to relate, methinks should affright persons for ever from turning papists.

Promedon was bred in the protestant faith, but having a superstitious turn of mind, and being much impressed by the discourse of an uncle, who was a devout catholic, he began to waver, and was inclined to change. He went lately to pay a visit to this uncle on his death bed; where, after many crossings and anointings, and holy charms, he saw the dying man continue still in the utmost distress and horror; for, notwithstanding all the devotions of his life, and the ceremonies at his last moments, yet, according to the doctrines of his own church, he thought himself plunged into torments equal to hell: his flesh was convulsed, and his soul confounded at the thoughts of such immediate anguish. He ordered, in his will, five hundred pounds worth of masses, yet he was not assured whether the state of his purgation would continue months, years, or ages. Amidst these agonies, *Promedon* saw his uncle expire, and performed the last kind office to close his eyes.

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In his return home, he talked thus with himself:
 ' What! Can the Pope promise no more than this?
 ' Must a man, that is almost fit to be fainted, be sent
 ' to hell, for a season, till the priests are well fee'd to
 ' say prayers enough to fetch him out of it? Is the
 ' mercy of GOD so limited, in the popish doctrine,
 ' and reduced to such a scantling, as not to save us,
 ' without some atonements of our own? Is not the
 ' blood of the Redeemer sufficient of itself to purchase
 ' our full pardon, but we must buy part of it, with
 ' the anguish of our souls, after death? Cannot the
 ' blessed Spirit make his own sanctifying work perfect,
 ' but the fire of purgatory must help to burn out our
 ' sins? Has not CHRIST promised me, in the Bible,
 ' that if I am *faithful till death*, I shall *receive a crown*
 ' *of life*? and has the priest power to delay my crown,
 ' and keep me so long out of the possession, till his
 ' masses and prayers shall bring me into it? Is not all
 ' the grace of the gospel a sufficient security against the
 ' pains of hell, but after all my faith, and the labours
 ' of my devotion, I must be consigned to hellish tor-
 ' ments, coloured and softened with another name?
 ' Does not the word of GOD give encouragement to
 ' hope, that when *we depart hence we shall be with*
 ' *Christ*? that when I am *absent from the body* I shall
 ' be *present with the Lord*? And this is not only the
 ' blessing of an apostle, but even a disciple of *Christ* of
 ' the lowest rank, and whose character could make no
 ' pretence to merit, has the same privilege. A thief
 ' upon the cross, put to death by the hand of justice
 ' for his crimes, and who, as some divines suppose,
 ' had reviled our Saviour just before, (because some of
 ' the sacred historians charge both the thieves with
 ' reviling him:) such a wretch, I say, who did not
 ' begin to repent till he began to die, has a pro-
 ' mise

' mife from our blessed Lord, that he should be *with*
 ' *him in Paradise that very day*, because his repentance
 ' and faith were sincere. And, according to these
 ' encouragements of the gospel, have I not heard of
 ' many a religious protestant dying upon the faith of
 ' the New Testament with joy, and good assurance of
 ' his immediate entrance into blessedness? And are
 ' these terrors and agonies of spirit, which I just now
 ' beheld, all the consolation that the Priest of *Rome*
 ' will allow to so religious and devout a man as my
 ' uncle was?

' Farewel; farewel, ye deceivers: my Bible shall
 ' be my only guide; and the grace of God for ever
 ' preserve me in that religion which puts so much ho-
 ' nour on the sufferings of our blessed Saviour, as to
 ' secure heaven to a good man as soon as he departs
 ' from earth.'

XII. THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

IF I were an idolater, and would build a temple
 for the Sun, I should make the whole fabric to
 consist of glafs; the walls and roof of it should be
 all over transparent, and it should need no other win-
 dows. Thus I might every where behold the glory
 of the God I worship, and feel his heat, and rejoice
 in his light, and partake of the vital influences of that
 illustrious star in every part of his temple. But may
 not this happiness be obtained without forsaking the
 true God, or falling off to idolatry?

Surely the blessed ordinances of Christianity are
 thus contrived and designed. Such are baptism and
 the Lord's-supper, preaching, praying, and psalmo-
 dy.

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dy. These institutions of worship are chosen and appointed with such divine wisdom, that they represent to us the glory of the several perfections of our God, in his works of nature and grace, and transmit the beams of his power and love to enliven and to comfort our dark and drooping spirits. When we are brought, as it were, by his spirit, into his courts, the glory of the Lord will fill the house, and we shall hear him speak to our souls. The Sun of righteousness will shine into our hearts: All the powers of our nature will rejoice in the light of his Majesty, and under the rays of his mercy. We frequent his sanctuary with delight, to behold the beauty of the Lord there, to feel the warm shines of divine goodness, and partake of his promised salvation, Ezek. xliii. 5, 6. Psal. xxvii. 4. and lxiii. 2. But, to carry the similitude yet further,

Suppose, when we had finished this Heathen temple, and basked there with pleasure, under the rays of my bright idol, some fanciful and ingenious painter should attempt to cover the building all round with his own ornaments; suppose *Raphael* himself should use his pencil with exquisite art, and with mingled colours and images, of rich variety and beauty, overspread all the walls, the doors and the transparent roof of it; how would this seclude the Sun's best influences, and shut this idol deity out of his own temple? Now, though the image of the Sun should be drawn there ten thousand times over in lines of gold, with a pretence to represent him in all his wondrous effects, yet every line will forbid the entrance of a sun-beam, and the worshipper within must dwell in twilight, or perhaps adore in darkness; he must lose the true sight of his planetary God, and the benefit of his cheering beams. Not the richest skill

skill of a *Zeuxis* or *Apelles*, beautifying the walls of this fabric, could ever supply the absence of the sun, or compensate the loss of light and heat.

Such are the rites and ceremonies of human wisdom, when they are contrived as ornaments to divine worship. A sacred institution, mingled with the devices of men, is, in truth, nothing else but *glass, darkened with the colours of a painter*, laid thick upon it.— These inventions may appear to the fancy, not only grave and decent, but artful and honourable too; they may pretend assistance to the devout worshipper, and glory to God himself; but in reality they exclude him from his own temple. Sometimes they shew a painted idol in the stead of him, for nothing can effectually represent God, but his own pure appointments; and so far as the ornaments prevail above the simple ordinances, they prevent all the kind influences of his power and grace; for he vouchsafes to transmit these no other way, but through his own institutions. When the church of Rome *honours God with her lips*, and her priests *set up their thresholds by my thresholds*, saith the Lord, *and their posts by my posts*, *they have even defiled my holy name by their abominations*; and *in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men*. Isa. xxix. 13. compared with Matth. xv. 8, 9, and Ezek. xliii. 8.



XIII. THE MIDNIGHT ELEVATION.

I.

NOW reigns the night in her sublimest noon,
 Nature lies hush'd; the stars their watches keep;
 I wait thy influence, gentle sleep;
 Come, shed thy choicest poppies down
 On every sense, sweet slumbers seal my eyes,
 Tir'd with these scenes of day, with painted vanities.

II.

In vain I wish, in vain I try
 To close my eyes, and learn to die;
 Sweet slumbers from my restless pillow fly:
 Then be my thoughts serene as day,
 Be sprightly as the light,
 Swift as the sun's far-shooting ray,
 And take a vigorous flight:
 Swift fly, my soul, transcend these dusky skies,
 And trace the vital world that lies [night.
 Beyond those glimmering fires that gild and cheer the

III.

There JESUS reigns, adored name!
 The second on the throne supreme:
 In whose mysterious form combine
 Created glories and divine:
 The joy and wonder of the realms above:
 At his command all their wing'd squadrons move,
 Burn with his fire, and triumph in his love.

IV.

There souls releas'd from earth's dark bondage lives,
 My *Reynolds* there, with *Horwe* and *Boyle* are found;
 Not time nor nature could their genius bound,
 And now they soar, and now they dive
 In that unlimitable deep where thought itself is drown'd.
 They

They aid the seraphs while they sing,
 God is their unexhausted theme ;
 Light, life, and joy from that immortal spring
 O'erflow the blessed millions with an endless stream.
 Amazing state ! Divine abode ! [God.
 Where spirits find their heaven while they are lost in

V.

Hail, holy souls, no more confin'd
 To limbs and bones that clog the mind,
 Ye have escap'd the snares, and left the chains behind.
 We wretched prisoners here below,
 What do we see, or learn, or know,
 But scenes of various folly, guilt, and woe ?
 Life's buzzing sounds and flatt'ring colours play
 Round our fond sense, and waste the day,
 Enchant the fancy, vex the labouring soul ;
 Each rising sun, each lightsome hour,
 Beholds the busy slavery we endure ;
 Nor is our freedom full, or contemplation pure,
 When night and sacred silence overspread the pole.

VI.

Reynolds, thou late ascended mind,
 Employ'd in various thoughts and tuneful song,
 What happy moment shall my soul unbind,
 And bid me join th' harmonious throng ?
 Oh for a wing to rise to thee !
 When shall my eyes these heavenly wonders see ?
 When shall I taste those comforts with an ear refin'd ?

VII.

Roll on apace, ye spheres sublime,
 Swift drive the chariot round, illustrious moon ;
 Haste, all ye twinkling measurers of time,
 Ye can't fulfil your course too soon.
 Kindle, my languid powers, celestial love,
 Point all my passions to the courts above,
 Then send the convoy down to guard my last remove.
 Thrice

VIII.

Thrice happy world, where gilded toys [joys!
 No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute our
 There light and shade succeed no more by turns,
 There reigns th' eternal sun with an unclouded ray,
 There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,
 And truth for ever shines, and love for ever burns.

XIV. THE HONOURABLE MAGISTRATE.

INVIDO was a man of a shrewd understanding, but had so much ill humour in his make, that he could speak well of nobody: Yet there once happened an incident in conversation, that betrayed him; and even while he was practising his own malicious temper, he was surpris'd into the acknowledgement of superior worth, and paid a nobler testimony to virtue.

The story was this.

A friend of mine had drawn up a character of an excellent magistrate, where, among other admirable qualifications, these were insert'd.

— ‘ He never aimed at superiority over his neighbours; though, by the bounty of providence he grew richer than they; he had the universal respect due to goodness, long before he was made great; and when his fellow-citizens voted him into power and honour, he survey'd the province with a just reluctance, and shrunk away from grandeur; nor could any thing overcome his sincere aversion, but a sense of duty, and hopes of public service.

‘ He

‘ He passed through the chief offices of the city, and
 ‘ left a lustre upon them by the practice of such vir-
 ‘ tue and such piety as the chair of honour has sel-
 ‘ dom known: those who have attended that court,
 ‘ since the year of his magistracy, search the register
 ‘ backward for twenty annual successions, and confess
 ‘ he has had no rival.—

‘ While he stood in that eminence, he surveyed the
 ‘ whole nation, took a just view of its wants and its dan-
 ‘ gers; and by the divine blessing (which his daily re-
 ‘ tirements engaged on his side) he secured the nation’s
 ‘ best interest, the exclusion of a child of *Rome* from
 ‘ the throne of *England*, and the succession of a pro-
 ‘ testant government. At the appointed season he
 ‘ resigned, with pleasure, the fatigues of power, the
 ‘ tiresome hour of state, and the tedious train of pomp
 ‘ and equipage; but he daily fulfils the duties of
 ‘ subordinate authority, to the terror of vice, to the
 ‘ support of the good, and to the reformation of a
 ‘ sinful land. He vindicates the poor with courage,
 ‘ against the oppression of the mighty, and sends gay
 ‘ criminals to the place of correction: he puts the rich
 ‘ offenders to public shame, as well as the poor, and
 ‘ he doth it with a noble security of soul: so spotless a
 ‘ character fears no recriminations.

‘ When the days of public shew and procession re-
 ‘ turn, he hides himself often at his country-seat, and
 ‘ makes every trifling obstacle a sufficient excuse for
 ‘ his absence from honours, scarlet and gold: But
 ‘ none so zealous and constant in their attendance on
 ‘ the hours of business; and, at the honourable board,
 ‘ there was no seat empty so seldom as his. Neither
 ‘ gain nor diversion can tempt him aside, when the
 ‘ duty of his post requires his presence, and the
 ‘ public weal demands his counsels. His health,
 ‘ his

40 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

his ease, and his estate are at the call of his country; his life lies ready too for the same service; but his nation gives thanks to providence that has not demanded the precious sacrifice.

He has no spreading dimensions, nor lofty advantages of stature, whence he might look down upon the multitude, and command them into reverence; but such unblemished virtue has grandeur and majesty in it, that it spreads fear and respect around. When he goes out to the gate through the city, he neither wears nor needs the ensigns of honour about him, nor attendants follow him in the street; the vain young men see him, and hide themselves; the aged arise and stand up. When the car bears him, then it blessed him; the eye that sees him gives witness to him; because he has delivered the distressed soul that cried, he has relieved the fatherless, and him that had none to help. The blessing of those that are ready to perish comes daily upon him, and he causes the widow's heart to sing for joy. He is a father to the poor, and the cause which he knows not he searches out. He breaks the jaws of the wicked, and plucks the spoil out of their teeth; Job xxix.

The vilest wretches of the earth cannot but love the man, while they hate the reforming magistrate. Not the united malice of his worst enemies can find any occasion against him, but concerning the law of God; and were it not upon that account, he would have no enemies at all.

The world wonders and enquires, whence all these accomplishments! How did this man arrive at this true greatness, and all these uncommon excellencies! Those who are his intimates know the spring of them. He makes the word of God his daily counsellors, and he seeks directions from heaven in all his affairs on earth: he reads the examples of *Daniel*
and

‘ and *Job* in his bible, and joins them together in his own practice ; for he thinks one of them alone too little for a Christian.’

When I had read this in a room where *Invido* was present, one of the company commended the ingenuity of my friend in drawing up so fair, so divine a character. Some of them gave it as their opinion, that the excellencies and good qualities were set too thick together, and that there was no such person in nature, therefore it must be the mere work of fancy : they confessed it was well imagined, it was a fine picture, but there was no such original.——

Invido had no longer patience to hear such compliments passed on the writer ; but, with his usual eagerness, ‘ Your friend, said he, was never capable of composing such a piece ; there is not a line of it owing to his own invention, for the whole character is a mere copy. This friend of yours has lived some years in *Albinus*’s family, and has only stole his picture.’

You are much in the right, *Invido* ; it was so designed ; and I am glad the features are so very well touched, and the likeness so finely preserved, that a man of your temper should consent to know the piece, should name the original, and confess the likeness.

Happy *Albinus*, and favoured of heaven beyond the common rate even of the best of men, when envy itself is constrained to pay public honours to his merit.

XV. A LESSON OF HUMILITY.

HOW vain a thing is man ! How ready to be puffed up with every breath of applause, and to forget that he is a creature, and a sinner ! He that
can

42 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

can bear to be surrounded with approbations and honours, and yet keep the same air and countenance, without swelling a little at heart, hath passed an hour of temptation, and come off conqueror. *As the smelting-pot for silver, and the furnace for gold, so is a man to his praise*, Prov. xxvii. 21.

Eudoxus is a gentleman of exalted virtue, and unstained reputation: every soul that knows him, speaks well of him; he is so much honoured, and so well beloved in his nation, that he must flee his country if he would avoid praises. So sensible is he of the secret pride that has tainted human nature, that he holds himself in perpetual danger, and maintains an everlasting watch. He behaves now with the same modesty as when he was unknown and obscure. He receives the acclamations of the world with such a humble mien! and with such an indifference of spirit that is truly admirable and divine. It is a lovely pattern, but the imitation is not easy.

I took the freedom one day to ask him, how he acquired this wonderful humility, or whether he was born with no pride about him? 'Ah! no, (said he, with a sacred sigh); I feel the working poison, but I keep my antidote at hand; when my friends tell me of many good qualities and talents, I have learned from St. Paul to say, *What have I that I have not received?* - My own consciousness of many follies and sins constrains me to add, *What have I that I have not misimproved?* And then reason and religion join together to suppress my vanity, and teach me the proper language of a creature and a sinner; *What then have I to glory in?*

1716.

XIV.

XIV. THE WASTE OF LIFE.

A NERGUS was a young gentleman of a good estate ; he was bred to no business, and could not contrive how to waste his hours agreeably ; he had no relish for any of the proper works of life, nor any taste at all for the improvements of the mind ; he spent generally ten hours of the four and twenty in his bed ; he dozed away two or three more on his couch, and as many were dissolved in good liquor every evening, if he met with company of his own humour. Five or six of the rest he sauntered away, with much indolence : The chief business of them was to contrive his meals, and to feed his fancy before-hand with the promise of a dinner and a supper ; not that he was so very great a glutton, or so entirely devoted to appetite ; but chiefly because he knew not how to employ his thoughts better, he let them rove about the sustenance of his body. Thus he had made a shift to wear off ten years since the paternal estate fell into his hands ; and yet, according to the abuse of words in our day, he was called a man of virtue, because he scarce ever was known to be quite drunk, nor was his nature much inclined to lewdness.

One evening as he was musing alone, his thoughts happened to take a most unusual turn, for they cast a glance backward, and began to reflect on his manner of life. He bethought himself what a number of living beings had been made a sacrifice to support his carcase, and how much corn and wine had been mingled with those offerings. He had not quite lost all the arithmetic that he learned when he was a boy ; and he set himself to compute what he had devoured since he came to the age of a man.

• Above

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‘ Above a dozen of feathered creatures, small and great, have, one week with another, said he, given up their lives to prolong mine, which, in ten years time, amounts to at least six thousand.

‘ Fifty sheep have been sacrificed in a year, with half a hecatomb of black cattle, that I might have the choicest part offered weekly upon my table. Thus a thousand beasts out of the flock and the herd have been slain, in ten years time, to feed me, besides what the forest and the park have supplied me with. Many hundreds of fishes have, in all their varieties, been robbed of life for my repast, and of the smaller fry as many thousands.

‘ A measure of corn would hardly afford fine flour enough for a month’s provision, and this arises to above sixscore bushels; and many hogheads of ale, wine, and other liquors, have passed through this body of mine, this wretched strainer of meat and drink.

‘ And what have I done all this time for God or *man*? What a vast profusion of good things upon an useless life, and a worthless liver? There is not the meanest creature among all these, which I have devoured, but hath answered the end of its creation better than I. It was made to support human nature, and it hath done so. Every shrimp and oyster I have eaten, and every grain of corn I have devoured, hath filled up its place, in the rank of beings, with more propriety and honour than I have done: O shameful waste of life and time!

In short, he carried on his moral reflections with so just and severe a force of reason, as constrained him to change his whole course of life, to break off his follies at once, and to apply himself to gain some useful knowledge, when he was more than thirty years of
of

of age: he lived many following years, with the character of a worthy man, and an excellent Christian; he performed the kind offices of a good neighbour at home, and made a shining figure as a patriot in the senate-house; he died with a peaceful conscience in the faith and hope of the gospel, and the tears of his country were dropped upon his tomb.

The world, that knew the whole series of his life, stood amazed at the mighty change: they beheld him, as a wonder of reformation, while he himself confessed and adored the divine power and mercy, which had transformed him from a brute to a man.

But this was a single instance; and we may almost venture to write MIRACLE upon it. Are there not large numbers of both sexes among our young gentry, and among the families of quality, in a degenerate age, whose lives thus run to utter waste, without the least tendency to usefulness and reformation, and with a scorn of all repentance?

When I meet with persons of such a worthless character as this, it brings to my mind some scraps of *Horace*.

Nos numerus sumus, & fruges consumere nati.
 ————— *Alcinoique juventus*
Cui pulchrum fuit in medias dormire dies, &c.

P A R A P H R A S E.

There are a number of us creep
 Into this world, to eat and sleep;
 And know no reason why they're born,
 But merely to consume the corn,
 Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,
 And leave behind an empty dish:

The

46 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

The crows and ravens do the same,
 Unlucky birds of hateful name ;
 Ravens or crows might fill their place,
 And swallow corn and carcases.
 Then, if their tomb-stone, when they die,
 Ben't taught to flatter and to lie,
 There's nothing better will be said,
 Than that, *They've eat up all their bread,*
Drank up their drink, and gone to bed. }

There are other fragments of that Heathen poet, which occur on such occasions, one in the first of his Satires, the other in the last of his Epistles, which seem to represent life only as a season of luxury.

— *Exaeto contentus tempore vitæ*
Cedat uti convivæ satur.—
Lufisti fatis, edifti fatis atque bibifti;
Tempus abire tibi.

Which may be thus put into Englifh:

Life's but a feast ; and when we die,
Horace would say, if he were by,
 Friend, thou hast eat and drank enough,
 'Tis time now to be marching off:
 Then like a well-fed guest depart,
 With cheerful looks, and ease at heart ;
 Bid all your friends good-night, and say,
You've done the bufinefs of the day.

R E F L E C T I O N .

Deluded souls ! That sacrifice
 Eternal hopes above the skies,
 And pour their lives out all in waste,
 To the vile idol of their taste !

The

The highest heaven of their pursuit
Is to live equal with the brute :
Happy, if they could die as well ;
Without a judge, without a hell.

XVII. THE TABLE BLESSED.

HOW do we upbraid and condemn the Romish clergy for pretending to consecrate the wafer for all the people, by muttering a few *Latin* words over it, which they cannot understand! While we abhor the idolatry of the mass, yet we cannot help smiling at the silly superstition, and pity the ignorance of the multitude : they believe the bread sufficiently consecrated for them, to all the purposes of their salvation, though they never joined with the priest in attending to the words of blessing : nor indeed was it possible they should have their hearts engaged in that part of the worship, because it was performed in an unknown tongue. Who is there among us, that does not blame and reprove so absurd a practice? And yet we imitate the same folly daily, and think ourselves unconcerned in the reproof.

Formulo says grace constantly at a plentiful table, but he hurries over his words as a school-boy does his lesson, and he whispers in so low a voice, as though he were muttering some secret charm to consecrate the dishes. Does he think it sufficient if the words may be heard in heaven, while the company in the room know little of the matter, and the quickest ears can distinguish no more than a few broken syllables? Yet I have heard this very man maintain a fine argument against *Popish* superstition and the *Latin* liturgy : I have heard him assert,

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assert, with very good reason, that no part of the bread is sanctified to the people, at the holy sacrament, by the communion-service, where the hearts of the communicants are absent, and never join with the church in her prayers: then, why will not *Formulo* let his friends at the table join with him in his Graces? No wonder that the family and their guests stare about thoughtless, and sit down to their food without a blessing, when the lips that pronounce it do not suffer the blessing to reach their ears. But chaplains are not the only persons culpable in this matter, nor are they always to blame.

Asebion, a gay gentleman of one and twenty, was present at a table, where God is addressed in a more religious manner, and with a devout and becoming solemnity. He sits down and eats heartily; he doubts not but the food is sufficiently blessed to his use, though he never raised his thoughts towards heaven, nor attended at all while the good man, *Serenus*, performed his office. *Asebion* was busy in the disposal of his hat and sword, and surveying all the faces in the company, while the blessing of Heaven was fought on the food.

His sister, *Asebina*, a pert young creature of fifteen, was observed to employ that minute in drawing off her gloves, adjusting her dress, giving herself airs, and preparing for her seat. At the same time there was at the table, a pious and elder lady, a near relation of theirs, who, with grief, observed the careless conduct of her niece and nephew; and being seated next above *Asebina*, she had the opportunity to whisper a gentle admonition, 'How can you expect, niece, a blessing on your meat, who did not so much as lift up a thought to God to ask for it?' *Asebina* replied aloud, with an air of assured ignorance, 'I know the chaplain did that for us all;' and thus she affected to
let

let all the company know, that she received a secret reproof, and despised the reprover. Should it be granted here, that the admonition was a little ill-timed; yet, it is certain, the reply was not a little insolent, nor a little irreligious.

While we were eating, one of the guests diverted the table with no improper amusements; he entertained the company with agreeable and facetious discourse, but still within the rules of religion and decency.

The dishes being withdrawn, and the table uncovered, *Serenus* stood up to conclude his office; *Asebina* opened her snuff-box, and regaled her nose; but *Asebion* employed himself with his tooth-pick, and then set himself in an attitude to wait for the *Amen*, that he might make his honours gracefully to all the table.

After dinner the conversation turned upon the subject of saying grace before and after meat. When several of the company had given their thoughts, *Serenus* acknowledged, it was not necessary to offer a solemn and particular petition to Heaven, on the occasion of every bit of bread that we tasted, or when we drank a glass of wine with a friend; nor was it expected, we should make a social prayer when persons, each for themselves, took a slight repast, in a running manner; either the general morning devotion is supposed sufficient to recommend such transient actions and occurrences to the divine blessing, or a sudden secret wish, sent up to heaven in silence, might answer such a purpose in the *Christian* life: but when a whole family sits down together, to make a regular and stated meal, it was his opinion, that the great God should be solemnly acknowledged as the giver of all good things we enjoy; and the practice of our Saviour and *St. Paul* had set us an illustrious example.

Asebion had not yet arrived at such impiety, as to
 D pronounce

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pronounce it a foolish and senseless custom: but he declared his sentiments with freedom, that 'we might all share enough in the grace that was said for a dinner, without putting on such a demure countenance, and such grave airs, as if we were at church in the midst of divine service.'

Profane and foolish speech! but it is hard to say, whether more foolish or profane.

Tell me, *Asebion*, is our addressing the God of heaven with prayer and praise at meals no part of divine service? Is God never worshipped but when it is done at church? Little do these creatures think, what a dangerous thing it is to trifle with an almighty Being, even in the smallest act of worship! Did the great God ever appoint tooth-picks to be a sacred utensil of our asking a blessing on food? Or, is a cloud of snuff the incense that must ascend with this prayer!—How thoughtless are these mortals! and how unconcerned about the serious and important things of religion! They behave with such a regardless air, as though *grace before meat* were a needless old-fashioned ceremony, as though it were enough for the chaplain to worship their Maker for the whole family; or that when they speak to the Majesty of Heaven for a blessing on their food, there was no need of a composed countenance, or any shew of bodily reverence. Yet *Asebion* and *Asebina* every morning ask their father's blessing on their knees. Methinks, I would ask them, *Why so solemnly on your knees for your father's blessing, and so utterly negligent of all solemnity, and outward decencies when you seek a blessing from God?*

After I had written this paper, I lent it to a friend, who put it into the hands of *Sedemius*, and desired him to read it. In the perusal of it, he seemed pleased and gratified with the just reproof of such irreligion, and shewed

shewed his satisfaction by an approving smile, till he came to the close; there he paused a little, and a grave dejected air spread over his countenance: 'Well, said he, I hope these young gentry will learn to be more devout, while the provisions of the table is blessed, but I take my share also in the reproof; nor will I indulge any more appearance of irreverence, for time to come, in these domestic and daily acts of worship: I, and my fathers before me, have sat down to meat, these forty years, and never asked a blessing till we were all seated; but my children shall learn of me to stand up and adore the GOD who made and feeds us, nor shall our seats nor our consciences upbraid us with any appearances of indecencies, in our addresses to the living GOD*.'

XVIII.

* It hath been suspected, that *Sedentius* reproves himself here, without any just reason, since our SAVIOUR seated the multitudes on the grass, before he blessed the food, *Luke ix.* and *John vi.* and the apostles were sitting at the paschal table when CHRIST instituted the Lord's-supper, and blessed the elements.

To this it may be replied, 1. Who can say that our SAVIOUR did not rise and ask the blessing on the food standing, though the others might sit? 2. The *Jewish* custom and gesture, at meals, was something between lying and sitting, whereby it might become much more inconvenient to have all the guests rise up, and lie down after the food was set on the table, which must be very low and near the ground; and mere external gestures are not so precisely necessary, in such short occasional acts of worship, as to break in upon the common conveniencies of life. This was certainly the case, when CHRIST fed the multitudes; for he ordered them to sit down, that they might all be disposed into proper ranks, which could not so well have been done while they were standing, and might change their places. 3. If it could be proved, that our SAVIOUR himself, as well as the multitudes, sat at blessing the food, this could only prove the lawfulness of the gesture, but by no means the necessity of it; because *standing* and *kneeling* are more frequently described in scripture as gestures of prayer.

XVIII. YOUTH AND DEATH.

— *Tener vitulus relictâ
Matre, qui largis juvenescit herbis
In mea vota:
Fronte curvatis imitatus ignes
Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,
Quâ notam duxit niveus sideri,
Cetera fulvus.* HORAT.

WHILE we read these lines of *Horace*, wherein he describes his young yellow calf, with the white crescent in his forehead, while he paints out the pretty brute, in most agreeable verse, one is ready to feel a sort of fond pity working in us, when we find that the creature is destined to speedy sacrifice: the poet himself, who devotes its blood to the altar, yet seems to dwell with a sort of compassion and mournful pleasure on the description of its beauty and sprightliness.

A milk-

It is certain, that *standing, kneeling, or prostration*, are natural tokens of reverence and supplication, which *sitting* is not: now, when any of the natural gestures of reverence and supplication may be used with equal conveniency, it seems more proper to use them, and to worship GOD with flesh and spirit together. Whatever might be the *Jewish* custom then, yet it is the constant custom of our age now, to pray *standing or kneeling*; and this has made *sitting* at prayer appear much more indecent. Now, where natural signs of reverence join with the customs of the age and country wherein we dwell, is it not much more proper to pay our addresses to GOD in that posture, by which both nature and custom agree to express reverence and honour; though, for reasons that are not obvious now, CHRIST might heretofore indulge a posture which carries less appearance of reverence in it?

A milk-white mark its spreading front adorns,
Shap'd like a moon of three days old :
The silver curve divides its budding horns,
And all besides is gold.
The pretty creature wild in wanton play,
Now frisks about the flow'ry mead ;
Loose from the dam, it knows no grief to-day,
But must to-morrow bleed.

When I see the youth of either sex arrived at that age, wherein nature is just risen to elegance and vigour, and when they begin to shew themselves to the world, my heart pities them, as so many borderers upon the grave ; yet most of them are utterly thoughtless of dying. Little do they imagine, in those years of gaiety, mirth, and madness, that they are treasuring up vengeance to themselves, by their thoughtless rebellion against the power that made them. Little do they think, that their lives are every moment due to the justice of God as a sacrifice, each for their own iniquity : young creatures, but bold sinners ! They are weaned from the nursery ; they have got loose from their parents wing, and, like the *Roman* poet's calf, they vainly exult and riot in their new freedom ; they gad abroad in the wide world, wanton and lavish in all the delights which the vigour of depraved nature inspires. They know not how to bear the checks of piety, and the restraints of wisdom, nor will they endure the tenderest admonitions of a parent, or an aged friend. They have no apprehension of the angel of death near them, as though it was beyond the reach of his commission, or the flight of his arrows to smite any of their station or character. In the morning of nature they feel themselves live, and they fancy it is immortality.

Especially if they are adorned with any peculiar
D 3 charms

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charms of wit or beauty, then the flatteries of the glass, and their own warm imagination, the compliments and caresses of the company that attend them, banish all that is solemn and serious: the enchanting allurements that surround their senses, render them deaf to all the warnings of God and conscience, and thoughtless of every thing but the gay successions of pleasure. The powers of animal life reign in them without control; and they forget there is a soul within them, or a God above them, or a tribunal of judgment at which they must be arraigned.

In the midst of this flowery scene, *Ameliftus* was seized with a sudden fever; in three days time it was heightened into a raging delirium, which gave no room for any penitential reflections: and thus in the bloom of nature, and full of the sins of his youth, he was surprised into eternity. He seemed to be singled out from the rest of his wild associates, and made a victim to death, and to divine displeasure.—A loud alarm to secure sinners, and a flaming warning-piece to the companions of his guilt!

Our natural compassion drops some tears of humanity on the grave of such a fine young gentleman; but the divine Being that made him, is not moved with those prettinesses of flesh and blood, which engage our senses, and melt our hearts to softness.—What is a little rose-coloured skin and well-set limbs, in the eyes of that almighty Power that can create millions of such beautiful engines with his breath, and destroy them without loss? Ten thousand gay worms, and shining insects, arise hourly at his command in a summer's day; but if an insect or a worm affront its Maker, our own reason would sentence it to immediate death.

Happy were such a wretch as *Ameliftus*, if he had been

been a mere animal, and had nothing in him capable of immortality. Happy had it been, if he were a worm, or shining insect, or in all respects like that pretty young brute, which the poet describes; then the term of his mortal life would have finished his existence: But the sin of man, and the justice of God, demand the sacrifice of a soul; his rebellion rose against Heaven; he affronted the infinite majesty of his Creator, and since he died without repentance, the threatenings of the Bible doom him to everlasting punishment. *Hear this, young sinners, who forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you.*

XIX. BABYLON DESTROYED; OR, THE
137TH PSALM TRANSLATED.

HAD *Horace* or *Pindar* written this Ode, it would have been the endless admiration of the critic, and the perpetual labour of rival translators; but it is found in the scripture, and that gives a sort of disgust to an age which verges too much toward infidelity. I could wish the muse of *Mr. Pope* would chuse out some few of these pieces of sacred psalmody, which carry in them the more sprightly beauties of poesy, and let the *English* nation know what a divine poet sat on the throne of *Israel*. He has taken *Homer's* Rhapsodies, and turned them into fine verse, and agreeable entertainment; and his admirable imitation of the *Hebrew* prophets, in his poem called, *The Messiah*, convinces us abundantly, how capable he is of such a service. This particular psalm could not well be converted into Christianity, and therefore it appears here in its *Jewish* form: The vengeance de-

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nounced against *Babylon*, in the close of it, shall be executed, said a great divine, upon Antichristian *Rome*; but he was persuaded the *Turks* must do it, for Protestant hearts, said he, have too much compassion in them to embroil their hands in such a bloody and terrible execution.

I.
WHEN by the flowing brooks we sat,
The brooks of *Babylon* the proud;
We thought on *Zion's* mournful state,
And wept her woes, and wail'd aloud.

II.
Thoughtless of every cheerful air,
(For grief had all our harps unstrung)
Our harps, neglected in despair,
And silent, on the willows hung.

III.
Our foes, who made our land their spoil,
Our barbarous lords, with haughty tongues
Bid us forget our groans a-while,
And give a taste of *Zion's* songs.

IV.
How shall we sing, in heathen lands,
Our holy songs to ears profane?
Lord, shall our lips, at their commands,
Pronounce thy dreadful name in vain?

V.
Forbid it, Heaven! O vile abuse!
Zion in dust forbids it too:
Shall hymns inspir'd for sacred use
Be sung to please a scoffing crew!

VI.
O let my tongue grow dry, and cleave
Fast to my mouth in silence still;
Let some avenging power hereave
My fingers of their tuneful skill.

VII.

VII.

If I thy sacred rites profane,
 O *Salem*, or thy dust despise;
 If I indulge one cheerful strain,
 Till I shall see thy towers arise.

VIII.

'Twas *Edom* bid the conqu'ring foe,
Down with the tow'rs and raze thy walls:
 Requite her, Lord: But, *Babel*, know,
 Thy guilt for fiercer vengeance calls.

IX.

As thou hast spar'd nor sex nor age,
 Deaf to our infants dying groans,
 May some bless'd hand, inspir'd with rage,
 Dash thy young babes, and tinge the stones.



XX.

EPITHAPHIUM MONSTRI CUJUSDAM,

Apud Anglos vulgo dicti

B I G O T R Y,

Terræ & Tenebris mandati.

Autore diu incognito, viro Ingenioso & verè pio

JOHANNE REYNOLDS.

I.

HIC *jacet (semperque jaceat!)*
Pietatis cadaver,
Improbitalis corpus,
Religionis larva,
Sanctimonie hostis & umbra,
Divini imago zeli, & pestis,
Ecclesie simia simul & lupus,

II.

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademp-
Romæ antiqæ natum, [tum.
Novæ in tutelam acceptum,
In caliginosis Vaticani adytis,
Humano sanguine & pulvere pyris
Nutritum, saginatum,

XX.

AN EPITAPH ON BIGOTRY,

Translated from the Latin,

Which was written by the late pious and ingenious

Mr. JOHN REYNOLDS,

And inserted in the OCCASIONAL PAPER.

Vol. III. Numb. VI.

I.

HERE lies (and may it here for ever lie)
The carcase of dead piety,
Shadow of grace, substantial sin,
Religion's mask and gaudy dress,
The form and foe of holiness,
The image and the plague of zeal divine.
Its dwelling was the church; in double shape,
Half was a murdering wolf, and half a mimic ape.

II.

A monster horrid to the sight,
Hideous, deform'd, and void of light;
'Twas born at Rome,
'Twas nurs'd at home,
In the dark cloisters of the Vatican;
Its lungs inspir'd with heaving lies,
Its bulk well fatten'd to prodigious size
With gun-powder and blood of man.

III.

*Hispanicæ ditionis incala,
Gallicis deinde regionibus hospes
Jam dudum gratissimis;
Veteris quidem, novique orbis,
Humani generis & commodi causâ
Peregrinator assiduus.*

IV.

*Linguarum utpote quarumcunque peritus,
Sexûs itidem utriusque particeps.
Mentium illuminator flammeus,
Acutissimis dubitantium ductor.
Qui laqueis, ensibus, incendiisque,
Reluctantium animarum catervas
Festinas in cœlum amandat,
Celerrimus orbis circumversor.
Conspirationem exitialium,
Verarum pariter ac simulatarum
(Mali reverà machinarum infandi)
Artifex dexterrimus.*

V.

*Ecclesiæ sub nomine & cultu,
Sub pelle ovina & vultu,
Libertatis penetus ecclesiasticæ
Commercii penè cruëlis,
Ac societatis humanæ
Indomitus vastator & prædo.*

VI.

III.

Ancient inhabitant of *Spain*,
 And long in *France* a welcome guest ;
 Over the continent and main,
 Over the old world and the new,
 Mankind and money to pursue,
 On dragon's wings the harpy flew,
 And gave its feet no rest.

IV.

