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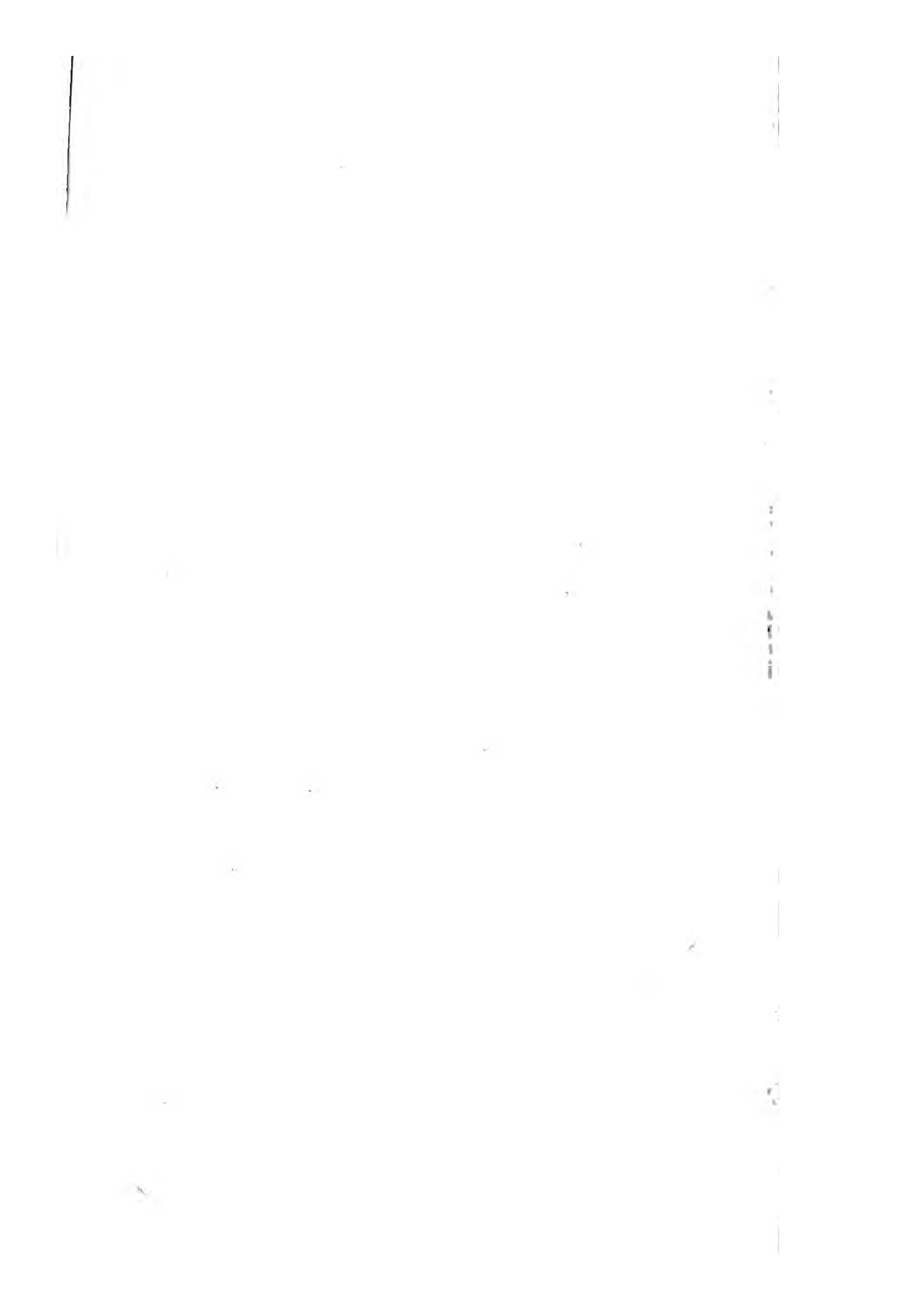


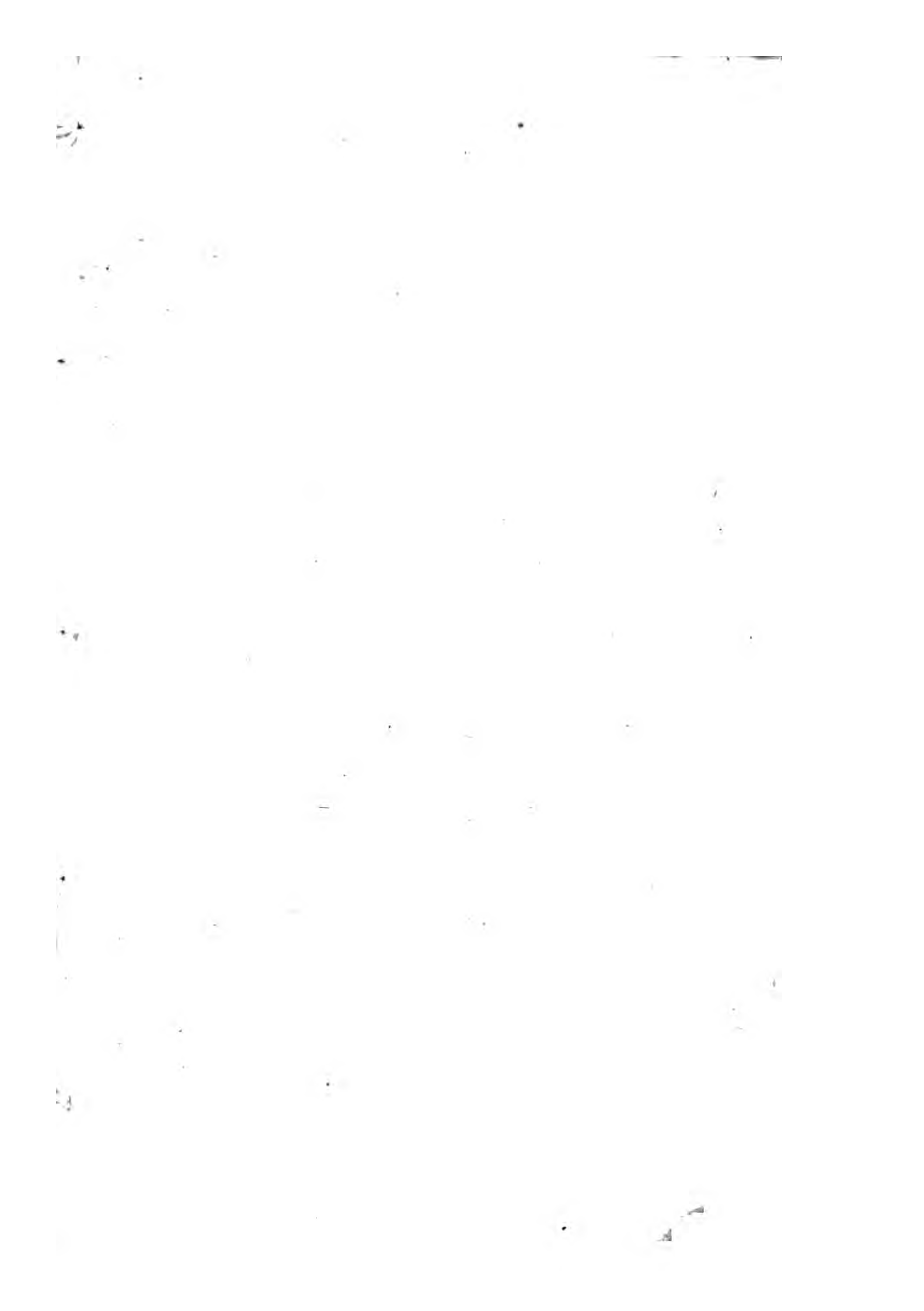
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Book 1818

*Ms. Book 1813*  
**MEDITATIONS**

AND

**CONTEMPLATIONS:**

CONTAINING

MEDITATIONS AMONG THE TOMBS—REFLEC-  
TIONS ON A FLOWER-GARDEN—A DESCANT  
ON CREATION—CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE  
NIGHT—ON THE STARRY HEAVENS—AND  
A WINTER-PIECE:

---

**By JAMES HERVEY, A. B.**

LATE RECTOR OF WESTON FAVEL IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

---

TRANSPosed INTO BLANK VERSE,

*By G. COCKING,*

OF REDRUTH, CORNWALL.

---

W E L L I N G T O N :

Printed by J. Bishop, for the Author.

1813.



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To the most Noble

ARTHUR

MARQUIS AND EARL OF  
WELLINGTON,

*Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington, and Baron Douro of Wellesley in the County of Somerset, K. B. Lieutenant-General, Marshal-General of the Portuguese, and Captain General of the Spanish Armies, and Commander-in-Chief of his Britannic Majesty's Forces serving*

*THE DEDICATION.*

*in the Peninsula, also, Duke of  
Ciudad Rodrigo, K. C. S. &c.*

*MY LORD,*

Being so strongly prompted by my own gratitude, and by many others of our most gracious Sovereign's loyal subjects, I cannot be silent, while such heroic, loyal, virtuous, and stable character, is now in existence as your Lordship's, to employ my pen: stable I must add, while your Lordship, with unwearied diligence, has stood the attacks of numbers yearly poured in, who had the passages at their command; while your Lordship had to wait the longer, and more uncertain events of providence, to be reinforced; but now in a prosperous way of expelling finally, a restless, and ambitious foe, from the territories of an oppressed, deceived people, who have long struggled for their own native monarchy. Wise management also must be attributed to your Lordship, in temperizing, and bringing together in harmony, the jealous dissensions of those people, (that often prevailed according to our news-

## *THE DEDICATION.*

papers,) whom you were fighting for. These, and many other things which my heart feels, but tongue is shy to express, draw forth my sincerest praise and love due to your Lordship; hoping at the same time every virtuous subject of our most gracious King will join me; and hoping that the remainder of your Lordship's days may end in peace and tranquility; your Lordship's good conscience to be rewarded by our Creator, and your good services to our country, by our King: which are the sincere wishes of

*Your Lordship's,*

*Most Obedient*

*And very humble Servant,*

*GEORGE COCKING.*

**Long has oppressive war invested Spain,  
Sprung, to enslave them, from a Tyrant's aim!  
A haughty Tyrant, who would trample all,  
Beneath his feet, of this terrestrial ball!  
What force could not effect, his cunning could,  
To save, as he pretended, spilling blood!  
Not only Generals his counsel sway'd,  
But Kings his wicked fallacy betray'd!  
One King indeed! Which crime can't be defac'd,  
While truth, and virtue, on this earth have place!  
The scourge is coming home, the Tyrant fears,  
His conscience Hell, his pride, perhaps, now tears!  
Or worse—despair, perhaps, that cannot weep,  
Despair, that Fiend, that stole here from the deep!  
Vice has its day, though oft protracted long;  
A stedfast virtue will that vice dethrone,—  
Dethrone its wiles big with destroying events,—  
For which, we hope, brave WELLINGTON is sent!**

## PREFACE.

Having long considered Mr. HERVEY's works, a suitable subject, for that sublime, and dignified way of expression, called blank verse; and having myself a great attachment to the harmony of accented numbers; therefore, like Milton, long choosing and beginning late, I took up the pen, and never quitted it four days together, till that whole mass of work was transposed; whole I cannot say, for I have abridged greatly, particularly what I thought was bordering on tautology, and swelled an unnecessary volume; and I have added greatly too. I was not stimulated with any ambition, as some have charged me with, of making such amendments, as would lessen the value of the original in my conceited opinion; but, for the amusement of those who are partial to meatre, and who would wish to compare them together I did it: to make any amendment in his religious sentiments, it is not in my power, I have only added more to them, drawn from the wise order we see in the creation. As soon as my work was finished, I, being ever diffident of my own proficiency, was desirous of having some learned man's opinion upon it; therefore put it into the hands of the Rev. Mr. GURNEY of St. EARTH, Cornwall, a Gentleman whom I was well known to, who returned me an answer that it was defective in places in meatre, grammar, and orthography; but there were many instructive passages in the work, which he confessed himself had benefited by: so, as a friend sincere to me, (which I have every reason to believe him such) he strongly advised me to examine it thoroughly over, purge it of those faults, and put it into the hands of the Rev. Mr. POLWHEEL before I committed it to the public eye, as he confessed to be himself not skilled enough in meatre to set me right though he saw those faults.—I made answer that Mr. Polwheel was a stranger to me.—Mr. Gurney replied he is a great writer and poet, and he will do you justice as touching the merits of your work. Accordingly I wrote it wholly over again, and found many lines defective in meatre, and words wrong spelt, which I corrected; then lay'd it before Mr. Polwheel, who after a close examination, told me I had gained strength as I went on,

## PREFACE.

( meaning that my latter part excelled the first, ) and that I had handled that part on the Flower-garden in a masterly manner; then asked me which way I intended to get it out. I told him by subscription. Then said Mr. Polwheel you take my name as first subscriber; and I thank you to let the Rev. Mr. ROGERS, of REDRUTH see it, as I have written to him that there is such a thing now in my hands, and promised him he should have a sight of it: accordingly Mr. Rogers had, and told me he would thoroughly examine it over through my request, and that Mr. Polwheel and he would give me every assistance that lay in their power to encourage me. He found out many more errors that I had overlooked, pointed them out to me, returned it, and told me there were many a good line in the work: for which favours, I hope I shall ever feel a grateful acknowledgement in my heart; and should I be so fortunate to have a second edition out, I shall express my thanks to those gentlemen, particularly to Mr. Polwheel, in a more genteel, and respectful manner: but though this work has met with some degree of approbation from those gentlemen, yet it will soon have a world of opinions to face; opinions that vary as faces. But if there is any merit in the work, it will make its passage through the world when I am in the grave; if none, it will of itself soon sink in oblivion.

I remain, my Subscribers'

Most obedient

And very humble Servant,

GEORGE COCKING.

*Amos Cook, Newbury*

**MEDITATIONS** *1813.*

AMONG

**THE TOMBS.**



CHAPTER I.

**CONTENTS.**

THE visiting of a Church. Observations on Happiness, or the State of Man not so uneven as is by many believed. Handsome Altar-piece. Gratitude, a virtuous Principle. Solomon's Temple; his noble Sentiments on its Dedication. The Holy Ghost dwelling in our Hearts. Thoughts on myself and the Jewish High Priest treading on holy Ground. The Happiness of true Grace. The Floor covered with funeral Inscriptions.



**I**N thoughts involv'd, in contemplation deep  
On what's beyond the grave, while graves I sought  
To be my tutors, if I aught could learn  
More of my mortal state, and shun those ills  
That bar me from eternal happiness, 5  
And be of service to unthinking minds,  
A church I visited; whose doors, like heaven's,  
That open'd to its sacred walls, convey'd  
A guest unworthy: I well pleas'd, enjoy'd  
My serious meditations there awhile, 10  
Free from temptations of a busy world.  
"Thy awful and retired gloom," said I,  
"Strikes in my heart more rev'rence to my God!"  
Its glim'ring light I view'd, and tombs survey'd;



I ponder'd much on wisdom infinite, 15  
 On God's creation, so complete with justice,  
 That kings as well as subjects meet the grave :  
 Though death, by satan brought into the world,  
 Yet could not fix corruption how he pleas'd ;  
 A consolation to the murm'ring beggar, 20  
 Could he, this law impartial, wisely trace ;—  
 Could he but learn to know his station here,  
 His cares not multipli'd, nor labour hard :  
 Let him look round, and mark each living thing,  
 How they must forage for their daily food ; 25  
 While up to greatness oft his thoughts are cast,  
 And erring there gives many troubles birth ;  
 Could he but know that wealth and titles all  
 Delusions are, and transient is their worth,  
 Then happy he would seek some rural shade, 30  
 And thank his God for what his bag affords.  
 This church, though in death's dwelling fix'd, yet sure  
 Highway to life, for all who seek sincerely.  
 Its body spacious, and its structure high,  
 And light that crept through windows small and foul, 35  
 Compos'd a luminous obscurity,  
 And gave the whole a venerable air.  
 Deep silence adding to the gloomy scene,  
 Increas'd its loneliness. Instinctively  
 Stole on by being a religious dread, 40  
 (While through the inmost aisle I humbly mov'd,)  
 Which still'd rude passions, and becalm'd my soul !  
 The Majesty eternal I ador'd,  
 Who, not confin'd to temples made by hands,  
 Has for his throne the heavens, and all the bounds 45  
 Of his created day, or ancient night !  
 A stately altar-piece came next to view,  
 The work of gratitude; the builder's life,  
 That God had spar'd, to fix the topmost stone  
 Of that majestic edifice, conceiv'd, 50  
 And found in his obedient, praying heart,  
 Such thanks, such righteousness, and worship due,  
 He in those sacred walls that altar plac'd,  
 That his Creator he might not forget.

AMONG THE TOMBS.

Thou gratitude, thou lovely principle,— 55  
 True leader of true happiness, and road  
 Through mortal life, to immortality!  
 I ponder'd here; but soon my active thoughts  
 New meditating subjects found,—new scenes  
 Of heavenly instinct momentary born; 60  
 And Solomon's devotion I detain'd,—  
 His temple's dedication to our God;  
 And thus, with thoughts uplifted, Israel's king  
 Began; "Will Deity deign here to dwell?  
 "His purity confine to mortal walls, 65  
 "Though supplicated by an earnest spirit?  
 "Yet he has promis'd where true worship reigns,  
 "His spirit shall with us make his abode."  
 Who would not such devotion rather chuse,  
 Than all the pomp of that grand edifice, 70  
 By mortals built, and must to dust consume?  
 Who would not choose to lay his treasure up,  
 Where dwelling-place and dwellers never end?  
 Where thieves disturb not, neither kings invade!  
 Nor did this house the praises of our Lord 75  
 Escape, though prophesied its sudden fall.  
 But what a noble turn of thought does this  
 In Israel's king discover? that the high  
 Divine Inhabitant,—the mighty God,  
 Should in this temple make his bless'd abode! 80  
 Should there his presence manifest to man,  
 And make him joyful in his house of prayer!  
 This thought should more affect our stony hearts,  
 Than its external stony form our eyes.  
 The everlasting God does not disdain 85  
 His holy spirit should within us dwell,  
 And make a temple of our earthly bodies.  
 Tell me, all ye, who judgments nicely frame,  
 And things distinctly balance, does this truth  
 Astonish you, or fill you more with joy,— 90  
 This truth the sacred scripture says, to join  
 His holy spirit with polluted dust?  
 Be this my portion I'll not covet wealth,  
 Nor value crowns on sandy basis built,—

Built on the basis of allegiance, big 95  
 With fate from undermining Jacobines.  
 Dar'd I commit a sin, while in that church  
 I trod? Could the exalted Jewish priest,  
 While he his solemn yearly entrance made,  
 Into that holy temple deem'd, and stood 100  
 Before the great Jehovah's sacred presence,  
 Allow himself in any known transgression,—  
 In past or present thoughts conceiving sin?  
 If conscience then awoke from any guilt,  
 What must he feel in such a circumstance? 105  
 How shudder at the deeds! Then why through all  
 The conduct of our lives, do we not bear  
 This dread religious?—Apprehensive fear?  
 For ever on our guard with watchful thoughts,  
 And fit our bodies temples for our God? 110  
 If we are christians real, (not nominal, )  
 Through well-purg'd actions from our praying wants;  
 Then the true Comforter within us dwells,  
 And we enjoy a heavenly bliss on earth;—  
 A tranquil calm sin's passions cannot move! 115  
 The pavement next struck my attentive view;  
 'Twas like Ezekiel's roll, all over written.  
 And now we change from happy paradise,  
 To mournful tales of dead, departed friends;  
 And change from tenses past into the present. 120  
 Therefore my reader follow me among  
 The tombs, until my meditation ends.  
 These epitaphs invite me seemingly  
 To read: and what would they inform me of?  
 That underneath their stones, in death's arms lie, 125  
 Some lumps of earth, that once had living souls,  
 Striving for worldly gains more than to shun  
 This dreaded place,—the grave eternal! Stop,  
 Proud man, judge not, that work belongs to God!  
 But this we know, these stones receiv'd a charge, 130  
 Their noble fame for ages to preserve;  
 And so the letter'd monuments became,  
 The trustees of their memorable name.

CHAPTER II.

CONTENTS.

Wisdom of meditating on our latter end. True Wisdom not in this life's polish'd arts. Promiscuous lodgment, and amicable agreement of corpses. Monument of an Infant; its fortunate Circumstances; superior felicity to those who combat sin and death to a longer age, and conquer. Monument of a Youth; Grief of his Parents.



<b>W</b> HERE have my searching thoughts, that boundless rove, Led this corporeal frame? Among the dead; That I might not forget its residence! Thou mortal change, most wisely fix'd by heaven! Most wisely suffer'd satan's wiles to act	5
Without repulse! That we might learn, improve, And climb gradation's chain to purity, Becoming more dependant on our God! I'm now by my Creator, and the souls, Perhaps, of some beneath my feet: then I	10
May with the rev'rend patriarch cry out "How dreadful is this place!" O may devotion pure here ever reign! May I ne'er enter here irrev'rently, But enter with an awe, and godly fear.	15
"Ye men, be wise," replied our law-giver: But in what art is wisdom truly meant? Not in the polish'd schools of worldly life; For the inspired penman teaches thus, "Ye men, be wise, get inward eyes to see	20
"Your sins, and senses to pursue concerns "Eternal, everlasting peace!" But how Shall we obtain this knowledge, when this spark Of heaven, is lost so oft, beneath the school Sophistry's glitter,—charm of tempting use?	25
But shines amidst the mansions of the dead! Though drown'd amidst the noise of mortal acts, Yet speaks distinctly here! Behold me now, By providence brought to this school, whose graves	

Teach men mortality, that payment sure 36  
 For our first parents' fault. Come then calm grace  
 Compose my thoughts; celestial spirit come,  
 Enlighten me while I these pages read,  
 That to salvation I may wise become!  
 A multitude promiscuous here I find, 35  
 Without regard to wisdom, age, or rank:  
 Ambition here her scornful air has dropt:  
 No coveting of highest seats, nor hopes  
 Of public greetings in these cells: a man 40  
 Of power, of years, and wisdom grave, may lie  
 By the side of a beggar or a fool;  
 All rest in dust; the cov'ring of your vaults,  
 With grass or stone, the only difference makes.  
 Say then, for why or what this mighty stir,  
 This bustle here for vain preeminence, 45  
 When time, as nothing with eternity  
 Compar'd, will level all? The envious man,  
 With all his darts of railery here sleeps;  
 The lev'ler weigh'd his cunning, priz'd his pride,  
 And worth of person rated it with dust! 50  
 'Mong such remains of mortal tenements,—  
 The souls' abodes, there are, when living, those,  
 No doubt, who held each one his sentiment,  
 And int'rest too; all right for pride and gains:  
 But death impartial as an umpire sat, 55  
 Judg'd their contending strife, and level'd all:  
 Those who were enemies now dwell in peace;  
 All thoughts of malice dropt, and foes forgotten;  
 Who from each other stood aloof, now mix,  
 Most likely, and embrace. Let us from these 60  
 True friendship learn, and as the peaceful dead,  
 Be dead to all things opposite to love.  
 Departed innocence I see lies here;—  
 An infant who breath'd out his soul, almost  
 As soon as breath'd it in.—Short visitor! 65  
 Who stay'd but to regenerate itself,  
 Then bade the world adieu! What did this child,  
 This little stranger, so disgustful find,  
 In this our world, so hast'ly to withdraw?