All languages the fury spake,
 And did of either sex partake :
 Flaming enlightener of the mind,
 And headlong leader of the blind,
 Oft has it dragg'd the doubtful tongue to speak,
 While the pain'd conscience left the truth behind.
 By gibbet, sword, and fire,
 It made whole tribes of men expire ;
 And to the skies their groaning ghosts it hurl'd,
 A swift converter of the world.
 Dextrous in all the arts of blood ;
 Skill'd to contrive or counterfeit
 Mysterious mischief, plots of state,
 Those murd'rous engines to destroy the good.

*The Muse here tiring, begs the Reader's leave to re-
 lease herself from the bonds and labours of rhyme and
 metre, by a mere imitation of the next thirty lines in
 prose.*

V.

Under the name and habit of the church,
 Under the countenance and clothing of a sheep,
 It became the most savage and rampant
 Plunderer and waster of human society.
 Made fearful inroads on all civil commerce,
 And left religious liberty expiring.

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VI.

*Artibus pobitis, politicisque,
Critices nexibus, logicæque strophis,
Calamorum, linguæque telis,
Conciliorum, canonumque bombardis
Cæterisque gentis togatæ armamentis
Bellator instructissimus.*

VII.

*Cui furor, ac odium, ac nefas,
Fastusque ac seculi amor,
Perjuria, piæque fraudes.
Truculenta partium studia,
Implicitæ fidei, tyrannidisque,
Obsequii proinde passivi,
Ignorantiæ ac moriæ encomia
Comites fuerunt solennes.*

VIII.

*Cui nugæ, tricæque, calendæ,
Quisquilie, diræ, exequiæque,
Bullæ minantes. & bruta fulmina,
Vota sacrilegia, ac legenda
Fecur theologicum, bilisque
Aspera æque ac atra,
Pompæ theatrales, ritusque
Obsoleti simul & decentes,
Cordi fuere & cibo.*

VI.

A warrior well furnish'd
 With all arts politic and polite,
 With the knotty embarrassments of criticism,
 The hampering chains and subtilties of logic,
 And the javelins of pen and tongue,
 With the roaring ordinance of councils and canons,
 And all the artillery of the schools and gown.

VII.

Fury, hatred, and mischief,
 Love of this world, pride, and disdain,
 With perjuries, falsehoods, and pious frauds,
 And raging party zeal,
 Were its necessary and everlasting attendants.
 High encomiums and endless applause
 Of guides infallible, and faith implicit,
 Of hereditary and divine right,
 Of unlimited power and passive obedience
 To tyrant priests and kings,
 With the immortal praise and merit
 Of stupid ignorance, and blind submission,
 Were heralds to prepare its way.

VIII.

Trifles, and tricks, and solemn fooleries,
 Legends and silly tales,
 Old almanacks, and mouldy musty relics,
 Sweepings of ancient tombs,
 Vows, pilgrimages, charms and consecrations,
 Rites obsolete, and novel ceremonies
 Both decent and indecent,
 Monkish vows, and superstitious austerities,
 With words of sacerdotal absolution,
 And sacerdotal vengeance,
 Squibs, crackers, excommunications, curses,
 Roaring bulls, and vain thunders,
 Mixt up with priestly choler, bitter and black,
 Were its delicious food.

64 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

IX.

*Ordinis ut plurimum clericalis,
Gregis potissimum Loyalitici,
Congregationis præterea venerandæ
De propagandâ per orbem fide
Cocceatus antistes.*

X.

*Nobilissimæ inquisitionis curiæ,
(Solertissimæ hæreticorum muscipulæ)
Primævus fundator, & præses.
Amplissimo cardinalium concessit,
Necnon sanctissimo S. R. ecclesiæ
Patri capitique.
A secretioribus semper consiliis.*

XI.

*Christiani insuper orbis totius
Tam per orientales, quam occidentales
Mundi plagas
Miserè secum militantis
(Et quid, quæso, dicendum?)
Antesignanus semper triumphans.*

XII.

*Insulæ Britannicæ extraneis ab hostibus
Pelagi mœnibus, necnon ab ævium
Propugnaculis bene munitæ
Bonis præterea domesticis.*

[Nova

[Now Metre and Rhyme proceed.]

IX.

A purple prelate, chosen to preside
 Over the whole *Ignatian* drove,
 And all the clergy-tribes beside,
 All but the sacred few that mix their zeal with love.
 In every different sect 'twas known,
 It made the cassock and the cowl its own,
 Now stalk'd in formal cloak, now flutter'd in the gown.

X.

At what dark hour foe'er
 The curst divan at *Rome* were met,
 Catholic faith to propagate,
 This monster fill'd the chair.
 The conclave drest in bonnets red,
 With three-crown'd tyrant at their head,
 Made it their privy counsellor,
 The inquisition-court (a bloody crew;
 Artful to set the solemn trap
 That lets no heretic escape)
 Owns it her president and founder too.

XI.

Oft as the church in East or Western lands
 Rising against herself in arms,
 In her own blood embru'd her hands;
 This chief led on th' unnatural war,
 Or did the bloody standards bear,
 Or found the fierce alarms;
 Victorious still. (And what can more be said
 Of all the living warriors, or the heroes dead?)

XII.

Britain, a land well stor'd with every good,
 That nature, law, religion gives;
 A land where sacred freedom thrives;
 Blest isle! if her own weal she understood!

66 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

*Quà sacris, quà civilibus
(Bona sit tandem sua noverit)
Omnium fortunatissimæ
(Proh dolor! Proh pudor!
Intestinus divisor & belluo.*

XIII

*I fuge viator, malignum
Hujusce sepulchri vaporem!
Lætare, festina, & ora
Ne sphingi adeo nefandæ
Ullus in ævum
Resurrectionis concedatur locus.*



Her

Her sons, immur'd with guardian ocean, sleep,
 And castles floating on the deep,
 Fenc'd from all foreign foes, O shame! O sin!
 Her sons had let this baleful mischief in;
 This hellish fury, who with flattering breath
 Did first divide, and then devour,
 And made wild waste where'er she spread her power,
 Behold she meets her fatal hour,
 And lies enchain'd in death.

XIII.

Shout at the grave, O traveller;
 Triumphant joys that reach the skies
 Are here the justest obsequies:
 Shout thrice; then flee afar
 These pois'nous steams and stench of the sepulchre;
 Go, turn thy face to Heaven, and pray,
 That such a hateful monster never may
 Obtain a resurrection-day.



XXI. THE DEATH OF LAZARUS.

WHAT a wondrous difference there is betwixt the soul and the body of a poor distressed dying Christian? His flesh, perhaps, with *Lazarus* is full of diseases, and in a few moments time it lies dead upon the dunghill; a noisome carcase! an unlovely and offensive sight! Then, as though it were unworthy for the earth to bear it, it is thrown under ground to rot in darkness, as a companion and food for worms: But his soul (like one of the lamps of *Gideon*, shining out at midnight from a broken pitcher) appears immediately in its native brightness and beauty, as a creature born of Heaven, and a-kin to God; it is taken up as an honourable burden for the wings of angels; it is swiftly conveyed above the heavens, and made a companion for all the sons of God in glory. *Luke xvi. 20, 22. Judges vii. 16, 19.*

Let us take a distinct review of each of these different circumstances of the flesh and spirit, and set them in a just light and due opposition.

The body, with all its bones and nerves, lies dead and moveless, a demolished prison and broken fetters; the soul, all life and vigour, a prisoner released from all its chains, and exulting in glorious liberty.

The body, an unworthy load of earth; the soul, a burden fit for an angel's wing.

The body, thrown under ground, and hid in darkness; the soul, rising above the skies, and shining there in garments of light.

The body, the entertainment and the contempt of worms; the soul, proper company for CHRIST and his saints.

Was

Was it not a stroke of divine love that demolished the prison-house, and released the captive? that broke the dark earthen pitcher, and bid the *lamp appear and shine?*

XXII. AN HYMN TO CHRIST JESUS,
THE ETERNAL LIFE.

I.

WHERE shall the tribes of *Adam* find
The sovereign Good to fill the mind?
Ye sons of moral wisdom, show
The spring whence living waters flow.

II.

Say, will the Stoick's flinty heart
Melt, and this cordial juice impart?
Could *Plato* find these blissful streams,
Amongst his raptures and his dreams?

III.

In vain I ask; for nature's power
Extends but to this mortal hour:
'Twas but a poor relief she gave
Against the terrors of the grave.

IV.

JESUS, our Kinsman, and our GOD,
Array'd in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life; our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity.

V.

All our immortal hopes are laid
In Thee, our surety and our head;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

Let

VI.

Let Atheists scoff, and *Yerous* blaspheme
 Th' eternal life, and JESUS' name;
 A word of his almighty breath
 Dooms the rebellious world to death.

VII.

But let my soul for ever lie
 Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
 To see thy face, to taste thy love.

 XXIII. DISTANT THUNDER.

WHEN we hear the thunder rumbling in some distant quarter of the heavens, we sit calm and secure amidst our business or diversions, we feel no terrors about us, and apprehend no danger. When we see the slender streaks of lightning play afar off in the horizon of an evening sky, we look on and amuse ourselves as with an agreeable spectacle, without the least fear or concern. But, lo! the dark cloud rises by degrees, it grows black as night, and big with tempest; it spreads as it rises to the mid-heaven, and now hangs directly over us; the flashes of lightning grow broad and strong, and like sheets of ruddy fire, they blaze terribly all round the hemisphere. We bar the doors, and windows, and every avenue of light, but we bar them all in vain; the flames break in at every cranny, and threaten swift destruction. The thunder follows, bursting from the cloud with sudden and tremendous clashes; *the voice of the Lord* is redoubled with violence, and overwhelms us with terror; it rattles over our heads, as though the whole house were broken down

at

at once with a stroke from Heaven, and were tumbling on us amain to bury us in the ruins. Happy the soul whose hope in his GOD composes all his passions amidst these storms of nature, and renders his whole deportment peaceful and serene, amidst the frights and hurries of weak spirits and unfortified minds.

What lessons shall we derive from such a scene as this? Methinks I see here in what manner the terrors of the book of GOD, and the threatenings of divine vengeance are received and entertained by secure sinners. These threatenings appear to them like streaks of lightning afar off: the most dreadful predictions of the fury of GOD sound in their ears but like the feeble murmurs of the sky, and far distant thunder. The poor among mankind go on to pursue their labours of life, and the rich their vain amusements; they have no fear about these future storms afar off, nor any solicitude to avoid them. But the hour is hastening, when every threatening in the Bible shall appear to be the voice of GOD, and his power shall employ all the terrible things in the creation, for the accomplishment of his dreadful word. The wings of time bring onward the remote tempest: these dark clouds unite and grow big with divine and eternal vengeance; they rise high, they hang over the nations, and are just ready to be discharged on the head of impenitents. The GOD of thunder will roar from heaven, and cause his voice to be heard through the foundations of the earth, and to the very centre of hell.—The spirit of the haughtiest sinner shall tremble with unknown astonishment, and the man of mockery shall quiver to his very soul. The lightnings of GOD shall kindle the world into one vast conflagration; the earth, with all its forests and cities, shall make a dreadful blaze; the enemies of the LORD shall be fuel for this devouring fire, and a painful

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a painful burning shall be kindled in the consciences; which innumerable ages shall not extinguish. *Who can dwell with this devouring fire? Who can endure these everlasting burnings?*

Blessed souls, who, in a wise and happy hour, have heard these divine warnings, who stood in awe of these distant thunders, and revered and obeyed the voice of the LORD in them. Blessed souls, who beheld the flashes of the wrath of GOD, while they were yet afar off: who saw them kindling terribly in the threatenings of the broken law, and fled for refuge to the hope set before them in the gospel! they are divinely secured amidst the promises of the covenant of grace, from all the approaches of the fiery indignation. JESUS has sprinkled his own blood upon them; a sovereign and preventive remedy against these terrors, a sure and eternal defence against the power of the destroying angel, and the burning tempest. *Their feet shall stand on high, their habitation is a mination of rocks: they shall live secure, and rejoice in their GOD, amidst the ruins of the lower creation.*

DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL
AND JONATHAN, 2 Sam. i. 19, &c.

THE *Jews* were acquainted with several arts and sciences long ere the *Romans* became a people, or the *Greeks* were known among the nations. Though *Moses* might learn some of them in his *Egyptian* education, yet perhaps others were taught by GOD himself, amidst their travels in the wilderness, when they formed such a wonderful portable structure as the tabernacle, and wrought such garments of exquisite glory and beauty

beauty to adorn the high-priest in his sacred ministrations. Nor is it unlikely that *Moses* introduced among them the *art of verse*; for the most ancient poetical compositions, which are known in the world, are the 15th chapter of *Exodus*, where he triumphs over *Pharaoh* and his army; the 90th *Psalms*, where he describes the frailty and misery of human life; and the 32d of *Deuteronomy*, where he leaves behind him a noble divine ode at his death, for the perpetual memory of God and his wonders.

The next remarkable instance we have of this kind, are the writings of *David*, the sweet psalmist of *Israel*: but even *David*, could never be supposed to borrow any thing from the *Greeks*, when *Homer*, the father of their verse, was supposed to be a contemporary with *Solomon* the son of *David*. If the *Greeks* had been acquainted with the songs of *Moses*, which I have mentioned, or the *Romans* had ever known the odes of *David*, and amongst the rest this admirable elegy, they would never have spoken of the *Jews* with so much contempt, as a rude and barbarous people; at least I am persuaded their poets would have conceived a much better opinion of them, when they found them so far exceed any thing that their own nations had ever produced. I believe I might fairly challenge all the antiquity of the *Heathens* to present us with an ode of more beautiful sentiments, and greater elegancy, than this lamentation over *Saul* and *Jonathan*. It is rehearsed in the scripture, indeed, but perhaps not written by inspiration; for there is scarce any thing of God or religion in it. *David*, the mere man, was a sublime poet, and God made him a prophet.

I have seen this piece several times in an *English* dress; but none of them have given me any more satisfaction, than perhaps I shall give to those who read

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mine. It was a mere admiration of this *Hebrew* song that set my imagination at work, in this attempt to imitate.

I shall here first transcribe it from the scripture, though it is impossible that it should appear, at this distance of time, and in our language, with half the lustre in which it stood in that age and nation when it was written.

2 Sam. i. 17. *And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul, and over Jonathan his son.*

19. *The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: How are the mighty fallen!*

20. *Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.*

21. *Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.*

22. *From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty.*

23. *Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.*

24. *Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.*

25. *How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wert slain in thy high places!*

26. *I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.*

27. *How*

27. *How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!*

PARAPHRASED THUS.

I.

UNHAPPY day! distressing fight!
Israel the land of Heaven's delight,
 How is thy strength, thy beauty fled!
 On the high places of the fight
 Behold thy princes fall'n, thy sons of victory dead.

II.

Ne'er be it told in *Gath*, nor known
 Among the streets of *Askelon*:
 How will *Philistia's* youth rejoice
 And triumph in our shame;
 And girls, with weak unhallowed voice,
 Chant the dishonours of the *Hebrew* name!

III.

Mountains of *Gilboa*, let no dew
 Nor fruitful showers descend on you:
 Curse on your fields through all the year,
 No flow'ry blessings there appear,
 Nor golden ranks of harvest stand
 To grace the altar, or to feed the land.
 'Twas in those inauspicious fields
Judean heroes lost their shields:
 'Twas there (ah! base reproach and scandal of the day!)
 Thy shield, O *Saul*, was cast away,
 As though the prophet's horn had never shed
 Its sacred odours on thy head.

IV.

The sword of *Saul* had ne'er, till now,
 Awoke to war in vain,
 Nor *Jonathan* withdrawn his bow,
 Without an army slain.

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Where truth and honour mark'd their way,
Not eagles swifter to their prey,
Nor lions strong or bold as they.

V.

Graceful in arms and great in war
Were *Jonathan* and *Saul*;
Pleasant in life, and manly fair;
Nor death divides the royal pair,
And thousands share their fall.
Daughters of *Israel*, melt your eyes
To softer tears, and swell your sighs,
Disrob'd, disgrac'd, your monarch lies,
On the bleak mountains, pale and cold:
He made rich scarlet your array;
Bright were your looks, your bosoms gay
With gems of regal gift, and interwoven gold.

VI.

How are the princes sunk in death!
Fall'n on the shameful ground!
There my own *Jonathan* resign'd his breath:
On the high places where he stood,
He lost his honours and his blood;
Oh! execrable arm that gave the mortal wound!

VII.

My *Jonathan*, my better part,
My brother, and (that dearer name) my friend,
I feel the mortal wound that reach'd thy heart;
And here my comforts end.
How pleasant was thy love to me!
Amazing passion, strong and free!
No dangers could thy steady soul remove:
Not the soft virgin loves to that degree,
Nor man to that degree does the soft virgin love.

To

To name my joys, awakes my pain ;
The dying friend runs cold through every vein.
My *Jonathan*, my dying friend,
How thick my woes arise! where will my sorrows end!

VIII.

Unhappy day! distressing fight!
Israel, the land of Heaven's delight,
How are thy princes fall'n, thy sons of victory slain!
The broken bow, the shiver'd spear,
With all the sully'd pomp of war,
In rude confusion spread,
Promiscuous lie among the dead,
A lamentable rout o'er all the inglorious plain.



XXV. THE SKELETON.

YOUNG *Tramarinus* was just returned from his travels abroad, when he invited his uncle to his lodgings on a *Saturday* noon: His uncle was a substantial trader in the city, a man of sincere goodness, and of no contemptible understanding: *Crato* was his name. The nephew first entertained him with learned talk of his travels. The conversation happening to fall upon anatomy; and, speaking of the *hand*, he mentioned the *carpus* and the *metacarpus*, the joining of the bones, by many hard names, and the *periosteum*, which covered them, together with other *Greek* words which *Crato* had never heard of.—Then he shewed him a few curiosities he had collected; but anatomy being the subject of their chief discourse, he dwelt much upon the skeletons of a hare and a partridge: ‘Observe, Sir, said he, how firm the joints! how nicely the parts are fitted to each other! How proper this limb for flight, and that for running! and how wonderful the whole composition!’ *Crato* took due notice of the most considerable parts of those animals, and observed the chief remarks that his nephew made; but, being detained there above two hours without a dinner, assuming a pleasant air, he said, ‘I wish these rarities had flesh upon them, for I begin to be hungry, nephew, and you entertain me with nothing but bones.’ Then he carried home his nephew to dinner with him, and dismissed the jest.

The next morning his kinsman *Tramarinus* desired him to hear a sermon at such a church, for I am informed, said he, the preacher will be my old schoolmaster. It was *Agrotus*, a country minister, who was to fulfil the service of the day, an honest, a pious, and an useful man, who fed his own people weekly with di-
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vine food, composed his sermons with a mixture of the instructive and pathetic, and delivered them with no improper elocution. Where any difficulty appeared in the text, or the subject, he usually explained it in a very natural and easy manner, to the understanding of all his parishioners; he paraphrased on the most affecting parts largely, that he might strike the conscience of every hearer, and had been the happy means of the salvation of many: But he thought thus with himself, 'When I preach at *London*, I have 'hearers of a wiser rank, I must feed them with learning and substantial sense, and must have my discourse 'set thick with distinct sentences and new matter.' He contrived therefore to abridge his compositions, and to throw four of his country sermons together to make up one for the city, and yet could not forbear to add a little *Greek* in the beginning: he told the auditors how the text was to be explained; he set forth the analysis of the words in order, shewed the *Hoti* and the *Dioti*, (*i. e.* that it was so, and *why* it was so, with much learned criticism (all which he wisely left out in the country :) then he pronounced the doctrine distinctly, and filled up the rest of the hour with the mere rehearsal of the general and special heads: but he omitted all the amplification which made his performances in the country so clear and so intelligible, so warm and affecting. In short, it was the mere joints and carcase of a long composition, and contained above forty branches in it. The hearers had no time to consider or reflect on the good things which were spoken, or apply them to their own consciences: the preacher hurried their attention so fast onward to new matters, that they could make no use of any thing he said, while he spoke it, nor had they a moment for reflection,

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tion, in order to fix it in their memories, and improve by it at home.

The young gentleman was somewhat out of countenance when the sermon was done, for he missed all that life and spirit, that pathetic amplification which impressed his conscience when he was but a school-boy: However, he put the best face upon it, and began to commend the performance. 'Was it not, said he, Sir, a substantial discourse? How well connected were all the reasons? How strong the inferences, and what a variety and number of them?' It is true, said the uncle; but methinks I want food here, and I find nothing but bones again. I could not have thought, nephew, you would have treated me two days just alike; yesterday at home, and to-day at church, the first course was *Greek*, and all the rest mere Skeleton.

XXVI. WORDS WITHOUT SPIRIT.

EMERA was much displeas'd with her maid servants, for some pieces of cross ill conduct in domestic affairs. The occasion of her displeasure was great and just, but she had not the spirit of reproof. *Criton*, the partner of her life, happening then to be in his closet, she went up and made her complaint there; he intreated her to excuse him from the oeconomy of the kitchen and the parlour: it was all entirely under her dominion; and if her maids were so culpable, she must reprove them sharply: 'Alas, said she, I cannot chide; however, to shew my resentment, if you will write down a chiding, I will go immediately and read it
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‘to them.’ This is no fable, but true history of an occurrence in a family. Now, what better improvement can be made of it, than to make a parable like it for the service of the church?

Lectorius is a pious man, and worthy minister in a parish church; his discourses are well formed, his sentiments on almost every subject are just and proper, his stile is modern, and not unpolite; nor does he utterly neglect the passions in the turn of his compositions: Yet I cannot call him a good preacher, for he does not only use his written notes to secure his method, and to relieve his memory, which is a very proper and useful practice, but he scarce ever takes his eye off from his book to address himself with life and spirit to the people. For this reason, many of his hearers fall asleep; the rest of them sit from *January* to *December*, regardless and unconcerned. An air of indolence reigns through the faces of his auditory, as if it were a matter of no importance, or not addressed to them, and his ministrations have little power or success.

In his last sermon he had an use of reproof, for some vices, which were practised, in a public and shameless manner, in his parish; and, as the apostle required *Timothy*, to reprove such sinners before all, so he supposed, that these sins, at least, ought not to escape a public rebuke. The paragraph was well drawn up, and indeed it was animated with some just and awful severities of language; yet he had not courage enough to chide the guilty, nor to animate his voice with any just degree of zeal. However, the good man did his best, he went into the pulpit and read them a chiding.

His conduct is just the same, when he designs his address, in his paper, to any of the softer passions; for, by the coldness of his pronunciation, and keeping his eye ever fixed on his notes, he makes very little
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impression

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impression on his hearers. When he should awaken senseless and obstinate sinners, and pluck them as brands out of the burning, he only reads to them out of his book, some words of *pity*, or perhaps an *use of terror*; and if he would lament over their impenitence, and their approaching ruin, he can do no more than read them a chapter of lamentation.

Since there are so many of the kindred of *Lectorius* in our nation, it is no wonder that some of them arise to vindicate the family and their practice. Do not the *English* sermons, say they, exceed those of other nations, because they are composed with so much justice and accuracy; and by careful reading, they are delivered with great exactness to the people, without trusting one sentence to the frailty of the memory, or the warmth of sudden imagination?

I am sure it may be replied, that if the *English* sermons exceed those of our neighbours, the *English* preachers would exceed themselves, if they would learn the art of reading, by the glance of the eye, so as never to interrupt the force of their argument, nor the vivacity and pathos of their pronunciation; or if they made themselves so much masters of what they had written, and delivered it with such life and spirit, such freedom and fervency, as though it came all fresh from the head and the heart. It is by this art of pronouncing, as well as by a warm composure, that some of the *French* preachers reign over their assemblies, like a *Cicero* or a *Demosthenes* of old, and that with such superior dignity and power, as is seldom seen now-a-days in an *English* audience, whatsoever esteem may be paid to our writings.

A paper, with the most pathetic lines written upon it, has no fear nor hope, no zeal or compassion; it is conscious of no design, nor has any solicitude for the success:

success: and a mere reader, who coldly tells the people what his paper says, seems to be as void of all these necessary qualifications, as his paper is.

XXVII. THE CHURCH-YARD.

WHEN I enter the church-yard, I love to converse with the dead. See how thick the hillocks of mortality arise all around me, each of them a monument of death, and the covering of a son or daughter of *Adam*. Perhaps a thousand or ten thousand pieces of human nature, heaps upon heaps, lie buried in this spot of ground; it is the old repository of the inhabitants of the neighbouring town; a collection of the ruins of many ages, and the rubbish of twenty generations.

I say within myself, What a multitude of human beings, noble creatures, are here reduced to dust!—God has broken his own best workmanship to pieces, and demolished by thousands the finest earthly structures of his own building. Death has entered in, and reigned over this town for many successive centuries; it had its commission from God, and it has devoured multitudes of men.

Should a stranger make the enquiry which is expressed, *Deut. xxix. 24. Wherefore has the Lord done thus to the work of his own hands? What meaneth the heat of this great anger?* The answer is ready, ver. 25, &c. *Because they have sinned; they have forsaken the covenant of the Lord God, therefore the Lord has rooted them out of their land in anger, and in wrath, and in great indignation, and hath cast them into another land, even the land of corruption and darkness, as it is at this day.*

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But have not other towns, cities and villages their church-yards too? My thoughts take the hint, and fly abroad through all the burying-places of the nations. What millions of mankind lie under the ground in urns, or mingled with common clay? Every ancient town and city in the world has burnt or buried all its inhabitants more than thirty times over: what wide-spreading slaughter, what lamentable desolation has death made among the children of men! But the vengeance is just in all; each of them are sinners; *and the anger of God hath kindled against them to bring upon them the first curse that is written in his book, In the day that thou sinnest, thou shalt surely die.* Gen. ii. 17.

Go to the church-yard then, O sinful and thoughtless mortals; go learn from every tomb-stone, and rising hillock, that *the wages of sin is death.* Learn in silence among the dead, that lesson which infinitely concerns all the living; nor let thy heart be ever at rest till thou art acquainted with JESUS, *who is the resurrection and the life**.

XXVIII. TO A PAINTER, RESTORING AN OLD PICTURE.

S I R,

WHEN you take a review of the former labours of your pencil, and retouch the features of *Idaho* with so skilful a hand, you remove the brown veil which rolling years have spread over them, and brighten

* The Reader can see these hints beautifully enlarged on, by consulting the justly celebrated Mr. HERVEY'S *Meditations among the Tombs.*

brighten all the piece into its early form and loveliness. There rises a fresh vigour upon the looks, and the spirit of the poet is infused again into the image of our aged friend. We see and wonder how the eyes resume their youth and fire; what a genius glows in the countenance; and new light and life are scattered over all the shadow of the man, who himself is halting to death and darkness.

O could you renew all the living originals, and recover them from the deformations and disgraces of time, as easily as your pencil calls their portraits back again from age, you would be the first man in the universe for wealth and fame. Even the grossest sensualist, who is strongly attached to his cups and his amours, would relinquish them both to make his way to your hand, and offer all the remnant of his patrimony for a cast of your favour: *Arato*, the decrepid miser, would bring his mines of gold, and lay them at your feet; while his daughter *Quadrilla*, in her fortieth year, throws down her cards in haste to increase the crowd at your door, and intreat the blessings of your art.

But nature, alas! hath fixed the limits of youth, beauty and vigour; narrow limits indeed! and when once passed, they are unrepassable. The broken lines of an ancient painting may be re-united and grow strong, the features may rise round and elevated, and the colours glow again with sprightly youth; but our real form grows cold and pale; it sinks, it flattens, it withers into wrinkles; the decay is resistless and perpetual, and recovery lies beyond the reach of hope. This shadow of *Idalia*, touched by your pencil, lives again, and will see another age; but the substance dies daily, and is ready to drop into the dust.

To this point of mortality, since it is certain and inevitable, let us often direct our eyes; let our scattered

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tered thoughts be recollected from all their wanderings, and pay a daily visit to death. Acquaintance with it, in the light of Christianity, will dispel its darkest terrors. And since *Idalio* and *Apelles*, poets and painters, with all their sprightly airs, are borne away with the rest of mankind, by the sweeping torrent of time, let us hold the period of life ever in our view, let us all keep our spirits awake, and guard against a surprise. O may your soul and mine never start back from the gloomy gate, which opens a passage into the world of spirits! We know we must leave our flesh behind us in the grave; and there let it lie till it hath finished the time of its appointed purification; let it lie and refine from all the dregs of sin and sensual impurities; let it wait for the beams of the last morning, and salute the dawn of the great rising-day.—Glorious and surprising day indeed, for the restoration of all the originals of mankind, when paintings and shadows shall be no more! Blessed hour, when our dust, at the creating call of Heaven, shall start up into MAN; it shall glow with new life and immortal colours, such as nature, in her gayest scenes, hath never displayed; such as the dreams of poets were never able to represent, nor the pallet of *Titian* ever knew.

XXIX. ON THE SIGHT OF QUEEN
MARY, IN THE YEAR 1694.

I.

I SAW th' illustrious form, I saw
Beauty that gave the nations law :
Her eyes, like mercy on a throne,
In condescending grandeur shone.

That

II.

'That blooming face! how lovely fair
Hath nature mix'd her wonders there!
The rosy morn such lustre shows
Glancing along the *Scythian* snows.

III.

Her shape, her motion, and her mien,
All heavenly; such are angels seen,
When the bright vision grows intense,
And fancy aids our feebler sense.

IV.

Earth's proudest idols dare not vie
With such superior Majesty:
A kindling vapour might as soon
Rise from the bogs, and mate the moon.

V.

I'll call no *Raphael* from his rest;
Such charms can never be express'd:
Pencil and paint were never made
To draw pure light without a shade.

VI.

BRITAIN beholds her Queen with pride,
And mighty WILLIAM at her side
Gracing the throne, while at her feet
With humble joy three nations meet.

VII.

Secure of empire, she might lay
Her crown, her robes, and state away,
And 'midst ten thousand nymphs be seen:
Her beauty would proclaim the queen.

EPANORTHOSIS.

VIII.

Her guardian angel heard my song.
Fond man, he cry'd, forbear to wrong

My

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My lovely charge. So vulgar eyes
Gaze at the stars, and praise the skies.

IX.

Rudely they praise, who dwell below
And Heaven's true glories never know,
Where stars and planets are no more
Than pebbles scatter'd on the floor.

X.

So, where celestial virtues join'd
Form an incomparable mind,
Crowns, scepters, beauties, charms, and air,
Stand but as shining servants there.

XXX. ON THE EFFIGIES OF HIS ROYAL HIGH-
NESS GEORGE, LATE PRINCE OF DENMARK,
AND LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF GREAT-BRI-
TAIN, MADE IN WAX, AND SEATED AT A
BANQUET, NEAR THE EFFIGIES OF HER MA-
JESTY QUEEN ANNE.

*All happily performed in a very near Imitation of the
Life, by CHRYSIS. 1705.*

SO look'd the hero, coming from the board
Of naval counsels, and put off his sword,
So sat the Prince, when with a smiling air
He relish'd Life, and pleas'd his SOVEREIGN FAIR.
Surprising form! scarce with a softer mien
Did his first love address his future QUEEN.
Publish the wonder, fame*. But, O! forbear
T' approach the palace and the royal ear,

Left.

* This poem was written just after prince GEORGE's death.

Left her impatient love and wishing eye
 Seek the dear image, gaze, and mourn, and die.
 Or stay: the royal mourner will believe
 Her GEORGE restor'd, and so forget to grieve.
 What cannot *Chrysis* do? Those artful hands
 Shall raise the hero: Lo, in arms he stands:
 FAIRBOURN † and LEAK submissive shall espy
 War on his brow, and orders in his eye,
 Auspicious, just, and wise: The fleet obeys,
 And the *French* Pirates flee the *British* seas.

XXXI. TO VELINA, ON THE DEATH
 OF SEVERAL YOUNG CHILDREN.

I HAVE seen a comely fruit tree in the Summer-
 season, with the branches of it promising plenteous
 fruit: The stock was surrounded with seven or eight
 little shoots of different sizes, that grew up from the
 root at a small distance, and seemed to compose a
 beautiful defence and ornament for the mother-tree;
 But the gardener, who espied their growth, knew the
 danger; he cut down those tender suckers one after
 another, and laid them in the dust. I pitied them in
 my heart, and said, *How pretty were these young stand-
 ards! how much like the parent! how elegantly clothed
 with the raiment of summer! and each of them might have
 grown to a fruitful tree:* But they stood too near to en-
 danger the stock; they drew away the sap, the heart,
 and strength of it, so far as to injure the fruit, and
 darken the hopeful prospect of autumn. The prun-
 ing-knife appeared unkind indeed, but the gardener was
 wise; for the tree flourished more sensibly, the fruit
 grew

† Two *British* admirals.

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grew fair and large, and the ingathering at last was plentiful and joyful.

Will you give me leave, *Velina*, to persuade you into this parable? Shall I compare you to this tree in the garden of God? Your agreeable qualifications seem to promise various fruits, of faith, of love, of universal holiness and service: you have had many of these young suckers springing up around you; they stood awhile your sweet ornaments and your joy, and each of them might have grown up to a perfection of likeness, and each might have become a parent-tree: but say, did they never draw your heart off from GOD? Did you never feel them stealing any of those seasons of devotion, or those warm affections that were first and supremely due to him that made you? Did they not stand a little too near the soul? And when they have been cut off successively, and laid one after another in the dust, have you not found your heart running out more toward GOD, and living more perpetually upon him? Are you not now devoting yourself more entirely to GOD every day, since the last was taken away? Are you not aiming at some greater fruitfulness and service than in times past?—If so, then repine not at the pruning knife; but adore the conduct of the heavenly Husbandman, and say, *All his ways are wisdom and mercy.*

But I have not yet done with my parable. When the granary was well stored with excellent fruit, and before the winter came upon the tree, the gardener took it up by the roots, and it appeared as dead. But his design was not to destroy it utterly; for he removed it far away from that spot of earth, where it had stood, and planted it in a hill of richer mould, which was sufficient to nourish it with all its attendants.

ants.—The spring appeared, the tree budded into life again, and all those fair little standards, that had been cut off, broke out of the ground afresh, and stood up around it (a sweet young grove) flourishing in beauty and immortal vigour.

You know now where you are, *Velina*, and that I have carried you to the hill of Paradise, to the blessed hour of the resurrection. What an unknown joy will it be, when you have fulfilled all the fruits of righteousness, in this lower world, to be transplanted to that heavenly mountain! What a divine rapture and surprise of blessedness, to see all your little offspring around you that day, springing out of the dust at once, making a fairer and brighter appearance in that upper garden of God, and rejoicing together, (a sweet company) all partakers with you of the same happy immortality; all fitted to bear heavenly fruit, without the need or danger of a pruning-knife. Look forward, by faith, to this glorious morning, and admire the whole scheme of providence and grace. Give cheerful honours beforehand to your almighty and all-wise Governor, who, by his unsearchable counsels, has fulfilled your best wishes, and secured your dear infants to you for ever, though not just in your own way: that blessed hand, which made the painful separation on earth, shall join you and your babes together in his own heavenly habitation, never to be divided again, though the method may be painful to flesh and blood. Fathers shall not hope in vain, nor *mothers bring forth for trouble; they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them*, Isa. lxx. 23. Then shall you say, *Lord, here am I, and the children that thou hast given me. For he is your God, and the God of your seed, in an everlasting covenant.* AMEN.

XXXII. EARTH, HEAVEN, AND HELL.

I HAVE often tried to strip death of its frightful colours, and make all the terrible airs of it vanish into softness and delight: To this end, among other roving of thought, I have sometimes illustrated to myself the whole creation, as one immense building, with different apartments, all under the immediate possession and government of the great Creator.

One sort of these mansions are little, narrow, dark, damp rooms; where there is much confinement, very little good company, and such a clog upon one's natural spirits, that a man cannot think or talk with freedom, nor exert his understanding, or any of his intellectual powers with glory or pleasure. This is the *earth* in which we dwell.

A second sort are spacious, lightsome, airy, and serene courts, open to the summer sky; or, at least, admitting all the valuable qualities of sun and air, without the inconveniencies; where there are thousands of most delightful companions, and every thing that can give one pleasure, and make one capable and fit to give pleasure to others. This is the *heaven* we hope for.

A third sort of apartments are open and spacious too, but under a wintry sky, with perpetual storms of hail, rain, and wind, thunder, lightning, and every thing that is painful and offensive; and all this among millions of wretched companions, cursing the place, tormenting one another, and each endeavouring to increase the public and universal misery. This is *hell*.

Now, what a dreadful thing is it to be driven out of one of the first narrow dusky cells into the third sort of apartment, where the change of the room is infinitely the worst!—No wonder that sinners are afraid to die.

But

But why should a soul that has good hope, through grace, of entering into the serene apartment, be unwilling to leave the narrow smoky prison he has dwelt in so long, and under such loads of inconvenience?

Death, to a good man, is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room of his father's house, into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining. O may the rays and splendors of my heavenly apartment shoot far downward, and gild the dark entry with such a cheerful gleam, as to banish every fear when I shall be called to pass through!

XXXIII. A HORNET'S NEST DESTROYED.

WHAT curious little creatures are these! how bright and beautiful the body of them! how nimble and sprightly the several limbs! how swift the wing of this insect for flight, and the sting as dreadful for its own defence, and for the punishment of those that hurt it. What rich contrivance is there in all the invisible springs of this little engine! and yet here are thousands of them destroyed at once, and reduced to common earth.

If any artist among men could have framed but one such a wonderful machine as this, it would have been sold for thousands of gold and silver, it would have been valued at the price of royal treasures, and thought fit only for the cabinet of the greatest princes. The destruction of such a rare piece of workmanship would have been an uncompenfable loss among men; but it is the work of God, and here are thousands of these elegant

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elegant structures demolished, and cast out to the dung-hill, without any concern or injury to GOD or man. Glorious indeed, and all divine is the magnificence of the great Creator! With what a profusion doth he pour out the riches of his art, even amongst the meaner parts of the creation! he makes yearly, millions of those animals without labor, and he can part with millions out of his kingdom without loss.

Yet these are not superfluous or useless beings in the dominions of GOD. There was a time when he raised an army of them, and sent them upon a great expedition, to drive the nations of the *Canaanites* and their kings out of their own land, when he would plant his beloved *Israel* there, *Exod.* xxiii. 28. *Josh.* xxiv. 12. Thus he knows how to employ them, when and where he pleases: but he gives leave to every man to destroy their nests and their armies, wheresoever they become a nuisance to him; for, if he want them himself, he can summon them from the most distant parts of the world, and they shall come at his first call. He can *hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost parts of Egypt, and the bee that is in the land of Assyria,* *Isa.* vii. 18. and they shall range themselves under his banner to execute his dreadful commission. Or, if the whole creation does not afford legions of them sufficient for his purpose, HE, who could animate the dust of the earth into lice, *Exod.* viii. 16. can command all the sands of the sea into swarms of hornets; or he can call millions out of nothing into being with a word, all dressed in their proper livery, and armed with their stings to carry on his war. What can be wanting to that GOD who has all the uncreated and unknown world of possibles within the reach of his voice? *He calleth the things that are not, as though they were,* *Rom.* iv. 7

XXXIV. CITATIONS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

ANCIENT Custom and modern Fashion are two sovereign tyrants, who bear almost an universal sway over the practices of mankind. They are directly opposite to each other, and they share the empire of the world between them. The learned and the mighty, as well as the poor and the foolish, obey their dictates without farther inquiry, and submit all to their authority, without reserve, and without reason.

Why did the *Persians* worship the fire, and the *Chinese* the souls of their ancestors? Why do the *Papists* say their prayers in *Latin*, and the *Jews* wash their hands always before eating? It was the usage of ancient ages, and the custom of their fathers. Why did the ladies of *Great-Britain* wear ruffs and fardingales a century and a half ago? and why do the men of fashion now-a-days keep two knots of hair dangling on their shoulders, with one long curl behind? Does nature find so much convenience, or spy so much decency in it? Neither of the two: but still there is supposed to be reason enough for any of these oddities, since it is the present mode. The mode will soon reconcile fancy to the most awkward appearances, and the most in-commodious practices: but if nature, reason, and convenience, make never so loud remonstrances, they must all stand aside and submit, while some *old customs*, and some *new fashions* pronounce their absolute decrees concerning a thousand things, and determine without appeal.

Yet if reason, or religion, might have leave to put in a word, methinks there are some ancient fashions which should never have been antiquated, as well as there are some new ones which should never have been suffered to arise.

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It was a fashion among our grandfathers, to cite a worthy or elegant sentence from some author of established fame, and that in their conversation, as well as their writings. They would choose to express their sentiments in the bright and beautiful language of some ancient poet or philosopher, which gave new life and strength to the period: but, for these fifty years past, you gain the name of a Pedant, if you affront the modish world with a wise and pious saying, borrowed from one of the ancients in their own language.

I will grant, indeed, that it was a piece of pride, vanity, and impertinence, in some who lived in the last century, to interline all their discourses, and almost every page of their books, with perpetual scraps of *Greek* and *Latin*; and it became yet more ridiculous in sermons and treatises, which were written only for the use of the *English* world, who know nothing but their mother-tongue: but must so useful and entertaining a practice be banished for ever, because it has been abused, and carried to extremes? Suppose I have a fine and noble sentiment in my thoughts, which I learned from *Seneca* or *Cicero*, must I be bound to deliver it in my own rude language, rather than let those ingenious ancients speak it in their own phrase; supposing always that the company, in which I speak, understand the *Roman* tongue? Is it such a crime to let *Juvenal* or *Horace* say an agreeable and pertinent thing for me, when I thereby confess that I cannot say any thing myself so pertinent and so agreeable? And why may not a *David* or a *Solomon*, as well as a *Virgil*, a *Milton*, or an *Addison*, rise and dignify a period, now and then, with their noble, and just, and elegant lines, and enliven a modern page with their warm and splendid images? It is not nature and reason, but mere fashion

fashion, that has branded this practice with the odious name of *puritanism*, or of *pedantry*; and, I think, I may congratulate the present age, that it begins a little to be revived, even by writers of the first rank.

May I presume again to enquire, why we should absolutely renounce the fashion of our fore-fathers, in adorning their churches and their houses with the wise and pious sayings of philosophers, or of prophets and men inspired? God himself invented this practice, and made it a law for the *Jews*, his favourite people, that *they should write his statutes on the posts of their houses, and on their gates*, to strike the eye and heart of them that came in. Nor is there any thing superstitious or *Jewish* in this matter: the walls of *Christian* temples were wont to be inscribed with remarkable precepts of piety, taken from the word of God; moral and divine mottos were, in former centuries, thought an ornament to the narrow pannels of their wainscot, and long and beautiful sentences ran round the cornice of a private house, and carried virtue and peace with them all the way. That divine rule of equity, *Deal with others, as you would have others deal with you*, has stood guard in a tradesman's shop against every appearance of fraud, and every temptation to over-reach a customer. Closets and compting-houses often told our ancestors their duty when they were alone; and their large and spacious halls taught virtue and goodness to the world in fair and legible characters. The parlour and dining-room put their friends in mind of God and heaven, in letters of vermilion and gold; and the kitchen and the out-houses instructed the servants in their duty, and reprov'd them to the face, when they ventured to practise iniquity out of the sight of their master.

I know there is a decorum to be observed in all
 F things

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things of this kind. I am not for pasting up whole pages of morality round the rooms, nor filling every naked pannel with little *Gothic* emblems and ornaments, with pious rhymes or lectures of religion: but methinks we run to a wide extreme, when we absolutely exclude every such lesson of virtue from all the places of our residence. And since the present mode has condemned all these inscriptions of truth and goodness, I know not what is come in the room of them, unless it be the filthy abuse of letters, and a lewd or profane couplet graven with a diamond on a pane of glass. Our walls in ages past wore the signatures of honour and virtue: now there are too many windows, that as soon as they admit the light, discover our shame. I wonder how any man, that pretends to politeness and elegance, should scribble such lines as female modesty ought never to see, and which the rudest tongue of his own sex ought never to pronounce.

At other times you shall find some vile reproach on particular persons, left standing on the glass to be read by future comers: and thus the scandal is conveyed to multitudes in a long succession; and every reader, by learning the unjust reproach, may, in some sense, be said to increase the writer's guilt.

If they must write the names of their mistresses on the windows, and describe their beauties there, let them do it in such language as may not offend the tongue of modesty to repeat, nor raise a blush on the cheek of virtue.

If the Muse lavish her immortal wit
 To paint a fading face,
 And the firm diamond the frail honours write
 Upon the brittle glass,
 Let no foul word pollute that heavenly ray
 Which makes the lines appear:

Lewdness

Lewdness would taint the sun-beams in their way ;
 Lewdness should ne'er be read but when keen light-
 nings play
 To blast the writer's hand, and shake his soul with fear.

If they would write the name of a friend or a stranger
 there, let it be a name of worth and honour ; let it be
 some example of virtue, and attended with a due en-
 comium.

A L B I N U S.

Clear as the glass, his spotless fame,
 And lasting diamond writes his name.

Or if a diamond must be used for a pen, and a pane
 of glass must be the tablet on which we write, I should
 rather choose that those pellucid mediums, which trans-
 mit the light of heaven to our eyes, should convey
 some beam of sacred knowledge, or some useful me-
 mento to the mind.

Words of eternal truth proclaim,
 All mortal joys are vain :
 A diamond pen engraves the theme
 Upon a brittle plain.

XXXV. AGAINST LEWDNESS.

I.
WHY should you let your wand'ring eyes
 Entice your soul to shameful sin ?
 Scandal and ruin are the prize,
 You take such fatal pains to win.

II.

This brutal vice makes reason blind,
 And blots the name with hateful stains :
 It wastes the flesh, pollutes the mind,
 And tears the heart with racking pains.

III.

Let *David* speak with heavy groans,
 How it estrang'd his soul from God,
 Made him complain of broken bones,
 And fill'd his house with wars and blood.

IV.

Let *Solomon* and *Samson* tell
 Their melancholy stories here,
 How bright they shone, how low they fell,
 When sin's vile pleasures cost them dear.

V.

In vain you choose the darkest time,
 Nor let the sun behold the fight :
 In vain you hope to hide your crime
 Behind the curtains of the night :

VI.

The wakeful stars and midnight moon
 Watch your foul deeds and know your shame ;
 And God's own eye, like beams of noon,
 Strikes through the shade, and marks your name.

VII.

What will you do when Heav'n enquires
 Into these scenes of secret sin ?
 And lust, with all its guilty fires,
 Shall make your conscience rage within ?

VIII.

How will you curse your wanton eyes,
 Curse the lewd partners of your shame,
 When death, with horrible surprize,
 Shews you the pit of quenchless flame ?

Flee,

IX.

Flee, finners, flee th' unlawful bed,
 Lest vengeance send you down to dwell
 In the dark regions of the dead,
 To feed the fiercest fires of hell.

XXXVI. AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

I.

IS it not strange that every creature
 Should know the measure of its thirst,
 (They drink but to support their nature,
 And give due moisture to their dust;)

II.

While man, vile man, whose nobler kind
 Should scorn to act beneath the beast,
 Drowns all the glories of his mind,
 And kills his soul to please his taste!

III.

O what a hateful, shameful sight,
 Are drunkards reeling through the street!
 Now they are fond, and now they fight,
 And pour their shame on all they meet.

IV.

Is it so exquisite a pleasure
 To troll down liquor through the throat,
 And swill, and know no bounds or measure,
 'Till sense and reason are forgot.

V.

Do they deserve th' immortal name
 Of MAN, who sink so far below?
 Will GOD, the maker of their frame
 Endure to see them spoil it so?

VI.

Can they e'er think of Heaven or grace,
 Or hope for glory when they die?
 Can such vile ghosts expect a place
 Among the shining souls on high?

VII.

The meanest feat is too refin'd
 To entertain a drunkard there.
 Ye sinners of this loathsome kind,
 Repent, or perish in despair.

 XXXVII. VANITY CONFESSED.

IT was a strange and thoughtless expression of a very ingenious author*, 'Among all the millions of vices, says he, that I inherit from *Adam*, I have escaped the first and father-sin of pride.' And he goes on to prove it, by asserting his humility, after many boasted instances of his learning and acquirements. Surely, thought I, this man lived much abroad, and conversed but little at home; he knew much of the world, but he was not acquainted with himself; and while he practises this vanity in so public a manner, he strongly denies that any belongs to him.

Senotus was a man of more mortified soul, a sagacious self inquirer while he lived; and among his most secret papers which escaped the flames, this following soliloquy was found after his death. How passionately does he mourn this frailty, and with what a becoming sense doth he lament and bewail this original blemish of his nature! It was written before he arrived at his sacred dignity, but it discovers the sentiments and the piety which attended him through all his life.

Pride,

* Dr. Brown, in his *Religio Medici*.

Pride, saith he, is so extensive, so universal a disease of mankind, that I know no part of the infection which we derive from our first father, that has so intimately mingled itself with the whole mass of blood, has so much corrupted our best powers, and runs, without exception, through the whole race.—Methinks I can scarce move, or speak, but I feel the secret poison working, and I am betrayed at every turn into new folly and guilt by this flattering and subtle enemy.

If I am accepted in company, and find favour among men, how ready am I to impute it to my own merit! and if I meet with reproach, how does my heart swell against the tongue that uttered it, and I begin to charge the ignorant world that they have not known me! or I accuse them secretly of doing injustice to my character; for I fancy myself to have deserved the honours of mankind, and not their censures.

This active iniquity is never at rest; whether I have to do with GOD or man, it besets me on every side, it breaks the commands of the first table, as well as the second, detracts from the honour that I owe to my Maker, and the charity due to my fellow creatures.

I devote myself and all my powers to GOD in the morning, and I think I do it with solemn sincerity: then I meditate, I compose, or perhaps I preach, and diffuse the knowledge of the glory of CHRIST, my Lord. But if some shining thought break into my meditations, how fond am I to spread and dress it, to make self shine a little; and thus sacrilegiously attempt to share the honour that is due alone to my SAVIOUR and the gospel! how closely doth the serpent-iniquity twine about my nature, and defile my most religious services! Often do I assume these lines in my lips, and

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with the pleasing pain that belongs to repentance, I appropriate the words to myself, as, though I had been the author of them.

'Tis pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform ;
Curst pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm !

If I begin to write any divine thoughts in verse, to entertain myself, or my fellow-christians, with holy melody, I find this temper at my right-hand, abusing my poesy, to the ruin of my religion,——

My God, the songs I frame
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name
To build their own applause.

Sometimes I raise my thoughts a little to contemplate my Creator, in the numerous wonders of his power and wisdom, in his inimitable perfections, and in the majesty and grandeur of his nature; I fall down before him, confounded in his presence. My own ideas of his transcendent excellency overwhelm me with a sense of my own meanness, and I lay myself low in the dust, whence I and all my fore-fathers sprang: But, perhaps, a sudden moment turns my thought aside to my brethren, my fellow-mortals; and when I imagine myself superior to some of them, the worm that lay level with the dust begins to swell and rise again, and a vain self-comparison with creatures interrupts the humble prostrations of my soul, and spoils my devotion to my God.

And here it is very astonishing to consider upon what
what

what trifles of circumstance foolish man is ready to exalt himself above his neighbour. I am even ashamed to think, that when I stand among persons of a low stature, and a mean outward appearance, (especially if they are utter strangers) I am ready to look downward upon their undertakings, as beneath my own, because nature has formed my limbs by a larger model, has raised this animal bulk upon higher pillars, and given me a full and florid aspect. Ridiculous thought, and wild imagination! as though the size and colour of the brute were the proper measure to judge of the man!

At another time, when I have been engaged in free discourse, I have heard a sprightly youth talk most pertinently on the proposed subject, but I felt myself ready before-hand to despise whatever he should say, because I happened to be born ten years before him; and yet how wretchedly inconsistent is this distemper of mind! for, I was tempted the next moment to neglect what was spoken by a grave gentleman present, because he was born twenty years before me: My own vanity would persuade me, that the one was so much younger than I, that he had not yet arrived at sense, and the other so much older, that he had forgotten it.

I find it is not *youth* or *age*, but it is *self* is the idol and the temptation. My foolish heart is apt to say within itself, even when I am in the midst of persons of thought and sagacity, "Methinks they should all be of my mind, when I have given my opinion;" and I feel a secret inclination to flatter my own judgment, though I condemn the young and the old. — Thus is pride busy and zealous to exalt *self* on every occasion, to set up the *idol*, and make all bow down to it.

These silent and unseen turns of thought within me

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are so impudent, and so unreasonable, that I cannot bear to let them appear even before my own judgment; I scarce bring them to a trial, for I know they are evil; I condemn them as soon as they are born, I banish them for ever from my soul, and forbid their return. But ere I am aware they will come to their old native seat again, in spite of all the laws and rules of reason and religion; they overleap all the bars and fences that I raise perpetually to keep them out. This wicked pride is a home-born and domestic enemy, it knows every avenue of the soul, and is hardly excluded even by the severest watchfulness.

We are so fond to appear always in the right, that I find myself to need a great degree of self-denial, in order to believe that truth is truth, when I have happened to fall into a different sentiment; and what is this but pride of heart? I need not go far backward in my life, to find an instance of this folly or madness; something of this kind so often occurs.

Three days ago I was relating an affair of great consequence, and was opposed in my narrative by a friend, who knew the whole story perfectly: I felt my heart unwilling to yield to his opposition, though the reasonings that attended his narration carried superior light and force in them; I was hardly convinced that I was in the wrong, till I had left the company, and be-
thought myself. This cursed conceit, how it blinds the eyes to reason, and bars our conviction! And it is the same disease of the mind that prevents our confession of an error, even when we are inwardly convinced of it. It is pride that cramps the organs of speech, and makes these words, I was mistaken, so hard to pronounce in every language.

When I am debating a point of controversy, how much am I pleased when I overcome! and how ready
do

do I find my tongue to contend for victory too often with greater sollicitude than for truth! I feel the mischief working, though I hate it. I look inward, I blush, and chide myself; but, in the next company, nature returns, the inward distemper stirs again, I am ambitious of conquest in the next dispute; yet profess to be a Philosopher, a disciple of wisdom, and a lover of truth; but I feel I am a son of *Adam*.

I watch against the first risings of this inbred evil; but it is before-hand with me: I resolve to speak my sentiments with a modest air, but vanity sits upon my lips, and forms the sentence, or at least gives some swelling accents to the sound: Then I sigh inwardly at the sudden reproach, *What a vain wretch am I!* and should condemn myself as the very vilest piece of human nature, if I did not observe the same folly working at my right hand and at my left, and shewing itself all round me in a variety of shapes. Were all the progeny of *Eve* to be summoned to the bar of God, and tried upon this indictment,

Alas for poor mankind!
 Nor sex nor age is free:
 What would become of man?
 What would become of me?

Vanisso was in company while this paper was read, wherein *Senotus* confessed this foible of his soul; and with some confusion broke out thus: ‘What! *Senotus*, the wise and pious, the modest and the humble, say all this! *Senotus*, the venerable man of the Episcopal order, and the glory of our church, talk at this rate! O for an eternal succession of such bishops in every see!—But what lesson shall I learn by it? I will retire to my closet and search inward; for, how many

‘ vices soever hang about me, yet I never thought my
 ‘ self a proud man before, but I begin to suspect me
 ‘ now.’

XXXVIII. PASSION AND REASON.

AMONG the multitude of words that are uttered by the passions, you may sometimes chance to hear the dictates of reason: But if you suffer yourself to be ruffled, and return wrath for wrath, you so effectually stop your ears against her softer voice, that you cannot believe there was a syllable of reason in all the discourse of your opponent; and thus, by indulging the spirit of contradiction, you forbid your own improvement.

Tranquillus is a gentleman of a penetrating judgment, and a sedate temper: *Astrapé* is the partner of his life; a person of good understanding, but her imagination far exceeds: there is great brightness in her conversation, but her passions are warm, and she so far forgets herself, that her voice is sometimes a little elevated, even while company is present. When the clouds gather, and the storm rises, *Tranquillus* yields to the circumstances of the hour; he knows it is in vain to debate with a tempest, or reprove a whirlwind, but he calmly expects silence and fair weather to-morrow.

Many a time has the good man confessed, that he has gained some useful hints of knowledge under those lectures: for I have worn out, said he, many a campaign: I have learned to read truth by the flash of gunpowder, and to hearken to good sense even when the cannons roar. Her admonitions are assisstant to my
 virtue,

virtue, though sometimes they are pronounced louder than was needful.

Happy man, who has grown so familiar with wisdom, as to distinguish her voice in the midst of thunders, and to know and venerate that divine sun beam among whole sheets and volumes of lightning! Happy man, whose soul never kindles at those flashes, nor does he find his tongue inclined to echo to the noise!

Astrapé indeed would do well to correct her temper; but one would be almost content to live a month among those storms, if one might but gain, by that means, the placid and lively virtues of *Tranquillus*.

I.

LET *Astrapé* forbear to blaze,
 As lightning does with dreadful rays,
 Nor spoil the beauties of her face,
 To arm her tongue with thunder:
 That reason hardly looks divine,
 Where so much fire and sound combine,
 And make the way for wit to shine
 By riving sense asunder.

II.

Yet if I found her words grow warm,
 I'd learn some lesson by the storm,
 Or guard myself at least from harm
 By yielding like *Tranquillus*.
 Tempests will tear the stiffest oak,
 Cedars with all their pride are broke:
 Beneath the fury of that stroke
 That never hurts the willows.

XXXIX. ONE DEVIL CASTING OUT ANOTHER.

LATRISSA is often indisposed. Her friends attend her with most obliging visits, and sometimes give her relief in a gloomy hour. Last *Friday* she was seized with her usual discomposures: two ladies of her greatest intimacy spent the afternoon in her chamber; they talked of public business, and the commotions of the world: she was all silence and unmoved. They brought in virtue and religion, and tried to raise the conversation to Heaven: her soul was very heavy still, and her ears were listless. They descended to common trifles, surveyed the green fields through the window, and blest the fine weather and the warm sun-shine: *Latrissa* was all cloudy within, and received the talk very coldly.

When they found all these attempts were in vain, they ran to the charming topic of dress and fashion, gay colours and new habits, they traversed the park, and rehearsed the birth day; but even this would awaken no pleasing airs, not introduce one smile, nor scarce provoke an answer.

At last one of the visitants happened to mention a name or two, for which *Latrissa* had a known aversion, and began to expose their conduct and their character. *Latrissa* soon felt the wicked pleasure: the luscious poison wrought powerfully within, her voice echoed to every accusation, and confirmed all the infamy. A discourse so agreeable, scattered the inward gloom, and awakened her gall and her tongue at once. After a few sentences past, she assumed the chair, and ingrossed the whole conversation herself. She rallied on triumphantly for an hour together, without intermission,

mission, and without weariness, though when her friends first came in to see her, she could hardly speak for fainting.

Thus have I seen an old lap-dog lie fullen or lazy before the fire, though pretty mis's had tried an hundred ways to awaken the creature to activity and play: But a stranger happening to enter the room, the little cur hath called up all his natural envy and rage, nor hath he ceased barking till the stranger disappeared. When the fullen animal would not play, he let us hear that he could bark.

But I reprove myself. This vice is too big to be chastised by ridicule; for, it is a most hateful breach of the rules of the gospel. What a dismal spectacle is it to see this engine of scandal set on work so successfully among Christians, to drive out the deaf and dumb spirit! to see Satan employed to cast out Satan, and one evil spirit dispossessed by another!

O the shameful gust and relish that some people find in reproach and slander! The great apostle says, *Speak evil of no man*; and he exeludes *railers and revilers from the kingdom of heaven*: Yet *Latrissa* performs the duties of the church and the closet, rails daily at some of her neighbours, and thinks herself a Christian of the first rank still; nor will she see nor believe the iniquity of her temper, or the guilt of her conversation.

XL. EXCELLENCIES AND DEFECTS COMPENSATED.

FA ME doth not always belong to the active and the sprightly, nor immortal memory to the sons of wit. *Gravonius* was a person of prudence and virtue,

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ture, but rather of a slow conception, and a very moderate share of natural vivacity: a man of little discourse, but much thought. He would sometimes bring forth very valuable sentences, and furnish the company with wise observations that he had collected by many years reading, and long acquaintance with men and books. He travelled on daily in a regular round of life and duty to a good old age, he passed off the stage with honour among his friends, and was remembered twenty years after his death.

Lycidas was a gentleman of great parts, sprightly wit, far superior to *Gravonius* in the powers of the mind, and at least equal to him in virtue: he shone bright in every company, and put a lustre upon all his religion; he was the wonder and love of his friends while he lived. He was summoned away from the world in the bloom of life, deep lamentations were made at his grave, but in a few years time he was forgotten.

How came this to pass, that what blazed so bright should vanish so soon, and be lost at once? The reason is not far to seek. *Gravonius* kept his hours and his rounds as constant as the sun; and his track of life was drawn to a great length, and was well known to the world: He said over his apophthegms and lessons of prudence, till his acquaintance had learned them by heart. *Lycidas* was active and ready in all the varieties of life, but never tied himself down to rules, and forms, and sentences, nor could he teach another to act as he did: He always entertained his friends with a rich profusion of new sentiments. Neither his wit nor his wisdom had any common places: His manner and his way was like an eagle in the air, that leaves no track behind. His conversation and his life had a thousand

thousand beauties in them; but they were neither to be imitated, nor scarcely rehearsed by another.

If I were to live always, surely I would wish to be *Lycidas*, that I might have *my heart ever at my right hand*, in the phrase of *Solomon*; that I might know on the sudden how to speak pertinently, and what course to take on every new occurrence of a world that is in perpetual changes. I would have an understanding ever ready to suggest the thing that is proper in every time and place. It must be allowed, that *Lycidas* was much the more useful man on earth, though his name was soon forgotten. But *Gravonius* hath this to compensate his slowness, that, in some sense, he lives the longer for it. His regular conduct was learned and copied by his family: His sentences are often rehearsed among his friends; he speaks while he is underground, and gives advice to the living twenty years after he is dead.

There is nothing on earth excellent on all sides; there must be something wanting in the best of creatures, to shew how far they are from perfection. God has wisely ordained it, that excellencies and defects should be mingled amongst men; advantage and disadvantage are thrown into the balance, the one is set over against the other, that no man might be supremely exalted, and none utterly contemptible.

XLI. ENVY DISCOVERED.

ENVY is a malignant vice; of so hateful an aspect, and so black a character, that every man abhors it, when appearing in its own colours; and
whosoever

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whosoever is accused, renounces the charge with indignation.

When *Athos* was a boy, and read the description of this foul Fury in the books of the *Greek* and *Roman* Poets, he imagined that it was some bedlam that infested Heathen countries; but he could not believe that she should dwell among Christians, and have a temple in their very bosoms.

Could one ever suppose that Envy should mix itself with the blood and spirits of a good man, or find any room in the same heart where there is a favour of true religion? Religion consists in an intercourse of divine and human love;

But Envy smiles at sorrows not her own,
And laughs to hear a nation groan.
But Envy feeds on infamy and blood,
And grieves at all that's great and good.
But Envy pines, because her neighbours thrive,
And dies to see a brother live.

Yet this *very malignant vice*, this *fury of hell*, makes her way sometimes into the very *soul* that is *born of God*, and that hopes to be an inhabitant of Heaven: but it generally takes care to conceal its name, and to disguise its odious appearance, that it may not be known in the heart where it dwells. It too often breaks out indeed before the eyes of the world, to the shame and scandal of religion, and appears in its own most hateful form, *rejoicing in mischief*; but it much more frequently sits brooding within, *fretting at the peace and welfare of others*, and spreads a melancholy gloom, and painful horror round all the chambers of the soul, if the sun but shine upon a neighbour's house.

1. There is many a Christian indulges this secret iniquity.

quity, and practises this vice without the reproaches of conscience, because he cannot believe his conduct deserves this name. And whither can I send such a one to learn the nature of this sin better than to his Bible?

The holy Psalmist was once overtaken with a fit of Envy; and after he had been divinely convinced and ashamed of it, the way wherein he confesses and describes it is this: That he enlarged his ideas of the prosperity of the wicked, he spread abroad all their honours and their riches before the eyes of his imagination, and magnified every circumstance of their health, their strength, and all their comforts of life; but he conceals or lessens all their troubles, as though they had nothing to complain of: while, at the same time, his mouth was filled with complaints of his own sorrows; he painted his own grievances upon his fancy in the darkest colours, and the most dismal shapes; and by the comparison of their condition and his own, his soul grew much more uneasy.

‘ As for my wicked neighbours, says he, they
 ‘ thrive in the world, they increase in riches, they
 ‘ are not in trouble like other men, nor are they
 ‘ plagued as I am; their eyes stand out with fatness;
 ‘ they have more than heart can wish; they oppress and
 ‘ prosper; they are encompassed with pride and ho-
 ‘ nours; they are gay and wanton in their garments of
 ‘ oppression and violence; in life their strength is firm,
 ‘ and they die easy, for they have no painful agonies
 ‘ in their death: But as for me, the waters of a full
 ‘ cup are wrung out to me; all the day long have I
 ‘ been plagued, and chastened every morning; *Psalm*
 lxxiii.

The good man, when he felt this evil temper working in him, indulged it too much at first; but upon a
 just

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just review he chid himself; and submitted to call it by its proper name; *I was ENVIOUS at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.*

O that it had been found only among the Jews and Heathens, and never broke into Christendom! But this is a fruitless wish!—

Thonillo has an affluence of all the blessings of life, except perfect health and public honour. He is sometimes confined to his chamber by small indispositions, while his next neighbour *Thiron* is half-gone in a dangerous consumption, and *Thonillo* knows it too; but *Thiron* walks about the fields, and rides daily in the country, if possible to preserve his life: in the mean time he receives his friends, with a becoming degree of cheerfulness and pleasure, and is much honoured and esteemed by all his acquaintance, nor yet beyond his merit.

Go visit *Thonillo*, and he entertains you with nothing but long tiresome complaints of his own pains and ailments; and, with a sensible anguish at heart, tells you, that he hears *Thiron* laugh aloud with his companions; that *Thiron* rides about at his ease, while himself is a prisoner: And while he enlarges upon all the topics that make his own life any way uncomfortable, he takes as much pains to expatiate upon all the better circumstances of his neighbour; he spreads them abroad in their most ample forms, and with an inward resentment paints out *Thiron's* happiness in glaring colours: he magnifies it to a vast excess, in his own fancy, and before his friends, that he may seem to have some reason to support his uneasy comparison, and his inward disquietude of soul.

Some of those that visit him, happen to speak well of *Thiron*; and, while they pity his dying circumstances, they mention his virtues with praise. Ah! says

Thonillo,

Thonillo, my neighbour walks at his pleasure, he is courted and caressed, and he loves those that caress him; but if they knew all that I have heard of him, they would change their opinion, and regret his honours.

Thus *Thonillo* grows peevish with all around him, and frets away a good part of his own health, because his neighbours are not confined to their chamber too. He loses all his good character, by endeavouring to fully that of his neighbour; nor can you ever please him, unless you find fault with some of his acquaintance, and sink their names a little, and diminish their praise.

Yet *Thonillo* thinks himself a very good Christian, and thanks God he has no *envy* belonging to him. *Thonillo* read the seventy-third *Psalms* this morning, and could not see any thing of his own temper or features there. Who will help *Thonillo* to a pair of spectacles, and assist his eye-sight?

I had scarce written this, when *Sibylla* entered the room, and when she had read the paper, 'Surely, said she, you have drawn the picture of *Thonillo* to the life; for, though I never saw the gentleman, yet I have heard much of him: I know a brother and sister of his, *Thonerus* and *Thonerina*, and am acquainted with many others of his near relations.'

XLII. THE ROUGH MAN SOFTENED.

EGRIDIA was of a sickly constitution, but she was born of quality; and, having condescended to marry a private gentleman, she assumed a right to be imperious, while her distempers made her peevish. She was

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was yoked with a partner of a tall and firm stature, robust and healthy, a man of great courage and roughness, a very *Samson*; yet his soul had a tender part in it, and would weep and bleed, if touched in the right vein.

He never knew indeed what sickness meant, and therefore, though he was continually entertained with complaints new and old, yet he shewed very little sympathy with his suffering friends under their various pains of nature. But he met with many sharp reproaches for want of it, and had daily severe lectures read to him at home on that occasion.

One evening he was attacked with more fury than usual, and it awakened him to make this short reply.

‘Prithee, *Egridia*, do not labour in vain. Beef or stock-fish may be beaten till it be tender, but the soul of a man is neither flesh nor fish; it is not to be buffeted into softness, nor teized or scolded into compassion.’

Egridia took the hint, and changed her artillery in order to a conquest. In a few days she found that *Samson*’s heart was not all made of iron, but there were some tender materials in his composition. She dropt a few tears on him, and the clay grew soft; she practised upon him with the arts of kindness, and he melted like wax into compassion, before the gentle fire, and began to condole sincerely upon all her complaints.

Reproaches, like needles, may make uneasy impressions upon a rough temper, and awaken it to fury; but every surgeon will tell us, that a *callous*, or hard flesh, is to be cured by suppling oils, and not by the incision-knife. Perpetual rhetoric of the clamorous kind, may at last force the countenance of a *Samson*, perhaps, to imitate pity, for the sake of his own peace; but

but it can never teach his soul to practise the tender passion. Persecution may sometimes produce a hypocrite, but it is soft persuasion and kindness only, can make a real convert to sympathy, and turn a heart of stone into sincere tenderness.

Man is the same thing still, as he was in the days of *Solomon*; and human nature, in *Great-Britain*, is to be managed the same way as it was in *Judea* above two thousand years ago. The maxims of that philosopher are everlasting truths; and his prudentials will stand the test in all ages, *A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up strife. By long forbearing, even a prince is persuaded, and a soft tongue breaketh the bone,* Prov. xv. 1. xxv. 15.

XLIII. IGNORANCE OF OURSELVES.

HOW strangely are we situated in this mortal state! We open our eyes, we employ our senses, and take notice of a thousand things around us; but we see and know almost nothing of ourselves.—We are conscious indeed of our being, and therefore we are sure that *we are*; but *what we are*, lies deep in darkness. We see and feel these limbs, and this flesh of ours; we are acquainted at least with the outside of this animal machine, and sometimes call it *ourselves*, though philosophy and reason would rather say, it is our *house* or *tabernacle*, because we possess it, or dwell in it: it is our *engine*, because we move and manage it at pleasure. But what is this *Self*, which dwells in this tabernacle, which possesses this house, which moves and manages this engine and these limbs? Here we are much at a loss, and our thoughts generally run in-

to

to some airy forms of being, some empty refinements upon sensible images, some thin rarefied shape and subtle confusion. We know not this *Self* of ours, which is conscious of its own existence, which feels so near an union of this flesh and limbs, and which knows a multitude of things within us and without us. A surprising Phænomenon of nature is this, that the soul of man, which ranges abroad though the heavens, and the earth, and the deep waters, and unfolds a thousand mysteries of nature, which penetrates the systems of stars and suns, worlds upon worlds, should be so unhappy a stranger at home, and not be able to tell what its *self* is, or what it is made of.

And as we are ignorant what ourselves are in a *natural* sense, so we are as little acquainted with ourselves in a *moral* respect. Self-love, and pride, and various passions, throw an everlasting disguise upon our own temper and conduct. Whether we have any lovely qualities in us or no, yet we fondly love ourselves, and then we readily believe all lovely qualities belong to us.

It is hard, exceeding hard, to convince a lover that any blemishes are to be found in the dear centre of his affections; but we are warm and zealous lovers of ourselves in all the ages of life. *Youth* is wild and licentious; but in those years, we persuade ourselves that we are only making a just use of liberty. In that scene of folly we are light and vain, and set no bounds to the frolic humour; yet we fancy it is merely an innocent gaiety of heart, which belongs to the springs of nature, and the blooming hours of life. In the age of *manhood*, a rugged or a haughty temper is angry and quarrelsome; the fretful and the peevish in *elder years*, if not before, are ever kindling into passion and resentment; but they all agree to pronounce their furious or fretful conduct a mere necessary reproof of the indignities

dignities which are offered them by the world. Self-love is fruitful of fine names for its own iniquities. Others are sordid and covetous to a shameful degree, uncompassionate and cruel to the miserable; and yet they take this vile practice to be only a just exercise of frugality, and a dutiful care of their own household.— Thus every *vice* that belongs to us, is construed into a *virtue*; and if there are any shadows or appearances of virtue upon us, these poor appearances and shadows are magnified and realized into the divine qualities of an angel. We who pass these just censures on the follies of our acquaintance, perhaps approving the very same things in ourselves, by the influence of the same native principle of flattery and self-fondness. So different is our judgment of the same weaknesses, when we find them in ourselves, and from the sentence we pronounce upon them if we see them in our neighbour.

Thus we begin to learn and practise early this art of *self-deceiving*; we grow up in disguise and self-flattery, and we live unknown to ourselves. Happy for us, if our eyes are opened to behold the imposture before we go off the stage; for such gross mistakes will then be *fata*, or at least extremely dangerous, when it is too late to correct them.

Teach me, O my Maker, the knowledge of myself; this moral or divine knowledge, which is necessary to correct my errors, and to reduce my feet to the sacred paths of virtue. Let me see so much of my folly, vice, and vanity, as to be fond of this wretched Self no longer. Let me grow so far out of love with myself, as to fly from myself to the arms and mercy of my God. There mould and fashion me, after thine image, in all the moral qualities of my soul; and let me find in myself those divine features which will be

ever beautiful in thine eyes! Grant me this blessing, O Father of spirits; for I cannot rest till I see and know myself made like thee. When this is done, I can bear the rest of my ignorance with humble patience, till I put off this veil and disguise of flesh; I can wait to learn *what sort of being my soul is*, till I arrive at the world of souls.

XLIV. ABSENCE FROM GOD, WHO IS OUR ALL.

MY God, my Maker, I have called thee my all-satisfying portion, and my eternal good. When I contemplate thee, I stand amazed at thy grandeur; thy wisdom, thy power, thy fulness of blessing, wrap my soul up in astonishment and devout silence. In that happy moment my soul cries out, What are creatures, when compared with thee, but mere shadows of being, and faint reflections of thy light and beauty! And yet, (stupid as I am,) I soon lose my sight of God, and stand gazing upon thy creatures all the day, as if beauty and light were theirs in the original.

What are they all, O my God, but empty cisterns that can give no relief to a thirsty soul, unless thou supply them with rivulets from on high? And yet we crowd about these cisterns, and are attached to them, as though they were the unfailing springs and fountains of our blessedness. Every breath we draw is a new and unmerited gift from Heaven: *God is our life, and the length of our days*; and yet we are contented to spend that life far from Heaven, and from God, and to dwell afar off from him, amidst the regions of mortality and death. We are ever grovelling in this land of
 graves,

graves, as though immortal blessings were to be drawn from the clods of it.

Our real and eternal interest depends more on thy single favour, than on the united friendship of the whole creation; and yet, foolish wanderers that we are! we absent ourselves from our GOD, and rove far and wide to seek interests and friendships among creatures, whose character is weakness, vanity, and disappointing vexation. How fond are we of a word or a look from a worm in a high station? How do we caress them and court their love, at the expence of virtue and truth, and the favour of GOD our Maker? And yet they are nothing without GOD, but he is our all without their leave.

Should my father and my mother, and every mortal friend forsake me, and every good angel take his flight; should these heavens and this earth, with all their innumerable inhabitants, disappear at once, and vanish into their first nothing; thy presence with me is all-sufficient, thy hand would support my being, and thy love would furnish out an eternity of life and coeval happiness. Why then do I tie myself so fast to my mortal friends, as though my separation from them were certain misery? Why do I lean upon creatures with my whole weight, as though nothing else could support me?