**AMONG THE TOMBS.****9**

Did this child taste the bitter cup of life, **70**  
And like the suff'ring saviour, would not drink?  
Was that the cause the wary babe, just saw  
The light, just look'd around, and then withdrew  
To regions more repos'd and undisturb'd?  
O lucky voyager, no sooner launch'd **75**  
But at thy port arriv'd! And happy they,  
Who storms have pass'd, and waves have weather'd through,  
And to their heavenly convoy honour brought;  
And to the tempted partners of their toil,  
Instructive lessons left for them to follow. **80**  
Thou happy child, 'twas thy peculiar chance,  
The slightest of those evils not to feel,  
That wound thy friends and kindred left behind.  
The stings of sin fix in our comforts deep;  
Temptation's darts shot from the realm of hell, **85**  
Enclose us round: to thee, blest innocent,  
These trying dangers were unknown. Why then,  
Ye parents, do you thus lament? Your child  
Is crown'd with everlasting victory,  
Has won the field without one arrow shot: **90**  
Then parents, grieve ye not; in safety rest;  
Conclude with this—"What God decrees is right."  
Now let survivors doom'd to bear the cross,  
Reflect on this advantage on their side,  
That age permitted to be lengthen'd out, **95**  
To take the field from sin and raging death,  
A greater than the infant's conquest gain,  
And may in heaven much brighter shine. Again,  
Here lies the grief, or what has caus'd the grief,  
Of two indulgent parents,—the remains **100**  
Of their affectionate and only child,  
Who grew like a well-water'd plant, bade fair  
For stateliness in nature's paradise:  
But as the tree began to bloom, the axe  
Unto its root was lay'd,—the blow was struck, **105**  
And all its branching honours fell to dust!  
And with him fell his parent's earthly hopes!  
It would have pierc'd the hardest heart to hear  
Their griefs. Methinks I see them, and their friends,

O'erwhelm'd with sorrow, moving slowly on ;	110
The loving mother on the husband leaning,	
The partner of her woes : and now toward	
The grave draw near ; and in her eyes is all	
Her soul ; and in distress this mournful tale	
She vents ; "Farewell, my only child, farewell !	115
"And farewell all my earthly peace ; my hopes ,	
"On earthly things are fled ; despair becomes	
"My good : attempt no one to comfort me ;	
"In solitude I'll end my earthly days,	
"Nor see the sun, nor nature's rugged ways :	120
"My joys are gone, and nearly fled my life ;	
"My days will move like troubl'd dreams by night ;	
"Till my gray hairs shall bring me to this place ;	
"And fitted so by God's redeeming grace,	
"My child to follow to the realms above,	125
"With joys renew'd in everlasting love."	

## CHAPTER III.

## CONTENTS.

The Advantage arising from a religious Education.  
Grief for the Death of a Child mitigated or aggravated by  
the Prospect of the invisible state.



<b>T</b> HOUGH I have paus'd a little here, I've kept	
The past affecting scene in view ; a scene,	
That teaches parents wisdom in their rule,	
And be convinc'd, how just it is their charge,	
To watch their children's ways, and them instruct	5
With precepts good, in both morality	
And grace ; in infancy with them beginning ;	
Till by gradation they become the joy	
Of parents, world, themselves, and lastly heaven :	
Then parents would, not only from their life	10
Have joy, but from their death would also feel	
Such comforting, that would their sorrows soften.	
And should the number of their years be few,	
They may to earth commit their dust, with minds	

<b>AMONG THE TOMBS.</b>	<b>11</b>
Exalted more than education might	15
On the surviving few link'd not with grace :	
Though learning to good morals often lead,	
And morals good oftimes to holy things.	
It is a trial certainly severe,	
A blooming creature from your body sprung,	20
Whom you have cherish'd often on your knee,	
And heard its prattling tales, half-words convey'd	
With innocence, to be torn from your bosom,	
To mix with earth's wet soil in the cold grave!	
Yet if convinc'd it led a righteous life,	25
'Tis that alone alleviates the grief.	
But should the youth possess impiety	
In spite of all their care, how would their griefs	
Be multiplied, with apprehensive fears?	
But should his shameful, doubtful end arise,	30
Through bad examples given from those he sprang,	
As brutes they hatch'd him, and as brutes they part :	
A short life he receiv'd, and bad advice,	
Or none. Dreadful event! It may be fear'd,	
He'll be in darkness lost to mourn his fate,	35
Deplore the loss of his neglected state ;	
And blame, yea curse the day when he was fram'd.	
His brutish parents are not worthy name ;	
But in oblivion let their mem'ry sink ;	
And let them seek the grave till near its brink :	40
Perhaps some change may open then their eyes,	
And in a future state at last be wise.—	
But O! their charge, their offspring's precious soul,	
Perhaps is where it cannot be recall'd.	

#### CHAPTER IV.

### CONTENTS.

Monument of a young Man cut off in his prime ; how unexpected the stroke. The Frailty of all sublunary Happiness. Nothing casual, but all ordered and permitted by God's Providence ; Discourses proving it on good



Uriah and wicked Ahab's Fall. The various Accidents so called that bring us to the Grave all Corruption's Roads.



**H**ERE lies another, whose sepulchral stone,  
 Sets forth an epitaph lamentable :  
 Its images, as little mourning friends,  
 Over the sleeping dust recline their heads ;  
 As if they'd tell before the tomb relates, 5  
 Some melancholy tale of one beneath.  
 A youth, I see, whose age was twenty six,  
 Cut off in prime of life by sudden death,  
 Just in the hour of his enamour'd views,  
 The nuptial day, perhaps, with his fair bride. 10  
 O if some heavenly friend but in his ear  
 Had whisper'd, what so quickly came to pass,—  
 Told him the end of all his pleasures here ;  
 The bridal ornaments then in his hand,  
 Insensibly would from it drop to ground, 15  
 As Adam's wreath for Eve dropt from his hand,  
 When he her story heard of her transgression.  
 Health glowing in his cheeks he little thought  
 His morning sun should set at noon ; for length  
 Of age seem'd written in his face,—told him 20  
 Of many future joys : when lo, a stroke  
 Descended from that mighty arm, whose nod  
 Can mountains overturn, the earth destroy,  
 The hero crush as human hands a moth,  
 And chang'd his marriage pomp of gay dress'd youths 25  
 Into a hearse, and sable train of mourners !  
 Look on this monument, ye gay and careless ;—  
 Look on the date, and boast not of an hour !  
 And who can say his bed was not prepar'd,—  
 His marriage bed with richest cov'rings deck'd, 30  
 While death had made a bed elsewhere ? And now  
 Stretch'd in a hearse, and follow'd by a train,  
 The promis'd bride the chief, (if not in form,  
 No doubt in inward grief,) whose mourning weeds  
 Now tell another tale,—prepar'd to meet 35  
 Him at another bed, a bed that she

AMONG THE TOMBS.

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Cannot partake with him, although she might  
 His icy form embrace. Go, virgin now,  
 And disappointed mourn; go mourn the loss,  
 Uncertainty of all created bliss, 46  
 And learn the worth of joys immutable;  
 For thy Fidelio with another sleeps;  
 Sleeps in death's arms, forgetful of the world,  
 And thee! O death! why is it thou mov'st by  
 Decrepit age, and nip'st the infant bud? 45  
 Such providence seems cruel, though its ways  
 Are right: such calls from death's uncertain strokes  
 Are dispensations wise to be prepar'd:  
 Then watch and pray, ye know not when the hour!  
 I, the interpreter, here further need 50  
 Not act; let ev'ry conscience be awake,  
 Then soon the wisest meaning will appear,  
 Why death's strokes are not fix'd to age alone.  
 Ye sons of men, in midst of life we are  
 In death; no state, no circumstance ensures 55  
 A moment's safety; nothing can the blow  
 Elude, so sure are death's victorious darts.  
 Promise yourselves no safety in one act,—  
 No time your own to range this worldly field;  
 For when in vanity and luxury 60  
 You swim, death's summons may your game cut short.  
 The wise, and needful warning I allow,  
 Confirm, in it rejoice; worthy to be  
 In fallen faculties more deep engrav'd:  
 We see our friends and neighbours drop, and feel 65  
 Perhaps a trembling dread; but in the whirl  
 Of business plung'd, or lull'd in sensual ease,  
 The providential stroke is soon forgot;—  
 'Tis like an arrow through the fluid air,  
 Or vessel through the grosser sea, which leave 70  
 No trace behind. O strange stupidity!  
 To help the cure, another monitor  
 Invades my sight,—another sudden death  
 The monument sets forth,—an accident  
 Sets forth call'd kill'd. Was it a random stroke? 75  
 God reigns o'er heaven, and all created things

His omnipresence fills the earth, the sea,  
 And all creation's bounds; no place exists  
 In it for that fatality, call'd chance;  
 No accidents exist, though accidents 80  
 They seem or call'd; no warrant sign'd for death,  
 But by the absolute consent of God!  
 Though strange it seems that the assassin vile  
 Should be an agent made! Though strange yet true:  
 When wicked Ahab the mortal wound receiv'd, 85  
 The hand that launch'd the fatal dart, was made  
 His instrument of death. But verified  
 In David more was the assassin vile,  
 When he, prompted by hell for lustful ends,  
 And suffer'd by the will of heaven, to take 90  
 The good Uriah's life: and though the deed  
 Or murder seem'd conceal'd,—lost in the strokes  
 Of accidents, yet villainous the act;  
 As heinous, and of wisdom destitute,  
 As would Uriah's, if he openly 95  
 Had slain his king. But where no murd'ring hand  
 Is seen, then all seem accidental strokes,  
 Where David thought to hide his crime from man,  
 And nothing thought of God; who hinder'd not  
 The treach'rous sin projected dart, to pierce 100  
 Uriah's heart; then took his soul to him,  
 That out of evil he might work his good,—  
 Reclaim the monarch by a sharp rebuke,  
 From his good prophet's mouth; that he might know  
 His God henceforth, and to salvation wise 105  
 Become! At casual strokes, when known to be  
 God's equal visitation with his deaths  
 In bed, the anguish of the mourner softens,  
 Its fears dispel, and tranquil minds create  
 In all surviving godly friends. The fence 110  
 Between us and the grave, how thin; The time  
 Between us and eternity, how short!  
 Wild Chremylus from card-playing scarcely rose,  
 And dropt into his state original.  
 Corinna at a splendid ball one night, 115  
 In spirits high; but O! the next a corpse

AMONG THE TOMBS.

15

She lied. Young Atticus just saw his house  
 Complete, but not a moment in it dwelt:  
 He saw the sashes hung to give it light,  
 Then clos'd his mortal eyes in endless night; 120  
 Snatch'd off just in his earthly hopes, from bliss  
 He should enjoy,—from house superbly fine,  
 With wife and friends, in pleasures gay to roll;  
 His garden plann'd, his outhouses design'd;  
 He dreamt of nought but architecture, when 125  
 Descended the great master architect,  
 And told another tale,—another house  
 For him he had design'd, a dwelling built  
 In death's grim regions! While my thoughts are thus  
 Engag'd on those lay'd here, there minutely 130  
 Are numbers moving to death's mournful seat.  
 The eye that through immensity can pierce,  
 Can see afflicted tents, see armies fall,—  
 Death's strokes in all its various forms; see some  
 In easy chairs, nurs'd into maladies, 135  
 And farther from that ease they seek and wish,  
 Than the poor peasant, whose necessity  
 Oftimes becomes best governor; see some  
 Amidst their splendid joys cut off, their lives  
 Disorder'd cut off half their days. Besides, 140  
 Disasters many, prudence can't foresee,  
 Nor care prevent, in secret lurk: a tile,  
 Or falling chimney stack, or starting horse,  
 May in a moment do death's errand: so  
 Attenuated is the thread of life, 145  
 That storms not only break it, but a breeze  
 More gentle; small occurrences, even  
 A grape stone may more execution do,  
 Than great Goliah's armour; what we eat,  
 Or breathe, may be a vehicle of death. 150  
 O death! thou in our bosom liest entrench'd;  
 Thou in the seat of life thy fortress holdst;  
 The crimson juice receives the seed of death  
 When in the womb; and various are its ills,  
 As various weeds spring up in various soils; 155  
 Diseases various as our natures change,

And kill all ages as corruption hits :  
 For should the fluid be inflam'd by heat,  
 Or least obstructed in its ebb and flow,  
 A pois'nous mass becomes. Since then we hold 160  
 This house of clay so light of landlord death,  
 Let us be ready at his warning given,  
 Yea long before prepar'd to quit this home :  
 No fears nor accidents disturb us then :  
 The city's guarded, and the troops are sound, 165  
 Satan's alarms no more shall shake the ground ;  
 But all his legions into ruin hurl'd  
 And we prepar'd to quit this nether world.

## CHAPTER V.

## CONTENTS.

Case of a Lady who died in Childbed ; her Character.  
 With regard to earthly things, we know not what is really  
 desirable, or truly good.



**I**, in the former chapter thus observ'd,  
 That earthly comforts may become our bane ;  
 This marble testifies that truth : for here  
 Sophronia's dust that died in childbed lies :  
 The branch shot forth, the stem decay'd and fell ;— 5  
 Sophronia fell to give her offspring birth ;—  
 The child to day sprang forth ; but she to night,  
 And was at once a mother and a corpse !  
 Or if in pangs severe some may expire,  
 And in that state become their infant's tomb, 10  
 'Tis then the monarch's woe is epitaph  
 For both ; that children to the birth are come,  
 But strength there's none to bring them forth. The last  
 Less sorrowful : much better make the womb  
 Its grave, than live to break all concord down, 15  
 If such might be its vicious mind. And who  
 Can tell, but what the thousands cut from life  
 In infant state, are cut off for that end ?  
 Besides, without the parent to instruct,

AMONG THE TOMBS.

Beginning while the twig will easy bend, 17  
 Such child is nearly on a rock convey'd, 20  
 To take its fate from rude surrounding waves.  
 This monument appears a structure rich,  
 Directed by a gen'rous heart, who thought  
 He could not do too much for the deceas'd,— 25  
 Her qualities and memory set forth,  
 As not into oblivion fall. Such charms  
 This epitaph displays, wherever found  
 In this corrupted life, even sooth a tyrant.  
 But vain the lustre of a sprightly eye, 30  
 And vain the honours of superior births,  
 To quell corruption and the tyrant death.  
 How lov'd, how valued once, avails thee not ;  
 To whom related, or by whom begot :  
 A heap of mould'ring bones remain of thee ;  
 'Tis what thou art, and what the proud shall be! } Pope's  
 The sting of death religion true pulls out, } Lines  
 Although unable to divert the stroke: } alter'd  
 Which is the language of the heart that burns,  
 The lamps that flame, and crown that glisteneth 40  
 In the gilt marble, imitated well :  
 They paint her vigilance of faith and works,  
 Devotion pure, and vict'ry o'er the world.  
 If monumental fame deceives us not,  
 In giving too much praise to the deceas'd, 45  
 Then happy he who's with such virtue join'd,—  
 Who feels that heavenly comforter she feels,—  
 Such virtue as that marble testifies :  
 How easy was the yoke to such a pair?  
 They had, no doubt, in earthly joys a part, 50  
 If part had fix'd their earthly standard's wants,  
 And not had soar'd too far, like Rachael saying,  
 Pray give me children or I cannot live.  
 If such were her unpurg'd and mix'd delights,  
 Confounding earthly things with heavenly, 55  
 She had her wish, but bought it with her life!  
 If children to their parents are a wreath,  
 Or chaplet blooming odorous delight,  
 Some serpent may the wreath entwine and mix

His poison with our dearest joys: for where	60
On earthly things we fix too great a hope,	
To win possession of some charming toy,	
Our hope is baffl'd, or possession worse;	
We're baffl'd lest it should our ruin prove!	
In fancy's cup we dream of sweets unmix'd;	63
But oftimes find the bitter draught of woe!	
Therefore to God immod'rate wants resign,	
Thy greatest bliss is thy contented mind;	
His grace is all that should supply thy will;	
What else thou ask'st may be thy future ill.	70

## CHAPTER VI.

## CONTENTS.

A religious Father taken from his young Family; his Behaviour on his dying bed; their Support in a fatherless state.



<b>W</b> HAT says this humble stone that prostrate lies?	
Form'd by frugality, or penury:	
No pomp elab'rate here to grace the dust,	
But simply sounds a virtuous name; and that	
Through time almost defac'd; or through the use	
Of the surviving children coming oft,	
To mourn the loss of their best earthly friend;	
For I perceive upon inspection close,	
It speaks of one snatch'd from his children dear,—	
A loving father and a faithful friend,	10
Who worship paid to God, and worldly rights	
To man; who left his children unprepar'd,—	
Unsettld and untaught in tender age,	
To bear the scourge of worldly tyranny.	
O the solemnity of such a scene,—	15
A dying scene that robs the orphan's guide!	
The work of feeble medicine is mock'd,	
And conq'ring death his errand executes.	
The children round their parent hang, sob out	
Their souls, and weeping will you leave us cry?	20

AMONG THE TOMBS.

19

The tender mother round them throws her arms,  
 While tears each other follow down her cheeks ;  
 Revering servants heave their sighs ; his mild  
 Commands, produc'd obedience and their love.  
 At his departing soul they grieve ; their tears 25  
 Of gratitude, perhaps, are all they can  
 Bestow. His friends, who often shar'd his joys,—  
 His sweet discourse on what's above this world,  
 Now hear his last devotion pure, and all  
 His soul pour'd out to God. They with him join, 30  
 Sweet comforters ; not as poor Job's, upbraid.  
 The weeping wife, now near the widow's state,  
 Where can she find another friend like him,—  
 Whose grace from God would scarcely let him err ?  
 A grace that kept his watchful thoughts in bounds, 35  
 Free from examples bad, or passion's flights,  
 Or surly looks to grieve his virtuous wife ?  
 No adverse int'rest sour'd, perhaps, his mind,  
 But all was peace, and heav'nly in his house.  
 Now see the wife, how on his breast she hangs ; 40  
 See how she wipes his sweat, the dews of death,  
 While on her arms she bears his sinking head !  
 Now with a speechless look on him she loves,—  
 A look announcing things unutterable,  
 She vents her grief, in sighs and throbs ; her soul, 45  
 With anguish exquisite feels nearly death.  
 The patient suff'rer, to God's will submits ;  
 Sensibly touch'd with what those feel around,—  
 His wife and children dear, and friends ; his wife,  
 Who soon will be a widow destitute, 50  
 Her loving friend, and chief protector gone.  
 Although cast down, yet not despairingly,  
 He has a refuge in God's covenant,  
 That gives a dignity to his distress ;  
 And at each interval of ease, he cheers 55  
 His comforters ; and his afflicting pangs  
 Supports, with all the greatness of a soul  
 Resign'd, that's on the point to take its flight.  
 And now with struggling, partly rais'd himself ;



And with his hand stretch'd out, a farewell takes 60  
 Of all ; then clasps his wife in his embrace ;  
 Then kisses next the pledges of their love,  
 And these affecting words pours out ; "I die,  
 "My children dear ; but God will be with you ;  
 "Your earthly parent you will loose ; but God 65  
 "Your heavenly father, ever lives ; he's yours,  
 "While in his paths you tread ; his paths are peace  
 "You'll find, and nothing but a wicked life,  
 "Can point you out new rodes, and seperate  
 "You : store you up this blessed truth,—my last,"— 70  
 His heart was full, he could proceed no further ;  
 His utt'rance fail'd. Collecting soon some strength  
 Amidst death's pangs, he thus bespoke his wife ;  
 "You, the dear partner of my life, to whom  
 "The charge of my dear children now belongs, 75  
 "I leave with you a weight of cares ; but God,  
 "The widow's cause defends ; our God is good,  
 "His promises are truths ; forsake him not ;  
 "Be ever on your guard, keep him in view ;  
 Let no temptations gay delude your thoughts ;— 80  
 "No new desires, vain novelties the work of sin,  
 "Invadē your mind against your children's good ;  
 "Keep their eternal, and their present state  
 "To heart, yea press it to your very soul !  
 "And now, eternal father, what thou gav'st 85  
 "Thou tak'st ; thy will be done : " so saying, he  
 Fell back : but like a taper near extinction,  
 Rekindl'd and reviv'd, and caught the last  
 Upstarting flame ; and in his struggling would  
 Have spoken on, but in midway he dropp'd 90  
 His sentence, with his eyes fix'd on his wife ;  
 Fix'd in a posture 'midst the smile of love  
 Of them, of heav'n, and then shone out their last.  
 Their silent griefs, to lamentations loud  
 Now burst ; all comfort they refuse from earth's 95  
 Delights ; the children round their mother hang,  
 And mother on the children weeps : but soon  
 Religion's peace assumes its seat, and quells  
 In part corruption's woes : now more compos'd,

AMONG THE TOMBS.	21
They make a search for his unfinish'd speech,	100
His dying lips began ; and in the book	
Of Jeremiah, found God's promise thus ;	
"Leave fatherless thy children ; I will them	
"Preserve ; and let thy widows trust in me."	
They treasure up this sacred, bless'd record,	105
With certain hopes of God's unerring word ;	
This legacy will all their wants supply,—	
'Twill with them live,—be with them when they die ;	
'Twill smooth their path, and ease affliction's rod,	
God is their portion, and their guardian, God,	110

#### CHAPTER VII.

### CONTENTS.

Matter changing Shapes. The folly of placing too much delight on this World.



<b>N</b> ow I have paus'd, and cast my eyes around,—	
I scarcely see a spot, but has supplied	
A grave: the soil was human bodies once,	
Which bodies once was soil, be not surpris'd ;	
And here returning to that state, lies one	5
Of modern date, but ancient age ; who liv'd	
For present gains, like Esau's birthright sold :	
The stone declares he had a large estate,—	
Among the living once a figure made,	
As does his monument among the dead :	10
And further says, he much improv'd his worth,	
Through his assiduous management. His care,	
Like Martha's, when the needful thing was miss'd,	
For aught we know, deserv'd the same rebuke.	
He might be one, who ate industry's bread ;	15
In that case, he became a useful link	
In nature's chain, and should not be despis'd ;	
Except the world made him forget his God !	
Did he not purpose field to field to join,	
And house to house? and say within himself,	20

Grant me but this, and I will ask no more?  
 But grant him that, not long that grant will please;  
 And like an Alexander weep his fate.  
 Amidst the splendour of his toil, he hop'd  
 To take his rest. Suppose him there arriv'd; 25  
 No sooner was he seated on his couch,  
 Of earthly joys, but death snatch'd him away,  
 When his eternal seat was not prepar'd!  
 The active mind, is still on action fix'd;  
 But happy he who can his action place, 30  
 On God's commands, sure pay for all his works.  
 Ye men, be wise, drink not the bubble joy,  
 But worldly wisdom's folly see; see how,  
 For momentary trifles it contrives:—  
 The phantoms of a day usurp our cares; 35  
 On endless realities few thoughts bestow'd!  
 But when our worldly wheels move smoothly round;—  
 And all designs are ripening apace;  
 God at the Babel-builders laughs;—their works  
 To mock'ry brings; their projects vain destroys, 40  
 As easy as the spider, and his web,  
 Are by man's hand into one grave interr'd.  
 That verdict's true, which wisdom has announc'd,  
 How man desquieeth himself, and walketh  
 In shadows vain: speak ye, who did attend, 45  
 And heard his dying sentiments; Oh death!  
 How dreadful is thy sting, did he not cry?  
 How dreadful thy approach, to me, immers'd  
 In sec'lar cares? Oh where's the value now,  
 Of earthly knowledge, and its dreaming gains! 50  
 I have attended momentary things,  
 And my eternal work forgot; too late  
 To build my hope and faith from grace, on which  
 My future bliss depends. Oh that my days 54  
 Could be restor'd!—But here stopp'd short, convuls'd;  
 Some resolution then his feeble mind  
 Would form, to do the work th' eleventh hour;  
 But cut from life, perhaps, before 'twas done.  
 May children of this world a warning take,  
 And from his dying words advantage gather: 60

Through such attachment to this world of snares,  
 We previous plant our dying thoughts with tares;  
 That from the root they scarcely can be torn;  
 Our dying bed becomes a bed of thorns.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTENTS.

Neglect of Religion too often felt on a dying-bed, and  
 the Happiness attending the reverse of that.