Oh, my GOD! I am convinced that I have more affairs, and of far higher importance, to transact with thee, than with all thy creatures, and yet I am ever chattering with thy creatures, and say little to my GOD; or at best give him a morning or an evening salutation, and perhaps too with indolence and formality. *Whom have I in heaven or on earth but thee, that can supply all my wants, and fill up all the vacancies of my heart?* and yet how are my thoughts

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and hours busily employed in quest of satisfaction among the shining snares, or at best among the flattering impertinencies of the world; though every new experiment shews me they are all unsatisfying? If I happen to find any thing here below made a channel to convey some blessings to me from thy hand, how prone am I to make an idol of it, and place it in the room of my GOD?

How much, alas! do I trust to my food to nourish, and physic to heal me! But it is thou alone canst bless me with ease, nourishment, and health, while I dwell in this cottage of flesh and blood. Let medicines and physicians pronounce despair and death upon me, a word of thine can shut the mouth of the grave, can renew the vigour and bloom of youth, and repair the decays of nature. If thou withhold thy vital influence, my flesh languishes and expires, even among the luxurious provisions of the table, and the *recipes* of the learned; and it is thou only canst provide me a blissful habitation, when this cottage is fallen to the ground. *Father, into thy hand I commend my spirit*, when it is dislodged from this mortal tabernacle; and why should I not keep my spirit ever near thee, since every moment I am liable to be turned out of this dwelling, and sent a naked stranger into the unknown world of spirits?

It is but a few days and nights more that I can have to do with sun, moon, and stars; a little time will finish all my commerce with this visible world; but I have affairs of infinite and everlasting moment to transact with the great GOD. It is before thy tribunal I must stand as the final Judge of all my conduct, from whose decisive sentence there is no appeal; and yet how fond am I, and wretchedly solicitous, to approve myself rather to creatures, whose opinion and sentence is
but

but empty air. It is by thy judgment that I must stand or fall for ever; the words of thy lips will be my eternal bliss, or my everlasting woe: why then should I, a little insect, or atom of being, be concerned about the smiles or frowns of my fellow-insects, my equal atoms? Can all their applauses, or their reproaches, weigh a grain in the divine balance, that sacred and tremendous balance of justice, in which all my actions and my soul itself must be weighed? Let all the creatures, above and below, frown and scowl upon me; if my Creator smile, I am happy; nor can all their frownings diminish my complete joy.

Forgive, gracious GOD, forgive the past follies and wanderings of a sinful worm, from thee the highest and the best of beings. I am even amazed at my own stupidity, that I could live so much absent from thee, when my eternal all depends on thee.

And how much more inexcusable is my forgetfulness of my GOD, since he has sent his own son, his fairest image, into flesh and blood, to put me in mind of my Maker, and to teach me what my GOD is? *He that hath seen me, says he, has seen the Father; I and the Father are One.* We happen to be born indeed too late for the sight of his face, but we have the transcript of his heart, the true copy of his life, and the very features of his soul, conveyed down to us in his ever-living gospels. There we may read JESUS; there we may learn the FATHER. O may the little remnant of my days be spent in the presence of my GOD; and when I am constrained to converse with creatures, let me ever remember, that I have infinitely more to do with my Creator, and thus shorten my talk and traffic with them, that I may have leisure to converse the longer with thee. Let me see thee in every thing: let me read thy name every where; sounds, shapes,
G 3 colours,

colours, motions, and all visible things, let them all teach me an invisible God. Let creatures be nothing to me, but as the books which thou has lent me to instruct me the lessons of thy power, wisdom, and love: above all, let me derive this science by converse with the blessed JESUS; and may I be so wise a proficient in this divine school, as to learn some new lesson daily. Train me up among thy visible works of thy word, O my heavenly Father, by the condescending methods of thy grace and providence, till I am loosened and weaned from all things below God; and then give me a glorious dismissal into that intellectual and blissful world, where, in a more immediate manner, I see God; and where God himself is the sensible and acknowledged life of souls.

XLV. FORMALITY AND SUPERSTITION.

IT is a melancholy thing to consider how great a part of mankind, even in Christian countries, deceive themselves in the sacred and important affairs of God and religion. They cheat their consciences with the empty forms of worship, and hope to secure themselves from eternal evils, and to obtain every blessing of the upper and lower world, by mere bodily service, and the outward shapes of devotion.

The Papist sprinkles himself with holy water, and believes that the devil dares not assault him; he has signed his forehead with a cross, and got some relics of a saint about him; and now he imagines himself so well guarded, that he defies the powers of hell. He says his prayers in *Latin*, in full tale and number, for he counts his string of beads to secure his memory and his

his honesty, and expects GOD should hear and bless him for it; though he himself does not know what he prayed for in so many hard words and syllables.

Ritillo professes the Protestant faith, keeps his church, cons over his prayer-book, bows at the name of JESUS, and makes all the responses in proper time; he observes every festival, honours the saints, receives the sacrament at *Christmas* and *Easter*, and grows up merely in the power of these forms to a full assurance of salvation: Yet *Ritillo* knows not what you mean by conviction of sin; he scarce ever thought himself to want repentance, or saw and felt his real need of grace and forgiveness.

Nor is this dangerous piece of self-flattery confined only to those parties of Christians that deal much in ceremony. *Amorphus* divides himself from the national church, that he may enjoy and practise purer worship, without the inventions of men; he carries his scruples to a considerable length in this way; he dares not be present at a common funeral, lest he should appear to join in some exceptionable forms; he attends the best of preachers in their separating meetings, and that with an air of zeal and devotion; he lays his Bible every night under his pillow, and reads three chapters every morning; he endures, perhaps, many a scoff for his precise practices and punctilios; yet he neglects the great duties of repentance and charity, and puts the vain fancy of preciseness and separation in the room of faith, and love, and inward holiness.

Poor abused mankind, that feeds on the wind to gain immortality, and rests on a shadow for support in matters of everlasting weight and consequence!

Believe me, *Amorphus*, your mere nonconformity is no better a defence against the devil, than the relics of a saint or the holy water-pot. Your disgust against

established forms of prayer, will procure no more blessings from Heaven, than the *Latin* devotions of a priest or friar. Superstition does not always lie in the observance of more ceremonies than God has made, or in a mere affectation to serve him with rites and forms of the contrivances of men. *Antbemerus* is as superstitious in his hatred of *Christmas* and *Good-Friday*, as *Hemerino* is in the too fond observation of them, because each of them place their merit in their zeal about a thing which God has left indifferent in his word, and for which he owes them no special reward.

The severe separatist, with all his singularities, and the high churchman, with all his rituals and rubric, his saints and their festivals, the scrupulous, the precise, and the ceremonious worshipper, will be all shut out together from the kingdom of heaven, if they have no better certificate to shew at the gates of it, than such empty characters as these.—These shapes of profession, without real piety, have no place in the world of spirits, and are of no esteem in Paradise, where God and Angels dwell. Nothing can ever make way for our admission there, but a holy acquaintance with God, repentance of every known sin, a trust in Jesus the Saviour; nothing but the life, and Spirit, and power of godliness; but patience, humility, and self-denial; mortification and watchfulness, and faith that worketh by love.

Mere *forms* are so easy a way of getting to heaven, that God would never allow them to be a sufficient title, lest his palace should be crowded with ten thousand hypocrites.

XLVI. COWARDICE AND SELF-LOVE.

I HAVE often thought it is a right, noble, and gallant principle which enables a person to pass a just and solid judgment upon all things that occur, without ever being warped aside by the influence of fashion and custom. It is a noble soul that can practise steady virtue, in opposition to the course of the humour of the multitude :

'Tis brave to meet the world, stand fast among
Whole crowds, and not be carried in the throng.

It was a female muse wrote these lines, but there is a manly spirit and vigour in them. Not that we should be fond of running counter to the custom of the age or nation wherein we dwell, out of humourous singularity to shew our valour; but when those customs have a plain appearance of vice and folly in them, we should dare to be virtuous and wise in spite of the world.

It is a felicity in human life to have a good degree of courage inwrought into our very frame, and mingled with our blood and spirits. Virtue itself, even where it has a great ascendant in the soul, has not the power to exert itself, and shine out to the world, if animal nature want this brave and hardy temperament. How much do I feel myself stand in need of this fortitude of constitution? What shall I do to acquire it? Methinks I should be ready to part with a few ornaments of the mind, and make an exchange of some of the more showy and glittering sciences for this bodily virtue (if I may so express it) for this complexional bravery.

I confess there are some other and worse principles than a mere defect of natural courage which tempt a man sometimes to comply with the fashion, and to fall in roundly with the errors and vices of the times.— Some persons have so little love to truth and virtue, and such an excessive fondness for the thing called SELF, that they will never expose themselves to the least inconveniency, in order to support the honour of wisdom and religion among men. Such an one was *Crispus*, in the fourth Satire of *Juvenal*, who ever flattered the court, and soothed the successive emperors in all their vices; and by this means drew out his age to fourscore years.

*Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
 Torrentem, nec civis erat, qui libera posset
 Verba animi proferre, & vitam impendere vero.
 Sic multas hyemes, atque octogesima vidit
 Solstitia, his armis, illâ quoque tutus in aula.*

P A R A P H R A S E D T H U S.

He never was the man that dar'd to swim
 Against the rolling tide, or cross the stream;
 He was no patriot, nor indulg'd his breath
 Bravely to speak his sense, and venture death.
 Thus he spun out his supple soul, and drew
 A length of life amidst a vicious crew.
 Full fourscore years he saw the sun arise,
 Guarded by flattery, and entrench'd in lies:
 For 'twas his settled judgment from his youth,
 One grain of ease was worth a world of truth.

But this wretched Self-love is so vile a principle,
 that it will not only constrain a man to avoid his duty,
 but

but it will oftentimes push him upon most inhuman practices, and make him sacrifice his friends, his parents, or his country to his own ease and safety.

O cursed idol SELF!

The wretch that worships thee would dare to tread }
 With impious feet on his own father's head, }
 To 'scape a rising wave when seas the land invade. }
 To gain the safety of some higher ground, [round }
 He'd trample down the dikes that fence his country }
 Amidst a general flood, and leave the nation drown'd. }

Well, though my natural courage run very low, yet I hate these characters which have been now described, and abominate the principles whence they proceed. I confess, a feeble man and diffident had need to pray daily, *Lord, lead us not into temptation*: But if ever I should be called to bear witness to the truth, and to do public honour to religion and virtue, at the expence of all my mortal interests, I trust the God of nature and grace to furnish me with every necessary talent, and to uphold me with divine fortitude. And, O may I never dare to do a base or unworthy action, to the injury of my friend or my country, or to the unjust detriment of the meanest figure among mankind, in order to save life itself, or to acquire the richest advantages that can belong to it!

XLVII. SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

IT was the custom of *David*, as appears by several of his psalms; and it was the practice of *Hezekiah*

and *Jonah*, kings and prophets, to rehearse the agonies of their distress, when they offered to Heaven their songs of deliverance. They recollected their hours and days of bitterness, and the workings of their soul amidst their sharp and grievous sorrows, to make the remembrance of their salvation sweeter, and so kindle the zeal of their gratitude to a higher flame. Is it a matter of blame to imitate such examples? Doth not the reason hold good in our age, and to all generations? Why should a *Christian* be more afraid to tell the world of his afflictions or distresses than a *Jew*? Or, why should he be ashamed to let them know, that amidst these sinkings of life and nature, Christianity and the Gospel were his support? Amidst all the violence of my distemper, and the tiresome months of it, I thank God I never lost sight of reason and religion, though sometimes I had much ado to preserve the machine of animal nature in such order as regularly to exercise either the man or the Christian, especially when I shut my eyes to seek sleep and repose, and had not their aid to fence against the disorderly ferments of natural spirits. But these conflicts are described in the following lines. Blessed be God for preserving and healing mercy!

THOUGHTS AND MEDITATIONS IN A LONG
SICKNESS, 1712 AND 1713.

*The Hurry of the Spirits, in a Fever, and
Nervous Disorders.*

MY frame of nature is a ruffled sea,
And my disease the tempest. Nature feels
A strange commotion in her utmost centre;

The

The throne of reason shakes. " *Be still, my thoughts;*
 " *Peace and be still.*" In vain my reason gives
 The *peaceful* word, my spirits strive in vain
 To calm the tumult and command my thoughts.
 This flesh, this circling blood, these brutal powers
 Made to obey, turn rebels to the mind,
 Nor hear its laws. "The *engine* rules the *man*.
 Unhappy change! when nature's meaner springs
 Fir'd to impetuous ferments, break all order;
 When little restless atoms rise and reign
 Tyrants in sovereign uproar, and impose
 Ideas on the mind; confus'd ideas
 Of non-existents and impossibles,
 Who can describe them? Fragments of old dreams,
 Borrow'd from midnight, torn from fairy fields
 And fairy skies, and regions of the dead,
 Abrupt, ill fort'd. O 'tis all confusion!
 If I but close my eyes, strange images
 In thousand forms and thousand colours rise,
 Stars, rainbows, moons, green dragons, bears, and
 An endless medley rush upon the stage [ghosts,
 And dance and riot wild in Reason's court
 Above control. I'm in a raging storm,
 Where seas and skies are blended, while my soul
 Like some light worthless chip of floating cork
 Is tost from wave to wave: Now overwhelm'd
 With breaking floods, I drown, and seem to lose
 All being: Now high-mounted on a ridge
 Of a tall foaming surge, I'm all at once
 Caught up into the storm, and ride the wind,
 The whistling wind; unmanageable steed,
 And feeble rider! Hurried many a league
 Over the rising hills of roaring brine,
 Through airy wilds unknown, with dreadful speed
 And infinite surprize; till some few minutes

Have

134 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

Have spent the blast, and then perhaps I drop
 Near to the peaceful coast; some friendly billow
 Lodges me on the beach, and I find rest:
 Short rest I find; for the next rolling wave
 Snatches me back again; then ebbing far
 Sets me adrift, and I am borne off to sea,
 Helpless, amidst the bluster of the winds,
 Beyond the ken of shore.—

Ah! when will these tumultuous scenes be gone?
 When shall this weary spirit, tost with tempests,
 Harass'd and broken, reach the port of rest,
 And hold it firm? When shall this wayward flesh
 With all th' irregular springs of vital movement
 Ungovernable return to sacred order,
 And pay their duties to the ruling mind?

PEACE OF CONSCIENCE AND PRAYER FOR
 HEALTH.

YET, gracious GOD, amidst these storms of nature,
 Thine eyes behold a sweet and sacred calm
 Reign through the realms of conscience: All within
 Lies peaceful, all compos'd. 'Tis wondrous grace
 Keeps off thy terrors from the humble bosom,
 Though stain'd with sins and follies, yet serene
 In penitential peace and cheerful hope,
 Sprinkled and guarded with anointing blood.
 Thy vital smiles amidst this desolation
 Like heavenly sun-beams hid behind the clouds,
 Break out in happy moments, with bright radiance
 Cleaving the gloom; the fair celestial light
 Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,
 And richest cordials to the heart conveys.

O glorious solace of immense distress,
 A conscience and a God! a friend at home,

And

And better friend on high! This is my rock
 Of firm support, my shield of sure defence
 Against infernal arrows. Rise, my soul,
 Put on thy courage: here's the living spring
 Of joys divinely sweet and ever new,
A peaceful Conscience and a smiling Heaven.

My GOD, permit a creeping worm to say,
Thy Spirit knows I love thee. Worthless wretch,
 'To dare to love a GOD! But grace requires,
 And grace accepts. Thou feelest my labouring soul:
 Weak as my zeal is, yet my zeal is true;
 It bears the trying furnace. Love divine
 Constrains me; I am thine. Incarnate love
 Has seiz'd and holds me in almighty arms:
 Here's my salvation, my eternal hope,
 Amidst the wreck of worlds and dying nature,
I am the Lord's, and he for ever mine.

O thou all-powerful Word, at whose first call
 Nature arose; this earth, these shining heavens,
 These stars, in all their ranks, came forth, and said,
We are thy servants: Didst thou not create
 My frame, my breath, my being, and bestow
 A mind immortal on thy feeble creature
 Who faints before thy face? Did not thy pity
 Dress thee in flesh to die, that I might live,
 And with thy blood redeem this captive soul
 From guilt and death? O thrice adored name,
 My King, my Saviour, my IMMANUEL, say,
 Have not thy eye-lids mark'd my painful toil,
 The wild confusions of my shatter'd powers,
 And broken fluttering thoughts? Hast thou not seen
 Each restless atom that with vexing influence
 Works thro' the mass of man? Each noxious juice,
 Each ferment that infects the vital humours,
 That heaves the veins with huge disquietude

And

136 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

And spreads the tumult wide? Do they not lie
Beneath thy view, and all within thy reach?
Yes, all at thy command, and must obey
Thy sovereign touch: Thy touch is health and life,
And harmony to nature's jarring strings.

When shall my midnight-sighs and morning groans
Rise through the heights of heaven, and reach thy ear
Propitious? See, my spirit's feeble powers
Exhal'd and breathing upwards to thy throne,
Like early incense climbing through the sky
From the warm altar. When shall grace and peace
Descend with blessings, like an evening shower
On the parch'd desert, and renew my bloom?
Or must thy creature breathe his soul away
In fruitless groans, and die?—
Come, blest Physician, come attend the moan
Of a poor suffering wretch, a plaintive worm,
Crush'd in the dust, and helpless. O descend,
Array'd in power and love, and bid me rise.
Incarnate Goodness, send thy influence down
To these low regions of mortality
Where thou hast dwelt, and clad in fleshly weeds
Learnt sympathetic sorrows; send and heal
My long and sore distress. Ten thousand praises
Attend thee: *David's* harp is ready strung
For the MESSIAH'S* name: A winged flight
Of songs harmonious, and new honours wait
The steps of moving mercy.

* At this time my imitation of DAVID'S Psalms, in Christi-
an language, was not half done: as fast as I recovered strength,
after this long illness, I applied myself, by degrees, to finish it.

ENCOURAGED TO HOPE FOR HEALTH IN MAY.
December 1712.

CONFIN'D to sit in silence, here I waste
 The golden hours of youth. If once I stir,
 And reach at active life, what sudden tremors
 Shake my whole frame, and all the poor machine
 Lies fluttering? What strange wild convulsive force
 O'erpowers at once the members and the will?
 Here am I bound in chains, a useless load
 Of breathing clay, a burden to the seat
 That bears these limbs, a borderer on the grave.
 Poor state of worthless being! While the lamp
 Of glimmering life burns languishing and dim,
 The flame just hovering o'er the dying snuff
 With doubtful alternations, half disjoin'd,
 And ready to expire with every blast.

Yet my fond friends would speak a word of hope:
 Love would forbid despair: "Look out, they cry,
 "Beyond these gloomy damps, while winter hangs
 "Heavy on nature, and congeals her powers:
 "Look cheerful forward to the vital influence
 "Of the returning spring;" I rouse my thoughts
 At friendship's sacred voice, I send my soul
 To distant expectation, and support
 The painful interval with poor amusements.

My watch, the solitary kind companion
 Of my imprisonment, my faithful watch
 Hangs by; and with a short repeated sound
 Beats like the pulse of time, and numbers off
 My woes, a long succession; while the finger
 Slow-moving, points out the slow-moving minutes;
 The slower hand, the hours. O thou dear engine,
 Thou

138 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

Thou little brass accomptant of my life
 Would but the mighty wheels of Heaven and nature
 Once imitate my movements, how my hand
 Should drive thy dented pinions round their centres
 With more than ten-fold flight, and whirl away
 These clouded wintry suns, these tedious moons,
 These midnights; every star should speed its race,
 And the slow Bears precipitate their way
 Around the frozen pole: Then promis'd health
 That rides with rosy cheek and blooming grace
 On a *May* sun-beam should attend me here
 Before to-morrow sheds its evening-dew.

Ah! foolish ravings of a fruitless wish
 And spirit too impatient! Know'st thou not,
 My soul, the power that made thee? He alone
 Who form'd the spheres, rolls them in destin'd rounds
 Unchangeable. Adore, and trust, and fear him:
 He is the lord of life. Address his throne,
 And wait before his foot, with awful hope
 Submissive; at his touch distemper flies.
 His eye-lids send beams of immortal youth
 Thro' Heaven's bright regions. His all-powerful word
 Can create health, and bid the blessing come
 Amid the wintry frost, when nature seems
 Congeal'd in death; or with a sovereign frown
 (Though nature blooms all round) he can forbid
 The blessing in the spring, and chain thee down
 To pains and maladies, and grievous bondage
 Through all the circling seasons.

THE WEARISOME WEEKS OF SICKNESS.

1712, OR 1713.

THUS pass my days away. The cheerful sun
 Rolls round and gilds the world with lightsome
 Alas! in vain to me; cut off alike [beams
 From

From the blest labours, and the joys of life ;
 While my sad minutes in their tiresome train
 Serve but to measure out my heavy sorrows.
 By night I count the clock ; perhaps eleven,
 Or twelve, or one ; then with a wishful sigh
 Call on the ling'ring hours, *Come two, come five :*
When will the day-light come ? Make haste ye mornings,
 Ye evening shadows haste ; wear out these days,
 These tedious rounds of sickness, and conclude
 The weary week for ever ———

Then the sweet day of sacred rest returns,
 Sweet day of rest, devout to God and Heaven,
 And heavenly business, purposes divine,
 Angelic work ; but not to me returns
 Rest with the day : ten thousand hurrying thoughts
 Bear me away tumultuous far from Heaven
 And heavenly work. In vain I heave, and toil,
 And wrestle with my inward foes in vain,
 O'er-power'd and vanquish'd still : they drag me down
 From things celestial, and confine my sense
 To present maladies. Unhappy state,
 Where the poor spirit is subdu'd t' endure
 Unholy idleness, a painful absence
 From God, and heaven, and angels blessed work ;
 And bound to bear the agonies and woes
 That sickly flesh and shatter'd nerves impose.
 How long, O LORD, how long ?

A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR RECOVERY.

HAPPY for man, that the slow-circling moons
 And long revolving seasons measure out
 The tiresome pains of nature ! Present woes
 Have their sweet periods. Ease and cheerful health
 With slow approach (so providence ordains)

Revisit

140 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

Revisit their forsaken mansions here,
 And days of useful life diffuse their dawn
 O'er the dark cottage of my weary soul.
 My vital powers resume their vigour now,
 My spirit feels her freedom, shakes her wings,
 Exults and spatiates o'er a thousand scenes,
 Surveys the world, and with full stretch of thought
 Grasps her ideas; while impatient zeal
 Awakes my tongue to praise. What mortal voice
 Or mortal hand can render to my God
 The tribute due? What altars shall I raise?
 What grand inscription to proclaim his mercy
 In living lines? Where shall I find a victim
 Meet to be offered to his sovereign love,
 And solemnize the worship and the joy.

Search well, my soul, through all the dark recesses
 Of nature and self-love, the plies, the folds,
 And hollow-winding caverns of the heart,
 Where flattery hides her sins; search out the foes
 Of thy almighty friend; what lawless passions,
 What vain desires, what vicious turns of thought
 Lurk there unheeded: Bring them forth to view,
 And sacrifice the rebels to his honour.
 Well he deserves this worship at thy hands,
 Who pardons thy past follies, who restores
 Thy mouldring fabric, and withholds thy life
 From the near borders of a gaping grave.

Almighty Power, I love thee, blissful name
My Healer God; and may my inmost heart
 Love and adore for ever! O 'tis good
 To wait submissive at thy holy throne,
 To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear
 Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.
 The hand of mercy is not short to save,
 Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf
 To mortal cries. It notic'd all my groans,

And

And sighs, and long complaints, with wise delay,
 Though painful to the sufferer, and thy hand
 In proper moment brought desir'd relief.

Rise from my couch, ye late enfeebled limbs,
 Prove your new strength, and shew th' effective skill
 Of the divine Physician; bear away
 This tottering body to his sacred threshold:
 There laden with his honours, let me bow
 Before his feet; let me pronounce his grace,
 Pronounce salvation through his dying Son,
 And teach this sinful world the Saviour's name.
 Then rise, my hymning soul, on holy notes
 Tow'rd his high throne; awake, my choicest songs,
 Run echoing round the roof, and while you pay
 The solemn vows of my distressful hours,
 A thousand friendly lips shall aid the praise.

JESUS, great Advocate, whose pitying eye
 Saw my long anguish, and with melting heart
 And powerful intercession spreadst my woes
 With all my groans before the Father-God,
 Bear up my praises now; thy holy incense
 Shall hallow all my sacrifice of joy,
 And bring these accents grateful to his ear.
 My heart and life, my lips and every power
 Snatch from the grasp of death, I here devote,
 By thy blest'd hand, an offering to his name.

Amen, Hallelujah.

XLVIII. THE DEIST AND THE CHRISTIAN.

APISTUS went into a church one morning,
 because he knew not how to employ the hour,
 and heard the text out of Rom. xii. 1. *I beseech you*
 “ therefore

therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. " Well, said he to himself, I like this period; I hope I shall now hear " a piece of divine service that has something reasonable in it. It is my opinion, as well as St. Paul's, " that we should employ these *living bodies* of ours to " the service of that God who made us, and the mercies of God oblige us to it."

The preacher pursued his subject with much beauty and justness of thought and stile; he expatiated on the various engagements we lie under to the great God to present our whole natures, and all our active powers as a *living sacrifice* to him. Thus far *Apistus* was charmed with the performance. But after the mention of many of these mercies of God, which oblige us to a holy life, he came at last to name that illustrious instance of divine mercy, in sending his own Son CHRIST JESUS, to redeem us from sin and hell: then he shewed, that the only ground and foundation upon which God would accept this *living sacrifice of our bodies* was the dying sacrifice of his own Son, who bore our sins in his body on the tree. Here *Apistus* began to be ruffled a little; and as the sermon went on with some life and spirit, on this glorious subject, he was so much displeas'd with the preacher, that he rose up and went out of the church, and with an air of mingled indignation and contempt, he told his neighbour *Pitbon* the whole story on the *Monday*.

Come, sit down a little, said *Pitbon*, and let us examine the merits of this cause. Our Bible obliges us to give to the great God our Creator, all that *reasonable service* which you pretend to; it teaches us to present our bodies, and our souls too, as a *sacrifice to our God*: The soul must be there, or the body can never be a *living sacrifice*. Thus far we agree. Now, if our

our religion be right, the *Christian* is in a very safe and secure state; for he endeavours to perform all that *reasonable* duty and *service* that the light of nature requires of him as well as you.

But we *Christians* are taught farther to believe, that all men are sinners; and surely you yourself must acknowledge you have been guilty of many violations of the law of God and nature, and you have not always performed that reasonable service to God which your own conscience requires. Have you not too often been tempted to alienate some of those very powers of body or mind from the service of God, which you had before devoted to him as your *living sacrifice*? Have your soul, your lips, and your hands been always employed in their duty to this God? Have you never indulged a criminal wish, never spoken an evil word, or committed an action which your own conscience condemns? Think of this, *Apistus*, and your conscience may tell you that you are a sinner too.

We believe also, that without a sacrifice for sin, there is no acceptance with God; and we have reason to think that God has told us so. But this God, in his infinite mercy, has provided such a sacrifice; he has made the body and soul of his own Son a *dying sacrifice* of atonement: this is the only ground of our hope; and it is a glorious ground indeed! Now, if our religion be true, what will become of *Apistus*, who confesses he hath been a sinner, and yet renounces at once this only hope and this atonement?

Heb. x. 26, 27, 31. *For if we sin wilfully, i. e. by renouncing the Christian sacrifice, after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries. And it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.*

XLIX. TO POCYON.

*The Mischief of warm Disputes and Declamations on the
Controverted Points of CHRISTIANITY.*

My Dear P.

I GAVE your last letter a joyful entertainment; me thought it talked so pleasingly, and so long with me, as if it meant to make amends for its tedious delay. One of the chief subjects of its discourse was the extensive design of divine love to men. I have been debating with myself, whether I should return my friend an answer to his proposed thoughts on a point so abstruse and difficult. I have not yet decided the cause for myself, for want of sufficient study and thoughtfulness, though you know I have been no stranger to diligence in academical studies these several years past. It seems to require larger time, and a vast and more comprehensive survey of things, in order to fix my opinions in these controversies, or pronounce any thing certain in doctrines so much disputed; unless it please God himself, by a divine ray, to strike a powerful light upon any particular truth, and convey it in that light to the understanding and the conscience of the enquirer. I am persuaded this is his frequent method with humble and tractable spirits, who have not capacity nor advantages for a long train of reasonings, and years of suspense and enquiry. In the mean time I would pursue knowledge with honesty and diligence, in the ordinary methods which are suited to attain it.

When I am in doubt about any point, and set my thoughts at work, in a search after truth, I think I ought to retire, more than hitherto I have done, from
the

the noisy and furious contests, which the several factions and parties of *Christians* are engaged in. I am very unwilling to contend in a dispute, or to flourish in a declamation upon the subject into which I am enquiring. Sophistry and oratory throw so much paint upon the question in dispute, or raise so much dust about it, as to conceal the truth from the eye of the mind, and hide the merits of the cause from reason.

In matters of the *Christian* faith, I would make the scripture my guide, and enter into a calm conference with myself, in a survey of the oracles of God, in order to a decision of the sense and meaning of them; not neglecting the assistance of pious and learned authors, but conversing very little with the angry and supercilious. I would, with daily and hourly importunity, address the Father of Lights, to shine upon his own word, and to discover his intent therein. I would humbly implore the Spirit of wisdom and revelation, to take the things of Christ, and shew them to my understanding, in a most convincing light, and to lead me as it were by the hand, into all needful truths. My reason should be used, as a necessary instrument, to compare the several parts of revelation together, to discover their mutual explication, as well as to judge whether they run counter to any dictates of natural light. But if an inquisitive mind overleap the bounds of faith, and give the reins to all our reasonings, upon divine themes, in so wide and open a field, as that of possibles and probables, it is no easy matter to guess where they will stop their career. I have made experiment of this in my own meditations: when I have given my thoughts a loose, and let them rove without confinement; sometimes I seem to have carried reason with me even to the camp of *Socinus*; but then St. *John* gives my soul a twitch, and St. *Paul*

bears me back again (if I mistake not his meaning) almost to the tents of *John Calvin*. Nor even then do I leave my reason behind me. So difficult a thing is it to determine, by mere reasoning, those points which can be learnt by scripture only.

But you will urge me further, perhaps, to inform you, why I am so cold and backward to enter into a debate on the subject you propose, and upon which you flourish with such a force of *similes*, and in language so bright and pathetic? I am too sensible, dear *Pocyon*, and that by reading your letter, that such disputations can hardly be managed without interesting the affections in them, and I am afraid to be biased, for I seek the truth. It is exceeding hard to dispute without gaining some invisible prejudice, and good-liking to the opinion we defend. So devoted are we to ourselves, in this dark and degenerate state, that self-love too easily engages our favour to the cause we have espoused, and for no other reason than because we espoused it. Though we had no kindness before for the opinion, that we maintain for disputing sake, yet if a plausible and smiling argument for it occurs in our hasty thoughts, how prone are we to hug the creature of our brain, and be almost in love with the opinion for the sake of the argument? I confess there are no such formal reasonings in our minds as these; yet we are insensibly captivated to esteem any thing that proceeds from ourselves: Our passion first thinks it pity that such a happy argument, of our own invention, should be on the false side, and, by secret insinuation, persuades the judgment to vote it true. How often have I experienced these fallacies working within me in verbal disputations before my tutor! And, for this reason, I have no great esteem of the method of our academical disputes, where the young sophisters are
obliged

obliged to oppose the truth, by the best arguments they can find, and the tutor defends it, and assists the respondent. There is a certain wantonness of wit in youth, and a pleasing ambition of victory, which works in a young warm spirit, much stronger than a desire of truth. There is a strange delight in baffling the respondent, and it grows bigger sensibly, if we can put the president to a puzzle or a stand. The argument which is so successful, relishes better on the lips of the young opponent, and he begins to think that it is solid and unanswerable; "Surely my tutor's opinion can hardly be true, and I thought I was put on the defence of a false doctrine, yet since I have found so good an argument for it, I can hardly believe it false." Then his invention works on to strengthen his suspicion, and at last he firmly believes the opinion he fought for. Often have I been in danger of such delusions as these, and feel myself too ready to submit to them now. Even a closet, and retirement, and our coolest meditations, are liable to these secret sophistries. Upon the first sight of an objection against our arguments, our thoughts are strangely hurried away to ransack the brain for a reply, and we torture our invention to make our side have the last word, before we call in cool judgment calmly to decide the difference; and thus from a hot defence of our own reasonings, we unimaginably slide into a cordial defence of the cause.

This unaccountable prejudice for an opinion in dispute, sticks so close to human nature, that I question whether *Pocyon* himself can boast an absolute freedom. You seem, my friend, to indulge and maintain some hard consequences now, which some time ago, would have startled your soul, and affrighted and forbid your assent. Farewel, dear man, and let your next letter

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proceed on the philosophical themes that are before us, in which you may expect a bolder freedom of thought, and a more agreeable reply and correspondence from

Yours, &c.

Southampton, }
1696. }

L. OF LABOUR AND PATIENCE IN
INSTRUCTING MANKIND.

To POYCON, complaining of his just Anger and melancholy resentment, that he met with so many Persons of narrow and uncharitable Souls, obstinate in Opinions, and violent against all other Notions and Practices but what themselves had embraced.

YESTERDAY, my friend, I received your long complaint, and I have already five hundred things to say to you; for, there is not a person I converse with that can stir up the thoughts which lie at the bottom of my soul like you. All my notions are afloat when I read your letters, but at present it is in a troubled sea; for you express your own melancholy with so lively an air, that it raises a gust of the same passion in me; though nature has not mingled much of that dark humour in my constitution. If I cannot present you my sympathy in such vivid and tender expressions as I would, yet I can read over your lines again and again, and say I feel them.

I could help you, methinks, to spurn this globe away, and join with you in renouncing commerce with men, while we arise to some higher worlds, furnished with inhabitants of a better composition. Or, if
this

this be too bold a thought, and we cannot ascend above the common rank of human nature, let us retire from them into some solitary shade, that we may be free from their impertinencies; for we cannot live happily among the race which this earth breeds, they are of so perverse a mould. How have I fretted sometimes to stand by and hear the nonsense of a brutal world that pretends to reason! It is education, it is passion, it is prejudice, it is stubbornness, it is what you will, but good sense, that commands the judgments, and stamps the opinions of men. How often have I laboured, by reason of the brightest evidence, to rectify a gross and vulgar mistake? But words have been lost in the wind: Prejudice and education had eleven points of the law, and it was impossible for arguments to dispossess them. Those arguments that I have sought out from far, and digged deep for them with the sweat of my soul, and have felt and yielded to their restless power; those very arguments, I say, have been answered with a jest, or a loud laugh, and have been scorned by unlettered animals, as the Leviathan derides and mocks at a spear of straw. Then, my friend, I have almost regretted the labours of my brain, and wondered to what purpose I had devoted myself to studies that had improved my reason. It is true, our design is to tame and polish an uncultivated world; but if this world be so mad and savage as never to be tamed, then I do but teach an ass *Latin*, and wash an *Aethiop*.

Union of hearts, and impotence to bear
 Thy sorrows, friend, transported me thus far
 With sympathetic fury, not my own:
 But now my reason re-assumes the throne,
 And strikes my passion dumb.

H 3

Were

Were I a heathen philosopher, perhaps I might thus loosely philosophise; if I were a mere orator, or a poet, I would chide and flourish at this rate: but as I pretend to be a *Christian*, I must recant it all, and put these cooler thoughts in the place of it.

When our Sovereign Creator formed our souls, and sent them to inhabit these two engines of flesh, which were then framing for you and me, he knew well what a world he sent us into, and designed our converse to be with men, shall I say, of like infirmities with ourselves: for, if they are perverse and untractable, perhaps we are proud, imperious, and disdainful; and perhaps too, we are seldom so much in the right as we think ourselves to be; it is probable that minds released from flesh, and the *Genii* of a higher region, may smile at some of the fooleries and airy shapes of reason which we hug and embrace, as much as we do at the senseless notions and obstinate practices of our fellow mortals, whom we have the vanity to think so much below ourselves. Poor weak reasoners are we and they, when compared with the worlds above us!

But to drop this thought: I say still, God designed us to dwell here in such a wretched world, and I grant it is no small part of our state of trial; but to alleviate our unhappiness, he has mingled in the mass of mankind some finer veins, some more intellectual and unprejudiced spirits, in whose conversation we may find suitable delight, and pleasures worthy of the rational nature. Why should not we suppose there are many other minds as happily turned as our own, and of superior size and more divine temper? All men have not been blessed with our advantages, yet their native felicity of thought may transcend ours. And as for the rest, God has ordained it our duty to associate with them for valuable ends and purposes in his providence.

dence, with regard both to them and us. It is our business to endeavour to persuade them to lay aside their mistaken notions, to remove all the biases of error from their judgment, to quench their indignation against men of different opinions, and to enlarge their narrow souls, though we find it a difficult work. I have often seen what you complain of, and have been ready to conclude, that when we have to do with vulgar souls, we should not lavish away our labour to convince them of innocent mistakes in matters of small importance, but only lay out our thoughts to rectify their notions in things that regard their present or future welfare. And when we reflect how very impotent and low are the capacities of some ignorant creatures that we have to do with, how short their reasonings, how few their advantages to improve their minds, how incapable their judgments are of growing up to a solid and mature state by our utmost cultivation, and how unable their minds are, in many cases, to discern and distinguish truth; I have been tempted to persuade myself, it is not dishonest policy to engage their affections a little. I know well, that the passions were never made to judge of truth: but if we find persons who will never judge by any other rule, I would make enquiry whether we might not, in some cases, honestly make use of this. If we find that affection is the great gate of entrance into the judgments of the multitude, and reason is but like the back door, or some meaner avenue, and seldom open to let in any doctrine; may we not thence infer, that the softer arts of winning upon men, are to be studied by us as well as hard arguments?