**S**OME, I perceive, at threescore years depart,  
 And some, much older; those remember'd, I  
 Would hope, their maker in their youth, before,  
 Their strength to sorrow and to labour came,—  
 Before, the languishing low ebb of life, 5  
 When thoughts are weak, born of a weaken'd frame,—  
 When strong desirés fail in the listless soul,  
 Before, these languid moments come, when we  
 Can only say, we have no pleasure in them:  
 For if their lamps unfurnished were, perhaps, 10  
 It was as hard, to gain their hope and faith,  
 As then to go to market for their oil:  
 Besides, through long, and irreligious lives,  
 With constitutions weak, corruptions must  
 Be strengthen'd, vices and ill habits bred, 15  
 Conceit and bigotry have struck deep root,  
 And every fibre of the heart entwin'd;  
 And in the disposition be engrav'd,  
 As deep as spots upon a leopard's back.  
 If any under such impeding bars, 20  
 Surmount them all, and into glory get,  
 Then God is merciful, beyond his law.  
 Age, is the season, chiefest moments here,  
 When life is drawing to its utmost stretch,  
 That we require the heavenly comforter; 25  
 And yet the worst the combat to engage,—  
 The worst, when faculties more dull become:  
 The husbandman, should then his harvest reap,

When time matur'd the fruits of labour past;  
 And not be breaking ground to sow the seed ; 30  
 'Tis true, there's nothing with the Deity  
 Impossible ; 'God said, "Let their be light,"  
 And light, was instantainously diffus'd,  
 Throughout creation's bounds, where darkness reign'd.  
 God in his greatness can the wicked quicken, 35  
 Who have in trespasses and sin lain dead,  
 Not only three short days, but threescore years.  
 Yet trust not that important work to such  
 Uncertainty, such hazardous neglect :  
 God may suspend his power, his help withdraw ; 40  
 May in his wrath declare, that such abusers,  
 Of his long-suffering, and his offer'd grace,  
 Shall never enter his eternal rest.  
 Therefore all ye, who are in health and youth,  
 Improve the precious opportunity : 45  
 Improve your golden hours to purposes,  
 Such as may render you for ever blest,—  
 To dwell where health and youth will never fade.  
 The glory of a life well-spent, appears  
 On our death-beds, and opens to our view, 50  
 An everlasting peace from hopes well fix'd,—  
 Fix'd on endeavours ever to shun ills.  
 No longer trifle with your time, make haste  
 And God's commandments quickly do, lest death  
 With bended bow is marking you for prey. 55  
 Not long ago a thoughtless jay I saw,  
 Dressing his plumes, and hopping carelessly ;  
 A sportsman coming by levels his blow ;  
 Swifter than whirlwinds flies the leaden death,  
 And in a moment kills the thoughtless bird. 60  
 Thy fate, unthinking man, may be the same ;  
 While dreaming on thy wealth or nonsense here,  
 As if thou never saw'st mortality,  
 The lev'ler may be marking thee for prey.  
 Some came to this retreat, no doubt ripe full 65  
 Of piety and days, as fields of corn  
 With age and plenty ripe : those were to God,  
 To man, themselves, discreetly just and wise ;

AMONG THE TOMBS.

25

Wise for eternal joy's inheritance ;

Rich also were, more permanently rich,

70

Than all the wealth of worldly mammon join'd :

The wealth of righteousness has made them wings

To scorn this earth, and upwards soar their flight,

Nor miss the way, in such attraction link'd

Is grace with grace, till they the fountain join.

75

If such a law from God descends to man,

Then what must mammon's vot'ries feel? They may

Of equal grace feel freely dealt to all:

But oft this gift is sold,—exchang'd for worth,

For transient worth, the pleasures of a day :

80

O wretched wealth acquir'd! And as a dream,

A joyful dream of certain riches found,

To make and find it in a moment gone!

O dreadful dream! A dreadful life to wake

To death ; A dreadful dream for mammon's sons!

85

But joyful is that dream that wakes to life,

When all its dreaming stores with them abide ;

No fables prove, but to the truth awake,

For ever joyful in the realms of bliss.

A pleasing, hopeful thought, that such as I,

90

And ev'ry longing sinner may of grace,

That heavenly gift, a treasure great obtain ;

That not deceives like mammon's worldly dreams:

Their bodies here in places quiet lie,

From ev'ry burden eas'd, and snare escap'd ;

95

The eye no more shall weep, nor thoughts despair ;

Here ev'ry sorrow is discharg'd ; alarms

That threaten dangers are no more. Rest then,

Ye precious relics rest, in slumbers rest,

Till the last trump the welcome signal gives,

100

And through your silent mansions sound arise,

Your light is come, the glory of the Lord

Upon you shines, to light you to new life!

By those how pleasant was the world given up?

In what a cloudless sky did their sun set?

105

How cheering was, when this life's nature fail'd,

The blest Redeemer to their thoughts! who died

To satisfy the law for them, and rose

To prove their hopes well-grounded! How did that  
 Assuage, and soften death's approach? But what 110  
 To you, remains of sin, if such lie here,  
 Is wealth, and all earth's mounts of gold ; is honour,  
 And her proud trophies of renown, with all  
 The vanities of dreaming gains? can they  
 Administer the smallest joy? can they 115  
 The frighted thoughts compose? or cheer the soul  
 For its departing flight, and make it wings  
 To mount the throne of God? They can assist  
 In neither ; nor redemption from the grave  
 Can buy: the plumes of grace to mix with grace, 120  
 Are more than sin can purchase ; hell's barr'd gates  
 She open'd, but to shut excell'd her power:  
 The work of good sin cannot do ; nor mix  
 With it in our eternal state ; in that  
 Is man's predestination fix'd. God's arms,—  
 Eternal peace, within the dying grasp 125  
 Familiar lies, to those who've sought that worth.  
 Amidst those heavenly aids they quit the field,  
 With hopes of joys immortal, fix'd by grace ;  
 And through the airy void they wing their flight, 130  
 More swift, perhaps, than sol sends here his light ;  
 If o'er his face a veil could be but thrown,  
 And quick remov'd to prove how quick 'tis born,  
 Some little time there would to us relapse,  
 Before his light would on this earth be cast. 135

## CHAPTER IX.

## CONTENTS.

The righteous soul welcom'd to Happiness. The religious few abused by Satan's tools.



**H**ERE bodies sleep in death, the souls are fled,  
 The vale of troubles lost, farewell the realms  
 Of woe ; to heaven's calm regions they are gone,  
 And welcom'd by a voice more sweet than strains

## AMONG THE TOMBS.

Of softest notes,—the harmony of sounds ;	27
A voice that cries, "Lift up your heads, ye gates,	5
"Ye everlasting doors, and enter in,	
"Ye heirs of glory, to your kingdom won."	
Here then we'll leave the happy souls, escap'd	
From griefs,—a wilderness of rugged paths,	10
Unto a paradise lay'd out correct,—	
A dwelling-place as perfect as their souls :	
There with the righteous Abraham they'll dwell ;	
There with good angels mingle, and rejoice,	
Around the lamb, and God's eternal throne.	15
Fools may their lives a madness count, who give	
Their thoughts to God, and seek in earthly fame,	
Or subtle projects rightly call'd, no share.	
But such are number'd with the blest ; their fame	
Is fix'd on Sion's hill immoveable,	20
Not on that slip'ry temple fabl'd here.	
However haughty, undiscerning men,	
May vilify the real religious few,	
Be this my heart's supreme desire, to live	
The life to die a righteous death ; my life	25
My end, and future state, to be like theirs :	
That, I would wish my everlasting fame,	
And not that honour some so madly claim !	

### CHAPTER X.

## CONTENTS.

Monument of a Warrior slain in battle. Reflections on the Death of Christ. The meanness of being obliged to a Monument for perpetuating our names. Author's wish for himself. True method of eternizing our characters.



<b>W</b> HAT dust distinctive lies beneath these shows ?	
And what fam'd sounds above, that live in air,	
As shadows in the light, are here announc'd ?	
Here in a splendid, and a sumptuous air,	
Are all the implem <sup>ts</sup> of war display'd,	5



Of murders titl'd honourable deaths.  
 That signify an honourable warrior  
 Is buried here. Much better for the race  
 Of man,—for concord's sake, could but the cause  
 Of his renown, with all its murd'ring weapons, 10  
 Be buried with him in the silent tomb.  
 Is such respect to this brave soldier paid,  
 For sacrificing to the public good  
 His life? Or sacrific'd it more, we'll say,  
 For pride's renown, and murdring fame's reward! 15  
 Yet he was useful in the gen'ral ill!  
 How wide compar'd to this did Christ engage  
 In man's behalf: he came with peace, to give  
 New lives instead of lives to take; and war  
 Root up, or on its stock engraft a root, 20  
 Whose pores, and thirsty veins, may at the fount  
 Of God drink deep, till up to heaven rear'd.  
 This hero, son of Mars, a mortal died;  
 He yeilded up a life long forfeited  
 To sin and death, justice divine; a debt 25  
 Which must have been sooner or later paid:  
 But our Redeemer bore the stripes and death  
 Of Satan's enmity and rage of hell,—  
 Corruption's sorrows to the whole amount,  
 And incorruption purchas'd for frail man,— 30  
 For all who seek, and tread his righteous paths;  
 And paths he clear'd, that none might stumble on.  
 This gift divine was from the God of all;  
 That when full time had circl'd his decrees,  
 He, even he, was in our likeness made, 35  
 And with us dwelt, to shame pretenders' faith,  
 And prove them to the world: their hearts expos'd,  
 What would their malice do but cut him off,  
 The son and heir of their high Lord cut off,  
 That they might dwell untax'd, uncharg'd with sin. 40  
 This warrior risk'd his life for fame, reward,  
 His king, and kingdom's gains; which might have been  
 So circumstanc'd ignoble to refuse:  
 But Christ, thouth potentate and Lord of all,  
 Or held that greatness from the Lord of all, 45

As part of his essence divine branch'd off,  
 Consented to give up of Godhead all,  
 And suffer change, reduc'd to mortal man,  
 And took the field as man, for man's behalf,  
 Expos'd to death's inevitable stroke : 50  
 All this for some who were deserving not,—  
 A disobedient race by law condemn'd,  
 Who would not Moses nor the prophets hear,—  
 Not keep the law, nor be by prophets warn'd,  
 Without they wrench'd it to their earthly will ; 55  
 Whom in their sins he might have left to perish,  
 Without the smallest charge against his love.  
 Again, I must observe, this hero died,  
 Most probably a quick and easy death ;  
 A bullet pass'd his heart, or sword his breast,— 60  
 Or battle-ax his brain : whereas the Lord,  
 By satan's tools to prove him son of God,  
 Was put to all the tortures born of sin ;  
 And in the midst of his severest pangs,  
 They challeng'd him with this, "If thou 65  
 "Art son of God, come down, and shun thy pains,  
 "And in thee we'll believe : " not knowing this,  
 That from their evil God was working good."  
 How many hours did Christ in suff'ring hang,  
 A spectacle of woe to men and angels ! 70  
 His temples mangl'd with the thorny crown,  
 His hands and feet with rugged irons cleft,  
 That pierc'd his soul with pangs unutterable !  
 So long he hung that even nature groan'd,  
 And trembl'd at the base indignity, 75  
 And shook with earthquakes at the very hour !  
 The sun refus'd to give its light ; the earth  
 Convuls'd threw up her dead, that in the streets  
 Appear'd, and were by many seen and known :  
 And yet all this their malice not assuag'd, 80  
 But charg'd his service to the prince of hell,—  
 His miracles, his darkness reigning then,  
 The earthquake with the temple's rent, and dead  
 Disturb'd, to Beelzebub, whom they themselves  
 Were working for. How great his charity 85

To ease them thus, "They know not what they do!"  
 Once more, this warrior like a hero fell,—  
 Fell for his country's good 'tis true, and bought  
 Them worth will perish with them in the grave:  
 Not so died Christ; he died eternal life 90  
 To give, and worth that will true pleasures crown:  
 Not on the bed of earthly honours died,  
 With scars of fading glory on his breast,  
 The bait of worldly pride that reigns a day;  
 But like some execrable miscreant, 95  
 To public execution shown, with stripes  
 Of Satan's malice on his back: he bow'd  
 His head in death between his heaven and earth  
 Suspended, like an outcast wretch, unworthy  
 Of either, 'twixt two thieves pour'd out his soul! 100  
 What thankful praise enough can we return,  
 To this our heavenly friend, the holy one  
 Of God? Who dying ignominiously,  
 That we may die in glory, crown'd in joy!  
 'Tis not in mortals impotent and blind, 105  
 To render thanks sufficiently, although  
 The cheapest purchase of so great a prize;  
 He only who such favours can confer,  
 Can warm us with a sense of gratitude,  
 And our affections kindle into love 110  
 Sincere. Could but our thoughts, find that repose,  
 Which sweetens death, to mount perfection's throne;  
 Then build thyself a monument, O God!  
 An endless one in our devoted souls!  
 The memory of thy beneficence 115  
 Inscribe; not with engraving tools, or pen;  
 But with that blood that from thy veins gush'd forth,  
 When their malicious spear had pierc'd thy side!  
 Let it conspicuous stand, not on a stone  
 Engrav'd, in outward show of worldly pomp, 120  
 But in the deep recesses of our hearts!  
 Before I'm reconcil'd to quit this tomb,  
 And entertain the reader with a change,  
 Let me observe, how mean, and vain the show,  
 Of these proud trophies here, to bribe the vote. 125

Of fame, to give a posthumous renown,  
 That's dead to his eternal fate! The whole,—  
 The polish'd marble and its sculptur'd form,  
 If he ne'er was a soldier for his Christ,  
 Are empty dreams, and now avail him nought ; 130  
 Live only in the breath of those, who shar'd  
 His gains, to sound his warlike name ; which the'll  
 Remember, and applaud, and then their sons,  
 And through their generations hand it down,  
 Till time shall that, and marble too erase, 135  
 Could but my love and charity to man,  
 And duty to my God, deserve such fame!  
 No other monument my soul could wish,  
 Than written in the hearts of faithful men,  
 And my memorial leave in honest breasts ; 140  
 Then my surviving friends may witness bear,  
 I've liv'd not for myself alone ; nor been  
 A tool of mischief to unthinking souls.  
 O let a series of beneficence,  
 My best inscription be, wrote on the heart 145  
 Of gratitude, to sound my earthly name!  
 Then may the poor, as they pass by my grave,  
 Point at the spot, and thankfully acknowledge,  
 "There lie the bones of one, who never fail'd,  
 "In acts of love, to be my heavenly friend ; 150  
 "Did visit me when I was ill in bed,  
 "With cordial gifts to soul and body both:  
 "'Tis through his seasonable charities,  
 "Attended with God's blessing I now live."  
 And furthermore, may that ungodly soul, 155  
 Who once was blind, lift up his eyes, and say  
 As he walks o'er my bones, "Here lies the dust  
 "Of a real friend, who watch'd my careless soul ;  
 "For I remember well, how in perdition's path  
 "I posted on ; and tremble now to think, 160  
 "Into what gulf I should have quickly plung'd,  
 "Had not his counsel stop'd my blind career.  
 "I, with the gospel's peace was not acquainted,  
 "And for its heavenly worth had no concern:  
 "But now, through his instructive, graceful words, 165

"I see my saviour's all-sufficiency,  
 "My past misconduct, and my danger'd state:  
 "His blest discourse sill tingles in my ears,  
 "And warms my heart with sympathy divine!  
 "And may the warmth more operating prove, 170  
 "Till we in heaven shall meet, in endless love!"  
 Let us immortalize our names with good ;  
 Let's make our calling and election sure,—  
 A written witness in our hearts to gain,  
 That we are enter'd in the book of life: 175  
 However disr. garded then by men,  
 Before the Lord we shall not be forgotten,—  
 Before that purity where truth sole reigns:  
 Be that our pride, our greatest idol here,  
 Then scriptures will our passions sanctify, 180  
 And grace will fan our flames. The time will come,  
 When all memorials here will be defac'd ;  
 The tongues of those, whose happiness we have,  
 So zealously promoted, soon will be  
 As silent as these silent dead: proud fame, 185  
 Engrav'd with iron on the solid rock  
 Will cease, and will no longer sound our praise:  
 But those, who're in the saviour's book enroll'd,  
 Himself declar'd shall ne'er be blotted out.  
 When time shall moulder monuments to dust,— 190  
 The brazen statue and triumphal column,  
 Their honours and their glories still are new,—  
 They perish not where incorruption dwells ;  
 Where nature's thrilling changes never come,—  
 Where sin and her son death dare not to roam ; 195  
 From those blest regions long since been expell'd ;  
 Though stole to earth, yet doom'd in hell to dwell.

## CHAPTER XI.

**CONTENTS.**

The Vault ; its awful Aspect ; Grandeur in Abasement:  
 the Vanity of Pleasures, Honours, and Riches. The Clock  
 strikes ; a Warning to redeem Time.



**H**ERE is an entrance leading to some vault :  
 I'll visit it, and take a fearful view,  
 Of death's grim dwelling, and its peaceful tenants.  
 The sullen door upon its hinges grates,  
 And seems to welcome me with murmurings; 5  
 Not us'd, perhaps, much living to receive,  
 Its habitation is for dead alone!  
 What means this sudden fear, this awful dread,  
 While I descend the steps? Be calm, my soul,  
 And spirits be compos'd, the wicked here 10  
 Their troubling cease. O what a solemn scene!  
 How dismal is the gloom! No light approaches,  
 Though now noon-day, except a beam or two,  
 That through the grates, upon the coffins' nails,  
 Reflect a feeble glimmer; just enough, 15  
 To show the scene more awful! O ye house  
 Of death! Why add your horrors to the living?  
 Most wisely do,—you tell us we must die!  
 Hark, how the hollow dome resounds my treads;  
 The echoes sleeping long are now disturb'd; 20  
 Not so the sleeping dead; their rest they'll take,  
 Till sounds surpassing these must rouse them hence.  
 The dim inscriptions, much defac'd, I see,  
 Do faintly tell, they are no vulgar dead;  
 A rich, renown'd, illustrious pedigree, 25  
 This habitation claim, their last retreat!  
 Where are your birth-days now, your festivals,  
 Your merriments and balls? Your dust lies here,  
 In mournful order rang'd in arches proud;—  
 A sort of pomp remaining still of you, 30  
 Yet rather shy to join your mother earth,  
 While some at once into her lap are cast,  
 And kiss, embrace the dust from which they sprang.  
 My apprehensions from surprise restor'd,  
 I find no phantoms here, but such as fear 35  
 Creates: however, wond'ring still to see,  
 The awful order of this nether world;—  
 Those who vast revenues receiv'd, and call'd  
 Whole lordships theirs, to see reduc'd, not worth

The sheets of lead, in which they now are stow'd;      40  
 Their rooms of state, and sumptuous furniture,  
 Are all resign'd, for shrouds and dismal caves:  
 No splendid retinue attends them here,—  
 No gilded charriot at this dismal door;  
 Nothing but sable banners crown their vault,      45  
 Or statues, which the sculpture's purchas'd hand  
 Has taught, to weep with imitating tears:  
 Instead of stars to sound their mighty names,  
 They've breast-plates now, to sound them humble dust!  
 You who triumph'd in ancestors high born,      50  
 Your lofty pride on pedigree here drops,  
 And now with very reptiles quarter arms;  
 And to corruption say thou art my sire,  
 And sisters and my brothers are the worms.  
 O mortifying truth! Enough to wean      55  
 The strongest libertine from transient things,—  
 From grasping shadows, bubbles, empty dreams.  
 "For now, ye lying vanites of life!  
 "Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train!  
 "Where are you now, and what is your amount!"      60  
 What is this world to you, poor breathless things?  
 What are its pleasures now? A bubble broke,  
 A dream forgotten, a shadow quickly gone;  
 A lump of dust is now your whole amount,  
 And soul dislodg'd to taste its final state.      65  
 Yet err not that we must despise this life,  
 But worship God for this and that to comē.  
 Perhaps through inexperience and false hope,  
 The bubble seem'd a substance firm; but touch'd  
 'Tis gone, and all is gone, like dancing sparks      70  
 Before the flying smoke. Indulge, my soul,  
 A serious pause! Bring vanities to view  
 That charm the senses, estimate them justly,  
 Thou'lt find possession answers not the hope:  
 Suppose thyself at head of empire's pomp,      75  
 That kings thou couldst pull down and nations sway;  
 'Twould set thee up a mark for half mankind,  
 An envious mark for rivels seeking fame;  
 Nor that thou'lt find thy climbing pride had promis'd.

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All pleasures here feel death's corrupting sting, 80  
And grace alone can cure the malady.  
When tyrants trouble, and the wicked roar,  
And earthly pleasures chang'd to tort'ring racks ;  
'Tis then hope soars beyond this treach'rous world,  
And Atheists humbl'd to allow a God ! 85  
Ye relics of exalted greatness once,  
I thank ; your little world revives my duty ;  
Your greatness lodg'd in dungeons damp and dark ;  
Your grandeur mouldering in urns ; your lives  
So short your dates describe, just born to know 90  
That you must die ; have added, seemingly  
To me, a new mortality to man !  
Tells me that all things here are vanity  
Of vanities, founded on vanities,  
Like bubbles on the acting waters bred, 95  
Which by that very action are destroy'd.  
Not so the soul that gives our action birth,  
Although his earthly tenement he quits.  
Let those who may pay their obsequious court,  
And fawn ignobly on your wealthy sons, 100  
And sue for gains with cunning's humble art ;  
My court in pensive contemplation shall  
To sepulchres like this be often paid,  
To learn the standard of my earthly wants.—  
What sound is that? In this dark, awful place, 105  
The smallest noise alarms ! Solemn, and slow,  
It breaks again upon the silent air !  
It is the clock ; design'd, as conscience says,  
To ratify my meditation here :—  
Methinks it says amen, and sets a seal 110  
To all improving hints. 'Tis striking twelve :  
It says another glass is run ; it cries  
In reason's ear redeem my time,—detain  
The warning sound a pris'ner in my head ;  
That this life's moments are upon the wing, 115  
And I advancing fast to dwell in dust.  
May such awakening admonitions, sink  
Deep into minds, and them instructions give ;  
And may it teach me this arithmetic,



My days to number,—state my question there.	120
I oft have walked beneath the craggy clift, When its projecting rocks struck me with fear ; I oft have trod the wild and lonely desert, And penetrated gloomy dismal caves ; But must confess this awful house of death	125
Exceeds them all! When I look round, and view These black brow'd arches, mouldy walls, and death In black array, more dismal made for want Of light, I never such impression felt,— Felt no such melancholy fear till now!	130
Let me emerge from this depressing shade! Farewell death's tenants, for a time farewell, Till I with you in some such dungeon dwell.	

## CHAPTER XII.

## CONTENTS.

The wondrous Change which takes place in the Tomb, displayed in several particulars. Soliloquy of a Lover. Admonition to the Ladies; their true Beauty. Sin, the Cause of our Dissolution. Subject of Mortality brought home to our own case. Thoughts on the thoughts which wander through the infinite; and thoughts on the thoughts of the disembodied Soul.



<b>N</b> ow having cast a superficial view, On these receptacles of death's remains ; My thoughts are prompted to a scrutiny More close: could we the inside of their tombs Get at, and view their present moulder'd state,	5
Surprise might seize us greater still ; more great To see the sudden transformation pass'd, From blooming features once the soul's delight, Into corruption, and with maggots mix'd. O death ; Thou fell devourer of God's works ;	10
Thou base and yet impartial lev'ler here ; Thou enemy to all perfection's aims, Except thy imperfection perfect nam'd May be: O foul dishonour on ourselves	

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First brought! Here, sweet and winning aspects, which,  
 From their false smiles, and faces smooth and fair, 16  
 Fir'd youths with love and jealousy at once,  
 Are grinning now as many ghastly skulls,  
 And kissing dirt instead of fav'rite friends.  
 The tongue that once commanded eloquence, 20  
 And captivated judgments weak; the song  
 And language teacher;—all embellishments  
 Here lay their cunning down; and wisdom's seat  
 That lodg'd the arts, and nurs'd the muses nine,  
 Now lodges nature's basest trumpery,— 25  
 A bed of matter nursing boiling worms,—  
 Corruption's basest things to eat the brains.  
 The pamper'd flesh of late in purple cloath'd,  
 Now rudely cover'd with the clods of clay.  
 There was a time when you so proudly nice, 30  
 Would scarcely venture in the dirt your foot;  
 That foot is now become as base a dirt,  
 Your downy pillows chang'd for rugged stones.  
 Here, those who boasted strength of nerves, and stood  
 Most proudly under loads to gain some fame, 35  
 Some flatt'ring, high applause, are bent, unstrung,  
 And all their darling merit crush'd to ground.  
 The man of trade, whose cunning, and grave face,  
 Seems to announce this world is all he wants;  
 But all his castles in the air down drop, 40  
 And tumble into small recesses here;  
 Here pleasure's sons a final farewell take,  
 Of swindling acts, for present sensual joys;  
 No longer revel at their gaming house,  
 Then sally forth, mov'd by their luxury, 45  
 To cudgel watchmen, and worse wanton deeds:  
 Death ends their sports, their cheats, their gluttonies,  
 And with their carcasses feast next the worms.  
 The learn'd, wise fool, with satire in his head,  
 That ridicules all wisdom but his own, 50  
 Unfort'nate mortal! By inferiors fear'd,  
 And by superiors shun'd, here resteth free  
 From all their frowns. Here beauty fails, here scorn,  
 Contempt of age and poor in filthy dress,

Are ended, and their earthly wages paid : 53  
 The lev'ler in return pours his contempt  
 Upon this outside show, this cheat, this farce,  
 This mockery of man, and cuts it off!  
 Destroys unkindly vanity's best work!  
 Could but her loving slave, whom her shy art 60  
 Had taught, attracted to be so, but see  
 His darling now, what would he say? Is this  
 My once Florella? My enchanting fair?  
 Ungenerous death! What hast thou done? Is this  
 The object I ador'd, and said she was 65  
 Divinely fair? Whom as a goddess I  
 With reverence approach'd? Alas! I can  
 Approach thee now, without thy shy retreat!  
 Where now is thy enamouring discourse?  
 That when thou spok'st encouragement to me, 70  
 'Twas music to my soul, my heart would dance,  
 In unison 'twould flutter at the sound?  
 Where are thy blushing cheeks, thy coral lips,  
 And iv'ry neck on which the curling jet  
 In glossy ringlets flow'd? With nature's arts 75  
 So many more, that all perfection seem'd  
 In thee? Upon thee I enraptur'd gaz'd,  
 And took thee for substantial joys, whilst thou  
 A star, or glittering meteor brightly shone :  
 But now thou'rt fall'n, eclips'd, of glory spoilt; 80  
 Fall'n from a sphere was not thy own, but shone  
 With borrow'd light; and all that's left of thee,  
 Is but a putrid mass. Lie then conceal'd,  
 Deep as thou art, in secresy there lie ;  
 Let night, with her impenetrable shades, 85  
 Guard there thy frightful form from human sight.  
 Let thy surviving sisters recollect,  
 When in the glass they contemplate their charms,  
 And pleasing features move them to a smile,  
 The horrid veil that's over now thy face, 90  
 And beauty's cheating veils that hide their own :  
 It will their toylet's labours regulate,  
 To deck the mind instead with virtue's garb,—  
 The dress and pattern of true godliness ;

AMONG THE TOMBS.

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It will a glory o'er their features spread, 95  
 And worth external from internal crown  
 Them bless'd: a lovely flower that worth will bloom,  
 And not by slander wither, nor by time,  
 But flourish in the winter's blast of envy.  
 Though death must pass on them,—on all, their dust,  
 Their holy relics, like the Phenix's, 101  
 Will spring up new; but perish not again  
 Like his: spring up to suffer change no more!  
 This thought of change,—of beauty so transform'd  
 By death, shall check my zeal to mortal things: 105  
 To highly think of clay, though to a soul  
 Of bless'd perfection join'd, is impotence,  
 Imprudent, and unworthy our delight;  
 Whate'er the heavenly soul breathes forth admire,—  
 A soul to teach, though wrapt in female mould! 110  
 These thoughts, I hope, will overrule me thus,  
 That beauties of the soul must be preferr'd  
 Before the house of clay, in which they dwell.  
 Here I my meditation check, or change  
 My thoughts upon the lover dwelt so long; 115  
 For roving judgment now assumes the reins,  
 And points me out new interesting scenes;—  
 New may be call'd, but still the root the same,  
 As branching from one nat'ral stock: so still  
 Reflecting on the whole,—mortality!— 120  
 That field of death that seems to wrap me round,  
 Throng'd with immortal names from mortal acts,—  
 Praises on tombs, the last hypocrisy  
 From man on man bestow'd; I'll smite my breast,  
 I'll heave a sigh, and ask is this thy fate, 125  
 O man! Erected in thy maker's form?  
 And that to keep was in thy well-warn'd power?  
 And now debas'd to mix with dust and worms,  
 What hast thou done? O first of men! What has  
 Thy disobedience wrought on earth? O sin! 130  
 So many stately structures of the flesh  
 Hast thou destroy'd; and wouldst our better part  
 Have plung'd much deeper still, had not the Son  
 Of interesting love for his own works,

Stept quick between the murderer and man. 135  
 Therefore let us acknowledge gratefully,  
 With heart and works, the thanks and worship due  
 To him, who has restor'd our fallen power,—  
 Plac'd us on equal ground against our foe.  
 In this soliloquy I'll simply ask, 140  
 Must I also become a breathless corpse,  
 And be what I deplore? Is there a time,  
 When these ideas,—thoughts that wander through  
 The infinite, like soundest sleep shall cease?  
 Is there no thinking in the grave? Dead dust 145  
 Cannot; the disembodied spirit may:  
 But who can this confirm, or this deny?  
 Yet if the soul out of the clay is perfect,  
 A resurrection need not be proclaim'd!  
 But rest assur'd, we shall this change pass through; 150  
 And nicer points are not for man to know;  
 Hope gives enough to know, if hope we keep,  
 That we're ordain'd not for eternal sleep.  
 If from the author I sometimes extend,  
 Remember this, all writers are but men! 155  
 But to my godly friend I'll now incline,  
 Whose bottom stones have been my building line,—  
 A fair foundation laid; therefore no fame,  
 (Should I work right,) will elevate my name.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## CONTENTS.

Incitement to improve Life;—this the best embalming.  
 Mary at the Sepulchre. Satan's triumph over Christ,  
 and disappointed ends:—Christ lying in the Grave softened  
 it for his People;—Faith in his dying moments  
 disarms Death, and paves for Man a road:—Death a  
 blessing to the Righteous;—their meeting the Judge;—  
 their acceptance into Purity. Sin and Death destroyed.  
 Thoughts on the Infinity of space, and Eternity of Existence.  
 Exhortation not to waste Time.



**A**GAIN, friend reader, Hervey you are with:

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Now should a figure from confinement burst,—  
 One of these dead start up in horrid shape,  
 And me confront, with awful ghastly looks,  
 And with a hoarse, tremendous murmur me 5  
 Accost, as Samuel's ghost accosted Saul;  
 It might like light'ning snatch away my life?  
 God's voice in thunder might not deeper sink,  
 As when pronounc'd that thou shalt shurely die!  
 That sentence pass'd on all, on me: I am 10  
 Condemn'd, but know not when the warrant comes!  
 Let me be dead in sin, and to the world;  
 Let me employ this little interval,  
 This respite from the execution day,  
 That when I close my eyes on all below, 15  
 I may have grace to open them above.  
 Since then my body to the grave is doom'd,  
 And all my earthly powers to earth consign'd;  
 May it be ever my unwearied care,  
 This little space I shall possess them here, 20  
 To use them well, in nobleness of mind,  
 Be ready more to give, than to receive;  
 And let my knees in humble posture, bend  
 Before the throne of grace; while down to earth  
 In penetential fears my eyes are cast, 25  
 Or upwards turn'd with some reviving hopes.  
 In ev'ry friendly interview, let love,  
 The root of charity, dwell in my breast;  
 Then charity will bloom in all my ways,  
 In gifts to soul and body both: 'tis then, 30  
 The gospel's peace might from my utt'rance flow;  
 In all assemblies then, I might my voice  
 Lift up, much like the trumpet's sound, and rouse  
 The living dead to their eternal state,  
 As from the grave the dead living shall rise, 35  
 Shall rise to glory all who died in Christ.  
 Be shut, my senses, resolutely shut,  
 Against the whispers of malevolence,  
 And the infectious breath of evil words;  
 But wisdom's counsel open still to hear; 40  
 And all attention when my Saviour speaks,

Or those who speak and teach his heavenly grace,  
 Or seeming grace if from deceitful hearts ;  
 For none but God can see hypocrisy,—  
 Or knows its dwelling-places here with men. 45  
 And may I ever to God's temple haste,  
 To beds of sick, and houses of the poor;  
 May all of me, devoted to God's will,  
 Be instruments his glory to promote :  
 Then, ye embalmers, spare your pains ; these works 50  
 Of faith, and labours of unwearied love,  
 Shall be my spices and perfumes: enwrapp'd  
 In these, then I would lie me gently down,  
 And in the blessed Saviour sweetly sleep ;  
 With hopes in God, that he my bones will rise, 55  
 From the corrupted grave, more perfect far,  
 Than silver from the furnace purified.  
 My contemplation now takes wing: and thoughts,  
 Which are the speediest messengers of earth,—  
 (No substances can with them wing their flight,) 60  
 Are in a moment now on Calv'ry's mount,  
 Alighted at the tomb of our Redeemer:  
 In viewing of my fellow creature's tombs,  
 I long to see that grave hewn in the rock,  
 That holy spot where our Redeemer lied,— 65  
 More holy made than consecrated ground  
 From hearts impure, perhaps, though purely meant,  
 By our Redeemer to be handed down.  
 And further still my longing thoughts advance ;  
 Could I but really see his body lie ; 70  
 Then some time after see the empty grave,  
 The angels next, and napkin folded up,  
 What should I feel? What must have Mary felt,  
 Or should have felt, when all these things she saw?  
 And yet she was with no idea mov'd 75  
 It seems, (though she had witness'd wondrous works  
 By him perform'd,) but of his body stolen.  
 Then turning round as she was kneeling down,  
 Saw Jesus standing close, who ask'd her why  
 She wept, and whom she sought? Confus'd 80  
 She stood, as nothing minding but the dead,

Nor had she knowledge they were angels then,  
 Thought Christ was one who might have stole the body.  
 Jesus seeing her grief by weeping much,  
 And to restore her to her former joy, 85  
 Most pleasantly address'd her by her name;  
 As much to say, how is it, Mary, thou  
 Dost know me not? Struck with surprise  
 And joy at once she would embrace his feet,  
 Whom he forbade, (as he was perfect then,) 90  
 Till he to heaven had arriv'd; and then  
 Return with full authority, that she,  
 Or Thomas should his sacred body touch;  
 And to convert his unbelief the more,  
 Should feel the very body with the wounds, 95  
 The spear and rugged irons made! Who knows,  
 But that desciple's incredulity  
 Might be, with Mary's blindness at the grave  
 By heaven design'd, to stamp conviction, love,  
 And wonder, deeper in their souls! Thou death, 100  
 Great was thy triumph when thou smotest God!  
 Thy kingdom ne'er such pris'ner held before!  
 But disappointed in thy envious hate—  
 Corruption's sphere, he prov'd to be the spy,—  
 Upsat the secrets of thy wicked realm, 105  
 And from thy black dominions safe withdrew,  
 And with him brought the crown and trophies all,  
 That Satan like a thief from Adam stole,  
 And with them long had govern'd mortal man;  
 And Christ with us he thought to have fast bound, 110  
 Through erring judgment brought him to the grave,  
 A captive pris'ner as he hoping thought:  
 But Christ restor'd himself, life's kingdom won,  
 And death's strong holds demolish'd. This, ye men,  
 Is your security, that Jesus trod 115  
 The dreadful path and smooth'd it for our passage;  
 As sin had pav'd a highway broad, from earth  
 To hell, Christ has another pav'd to heaven,  
 And lit it so the road we might not miss.  
 This, steadfastly hold fast,—believe in him, 120  
 And his highway to Sion you'll not err;



Believe in him, and losing mortal life,  
 Immortal life you'll find: his word is truth,  
 "Whoe'er believe in me shall never die!"  
 A joyful hope, that death a blessing comes,— 125  
 The life of frailty and its train of ills,  
 Chang'd for perfection's incorrupted peace!  
 Ye timorous, sinful souls, who're terrified  
 At death's approach, and at the sight of graves  
 And skulls turn pale, and to the grisly king 130  
 In bondage—fetter'd in his dark domain,  
 To your creator and preserver cry  
 For grace and faith, while you your actions purge  
 By practising good works; which for your faith,  
 'Twill prove a virtuous way: then death, disarm'd 135  
 Of stings, no ills alarm you, nor your end  
 You dread: good Simeon clasp'd his Lord,—embrac'd  
 Him with a fervent hope, acknowledg'd him  
 Redeemer, and in peace departed: Saul,  
 That persecutor, having found his Christ, 140  
 And felt his operating grace, could wish  
 From cumbrous clay to be dismiss'd. Bless'd faith,  
 Furnish'd with thee, the viper, cockatrice,  
 And asp, we need not fear. Thou happy faith,  
 Thou child of grace, and grace the child of God, 145  
 Granted when ask'd, and offer'd when 'tis not,  
 Thy hopeful resurrection to new life,  
 Fears not a sting, nor much worse mortal wound.  
 Thou resurrection,—joyful gift to man!  
 The sound alone that to thy name belongs, 150  
 Fills me with raptures, banishes despair!  
 Here in an abject state, you fetter'd lie  
 In death's grim caves: but we are truly told  
 The righteous are all prisoners of hope:—  
 There is a period in the womb of time 155  
 To be produc'd, whose birth none foreknows when  
 But God; which moment will from his great seal,  
 Hand down an act of grace, to free from bands  
 The long imprison'd dead; the whole will rise,  
 Shake off the slumbers of the grave, and all 160  
 Who died in faith's sure hope, to meet their Christ

AMONG THE TOMBS.

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Will gladly fly: the soul receives its bride  
 With joy, complete when to its body join'd.  
 The soul alone rejoices in the union,—  
 For matter cannot think; nor yet the soul 165  
 Without the matter with't, for aught we know;  
 But think it may, yet not so perfectly:  
 If sleeping is an emblem true of death,  
 Then dreams are all that to the soul belong.  
 But what the disembodied soul may be 170  
 United perfect is the scripture saith,  
 When their Redeemer in the clouds they meet,  
 And welcomes them to his abode; he comes  
 Their father, bridegroom, everlasting friend,  
 With glory irresistible, and power; 175  
 And of his greatness they will take no dread.  
 The trumpet's awful noise and solemn change,  
 Unpeopleing the world of all that liv'd  
 And live, serve greater to inflame the love,  
 And hopes revive, of all who are in Christ. 180  
 The awful Judge, amidst magnificence,  
 Vouchsafes in splendour to confess their names,  
 And their fidelity commemorate,  
 Before the throng of earth and skies assemble'd.  
 The thunder hush'd and trumpet's awful sound, 185  
 The heavenly host around in silence rang'd,  
 And Adam's race struck with astonishment,  
 And joy at once, to see new scenes, delights,  
 And glories various, when the supreme judge,  
 With countenance serene and glory bright, 190  
 Who is perfection, his perfected race,  
 Receives by heavenly sounds, or words more sweet,  
 Than art's harmonious accents here in verse,—  
 The frail embellishments of mortal man;—  
 "You are my own, that in my name believ'd; 195  
 "Renounc'd your sins, and are in me complete;  
 "Wash'd with my blood, and in my garments cloth'd;  
 "You've glorified me, faithful prov'd your end:  
 "Come then, ye children wise of light, receive  
 "A kingdom ever yours, and wear a crown 200  
 "Shall never fade": so speaks the heavenly king,

And welcomes them to his eternal mansions,  
 Thou death, that hast drank deep of mortal blood,  
 Now like a tyrant falls't on thy own sword;—  
 For thy friend sin, that did thy quiver fill, 205  
 That pointed all thy shafts, and strung thy arm,  
 Thou hast destroy'd, and with her fell thyself:  
 No more in realms of light dominion hold,  
 But sent your broadway down to blackest hell,  
 Best suiting blackest deeds! Eternity! 210  
 What thought can give thee end? And infinite!  
 What eye can give thee bounds? What eye, though help'd  
 By art, can pierce thy void? The optic glass  
 That sends it further on, no nearer is!  
 A strange existence of a something great, 215  
 And yet a nothing! Form'd by thought alone  
 Perhaps,—and yet our thoughts in both are lost,—  
 In infinite and in eternity,  
 Existencies that serve necessity!  
 Who can with meditations find their depth? 220  
 What figures will compute, what numbers state,  
 Eternity and infinite's extent?  
 Since we must launch into this endless state,  
 Whose wages are the earnings of this life,  
 Let us be diligent and not waste time, 225  
 Repentance only to this life belongs;  
 Beyond the grave the wheel of fortune ends,—  
 Our wheel of fate stops turning with our breath,  
 And seals us blank or prize unalterable:  
 Therefore our hope, or fear, becomes our judge, 230  
 The saints rejoice amidst the smiles of heaven;  
 Their harps are ever tun'd, no string amiss,  
 No accident nor interruption there:  
 But at the wicked's misery my mind  
 Recoils, starts back with apprehensive fears, 235  
 Unwilling to pursue, or to set forth  
 That dreadful state, which me, and all mankind  
 To seriously concerns; yet better bear  
 A transient pang in thought, than suffer pain  
 Eternally; the misery in thought 240  
 By deep reflection rous'd, may us awake,

To shun the dreadful road,—that highway broad,  
 And more adore the pleasant path of God;  
 Drive us, perhaps, like the avenger's sword,  
 To some near refuge,—city of our Lord. 245  
 The wicked here like malefactors lie,  
 In dungeons dark till resurrection-day,—  
 That solemn day, when all their bones shall rise,  
 To join their souls, that wander'd in the skies:  
 Sad they must be if they can partly think, 250  
 To know their fate, when to their bodies link'd.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONTENTS.

The anguish of the wicked's last Sickness; no hope but from the Religion they despised; that very precarious.



**W**HAT clouds of grief must weigh the wicked down  
 At death's approach? Their deeds no hope have gain'd!  
 No hope substantial built on heavenly love!  
 But with their bodies perish in the grave!  
 What dread o'erwhelms the soul that cannot die,— 5  
 The sinning soul that cannot endless sleep?  
 He sees the archer aiming at his heart,  
 While on the precipice he shudd'ring stands,  
 Dreading the plunge into eternity;  
 He backward looks, and sees death arm'd with stings,—  
 Her scourge to whip him on; then forward looks, 11  
 And sees the black tremendous gulf, and finds  
 All hopes are lost, to shun the ru'nous fall!  
 And should accomplices in his vile deeds,  
 Be near him then, and stare him in the face, 15  
 Those who perhaps he has drawn into sin,  
 'Twould further aggravate his guilt; or had  
 They been religious teachers to his soul,  
 When in the height of his gay merriments,  
 He shunn'd, and redicul'd the warning voice, 20  
 How would he then on his death-bed reflect?  
 But now too late to purge his guilty soul,

And only serves hell's horrors to augment!  
 Disjoin'd from good, his heart already feels,  
 Feels the impassable abyss beyond 25  
 The grave, that bar between the good and ill.—  
 He may at last begin to pray, constrain'd  
 By-deep distress to tempt his maker's aid;—  
 With trembling lips and fault'ring tongue, lifts up  
 A feeble, doubting prayer. But why so long 30  
 Has he forgot his God? His counsels all  
 Despis'd? And under his incessant calls  
 So thoughtless and so harden'd stood, when warn'd  
 By prophets, teachers, and the holy Spirit,  
 To seek the Lord while yet he might be found? 35  
 If mercy he obtains th'eleventh hour,  
 Then God is gracious, and his law not hard:  
 Happy at such a moment to find grace,  
 Happy for him and man's neglecting race;  
 But who can tell that God will lend an ear, 40  
 And give him hopes in his despairing fear?  
 He may for aught all mortals here do know,  
 Withhold his grace or freely it bestow;  
 Freely, perhaps, if he in time had call'd,  
 To seek that faith his law bestows on all: 45  
 But now of life he moans the sad remains,  
 In doubting hopes, mix'd with convulsive pains;  
 Pains insupportable in ev'ry pore,  
 With pains of conscience ever to endure.

## CHAPTER XV.

## CONTENTS.

Sin double form'd. The sinner's fate in the invisible world; they rise though reluctantly. Sin and death's Broadway. No helps beyond the grave. The hypocrite that preaches for pride and interest. Hope, our greatest blessing here. Despair, a bitter cup. On the resurrection day, with a view of the present security and future glory of the righteous.



AMONG THE TOMBS.

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**I**f such is sin's sure paying, dreadful end,  
 Fly from her baits, shun her deceiving sweets;  
 Into her slip'ry secrets enter not!  
 Thou sin, thou cunning painted fair deceiver;  
 Thou fair intriguing harlot double form'd, 5  
 Thy looks seem pleasant, but thy end is death!  
 Fly from her, lest the antidote against  
 Her pois'nous sting, may not be sought in time.  
 A happy dissolution, was the grave,  
 The period of the sinner's woes, the soul's 10  
 Abode, in silence with its house of clay,  
 No more to animate it: but alas!  
 These tribulations at the sinner's death,  
 Are maladies eternity can't cure:  
 No sooner is the soul dislodg'd, but wings 15  
 Its flight into the endless void; nor join  
 With those who have perfection gain'd, and died  
 In peace; as incorruption cannot join  
 With base,—or righteousness with evil; dwell  
 In turns they may in human hearts, but mix 20  
 Cannot; nor can they both the blest abodes  
 Enjoy; impell'd to wander through their loss  
 Of faith, (despair their instinct judge becomes,)  
 To hopeless regions,—evil's fountain head;  
 And there expos'd to bear the scorn, insults 25  
 Of those who lately tempted them; of which  
 From wicked men we taste a sample here:  
 That discontent, foul tongue, and envious hate,  
 That roam the earth, and sculk in wicked hearts,  
 Are but the branches of a root in hell. 30  
 What holy thoughts can form the wicked's state?  
 Thoughts holy made, free from sin's tempting snares,  
 Which is our holy state hereafter this?  
 For evil can best evil comprehend?  
 The prince of peace no longer owns them his; 35  
 His law impartial dealt to all, which gives  
 Them hopes in their departing hours, and hope  
 Gives heaven, they sought not, but a dreadful ruin!  
 To dwell in darkness, with embitter'd thoughts,  
 Far worse than that despair of suicide, 40

Which plagues the sinner here ; and of their fate  
 More sensible as more complete their thoughts,  
 When resurrection has its work perform'd!  
 A resurrection will bring them no gains :  
 Would they not bless the grave, not bless that state 45  
 Less sensible of misery, and wish  
 To lie eternally from sense and thought,  
 When sense and thought no comfort find but pain?  
 But O! Their souls through God's unerring law,  
 Must animate again their clay; their fate 50  
 Was seal'd at the departing soul ; now join'd,  
 They're by a whip of conscience drove to hell.  
 And now her gates eternally are shut,  
 And sin and death's Broadway, that on the gulf  
 Of chaos long been built, by heaven remov'd ; 55  
 Unless God should repeal his ancient law,  
 Or his decree not known to man or angel,  
 And mitigate their endless pain ; and then,  
 For second trial of their faith, should place  
 On even ground by strength and worth renew'd, 60  
 That after drinking deep such bitter cup,  
 Might easy then their happy state maintain.  
 But man, trust not to that uncertainty,  
 But what the scriptures have declar'd ; thy works  
 And faith is all thou hast to trust to here ; 65  
 Therefore make thy election sure, for saints,  
 Nor angels, can assist thee: 'tis in vain  
 Beyond the grave,—'tis then too late: if helps  
 Could be beyond the grave the Son of God  
 Need not on earth appear. What wouldst thou then? 70  
 To shun, impracticable thou wilt find ;  
 To justify thyself impossible,  
 And supplications utterly in vain.  
 How empty now, how ineffectual are  
 The arts of hypocrites, those polish'd frauds 75  
 For int'rest and renown? Who doctrines teach  
 To gain them names, or be themselves that God,  
 Whom they would teach their neighbours to adore?  
 The heavens their guilty treachery declare,  
 And all redeem'd who justly serv'd their God ; 80

AMONG THE TOMBS.