How have I mourned inwardly, to consider that even pious and holy souls have been so over-run with ignorance and zeal (that is, with fire and darkness) and

have been so possessed with narrow thoughts and uncharitable notions, that it must be the work of an age, or the power of a GOD, to correct their errors. Yet I reflect again, that my Maker, in his wise providence, disposed my lot amongst persons of this constitution, and expects that I should carry it amongst them, as it becomes one to whom he has indulged higher favours: that I should strive with constancy to reduce my neighbours to thoughtfulness, virtue, and religion, and not be tired and desist, tho' I find but little success. It is a coward soldier, that declines the fight, because he cannot every day gain a new victory.

When I recount how many weary months my Saviour spent in preaching divine doctrines to a wild multitude, and to their more conceited leaders, and how little, very little fruit he found, whilst he was upon earth; I persuade myself it was with a design to encourage his followers in the Gospel, and become a pattern of patience to such as should meet with the same disappointments. *Though Israel be not gathered, yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my reward with my God. If I cannot bring Jacob again to his duty, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my strength,* Isa. xlix. 4, 5. These were the encouragements of the Son of GOD himself, when dwelling in feeble flesh, and contending with an obstinate and vicious age; and St. Paul, the next in dignity to the man JESUS, expected to be *a sweet savour unto God in them that perish, as well as in those that were saved,* 2 Cor. ii. 15. If we cannot turn stupid and headstrong sinners from the errors of their way, we must not suffer ourselves to swim with the tide, nor fall into a compliance with their mistaken notions and practices. It is our business to move right onward towards Heaven, through the midst of a multitude that are travelling another way. The greater the exercise
of

of our patience is, the weightier will be our crown; and if we have broken through a multitude of difficulties in our journey towards Paradise, our rewards will not be few. *He that overcomes, shall eat of the tree of life.* Large, and shining, and durable glories, in a rich and pleasing variety, are made over by promise to those that overcome, if we can but read the second and third chapters of the *Revelations*, and believe them.

Farewel, my *Pocyon*, and persevere in patience to teach mankind, nor forget to continue your heartiest love and instructions to

Your affectionate Lover and willing Disciple,

Newington,
1697-8.



LI. PUBLIC DISPUTATIONS.

SINCE the true design of philosophy is to learn and know the truth, and to render that knowledge subservient to our practice and happiness here and hereafter, how absurd and impertinent are the methods of the *Aristotelian* schools, who have changed this design into mere Sophistry and the Art of Disputation? They make Logic and Prime Philosophy to be no longer the shop or work-house to form proper instruments to search out truth, or to teach virtue, for they turn it into a Seminary of Altercations. When they speak of a young philosopher, there is no enquiry how wise or how good a man he is, but how skilful a disputer. He that knows how to attack and foil his adversary, to stand his ground and defend himself and his thesis

H 5

against

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against all opposition; this is the man of merit and honour. Then they imagine they have attained the most plentiful fruits of philosophy, when they can bravely oppose and defend any themes whatsoever in public, by arguments in form and figure.

I will not deny but some private conversations, in the manner of the dispute, may have a tendency to discover truth, when they are carried on without spectators, without passion or party-spirit; and that on this condition, that on which side soever probability and truth appear, each of the disputants shall be ready to give up his own opinion, and surrender it to the force and evidence of reason. But when contests are so managed, that disputations are become public spectacles, and each of the combatants aim at nothing so much as always to conquer, and never to yield, it is impossible that truth should ever be sought or found in this manner. It is much more likely, that if she were present, she would withdraw herself from so profane and ill-deserving a rout of men. Truth is lost in such disputing. The genuine study of truth, which is true philosophy, is a serene and gentle thing, and may be compared to the river *Nile*, that though it flows with a soft and placid stream, yet it renders the whole country fruitful, and carries more profit and plenty with it, than all the torrents and rapid rivers that pour down with noise and violence.

But what a ridiculous scene is a scholastic disputation! a mere stage-play! where two combatants meet, and with rounds and flourishes, with many feints and approachings and retirings, with distinctions heaped upon distinction, to exclude from the question what no man ever could doubt or dispute, they come at last to the point in hand; and their grand design is, that each of them may escape safe, without being forced to yield up this point. Thus when they are put to a plunge,
they

they talk whatsoever comes uppermost; they raise mutual scoffs and clamours and loud reproaches, and scarce withhold themselves from manual conflict, when their tongues have done their utmost. And if one of them happens to silence and overwhelm his adversary, how vain he grows! how he swells and exalts himself! What airs of arrogance he assumes! as though, like *Hercules*, he had destroyed an Hydra, or like *Atlas* he had supported the world; when perhaps the truth lies bleeding on the ground, and by his sophistic subtilties, and his brawling battle, he has supported some gross error, and established falshood in triumph. The great *Cassendus* was deeply sensible of this folly fourscore years ago, and declaims against the professors of *Aristotelian* Logic and Philosophy in his day upon this account.

Yet perhaps it is possible that academic disputations may be reduced to such a form, and put under such regulations, as to render them serviceable for some good purposes amongst students in the schools. But I have discoursed more largely on this subject in some papers relating to the *various Methods of improving the Mind*.

LII. DEVOTIONAL WRITINGS.

PERHAPS it is a wish too glorious and happy to be ever fulfilled, in this state of mortality, to see all the disciples of *Christ* grown up into such a catholic spirit, as to be ready to worship *GOD* their common Father, through *JESUS* their common Mediator, in the same assembly, and to join in the same holy fellowship!

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There are so many punctilios of difference to be adjusted, and so many party prejudices to be overcome, that such a union of hearts and sentiments lies beyond our present hope. Yet methinks every step towards such a union, carries a blessing in it, and every *Christian* should desire to promote it. *Bohemus* was a *German* divine, of various knowledge and sedate judgment, of admirable temper and uncommon piety: he had observed long the disputes and divisions in *England*, about the imposition and the use of forms of prayer; he stood by as a stranger and spectator, nor took any part in the controversy, but with an indifferent eye beheld their disputes, and thought himself on that account the fitter to become a moderator between both, being under the influence of no prejudice nor party.

I know, said he, the church of *England* hath long prescription on their side for the use of forms in their public assemblies, though they cannot say from the first beginning of Christianity, nor will I. They argue, and with much force and evidence, that what we address to the great God ought to be duly considered, nor should our lips pour out words rashly, nor offer to our Maker the sacrifice of fools. What, say they, cannot men of learning, prudence, and piety compose better prayers for us than we can utter on a sudden before God, and much fitter for the ear of his Majesty? Ought we not to serve God with our best? And when we have such happy, devout, and affectionate prayers made to our hands, by men of great worth and singular goodness, why should we offer up to God such poor, lean, raw sacrifices, such loose sentences and weak expressions, as our own thoughts on a sudden can furnish us with?

Besides, say they, is *invention* the chief talent we are called to exercise when we bow our knees before God?

Is the toil of our imagination, and the labour of finding out proper thoughts and words, our chief business at the throne of grace? Should not our faith, our hope, our love, our repentance for sin, our desire of mercy, and every Christian virtue, which relates to worship, be the chief exercises of our spirits? Should not these be supremely engaged at such a season? Let fancy and invention therefore lie at rest, which are meaner powers of the soul, while the graces and virtues, and devout sentiments of the heart, are excited by reading or hearing a well-composed form.

On the other hand, I know it is the opinion of the Protestant Dissenters, that since prayer is but the expression of our sense of divine things to GOD, there is no man who can speak his mother tongue, so destitute of words, but that he is able, with ease, to express his own sins and sorrows, his own hopes and fears, his own faith and his desires before GOD, in such language as GOD understands and accepts; and that there is no man called by providence to pray, in the presence of others, and to lift up their joint addresses to heaven, but he is, or ought to be sufficiently furnished with knowledge and language to perform this part of worship, in a proper and becoming manner, to the edification of himself, and those who join with him. I know also, saith he, it hath been matter of frequent complaint among them, that the constant and unvaried repetition of set forms of prayer has a great tendency to introduce coldness and formality into divine worship. Though the confessions, the petitions, and praises are never so happily framed, and the expressions never so proper and pathetic, yet say they, where the same set of words and phrases pass over the ears, in a constant rehearsal, the soul by degrees loses those lively influences and devout sensations which it at first received from

from them; and the continual round of uniform expressions rolling on in a beaten track, makes little more impression on the heart, than a wheel that has often travelled through a hardened road.

And yet, further, they say, there is no man knows my thoughts, my wants, and my desires so well as I do myself; and where the heart and the thoughts of a Christian are imprisoned and restrained by the words of any form, so as not to give himself the liberty of expressing his own present devout breathings towards God, whatsoever holy elevations of soul he may feel within himself, this brings a heavy damp upon the inward devotion of the heart, it binds the soul in uneasy fetters, it appears to carry in it a resistance of these good motions of the blessed Spirit, whose assistance is promised us in prayer, because *we know not what to pray for as we ought, and the Spirit maketh intercession for us (or in us) according to the will of God*, Rom. viii. Such a restraint is indeed painful to a holy and devout worshipper; it cuts short the Christian in the pleasure of his converse with heaven, while it makes him speak to God the thoughts of other men, and he neglects his own.

Having represented in short, something of the sense of both parties on this subject, I shall not tarry now, said *Bohemus*, to relate how each party defend themselves against the difficulties objected by the other; but I beg leave to interpose a little, and enquire why mankind, when their sentiments differ, should be so fond of running into extremes? Is there no use to be made of the devout composures of holy men, without confining ourselves to all the words and syllables of their writings? May we not enjoy their help, without making them our absolute dictators? Whatsoever inconvenience may arise from the constant use, or unalterable

alterable imposition of forms of prayer, yet certainly there is very considerable benefit and assistance in the Christian life to be derived from devotional compositions. Such forms of pious address to GOD, as are drawn from a serious sense of divine things, and framed by a skilful and judicious hand, has given rich advantages to a sincere worshipper, both in solitary and social worship. Many a holy soul has found its inward powers awakened and excited to lively religion by such assistances; many a penitent groan, under the sense of sin, many an ardent petition for some peculiar grace or virtue, many a pious aspiration of heart, and many a joyful sound of praise, has ascended towards Heaven in the words and language of some well-composed form. And I am well assured the blessed Spirit of GOD, neither confines his sacred influences to those who worship without forms, nor withholds it from those who use them. Both have need of his aid, and I am persuaded both do partake of it.

Indeed in the use of forms, there is no need of binding ourselves to a whole page together, as it stands in the book. In the name of GOD, let us stand fast in our Christian liberty, and maintain a just freedom of soul in our addresses to heaven; let us change, enlarge, or contract, let us add or omit, according to our peculiar sentiments, or our present frame of spirit. Mr. *Jenks*, a pious divine of the church of *England*, has written an excellent treatise of the liberty of prayer, which I dare recommend to every sort of reader. But when we find the temper, the wants, and the wishes of our hearts so happily expressed in the words of the composer, as that we know not how to frame other words so suitable and so expressive of our own present state and case, why should we not address our GOD and our Saviour in this borrowed language? I confess
indeed,

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indeed, when long custom has induced a sort of flatness into these sounds, how happily soever the words might be at first chosen, then perhaps we shall want something new and various to keep nature awake to the devotion. Or, if we still confine ourselves entirely to the forms we read, and forbid our spirits to exert their own pious sentiments, we turn these engines of holy elevation into clogs and fetters. But when Christians make a prudent use of them, they have frequently experienced unknown advantage and delight. A dull and heavy hour in the closet has been relieved by the use of such devout compositions of mingled meditation and prayer; and many a dry and barren heart has been enabled to offer up the first-fruits of a sweet sacrifice to God in the words of another man. The fire of devotion has been kindled by the help of some serious and pathetic forms, and the spirit of the worshipper, which has been straitened and bound up in itself, has found a blessed release by the pen of some pious writer. The wings of the soul have been first expanded towards God and Heaven by some happy turn of fervent and holy language; she has been lifted up by this assistance above the earth and mortality; then she has given herself a more unconfined and various flight in the upper regions, she has traversed the heavenly world, she has felt herself within the circle of divine attraction, and has dwelt an hour with God.

The good man *Bohemus* had warmed his imagination a little by his vivid manner of representing the argument. His soul caught fire, was seized with a sacred enthusiasm, and broke out in the following transport.

Hail, *Hebrew* Psalmist King! Hail, happy hour!
 I see, I hear, I feel the sovereign power
 Of language so devout. Th' immortal sound
 Thrills through my vitals with a pleasing wound,

And

And mortal passions die. Devotion reigns,
 Earth disappears, her mountains and her plains;
 I soar, I pray, I praise in *David's* heavenly strains. }
 Here thoughts divine in living words express,
 Pour'd out and copy'd glowing from the breast,
 Spread o'er the sacred page; what eye, what heart,
 Can read the rapture, and not bear its part
 In holy elevation? —

Where love and joy exult, the glorious line
 Gives the same passions, spreads the fire divine,
 And kindles all the reader. See him rise
 On wings of extasy, shoot through the skies,
 And mix with angels: Hail, ye choirs above,
 Where all is holy joy, where all is heavenly love.

If sins review'd in trickling sorrows flow;
 The page conveys the penitential woe,
 And strikes the inmost spirit. Conscience hears
 The words of anguish, and dissolves in tears.
 Ev'n iron souls relent, and hearts of stone
 Burst at these mournings, and repeat the groan:
 GOD and his power are there.

Formistes and *Libero* were present while *Bohemus* was carried away in this surprising rapture. The last had been educated in too great an aversion to forms of prayer, and the first never thought of addressing GOD without them; but both were deeply struck with conviction at this speech of *Bohemus*: they confessed that they had lived all their days in extremes, and begun to confess their mistake.

Surely, says *Libero*, written prayers are not such formidable things as I once imagined them, especially since we are not pinned down to every sentence, but maintain a just liberty to alter as we please. And yet farther, now I think of it, Christians, of every party,
 find

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find it no hindrance to the devout melody and praise, which they offer to their GOD, that they have the words of a sacred song provided for them before-hand; and it is certain, that composed forms of prayer are evidently useful, if not necessary, for the assistance of children, to train them up to this part of worship, and lead them in the way of private devotion in their younger years; and why should they not be happy expedients to relieve the bulk of weak Christians? Certainly they are so, replied *Bobemus*; for, if we consider mankind in the various ranks, conditions, and circumstances of life, and take a just survey of the many infirmities that surround human nature, and the numerous weights that hang upon the soul; if we observe the perpetual diversion from the things of GOD, to which the mind is exposed by constant business in the world; if we think of the low capacity, scanty furniture, and poor invention of many serious persons, whose hearts have a sincere tendency toward GOD, and their want of words to express even the pious thoughts that arise within them; may we not suppose, that they would be thankful for some assistance in this work of inward religion, if they were but once furnished with them by their friends, and encouraged to make use of them? and even the wisest and best of men might be glad of them at some seasons.

And let me add also, said he, there is many a family which would have lived to this day without paying homage to the GOD of nature and grace, in social worship, which has been enabled, by the help of pious forms, to maintain daily religion in the house, and the children and the servants of the family have been trained up to constant devotion, and daily acknowledgment of GOD, by these assistances, borrowed from holy and skilful writers. And GOD forbid that any house,
among

among Christians, should be prayerless, since these devout compositions are so easy to be had.

This is well known, and abundantly practised amongst the Christians in the established church, and they rejoice in it as their privilege, and their constant blessing: whereas, I fear, there are some among the Protestant Dissenters have been educated with such an unreasonable and superstitious aversion to all pre-composed prayers, that a few of them, even to this day, are hardly willing that children, and ignorant persons, should use them. And there are but few, I doubt, who give themselves leave to make a full and proper use of such advantages with which our nation and our age are furnished. *Dr. Patrick, Dr. Innet, Dr. Meriton, and Mr. Jenks*, with several other worthy divines, have done much this way; some of the Dissenters themselves have given assistance in this affair, and have composed forms of address to God, upon the common occasions of life, as well as upon the various themes of the Christian religion. *Mr. Baxter*, in the last age, and *Mr. Howe*; and, in this century, *Mr. Murrey, Mr. Bourne*, and others: and, I wish this sort of devotional writings were multiplied among them.

I acknowledge, says *Libero*, this is the case; we have some unhappy prejudices still hanging about our spirits, in making a religious use of written or printed prayers, either in our retirements, or in the family; and I am now sensible this has bereaved us of those advantages for the religion of the closet and the household, which our neighbours partake of, and which we might enjoy with great liberty of soul, and rejoice in with rich improvement.—I thank you from my heart, dear *Bokemus*, for the lesson I have learnt of you this day; and I will endeavour that many of my friends shall learn it too, that they may no more renounce that
spiritual

spiritual assistance and relief which may be borrowed from pious compositions; and especially, that masters of families may begin to make a happy use of them in their household, and worship GOD by these helps, when they want them, without the least restraint laid either upon the just freedom of their own spirits, or the hopes of divine influences.

And I, for my part, said *Formistes*, return you my sincere thanks, good *Bohemus*, that you have marked out so happy a medium between an utter rejection of all forms of prayer, and an absolute confinement of ourselves to them. I cannot but acknowledge I have sometimes found inward motions of repentance for particular sins, of humble desires towards GOD, and wishes for assistance against particular temptations and snares, while I have been reading my written devotions; and yet I was unwilling to express them with my tongue, lest I should utter any thing rashly before GOD. But upon what you have said, I now give myself leave to think, that the sincere workings of a man's heart towards virtue and religion, and things of the upper world, are best known to himself, and may be expressed by himself, when they arise in his heart, in such language as a gracious GOD will accept. I shall never more therefore suppress these good desires for want of courage to utter them: but while I make use of forms of worship composed by pious and learned men, I shall remember, that they were designed only as assistances to my devotion, and not impose them on my conscience, as restraints upon all the good motions of the blessed Spirit which our church humbly teaches us to pray for, and to expect, according to the divine promise. And since the holy scripture often requires us to pray to GOD, but never prescribes to us whether we should use our own words, or the words of other men,
I will

I will learn, for the future, to look upon that as a matter of greater indifference than I once thought it, and not make that a duty for myself, which God has not made so, nor charge my neighbour *Libero* with sin, for praying in such a free manner as God has never forbidden.

LII. AN ELEGY ON SOPHRONIA, WHO
DIED OF THE SMALL-POX, 1711.

SOPHRON is introduced speaking.

I.

FORBEAR, my friends, forbear, and ask no more,
Where all my cheerful airs are fled?
Why will ye make me talk my torments o'er?
My life, my joy, my comfort's dead.

II.

Deep from my soul, mark how the sobs arise,
Hear the long groans that waste my breath,
And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes,
Lovely *Sophronia* sleeps in death.

III.

Unkind disease, to veil that rosy face
With tumours of a mortal pale,
While mortal purples with their dismal grace
And double horror spot the veil.

IV.

Uncomely veil, and most unkind disease!
Is this *Sophronia*, once the fair?
Are these the features that were born to please?
And beauty spread her ensigns there?

V.

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V.

I was all love, and she was all delight.
Let me run back to seasons past ;
Ah! flow'ry days, when first she charm'd my sight!
But roses will not always last.

VI.

Yet still *Sophronia* pleas'd Nor time, nor care,
Could take her youthful bloom away :
Virtue has charms which nothing can impair ;
Beauty like her's could ne'er decay.

VII.

Grace is a sacred plant of heavenly birth :
The seed descending from above
Roots in a soil refin'd, grows high on earth,
And blooms with life, and joy, and love.

VIII.

Such was *Sophronia*'s soul. Celestial dew
And angels food were her repast :
Devotion was her work ; and thence she drew
Delights which strangers never taste.

IX.

Not the gay splendors of a flatt'ring court
Could tempt her to appear and shine :
Her solemn airs forbid the world's resort :
But I was blest, and she was mine.

X.

Safe on her welfare all my pleasures hung,
Her smiles could all my pains controul ;
Her soul was made of softness, and her tongue
Was soft and gentle as her soul.

XI.

She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all ;
Love grew with every waning moon :
Had Heav'n a length of years delay'd its call,
Still I had thought it call'd too soon.

XII.

XII.

But peace, my sorrows! nor with murmuring voice
 Dare to accuse Heaven's high decree:
 She was first ripe for everlasting joys;
Sopbron, she waits above for thee.

LIV.

AN ELEGY ON THE MUCH LA-
 MENTED DEATH OF

MRS. ELIZABETH BURY,

*Late Wife of the Reverend Mr. SAMUEL BURY of
 Bristol, annexed to some Memoirs of her Life, drawn
 up by him; but collected out of her own Papers.*

SHE must ascend; her treasure lies on high,
 And there her heart is. Bear her through the sky
 On wings of harmony, ye sons of light,
 And with surrounding shields protect her flight.
 Teach her the wondrous songs yourselves compose
 For yon bright world; she'll learn them as she goes;
 The sense was known before: those sacred themes,
 The GOD, the SAVIOUR, and the flowing streams
 That ting'd the cursed tree with blood divine,
 Purchas'd a Heaven, and wash'd a world from sin;
 The beams, the bliss, the vision of that face
 Where the whole Godhead shines in mildest grace;
 These are the notes for which your harps are strung,
 These were the joy and labour of her tongue
 In our dark regions. These exalted strains
 Brought Paradise to earth, and sooth'd her pains.
*Souls made of pious harmony and love,
 Can be no strangers to their work above.*

But

But must we lose her hence? The muse in pain
 Regrets her flight, and calls the faint again.
 Stay, gentle spirit, stay. Can nature find
 No charms to hold the once unfetter'd mind?
 Must all those virtues, all those graces soar
 Far from our sight, and bless our earth no more?
 Must the fair faint to worlds immortal climb,
 For ever lost to all the sons of time?

O, no; she is not lost. Behold her here,
 How just the form! how soft the lines appear!
 The features of her soul, without disguise,
 Drawn by her own bless'd pen: A sweet surprise
 To mourning friends. The partner of her cares
 Seiz'd the fair piece, and wash'd it o'er with tears,
 Dress'd it in flowers, then hung it on her urn,
 A pattern for her sex in ages yet unborn.

Daughters of *Eve*, come, trace these heavenly lines,
 Feel with what power the bright example shines;
 She was what you should be. Young virgins, come,
 Drop a kind tear, and dress you at your tomb:
 Gay silks and diamonds are a vulgar road;
 Her radiant virtues should create the mode.
 Matrons, attend her hearse with thoughts refin'd,
 Gaze and transcribe the beauties of her mind,
 And let her live in you. The meek, the great,
 The chaste, yet free; the cheerful, yet sedate:
 Swift to forgiveness, but to anger slow,
 And rich in solid learning more than show;
 With charity and zeal, that rarely join,
 And all the human graces and divine,
 Reign'd in her breast, and held a pleasing strife
 Through every shifting scene of various life,
 The maid, the bride, the widow, and the wife.

Nor need a manly spirit blush to gain
 Exalted thoughts from her superior vein.

Attend

Attend her hints, ye sages of the schools,
 And by her nobler practice frame your rules.
 Let her inform you to address the ear
 With conquering suasion, or reproof severe,
 And still without offence. Thrice happy soul,
 That could our passions, and her own control;
 Could wield and govern that unruly train,
 Sense, fancy, pleasure, fear, grief, hope, and pain,
 And live sublimely good! Behold her move
 Thro' earth's rude scenes, yet point her thoughts above.
*Seraphs on earth pant for their native skies,
 And nature feels it painful not to rise.*

Ye venerable tribes of holy men,
 Read the devotions of her heart and pen,
 And learn to pray and die. *Burissa* knew
 To make life happy, and resign it too.
 The soul that oft had walk'd th' ethereal road, [God.
 Pleas'd with her summons, took her farewell flight to
 But ne'er shall words, or lines, or colours paint
 Th' immortal passions of th' expiring saint.
 What beams of joy (angelic airs) arise
 O'er her pale cheeks, and sparkle through her eyes
 In that dark hour! how all serene she lay
 Beneath the openings of celestial day!
 Her soul retires from sense, refines from sin,
 While the descending glory wrought within;
 Then in a sacred calm resign'd her breath,
 And as her eye-lids clos'd, she smil'd in death.
 O may some pious friend, who weeping stands
 Near my last pillow with uplifted hands,
 Or wipes the mortal dew from off my face,
 Witness such triumphs in my soul; and trace
 The dawn of glory in my dying mien,
 While on my lifeless lips such heavenly smiles are seen!
September 29, 1720.

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LV.

AN ELEGIAC ODE ON THE DEATH OF
SIR THOMAS ABNEY,
KNIGHT AND ALDERMAN OF LONDON,
FEB. 6, 1721-2. IN THE 83D YEAR OF HIS AGE.

Affixed to some MEMOIRS of his LIFE.

And inscribed to

THE LADY ABNEY.

Madam,

YOUR grief is great and just. It is not in the power of verse to charm it: Your comforts must arise from a diviner spring. My residence in your family hath made me a witness to the lustre of Sir *Thomas Abney's* character, and the years of your felicity; and I bear a sensible share in the sorrows that are shed on his tomb.

The nation mourns a good man lost from the midst of us, a public blessing vanished from the earth. The city mourns the loss of a most excellent magistrate, a sure friend to virtue, and a guardian to the public peace. The Church of CHRIST mourns a beautiful pillar taken from the support and ornament of the temple. All these are public sorrows; but your loss, Madam, carries a pain in it, that must be unknown to all, but such as knew the domestic virtues of the deceased.

Those

Those who have the honour of your Ladyship's acquaintance, can tell whence you derive your daily consolations; even from that world where your departed relative drinks them at the fountain head. O may those streams descend in full measure hourly, and refresh yourself and your mourning house!

But if a verse cannot give comfort to the living, yet it may do honour to the dead: and it is for this reason that your Ladyship desires a verse to attend these few Memorials of Sir *Thomas Abney's* Life. His modesty hath concealed a thousand things from the world, which might have stood as witnesses of his piety and goodness; but he thought it sufficient that his record was on high; yet your unfeigned love follows him to the grave, and would do every thing that might adorn his name and memory. Since you have called me to this place of service, the obligations your Ladyship hath laid upon me are strong enough to summon up my youthful powers and talents, even when I look upon them as buried and almost forgotten.

Besides, Madam, there are some occurrences that can of themselves rouse the muse from the deepest sleep. Poesy is not always under the command of the will. As there have been occasions heretofore when I have wished to write, but the imagination has refused to attend the wish; so there are seasons when verse comes almost without a call, and the will might resist in vain. A few such seasons have I met with in the course of my life, and some of them have found me, even in the chambers of death. When I have spent days in the midst of mourning, and the whole soul hath been tuned to sorrow, the harp hath sounded of its own accord, and awakened all the doleful strings. Such was the hour when your dear and honoured brother,

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ther, Mr. *Thomas Gunston*, departed this life ; and such is the present providence.—Uncommon worth, forsaking our world, strikes all the powers of nature with sentiments of honour and grief, and the hand and the heart consent to raise a monument of love and sorrow.

Accept then, honoured Madam, these lines of Elegy, as a sincere pledge of the greatest veneration which my heart pays the memory of Sir *Thomas Abney*. How far soever the verse may fall below the theme, yet now it must always live, since it is joined to these Memoirs, and attached to a character that cannot die. And while succeeding ages shall read the honours due to the deceased, let them know also the gratitude I pay to your Ladyship, for the signal benefits of many years conferred on

Your Ladyship's

Most obliged, and

Obedient Servant,

I. WATTS.



AT

AT THE
DEATH OF THAT EXCELLENT MAN,
SIR THOMAS ABNEY,
A SOLILOQUY, OR MOURNING MEDITATION.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tum chari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene.*

*Ergone ABNEIUM perpetuus sopor
Urget? Cui pudor & justitiæ soror
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem?*

HOR.

P A R T I.

HIS PRIVATE LIFE.

I.

ABNEY expires. A general groan [behave
Sounds through the house. How must a friend
Where death and grief have rais'd their throne,
And the sad chambers seem th' apartments of the grave?

II.

Shall I appear amongst the chief
Of mourners, wailing o'er the dear deceas'd?
Or must I seek to charm their grief,
And in distress of soul to comfort the distress'd?

I 3

III.

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III.

I mourn by turns, and comfort too :
He that can feel, can ease another's smart ;
The drops of sympathetic woe
Convey the heavenly cordial warmer to the heart.

IV.

We mourn a thousand joys deceas'd,
We name the Husband with a mournful tongue ;
He, when the powers of life deceas'd,
Felt the diviner flames of love for ever young.

V.

Thrice happy man ! Thrice happy pair !
If love could bid approaching death remove,
The painful name of Widow here
Had ever been unknown : But death is deaf to love.

VI.

ALBINA * mourns, she mourns alone,
Her grief unrivall'd in a house of tears,
The partner of her soul is gone,
Who doubled all her joys, and half sustain'd her cares.

VII.

See the fair Offspring of the dead,
With their young griefs *Albina* they inclose,
Beside the Father's dying bed ;
And as her woes increase, their love and duty grows:

VIII.

The Children feel the Mother's pain,
Down their pale cheeks the trickling sorrows roll ;
The Mother sees and weeps again,
With all the tender passions struggling in her soul.

IX.

The tender passions reign and spread
Through the whole house, and to the courts descend :

We

* The Lady Abney.

We mourn the best of Brothers dead ;
We mourn the kindest Master, and the firmest Friend.

X.

We mourn ; but not as wretches do,
Where vicious lives all hope in death destroy :
A falling tear is nature's due ;
But hope climbs high, and borders on celestial joy.

XI.

There fits the late departed Saint* ;
There dwells the Husband, Father, Brother, Friend :
Then let us cease the fore complaint,
Or mingled with our groans let notes of praise ascend.

XII.

Great God to thee we raise our song,
Thine were the graces that enrich'd his mind ;
We bless thee, that he shone so long,
And left so fair a track of pious life behind.

P A R T II.

HIS PUBLIC CHARACTER AND DEATH.

I.

BUT can domestic sorrows shew
A nation's loss ? Can private tears suffice
To mourn the Saint and Ruler too,
Great names, so rarely join'd below the blissful skies ?

II.

Could ABNEY in our world be born ;
Could ABNEY live, and not *Britannia* smile ?

Or

* *Justum & tenacem propositi virum, &c.*
Hâc arte—Enixus arces attigit igneas. HOR.

176 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

Or die, and not *Britannia* mourn*,
When such ethereal worth left our degenerate isle?

III.

'Twas heavenly wisdom, zeal divine,
Taught him the balance and the sword to hold:
His looks with sacred justice shine
Beyond the scarlet honours, or the wreathen gold.

IV.

Truth, freedom, courage, prudence stood
Attending, when he fill'd the solemn chair:
He knew no friendships, birth, nor blood,
Nor wealth, nor gay attire, when criminals were there†.

V.

He sign'd their doom with steady hand;
Yet drops of pity from his eye-lids roll:
He ‡punish'd to reform the land,
With terror on his brow, and mercy in his soul.

VI.

His tongue was much unskill'd to chide;
Soft were his lips, and all his language sweet:

His

* *Cunctis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*

HOR.

† ——— *Est animus tibi*

Rerumque prudens, & secundis

Temporibus, dubiisque reclus;

Vindex avaræ fraudis, & abstineus

Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ.

———— *Bonus atque fidus*

Judex honestum prætulit utili,

Rejecit alto dona nocentium

Vultu —————

HOR.

‡ *Qui quærit Pater urbium*

Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat

Refrenare licentiam,

Cædes, & rabiem tollere civium—

HOR.

His soul disdain'd the airs of pride, [street.
 Yet love and reverence greet him through the crowded
 VII.

God-like he liv'd and acted here,
 Moving unseen, and still sublimely great ;
 Yet when his country claim'd his care,
 Descending he appear'd, and bore the pomp of state.
 VIII.

He more than once oblig'd the throne,
 And sav'd the nation : yet he shunn'd the fame,
 Careless to make his merit known. [name.
 The Christian hath enough, that Heaven records his
 IX.

His humble soul convers'd on high ;
 Heaven was his hope, his rest, his native home ;
 His treasures lay above the sky ;
 Much he possess'd on earth, but more in worlds to come.
 X.

With silent steps he trac'd the way
 To the fair courts of light, his wish'd abode ;
 Nor would he ask a moment's stay,
 Nor make the convoy wait, that call'd his soul to GOD.
 XI.

See the good man with head reclin'd,
 And peaceful heart, resign his precious breath :
 No guilty thoughts oppress his mind ;
 Calm and serene his life, serene and calm his death.
 XII.

Laden with honours and with years,
 His vigorous virtue shot a youthful ray ;
 And while he ends his race, appears
 Bright as the setting-sun of a long cloudless day.
 XIII.

Spent with the toil of busy hours,
 Nature retir'd, and life sunk down to sleep ;

178 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

Come dress the bed with fadeless flowers ;
Come, angels, round his tomb immortal vigils keep.

XIV.

The heart of every *Briton* rears
A monument to *ABNEY*'s spotless fame :
The pencil faints, the muse despairs ;
His country's grief and love must eternize his name.

*Sic cecinit mærens,
Inter mærores domesticos,
Et patriæ suæ luctus,*

I. W.

LVI. ENTRANCE UPON THE WORLD.

CURINO was a young man, brought up to a reputable trade: the term of his apprenticeship was almost expired, and he was contriving how he might venture into the world with safety, and pursue business with innocence and success. Among his near kindred, *Serenus* was one, a gentleman of considerable character in the sacred profession; and after he had consulted with his father, who was a merchant of great esteem and experience, he also thought fit to seek a word of advice from the divine. *Serenus* had such a respect for his young kinsman, that he set his thoughts at work on this subject, and with some tender expressions, which melted the youth into tears, he put into his hand a paper of his best counsels. *Curino* entered upon business, pursued his employment with uncommon advantage, and under the blessing of Heaven advanced himself to a considerable estate. He lived with honour in the world, and gave a lustre to the religion which he professed; and after a long life
of

of piety and usefulness, he died with a sacred composure of soul, under the influences of Christian hope. Some of his neighbours wondered at his felicity in this world, joined with so much innocence, and such severe virtue. But, after his death, this paper was found in his closet, which was drawn up by his kinsman in holy orders, and was supposed to have a large share in procuring his happiness.

ADVICES TO A YOUNG MAN.

I. **K**INSMAN, I presume you desire to be happy here, and hereafter: You know there are a thousand difficulties which attend this pursuit; some of them perhaps you foresee, but there are multitudes which you could never think of. Never trust therefore to *your own understanding* in the things of this world, where you can have the advice of a *wise and faithful friend*; nor dare venture the more important concerns of your soul, and your eternal interests in the world to come, upon the mere *light of nature*, and the *dictates of your own reason*; since the *Word of God*, and the advice of Heaven, lies in your hands. Vain and thoughtless indeed are those children of pride, who choose to turn Heathens in the midst of *Great-Britain*; who live upon the mere religion of nature and their own stock, when they have been trained up among all the superior advantages of *Christianity*, and the blessings of divine Revelation and Grace.

II. Whatsoever your circumstances may be in this world, still value your **BIBLE** as your best treasure: and whatsoever be your employment here, still look upon Religion as your best business. Your Bible contains eternal life in it, and all the riches of the upper
I 6 world;

world ; and Religion is the only way to become a possessor of them.

III. To direct your carriage towards GOD, converse particularly with the book of Psalms : *David* was a man of sincere and eminent devotion. To behave aright among MEN, acquaint yourself with the whole book of Proverbs : *Solomon* was a man of large experience and wisdom. And to perfect your directions in both these, read the Gospels and the Epistles : you will find the best of rules and the best of examples there, and those more immediately suited to the Christian life.

IV. As a MAN, maintain strict temperance and sobriety, by a wise government of your appetites and passions : as a Neighbour, influence and engage all around you to be your friends, by a temper and carriage made up of prudence and goodness ; and let the poor have a certain share in all your yearly profits. As a Trader, keep that golden sentence of our Saviour's ever before you, *Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do you also unto them.*

V. While you make the *precepts* of scripture the constant rule of your duty, you may with courage rest upon the *promises* of scripture as the springs of your encouragement. All divine assistances and divine recompences are contained in them. The Spirit of light and grace is promised to assist them that ask it. Heaven and glory are promised to reward the faithful and the obedient.

VI. In every affair of life, *begin with God.* Consult him in every thing that concerns you. View him as the Author of all your blessings and all your hopes, as your best friend and your eternal portion. Meditate on him in this view, with a continual renewal of your trust in him, and a daily surrender of yourself to him, till you feel that you love him most entirely,

tirely, that you serve him with sincere delight, and that you cannot live a day without GOD in the world.

VII. You know yourself to be a *Man*, an indigent creature and a sinner, and you profess to be a *Christian*, a disciple of the blessed JESUS: But never think you know CHRIST nor *yourself*, as you ought, till you find a daily need of him for righteousness and strength, for pardon and sanctification: and let him be your constant introducer to the great GOD, though he sit upon a throne of grace. Remember his own words, *John* xiv. 6. *No man cometh to the Father but by me.*

VIII. Make *prayer* a pleasure and not a task, and then you will not forget nor omit it. If ever you have lived in a praying family, never let it be your fault if you do not live in one always. Believe that day, that hour, or those minutes to be all wasted and lost, which any worldly pretences would tempt you to save out of the public worship of the church, the certain and constant duties of the closet, or any necessary services for GOD and godliness. Beware lest a blast attend it, and not a blessing. If GOD had not reserved one day in seven to himself, I fear religion would have been lost out of the world; and every day of the week exposed to a curse, which has no morning religion.

IX. See that you *watch* and *labour*, as well as *pray*. Diligence and dependance must be united in the practice of every Christian. It is the same wise man acquaints us, that *the hand of the diligent and the blessing of the Lord* joined together to *make us rich*, *Prov.* x. 4,—22. rich in the treasures of body or mind, of time or eternity.

It is your duty, indeed, under a sense of your own weakness, to pray daily against sin; but if you would effectually avoid it, you must also avoid temptation,
and.

and every dangerous opportunity. Set a double guard, wheresoever you feel or suspect an enemy at hand.—The world without, and the heart within, have so much flattery and deceit in them, that we must keep a sharp eye upon both, lest we are trapt into mischief between them.