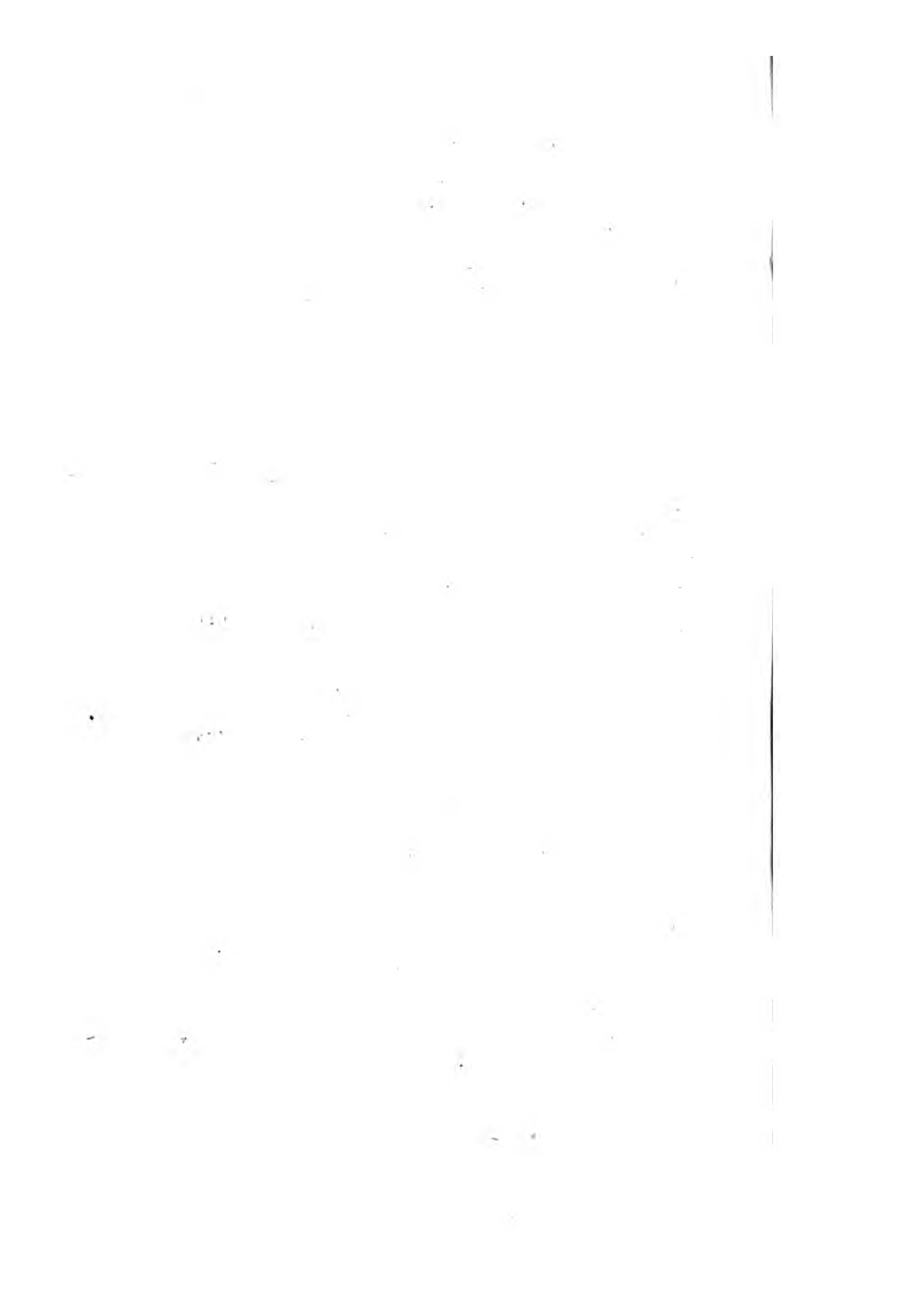
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God's law they traded with for worldly pride ;  
 But now a price unpleasant they receive :  
 All hopes are lost, despair the punishment,  
 And self destruction not within their power !  
 Now gladly would they hide from God and light ! 65  
 From joy that they cannot partake ; for good  
 In prospect aggravates the ill, and hell's  
 Close dungeon best becomes despair ! If minds  
 Contemptuous follow, and become their hell  
 What must they feel when purity has got 90  
 The lead,— their Judge,—there enemy unseen,  
 That with a whip of conscience close pursues ?  
 And right or left of hell's deep tract to move,  
 No shelter nor advantage gain ? But down  
 In darkness sink, best hiding place they wish,— 95  
 Best suiting their despair ! A misery  
 Indeed, if hope is cut for ever off,  
 That greatest source of bliss that strikes us here !  
 No hope of end is that which makes the pain ;  
 One pleasing minute's hope is justly this, 100  
 One minute's joy ! Despair, thou bitter cup,  
 When on thyself thou canst not act, but bear  
 Eternal horrors thou canst not destroy !  
 Therefore through hopeless ages thou must suffer,  
 "Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 105  
 "And rest can never dwell ; hope never comes  
 "That comes to all ; but torture without end"  
 Let him who've pity and compassion, warn  
 His erring fellow creatures lovingly ;  
 Not like a judge, and on them sentence pass, 110  
 Lest his own sight should not be clearly purg'd ;  
 Or in God's chair should set, to teach, dictate,  
 For pride's vain glory, from the praise of men ;  
 But to their hearts join seriously his own :  
 Then may he pray, exhort his friends, or whom 115  
 He likes, to take the wings of faith unfeign'd,  
 Repentance undelay'd, and shun the curse,  
 Through our neglect, we on ourselves might bring.  
 Those serious meditations on the grave,  
 On righteousness, and endless misery, 120



May thou, my soul, for ever recollect;  
 Remember them in going to thy rest,  
 And when thou risest up; and when thou walk'st,  
 Make them companions with thy thoughts as now;  
 Let their wise voices thy sole prompter be; 125  
 Thy views, and adoration to thy God,  
 They'll magnify, and earthly vanities  
 Decrease. Be this my fix'd, and grounded view;  
 My sovereign Creator to obtain;  
 Obtain my sentence in my heart, of love 130  
 And faith, unmov'd by tempting snares: 'tis then  
 His love and glory will engross my soul;  
 And I shall nothing equal to it feel!  
 Those dread events impending who shall see?  
 What child unborn, or born, shall witness be 135  
 To nature's dissolution? Who behold  
 The burning earth, the living chang'd, and dead  
 Alarm'd? Who hear the trumpet's awful sound,  
 That threatens ruin to ten thousand worlds?  
 The burning earth such rapid flames will cast, 140  
 While on her orbit languishing she rolls,  
 May fright the moon's inhabitants; her kings  
 In council, drop their deep designs of war,—  
 Of burning cities, laying kingdoms waste,  
 Mere nothings all, to this they now behold! 145  
 A wide, surpassing change, from when she stood,  
 Between them and the sun, in dead eclipse?  
 A globe of darkness then she seem'd and hid  
 The sun, if doubl'd his diamater!  
 And must my soul when to the body join'd, 150  
 Like an ethereal vapour to it join'd,!  
 Snatch'd from the grave, or chang'd from earthly life,  
 See from aloof this dreadful burning earth?  
 And will her flames a further ruin spread?  
 Will all our glorious system be a wreck? 155  
 And further still— an universal wreck,  
 And touch the bounds of uncreated night?  
 And will they see the blue expanse, that binds  
 Our view, bend like a scroll? Or rather say  
 Into the chaos turn'd, its ancient state, 160

And nature's curtain drop, to end the scene,  
 And heaven and hell the only two abodes?  
 And will creation end? To mortals here  
 That matters not; but to our ways take heed,  
 And trim our lamps, that for the bridegroom we 165  
 May be prepar'd, and found in virtue's robes:  
 Or how shall we with boldness stand, without  
 Our faith,— our all in Christ, and he in us,  
 To see the ruin through creation's whole,  
 When earth herself reels to and fro, and hearts 170  
 Of numbers sinking deep with fear? Now lest  
 My meditations in a cloud should set,  
 And leave a gloom upon the reader's mind,  
 Let me once more the brightest prospects chace;  
 A view of them and their delightful hopes, 175  
 May help remove the melancholy bred,  
 On misery eternal dwelt so long:  
 As when a field, array'd in chearful green,  
 Enliven'd and renew'd by summer's spring,  
 Invites the eye from freezing winter's death. 180  
 The righteous here in tombs of safety lie,  
 Like wary pilots in a shelter'd creek,  
 Till storms are ended in the lower world;  
 Here they safe anchorage enjoy; no fear  
 Of shipwreck from temptation's scenes, 185  
 Some gulf to penetrate for worldly lust,  
 Or seas unseal'd before: their voyages  
 Through life are made; ere long they'll hoist their flag  
 Of hope, redeeming love their sails, and faith  
 Secur'd the gale; and make eternal life, 190  
 Their long, and labour'd, wish'd for, happy port!  
 Thus may my readers rich in faith and love,  
 Surmount the storms, and make the port above;  
 My little bark shall with their number mix,  
 Nor reck'ning doubt, while faith at helm is fix'd; 195  
 No envious winds shall wreck or us divide,  
 While Christ our convoy rides upon the tide;  
 A pilot sure, as sure as we believe,  
 Believe in him and he will not deceive;  
 But land us safely from this troubl'd sea, 200  
 To peaceful regions in eternal day.



# REFLECTIONS

ON A

## FLOWER-GARDEN.



CHAPTER I.

### CONTENTS.

Summer-morning's walk in a Garden; invitation to early rising. The insensible Sluggard. Vastness of the Heavens: greater extent of divine Mercy. The Sun's rising glories, emblem of Christ, in its natural quickening influencies. The Pagan World in darkness. Opinion on the cause of Colours. Production of Metals: all substancies generated from Fluids. The Sun, Fountain of light and vigour to his own System. The Atmosphere distributes the sun's heat round this globe, and a reference drawn from it to Christ's Kingdom. On the nature of Dews, and their worth, and many religious referencies drawn from it. A view of the Country and its Productions; of an Orchard, and Kitchen Garden, characteris'd as useful. Distant Hills, their worth described. The Sea, and its worth described;—incitements to Gratitude.



**E**REWHILE my meditations I indulg'd  
Among the tombs, and view'd with rev'rent thoughts  
The gloomy mansions of the dead; I now  
Invite you to a more delightful scene,  
(Though there delight I took,) a garden deck'd 5  
With blossom, charming to the sight and smell,  
Which senses I awhile will here regale.  
'Tis early in a summer's morn, the air  
Is cool, the face of nature fresh and gay;  
The busy human world scarcely awake, 10  
Nor riot's giddy slumbers long begun

**All is serene that pleases tranquil minds,**  
**And serious thoughts invites ; all nature still,**  
**Except the chearful lark, that left his nest,**  
 And mounting high, to welcome in the day, 15  
 And call his fellow songsters to their notes,  
 And rouse the sluggard, if he will be rous'd !  
 Thou early bird, companion of the dawn,  
 May I for ever rise when thou dost call,  
 To offer up my song of thankfulness, 20  
 As thou thy song of joy ! How charming 'tis,  
 To rove abroad at this sweet hour of time ?  
 The calm of nature to enjoy, and taste  
 The sweet, unrif'd morning air ?  
 "Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet 25  
 "With charm of earliest birds"  
 What pleasures real the sons of sloth pass by,  
 How little is the sluggard sensible,  
 Of his existence, and its true delights ?  
 Born as he thinks, to gratify, indulge 30  
 All sensual ease, and as a brute, of life  
 No higher value knows ; yet brutes may be  
 His teachers now, and rouse him from his slumber ;  
 Though ease his aim, yet he so vainly errs,  
 That nature's joys, by overacting spoils ; 35  
 The morning's grayness now declines, and streaks  
 Of ruddy hue supply its place, and tinge  
 The fleeces of the firmament. At length  
 The dapple aspect of the east is lost,  
 Or spread into one ardent, boundless blush ; 40  
 With shame it reddens at its slothful sons,  
 So many on their downy pillows lost,  
 From God and nature in luxurious ease !  
 Was man created for such idle use ?  
 While that is up which gives him light and heat, 45  
 Performing willingly for him his part ?  
 And all the feather'd songsters, joyfully,  
 In hymning harmony their homage paying ?  
 No ; from his slumb'ring ease of misery,  
 Let him recover, and recall his thoughts, 50  
 And learn from them to live ; let him improve

AMONG THE TOMBS.

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Their joyful morning's song, by praises more  
Refin'd, as his endowments more excel ;  
So form'd with reason, and erected shape,  
To upward look into the blue expanse,— 55  
A wondrous theatre ! Where lightnings dart  
Their long imprison'd fires, and thunders roar,  
And tempests spend their rage, and move the sea ;  
Where worlds unnumber'd roll ; where height, and depth,  
And all extent is lost ; where high, or low,— 60  
Above, beneath, there's none ; for up, or down,  
Is only known by gravity's strange force,  
Which wraps our globe, and presses to its centre ;  
But up or down, in the ethereal space,  
Is no where to be found : mysterious this 65  
To weakest faculties ; mysterious more  
To strongest, God's eternal wisdom home  
To fountain head to trace ; who in his grasp  
Supports creation with its train of worlds !  
To whom the vast extent is but a point ! 70  
His truth and mercy is as infinite ;  
He pardons crimes through his redeeming love,  
The blackest, hell can in the mind instill,  
With perfect readiness, more readily  
Than this huge globe, on its convexity, 75  
Admits a mountain, or a grain of sand !  
Come hither then, ye trembling sinners come,  
Who're laden with your guilt, condemn yourselves ;  
Renounce reliance on this changing world,  
And on God's mercy set your trust for ever. 80  
Behold the sun descending from the east ;  
The clouds, like floating curtains, are thrown back  
At his approach : of all ethereal beings  
He is the greatest monarch, visible  
To man : with a majestic sway he rules ; 85  
Sole governor of light and heat, he sheds  
His influence far through the boundless space,  
Illuminating many worlds ; or they  
In deeper darkness must their journeys take,  
Than any midnight traveller : nor light 90  
And heat are all his qualities ; all life

That God has fram'd he nourishes ; his force  
 Finds way to gems and gold, and in the deep,  
 And subterraneous arteries of earth,  
 As well as nourish, acts the alchymist. 95  
 Well might the heathens take him for their God!  
 And worship him, far more excusable,  
 Than worship figures form'd by their own hands!  
 Yet erring still at best, for to the sun  
 Of righteousness their homage should be paid, 100  
 Till it became their happiness supreme,  
 And be the ruling passion of their souls.  
 Nor do I stand alone in this opinion ;  
 A judge of science and perfective worth,  
 Who form'd his taste on blisful paradise, 105  
 And his instructions finish'd in the heavens,  
 Determin'd to know nothing but his Christ,  
 And his redeeming love though he possess'd  
 Accomplishments admir'd,— sin's tempting baits,  
 Yet he despis'd them all for saving grace, 110  
 Pronounc'd them snares to capture vanity !  
 Methinks I see a splendid quality,  
 Worthy admiring in thy face, thou sun :  
 Thou art the most materials't consequence,  
 To man and nature, on the azure roads ; 115  
 There's more of God in thy created face,  
 Than what is visible besides. Well might  
 The heathens make mistake, and worship thee,  
 For even sacred writings this declare,  
 Comparing thee to God's bright essence thus, 120  
 The sun of righteousness shall rise to all  
 Who fear my name, with healing in his wings.  
 And now to God compar'd thou climbst the east,  
 To scatter light and gladness round the earth,—  
 The parts thy nightly circuit could not chear : 125  
 And what a chearless dungeon all would be,  
 Without thy beams? Lost in obscurity,  
 We should in vain roll round our eyes; turn where  
 We would, no comliness would grace our sight ;—  
 All would an undistinguish'd blank appear : 130  
 But in the center fix'd thou serv'st the worlds,

And by them serv'd through some attracting use,  
 While they in circles round thee move ; useless  
 There's nothing in the space ; reciprocal  
 Their wants, as kings protect, and subjects pay. 135  
 Behold our plains, by his celestial gifts,  
 Adorn'd with verdure, both to use and sight ;  
 The whole creation round enjoys his wealth,—  
 The system's retinue, or man would perish ;  
 And perish still for what his beams could do, 140  
 Had not the sun of righteousness appear'd.  
 What apprehensions did the pagan world  
 Suggest of God? What dreams of doctrines held  
 They of a future state? How did the Jews,  
 In disadvantages and labour hard, 145  
 In very vanity weary themselves,  
 For peace with their Jehovah to obtain,  
 Till Jesus rose, and clear'd the way to light?  
 Now we no longer cry with restless fears,  
 Where is our God, and whom shall we adore, 150  
 While we contemplate him in Jesus Christ ;  
 No longer cry which is the way to bliss ;  
 The path he mark'd,—the perfect road describ'd,  
 And wilderness of errors pointed out ;  
 No more misgivings in our hearts, to ask, 155  
 Who shall the stone roll off, and to us open  
 The everlasting doors, or who remove  
 The flaming sword, that into paradise  
 Blocks up our entrance: 'tis already done :  
 The mighty Lord and leader to our rights, 160  
 Abolish'd all strong holds, that had intrench'd,  
 And fortified both sin and death. Now sin,  
 By his obedience to the law, and death,  
 By his unblemish'd sacrifice cut down ;  
 Such clear removes, or conquests gain'd for man, 165  
 And left his followers to maintain the same,  
 What have we left to do but follow them,  
 Whose great dictator was the Lord of all!  
 Whenever we bless God for transient gifts,—



The circling seasons and revolving days, 170  
 Bless him much more for that eternal gift,—  
 The sun of righteousness, that in the east  
 Appear'd, a bright, unclouded, happy morn;  
 And brought eternal day to all mankind,  
 To all who wake to early godliness; 175  
 Or we should be in darkness groping, lost  
 In mazes, stumbling on no one to help,  
 No one to set the wand'ring trav'ler right.  
 Thou sun, thou emblem of that glorious day,—  
 'Thou faint resemblance of thy mighty God, 180  
 Without thy influencing principle,—  
 Thy quickning, masc'line nature shed abroad,  
 This earth would be a lifeless mass, a lump  
 Of rude inactive dirt; without thy beams,  
 Thy energy shot through the universe, 185  
 The trees would bear no leaves, nor plants bear flowers;  
 No more should we behold the meadows green,  
 The vallies thick with corn, the fig trees bloom,  
 Nor vines bear grapes; but flocks and herds  
 Cut off for want of pasturage, and man 190  
 Likewise through that defective cause. Thou sun,  
 That paints with colours gay the flow'ry tribe;—  
 The changing colours cause to mortal art  
 A mystery, as secret as the tides:  
 This property, in seed, in juice, or both; 195  
 In juice perhaps, which is the food the root  
 Takes in, and taints the fluid in it lodg'd;  
 Or heat, (which is the tree's concoction,) taints  
 The juicy food that through its arteries run;  
 Which quality, expos'd to air and heat, 200  
 Discriminates itself in white or red,  
 Or any colour from that instinet's worth.  
 Thou sun, that paints the spring to charm the eye,  
 And autumn with our necessary food,  
 Thou pierces to the roots, and set'st a float 205  
 Fermenting juices, and exhales them quickly;  
 In ev'ry tree and herb, that law the same;  
 Whose fruit is that same juice congeal'd, that we

Partake, to feed our heat, and strengthen us ;  
 Though various are the draughts by poison mixt, 210  
 Which God, through nature gave us art to know,  
 The good to choose, and bad to shun ; yet bad  
 There's none, if art was greater still to prove  
 Its use : God nothing made in vain ! Nor are  
 His favours to the surface round confin'd ; 215  
 For in the deep recesses of the earth,  
 His agency cast into rain finds way,  
 And penetrates to metal beds, and finds  
 Its way to seeds of gold ripening to oar,  
 And brilliant makes the operating fluid, 220  
 That swells the di'mond, or the sapphire stone,  
 Congeal'd on mother rocks, as fruit on trees :  
 One plan in nature, forms the whole produce  
 Of earth, though various are the worths and structures ;  
 Nor are our bodies built by any stranger law, 225  
 Than fluids changing into substances.  
 In short, the beneficial agency,  
 Of this magnificent and wondrous ball,  
 Does beautify, impregnate, all the worlds  
 That round him roll ; there's nothing in his reach 230  
 He overlooks ;—an emblem of our God,  
 Who hasten'd through the universe his beams,—  
 His son, the promis'd sun of righteousness,  
 To quicken who, unto eternal life  
 Were dead in sins ; beyond the sun's command, 235  
 Whose quick'ning power into eternal life,  
 Was spoilt, when Satan cross'd the gulph of chaos,  
 And over-reach'd the regent of his realm,  
 And threw his beams into mortality :  
 But Christ, the resurrection and the life, 240  
 Renews us all, his transient virtue also,  
 While nature, and his mortal orb exist ;  
 His greater blaze of glory shines on him,  
 And on our souls, till the affected heart,  
 Forth into heavenly graces shoot, with fruits 245  
 Of righteousness abounding. Thou true faith,  
 Thou undissembl'd love,—productions sure

Of our vile natures chang'd, effects of his  
 Divine impressions purchas'd by our prayers ;  
 The mind, without this heavenly grace, one act      250  
 Of good except a moral one cannot  
 Perform. Thou sun, thou sov'reign of the day,  
 When thou diffusest mildness from thy rays,  
 Millions of glitt'ring insects then awake,  
 And bask their chearful moments in thy beams ;      255  
 The birds start from their slumbers winterly  
 Or nightly, pouring forth their joy to see  
 Thy face,—their songs of joy in ev'ry wood ;  
 The flocks with bleating accents hail the morn,  
 The hills rebound their notes, and fill the vales      260  
 With music ; nature all join in one joy  
 At thy approach, or thy unclouded face.  
 Wert thou extinct, what horrors would attack  
 This globe ! Or stedfast stand at any hour,  
 One side would burn, the other freeze ! Shouldst thou 265  
 But only be eclips'd,—thy face conceal'd  
 By our small moon, whose shadow on this earth  
 Is but a point, all nature seems to loose  
 Its joys ; the heavens put on a sable mourning,  
 The sprightliest animals hang down their heads,      270  
 The songsters of the grove seem dumb, and beasts  
 That roam in darkness, quit their dens for prey ;  
 Some birds alarm'd, shriek omens for their songs ;  
 And sinners unacquainted with the cause,  
 Are seiz'd with apprehensive fears : just so,      275  
 If Christ should hide his face, and faith loose sight  
 Of Israel's glory, gloomy is the soul :  
 The christian heavily again moves on,  
 Left naked to a sinful world, his peace,—  
 His reconciliation fled, and nought to weigh      280  
 Against his tempting adversaries, nought  
 Against indignity the scourge of hell ·  
 Send down, most gracious Jesus then, send down  
 Thy nobler sun-beams from on high and bless  
 The people with thy light ; and that impart,      285  
 "What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,

"The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart felt joy."  
 Thou sun, thy sov'reign virtues I'll pursue  
 Again; profusely liberal of gifts,  
 Thou chear'st the utmost compass of the skies; 290  
 The east thy rising radiance guilds, the west  
 Thy setting; when to other kingdoms thou  
 Retir'st, the atmosphere impregnated  
 By thee, supplies in part thy place, and spreads  
 Thy heat impartially, from south to north, 295  
 Encompassing the globe: so thou, great sun  
 Of righteousness, impartial are thy gifts;  
 The generations thy enlivening beams  
 Felt long ago: before this world or sun  
 Thou wert; before terrestrial things were form'd, 300  
 Thou sat'st secure upon the throne of bliss;  
 And generations yet unborn, shall feel  
 Thy quick'ning spirit, and rejoice; thy grace,  
 And suff'ring death, did to the first extend,  
 And will to latest ages of mankind. 305  
 Could but thy gospel with the sun take flight,  
 And light up every nation in his round,  
 Then will that best of eras come,—that time  
 Advance, when all the world shall know their God,  
 His grace, themselves, and worship him aright! 310  
 Now we from heaven, descend again to earth:  
 Here, drops of dew, like liquid crystals shine;  
 As brilliant to the eye as those rich gems,  
 That ornament the crowns of kings; there's nought  
 Deficient but solidity to vie 315  
 With them. Ye short-liv'd ornaments possess'd  
 Of little more than momentary beings;  
 The sun that lights you up, will soon dissolve,—  
 Exhale you hence to feed the dryer air.  
 May our united breathings after God, 320  
 Not be like these uprooted vanities,  
 But in our hearts be ever fixt and found;  
 Not like these fleeting beauties of the morn,  
 But like the growing glories of the day,  
 That with increasing splendours brighter shine. 325