X. *Honour, profit, and pleasure*, have been sometimes called the *world's trinity*, they are its three chief idols; each of them is sufficient to draw a soul off from GOD, and ruin it for ever. Beware of them, therefore, and of all their subtle insinuations, if you would be innocent and happy.

Remember, that the *honour* which comes from GOD, the approbation of Heaven, and of your own conscience, are infinitely more valuable than all the esteem or applause of men. Dare not venture one step out of the road of Heaven, for fear of being laughed at for walking strictly in it. It is a poor religion that cannot stand against a jest.

Sell not your hopes of *heavenly treasures*, nor any thing that belongs to your *eternal interest*, for any of the advantages of the present life: *What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*

Remember also the words of the wise man, *He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man*: he that indulges himself in *wine and oil*; that is, in drinking, in feasting, and in sensual gratifications, *shall not be rich*. It is one of St. Paul's characters of a most degenerate age, when *men become lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God*. And that *fleshy lusts war against the soul*, is St. Peter's caveat to the Christians of his time.

XI. Preserve your *Conscience* always soft and sensible. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul, and dwell easy there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

And

And take heed, that under any scruple, doubt, or temptation whatsoever, you never let any reasonings satisfy your conscience, which will not be a sufficient apology to the great Judge at the last day.

XII. Keep this thought ever in your mind. It is a world of *vanity* and vexation in which you live: the flatteries and promises of it are *vain* and deceitful; prepare therefore to meet disappointments. Many of its occurrences are teasing and *vexatious*. In every ruffling storm without, possess your spirit in patience, and let all be calm and serene within. Clouds and tempests are only found in the lower skies: the Heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your heart and hope dwell much in these serene regions: live as a stranger here on earth, but as a citizen of Heaven, if you will maintain a soul at ease.

XIII. Since in many things we offend all, and there is not a day passes which is perfectly free from sin, let *repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ*, be your daily work. A frequent renewal of these exercises, which make a Christian at first, will be a constant evidence of your sincere Christianity, and give you peace in life, and hope in death.

XIV. Ever carry about with you such a sense of the uncertainty of every thing in this life, and of life itself, as to put nothing off till to-morrow, which you can conveniently do to-day. Dilatory persons are frequently exposed to surprize and hurry in every thing that belongs to them: the time is come, and they are unprepared. Let the concerns of your soul and your shop, your trade and your religion, lie always in such order, as far as possible, that death at short warning may be no occasion for a disquieting tumult in your spirit, and that you may escape the anguish of a bitter repentance in a dying hour.

Phronimus,

Phronimus, a considerable east-land merchant, happened upon a copy of these advices about the time when he permitted his son to commence a partnership with him in his trade; he transcribed them with his own hand, and made a present of them to the youth, together with the articles of partnership. Here, young man, said he, is a paper of more worth than these articles. Read it over once a month, till it is wrought in your soul and temper. Walk by these rules, and I can trust my estate in your hands. Copy out these counsels in your life, and you will make me and yourself easy and happy.

LVII. SOULS IN FETTERS.

WHAT a fore unhappiness is it to the Christian world, that men are confined in parties! There are some noble souls imprisoned from their infancy within the pales of a particular clan, or narrow tribe; and they must never dare to think beyond those limits. What shameful bars are laid in the way to obstruct the progress of knowledge, and the growth of the intellectual world! Generous sentiments are stifled and forbid to be born, lest the parent of them who belongs perhaps to one *sect*, should be suspected of too much intimacy with another; and a thousand brave free thoughts are crushed to death in the very bud, lest they should look like the offspring of a *foreign tribe*, when they appear in open light. What a wretched influence, *names*, and *sects*, and *parties* have upon the commonwealth of Christianity! We hardly dare believe ourselves when we have found out a truth, if our ancestors did not believe it too.

A few days ago, *Aleutherus* told me, that when he was a boy, he firmly believed the mystery of the mass, and thought the priest could turn bread into flesh and blood, for all his relations were of that mind; but when I began to think for myself a little, said he, my faith staggered, the falsehood seemed too big for my belief; and yet I know not what strange secret attachment to the religion of my fathers forbid me to deny what they had professed. So I had shut my eyes, and laid all my rising doubts to sleep; I stretched my faith to its former size, and swallowed the old doctrine again. Without thinking whether it were possible, I called it *divine*; for I could not bear the thoughts of being a Heretic.

Clerico would gladly have heard *Euphonus* preach, if he durst have ventured the censure of his friends, and been seen in a meeting-house. He could willingly have let his soul loose from all human forms and inventions, if he had not lately subscribed the twentieth article of the church among the rest, and declared that she has power to ordain rites and ceremonies. But since he has subscribed, he does not care to indulge his thoughts in so much freedom.

Phileuchus happened to lodge a week at the house of *Sebastes*, where he heard Mr. *Jenks's* prayers read daily in the family with great devotion; he prevailed with himself to join in the worship, and felt his soul refreshed by it; yet his own house continued prayerless still: for, though he loved religion at his heart, yet he could not express himself with any tolerable decency, propriety or courage in family-worship, and he was ashamed to let his friends know that he made use of forms.

What a poor foolish thing is man! Human nature
in

in all ages is too much like itself. What is now practised among Christians, to the reproach and injury of revealed truth, has been a bar to the profession and improvement of natural religion, in the days and the nations of ancient Heathenism.

Socrates is famous in history for his belief of the One true God, in opposition to the Polytheism of the world, and the numerous idols of the priest and people: but, he is reported, by this means, to have exposed himself to the resentment and popular fury of some of his countrymen, so that he is counted a sort of Martyr for that cause. Yet, as some report, he was scarce able to support his courage in the public profession of that One true God in a dying hour; for, it is said, that he ordered a cock to be offered as a sacrifice to *Esculapius* the god of physic. I confess it is so mean and servile a compliance, that I can hardly believe it concerning *Socrates*.

But if the soul of the noble *Grecian* was bound in these fetters of a popular religion, which forbid his bold and final profession of his diviner sentiments; it is not *Greece* only, but *Rome* also has produced examples of the same weakness among some of its heroes. It must be acknowledged, they had some heavenly flights of thought, and courage enough to let their notions just start into light, and give broad hints of their faith; but they were forced to cramp and discourage the progress and the growth of it, for fear of the national idolatry which reigned in their age. They had not strength of soul and bravery enough to become martyrs for the truth.

Cicero was a great man, but he was afraid to speak what he knew of the Unity of the eternal God, the Maker of all. *It is hard, says he, to find out him who*
is

is the Parent of this universe; and when you have found him, it is not lawful to shew him to the vulgar world. *Illum quasi parentem hujus universitatis invenire difficile: & cum inveneris, indicare in vulgus nefas; Lib. de Univerf. p. 2.* And the same he saith again, *Lib. II. de Nat. Deor.* Let not our men of heathenism then, or *British* infidels, charge all this folly upon Christians alone, since their Pagan predecessors were guilty of it as well as we.

O! where shall that city stand, whose inhabitants shall traffic in intellectual treasures, and set forth all their new improvements and acquisitions in the open day-light, without the dangers of public penalties or reproach? Where shall that happy race of men be born who shall seek truth with an unbiaſſed ſoul; and ſhall ſpeak it freely to mankind, without the fear of parties, or the odium of ſingularity? When ſhall that golden age ariſe in *Great-Britain*, in which every rich genius ſhall produce his brighteſt ſentiments to the honour of GOD, and to the general profit of men, and yet ſtand exempted from common ſlander? When ſhall the ſacred mines of ſcripture be digged yet deeper than ever, and the hidden riches thereof be brought out of their long ſecurity, to adorn the doctrine of GOD our SAVIOUR?—O that theſe dark and ſtormy days of party and prejudice were rolled away, that men would once give leave to their fellow Chriſtians, to ſpell out and read ſome antient and unknown glories of the perſon of CHRIST, which are contained in ſcripture, and to unfold ſome hidden wonders of his goſpel! The wiſeſt of men know yet but in part; and it is always poſſible to grow wiſer, at leaſt on this ſide Heaven: but public prejudice is a friend to darkneſs; nor could ignorance and error, without this ſhield, have defended their thrones ſo long among creatures of reaſon, under the light of divine ſun-beams.

LVIII. TO LUCIUS ON THE DEATH
OF SERENA.

DEAR SIR,

SOME of these verses were attempted to sooth your sorrows in a melancholy and distressing hour: They were all finished near the same time, and united in this form, though they have thus long lain in silence, nor ventured to present themselves to you. I am almost in pain already, lest they should awaken your heart-ach by a recollection of some dear mournful images, and vanished scenes of grief. Let these lines rather call your views upward to the better mansions of your absent kindred, and awaken you to aim every step of life towards these regions of holiness and joy. Adieu, and be happy. I am,

Sir, Your's, &c.

DEATH AND HEAVEN.
IN FIVE LYRIC ODES.

O D E I.

The Spirit's Farewel to the Body after long Sickness.

I.

HOW am I held a prisoner now,
Far from my GOD! this mortal chain
Binds me to sorrows: All below
Is short-liv'd ease or tiresome pain.

II.

II.

When shall that wond'rous hour appear,
Which frees me from this dark abode,
To live at large in regions, where
Nor cloud nor veil shall hide my God?

III.

Farewel this flesh, these ears, these eyes,
These snares and fetters of the mind:
My God, nor let this frame arise
Till every dust be well refin'd:

IV.

JESUS, who mak'st our natures whole,
Mould me a body like thy own:
Then shall it better serve my soul
In works of praise and worlds unknown.

O D E II.

The departing Moment; or, Absent from the Body.

I.

ABSENT from flesh! O blifsful thought!
What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the mischief sin hath wrought,
From pains and tears, and all their springs.

II.

Absent from flesh! Illustrious day!
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke,
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke!

III.

Absent from flesh! Then rise, my soul,
Where feet or wings could never climb,
Beyond the heavens where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

IV.

IV.

I go where God and glory shine:
 His presence makes eternal day.
 My ALL that's mortal I resign,
 For *Uriel* waits and points my way.

O D E III.

Entrance into Paradise; or, Present with the Lord.

I.

AND is this Heaven! And am I there!
 How short the road! how swift the flight!
 I am all life, all eye, all ear;
 JESUS is here—my soul's delight.

H.

Is this the heavenly Friend who hung
 In blood and anguish on the tree,
 Whom *Paul* proclaim'd, whom *David* sung,
 Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me?

III.

How fair thou Offspring of my God!
 Thou first-born Image of his face!
 Thy death procur'd this blest abode,
 Thy vital beams adorn the place.

IV.

Lo! he presents me at the throne
 All spotless; there the Godhead reigns
 Sublime and peaceful through the Son:
 Awake, my voice, in heavenly strains.

O D E IV.

The Sight of GOD in Heaven.

I.

CREATOR - GOD, eternal Light,
 Fountain of good, tremendous power,
 Ocean of wonders, blissful sight!
 Beauty and love unknown before!

II.

Thy grace, thy nature, all unknown
 In yon dark region whence I came;
 Where languid glimpses from thy throne
 And feeble whispers teach thy name.

III.

I'm in a world where all is new;
 My Self, my GOD; O blest amaze!
 Not my best hopes or wishes knew
 To form a shadow of this grace.

IV.

Fix'd on my GOD, my heart, adore:
 My restless thoughts forbear to rove:
 Ye meaner passions, stir no more;
 But all my powers be joy and love.

O D E V.

A Funeral ODE at the Interment of the Body, supposed to be sung by the Mourners.

I.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred reliques room
 To seek a slumber in the dust.

II.

II.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
 Can reach the lovely sleeper here,
 And angels watch her soft repose.

III.

So JESUS slept: GOD'S dying Son
 Past through the grave, and blest the bed.
 Rest here, fair faint; till from his throne
 The morning break and pierce the shade.

IV.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
 Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
 Restore thy trust, a glorious form;
 She must ascend to meet her LORD.

LIX. DIVINE CONDUCT DISPUTED
 AND JUSTIFIED.

WHEN we meet with any thing in the conduct of men, which appears strange and unaccountable to us, if at the same time it seems to carry in it the aspect of something low and trifling, we are too ready to think ourselves such sons of wisdom as to pronounce puerility and contempt upon the persons and their practice. So hasty are we to pass sudden and rash judgments on the present appearances of things, and to imagine every thing is unreasonable when we do not immediately see the reason of it; as if all reason were ingrossed in our bosoms, and wisdom had no other abode. *Gelotes*, to shew his own superior genius, treats the
 the

the rites of *Moses*, and the ceremonies of the Jewish religion, in the same manner: he cannot devise what all these bells and pomegranates, and twenty other little fineries, were made for upon the garments of the high-priest; nor can he guess the reason of all the pretty punctilios about lambs, and rams, and red heifers; about pigeons, hyssop, and scarlet, sprinklings and washings. He is utterly at a loss what they were designed for, and therefore he roundly declares his opinion, that *Moses* had little to do, who could employ his mind in contriving such trifles. It is unaccountable, says he, that a person, who seems, in other things, to be a man of sense, should prescribe such an endless ritual, with minute directions about a hundred little matters, relating to the pins and tacks, the boards and curtains of the tabernacle, and all that scenery of puerile worship, which a wise man would neither command nor practise. And thus he goes on to shoot his bolts of blasphemy at divine wisdom over the shoulders of *Moses*, and, through his sides, to smite the God of *Israel*, with ridicule and reproaches.

How often does such a sudden and rash censure discover its own folly, when it is passed on the actions of men, by a further insight into their wise designs; and the man, who poured out his laughter and contempt upon others, how justly does he become the object of contempt and ridicule himself, on the account of his pride and rashness? But when the counsels and appointments of the blessed God, when the works of his wisdom, which is vast and deep, beyond our ken and fathom, are thus taken to task by silly mortals, and derided because they do not understand the purpose and intent of them, what flagrant impiety is this? what impudence added to their rashness? and how much does it deserve the divine indignation?

K

This

This very man, this *Gelotes*, a few days ago was carried by his neighbour *Typiger* to see a gentleman of his acquaintance; they found him standing at the window of his chamber, moving and turning round a glass prism, near a round hole which he had made in the window-shutter, and casting all the colours of the rainbow upon the wall of the room: they were unwilling to disturb him, though he amused himself at this rate for half an hour together, merely to please and entertain his eye-sight, as *Gelotes* imagined, with the brightness and strength of the reds and the blues, the greens and the purples, in many shifting forms of situation; while several little implements lay about him, of white paper and shreds of coloured silk, pieces of tin with holes in them, spectacles and burning-glasses. When the gentleman at last spied his company, he came down and entertained them agreeably enough upon other subjects, and dismissed them.

At another time *Gelotes* beheld the same gentleman blowing up large bubbles, with a tobacco-pipe, out of a bowl of water well impregnated with soap, which is a common diversion of boys. As the bubbles rose, he marked the little changeable colours on the surface of them with great attention, till they broke and vanished into air and water. He seemed to be very grave and solemn in this sort of recreation, and now and then smiled to see the little appearances and disappearances of colours, as the bubble grew thinner towards the top, while the watry particles of it ran down along the side to the bottom, and the surface grew too thin and feeble to include the air, then it burst to pieces and was lost.

Well, says *Gelotes* to his friend, I did not think you would have carried me into the acquaintance of a madman: surely he can never be right in his senses who wastes

wastes his hours in such fooleries as these.—Whatsoever good opinion I had conceived of a gentleman of your intimacy, I am amazed now that you should keep any degree of acquaintance with him, when his reason is gone and he is become a mere child. What are all these little scenes of sport and amusement, but proofs of the absence of his understanding? Poor gentleman! I pity him in his unhappy circumstances; but I hope he has friends to take care of him under this degree of distraction.

Typiger was not a little pleased to see that his project, with regard to his neighbour *Gelotes*, had succeeded so well; and when he had suffered him to run on at this rate, for some minutes, he interrupted him with a surprising word: this very gentleman, says he, is the great Sir ISAAC NEWTON, the first of philosophers, the glory of *Great Britain*, and renowned among the nations. You have beheld him now making these experiments over again, by which he first found out the nature of light and colours, and penetrated deeper into the mysteries of them than all mankind ever knew before him. This is the man, and these his contrivances, upon which you so freely cast your contempt, and pronounce him distracted. You know not the depth of his designs, and therefore you censure them all as fooleries; whereas the learned world has esteemed them the utmost reach of human sagacity.

Gelotes was all confusion and silence. Whereupon *Typiger* proceeded thus: Go now and ridicule the Law-giver of *Israel*, and the ceremonies of the *Jewish* church, which *Moses* taught them: Go, repeat your folly and your slanders, and laugh at these divine ceremonies, merely because you know not the meaning of them: Go, and affront the GOD of *Israel*, and reproach him for sending *Moses* to teach such forms of

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worship to the *Jews*. There is not the least of them but was appointed by the greatest of Beings, and has some special design and purpose in the eye of divine wisdom. Many of them were explained by the apostle *Paul*, in his letter to the *Hebrews*, as types and emblems of the glories and blessings of the *New Testament*; and the rest of them, whose reason has not been discovered to us, remain perhaps to be made known at the conversion of the *Jews*, when divine light shall be spread over all the ancient dispensations, and a brighter glory diffused over all the rites and forms of religion, which GOD ever instituted among the race of *Adam*.

Thus far *Typiger*; while *Gelotes* was still silent, being pierced to the heart with a conviction of his rashness and folly, and stung inwardly with bitter remorse at the thoughts of his impious and profane raillery. He went home mournful, and set himself, with a sincere and humble enquiry, to learn all the successive religions of the Bible, which he had ridiculed, and found so much reason, in a great part of them, that he submitted to believe the dignity of them all, and professed himself a hearty *Christian*.

The book of nature, and the book of providence, have some obscure pages in them, as well as the book of religion and grace. There are many appearances in the creation of GOD, and many more in his government of the world, which are thus impudently arraigned by thoughtless mortals. They discover not the symmetry and exact proportion between the several parts of them, and therefore they pronounce them the works of chance, and mere caprices of nature.—They cannot penetrate into the distant designs of the all-wise Creator and Ruler of the universe, and they are ready to conclude, that there is no design, no wisdom in them. But he was a much wiser man who tells us,
that

that *God has made every thing beautiful in its season, but man has this world in his heart*; that is, he is so intent upon the present little spot of ground on which he stands, and the little incidents of that inch of time in which he appears, *that he cannot discern the work that God does from the beginning to the end thereof*; and therefore men are not able to comprehend the admirable beauty of his works, and they are resolved to believe no farther than they can see. Vain animals of flesh and blood! Proud swelling reptiles of the earth! As if a company of worms, who are just crept out of their native glebe, and retiring into it again, after a few moments, should pretend to arraign and censure the motions and phases of the moon, and all the rules and movements of the planetary worlds. That man surely should have a stretch of thought equal to Deity, and with one single survey grasp all the atoms of created matter, and all the minds, with all their ideas, he should view at once all their infinite relations to each other, with all the scenes and appearances in the upper and lower regions of creation, from the beginning of time far into eternity, who would dare to contest the wisdom of providence, or any of the works or the appointments of his Maker! *How manifold are thy works, O Lord? in wisdom hast thou made them all. How unsearchable are thy ways, and thy judgment untraceable by all the sons of men! Who has known the mind of the Lord, and who hath been his counsellor? Of him, and by him, and for him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.*

LX. SINFUL ANGER FOR GOD'S SAKE.

IT is a very possible thing for us to be sinfully angry with our neighbour, even upon the account of sin: we have hearts of unsearchable subtilty and unfathomable deceit. The best of us are too often tempted to follow the violence of our own carnal affections, under an appearance of zeal and duty, and screen our own wrath to man, under the covert of love to God. And when the angry powers of our nature are set on work, under the colour of so divine a principle, they are impatient of all restraint, and know no bounds; for we cannot do too much for God and his honour.

Deirus is ready to think, that if he let fly all his wrath against a man for a sinful action, that wrath cannot rise to excess: he persuades himself, that it is rather a work of righteousness than a fault, and puts it among his virtues and his honours. I wish *Deirus* would take heed, lest he mingle the heat of corrupt flesh and blood with holy zeal, and offer iniquity for a sacrifice. In order to manage well in this matter, I would admonish him to take notice of these things.

First, When an action offends both God and ourselves at the same time, we must watch with the utmost diligence, lest self-love disguise itself in the form of zeal, and command our passions entirely into our own service, while we think they are at work for God. Suppose I have often instructed young *Prævo*, as to his morals; suppose I have earnestly persuaded him to any duty, or cautioned him often against some evil practice, and I see him nevertheless obstinately proceed in his own way; perhaps I shall be ready to indulge my anger against him, because he disobeyes me, more than

than because he displeases GOD. Or, suppose my neighbour *Calumnio* rail at me as a Puritan and a mad-man, because I am seen often at public prayers, and upbraid and reproach me with odious charges for the sake of my religion: I am tempted to kindle perhaps into sudden indignation, chiefly because *self* is reviled, and not because GOD is dishonoured.

In such instances as these, there is an easy way to find whether our zeal be more selfish or divine. Let me ask my own heart, 'Should I have been so angry with this youth if he had neglected another friend's pious advice, in the same case wherein he has neglected mine?' and yet the sin against GOD would have been the same. Again, 'Should I have grown so warm against *Calumnio*, for reproaching my fellow-Christian, on account of his devotions, as I am for reproaching me?' and yet his offence against the gospel had been the same still.—Thus, by putting *self* out of the case, we guard against the deceit of self-love, and pass a juster sentence on our own actions.

Now, if, upon due search, we find that our wrath is awakened rather because an action offends us, than because it offends GOD, this is a *Work of the flesh*, and must be mortified; our passions should all be pure. Our blessed LORD JESUS bore a load of personal reproaches, falling heavy upon himself, and opened not his mouth; but when the *Jerwish* buyers and sellers profaned his Father's house of prayer, then indeed he assumed an extraordinary character, and gave an instance of severe zeal, by scourging them out of the temple, *John* ii. 17.

Secondly, Take care of giving up the reins intirely to any passion, though it pretend sin for its object, lest it run to an ungovernable excess. It is *St. Paul's* counsel, *Be angry and sin not*, *Eph. iv. 26.* so hard it is

to be angry upon any account without sinning. It was a happy comparifon (whofeover firft invented it) that the paffions of our Saviour were like pure water in a clear glafs: fhake it never fo much, and it is pure ftill; there was no defilement in his holy foul by the warmeft agitation of all thofe powers of his animal nature; but ours are like water with mud at the bottom, and we can fcarce fhake the glafs with the gentleft motion, but the mud arifes, and diffufes itfelf abroad, polluting both the water and the vefel. Our irafcible paffions can fcarce be indulged a moment, but they are ready to defile the whole man.

We may find *whether our anger arife to a sinful excefs or no*, by fuch enquiries as thefe.

Does it fire my blood into rage, and kindle my fpirits into a fudden blaze, like a train of gunpowder? Then it looks too much like a work of the flefh, and may create a juft fufpicion of the pious purity of it; for, this has not the appearance of a Chriftian virtue. Our holy religion is a more reasonable and a more gentle thing, and ever teaches us to act with a thoughtlefs violence, though it fometimes calls the active powers of flefh and blood into the affiftance of fincere zeal.

Does it transport us away to the practice of any thing unbecoming our character? Does it arm our tongues with vile and fcandalous names, or our hands with hafty weapons of outrage and cruelty? This fort of conduct carries in it more of the refemblance of the evil fpirit that feeks revenge and mischief. I confefs there have been fome examples of fevere and terrible zeal among the pious *Jews*: but we muft remember, that the meek and peaceful religion of the gofpel was not then eftablifhed; and we muft confider too, that moft of thefe examples had a divine commiffion, and
were

were immediately inspired by GOD himself. Such was the case of *Phineas*, when he slew the two offenders in the camp of *Israel*: So *Elijah* called for fire from Heaven, to destroy the two captains and their companies; and our LORD JESUS CHRIST, under the same divine influence, scourged the merchants out of the temple. But our LORD himself reprov'd his own disciples, when they had a mind to imitate the wrath of *Elijah*, and taught them, that under his dispensation, which was shortly to be set up, *zeal* was a gentler virtue, and more of a-piece with the rest of that religion which he designed to institute.

Another question we should put to ourselves, to find *whether our anger be excessive, or no*, is this; Does it throw us off from our guard, dispossess us of our temper, and darken our judgment? Does it make us fierce and positive? Does it rob us of our patience, and render us deaf to all sober remonstrances and excuses? Then it can never be from GOD, tho' it pretend to be for him: For self-government is an eternal duty; and the *wisdom which is from above is swift to hear, and slow to speak; it is easy to be intreated, and full of forgiveness.*

Finally, let us ask, Does the passion render us unfit for any duty to GOD, tempt us to omit any duty to man, or hinder us in the performance of either? We may then assure ourselves it rises to excess, and becomes in some measure criminal.

It is a certain rule of prudence, that all these animal powers, be they never so justly employed, deserve a watchful and severe guard upon them, lest they grow unruly and extravagant.

The last piece of advice that I would give to my friends, and learn to take myself, is this; That where the mere *appearance* of an angry passion will attend the same end, I will not choose to give myself the trouble

and disquietude of feeling a *real* one. Why should I suffer my blood and spirits to rise into disorder, if the picture of anger in my countenance, and the sound of it imitated in my voice, will effectually discourage and reprove the vice I would forbid? If I am but wise enough to raise an appearance of resentment, I need not be at the pains to throw myself into this uneasy ferment. Is it not better for me, as a man and a Christian to maintain a calm, sedate aversion to the sin, and express my dislike of it, sometimes at least, rather by a counterfeit than real anger? If hypocrisy be lawful any where, surely it may be allowed in this case, to dissemble a little.

And to carry the matter yet farther, I think I may assert, there are several such occurrences in life, wherein it is better not so much as to imitate anger, and to express nothing like it, though the sin may be heinous. *Anorgus*, an excellent man, and an exemplary Christian, would not only suppress all wrath, but conceal all appearance of it, lest the offending person, by seeing him discomposed or resenting, might be kindled into the same passion, and thus be rendered unfit to receive a reproof from him, and grow deaf to all his divine reasonings.

It is a certain and shameful truth, that in this frail and sinful state, we love ourselves so much, and GOD so little, that we seldom begin to grow angry for GOD'S sake, but we soon grow more angry for our own: therefore, upon almost all accounts, it may be given as a piece of general and safe advice, that, let the occasion be never so provoking, yet the less fury the better. *The wrath of man never works the righteousness of God.*

LXI. ON THE CORONATION OF THEIR
MAJESTIES KING GEORGE II. AND
QUEEN CAROLINE. OCTOBER 11TH,
1727.

*ERGO armis invictæ heros age : fortibus apta
Ensem humeris ; meritam clementia temperet iram
Dum regis, & leges molli clementèr acerbis.
Te super æquævos omnes regnator olympi
Diligit, & læto vultum exhilaravit olivo ;
Ille tuum sacro cingit diademate crinem,
Transmittetque tuam longæva in sæcula famam.
En regina tori consors tibi dextera adhæret,
Auro picta sinus, auro radiata capillos :
Tota decens, tota est gemmisque insignis & auro :
At facies cultum illustrat, facièque decorâ
Pulchrior est animus.*

BUCHAN.

The CORONATION-DAY. An ODE.

I.

RISE, happy morn ; fair sun, arise ;
Shed radiant gold around the skies,
And rich in beams and blessings shine
Profuse on GEORGE and CAROLINE.

II.

Illustrious pair ! no tear to-day
Bedew the royal Parents clay !
'Tis GEORGE the BLEST remounts the throne,
With double vigour in his Son.

K 6

III.

III.

Lo! the majestic form appears,
 Sparkling in life and manly years!
 The kingdom's pride, the nation's choice,
 And Heav'n approves BRITANNIA'S voice.

IV.

Monarch, assume thy powers, and stand
 The guardian hero of our land:
 Let ALBION'S sons thy style proclaim,
 And distant realms revere thy name.

V.

Bear on thy brows th' imperial crown;
 Rebellion dies beneath thy frown:
 A thousand gems of lustre shed
 Their lights and honours round thy head.

VI.

Lift up thy rod of Majesty*,
 The foes of GOD and man shall flee:
 Vice with her execrable band
 Shakes at the sword in *George's* hand.

VII.

Law, justice, valour, mercy ride
 In arms of triumph at his side;
 And each celestial grace is seen
 In milder glories round the *Queen*.

VIII.

Hail, Royal Fair! divinely wife!
 Not *Austrian* crowns † could tempt thy eyes
 To part with truth. 'Twas brave disdain,
 When CÆSAR sigh'd, and lov'd in vain.

IX.

But Heaven provides a rich reward:
George is thy lover and thy lord:

he

* The Sceptre. † Archducal and Imperial.

The *British* lion bears thy fame,
Where *Austrian* eagles have no name.

X.

See the fair train of Princes near :
Come, *Frederick*, Royal Youth, appear,
And grace the day. Shall foreign * charms
Still hold thee from thy country's arms;

XI.

Britain, thy country * ? Prince arise,
The morning-star to gild our skies ;
(O may no cloud thy lustre stain !)
Come, lead along the shining train.

XII.

Each in parental virtues dress'd,
Each born to make a nation bless'd :
What kings, what heroes yet ungrown,
Shall court the nymphs to grace their throne !

XIII.

Mark that young Branch † of rising fame,
Proud of our great Deliverer's name :
He promises in infant-bloom,
To scourge some tyrant power of *Rome*.

XIV.

Bloom on, fair stem ! Each flower that blows,
Adds new despair to *Albion's* foes,
And kills their hearts. O glorious view
Of joys for *Albion*, ever new !

XV.

Religion, duty, truth, and love,
In ranks of honours shine and move ;

Pale

* The ingenious device of the figures of *Great-Britain* and the Protestant Religion, attending her Majesty on her Coronation Medal, with the motto, *Hic amor, hac patria*, may support and justify these expressions.

† Prince WILLIAM.

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Pale envy, slander, fraud, and spite,
Retire, and hide in caves of night:

XVI.

EUROPE, behold th' amazing scene :
Empire and liberty convene
To join their joys and wishes here,
While *Rome* and Hell consent to fear.

XVII.

Eternal GOD; whose boundless sway
Angels and starry worlds obey,
Command thy choicest favours down,
Where thy own hands have fix'd the crown.

XVIII.

Come, light divine, and grace unknown ;
Come, aid the labours of the throne :
Let BRITAIN'S golden ages run,
In circles lasting as the sun.

XIX.

Bid some bright legion from the sky
Assist the glad solemnity :
Ye hosts, that wait on favourite kings,
Wave your broad swords, and clap your wings.

XX.

Then rise, and to your realms convey
The glorious tidings of the day :
Great WILLIAM shall rejoice to know,
That GEORGE the Second reigns below.



LXII.

A LOYAL WISH ON HER MAJESTY'S
BIRTH-DAY, MARCH THE FIRST,
COMMONLY CALLED ST. DAVID'S-DAY.

Borrowed from PSALM CXXXII. 10, 11.

I.

SILENCE, ye nations; *Israel*, hear;
Thus hath the LORD to *David* sworn,
“ Train up thy fons to learn my fear,
“ And *Judah*'s crown shall all thy race adorn;
“ Theirs by the royal honours thou hast won,
“ Long as the starry wheels of nature run;
“ Nature, be thou my pledge; my witness be the sun.”

II.

Now, *Britain*, let thy vows arise,
May *George* the royal saint assume!
Then ask permission of the skies,
To put the favourite name in *David*'s room:
Fair *Carolina*, join thy pious cares
To train in virtue's path your royal heirs,
And be the *British* crown with endless honour theirs.

LXIII. PIETY IN A COURT.

TO PHYLOMELA.

MADAM,

I Know not by what train of ideas I was led this morning to muse on these four lines which I read somewhere many years ago.

The court's a golden but a fatal circle,
Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils
In crystal forms sit tempting innocence,
And beckon early virtue from its centre.

This description of a court gave occasion to the following enquiries.

Is there a lovely soul, so much divine,
Can act her glorious part, and move and shine
On this enchanted spot of treacherous ground,
Nor give her virtue nor her fame a wound?

Is there a soul so temper'd, so refin'd,
That pomp nor feeds her sense, nor fires the mind,
That soars above the globe with high disdain,
While earth's gay trifles tempt her thoughts in vain?

Is there a soul can fix her raptur'd eyes,
And glance warm wishes at her kindred skies
Thro' roofs of vaulted gold, while round her burn
Love's wanton fires, and die beneath her scorn?

Is there a soul at court that seeks the grove,
Or lonely hill, to muse on heavenly love;
And when to crowds and state her hour descends,
She keeps her conscience and her GOD her friends!

Have

Have ye not met her, angels, in her flight,
 Wing'd with devotion, through meridian night,
 Near Heav'n's high portal?—Angels, speak her name,
 Consign *Eusebia* to celestial fame.
 While *Philomel*, in language like our own,
 To mortal ears makes her young vict'ries known;
 Let *Raphael* to the skies her honours sing,
 And triumphs daily new. With friendly wing
Gabriel in arms attend her through the field
 Of sacred war, and *Mercy* be her shield,
 While with unfully'd charms she makes her way
 Through scenes of dangerous life, to realms of endless
 day.

I persuade myself, Madam, you will acknowledge that these queries are determined with much truth and justice, and centre in a name that answers every enquiry. *Eusebia* has such a guard of modesty ever attending, as forbids these lines to appear before her from my hand.—

Alethina happened to sit among a few intimate friends while this letter was read thus far; and here she interrupted the reading with a friendly impatience to confirm it. 'I know *Eusebia*'s modesty, (said she) and
 ' a blush will be easily raised in the face of so much
 ' virtue; yet I do not think the writer hath mistook
 ' her character. In my opinion it is just and sincere;
 ' her whole conversation is of a-piece. Her public
 ' and her private hours are of the same colour and
 ' hue: she is much a Christian in the family and the
 ' closet; nor does she put off any part of that glorious
 ' profession at court.—I have been favoured with some
 ' of her retired meditations; and as I have long had
 ' the happiness of her acquaintance, I dare pronounce
 ' that she lives what she writes. It so happens at pre-
 ' sent,

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‘ sent, that I can give you a taste of her piety, and her
‘ acquaintance with the muses together; for, I have
‘ had leave to transcribe three or four copies with
‘ which I have been much entertained, and I am per-
‘ suaded you will thank me for the entertainment they
‘ give you.’

I. A RURAL MEDITATION.

HERE in the tuneful groves and flow’ry fields,
Nature a thousand various beauties yields :
The daisy and tall cowslip we behold
Array’d in snowy white, or freckled gold.
The verdant prospect cherishes our sight,
Affording joy unmix’d, and calm delight ;
The forest-walks and venerable shade,
Wide-spreading lawns, bright rills, and silent glade,
With a religious awe our souls inspire,
And to the heavens our raptur’d thoughts aspire,
To him who sits in majesty on high,
Who turn’d the starry arches of the sky ;
Whose word ordain’d the silver *Thames* to flow,
Rais’d all the hills, and laid the vallies low ;
Who taught the nightingale in shades to sing,
And bid the sky-lark warble on the wing ;
Makes the young steer obedient till the land,
And lowing heifers own the milker’s hand ;
Calms the rough sea, and stills the raging wind,
And rules the passions of the human mind.

II. A PENITENTIAL THOUGHT.

CAN I then grieve for ev'ry wretch's woe,
 And weep if I but hear a tale of sorrow?
 Say, Can I share in every one's affliction,
 Yet still remain thus stupid to my own?
 Is then my heart to all the world beside
 Softer than melting wax or summer snow,
 But to myself harder than adamant?
 Can I behold the ruin sin has made,
 And feel God's image in my soul defac'd;
 Nor heave a sigh, nor drop a pitying tear,
 At my sad fate, nor lift my eyes to Heaven
 For aid against the flatt'ries of the world,
 The wiles of Satan and the joys of sense?
 Give me, ye springs, O give me all your streams
 That I may weep; nor thus with stupid gaze
 Behold my ruin, like a wretch enchanted
 Whose faculties are bound with powerful charms,
 To some accursed spot of earth confin'd.
 Give me, ye gentle winds, your balmy breath
 To heave my bosom with continued sighs.—
 Teach me, ye wood-doves, your complaining note
 To mourn my fall, to mourn my rocky heart,
 My headstrong will, and every sinful thought.
 In silent shades retir'd I long to dwell,
 Far from the tumults of the busy world,
 And all the sounds of mirth and clamorous joy,
 'Till every stormy passion is subdu'd,
 And God has full possession of my soul;
 'Till all my wishes centre in his will,
 And I no more am fetter'd to the world;

'Till

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'Till all the business of my life is praise,
And my full heart o'erflows with heavenly love,
While all created beauties lose their charms,
And GOD is All in All.

III. A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

TO thee, all-glorious, ever-blessed Pow'r,
I consecrate this silent midnight hour,
While solemn darkness covers o'er the sky,
And all things wrapp'd in gentle slumbers lie.
Unwearied let me praise thy holy name,
And ev'ry thought with gratitude inflame,
For the rich mercies which thy hands impart,
Health to my flesh, and comfort to my heart.
O may my prayers before thy throne arise,
An humble but accepted sacrifice!
And when thou shalt my weary eye-lids close,
And to my body grant a soft repose,
May my ethereal guardian kindly spread
His wings, and from the tempter screen my head!
Grant of celestial light some piercing beams,
To bless my sleep and sanctify my dreams.

IV. THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

WHEN faint and sinking to the shades of death,
I gasp with pain for ev'ry lab'ring breath,
O may my soul by some blest foretaste know
That she's deliver'd from eternal woe!
May hope in CHRIST dispel each gloomy fear,
And thoughts like these my drooping spirits cheer.
What

What though my fins are of a crimson stain,
 My SAVIOUR'S blood can wash me white again :
 Though numerous as the twinkling stars they be,
 Or sands along the margin of the sea ;
 Or as smooth pebbles on the beachy shore,
 The mercies of th' Almighty still are more :
 He looks upon my soul with pitying eyes,
 Sees all my fears, and listens to my cries :
 He knows the frailty of each human breast,
 What passions our unguarded hearts molest,
 And for the sake of his dear dying SON
 Will pardon all the ills that I have done.
 Arm'd with so bright a hope, I shall not fear
 To see my death hourly approach more near ;
 But my faith strength'ning as my life decays,
 My dying breath shall mount to Heaven in praise.