Thou dew, let me thy qualities set forth ;  
 Thou hast thy place and worth, with transient things ;  
 Thy cooling distillation in the night,  
 Restores the loss from parching heat by day ;  
 The verdure moisten'd by thy humid sweets, 330  
 Shoots deeper roots, and flushes fresher bloom ;  
 Their fragrance faint, becomes reversely strong,  
 And fattens into food for hungry herds.  
 Thus by the holy spirit are our souls  
 Restor'd, and hopes renew'd ; the comforter, 335  
 That steals upon our minds invisibly,  
 Like pearly drops upon the languid leaves,  
 Is witness we are born of God ; is proof  
 We are renew'd by cheering us with hopes,  
 As by the dew the drooping grass is cheer'd. 340  
 What pleasing changes then ensue? No more  
 Disquietudes from boubting hopes to taste ;  
 No more uneasy apprehensions feel ;  
 Hope's soothing train of joys succeed ; the looks  
 And features from dejection bend ; the eyes 345  
 Brighten from happiness within ; the tongue  
 Its heart-felt satisfaction sounds ; sounds forth  
 Thanksgiving language from the lips. O God!  
 Pour down thy blessings in continual dew,  
 Let not our thirsty fleeces long be dry, 350  
 For want of thy eternal spring of life!  
 Who can enumerate these pearly drops ?  
 They hang on every hedge and spray wide round ;  
 No blade of grass nor single leaf, but wears  
 The studded ornaments,—small watry globes, 355  
 That are in size as various as in tale.  
 That acting law from the almighty cause,  
 That forms the universal bodies round,  
 Forms wat'ry drops to globes. The active thoughts  
 Here may contemplate, wander, and admire! 360  
 First that similitude contemplate, which,  
 The royal prophet's prophecy declar'd,  
 That grace shall spread itself in human hearts,  
 As numerous as dew-drops on the leaves,—

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Christ's kingdom's growth in numbers equal them! 365  
 The cool still night, by air serene, conceives,  
 And bears these numerous pearly drops,  
 And morning's sun exposes them to view :  
 So shall the gospel's flock regenerate ;  
 Millions shall to the birth repair, support 370  
 Christ's church, that satan's race, by subtle art,  
 Nor open violence shall hurt ; the hypocrite's  
 Deluding bait, and tyrant's dreaded fear,  
 Shall fly before the truth, where truth takes root,  
 Like sparks before the smoke. Immanuel 375  
 Believers will not want,—the world is his !  
 A heaven on earth his trav'ling grace maintains,  
 To bring him saints and worshippers above,  
 To form his retinue, and throne surround.  
 Here, on the various acts of providence, 380  
 My wonder seems renew'd ! I weigh in mind  
 Those wise effects of the almighty cause,—  
 Those raging showers, and those more gentle dews,  
 Though wide their births, yet to one end concur!  
 The showers, returning from the well fed clouds, 385  
 Which they suck'd up when parch'd with thirst, and drank  
 Their fill, concocted there, and then discharg'd  
 As dregs, feed next the parch'd up hungry earth ;  
 While dews as sweat the atmosphere perspires,  
 And nourishes the substances below ; 390  
 And some the hot and sweating earth creates,  
 Sent from her entrails to the surface round,  
 And nourish growing nature there : when done  
 With, they are by the dryer air exhal'd,  
 ( Air made more dry when Sol ascends his throne, ) 395  
 And from our senses disappear by stealth  
 As form'd ; form'd in the nightly air serene  
 They steal their births insensibly ; so still,  
 And imperceptibly, they overreach  
 The human eye and ear ; less violent 400  
 Than blust'ring storms, or thunder's rain : yet all,  
 Are God's creating, secret providence ;  
 Secret to man, that he might more admire,

When lab'ring hard his wisdom he obtains,  
 And finds his works are not without a plan: 405  
 Encourag'd there he onward bends his course:  
 For should his works be too familiar made,  
 He might by that unhallowed become.  
 As gentle dews, and rain more violent,  
 Are in their places equally of use; 410  
 So sinners I have known, reclaim'd from works  
 Of darkness, by severity's harsh means;  
 Their stubborn hearts at Sinai were address'd,  
 By the almighty's voice, that shook the mountain,  
 Their guilty souls far more; the thunders roar'd, 415  
 And disinal fears preceded their new birth;  
 In pain they mov'd, and to extremities  
 Reduc'd, before they found their hope of rest.  
 Others have been by milder methods won;  
 Serene as gentle dews the warning voice 420  
 Came down; God's kingdom in their hearts took place,—  
 They pass'd from death to life, a change unseen,  
 Though not unfelt. Thou fountain head of good,  
 If with conviction's scourge, or cords of love,  
 Or terrors of alarms, or winning smiles, 425  
 Thou soften'st stubborn hearts, like liquid glass,  
 To mix with joys they've long been strangers to,  
 In either way let us return to thee,  
 And the first movement make, or try to make,  
 By dwelling long and oft on serious thoughts; 430  
 In that our will is free: thy word declares  
 To us, it shall be open'd when we knock.  
 I, elevated with reflecting thoughts,  
 So long confin'd within this garden's walls,  
 Will soar from hence, and on the terrace get. 435  
 How vast the prospect, beautiful the sight,  
 To see God's favours in earth's plenteous growth!  
 How vast, how various are thy stores! How rich  
 Is thy almighty hand, parent of good!  
 The fields with corn are cover'd thick; their grains 440  
 Of milky juice and hue are ripen'd brown,  
 And qualified the farmer to reward,

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And famine's scarcity to move far off.  
 The meadows smooth'd into a pleasant plain,  
 Show far and wide their decorated coats,— 445  
 Embroidery beyond the painter's art,—  
 To imitate within his landscape's lines, †  
 With blossoms gaily dress'd of various hue,  
 And loaded with spontaneous crops of herbage,  
 Which into hay converted, kindly proves, 450  
 A dreary winter's stock for cattle's use.  
 A river clear, winds round the flow'ry plain,  
 And in it stamps the image of the skies,  
 And feeds the roots of willows by its side;  
 And stock'd with fish, the angler to amuse, 455  
 And spread his table with delicious treats.  
 Nor are these all the river's qualities,  
 For health, and fruitfulness, spring where it rolls.  
 On sev'ral spots are groves of trees, like some  
 Grand colonade, raising their tow'ring heads; 460  
 Their branches making cooling shades for beasts;  
 And in them safe retreats for warbling birds;  
 The builder too with timber it supplies,  
 And health's rich blessing with its useful bark;  
 To poor, distress'd, some fuel it bestows, 465  
 For winter's cold, to warm them round their hearths.  
 One wood seems skirted with a barren waste,  
 Like shades in painting so dispos'd, that give  
 The landscape's richer parts, a gaiety  
 More lively; barren seems yet 'tis not blank 470  
 As if neglected, or waste room, as useless  
 And nothing worth; no spot in all God's works  
 Is left unfinish'd, though forlorn it seems;  
 Some animals may in that place exist;  
 And if allow'd that God created all, 475  
 Then surely all have being for some end.  
 And in that waste may useful herbs be bred,  
 Whose quality may purge the venom'd wound,  
 And maladies internal, right applied,  
 Digestion strengthen, and then soon the nerves 480  
 Much nearer, I perceive a spacious spread  
 Of trees, more tender, and of quicker growth;



I saw them early, in their pregnancy,  
 When beauteous blossoms led the way for fruit;  
 My heart rejoiced at such impending plenty, 485  
 Was entertain'd with pleasure at the sight:  
 But now the prospect hatch'd, the flower is chang'd,  
 Breathe soft, ye winds, pray spare, ye surly blasts,  
 The tender fruit, and let the mother tree,  
 Rear up her infant young, that with her juice, 490  
 She kindly suckles to maturity,  
 That we again may by that juice be suckl'd.  
 Thou plumb, hang unmolested on thy bough,  
 Till fatten'd in thy blue, and polish'd skin;  
 Thou apple, let no shock, or hurricane 495  
 Shake thee from life, till with complexion ripe  
 Thou art prepar'd and cooling juice, to check,  
 Or soften fev'rish heats. Your ripening some  
 Take from the falling snows, and into depth  
 Of winter carry autumn; some adorn 500  
 The salver, and digest the grosser food;  
 And some, whose copious, mellow'd juice prepar'd,  
 Health's lively sparkles round the glass displays;  
 A valuable gift, if right applied!  
 Some spots are shelter'd, and defended well, 505  
 From hostile visits of the northern blast,  
 By lofty woods or walls; but to the south  
 More open, whose mild moisture is their nurse.  
 Within the reach of my commanding sight,  
 A kitchen garden represents itself; 510  
 Like some republic is its government,  
 The natives bearing such equality:  
 Whatever may resemble pomp of courts,  
 Seems banish'd from this frugal, rich'ning state:  
 With decency's perfection all seem cloath'd: 515  
 Some skilful hand has parcell'd out the ground  
 In tenements, and intervening streets;  
 And has assign'd each verdant family  
 Distinct abodes: confusion banish'd hence,  
 Each has its proper place like troops in ranks, 520  
 Though only one commander to the whole,—  
 The God invisible! Whose acting rule

Is lodg'd in man and nature; under those  
 They thrive, with great increase, useful to us!  
 Why does the parsley, with its friz'd locks, 525  
 The border fringe? Or why the celery,  
 With whitening arms pierce thro' the mould? For man.  
 Asparagus shoots forth its tap'ring stems,  
 To offer him its earliest fruits; and spreads  
 The artichoke its turg'd top, to give 530  
 Him treats of vegetable marrow; creep  
 To heat the tendrils of the cucumber;  
 Though basking in the sun's severest rays,  
 They drain the cooling'st juices of the soil,  
 To barrel up for human use; the beans, 535  
 Like files of troops in rank, stand firm; the peas,  
 Like invalids, have artificial props;  
 Though invalided not from use, their pods  
 Are fill'd with equal nutriment. Among  
 This herd of vegetable gentlemen, 540  
 Are found few useless plants; for idle weeds,  
 Are by its government soon rooted out,  
 As kingly states should try to do with man.  
 So well is this small garden kingdom rul'd,  
 Its yearly revenues come smiling in, 545  
 And bless the owner with its plenty: then,  
 If he is wise, he'll envy not the state  
 Of kings, who rule a stubborn, selfish race,  
 Himself a monarch happier far, who walks  
 Amidst his garden subjects peaceably, 550  
 That offer him their yearly revenues,  
 And crown his life with plenty and delight.  
 Some hills so high at distance I descry,  
 Which even heave their backs above the clouds,  
 And look like nature's bounds, or kingdom's walls. 555  
 Deform'd, and barren, as they may appear,  
 Their bowels are with growing treasure fraught;  
 From them industry may her implements  
 Provide, to plow the soil, or reap the grain;  
 The organ pipe of concord harmony, 560  
 And cannon too of discord's rage, may there  
 Claim birth; and ornaments of polish'd life,

The richest held, may there be bred and found.  
 On t'other side that terminates the view,  
 A tract of congregated waters rolls, 565  
 As wonderful to man as all God's works ;  
 A world itself for animated beings ;  
 The fluid air and land may not excel  
 Its number, but perhaps in quality.  
 Thou master cestern of this earthly ball ; 570  
 Thou feeder of the land and atmosphere ;  
 Thou reservoir of all the fountain springs,  
 Or rivulets that flow ; thou vehicle  
 For trade to distant climes, so cheap convey'd,  
 That ev'ry other art, without thy flood, 575  
 Would over-prize the merchandise ; thou fence  
 Against the tyrant's climbing pride, whose troops,  
 Through numbers would the weak destroy ; methinks  
 A view of thee alone, inspires delight !  
 Thou friendly sea, that wall'st this empire round, 580  
 God bless'd our kings, and gave to them thy keys,  
 To shut thy gates and open when they please.  
 In viewing this profuse munificence,  
 The liquid blue, the vales with verdure cloath'd,  
 And hills in clusters friendly join'd, that guard, 585  
 As seemingly the fruitful paradise,  
 Who can withhold his praise ? Who is not touch'd  
 With thankfulness to God, to see such gifts  
 Profusely spread ? The smiling earth his own,  
 That wheels her course unerringly for him ? 590  
 My heart, I must confess, beats high with thanks,  
 Congratulates these rural dwellers here,  
 With peace within their walls, as plentiful,  
 As plenty round their dwellings grow : I hope,  
 Peace is within your minds : live sensible, 595  
 Ye highly favour'd race, of benefits,  
 From your rich benefactor ; look on these  
 Productions of your fruitful soil, and call  
 Them all your own ; but ever be reminded,  
 Of this important truth, your thanks are due 600  
 To Christ, for all your good receiv'd ; your good  
 In nature from the teeming earth ; your good  
 In grace, that's teeming everlasting life.

## CHAPTER II.

## CONTENTS.

On Creation, supposing matter eternal. Christ recovers what Adam lost. The universe one chain of connected laws, maintained by highest wisdom. Character of two men. The hypocrite displayed. The end of worldly Sciences.



WHEN we were not as now, nor yet this world ; When chaos rul'd, where now this planet rolls ; Far through the boggy gulf God's voice was heard, And peace impos'd upon its wild uproar ; Eternal matter with his law complied,	5
Obedient stood at his command, ceasing Its own misrule, and into order sprung, Compiling various spheres, leaving between A clearer void, each rolling in its place, All useful to each other and themselves ; Attraction's gen'ral law unites the whole, From worlds to empires, kingdoms, even down To ants' good order, and the realm of bees : All is a chain, and God knows where it ends ! Then with this matter form'd the living race,	10
And favour'd man with this peculiar gift— A soul, to know he came not through himself ; And form'd to upward look, and God adore, Above the animated race besides ; Therefore from gloomy darkness we were fetch'd,	15
And uncreated night, as some announce. Then cloath'd in blue the vast ethereal space, And in a liv'ry green our fertile world : His pencil streak'd, his wisdom fram'd, all things That charm his new created favourite ;	20
That power divine that wrought the leper's cure, Wrought all these growing benefits for us,— This landscape's treasure now my eyes survey ! Christ us restor'd when we were forfeited ; By Adam's sin we lost eternal life,	25
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Whose disobedience was a horrid fault,  
 So lately warn'd the consequence: but why  
 Condemn, when we ourselves so oft rebel?  
 Why throw the charge on him, when actions worse  
 Rebellious of our own, would us involve, 35  
 In the same ruin, had he never err'd?  
 The first of men being disinherited,  
 The second Adam heir of all things made;  
 As by the former we possession lost,  
 A reinstatement by the latter claim; 40  
 Enabling us, through his inspiring love,  
 To conquer lust and passions of this world.  
 By him, th' inspired oracle declar'd  
 All things exist: behold the various beings,  
 A world or single atom in his sphere, 45  
 Adhering all to some attractive law:  
 The suns on centers roll, and planets round  
 Those suns, in oblique attitudes and flights  
 Unerring, to, accommodate their dwellers,  
 With change of days of seasons, heat and cold: 50  
 The whole creation on his wisdom hangs,  
 Depending still on his almighty sway,  
 As we, who not a moments life can boast;  
 Or soon into confusion they would fall,  
 And back into their chaos turn again, 55  
 And wild disorder reign among their spheres:  
 As when a king gives up his rule, and crown  
 At random to be caught; the multitude,  
 Like hurlers aiming for a ball jump at  
 The prize, 'tis seiz'd, and momentaneous held! 60  
 It is the Lord of life that guards their ways;  
 They on his bounteous good are pensioners;  
 And all their worth to man, or worth besides,  
 Is his celestial force. The grape receives  
 Its juice from him; though not from his own hand, 65  
 No more than subjects their advantages  
 From kings: all things are one great chain of law!  
 If by the melody of birds you're charm'd,  
 Then think on God who form'd the woods for them,  
 And them for you; and you, for aught we know, 70

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For both: the melting peach, the wholesome grape,  
 And luscious fig, your appetites regale;  
 But this consider, in your turn that you,  
 Their soil and mother stock must nurse! If all  
 The vegetable tribe, and min'ral too, 75  
 That gave their richest treasures up to us,  
 Could only speak their nat'ral innocence,—  
 Free from that selfishness of human pride,  
 How would they say we're for thy use, O man!  
 And thou for God's! That we all worth disclaim 80  
 Besides! Then if in innocence such praise  
 Is found, let innocence thy teacher be;  
 And learn to live for thy Creator first,  
 And then thou'lt live more glorious for thyself!  
 We serve our wants, their innocence would say, 85  
 That you might worship and adore for both,  
 For all the bounties you receive, or we  
 Shall pine with indignation and regret;  
 Use us and welcome, we are yours, if you  
 Are Christ's; our choicest beauties you may crop; 90  
 Accommodate yourselves we're wholly yours,  
 But let us be incentives to your thanks,  
 And motives to an humble heart with God.  
 Having awhile survey'd the spacious sky,  
 And earth's gay landscape in the reach of sight, 95  
 As if I'd soar beyond my station's sphere,  
 Let me descend from this pre-eminence,  
 And God adore more humbly in my reach!  
 Here, nature, in this garden spot appears  
 Correct; but yonder seems irregular 100  
 Though grand: here, she, her handmaid art calls in;  
 And if perfection is by art obtain'd,  
 Here then this spot in art's perfection shines;  
 Shines in these regulations art explores;  
 Shines in this garden spot, this cabinet, 105  
 Museum grand for modern antique stores,  
 Renewing still what has for ages been.  
 If from my low procedure I may form  
 Allusions to exalted practices,  
 Let me this opportunity embrace, 110

To sound the names of two illustrious men,  
 That fam'd Erasmus and judicious Locke;  
 They for awhile rejoic'd in sciences,—  
 Rejoic'd in fame on worldly wisdom form'd;  
 But finding it at last a fleeting joy, 115  
 They wisely chang'd their active thoughts, from here  
 To things above, those earthly arts  
 Superior judgments build, that only serve,  
 As highest plac'd, for envy's darts to strike;  
 Or worse; to serve the cheating, fleeting praise 120  
 Of the bought hypocrite, who is with you,  
 No longer than his ends are gratified,  
 A midnight murderer, whose private stabs  
 Are worse than open darts—the madman's rage,  
 Or passions honesty more rightly call'd: 125  
 Wisely those men withdrew from nature's walks,  
 Where noxious weeds are mixt with wholesome herbs,  
 And prickly shrubs by far the largest growth;  
 They read the law of God, and found it free,  
 From those entanglements of jealous hate, 130  
 For fame and gain dividing still mankind;  
 They found within themselves a garden pure,  
 Which God soon planted in their fruitful soil,  
 And water'd daily with his grace; his grace  
 Which meets them chearfully; and all who seek, 135  
 Soon find that proof, of labour not in vain!  
 I, also, from the polish'd cup have sipp'd,  
 And found its draughts unsteady comfort gave:  
 Like those above I would devote my days,—  
 The few remaining consecrate to God, 140  
 Through his unerring oracles of grace;  
 From which I trust to reap a stedfast truth,  
 Improvements solid, and the purest joys.  
 Waft me, O waft my mind to Sion's mount,  
 And through the sacred walks inspired rove! 145  
 There grows the plant, (that grew in paradise  
 Before vain Eve let in a noxious weed  
 And poison'd all the soil,) the living tree  
 With ever budding joys, whose fruit is life  
 Eternal; eat of it, and ever live. 150

There flow those streams of righteousness and grace,  
 The fount of God, fast by the tree of life,  
 That whosoever drink shall thirst no more.  
 What Roman eloquence, or Grecian schools,  
 Or Cesar's thirst of slaughter fill'd, or all 155  
 Embellishments of life fill'd for awhile,  
 Can with this fount of endless bless compare?  
 Where are those heroes now, and polish'd schools,  
 Philosophers and fencers they have bred?  
 Extinct; and their proud names almost eraz'd; 160  
 A name existing, serving wicked minds,  
 To praise, defame, just as their humours take,  
 To squable, contradict, and fight for wit,  
 And justly may they fight for want of it.

CHAPTER III.

CONTENTS.

The Fragrance of Flowers strongest in the Morning, another inducement to shake off Sloth. The smelling sense as well as the tasting to be palled. Christ's sacrifice faintly representing the fragraney of Flowers. All our performances polluted; Grace must lead the way. Colours of flowers; how perfect in every kind; with what skill disposed: fineness of the flowery texture, inducements to trust in Providence. The folly of Pride in Dress. Our true Ornaments displayed. Flowers inspire delight: what pleasure must arise from the beatific Vision. Solomon pictures out the Christ by the most delicate Flowers: Beauties in the Creature lead us to the Creator. Diversity of Flowers, in their airs, habits, attitudes, and lineaments; Wisdom of the Almighty Maker. The Sun's masculine nature, or the King of the System. Diversity of Colours from one stock, an emblem of small dissentions springing from one mother church. Regular succession of Flowers; some of the choicest sets described: pleasing effects produced by this economy, move us to adore our Maker.



**W**HAT fragraney invades the smelling sense?  
 The garden's incense and the breath of flowers!



The woodbine, and the jessamine, embalm'd  
 This morning's walk ; the air is all perfume.  
 And is not this another argument 5  
 Against the sluggard's sloth? Who would dissolv'd  
 In senseless slumbers lie? The spirits sunk,  
 Half animated when awake, by sleep  
 Too much, and want of morning cool, and sweets  
 So wide, from air imprison'd round his head? 10  
 That when he lifts his heavy eyes, through heat  
 Increas'd, the flowers are droop'd, their sweets decay'd,  
 And air, as fever'd, has too much of fire?  
 Such was the morn's delight, when Adam wak'd  
 His lovely Eve; the sweet, enchanting thought, 15  
 Of the real happiness of that first pair,  
 And tender, soft expression Adam gave,  
 Inviting Eve from sleep, to taste the sweets  
 Of morn, I cannot reas'nably pass by,  
 Without requesting some kind tongue, to tell 20  
 It unto those, that instinct yet, nor art  
 Has taught, God's blessings nor themselves to know.  
 The smelling sense, proportion'd to receive  
 Exact delights, from our Creator wise,  
 Is like the appetite's excess of food, 25  
 To be o'ercharg'd, by staying here too long;  
 Though differ'nt felt, yet nature's law the same:  
 With too much food the appetite is cloy'd,  
 With too much fragrancy the smell declines.  
 The smelling luxury is innocent, 30  
 'Tis true; not like the heavy banquet's food,  
 That oft in epicures creates a pain;  
 This, leaves you senseless of its worth, as most  
 Enjoyments do on mortal things, enjoy'd  
 Too much. The blessed Jesus offer'd up 35  
 Himself to God, a savour smelling sweet;—  
 Of that sweet incense, we cannot enjoy  
 Too much. Ten thousand rams, and running oil  
 In floods, from an apostate world, the most  
 Submiss acknowledgments from hands defil'd, 40  
 Are mockeries to that oblation made  
 By Christ! A prophet says, the mighty God

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Whose dwelling is eternity, from things  
 So filthy-turns, as from the dunghill's steam  
 But in that spotless holiness of Christ, 45  
 Obedience even to his shedding blood,  
 With what complacency is vengeance quell'd  
 And satisfied, and justice recompens'd?  
 Thou sole security for injur'd man,  
 The suff'rings all were thine! Thou slaughter'd lamb, 50  
 Thou bridegroom of thy church, thy smell of myrrh,  
 Cassia and aloes, to our perfect God,  
 Are far more grateful than the garden's fumes!  
 Of old the alter sanctified the gift;  
 So this great propitiation recommends 55  
 Obnoxious persons, and unfruitful works,  
 Of the believing world. In this, my soul,  
 Be interested, ever in belief  
 Of my salvation made by a redeemer,  
 Without neglecting God's first written law. 60  
 There's much depravity cleaves to our natures,  
 Polluting all our best performances:  
 My adorations most profound, my works  
 Though cleaving to the law, nor any sin  
 Committed wilfully, yet I presume 65  
 To challenge no reward for them: therefore  
 All confidence renouncing in myself,  
 Or works alone, (though works must join with grace,)  
 Forgiveness I implore, to be receiv'd  
 Through my Redeemer, to the realms of bliss. 70  
 To paint the variegated colours here,  
 With that perfection nature's hand has done,  
 Where shall we find the artist? Some so bold,  
 And some so delicately faint, with glow  
 Enkindl'd some, and some with glossy shine, 75  
 Excelling all the arts of varnishing!  
 In all, the dies so exquisitely rich,  
 And in one leaf so uniformly spread,  
 With varying tints so well dispos'd, they seem  
 A list of patterns for the painter's brush! 80  
 But whether blended, soften'd, harsh, arrang'd,  
 Contracted, with an endless change of forms

Invisible, one architect rules all;  
 And rules and checks our second handed works,—  
 Our thoughts performing wonders as we think ; 85  
 As if like babel builders we would build,  
 From rotten time into eternity !  
 Mark how inimitably fine the leaf,  
 On which such colours are so strong impress'd !  
 What are the works of Persian looms, and all 90  
 The brussel's boasted trumpery, fine lawn  
 And cambrick, chints, man's secondary arts,  
 Compar'd to nature's weaving here? The silk  
 Spun fine—the insect's art, falls short, an art,—  
 Another branch descended from God's law,— 95  
 Another link in his almighty chain,  
 That mocks this human artist in excelling.  
 So Christ, from lilies carding not, nor spinning,  
 And birds that wing the air, a lesson gave.  
 If providence with unremitted care, 100  
 Supports the least of God's created works,  
 'Twill not withhold from man what nature wants,  
 Nor yet the gift for that great end he's born!  
 Ye faithful followers of the Lamb, dismiss  
 Your low anxieties of life, your doubts 105  
 Of food to eat, or raiment to put on ;  
 He who the ravens feeds, and lilies clothes  
 With elegance, surpassing human art,  
 Can all your wants supply ; his favourite,  
 His noblest work on earth, he'll not forget ; 110  
 Ye are peculiar objects of his love ;  
 Fear not his word, to greater ends you're born,  
 Than lilies, lifeless to the sense of touch ;  
 Or birds, whose flight wise providence directs,  
 Nor fall, but through that agency of God ! 115  
 Then if for you, an endless life he means,  
 Which ev'ry channel nature breaths through tell,  
 Mistrust not his provision for you here ;  
 But if the miser covetous you act,  
 Then murmur not if you are not supplied. 120  
 Of food and raiment we may have enough ;  
 An honest aim, contentment, charity,

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And hope, makes up our greatest blessing here :  
 If raiment is, the youth's prevailing charm,  
 And gluttony, the belly-lover's dreams, 125  
 And hoarded gold, the wrinkl'd miser's God,  
 And finding faults, the snarling critic's pride,  
 All vanity, though they each other mock ;  
 All equal roads to nature's basest aims,  
 Destroying even moral happiness ; 130  
 All baubl'd trumpery compar'd to that  
 Eternity, our chief concern and aim !  
 Unworthy our immortal dignity,  
 And wisdom too, which God endow'd us with,—  
 A wisdom few of us rightly apply ! 135  
 What is our wisdom's worth on shadows built ?  
 That shadow moving, moves us to the grave !  
 Yet that says not we're to be idle here,  
 For on industry may much honesty  
 Depend, our joy in part, our usefulness : 140  
 But when we stretch our line, remember this,  
 That righteousness is our foundation stone !  
 Go clothe thyself in purple raiment fine ;  
 Trick thyself up in all the gay attire,  
 The shuttle, or the needle can produce, 145  
 Yet scarcely with the daisy thou wilt vie ;  
 Try all thy wondrous skill, yet that in show,  
 And uniformity, will thee excel  
 Almost. Scorn then to borrow gaities,  
 Beneath thy feet, just sprung from humble dirt ; 150  
 Yet that shows thee what God from dirt can do ;  
 Example great to tell thee of thy shows,  
 Who art superior to such vanities :  
 Let thy exalted state, exalt thy thoughts,  
 To nobler views, than such gay outside nothings ; 155  
 Thou seest their fleeting worths, gay for a day,  
 Their structures, colours, soon to disappear ;  
 And so will thy proud tinsels and brocades !  
 Let thy endowments be immortal worth ;  
 Wear that within thy breast, and cherish it ; 160  
 Adorn thy mind with virtue's gayest weeds ;  
 Then from thy deeds such comfort thou'lt receive,

Thy dress and daisy's too, thou'lt soon despise.  
 Then righteousness, that spotless robe, will clothe  
 Thy inner man; in that array'd, thou'lt find 165  
 No rival in the feather'd peacock's tail,  
 Or maggot fly, with her gay painted wings.  
 Such vain, and worthless shows, in worthless things,  
 The painted butterfly, and daisy too,  
 What do they more or less import, than mock 170  
 Vain man, this mighty lord of all things here,  
 In his pursuit of darling vanity?  
 Those flowers perfume the air wide round: the health  
 Within their atmosphere revives, the mind  
 Is even touch'd, with joy additional. 175  
 How often have I felt them dissipate  
 The gloom of thought? And through the spirit's ebb  
 A gaiety transfuse? Then wonder not,  
 Why kings, amidst the toilsome thoughts of war,  
 Should quit the council board, and here retire; 180  
 Or queens forego awhile the compliments,  
 And cringing flatteries that round them wait,  
 For tributes here deceiving not the sense.  
 If such resemblance faint of purity,  
 Can in mortality be pictur'd out, 185  
 Then what transporting pleasures must arise,  
 From joys of uncreated excellence?  
 From joys of every sense detain'd, no more  
 To change? Or if to change, the scene is chang'd  
 For pleasure, not for any other fate. 190  
 To change, renew, put on what form we please,  
 Be here, or there, as quick as thought commands,  
 Is God's, and righteous man's immortal state;  
 A state enjoy'd, through union's faith in him,  
 The Lord of Glory ever to behold! 195  
 But this, in our imperfect, present life,  
 We cannot bear; such gust of glory would  
 Our mortal sight put out, and faculties  
 O'erwhelm: but when corruption shall put on  
 An incorrupted change,—our lives renew'd, 200  
 Then shall we feel these glories rightly spher'd.  
 Here then, my wish, be resolutely fixt,

ON A FLOWER-GARDEN.

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To know naught else but right, that happy road  
To those abodes above, to there behold  
The beauties of the Lord, the attributes 205  
Of his bright beams, that heaven's wide circuit fill,  
King Solomon, that penetrating judge,  
Allow'd a charming quality in flowers;  
And figur'd out his Christ by Sharon's rose,  
The lily of the valley, full of grace 210  
And blest delights, exalted majesty;  
In all perfection figur'd him complete:  
High honour to the vegetable world!  
This king of Israel creation roams,  
To borrow its most finish'd forms, and dips 215  
His pencil in its richest dyes, to paint  
In prophecy, the Christ that was to come;  
Who'd be the light and glory of the world,  
The hope and consolation of us all;  
And infinitely high, above compare, 220  
Not only with all sublunary things,  
But praises too from sublunary souls;  
For mortal praise cannot exalt his bliss;  
But praise and worship may exalt our own.  
Let momentary beauties me remind, 225  
Of that abode, where they are never fleeting;  
Let these small emanations move my thirst,  
Till heaven's pure fountain head supplies my draughts:  
Then shall the creatures be my constant clue,  
To the Creator, and with this to mind, 230  
Perfection finite is a feeble ray,  
Shot through the void immense, from that great source,  
That ocean inexhaustible of good!  
How is the hand of providence display'd,  
Among the flow'ry tribe? Diversified, 235  
Their changes charm; equality in them,  
Would be insipid to the sight and use;  
For ev'ry species something new effects,  
And ev'ry tribe their constant fashion keeps;  
Some rear their heads with loftiness of growth, 240  
And some more wise a middle station take,  
Extremes avoiding, wiser far than man:

And others, free from all aspiring views,  
 Creep unambitiously upon the ground ;  
 Some intersected are with stripes, and some 245  
 With radiant spots, as studded ornaments ;  
 And some affect to be genteely dress'd,  
 In flow'ry white, gay and perfum'd ; and some  
 In purple cloth'd, like nobles dress'd for court ;  
 But doleful black has no admittance here, 250  
 The joyful spring casts off such gloomy weeds,  
 'Tis nature's birthday annually held.  
 Here, stands a warrior, clad in crimson gay,  
 And there, a magistrate, genteely rob'd ;  
 And yonder some in rainbow's dies shine out ; 255  
 And proudly too they're shap'd, as well as tinctur'd ;  
 Some form a curious cup, and some are shap'd  
 Like bells ; some spread themselves in swelling tufts,  
 And some in clusters form society ;  
 And some each other face, and boldly stand, 260  
 And will not mingle at the root, nor join,  
 As seemingly, their various qualities ;  
 As if their worths and beauties should be judg'd,  
 By human skill. What limner, into shades  
 Can lighter parts diminish like their dies, 265  
 With such decline, so gently disappearing ?  
 The eye amus'd, by gazing on their beauty,  
 May wonder at the sly decoy, to steal  
 Their brighter parts into another lustre.  
 How wondrous are thy works, how multiplied, 270  
 O Lord ! With what consummate wisdom all  
 Are shap'd, by nature's subtle art from thee,  
 And gardener its tool of workmanship !  
 And his contrivance I admire, whose care,  
 And watchful eye, and labour hard, produce 275  
 With nature's seeds, some second handed work :  
 But when the wise almighty artist spoke,  
 A million plumes had intantaneous birth,  
 With varying shapes, all perfectly complete ;  
 No need of second trial as man's works, 280  
 Whose errors model'd oft, improv'd, yet still  
 A faint resemblance of perfection gains.

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How far this agent nature may advance,  
 As she goes on, in beauty, shape, or size,  
 Is yet, I think, a secret to us all. 285  
 Now should you ask, who paints the flow'ry tribe,  
 Or rather ask from what springs the effect,  
 You'll answer'd be the sun; that had his birth  
 From the almighty cause; and still by him  
 Renew'd, becomes a master to the worlds: 290  
 Whate'er you see of male and female here,  
 That law with him, and with our earth exists;  
 For his celestial touch, impregnates all  
 The matter in his reach: the ambient air  
 Receives his force, which is from thence infus'd, 295  
 Into the fluid he exhales; then brought  
 To earth in rain, and through her centers pass;  
 And from the qualities of those hot wombs,  
 Are all the species of this globe produc'd,  
 The vegetables, and the minerals, 300  
 In all their various shap'es: for trees and rocks  
 Have roots, which are their mouths; their nourishment  
 Their roots suck up, attracted by their heat  
 Or hungry drought, as animals attract  
 Their nourishment, (attraction felt in life 305  
 Through hunger's sense,) and there concocted, through  
 The art'ries run redundant to the top,  
 And then break out in blossoms, fruit, and leaves;  
 And in its course congeals, and swells the stock,  
 As blood in animated life grows limbs. 310  
 The fluid, as above observ'd, concocted,  
 By heat, as animals concoct their food,  
 Receives a worth peculiar to itself,—  
 Peculiar to the trees internal nature,  
 Which quality is by the sun expos'd 315  
 In colour; all their insides are expos'd,  
 And painted in their colours really true:  
 But various colours in one flower, to all  
 Philosophers, is yet a stumbling block.  
 Life's fluid is in gen'ral red: but why, 320  
 The varying tinctures on the leopard's back,  
 Or spotted negro, is unknown to me:



But excellent are all creation's works,  
 And wonderful beyond our reach of art!  
 The various tinctures in one knot of pinks, 325  
 Scarce two alike, though from one root produc'd,  
 Are emblems just, of men's opinions here,  
 And small dissensions springing from one church:  
 Religion may some varying modes embrace,  
 Without offence to godliness or faith: 330  
 If in such inconsiderable points,  
 Our christian brethren may dissent, let us  
 The rooted int'rest join; let's harmonize  
 In principles, and cherish no disgust,  
 Nor alienating love; with humble hearts 335  
 Let us each other serve; in offices  
 Of friendship ever ready; join'd in one,  
 Although distinguish'd, in one bond of love.  
 The various sects, for aught we know, whose forms  
 Of worship disagree, may imitate, 340  
 Yea branch from God in nature's law, the same  
 As painted tulips varying from one root:  
 But should men further go; in blasphemy  
 Deny the God of their created beings,  
 Then teachers branching from that very root, 345  
 As agents on a secondary cause,  
 Step quick between, and their disorder rude,  
 To order bring; the friend of truth steps forth;  
 Not with the bigot's air of self conceit,  
 For worldly fame from hypocrite's; instead 350  
 Of such censorious judges earthly wise,  
 Let heaven's officers, sworn by its grace,  
 The agents of true godliness step forth,  
 Against the branching offsprings hell corrupts;  
 With friendly counsels they will you reprove, 355  
 Lest their remissness criminal be deem'd,  
 By conscience judge, before the bar of grace:  
 Those truly comforters will not upbraid,  
 Nor doom to wrath your rash revolt from God;  
 With arguments as soft as sunshine's air, 360  
 They'll bring you to the chearful light of life!  
 Another circumstance observable,

Seems recommending those gay vegetables,—  
 They make appearances not all at once;  
 But in succession regular display 363  
 Their worths; while some sufficient on us wait,  
 The rest retire and hold in rediness  
 Themselves, as sentinels each other do  
 Relieve. The snow-drop first we'll call, that through  
 The frozen soil explores his passage, fraught 370  
 With compliments external to his lord;  
 He comes dress'd in the robes of innocence,  
 Fearless of dangers, long before the trees  
 Have ventur'd to unfold their summer's dress,  
 Or isicles transform'd their winter's shape. 380  
 Next peeps the crocus out, but cautiously,  
 For with a timid fear he skulks below,  
 And dares not make excursions far from home,  
 As if he heard, or fear'd the howling blast.  
 Nor is the violet last that pays her visit; 380  
 Nor is she shy of meanness, or of person;  
 Though her accomplishments a garden grace,  
 Yet condescends to give them to a hedge,—  
 Yea at the feet of briars prostrates them,  
 Without solicitation's aid; and there, 385  
 In humble secrecy her sweets imparts,  
 And chooses charity beyond proud fame,  
 That gives a lesson to ambitious man.  
 The polyanthus with his sparkling gems,  
 Has lately beautified the border'd walk; 390  
 He with his entertaining silent charms,  
 Most artfully in favour crept, stole up  
 Our walls, and in our windows perch'd his pride:  
 Much like the silent, artful sycophant,  
 When some conceit moves money'd fools to prate, 395  
 Applauds it all with yes, and silent nods,  
 And never rides tongue'd hobby but behind,  
 But he, with all his cunning, humble art,  
 Like polyanthus must return to dust:  
 And polyanthus has his exit made 400  
 Already; mourn'd would be his disappearance,  
 If not succeeded by auricula,

Arrayed in splendid forms, in sattin gay,  
 A crystal eve, and powder'd down to neck  
 And ears, exhaling much perfume. A band 405  
 Of invalids were never more renown'd,  
 Then this inanimated troop; in ranks  
 They're form'd; and not a single company  
 But's fam'd for mortal and immortal deeds:  
 The vegetable tribe can boast these worths— 410  
 Cure and destroy: the meagre skeleton,  
 The gouted epicure, the midnight rev'ler,  
 The nervous lie-a-bed, the poison'd glutton,  
 The whoremonger, and the fool fancy sick,  
 Are here supplied with medicines and soups: 415  
 But notwithstanding their illustrious worths,  
 Like other mortals fam'd must turn to dust;  
 To which already several have dropt.  
 Who could forbear lamenting their short lives,  
 If not succeeded by their brotherly friends? 420  
 And now the tulips ready stand to take  
 The field, or garden rather more correct;  
 They raise themselves on lofty wands, and dress  
 The gayest in the vegetable world:  
 The beau in his best trim of birthday suit,— 425  
 That work of mortal sense, is equal'd here,  
 With nature's humble dirt! Behold in flowers,  
 A beauty gay but innocent: no tongue  
 Have they for boast, no envy they excite;  
 No praise nor dispraise haunt their modest tribes: 430  
 Unlike vain man, in gay attire, who seeks  
 Applause from gewgaws like himself; but seeks  
 In vain,—no love in worldly rivals found!  
 The tulip rob'd in nature's simple art,  
 Displays her charms, and win's admirers real; 405  
 Not like the coquette's gay allurements,  
 With lustful eyes, and forward tongue, attract  
 You hers, and then no longer she is yours,  
 For only changes please her am'rous freaks.  
 Anemone appears the next; enclos'd 440  
 At bottom with a spreading circling robe,  
 And rounded at the top into a dome;

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And in his flowing mantle you behold  
 A noble negligence; and in his tufts  
 Declining bent, the nicest symmetry: 445  
 He might be term'd the garden's gentleman,  
 For gentle ease appears in all his robes:  
 Unlike the awkward robing of a clown,  
 When he attempts to imitate the beau.  
 Renunculus is next, that rears his head, 450  
 Expanding gracefully his foliag'd leaves,  
 And to a tincture rich enamell'd rise;  
 As persons of intrinsic worth, less value  
 The superficial arts that polish fops,  
 So does this flower upon his greatness stand, 455  
 And scorns to borrow powder's empty show;  
 His aspect, elegance, and dignity,  
 Want not those arts that deck an empty title.  
 Methinks that nature's operating hand  
 Improves; her latest work seems best: and now, 460  
 To bear the palm, carnation next is crown'd;  
 And with a noble spread of graces, charms,  
 And captivates the sight and smell; in him  
 Are such perfections center'd, that the past  
 Excell'd not; beautiful are all his parts: 465  
 Therefore we'll quit him in his perfect state,  
 Before corruption contradicts that truth.  
 The jelly flower, much like a friend sincere,  
 Forsakes you not in your distress; attends  
 You through vicissitudes,—through those extremes 470  
 Of nature, in her roughest elements;  
 A constant friend, if constancy has charms.  
 A catalogue of number to attempt,  
 Or treatise on their worth, in both much said  
 Might be. Here stand and wonder, and adore 475  
 The wise design,—the first, almighty cause,  
 Of gifts so num'rous, handed down to man,—  
 Of flowers throughout all periods of the year!  
 Were they to blossom all at once, such throng  
 Promiscuous would subvert the gift; no time 480  
 Would be to read their beauties, or their worths;  
 But now, since ev'ry species has a post

Distinct, free from the rest to occupy,  
 We can at leisure take more close surveys,  
 Of each succeeding set; view and review, **485**  
 And taste their sweets, and of their qualities  
 A greater knowledge gain. Economies  
 So wise in their alternative reliefs,  
 Not only render each community,  
 Most advantageous to our interest, **490**  
 But wiser thus, their nation to support,  
 And render them a corpse immortal, whose  
 Successionary births, their number fill:  
 What wondrous goodness! And more wondrous still,  
 The mighty hand, from whom such goodness flows, **495**  
 To strew our path incessantly with flowers!  
 And has indeed with one,—the blest Redeemer,  
 If we'd but value, and his bloom receive!  
 Oh what but wisdom infinite, can bid  
 These beings here insensible, to know **500**  
 Their sev'ral stations, so to keep their birth?  
 What mortals here in wise experiments,  
 Have wiser ways? What actors on a stage,  
 Their exits make, and entrances more wise?  
 Who taught the daffodil, to venture out **505**  
 In winter's months, and trust his flow'ring gold,  
 To treacherous, inclement skies? Who taught  
 His constitution hardships to endure  
 For our accomodation here? Who taught  
 The various tribes of blossoms bearing fruit, **510**  
 That genial warmth, and vernal suns, would suit  
 Their natures delicate and growth? Who taught  
 The clove to lie at rest, till hotter beams  
 Impregnate him with hotter worth? Who them **515**  
 Instructed to retreat, when their supplies  
 Are ended, and their duty done? And who  
 Commands the beauties to advance reserv'd?  
 Who but unerring providence,—Gods law,  
 That from the works of highest creatures down  
 To reptiles governs all? These are the works **520**  
 Of that beneficent divine, who made  
 The heavenly bodies and this earth stretch'd out

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A wondrous globe; and deign'd with mortals here  
To dwell; united man's corrupted state,  
With incorruption's health and peace, or part 525  
Of deity branch'd off. Our souls uprais'd,  
Or ransom'd from the grave, and yet the gift  
Too slightly we pass by: to him, our Lord  
And Saviour, is the honour due; our Lord  
Sustain'd the vengeance which we did deserve, 530  
And suffer'd for our crimes; fulfill'd what did  
To us belong, that death on Adam's race  
Pronounc'd, by tortures, and reproaches vile:  
The Lord of all created things done this,  
Who form'd the vast machine of nature's worlds, 535  
Supported how, no human eye can see,  
Nor heights of his mysterious majesty;  
But depths of love to us he has reveal'd,  
Which cannot be from eyes of grace conceal'd.

CHAPTER IV.

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God's Greatness admir'd; what cannot be comprehend-  
ed liable to be mock'd. The structures of Flowers so  
correct, beyond any alteration for the better, and a refer-  
ence drawn therefrom, that Man's situation is also right.



SHALL we admire our God's essential greatness,  
Or his free grace the most? The both: but first  
His greatness, that subdu'd the tyrant death;  
His grace the next, that from his greatness sprung!  
He marks the paths of all those shining globes; 5  
His mighty works extend, throughout the space  
Of unavoidable necessity,—  
That wide domain of uncreated night!  
Extend from seraphs down to fallen man;  
And further go, down to the reptile worm: 10  
The daisy rear'd no other builder claims,  
Nor violet springing from his bed of dust.  
If summer, like a sparkling bride, that gives

More graces to the bridegroom's joys, gives us  
 A joy, superior to the winter's frost, 15  
 So hope, gives joy, superior to despair!  
 The brightest summer mortals here enjoy,  
 Is but a feeble beam of his eternal stores!  
 If autumn's gifts, our nourishment supply,  
 They're but a taste of his liberality! 20  
 If thunders roar, we hear his warning good;  
 If lightnings glare, we see it more confirm'd;  
 To rouse, the long ungrateful heart to thanks,  
 And sleeping sinners wake, to know their God!  
 Thou happy man that hast thy all in him; 25  
 Thou stand'st unshaken at his dread alarms:  
 Thy faith discountenances all thy fears;  
 Thou ready stand'st to wing thy flight above.  
 If hills be scatter'd, mountains bow'd, and rocks  
 Should rend, a prophet says, his power is so 30  
 Immense, tis but the threat'nings of his greatness,  
 And tell of wonders greater far conceal'd!  
 The systems should with eyes of grace be view'd;  
 Like optic glasses they would magnify  
 His works; and then, whatever is admir'd, 35  
 What's great, tremendous, or magnificent,  
 Will be admired more; the glory more  
 To him ascrib'd the more of glory seen,  
 By wonder, and by worship, more in us.  
 These are the works astronomers should best 40  
 Admire; and do, we hope: can they, with such  
 Superior skill, look through the universe,  
 And see that order plac'd,—unerring law,  
 That their conjunctions may be trac'd, and all  
 Be found in their respective ublications, 45  
 A thousand years to come? Can they, with gaze,  
 That must their wonder raise, behold such works,  
 And not allow some wise, almighty cause?  
 Cannot; but in them read a God; and would  
 His mightiness announce, throughout the earth, 50  
 If sacred writings never had appear'd!  
 The learn'd philosopher, may likewise make  
 This contemplating scene his creed;—when he

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Beholds the operating works of heaven  
And earth, and traces causes of effects, 55  
Or climbs the wondrous chain that ties the whole,  
In ev'ry link sees deity as full,  
And wonderful, as at the top arriv'd!  
His prying thoughts he finds so recompens'd,  
Allows a God, and gives him worship too! 60  
These words, or words like these might from him flow,  
Thou Lord, thou hast the earth's foundation laid,  
And all these globes of light; or through the void  
Must darkness ever reign! Then what am I?  
A living soul, wrapt in a frame of dust: 65  
But may be bless'd eternally by grace;  
And is, with knowledge, to obtain that end:  
To read the book of life in nature's works;  
Know right from wrong, and for my sins no cloak.  
Did we, to this endearing principle 70  
Attend, it might blow up that spark, so long  
In ember lay'd, into a flaming love;  
Then farther go, enkindle into faith  
Deep rooted. When such num'rous race I see,  
Whose paths so widely stray from moral good, 75  
And with a future state my thoughts impress'd,  
The glorious Saviour quickly comes my aid,  
Dispels the gloom, and leaves no time for doubt:  
For if my Maker on a cross expir'd,  
Reduc'd to man, and bore man's mortal pains, 80  
Most surely then, 'twas for some wondrous end!  
And for what end? Was it for stocks or stones,  
Or planetary matter—senseless lumps?  
Or sooner for the reptile worm than man?  
For man it was, man's reason will confirm! 85  
Then how can I indifferent remain?  
Must not the coldest heart begin to glow  
With gratitude? When these productions here  
Call forth my thoughts, then with reflections quick  
As thought, for thought reflections brings, my praise, 90  
My adoration, and my all, are cast  
Upon my mediator, and on him  
Repose, my everlasting confidence.