The company was not a little charmed with the unaffected air of piety and devotion which runs thro' all these ODES, and pronounced the pen which wrote *Eusebia's* character guiltless of flattery, where the life corresponds with such sacred poesy as this, and makes the most tuneful harmony in the ears of the blessed GOD, and of all the inhabitants of Heaven.

LXIV. THE COURTEOUS AND THE PEEVISH.

THERE are two evident reasons why a creature who is proud and angry in youth, generally grows old in these vices, and never corrects them. Some who were born near neighbours to *Vespus*, and have known his conduct from the cradle, have named him

him to me as a very remarkable example, in whom these two reasons prevail, to keep him an everlasting slave to these passions; for, in the first place, he had always such an unchangeable good opinion of himself and his own conduct, that he could never spy out his own blemishes, nor could he find any occasion to charge himself with these iniquities, and therefore he indulged them without self-reproof; and then also, he is of so very waspish a temper, that he will not bear any friend to give him the gentlest notice of his own follies. He kindles at once, upon the softest syllables of remonstrance, into a sudden fit of indignation; his spirits rise into a blaze all in a moment, and with fire and thunder he silences the most friendly admonisher. The peevish and the furious boy, by this means, is become a man of peevishness and fury. He wears his native crimes to old age: Growing years, and decaying nature increase these unhappy passions, these inward uneasy ferments; and while vegetables lose their four juices, and are mellowed by time, this animal grows sourer still by age: he appears daily more fretful and more imperious. Though he will bear no admonition himself, yet he deals out his rebukes to others with a sovereign air; and while many fear him, there are few or none that love him.

He has passed through several indispositions in the course of life, and been often confined to his chamber by sickness; but at such seasons the whole family is in terror, for the peevish humour grows intolerable. No person or thing can please him; whether things, or persons, or circumstances, all offend. Not a motion, not a step, not a word is right. He is ever teasing his attendants with sharp and insolent language, though they do all that nature and art can do to comport with his will. He has lived uneasy in the midst of health and ease, and no wonder that he is all chagrin and impati-

ence when pain attacks him; and he seems to fret then with some colour or pretence.—In short, he inwardly murmurs at providence which has smitten him: And while he resents the conduct of Heaven, he makes all, who are near him on earth, feel his resentment. He is now in the last stage of life, and the same man still. *The leopard cannot put off his spots, nor the Ethiopian change his skin:* and he that has indulged his vices, throughout his whole life, against all admonitions, has little reason to expect that he shall be delivered from these iniquities at death. The sins of his nature seem to go down with him to the dust; and they cleave so close to the whole man, that it is well if they do not rise again with him, and attend him for ever.

Not so *Placentia*, the wife and the courteous. Tho' she has been surrounded with temptations to pride and anger, yet she had but little of those vices in her original constitution, and has almost nullified that little by rules of virtue, by the labours of piety, and the aids of divine grace. She was educated from her cradle in all the forms of grandeur: she has been surrounded with complaisance of every kind, and the civilities due to the sex have less exposed her to rudeness and contradiction: yet she has learnt to bear an opposition, both to her sentiments and her will, without awaking any angry passion, or feeling an uneasy ferment within. She receives the sentiments of her companions, when they are different from her own, with all the serene airs of a philosopher, who has nothing in pursuit but reason and truth; and if she happens to take a step amiss, the admonition of a friend is numbered among her benefits and her obligations.

Her nature is not robust, but rather of a sickly make; yet neither pain nor sickness provoke a peevish word from her. She has learnt to receive the affliction as an awakening stroke from Heaven, designed to loosen
her

her heart from all that is mortal. She is all submission to the hand of a heavenly Father; and weans herself daily from every thing beneath and beside God. She knows, or believes at least, that her friends and attendants seek her ease; and she accepts all they do with great pleasure. She had rather bear an inconvenience herself, than give an uneasiness even to the meaner figures of mankind. Every one loves to do kind offices for *Placentia*; and happy are they who can administer any relief to her in all her painful hours.

If she ever finds occasion to give a reproof, it is with so much address, with such wisdom and such sweetness, that the person reprov'd is convinced and pleas'd at once, and his reformation is effectually begun. A few days ago she made this appear with peculiar happiness.

Critillo happened to pay his morning attendance, and heard divine service at the same church which *Placentia* frequented. When prayers were done, the preacher began: he spoke many substantial truths, agreeable enough to the text whence he derived his discourse; and he drew some practical inferences at the close, with justice, and with some degree of fervency. But, alas! said *Critillo*, there were so many old-fashioned similitudes and awkward flourishes with which he seem'd to garnish his sermon; sometimes the language was so mean and creeping, some of the phrases appear'd so antiquated, others so vulgar, and many of them carried such an affected air of the sublime and magnificent, that all my devotion was spoiled. I think I went to church with a good heart and desires of improvement; but I had no appetite even to spiritual food, when it was dress'd and dish'd out in so disagreeable a manner. I must confess I came home much out of humour, and I found no profit at all. *Placentia*

centia made but few and gentle replies; but, in order to obtain more conversation on the subject, she invited *Critillo* to dinner last *Wednesday*. She provided wholesome and proper food, in a becoming variety; but the dishes were of an antique mould, the disposition of them quite out of fashion, and while the garnish of some was profusely rich and gay, that of others was very coarse and poor. *Critillo*, knowing his sincere welcome, sat down, and confessed he eat very heartily: but, after dinner, he took the freedom to ask the lady, whether this was the newest mode of entertainment, or what she meant by such an odd sort of elegance in the œconomy of her table. I meant, said *Placentia*, to try whether your stomach was not in a more healthy state than your soul and conscience. You complained last *Sunday*, that the sermon was so dished and dressed, that you could not relish it; and though you confessed there was much truth and duty contained in it, yet you were so disgusted with the style of the preacher, and his awkward manner, that you went away fretting at the discourse, and received no profit at all; but you own you fed heartily upon the provisions of my table to-day, nor was your stomach so squeamish as to keep your fast, though the dishes and garniture were inelegant enough, and very much a kin to the sermon you described.

Critillo took the hint, and was convinced of his folly, begged pardon of *Placentia*, and learned for the future, to attend with a better spirit on public worship: “ For you have now taught me, says he, to make this
 “ observation, that if the soul of a Christian be found
 “ in a healthy state, it will not grow peevish and re-
 “ fuse all spiritual food, because it is not surrounded
 “ with every proper and modish elegance in the dispen-
 “ sing of it.”

L

But

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But this is but one instance of her prudence and address, in reclaiming mankind from their follies : those who have the happiness of her intimate acquaintance, have been witnesses to many such pieces of genteel and effectual reproof. A pleasing serenity of soul has run through her whole course : But some years ago, when she was verging towards the decline of life, she happened for several months together, to be ruffled and teased with two or three unhappy occurrences, which came upon her at once, and gave her so much disquietude, as made her carriage, to those round about her favour a little of the inward vexation. She was soon conscious of the inroad which was made upon her peace and her gentle virtues : she found the angry ferment arise too often, and work too near her heart : she gave herself many silent rebukes ; and, by repeated prayer and religious watchfulness, she suppressed the growing evil, and recovered her native serenity. Happy those, who in such an hour of temptation do not lose their temper entirely beyond all recovery.

She is now far advanced in years, and the infirmities, which tend to put a period to life, are growing upon her ; yet she is not ever loading the company with her complaints, nor repeating to them her daily pains and aches, nor does she often speak of them even amongst her friends, but when it seems necessary to excuse her inactivity, or the omission of any of the duties of her place, or to prevent too much expectation from her, under her present incapacity and weakness. “ What can I
“ get, says she, by buzzing all my ails into the ears of
“ my friends ! I shall but render myself disagreeable to
“ the world, and my company more unpleasant to those
“ whom I love : and when I have talked my diseases
“ all over to them, they cannot relieve me ; therefore
“ I chose

“ I chose to complain in secret, only to him who can
“ send relief, or give a complete and joyful release.”

In the long series of her life she met with few enemies, and those have chiefly sprung from envy at her happiness. Even while she has been scattering her blessings among mankind, she has now and then met a very unmerited reproach: yet *Placentia* has never ceased her kind offices to them, but travelled on still in the paths of virtue and goodness, with a sublime disregard to their malice.

So glides the moon along th' etherial plains,
Brightning the midnight world with silver blaze,
And great and silent majesty disdains
The clamorous envy of the barking race:
Yet shines upon them still with generous light,
While brutes abuse her beams but to direct their spight.

Philagatha, a lady of six and twenty years old, was present while this bright character was rehearsed; she had been the mother of three children, and was still proceeding; she was so charmed with the many agreeable parts of such a life, that she resolved, if ever she had another daughter, it should be named *Placentia*.

LXV. COMMON OCCURRENCES MORALIZED.

AS *Theophron* one evening was sitting solitary by the fire, which was sunk low, and glimmering in ashes, he mused on the sorrows that surround human nature, and beset the spirits that dwell in flesh. By chance he cast his eye on a worm which was lodged on the

the safer end of a short fire-brand : it seemed very uneasy at its warm situation, writhing and also stretching itself every way for relief. He watched the creeping creature in all its motions. I saw it, said he, when he told this incident to *Philemus*, I saw it reach forward, and there it met the living coal ; backward, and on each side, and then it touched the burning embers : still starting from the present torment, it retreated and shrunk away from every place where it had just before sought a refuge, and still met with new disquietude and pain.

At last I observed, said he, that having turned on all sides in vain, it lifted its head upward, and raised its length as high as possible in the air, where it found nothing to annoy it ; but the chief part of the body still lay prone on the wood ; its lower or worse half hung heavy on the aspiring animal, and forbid its ascent. How happy would the worm have been, could it then have put on wings and become a flying insect !

Such, said he, is the case of every holy soul on earth ; it is out of its proper element, like the worm lodged amongst hot embers. The uneasy spirit is sometimes ready to stretch its powers, its desires and wishes on every side, to find rest and happiness amongst sensible goods : But these things, instead of satisfying its nobler appetites, rather give some new pain, variety of vexation, and everlasting disappointment. The soul, finding every experiment vain, retires and shrinks backward from all mortal objects ; and, being touched with a divine influence, it raises itself up towards Heaven to seek its GOD : But the flesh, the body, the meaner and worse half of the man, hangs heavy, and drags it down again, that it cannot ascend thither, where rest and ease are only to be found.

What should such a soul do now, but pant and long
hourly

hourly for a speedy flight to the upper world, and breathe after the moment of its release? What should be more joyful to such a spirit, than the divine and almighty summons to depart from flesh? O blessed voice from Heaven that shall say to it, *Come up hither*; and, in the same instant, shall break off all its fetters, give it the wings of an angel, and inspire it with double zeal to ascend.

At another time, said *Philemus*, I happened to be with this good man when he was walking through a grove, and we unperched a squirrel and a lark. The squirrel leaped nimbly from bough to bough, and ran round half the trees of the grove to secure itself; but the lark, after it had just tried a bough or two, took wing upward, and we saw it no more.—Just such is the difference, said *Theophron*, between a Christian and a man of this world. When the sons of earth are beat off from one mortal hope, they run still to others, they search round among all the creatures to find relief, and dwell upon earthly comforts still; but the soul of a Christian, unperched from his rest on earth, flies immediately towards Heaven, and takes its relief in the upper world among things that are invisible.

When *Philemus* told these little occurrences of *Theophron*, together with his pious remarks upon them, *Ridilio* sat simpering, with an air of contempt, till the story was done, and then burst out into a loud laugh. ‘What, says he, is the old Puritanical Age returned again? Must we spiritualize the affairs of larks, and worms, and squirrels, and learn religion from all the trifles in nature? At church let us be grave, and mind the business of the church; but let us not fill our chimney with lessons of godliness, nor sadden our fire-side with devotion: let us never be so ex-

‘cessively religious as to make temples of the fields and groves, and talk of GOD and Heaven there.’

Philemus could hold no longer; but, with a solemn and severe countenance, gave *Ridelio* a just rebuke. Must we never think of Heaven but at church? I fear we shall then banish religion out of the world. Hath not the blessed GOD given us notice of himself among all the creatures, and must we never dare to take notice of him in any of them, lest we be out of the mode, and ridiculed as unfashionable? Perish all these fashions of an ungodly world, which would thrust Heaven from our thoughts! Let the fashion of our Saviour obtain among us, who, when he came down from GOD, and dwelt among men, from every occurrence of life, took occasion to raise the thoughts of his hearers to things divine and heavenly. He drew the lessons of his gospel from the *fig-tree* and the *mustard-seed*, from a *lost sheep*, and a *louring sky*; and there was scarce any occurrence, of the meanest kind, which he did not improve to holy purposes: nor does it become any man, who wears the name of a Christian, to laugh at the practice of our SAVIOUR, or forbid his followers the imitation of so sacred an example.



HERE

HERE FOLLOW SEVERAL
EPIGRAMS, INSCRIPTIONS, AND
FRAGMENTS OF POESY.

PERHAPS there is no person who hath amused himself with verse, from fifteen years old to fifty, but hath sometimes writ upon low and common themes, or mingled fragments of poesy on more important subjects in prose; and when friends have been innocently entertained with those little things, and copies are once gone abroad into the world, they are in danger of being published in a very imperfect and mangled manner. To avoid this, it is better they should appear as they are; and if they can give any farther innocent amusement to young persons, who delight in verse, this may serve for an apology for their publication, though they were written in the early parts of life, and especially since most of them bear some divine or moral sentiment.

LXVI. FRAGMENTS OF VERSE.

I. *The PREFACE of a LETTER, written August, 1692.*

E'ER since the morning of that day
Which bid my dearest friends adieu,
And rolling wheels bore me away

Far from my native town and you.

E'er since I lost through distant place,

'The pleasures of the parent's face,

'This is the first whose language sues

For your release from waxen bands ;

Laden with humble love it bows

To kiss a welcome from your hands :

Accept the duty which it brings,

And pardon its delaying wings.

II. *The SUN in ECLIPSE. To HORATIO.*

Dear H.

THE first thought which I glanced upon after I had set pen to paper, was the approach of the *Solar Eclipse* ; and it impressed me with such force, that I was constrained to spend a few lines to dress up a sudden thought on that subject, in the strain which we learnt, not many years ago, among the heathen poets.

Now, now 'tis just at hand ———

Now the bright sun leaves his meridian stage,
Rolls down the hill, and meets his sister's rage ;

Her

Her gloomy wheels full at his chariot run,
 And join fierce combat with her brother sun.
 The gentle monarch of the azure plain
 Still paints and silvers her rebellious wain,
 And shoots his wonted fires, but shoots his fires in
 vain.

Th' ungrateful planet does as fast requite
 Th' o'erflowing measures of her borrow'd light
 With an impetuous deluge of her resistless night.
 His flaming courfers toss their raging heads,
 And heave and grapple with the stubborn shades;
 Their eye-balls flash, their brazen billows puff,
 And belch ethereal fire to guard the darkness off;
 In vain their brazen lungs, in vain their eyes,
 Night spreads her banners o'er the wond'ring skies.

Say, peaceful Muse, what fury did excite
 The kindred stars to this prodigious fight?
 Are these the rules of nature? Will the skies
 Let such dark scenes of dreadful battle rise?
 What dire events hang threat'ning o'er the earth?
 What plagues, what wars, just bursting into birth?
 Now for his teeming glebe the ploughman fears,
 Lest it should yield a crop of iron spears:
 Shepherds see death spread o'er the fleecy downs;
 Monarchs grow pale, and tremble for their crowns:
 Vain dreams of mortal weakness! —

Awake, Philosophy, with radiant eye,
 Who searcheth all that's deep, and all that's high;
 Awake, survey the spheres, explain the laws
 Of Heaven, and bring to light th' eternal cause,
 Of present darkness, &c.

Southampton,
June, 1695. }

III. *In a LETTER to MARINDA, speaking concerning
our Blessed SAVIOUR.*

LET your immortal thoughts arise,
Survey him crown'd with every grace;
JESUS, the wonder of the skies,
The great, the meek, the lovely and the wise;
The joy and glory of the place.
Here angels fix their gazing sight;
Here saints releas'd from earth and sin,
Dwell on his face divinely bright,
Copy his beauties with intense delight,
And with advancing lustre shine.



LXVII.

THE INSCRIPTIONS ON SEVERAL SMALL
FRENCH PICTURES, TRANSLATED.

ANGELICA *singing.*

WHAT! music and devotion too!
This is the business angels do:
When hearts, and hymns, and voices join,
It makes the pleasant work divine.

CHLORIS

CHLORIS *stringing of Pearls.*

Virtue and truth in heart and head,
Which teach you how to act and speak,
Are brighter pearls than those you thread,
Chloris, to tie about your neck.

PHYLLIS *playing with a Parrot.*

If women will not be inclin'd
To seek th' improvements of the mind,
Believe me, *Phyllis*, for 'tis true,
Parrots will talk as well as you.

CLAUDINA *the Cook-Maid.*

The cook, who in her humble post
Provides the family with food,
Excels those empty dames that boast
Of charms and lovers, birth and blood.

FLORELLA *singing to her Harp.*

Florella sings and plays so well,
Which she doth best is hard to tell;
But 'tis a poor account to say,
All she can do is sing and play.

AMARYLLIS *spinning.*

O what a pretty spinner's here!
How sweet her looks! how neat her linen!
If Love and Youth came both to see her,
Youth would at once set Love a spinning.

DORINDA *sewing.*

We stand expos'd to every sin
While idle, and without employ;
But business holds our passions in,
And keeps out all unlawful joy.

IRIS *suckling three Lap-Dogs.*

Fond foolish woman! while you nurse
Those puppies at your breast,
Your name and credit fares the worse
For every drop they taste.
Iris, for shame, those brutes remove,
And better learn to place your love.

POMONA *the Market-Maid.*

Virtue adorns her soul within,
Her homely garb is ever clean:
Such innocence disdaining art
Gives love an honourable dart.



LXVIII. INSCRIPTIONS ON DIALES.

Written on a SUN-DIAL in a Circle.

*SIC petit oceanum Phœbus, sic vita sepulchrum,
Dum sensim tacitâ volvitur hora rotâ;
Secula sic fugient, sic lux, sic umbra, theatrum.
Donec stelligerum clausurit una dies.*

Afterwards turned into ENGLISH.

Thus steal the silent hours away,
The Sun thus hastes to reach the sea,
And men to mingle with their clay.
Thus light and shade divide the year,
Thus, till the last great day appear,
And shut the starry theatre.

ANOTHER.

So slide the hours, so wears the day,
These moments measure life away
With all its trains of hope and fear,
Till shifting scenes of shade and light
Rise to eternal day, or sink in endless night,
Where all is joy or all despair.

On a CEILING-DIAL, usually called a SPOT-DIAL,
made at a western window at Theobalds.

Little sun upon the ceiling,
Ever moving, ever stealing
Moments, minutes, hours away;

May

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May no shade forbid thy shining,
While the heavenly sun declining
Calls us to improve the day.

Another for a SPOT-DIAL.

Shining spot, but ever sliding!
Brightest hours have no abiding:
Use the golden moments well:
Life is wasting,
Death is hastening,
Death consigns to heaven or hell.

A N O T H E R.

See the little *Day-star* moving;
Life and time are worth improving,
Seize the moments while they stay;
Seize and use them,
Lest you lose them,
And lament the wasted day.

Other MOTTOS on DIALS.

*Festinat suprema,
Proxima non nostra est.
Vehimur properantibus horis.
Ad caelum aut erebum.
Sic imus ad atria lucis
Aut umbras erebi.*

LXIX. INSCRIPTIONS ON PORTRAITS.

The LINES under Dr. OWEN'S Picture.

Written by himself.

*UMBRA refert fragiles dederint quas cura dolorque
Reliquias, studiis assiduusque labor.
Mentem humilem sacri servantem limina veri
Votis supplicibus qui dedit, ille videt.*

ENGLISHED THUS,

Behold the shade, the frail remains
Of sickness, cares, and studious pains.
The mind in humble posture waits
At sacred truth's celestial gates,
And keeps those bounds with holy fear,
While he who gave it, sees it there.

Various MOTTOS for an EFFIGY.

I.

*D^o tibi terra quod umbra refert: satis exhibet umbra
Quod modo pulvis erat, quod cito pulvis erit.
Mens donata Deo cupit immortalia, cœlum
Suspicit, æthereis associanda choris.
Monstrat iter mihi sola fides: amor adjicit alas:
Surgo: levatricem, gratia, tende manum.
Nox, error, dolor, ira, metus, caro, munde, valete:
Lux, via, vita, salus, omnia CHRISTUS erit.*

II.

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II.

*In CHRISTO mea vita latet: mea gloria CHRISTUS:
Hunc lingua, hunc calamus celebrat, nec imago tacebit.*
IN UNO JESU OMNIA.

III.

Τὰ ἄνω ζητοῖμεν, Ἀληθεύοντες ἐν ἀγάπῃ.
Seeking the things above, And speaking truth in love.

IV.

Est mihi CHRISTUS vivere, & lucrum mori.

V.

Χριστὸς ἔμοι τὸ ζῆν. Κέρδος ἔμοι τὸ θανεῖν.

VI.

Sic levis umbra virum, vir Paulum, Paulus Jesum Sequitur, non assequitur.



LXX. EPIGRAMS.

I. In mirum maris meridionalis thesauri incrementum,
Anno 1720.

EXORTA è medio jam fortiter aura popello
 Spirat in Australes fructus: Argentea spuma
 Tollitur in montes; (mirandum) atque aurea regna
 Exurgunt ponto. Circumfremit undique turba
 Mercantum, in cœlum aspirans: Summa æquora nautæ
 Certatim scandunt, & se mirantur in astris:
 Quisque sibi diadema facit, nam plurimus extat
 Cræsus. At infidos, O qui sapis, effuge fluctus,
 Nec tumidæ credas (licet auro splendeat) undæ,
 Ne repetas miserum per mille pericla profundum,
 Rex brevis. Heu! simulac subfiderit aura popelli,
 Unda jacet; montes pereunt; evanida regna;
 Nil suberit spumæ nisi fortè marina* vorago.

II. On the wondrous rise of the SOUTH-SEA
STOCK, 1720.

'Tis said the citizens have sold
 Faith, truth, and trade, for South-Sea gold:
 'Tis false; for those that know can swear
 All is not gold that glisters there.

III. Inscribendum maris Meridionalis Gazophylacio,
sive Officinæ.

*Quisquis es, hic intra, cū crescere nummulus ardet,
 Curve crumena gravis nimis est: Hic Gaza paratur*

* Alii legendum vellent mortimerina.

234 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

*Ampla magis, sed onusta minus; centena talenta
Australi videas citò tètè triplicata sub undâ;
Quod gravitatis abest numerum supplere videbis.
Hic bullæ, fumus, rumor, spes, lana caprina,
Nix æstiva, umbræ, phantasmata, somnia, venti,
Prædia in Utopicis regionibus, aurea spuma
Aeriæque arces venduntur, emuntur in horas.*

vel si brevior inscriptio magis arridet.

——— *Non omne quod hic micat aurum est.*

April 6, 1720.

IV. SABINA and her COMPANIONS travelling together to see fine Buildings and Gardens.

While round the gardens and the groves
Your foot, your eye, your fancy roves,
With still new forms of pleasure in a warm pursuit,
Let every tree yield knowledge too,
Safer than that in *Eden* grew,
Where your own mother *Eve* found poison in the fruit.

V. THE SAME.

Go, view the dwellings of the great,
The spacious court, the tow'ring seat,
The roofs of costly form, the fret-work and the gold;
Mark the bright tap'stry scenes, and say,
Will these make wrinkled age delay,
Or warm the cheek, and paint it gay,
When death spreads o'er the face her frightful pale and cold?

VI.

VI. THE SAME.

In vain to search the verdant scenes,
 The shaded walks, the flow'ry greens,
 The trees of golden fruit for what can ne'er be found:
 You search for bliss, where 'twill not grow,
 There is no Paradise below,
 Since life's immortal tree is perish'd from the ground.

VII. RATIO, FIDES, CHARITAS.

*Recta fidem ratio juvat: alma fides rationem:
 Sed ratio atque fides nil sine amore juvant.*

IDEM.

*Et ratio fidei est, & amica fides rationi:
 At nihil ambo valent si mihi desit amor,*



LXXI. EPITAPHS.

I. *An INSCRIPTION on a Monumental Stone in CHESHUNT church in Hertfordshire. In Memory of THOMAS PICKARD, Esq. citizen of London, who died suddenly Jan. 29. A. D. 1719, Ætat. 50.*

A Soul prepar'd needs no delays,
The summons come, the faint obeys:
Swift was his flight, and short the road;
He clos'd his eyes, and saw his GOD.
The flesh rests here till JESUS come,
And claims the treasure from the tomb.

II. *On the Grave Stone of Mr. JOHN MAY, a young student in divinity, who died, after a lingering and painful sickness, and was buried in CHESHUNT church-yard in Hertfordshire.*

SO sleep the faints, and cease to groan,
When sin and death have done their worst.
Christ hath a glory like his own,
Which waits to clothe their waking dust.

III. *Written for a Grave-Stone of a near Relation.*

IN faith she dy'd; in dust she lies;
But faith foresees that dust shall rise
When JESUS calls, while hope assumes
And boasts her joy among the tombs.

Or thus,

BENEATH this stone death's prisoner lies;
The stone shall move, the prisoner rise,
When JESUS, with almighty word,
Calls his dead faints to meet their Lord.

IV.

IV. *To the pious Memory of the Rev. Mr. SAMUEL HARVEY of London, who died April 17th, 1729. Ætat. 30. An Epitaph.*

HERE lie the ruins of a lowly tent*,
 Where the seraphic soul of *Harvey* spent
 Its mortal years. How did his genius shine,
 Like Heaven's bright envoy, clad in powers divine!
 When from his lips the grace and vengeance broke,
 'Twas majesty in arms, 'twas melting mercy spoke.
 What worlds of worth lay crowded in that breast!
 Too strait the mansion for th' illustrious guest.
 Zeal, like a flame shot from the realms of day,
 Aids the slow fever to consume the clay,
 And bears the Saint up through the starry road
 Triumphant. So *Elijah* went to GOD.
 What happy prophet shall this mantle find,
 Heir to the double portion of his mind?

*Sic musâ jam vetera senti
 Inter justissimus amicorum & ecclesia
 Fletus Harvæo suo parentat.*

I. W.

* He was a person of a very low stature, but of an excellent spirit, adorned with all the graces of a minister and a Christian, in a most uncommon degree. His sickness was a slow fever; but while the disorder was upon him, he ventured abroad, according to a promise made some time before, and his zeal exhausted his spirits in pious and profitable conversation, with some young persons, who greatly valued his ministry: In a few days the distemper prevailed beyond the reach and power of medicine.

V.

V. AN EPITAPH on the Reverend
Mr. MATTHEW CLARKE.

M. S.

In hoc sepulchro conditur.
MATTHÆUS CLARKE.
Patris venerandi filius cognominis,
nec ipse minus venerandus :
Literis sacris & humanis
à primâ ætate innutritus :
Linguarum scientissimus :
In munere concionatorio
eximius, operosus & felix :
In officio pastorali
fidelis & vigilans :
Inter theologorum dissidia
moderatus & pacificus :
Ad omnia pietatis munia
promptus semper & alacris :
Conjux, frater, pater, amicus,
inter præstantissimos :
Erga omnes hominum ordines
egregiè benevolus.

Quas verò innumeras invicta modestia dotes
Celavit, nec fama profert, nec copia fandi
Est tumulo concessa: Sed olim marmore rupto
Ostendet ventura dies; præconia cæli
Narrabunt; judex agnoscet, & omnia plaudent.
Abi, viator, ubicunque terrarum fueris,
hæc audies.

Natus est in agro Leicestriensi, A. D. 1664.
Obiit Londini, 27^o die Martii, 1726.

Ætat.

Ætat. suæ 62.

Multùm dilectus, multùm desideratus.

In English thus,

SACRED TO MEMORY.

In this Sepulchre lies buried
 MATTHEW CLARKE,
 A son bearing the name
 of his venerable father,
 nor less venerable himself :
 Trained up from his youngest years
 in sacred and human learning :
 Very skilful in the languages :
 In the gift of preaching
 excellent, laborious, and successful :
 In the pastoral office
 faithful and vigilant :
 Among the controversies of divines
 moderate always and pacific :
 Ever ready for all the duties of piety :
 Among husbands, brothers, fathers, friends,
 he had few equals :
 And his carriage towards all mankind was
 eminently benevolent.

But what rich stores of grace lay hid behind
 The veil of modesty, no human mind
 Can search, no friend declare, nor fame reveal,
 Nor has this mournful marble power to tell.
 Yet there's a hast'ning hour, it comes, it comes,
 To rouse the sleeping dead, to burst the tombs
 And set the faint in view. All eyes behold :
 While the vast records of the skies unroll'd,
 Rehearse his works, and spread his worth abroad ;
 The Judge approves, and heaven and earth applaud.

Go,

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Go, traveller; and wherefo'er
Thy wand'ring feet shall rest
In distant lands, thy ear shall hear
His name pronounc'd and blest.
He was born in *Leicestershire*, in the year 1664.
He died at *London*, March 27, 1726.
Aged sixty-two years,
Much beloved and much lamented.

VI. *An EPITAPH on the Reverend*
Mr. EDWARD BRODHURST.

Hoc marmore commemoratur
Vir in sacris super socios peritus,
Nec in literis humanis minus sciens:
Rebus divinis à primâ ætate deditus,
Veritatis liberè studiosus,
Fidei Christianæ strenuus assertor,
Et pietate nulli secundus.
Concionatur eximius,
Ratione, suadela eloquio potens:
Pastor erga gregem sibi commissum
Vigil, & sollicitus penè supra modum:
Moribus facilis, vitâ beneficus,
Omnigenæ charitatis exemplar:
Mille virtutibus instructus
Quas sacra celavit modestia;
Sed non usque celabuntur:
I, lector, & expecta diem
Quâ cælo terrisque simul innotescet
Qualis & quantus fuit
EDVARDUS BRODHURST.
Agro Derbiensi natus est, A. D. 1691.
Birmingamie defunctus Julii die 21, 1730.
Animam

*Animam ad superos avolantem
Ecclesia militans luget,
Triumphans plaudit,
Suscipit Christus, agnoscit Deus.
“ Euge, fidelis serve.”*

Done into English by another Hand.

This marble calls to our remembrance
A person of superior skill in divinity,
Nor less acquainted with human literature :
Inclined from his infancy to things sacred,
An impartial enquirer after truth,
An able defender of the Christian faith,
A truly pious and devout man.
A preacher that excelled
In force of reason and art of persuasion :
A pastor vigilant beyond his strength,
Over the flock committed to his charge :
Of courteous behaviour and beneficent life :
A pattern of charity in all its branches :
A man adorned with many virtues,
Concealed under a veil of modesty ;
But shall not for ever be concealed.
Go, Reader, expect the day,
When heaven and earth at once shall know
How deserving a person
Mr. EDWARD BRODHURST was.
He was born in *Derbyshire*, 1691.
Died at *Birmingham*, July 21, 1730.
His soul ascending to the blessed above,
The church on earth bemoans,
The church triumphant congratulates,
Is received by Christ, approved of God ;
“ *Well done, good and faithful servant.*”

VII. The following E P I T A P H on Sir ISAAC NEWTON, was composed by my worthy friend, Mr. *John Eames*, with a few decorations added at his request.

Hic sepultus est
 ISAICUS NEWTONUS,
Eques auratus,
Moribus verè antiquis, sanctissimis;
Qui nec inter atheos Dei cultum,
Nec inter philosophos Christi fidem
Erubuit.
Ingenio supra hominum sortem sagaci,
Mathesin immane quantum adauxit ditavitque;
Quâ juvante
Naturæ, quaquâ patet, motus & vires
Cælo, terrâ, marique examussim dimensus est:
Perplexos vagantis lunæ circuitus
Strictis cancellis solus coercuit:
Oceani fluentis restituitque leges æthereas
Terricolis notas fecit;
Temporisque metas
A multis retrò seculis vagas & erroneas
Certis astrorum periodis alligavit, fixitque;
quales in semitas
Vi gravitatis flectuntur cometæ,
Advenæ, profugi, reduceve, monstravit.
Pallidumque eorum jubar
Beneficum potius quam ferale,
Planeticolis exhibuit optandum.
Lucis simplicis ortum multiformem,
Variegatè simplicem,
Colorum sc. miram theoriam

Primus

*Primus & penitus exploravit.
 Fidis experimentis, non fictis hypothefibus, innixus
 Scientiæ humanæ limites,
 Ultrà quam fas erat mortalibus sperare,
 Proprio Marte promovit,
 Posterisque ulterius promovendos
 Noſtrum ſuper æthera ſcandens
 Monuit & indigitavit.
 Vale, cœleſtis anima,
 Seculi gentisque tuæ lumen ingens
 Ac ingens deſiderium
 Generis humani decus, vale.*



LXXII. THE CADENCE OF VERSE.

IN writings of every kind, an author should be solicitous so to compose his work, that the ear may be able to take in all the ideas, as well as the eye, and to convey his complete sense to the mind with ease and pleasure. Since every sentence has some words in it which are more emphatical than the rest, and upon which the meaning, the beauty, the force, and the pleasure of the sentence depend, the writer should take great care that the hearer may have a distinguishing perception of all these, as well as the person who reads. All the parts of a sentence, from one end to the other, are not to be pronounced with the same tone of voice: such a constant uniformity would not only be heavy and tiresome, but the hearer would never be impressed with the true sense of the period, unless the voice of the reader were changed agreeably, as the sense of the words require. This is properly called *cadence*.

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A good cadence in verse, is much the same thing as the proper and graceful sound of a period in prose. This arises partly from the harshness or softness of the words, and the happy disposition of them, in a sort of harmony with the ideas which are represented, partly from the long and short accents, which belong to the syllables well mingled; and partly also from the length and shortness of the sentences, and a proper situation of the pauses or stops, as well as from putting the emphatical words in their due places. All this might be made evident, in a variety of instances, by shewing how obscure, or how languid the sense sometimes would be found, if the proper cadences be not observed by the writer or reader: how ungraceful, how unmusical, and even offensive would some sentences appear in prose, or some lines in verse, if harsh-sounding words were put, when the softer are required, if syllables of a short accent were placed in the room of long; if the emphatical words or pauses were disposed in improper places? The most skilful and melodious reader, with his utmost labour and art of pronunciation, can never entertain a judicious auditory agreeably, if the writer has not done his part in this respect. And though these matters are of far less importance in poesy, than the propriety, grandeur, beauty, and force of the ideas, and the elegant disposition of them; yet the late duke of B—, in his famous *Essay on Poetry*, supposes them to be of some necessity to make good verse.

Number and Rhyme, and that harmonious sound
Which never does the ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, though but vulgar arts.

This theme would furnish sufficient matter for many
I pages;

pages; but, upon occasion of a question put to me, a few days ago, upon this subject, I shall here take notice only of those vicious cadences in verse, which arise from long or short syllables ill placed, or from colons, commas, and periods ill-disposed, as far as my amusements in poetry have given me any knowledge of this kind.

It has been an old and just observation, that *English* verse generally consists of *Iambic* feet: An *Iambic* foot has two syllables, whereof the first is short, and the latter long. An *English* verse of the Heroic kind, consists of five such feet; so that in reading it, the accent is usually laid upon the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth syllables.

Mr. *Dryden*, who was counted the best versifier of the last age, is generally very true to his *Iambic* measure, and observes it, perhaps, with too constant a regularity. So, in his *Virgil*, he describes two Serpents in ten lines, with scarce one foot of any other kind, or the alteration of a single syllable.

‘ Two serpents rank’d abreast, the seas divide,
 ‘ And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
 ‘ Their flaming crests above the waves they show,
 ‘ Their bellies seem to burn the seas below;
 ‘ Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
 ‘ And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.
 ‘ And now the strand, and now the plain they held:
 ‘ Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill’d;
 ‘ Their nimble tongues they brandish’d as they came,
 ‘ And lick’d their hissing jaws, that spatter’d flame.’

Though all these ten lines glide on so smoothly, and seem to caress the ear, yet this is perhaps too long an uniformity to be truly grateful, unless we excuse it by

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supposing the poet to imitate the smoothness of the serpents swift and uniform motion over the sea and land, without the least stop or interruption.

In the lines of Heroic measure, there are some parts of the line which will admit a Spondee, that is, a foot made of two long syllables; or a Trochee, where the first syllable is long, and the latter short: A happy intermixture of these will prevent that sameness of tone and cadence which is tedious and painful to a judicious reader, and will please the ear with a greater variety of notes; provided still that the *Iambic* found prevails. And here, according to the best observation I can make, a Spondee may be placed in the first, second, third, fourth, or fifth place. But a Trochee usually finds no room, except in the first or third, where they are sometimes placed with much elegance of sound.

That a Spondee may be used in any part of the verse, appears from this consideration, that ten single words, which are all of long accents, will make a verse, though not a very graceful one:

Blue skies look fair, while stars shoot beams like gold.

So that ingenious mimic line of Mr. *Pope*, in his *Art of Criticism*,

Where ten low words creep on in one dull line.

In such verse every foot may be a Spondee, or every syllable in the verse long.

Trochees are frequently used for the first foot. This sounds very agreeably, as in the first line of the famous poem called the *Splendid Shilling*, by Mr. *Philips*,

Happy the man who void of care and strife.

And

And sometimes, though not often, for the third foot as well as the first : *Milton* describes the devils

Hovering on wing, under the cope of hell.

The words *happy* in *Philips*, and *under* in *Milton*, are both Trochees ; but scarce any other place in the verse, besides the first and the third, will well endure a Trochee, without endangering the harmony, spoiling the cadence of the verse, and offending the ear.

There are some lines in our old poets faulty in this particular ; as,

None think rewards render'd worthy their worth.
And both lovers, both thy disciples were.

Davenant.

Where *worthy* in the fourth place, and *lovers* in the second, are very unharmonious, and turn the line into perfect prose. Perhaps there may be some places found in *Milton's* works, where he has not been so nice an observer of this matter* ; but it is granted, even by his admirers, that his numbers are not always so accurate and tuneful as they should be. He has, indeed, too much neglected this part of poesy, though he has, in many places, recompensed the pains of the reader's ear, by the pleasure he gives in the dignity and sublimity of the sense, as well as by the rich variety of his cadences, which are most times just and graceful.

Here let it be observed, that where double rhymes are used, there indeed a Trochee comes last ; but it is

M 4

not

* Yet it may be allowed, that, upon a special occasion, a Trochee is found, in the fourth place, not utterly disagreeable in *Milton's* poem.

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not designed there to be a foot in the verse, for it stands only in the place of the last syllable, which is always long, and the short syllable following is but a sort of superfluous turn or flourish added to the last long syllable, as in *Dryden's Absalom*, &c.

Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.

Note, These Trochees, instead of the last long syllable, are very seldom admitted in grave poems in rhyme, but only for burlesque and ridicule, as in the lines now cited; nor doth *Milton* much use them in his blank verse, though they are frequently used in blank verse by more modern writers, and especially in dramatic poesy.

Mr. *Pope*, as well as Mr. *Dryden*, are more careful in their numbers, and never indulge such irregular licence, except where they design something comical; yet there is one instance in *Pope's* translation of *Homer*, wherein he has introduced a Trochee for the fourth foot, but it is with a beautiful intent, and with equal success, when he represents a chariot's uneven motion in a rugged way, by the abrupt cadences and rugged sound of his verse.

Jumping high o'er the routes of the rough ground,
Rattled the clattering cars, and the shock'd axles bound.

In the first of these lines there is but one *Iambic*, viz. the *routes*; the rest are Spondees and Trochees; and particularly the two Trochees (viz.) *jumping*, and *of the* are inserted in the first and fourth places, to make the verses the rougher. The transposition of the *clattering cars*, which is the nominative case, after the verb.

verb *rattled*, adds something farther to the graceful confusion which arises in the verse, from the jumbling idea which the poet describes.

Thus much for the cadence of verse, as it depends upon long and short syllables.

'*Thus much* indeed (says *Censorio*, who read these five or six pages) and a great deal *too much* for any man to write upon these trifles, whose profession calls him to sacred studies.'

Uranio, who delights to read divine poems, took up the cause, and forbid the reprovcr. Are all verses, said he, profane things? If so, how will the royal Psalmist escape? But if verse may lawfully be written, there must be some knowledge of the rules of it, and some acquaintance with the elegance of sound as well as sense. The cheerful and pious half hours which have been spent in the closet, as well as in the church, by the help of devout poetry, give too much encouragement to this art, to have it for ever forbidden to Christians.

Besides, if verse were but a mere recreation, may not a life, devoted to divine offices, be indulged in some sort of amusements, in this animal and feeble state, to divert a heavy hour, and relieve the mind a little, when fatigued with intense labours of a superior kind? Was the character of that spiritual man, the archbishop of *Cambray*, ever thought to be tarnished by his epistolary converse with *De la Motte* the French poet, on such subjects as these? Go home, *Censorio*, and subdue your snarling humour; or learn, to employ your reproofs with more justice. For my part, I will proceed to gratify myself in reading the next four or five pages too; though I find, by the title, that the argument is much the same.

LXXIII. OF THE DIFFERENT STOPS
AND CADENCES IN BLANK VERSE.

MR. *Milton* is esteemed the parent and author of blank verse among us: he has given us a noble example of it in his incomparable poem, called, *Paradise Lost*, and has recommended it to the world in his preface. There he assures us, that *true musical delight does not consist in rhyme, or the jingling sound of like endings, but only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another.* Yet, however the sentence be often prolonged beyond the end of the line, this does by no means imply, that no verse should have a period at the end of it, for that would be running out of one extreme into another, and by avoiding one error to fall into a worse; as I shall make appear in what follows.

Where rhyme is used, there has too generally been placed a *colon* or *period* at the end of every couplet, though without necessity; and thus the whole poem usually runs on, in the same pace, with such a perpetual return of the same sort of numbers, and the same cadences and pauses, that the constant uniformity has grown tiresome and offensive to every musical ear, and is contrary to the rules of true harmony; according to that known remark of *Horace*,

Ridetur chorda qui semper oberrat eadem.

But it does not follow from this observation, that blank verse should abandon all *colons* and *periods* at the end of the lines; but only that they should be disposed of with care and judgment, in a great variety, through several parts of the line, as well as at the end of it.

This

This will assist the poet in forming true harmony, and in making his different numbers, and the different cadences of the verse, appear more various and graceful: It will constrain the reader to give different rests to his voice; and thus to take away that dull uniformity of sound which too often overspreads a poem writ in rhyme.

Now, these pauses in the sense, and consequently these rests in the voice, should be judiciously fixed through all the parts of the verse, or line, in such a manner, that no one sort of pause, or cadence, should return too often and offend the ear; and this may be happily performed, in some measure, in verse with rhyme, though not so well as where there is none*. To render blank verse more perfect in this kind, what if one should propose the following rules?

1. Since there are ten syllables in a line of Heroic measure, it follows, that there are ten places where the sense may be finished, and a stop may be placed; and therefore, if we would observe any thing in proportion, there should be at least a *colon*, or *period*, at the end of one line in ten; but, perhaps, the ease and rest of the ear, the proper partition of the verses, one from another, and the distinction of poesy from prose, would require it rather a little more frequent. This *Milton* himself has by no means observed, but has sometimes drawn out his sense, from one verse into another, as he expresses it, to such a length, as to run on for sixteen or twenty lines together, without so large a stop as a *semicolon* at the end of a line; and, in many

M 6

places,

* In verse with rhyme, custom has almost made it necessary that there should be more *colons*, and *periods* disposed at the end of *couplets*, than blank verse stands in need of, which knows no distinction of *couplets*, or any sort of *stanzas*.

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places, there is not so much as a *comma* for four or five lines successively, or sometimes for six or seven. There are so many instances of this in his work, that I need not point to any particular page.

2. Though there are ten places in a line wherein the sense may end, or a strong stop may be fixed, yet I think a very strong stop should scarce ever be placed at the first syllable, or the ninth, without some very extraordinary reason for it; the gracefulness of sound will hardly admit it: it seems too abrupt, unless some peculiar beauty in the sense is supposed to be expressed thereby.

3. Two lines should not very often come together, where the stop is placed at the same syllable of the line, whether it be *comma*, *colon*, or *period*; three lines very seldom, and four never; for this would bring in that unpleasing uniformity, which it is the design and glory of blank verse to avoid. This *Milton* seems to have observed almost every where with great care.

4. Where there is a very strong period, or the end of a paragraph, there the line should generally end with the sense; and an entire new scene, or episode, ought generally to begin a new line.

5. The end of a line demands always some small pause of half a *comma* in the reading, whether there be any in the sense or no, that hereby the ear of the hearer may obtain a plain and distinct idea of the several verses, which the eye of the reader receives by looking on the book: And, for this reason, a line should never end with a word, which is so closely connected in grammar with the word following, that it requires a continued voice to unite them; therefore an adjective ought scarce ever to be divided from its substantive;
yet,

yet, may I venture to say, *Milton* has done it too often: As book viii. line 5, 6. in two verses together,

What thanks sufficient, or what recompence
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Historian?

And in book ix. line 44.

—— unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years damp my intended wing.

Book vii. line 373. speaking of the sun,

Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heaven's high road: the gray
Dawn and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd.

It must be confessed, where some important adjective of two or more syllables follow the substantive, they may be much better separated, as book vii. line 194.

Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine, sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.

And book iv. line 844.

So spake the cherub and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible.

Where the adjective has any thing dependant upon it,
then

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then it may be very elegantly divided from the substantive, and begin a new line; as in the midmost of the three last cited, *Severe in youthful beauty*.

Milton has also sometimes separated other words at the end of a line, which nature, and grammar, and music seem to unite too nearly for such a separation; as book iv. line 25.

Now conscience wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worst; of worse deed, worse suffering must ensue.

Book viii. line 419.

————— No need that thou
Should'st propagate, already infinite.

Book vi. line 452.

————— yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find.

Again, ver. 462.

But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils.

And you may find a number of instances of this kind in this great poet, whereby he has sometimes reduced his verse too much into a prosaic form. Whether this was negligence or design in the poet, is hard to say; but it is evident, that by this unreasonable run of the sense of one line into another, and by his too frequent avoiding not only *colons* and *periods*, but even

even *commas* at the end of the line, it becomes hardly possible for the ear to distinguish all the ends and beginnings of his verses; nor is the reader able to observe such accents and such pauses as may give and maintain sufficient distinction. Now, if the beginning and ending of every verse is not distinguished by the hearer, it differs too little from a sort of poetical prose.

LXXIV. A DYING WORLD, AND A DURABLE HEAVEN.

WOULD one think it possible for the sons and daughters of *Adam*, who see all things round them upon the face of the earth in perishing and dying circumstances, to speak, and act, and live as though they should never die? The *vegetable* world, with all its beauties, seems to pass under a spreading death every year; the glory of the field, the forest, and the garden perish. *Animal* nature is born to die, and mingle with its original dust; not the strength of beasts, the ox or the lion, can resist their fate; nor the fowl of the swiftest wing escape it; nor can the nations of insects hide from it in their dark holes and caverns, where they seek to prolong their little being, and keep the vital atoms together, through the changing seasons. Our own flesh and blood is much of the same make, it is borrowed from the same materials as theirs, it has a similar composition, and sin has mingled many more diseases in our frame, than are known to the vegetable or brutal kinds. We see our ancestors go before us to the grave, and yet we live as though we should never follow

follow them. We behold our neighbours carried away from the midst of us daily to their beds of earth, and yet we are as thoughtless of this awful and important hour, as though our own turn would never come.

Let us survey mankind a little: How are all their tribes employed? What is the grand business of life? Are not all their powers of flesh and mind devoted to the purposes of this poor, short, mortal period, as though there were nothing to succeed it? And yet, if we ask those who dwell around us in our nation, Do you not believe a Heaven and an eternity of happiness for those who seek it sincerely, and labour for it? they confess this divine truth by the force of reason and conscience, and by the light of scripture; but they forget it in a few moments, and return to their follies again, and with a greedy and incessant desire they repeat the pursuit of perishing vanities.

O that we could but keep ourselves awake a-while from the intoxicating pleasures and cares of this life, and shake off all these golden dreams that perpetually surround our fancy! we should then surely employ our noble powers to a diviner purpose: If we did but dwell a little with a fixation of thought upon the scenes of death all around us here on earth, and if we now and then survey the visible Heavens, their brightness and their duration, we might perhaps be put in mind of those momentous truths which might direct our conduct; might wean us from our fondness of these sensible and perishing trifles, and animate us, in good earnest, to pursue the durable glories of Heaven. A walk through a church-yard, by sun or star-light, would afford such a meditation as this.

All born on earth must die. Destruction reigns
 Round the whole globe, and changes all its scenes.
 Time brushes off our lives with sweeping wing:
 But Heaven defies its power. There angels sing
 Immortal; to that world direct thy flight,
 My soul, ethereal-born, and thither aim thy flight:
 There virtue finds reward; eternal joy,
 Unknown on earth, shall the full soul employ.
 This glebe of death we tread, these shining skies,
 Hold out the moral lessons to our eyes.
 The sun still travels his illustrious round,
 While ages bury ages under ground;
 While heroes sink forgotten in their urns,
 Still Phosphor* glitters, and still Sirius* burns.
 Light reigns thro' worlds above, and life with all her
 Yet man lies groveling on the earth, [springs:
 The soul forgets its heavenly birth, [wings.
 Nor mourns her exile thence, nor homeward tries her

Thus far with regard to the bulk of mankind, whose souls are immerfed in flesh and blood, who mind none but earthly things, whose God is this world, and whose end is distraction: But it is a melancholy thing also to consider, that where a divine ray from above has penetrated the heart, has begun to operate a heavenly temper, and to kindle a new life in their soul, and set it a breathing after eternal things, it is still ashamed to make this new life appear, and this divine ray discover itself; it is ashamed to shine like a son of God in such a dark and vicious world, among men of degenerate minds, who have an aversion to all that is holy and heavenly. We would fain be always in
 the

* The Morning-star and the Dog-star.

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the mode, and are afraid to be looked at in the dress of piety among thousands whose neglect of God have stamped the fashion. Are there not several such Christians amongst us, who dare not open their lips in the language of Paradise, nor let the world know they belong to Heaven, till death and the invisible state are brought near them, and set in full view by some severe sickness, or some terrible accident which threatens their removal hence? It is a near view of the grave and eternity, that subdues all other passions into devotion, that makes them begin to speak and act publicly like the children of God, and gives them a sacred fortitude, a blessed superiority of soul over all their foolish fears, and all the reproaches of sinful men.

I.

WHEN death and everlasting things
Approach and strike the fight,
The soul unfolds itself, and brings
Its hidden thoughts to light.

II.

The silent *Christian* speaks for God,
With courage owns his name,
And spreads the SAVIOUR'S grace abroad:
The zeal subdues the shame.

III.

LORD, shall my soul again conceal
Her faith, if death retire?
Shall shame subdue the lively zeal,
And quench th' ethereal fire?

IV.

O may my thoughts for ever keep
The grave and heaven in view,
Left if my zeal and courage sleep,
My lips grow silent too!

LXXV. THE REWARDS OF POESY.

DAMON, THALIA, URANIA.

DAMON.

MUSE, 'tis enough that in thy fairy bow'rs
 My youth has lost a thousand sprightly hours,
 Attending thy vagaries, in pursuit
 Of painted blossoms or enchanted fruit.
 Forbear to tease my riper age: 'tis hard
 To be a slave so long, and find so small reward.

THALIA.

Man, 'tis enough that in the book of fame
 On brazen leaves the muse shall write thy name,
 Illustrious as her own, and make thy years the same. }
Fame with her silver trump shall spread the sound }
 Of *Damon's* verse, wide as the distant bound }
 Of *British* empire, or the world's vast round. }
 I see, I see from far the falling oars,
 And flying sails that bear to Western shores
 Thy shining name; it shoots from sea to sea;
Envy pursues, but faints amidst the way:
 In vision my prophetic tube descries }
 Behind five hundred years new ages rise, }
 Who read thy works with rapture in their eyes. }
 Cities unbuilt shall bless the lyric bard.
 O glorious memory! O immense reward!

DAMON.

Ah! flattering muse! how fruitless and how fair
 These visionary scenes and sounding air?

Fruitless

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Fruitless and vain to me! Can noisy breath,
 Or fame's loud trumpet reach the courts of death?
 I shall be stretch'd upon my earthly bed,
 Unthinking dust, nor know the honours paid
 To my surviving song. *Thalia*, say,
 Have I no more to hope? Hast thou no more to pay?

THALIA.

Say, what had *Horace*, what had *Homer* more,
 My favourite sons, whom men almost adore;
 And youth, in learned ranks, for ever sings,
 While perish'd heroes and forgotten kings
 Have lost their names? 'Tis sovereign wit has bought
 This deathless glory: This the wise have thought
 Prodigious recompence.

DAMON.

Prodigious fools,
 To think the hum and buz of paltry schools,
 And awkward tones of boys are prizes meet
 For *Roman* harmony and *Grecian* wit!
 Rise from thy long repose, old *Homer's* ghost!
Horace arise! Are these the palms you boast
 For your victorious verse? Great poets, tell,
 Can echoes of a name reward you well,
 For labours so sublime? Or have you found
 Praise make your slumbers sweeter in the ground?

THALIA.

Yes, their sweet slumbers, guarded by my wing,
 Are lull'd and soften'd by th' eternal-spring
 Of bubbling praises from th' *Aonian* hill,
 Whose branching streams divide a silver rill
 To every kindred urn: and thine shall share
 These *purling blessings* under hallow'd air,
 The *poets* dreams in death are still the muses care.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Once, thou fair tempter of my heedless youth;
 Once, and by chance, thy tropes have hit the truth:
Praise is but empty air, a purling stream,
Poets are paid with bubbles in a dream.
 Hast thou no songs to entertain thy dead?
 No phantom-lights to glimmer round my shade?

THALIA.

Believe me, mortal, where thy relics sleep,
 My nightingales shall tuneful vigils keep,
 And cheer thy silent tomb: the glow-worm shine
 With evening lamp, to mark which earth is thine:
 While midnight fairies tripping round thy bed,
 Collect a moon-beam glory for thy head.
 Fair hyacinths thy hillock shall adorn,
 And living ivy creep about thy urn:
 Sweet violets scent the ground, while laurels throw
 Their leafy shade o'er the green turf below,
 And borrow life from thee to crown some poet's brow. }

DAMON.

Muse, thy last blessings sink below the first;
 Ah! wretched trifler! to array my dust
 In thy green flow'ry forms, and think the payment
 just! }

Poor is thy gain should nations join to praise;
 And now must chirping birds reward my lays?
 What! shall the travels of my soul be paid
 With glow-worm light, and with a leafy shade,
 Violets, and creeping ivies? Is this all
 The muse can promise, or the poet call
 His glorious hope and joy? —————
 Are these the honours of thy favourite sons
 To have their flesh, their limbs, their mouldring bones
 Fatten

262 MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

Fatten the glebe to make a *laurel* grow,
 Which the foul carcase of a dog might do,
 Or any vile manure? Away, be gone;
 Tempt me no more; I now renounce thy throne:
 My indignation swells. Here, fetch me fire,
 Bring me my Odes, the labours of the lyre;
 I doom them all to ashes. —————

URANIA.

Rash man, restrain thy wrath, these Odes are mine;
 Small is thy right in gifts so much divine.
 Was it thy skill that to a *Saviour's* name
 Strung *David's* harp, and drew the illustrious theme }
 From smoking altars and a bleeding lamb? }
 Who form'd thy founding shell? who fix'd the strings,
 Or taught thy hand to play eternal things?
 Was't not my aid that rais'd thy notes so high?
 And they must live till time and nature die.
 Here heaven and virtue reign: here joy and love }
 Tune the retir'd devotion of the grove, }
 And train up mortals for the thrones above.
 Sinners shall start, and, struck with dread divine,
 Shrink from the vengeance of some flaming line;
 Shall melt in trickling woes for follies past;
 Yet all amidst their piercing sorrows taste
 The sweets of pious hope: *Emanuel's* blood
 Flows in the verse, and seals the pardon good.
 Salvation triumphs here, and heals the smart
 Of wounded conscience and a breaking heart.
 Youth shall learn temp'rance from these hallow'd strains,
 Shall bind their passions in harmonious chains;
 And virgins learn to love with cautious fear,
 Nor virtue needs her guard of blushes here.
 Matrons, grown reverend in their silver hairs,
 Soothe the sad memory of their ancient cares

With

With these soft hymns; while on their trembling knee
Sits their young offspring of the fourth degree
With list'ning wonder, till their infant tongue
Stammers and lisps, and learns th' immortal song,
And lays up the fair lesson to repeat
To the fourth distant age, when sitting round their feet.

Each Heaven-born heart shall choose a favourite ode
To bear their morning homage to their God,
And pay their nightly vows. These sacred themes
Inspire the pillows with ethereal dreams:
And oft amidst the burdens of the day
Some devout couplet wings the soul away,
Forgetful of this globe: Adieu, the cares
Of mortal life! Adieu, the sins, the snares! }
She talks with angels, and walks o'er the stars. }
Amidst th' exalted raptures of the lyre }
O'erwhelm'd with bliss, shall aged saints expire, }
And mix their notes at once with some celestial choir. }

DAMON.

What holy sounds are these! what strains divine!
Is it thy voice, O blest *Urania*, thine!
Enough: I claim no more. My toils are paid,
My midnight-lamp, and my o'er-labour'd head,
My early sighs for thy propitious power
And my wing'd zeal to seize the lyric hour:
Thy words reward them all. And when I die,
May the Great Ruler of the rolling sky
Give thy predictions birth, with blessings from his eye.
I lay my flesh to rest, with heart resign'd
And smiling hope. Arise, my deathless mind,
Ascend, where all the blissful passions flow
In sweeter numbers; and let mortals know, }
Urania leaves these Odes to cheer their toils below. }

LXXVI.

A MORAL ARGUMENT TO PROVE THE
NATURAL IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

THE great God has manifested astonishing wisdom in the works of his Creation, contriving, forming, and endowing every creature with powers and properties suitable to the various purposes of its designed existence, and of his own government.

God has given to his creature Man, an understanding and will, and various powers, whereby he is capable of knowing, loving, and serving his Maker; by these same powers he also becomes capable of dishonouring, affronting, and blaspheming him.

Man is formed also with a power or capacity of receiving recompences according to his works; *i. e.* pleasure and happiness, answerable to his obedience; or punishment and misery; if he disobeys: and the great God, as a righteous governor of the world, has thought fit to assign happiness to virtue, and misery to vice, as a reward or recompence of good or evil actions.

Man is also created with a power to destroy his own animal life, as well as the animal life of his fellow-creatures.

Now, if a man be never so pious, and has no surviving spirit, no conscious power remaining after this animal life be destroyed, God cannot certainly reward him, *according to the course of nature*; because a wicked man may put a speedy end to the animal life of the righteous, by sword or club, and thus he may insolently forbid, or prevent, all God's rewarding goodness and justice, with regard to that righteous man.

Or,

Or, if a man be never so vicious, if he blaspheme and insult his Maker, with never so much indignity, and commit all outrages possible against his neighbours; yet GOD cannot punish him for such aggravating guilt, *according to the course of nature*, if he has no surviving spirit, no conscious power remaining beyond this animal life: for, by the sword, halter, or poison, he may put a speedy end to his own animal life, and to all his consciousness of being, and to all power of suffering punishment.

But surely the all-wise GOD would never form creatures of such a nature, and with such powers, as that they might insolently prevent his governing justice, from distributing rewards and punishments, according to their works: he would never make a creature capable of breaking his laws and insulting his authority, and defy his Maker to punish him; a creature who might do outrage to his Creator, and yet have power to escape beyond the reach of his avenging hand. This would be such a piece of conduct as would tempt one to suspect great weakness in the Creator and Governor of the world; which GOD forbid.

Perhaps it may be said here, that GOD can find a way to reward, or punish, by raising his creatures again from the dead, to a more firm and durable life.

To this I answer two ways. First, If the thinking spirit in man, or the conscious principle, be intirely extinguished, at the death of the body, the resurrection of man to a new consciousness, is the creation of a new conscious being, and is not the same conscious being, which once merited reward or punishment; and where would be the justice of such punishments or rewards? It is possible indeed, that almighty power might make a new conscious being, which should suppose itself to remember things done in a former state, before it had any existence; but this would be properly

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a false apprehension, an error and not a real memory of what was done before, and would lay no just foundation for the recompenses of vice or virtue.

Secondly, 'This very resurrection must be a miracle, a supernatural exercise of divine power, in contradiction to the laws of nature, and not according to the course of nature. Now, is it not hard to say, and very unreasonable to suppose, that GOD has so contrived the nature of his creature Man, that though he be capable of high degrees of virtue, or of most insolent and horrid vices, yet, *according to the course of nature*, he cannot effectually and certainly reward or punish him; or, that the wise Creator and righteous Governor of the universe cannot effectually and certainly distribute the recompenses of virtue and vice without a miracle?

Upon the whole, doth it not evidently follow from this argument, that since GOD is a wise Creator and Governor of the world, since man is capable of voluntary vice or virtue, and consequently of deserving rewards or punishments, there is, and there must be, some living conscious principle in man which may be *naturally capable* of rewards and punishments, answerable to his behaviour? That there is a soul in man, which survives his animal life, and is immortal, which cannot put an end to its own life and consciousness, nor to the life and consciousness of its fellow-souls? And by this natural immortality of the soul it comes to pass, that it is not in the power of a wicked man to prevent the rewards of the righteous, nor to convey himself out of the reach of his Maker's vengeance.

And may it not be hence inferred, in the first place, that the soul of man is so immortal, that it is not in the power of any mere creature to kill it? For, it doth not seem fit, that the great LORD of the universe should give the prerogative of rewards and punishments,

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so far out of his own hand, as to put it intirely into the power of a creature, to defraud the righteous of their reward, or secure the wicked from due punishment. It is fit that GOD only, who gave life, and being, and conscioufness to the soul, should be able to destroy it, or to take away its conscioufness, or make it cease to be.

May we not also infer yet farther, in the second place, that there is no such thing as the sleep of the soul; or at least, that neither the soul itself, nor any other creature, can put the soul into a sleeping state? For this is a state without perception or conscioufness; and if this could be done, then the designed rewards and punishments of divine justice might be as effectually disappointed by creatures, as if they could kill or annihilate the soul.

Perhaps you will here say also, that the soul may be awakened again, by divine power, to receive punishments or rewards. To this I answer, that if the soul is laid to sleep, or sinks into an insensible state, when the animal body dies, will it ever awake again of itself naturally to be punished or rewarded; or can any creature awaken it? If not, then GOD alone, who works supernaturally, can awaken it.—And thus, in the order of nature, there is no capacity in this soul to be punished or rewarded, nor can it be done without a miracle.

I think, therefore, we may draw this conclusion, viz. That every intelligent being, as it is made capable of virtue and vice, of rewards and punishments, so it must necessarily be made immortal in its own nature, and hath such an essential and perpetual conscioufness belonging to it, as is not in the power of creatures either to stupify or destroy, lest the recompenses of vice and virtue be wrested out of the hands of GOD, as the

GOD of nature, the wise Creator, and the righteous Governor of all intelligent creatures.

And may we not draw a third inference also, viz. That the mere death of the body is not the only punishment of the sin of man, against the GOD of nature, and against the natural law; for then the worst of criminals, by a dose of opium, or a halter, might finish his punishment at once; he might convey himself away from the reach of punishing justice, and the crimes of men could not be punished in proportion to their aggravations? It is the immortality of the soul that lays a foundation of different degrees of punishment according to crimes.

After all, perhaps some persons may raise another objection against my argument, viz. If there be such sufficient provision in the very nature of man, after death, to receive the due rewards of virtue or vice, in this mortal part, or his soul, what necessity is there of a resurrection of the body? And yet we find, in the *New Testament*, where the invisible world, and a future state of rewards and punishments is most particularly discovered, the holy writers generally represent those rewards and punishments as consequents of this resurrection.

To this I think there is a full answer given in the last pages of a late *Essay towards a proof of a separate state of souls*, to which I refer the reader. But in this place I think it sufficient to say, that the soul only is the *Moral Agent*, and the GOD of nature can effectually reward or punish the virtues or the vices of man in this immortal part, or his soul, which naturally survives the body; but the GOD of grace having introduced a gospel for the recovery of sinful mankind from ruin, whereby the resurrection of the body is promised to those who comply with it, for an increase of happiness, he thought it proper also and just, that the rejection of
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this gospel, or the utter impenitence of men, should be punished with a resurrection of the body, for an increase of misery. It is the gospel only which introduces the resurrection of the body; the original law of GOD knows nothing of it. *As by man, [i. e. Adam] came in death, so by man, [i. e. Christ] came in the resurrection of the dead, 1 Cor. xv. 21.*

And thence may I not take occasion to infer, that the gospel, or the covenant of grace, which is founded in the undertaking of CHRIST, hath been some way or other made known to all mankind, at least by some obscure and general notices of it; and that the great GOD doth actually deal with all men now upon terms of grace, from this very argument, because *all mankind are to be raised again from the dead, who have done good or evil, John v. 28, 29.* — Whereas those who never sinned against the gospel, or against the *Grace* or *Mercy* of GOD, but only against GOD, as the GOD of nature, would perhaps only lie exposed to such a sentence as the light of nature might find out, or as might be executed *according to the course of nature*, without the miracle of a resurrection, *i. e.* by the death of the body and the punishment of the surviving spirit in a separate state.

If this last inference should be found to run counter to the sense of any one text of scripture, I renounce it on the spot: But if, by venturing to step out of the common track of the schools, we may find any little beam of light shed upon the conduct of GOD toward men, and be thereby enabled the better to vindicate the wisdom and righteousness of the GOD of nature and the GOD of grace; let not that little beam be quenched, merely because it has not the support of vulgar opinion, nor been consecrated by creeds or councils.

LXXVII. THREE MODERN ABSUR-
DITIES.

SENSE, consciousness, and reason, are three of the chief principles, or mediums, of our knowledge of things. This, I suppose, will be acknowledged by men of all religions, and of none. *Sense* informs us chiefly of the things that are without us, even all that we know by sight or hearing, by smell, taste, or feeling. *Consciousness* acquaints us with all that passes within us, and particularly the ideas we have in our mind, the inclination of our hearts, the consent, the choice, or any action of our wills. And then *Reason* assures us of the truth of a conclusion, which is evidently derived from other propositions, which we know to be true before. Now, the *Deists*, the *Papists*, and the *Fatalists* among them, do really renounce all these: they run on blindly and resolutely in their opinions, and maintain several articles of their own belief, in direct contradiction to these three principles of knowledge, how much soever they may profess to be led by them.

First, The *Papist* tells you, that in all the instances of common life he believes the dictates of his senses, about things which are near to him, and which he hath all proper advantages to examine; but in the business of Transubstantiation, he begs your excuse, for he believes a piece of bread to be real flesh and blood, and gives the lie, grossly and obstinately, to his eye-sight and his feeling, his smell and his taste at once; and his religion requires him to contradict all his senses.

Crucifer, a man of this profession, believes the resurrection of the body of CHRIST from the dead, and
confesses

confesses it could not be known or proved, without giving credit to our senses, our seeing and feeling; and yet he renounces the dictates of these senses utterly, when they tell him that the bread of the sacrament is not the body of the risen SAVIOUR: And thus he chooses to overthrow the foundation on which he believes the doctrine of the resurrection of CHRIST, (which doctrine is the foundation of all his Christianity) rather than believe what his senses tell him, when they assure him the body of CHRIST is not a wafer-cake. Monstrous victory and dominion of the church of Rome over all the powers of sense and reason at once, and the very principles of our faith!

In the next place, *Hylander*, a young Fatalist, will acknowledge in general, that though he cannot assent to any of the religions of men, nor believe a word of what they preach about vice and virtue, a Heaven and a Hell, yet he believes what he himself feels, and what he is conscious of within himself. But if you ask him presently, whether man be a free creature? whether he himself hath a liberty of choice in any motion of his will, or in any action of his life? he denies it. No; he is necessarily moved, by a train of other causes, to every particular volition and action, and has not, nor ever had, any free choice. Ask him, whether he is not conscious in himself, that he can walk or stand still, rise or sit, move this finger to the north or to the south? No, he can do none of these: he is but a mere machine; acted by certain invisible springs; and that when two things are offered to him, he cannot choose or refuse this or that, but is necessarily impelled to every thing that he thinks, or wills, or acts*. Enquire

* See the true Liberty of Choice explained and proved, in a late Essay of the freedom of will in GOD and man.

quire of him yet farther, when he shuns the church, when he dwells at the tavern till midnight, when he seeks out the partners of his vices, and pursues forbidden pleasures, whether he does not feel his own Self, or his own inward powers, choosing and acting all this with freedom? He will own that he seems to choose and act these things; but still persists in direct contradiction to his own feeling and consciousness, that it is God acts all this in him and by him: and while he feels himself so wilful and vile a criminal, blasphemes the blessed God, and makes him the Author of all his crimes.

Contrary to all the dictates of his conscience, he affirms there is no virtue or vice, no such things as good or evil actions, in a moral sense; and consequently that God hath provided no Heaven or Hell, no rewards or punishments for any thing which is done by us in this life: for, whatsoever we seem to do, it is all really effected by the will of God putting the train of causes in motion at first, and none of us could ever act otherwise than we do. And yet after all this mechanical account of themselves, and this denial of all freedom, these *men of matter and motion* have the impudence, in opposition to common sense, reason, and grammar, to abuse language so far as to call themselves *Free-Thinkers*. Strange and prodigious! that men should ever hope for the honours of that title, which their own opinions constantly disclaim! that they should, with such a steady effrontery, deny what they feel continually in themselves, and what they practise ten times in an hour, to gratify an humour, and support a most absurd opinion, which takes away all virtue, order, and peace from this world, and all hope and happiness from the next!

+ The third sort of men, of this odd composition, are the

the *Deists* among us. *Apistus* professes he is a friend to *reason* above all things, and he is led by nothing so much as *reason*: It is by *reason* that he believes there is a GOD who made, and who governs all things; that he is bound to honour this GOD, and obey his will; that he must make it his business to love GOD and his neighbour; that there is an eternal difference between vice and virtue; that man is an intelligent and free agent; and, by reason he is convinced, that there are rewards and punishments provided for man, in a future state, according to his behaviour here. He believes also, by the force of reason, according to ancient history, and the secure conveyance of it by writing, that there was such a man as JESUS CHRIST, as well as he believes there was such a man as *Julius Cæsar*; and as he confesses this *Julius* was a *Roman*, and a general, and fought many battles, he cannot but confess, by the same reasonings, that this JESUS lived in *Judea* and *Galilee*; and that he was the Son of a Carpenter, and that he taught many excellent rules about vice and virtue, and the love of GOD and our neighbour; and, by the same exercise of his reason, on the historical account of the facts of past ages, he is persuaded that there were several men of mean education and circumstances, who followed this JESUS, and without the help of arms or bribery, carried his doctrine afterwards through the world. And yet, contrary to all reason, this very *Apistus* believes, that this obscure young man, JESUS of *Nazareth*, this son of a country carpenter, who was brought up to his father's trade, gave a better set of rules for the honour of GOD, for the love of our neighbour, and the conduct of our lives, than ever any philosopher did in *Greece* and *Rome*; and that he did all this without human literature, with-

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out any divine assistance, without any inspiration from GOD.

He believes farther, contrary to all reason, that this poor carpenter had art and cunning enough to impose false miracles on thousands of people in *Judea* and *Galilee*, and even in *Jerusalem* itself; that he made them believe that he cured the blind, that he gave hearing to the deaf, and feet to the lame, that he healed all manner of diseases by his word or his touch, and raised several who were dead to life again, without doing one real miracle, or having any extraordinary power given him by GOD.

He believes yet farther still, and in opposition to all the principles of true reasoning, that the disciples of this JESUS, poor illiterate creatures and fishermen, as they generally were, except one *Paul*, who was a scholar; I say, he believes that these men went about the world, and persuaded mankind to believe that this JESUS CHRIST rose from the dead, after he had been crucified and buried some days, and made multitudes of his own countrymen and strangers, rich and poor, wise men and philosophers, and whole countries, believe it, though there is not a syllable of truth in it, says he, nor is it scarce possible that it should be true.—He believes yet again, that these silly men were sometimes *cheats* and *impostors*, who practised the greatest subtilities and artifice to deceive the world; that sometimes they were *wild enthusiasts*, and half mad with devotion, though reason might assure him, that *imposture* and *enthusiasm* cannot long reside together in the same breast, but one will betray or destroy the other.

He believes on still, that these impostors or enthusiasts (be they what they will) engaged mankind to receive

ceive all the doctrines of this JESUS, and his religion, either by their tricks or art, or their fooleries of honest zeal, beyond what any of the wisest men of the world, with all their skill and learning, could never do in the like case, and went on successfully to propagate his doctrine, and foretold it should stand and continue to the world's end, without any extraordinary commission from Heaven, or presence of God with them.

He believes also very unreasonably, that such a band of knaves, as he supposes them generally to be, carried on this imposture with such unanimity and faithfulness, for many years, even to the end of their lives, that not any one of them ever discovered the cheat, though they could expect to get nothing by it here, in this world, but poverty, shame, persecution, imprisonments, stripes, and a bloody death; and, in the other world, the wrath of God for such knavery.

His belief goes farther yet, contrary to all reasonable grounds; for, he believes these followers of this JESUS CHRIST, by mere false pretences to miracles and gifts of tongues, spread his religion through the nations, though he knows that they appealed, in a public manner, to whole societies of men concerning the truth of these miraculous gifts conferred upon themselves and other Christians, and concerning this power of miracles, which displayed itself with such evidence and glory, particularly at *Corinth*, where St. *Paul* must have been confuted with shame, and utterly confounded, if these things had not been true, because that was a city of great learning and knowledge; and yet *Apistus* obstinately believes still that neither these men, nor *Paul* himself, nor any of their followers, ever wrought one real miracle, nor spoke one tongue, but what they learnt before in the common way: And that

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that they spread this religion so widely among the nations, and so effectually, without any commission or help from GOD, though this religion contained in it doctrines contrary to the fashions and customs of the world, to the idolatrous religions of the nations, to the vicious inclinations of mankind, and their corrupt appetites and passions.—And though he cannot but see evidently, that these men, and their successors in this opinion, have turned many thousands of persons to more virtue and piety than all the philosophers could do with all their learning; yet he believes still that these men had no divine power attending them, nor any assistance from Heaven.

In short, he believes, contrary to all reason, these things which are far harder to believe than any of the peculiar articles of the Christian faith; and yet *Apistus* pretends that he cannot believe those articles, because they do not carry reason with them.

My GOD! deliver me from the blinding and stupifying prejudices of these three sorts of men, who contradict the plainest evidences of truth, and to maintain their absurd peculiarities, renounce the chief springs of all our knowledge; and let me be led honestly and sincerely, by these faculties of *sensation* and *consciousness*, which thou hast given me, in conjunction and harmony with each other, and under the guard and improvement of *right reason*. The exercise of these powers, under thy holy influence, will effectually bring me to faith in the gospel of my blessed SAVIOUR, and in compliance with the rules of that gospel I trust I shall find eternal life. AMEN.

THE END.



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102. Paide - Dr. Brown