Let me one more peculiar worth remark,  
 Attending nature's works through all the flowers ; 95  
 With such correctness are their structures form'd,  
 The smallest alteration would impair,  
 Disorder, and immodulate those worths,—  
 Those just proportions which now please the eye :  
 For should the tulip's foliage fly abroad 100  
 Irregular, the flaunting woodbine like ;  
 Or jessamine, her diminutive head  
 Rear on those columns grand, the holihoek's  
 Support ; or should the piony's manliness  
 Erect, hang bending in a pensive air, 105  
 Much like the flexile bells of hyacinths ;  
 Or should that noble plainness, which attends  
 The lily, be exchang'd for fringes round  
 The paltry pink ; or should the tap'ring stems,  
 Which in the middle of its vase arise, 110  
 And tipt with golden pendants, be outshone,  
 By the surrounding alabaster guards ;  
 Or should those sink, and disappear like chives,  
 Which crown the heart of the anemone ;  
 Such transpositions, would fantastical, 115  
 And aukard seem ; and to the prejudice,  
 Apparently, of all the beauteous tribe,  
 Again, with what precaution, and foresight  
 Remarkable, rule their appearances ?  
 How wise in order plac'd ! What ill effects 120  
 Would certainly arise, should those presume  
 Of slender growth, to open in the winter's months,  
 And to the storms expose their tender foliage ?  
 Those only then appear of sturdy growth,  
 Of shortest stems, and smallest spread of leaves : 125  
 Like sailors wise, when storms are threat'ning put  
 Out not their sails. How injudiciously  
 Would the perfumer act, should he unseal  
 His finest essences, and them expose  
 To northen winds, or wint'ry rains ? All wise, 130  
 Indeed, creation's architect preforms !  
 If such unerring order may be found,  
 'Mong senseless beings in creation's works.

ON A FLOWER-GARDEN.

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Then murmur not at any place, or state  
 Thou fills't ; the wise almighty sees the best 135  
 What thou canst bear ; the flight of joys from wealth  
 Arising, should thy views be gratified,  
 Might hurt thee here, and worse, hereafter too.  
 We tacitly arraign our maker's will,  
 Or his impartial kindness erringly 140  
 Dispute ; each one in fancy thinks he's poor ;  
 Or thinks his sense some better place might fill :  
 But school him here by nature's simplest hand,  
 He may be taught, his usefulness, and end.  
 The hand of providence, that does preserve, 145  
 So strict a harmony among these toys,  
 O'er man maintains as strict a care: does not  
 It choose the season for the cowslip's health,  
 To drink the dews and thrive? When good,  
 Or ill, descends, (as ill's appearingly 150  
 To us,) they are oftimes mistook, exchang'd :  
 Exchang'd for what? The stroke unfortunate,  
 As thou may'st call it, robs thy present toys ;  
 Then is the time, thou'lt ask for grace instead ;  
 And for thy transient, momentary loss, 155  
 Receive eternal gains. Be still, then thou,  
 Uneasy mortal, God, unerringly  
 Is wise ; and be assur'd that he neglects  
 Not thee: my Saviour me authority  
 Has given, to say, thou art in value held, 160  
 By the omnipotent, superior far  
 To gaiest verdure, gold, or gems ; or all  
 The changing forms of matter here. Should'st thou  
 With sickness be afflicted, never dare  
 Thy judgment to deceive, and God arraign, 165  
 That health uninterrupted would, and gold,  
 Thy wants and endless pleasures crown.  
 If children are from thee withheld, presume  
 Not to conclude, thy end and station here  
 Is wrong'd: he who array'd the starry host, 170  
 Has not put man out of his useful place.  
 Then bow thy head with thanks, submissive rest,  
 Rest satisfied, what God appoints is best.

## CONTENTS.

Flowers, seemingly created for our delight; an opinion upon that; cleared up, excites gratitude to the Creator. The Qualities of this Globe, with Sun and Moon, all useful to each other: an inducement to rest on Providence. The Garden's cultivation, an image of a cultivated Mind: address to persons concerned in the education of youth. Flowers in the bud, figurative of a niggard. Love, the effect of true Righteousness. The Sun-flower; its attachment to the Sun: Wisdom of Nature. Christ our High Priest. The Passion-flower, its description, with a religious improvement. Sensative-plant, so delicately shy, teaches us a moral and religious worth.



**A**MONG the works on the creation day  
 Produc'd, the flowers appear design'd for man;  
**A** present calculated for his use  
 Alone, that shares it wholly to himself;  
 All other creatures, seemingly to us, 5  
 Have no idea of their worth,—without  
 The bee, or any insect unobserv'd,  
 May gather from them food; the horse,  
 To gaze on their delights, seems never charm'd;  
 Nor ox attempts to browse upon their sweets: 10  
 They may have sense, these objects to observe,  
 But to contemplate on their worth, must not  
 Expect: much like unthinking souls, who're dead  
 In sins, upon the gospel's peace, and grace,  
 Cannot refine, nor relish heavenly truths. 15  
 The chiefest end philosophers set forth,  
 Of flowers so cloth'd, and decorated gay,  
 Is to infold, and nurse the emb'ro seed,  
 Or swathe the body in its infant state:  
 If that should be kind nature's worthy aim, 20  
 'Tis certain from that worth another good  
 Derives,—delight administ'ring to man;  
 By chance, say we? Wise nature's plans are all  
 Too regular for random strokes. Then hold

ON A FLOWER-GARDEN.

No longer doubt, that from one root can spring 25  
A double good ; which is a wonder lost,  
Compar'd with nature's wondrous works at large!  
And if a reproductive principle  
Was nature's aim alone, what need of such  
Elaborate show, in gaiety of dress? 30  
Such art employ'd in decorations gay?  
Such vestments be prepar'd, more delicate  
Than lawns, and finer than the velvet's glow?  
If the great mother had no other aim  
Than barely to accommodate her young, 35  
More coarse, and stout, free from the pride of show,  
Would equally accommodate that end:  
In reason's ear with me 'tis vague, for all  
That finery to serve the seed alone:  
On reason's base philosophers project, 40  
But there, I think, philosophers have err'd:  
It seems more plain, that their enchanting worths,  
Both to the smell and sight, were made for man;  
And in pursuance of that law, to him  
They still pay court, and near his dwellings thrive, 45  
As if their graces recompens'd his cares:  
To win attention, and regale our walks,  
They hide in earth their courser parts from sight,  
And nothing but their gayest forms display ;  
To merit still esteem, dispense perfumes ; 50  
And with such art, to cheer our morning's walk  
Reserv'd, as if to bid the slothful man  
Be wise. O man! Belov'd by heaven, that good  
Designs thee, and yet thou rebell'st ; thou art  
Distinguish'd by a thousand favours ; then, 55  
With gratitude distinguish well thyself.  
While these inferior substances declare,  
In silent eloquence their maker's praise,  
We'll be their priest, lend them our vocal aid,  
Adore the maker both for them and us, 60  
And worship more for our immortal souls,  
That title us the lord of all things here :  
By means of such exalted principle,  
We're qualified to read our maker's works,

His image bear, not only through this life, 65  
 But through eternity's wide round: all this  
 Is our prerogative we may enjoy.  
 The good exuberant that flows from heaven,  
 I cannot yet omit to celebrate,  
 In new reflections on this flow'ry scene : 70  
 How much indebted should we think ourselves,  
 For man's benevolence, who would for us  
 A stately mansion build? Should we not find  
 A glow of thankful gratitude? And should  
 His charity still volunt'ry extend, 75  
 To furnish it with all conveniences,  
 And ornaments delightful to behold,  
 What heart of silent and of open praise  
 Would senseless be? This has our heavenly friend  
 And maker done; has built this wondrous earth 80  
 For us, and furnish'd it with sea and land,  
 With day and night, with hills and vales, and woods  
 And plains, with desarts wild and fertile meads,  
 And summer's shades from intervening clouds,  
 Delightful changes to amuse the mind : 85  
 These are our blessings part of us forget,  
 Another part seems senseless of their worth.  
 Behold the sun, in splendour hung to view,  
 Big with the vig'rous properties of life,  
 That should he be created for himself, 90  
 Yet to himself he can't detain his worth;  
 Does not this earth, as first, then man, enjoy  
 His beams? The moon, that borrows from his wealth,  
 Or takes more justly what he cannot keep,  
 Still hands it down to us; the stars afford 95  
 Us aid, when moon and sun do not, an aid  
 Sufficient for our nightly rest; the clouds,  
 Whose use in part I've publish'd, ornament  
 The evening skies, with gay perspective views,  
 Exceeding far the landscape's painted art; 100  
 Then wafted by fermenting matter, spread  
 Their moisture round the universal garden.  
 The fields are our exhaustless granary;  
 The ocean is our reservoir; the beasts

ON A FLOWER-GARDEN.

Dispatch our business, and their useless coats 97  
 Become our robes ; the changing seasons bring 105  
 A change of joys : all nature seems our own, —  
 Her whole production seemingly is ours.  
 Then rest on providence ; not only rest,  
 But thankful be besides ; if thou rebell'st 110  
 Against her, happiness thou'lt not enjoy,  
 Nor God his worship due : he thee surrounds  
 With benefits, that thy illiterate,  
 Or harden'd heart, is senseless of : he courts  
 Thy straying thoughts, invites thy gratitude, 115  
 By never ceasing liberalities,  
 Or bounties still bestow'd. Most perfect Lord,  
 Let thy real goodness, thy unwearied care,  
 Lead us to knowledge and repentance : win  
 Us to thyself, thou fountain of all good, 120  
 By these inducements ; draw us sensible  
 Of our salvation, by these ties of love.  
 Behold the scene that's here exhibited,  
 Of benefits arising from the active hand :  
 This garden, through the art of cultivation, 125  
 Resembles Eden ; here, industry seems  
 Blest, by the power above ; without man's aid,  
 Might be a wilderness, a haunt for beasts ;  
 The gardner's art, bless'd with God's providence,  
 Has render'd it a second paradise. 130  
 The mind, without instruction early, may,  
 Much like a sluggard's vineyard soon appear ;  
 Left to its will deprav'd, what can we else  
 Expect, but passions uncontrol'd will choak  
 The few examples good, that might grow up, 135  
 Like garden's useless weeds the useful few :  
 Then anger, like a prickling thorn springs forth,  
 With peevishness, revenge, and deadly hate,  
 Your temper stabbing with unpleasant wounds,  
 Your life a warfare making without end. 140  
 But let the mind be nurtur'd under God ;  
 Let holy discipline reform the soil,  
 Let it be sown with inspiration's seed,  
 And skillful teachers dress the rising shoots,

Direct the young ideas how to spread; 145  
 The wayward passions how to move; then what  
 Productions different will soon appear?  
 The inner man will quickly know his path,  
 And be at rest; soft charity will breathe  
 Her sweets, and hope expand her bloom: the mind 150  
 Accomplish'd with internal worth, then love,  
 And all external graces soon appear;  
 Unlike that flatt'ring face which art has taught,  
 To win mankind for earthly vanities;  
 The sentiments become more generous, 155  
 And life more perfect, both to God and man.  
 If governors of families would watch,  
 And guide more diligent their offspring's ways,  
 Unpleasant weeds that choak society  
 Would soon decrease: but business, pleasure, sloth, 160  
 With all the various hobbies men do ride,  
 No time have they for such dull irksome work,  
 Dull to that moment's interest or ease.  
 With what an assiduity and skill,  
 The florist regulates his nursery! 165  
 He, late and early visits them; supplies  
 Their wants with mould and moisture readily;  
 Guards them from ravages of enemies,  
 And screens them from the weather; marks their growth  
 Attentively, till he beholds them bloom; 170  
 Which crowns his toil, with plenty and with joy!  
 Yet trust thou not, in cultivation's art  
 Alone, but to the blessings of above;  
 If God should wing the clouds irregular,  
 Thy works by drought will be destroy'd, by floods 175  
 Another's; rottenness will seize their roots,  
 And blossoms go to dust. Let parents plant,  
 Let tutors water; but let both look up,  
 With hopeful thankfulness for the increase,  
 As must the gardener with all his toil. 180  
 The various flowers in their budding state,  
 Like bales of cloth from packer's warehouses,  
 Are wrapt within a strong enclosure; tied  
 Together by the strongest bandages;

ON A FLOWER-GARDEN.

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So that their beauties lie conceal'd, and all  
 Their sweets lock'd up; much like the sordid wretch,  
 Whose aims turn'd inward on himself, are all  
 Lock'd up, as safely as his gold. Ye flowers,  
 Sol's searching beams your silken folds will open,  
 And all your treasures wide expand; and so  
 Thy riches will, thou miser, in its turn;  
 Expand by spendthrifts after thee, or what  
 From God, may soften and unlock thy heart.  
 Arise, thou sun of righteousness, arise  
 With heaven's advantages to us; transfuse  
 Thy gentle, penetrating ray, through all  
 Our intellectual powers; enlarge our minds,  
 With humble, mild benevolence; make room  
 To entertain with love, the whole of man:  
 May we be ever pleas'd with their abilities,  
 Should they excel, in any worthy act;  
 And in their happiness rejoice, and feel  
 Their miseries, and to relieve them hasten:  
 Then we their joys by sympathy shall share.  
 I see a range of strong and stately stalks,  
 Dispos'd at proper distances; their heads  
 So regular in space and height, they seem  
 Like towers upon a city wall; at top  
 They separate into a tribe of pods;  
 From each a figure gay displays a form,  
 That seems to constitute a perfect circle,  
 Wide open spread into a pleasant, frank,  
 Communicative air; and ting'd with that,  
 Which is so charming in the miser's eye.  
 One property, that I admire, is her  
 So singular attraction to the sun:  
 When evening shades take place, this flower seems drooping,  
 Folds up her leaves, as if like animals  
 'Twould take her rest; or like some slighted lover,  
 Go pine in melancholy through the night:  
 As soon as providence unbars the sun,  
 This pining flower expands her longing arms,  
 And welcomes him into her bosom; there,  
 Throughout the day his masc'line force receives;

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So long as he continues in her reach, 225  
 Declines her head unto him, as himself  
 Declines. Wise nature's action is a book,  
 The author, God ; one law attractive runs  
 Throughout the work, though variously branch'd off.  
 This garden is a sermon, and who read, 230  
 May wise instructions gain! Let us but love  
 The sun of righteousness, as heliotropes  
 The sun of day ; conform'd to their belov'd  
 As they, enamour'd as these grateful flowers.  
 Then watchful christian, up to Jesus look ; 235  
 In all enjoyments mark his gracious hand ;  
 Receive them as proceeding from his love ;  
 Receive eternal joys his death has purchas'd ;  
 In ev'ry pang afflicting look to him ;  
 In thy infirmities he's thy high priest, 240  
 Pleading thy sufferings, and his own for thee :  
 He's thy prevailing advocate above,  
 He thy devotion marks and recommends ;  
 In every temptation look to him,  
 The author of thy strength ; thy feebleness 245  
 He can invigorate, and those subdue  
 Who seek to ruin thee ; especially,  
 When thy departing time is near, when all  
 The springs of life are breaking down, thou mayst  
 See him at God's right hand to succour thee, 250  
 As murder'd Stephen saw to succour him.  
 When this life's tale is at the verge arriv'd,  
 And all before thee is eternity,  
 O then be sure keep Jesus in thy view!  
 Not lose him there, lest all thy former sight, 255  
 Should into endless darkness sink, for one  
 Small miss: thy constant trav'ling grace and works,  
 Will build thee faith, and faith will give thee sight,  
 To see, an everlasting happiness!  
 Another tree, I see, which faces south 260  
 Unable is, much like the fruitful vine,  
 Her branches to support, without the aid  
 Of sunny walls, and human hands ; as yet  
 The tender twigs their growing blossoms have

ON A FLOWER-GARDEN.

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Not gemm'd, I'll pass them by, and introduce 265  
 A greater favourite,—the passion-flower,  
 Which with a long succeeding train, will soon  
 Adorn the boughs. I've read in books prophane,  
 Of flowers that bear the names of kings; but here  
 Is one, emblaz'd with our Redeemer's arms,— 270  
 The trophies of renown, that conquer'd death.  
 I've also read, in the inspired works  
 Of holy men, who've on their bodies wore,  
 The suff'ring marks, that won them from the grave:  
 But there's a blooming, real religionist, 275  
 Though it consist in outside show, no fraud  
 Within, like cover'd counterfeits, with robes  
 Of heaven and minds of hell: this honest flower,  
 Most simply represents mount Calv'ry's scene.  
 Does nature mourn the horrid act, and pay 280  
 Commemorating honours to her Lord?  
 Is she in nature fix'd our memories  
 To move, and keep our chief concern alive?  
 Or is wild fancy my interpreter,  
 And all upon imagination rest? 285  
 Should it be so, it matters not, while she  
 Such joys create this side the grave, and end  
 In consequences innocent the other:  
 So let imagination bear the rule,  
 While she revives my gratitude, and prompts 290  
 My love to an immortal friend divine.  
 That spiral tendril, rising from the stalk  
 At's bottom, seems to represent the scourge,  
 Which lash'd our Saviour Lord's unspotted flesh,  
 Or twisted for the cord that bound his hands; 295  
 Behold the nails that pierc'd his sacred veins;  
 Behold the hammer too, that drove those nails,  
 And thorns encompassing his royal brow;  
 Instead of the triumphal laurel crown'd  
 Was he with darts; such tort'ring wreath was fix'd, 300  
 Upon his head, with barb'rous blows, that struck  
 The pointed prickles deep into his flesh!  
 There in the green impalement circling rang'd,  
 Are his deciples in battalion order,

The instruments surrounding of his death, 305  
 Like faithful followers appearingly,  
 That breathe a resolution firm, their Lord  
 To stand by in distress, if 'twas requir'd,  
 In nat'ral combat, yet no further knew,  
 And barely that as Peter's cowardice 310  
 Declares ; but emblematically shown  
 By nature here, what might have been their office.  
 Were they in truth his faithful followers,  
 What cause was then for their barr'd up retreat,<sup>1</sup>  
 Fearing the Jews when Christ to them appear'd? 315  
 But what is human strength, when destitute  
 Of succours from above? Which then they'd not?  
 But afterwards receiv'd the comforter,  
 Without he suffer'd, they would not receive.  
 Among the beauties here in sunny robes, 320  
 That sips the dews dropt from the sweating air,  
 I think that emblematic figurer  
 That figures out the sufferings of Christ,  
 Commands a superiority ; the prize  
 Be then assign'd to this fair candidate, 325  
 That bears such marks of seeming loyalty,  
 Towards his heavenly king, and public good :  
 If he is just, I'll wear him in my heart ;  
 If he is not, he cannot mischief do,  
 Like candidates of flow'ry rhetoric, 330  
 Who'd sell the nation to retrieve their loss.  
 Another yet remains deserving fame,  
 Still nearer imitating motion'd life ;  
 One so extremely delicate, that dares  
 Not venture out in open air, but nurs'd 335  
 In warmth, and costly beds : this wondrous plant  
 Sbrinks at the touch, as if by sense alarm'd,  
 Much like the oister closing up its shell :  
 From what within, what instinct, or what cause,  
 No human art yet knows ; certain it is, 360  
 Dull worms, shell fish, with such like things that crawl,  
 Appearingly no greater knowledge have,  
 Than sensible to touch. Philosophers  
 Have long ago divided nature's growth,

And nam'd it three distinctive kingdoms; one 345  
 Produces stones, the min'ral kingdom call'd;  
 Another trees, the vegetable nam'd;  
 And animal claims all of motion'd sense:  
 Gradation's chain of swelling links unites  
 The whole, from stones to trees, from trees to worms; 350  
 This plant and oister may each other join,  
 As link to link may ideots and baboons;  
 So upward go, nor rest with nature here,  
 Nor with our earth, nor systems numberless,  
 For aught we know; when comets quit our skies, 355  
 From their well known rapidity, may fly  
 To other suns, encircling them as links,  
 Uniting systems in one chain; that law  
 Continuing throughout creation's bounds.  
 This plant, so delicately shy, might teach 360  
 Unguarded females how to act; so quick  
 Alarm'd at liberties that might it hurt,  
 Like virgins modest, sensible, and graceful,  
 Spurn at temptations which may cost them woe.  
 As such should be our tim'rous care 'gainst sin,— 365  
 Against the first approach of growing vice;  
 If sinners plead, forbidden pleasures tempt,  
 And selfish frauds as baits before you lie,  
 Turn from the snare, touch not the gilded bane,  
 Fly hastily from the bewitching ruin, 370  
 From flattery's enchanting whispers fly;  
 Permit not discontentment's leaden hand,  
 Upon your spirits to lie, and weigh you down  
 To sourness, nauseously ill to yourselves,  
 And what is worse, a pestilence to others: 375  
 The happy man makes all around him happy.  
 Let us revolve that wonderful composure  
 In our Redeemer, who amidst insults,  
 The basest from corruption's scourge, stood firm;  
 His thoughts and hope were fixt above this world: 380  
 Encourage not what may betray your virtue;  
 Be deaf inflexibly to all beguiles;  
 Should they intrude into your easy minds,  
 Be quick as light'ning to repel the cheat;

To parley with such enemy, gives hope 385  
 To sin, to plant her train of ills: play not  
 On ruin's brink,—the precipice's edge,  
 Should there be toys of gold; but shun  
 The verge of deep destruction, as this jealous plant  
 Recoils, at liberties might hurt. Not long 390  
 Ago, these blooming beauties of the spring  
 Were coarse, misshapen roots; had we their soil  
 Remov'd, and seen them in their crude conceptions,  
 How blank, and unadorn'd, they then would seem?  
 But now they're nature's boast, delights of men, 395  
 And patterns for their handy arts: mark how  
 Enam'ling, and embroidery, from these  
 Their beauties take; they're taught to bloom in them,  
 And in the painter's art, in tapestries,  
 And silks, but with inferior brilliances; 400  
 Their modesty attempts not equalling,  
 But places merit in a faint resemblance,  
 And thanks wise nature for her useful copy:  
 In robes of gold and silver wrought, the pink,  
 And jessamine's gay charms, triumphant reign: 405  
 Then wonder not, thou infidel, if God,  
 Such treasures from the dust can raise, that saints  
 While liv'd, the prime of nature's works, should burst  
 Corruption's bonds, and from the grave arise!  
 Nor wonder at the trumpet's sound to call 410  
 Them forth, more than the thunder's voice alarms  
 The blossoms, and congeals their fruit. Fear not,  
 Thou faithful christian, to descend to dust,  
 Thy soul thou mayst with thy Redeemer trust;  
 In weakness sown, from thence shall rise in power, 415  
 To thank thy God, and bless that happy hour,  
 Thou from the dust wert call'd, to realms above,  
 By God's decrees of everlasting love;  
 To be rebuilt upon a firmer plan,—  
 Immortally renew'd from mortal man! 420  
 The keys of dust and death thy Saviour keeps,  
 And who but he can rouse thee from thy sleep?  
 Or who thee there a prisoner detain?  
 He's God above, and all beneath the main!

## CHAPTER VI.

## CONTENTS.

Corruption of all things on this Globe; Grace ballances that defect in Man, and Christ the Refuge. Insects' operations. Concludes with a reward due to the righteous Man above the Sinner.



<b>N</b> ow having made my panegyric, next Let me my lamentation make; for I Foresee their end approaching, all their sweets Of breathing smells, and all that charm the sight, Are hastening to dust: significant	5
Resemblance these, of higher valued things; All flesh is grass, all like the herbage green; All valued faces, and admired arts, All scornning pride, and weening self esteem, Must give up all their darling vanities, And like these flowers return to humble dust.	10
Behold, ye fairest then among the sons Of Eve, behold yourselves in this true glass; First see, your beauty is out-shone by these, Next see, you are with them design'd for dust; Your blue, enamell'd veins, and polish'd skin, A fever will deface; your blooming, plump, And dimpl'd cheeks, consumptions soon will nip; And sorrow will your lively spirits crush:	15
Should these disasters spare, and pity you, Yet age, that sly advancing, sculking thief, Will find you out, and all your beauties blast! O then, ye fair ones, when your sparkling eyes In dimness roll, and in their centers deep Impress'd, and death, another certain thief,	20
Which follows age appears; what recompense Will your past beauty bring to you? What thoughts But horror, when your all was there? now robb'd Of all, where will you go? To Christ? Perhaps It is too late! Too late to build your work	25
	30

Of faith! Your hope, the offspring of belief,  
 For your foundation stone, you have not got!  
 O thou, neglecting creature! Where canst thou  
 Thy refuge build? Fly quickly to the work,  
 And overtake the sad neglect; prepare 35  
 For thy immortal state,—eternal bliss  
 Enjoy'd: thou mayst find grace the 'levnth h our!  
 Ye flow'ry nations you must all decay:  
 That stately lily reigns your present queen,  
 But is to dust consign'd, and shortly too: 40  
 The tulip gay, in various colours rob'd,  
 No cup enamell'd with its beauty vied,  
 Has now laid all his splendid honours down,  
 His radiant stripes are blendid with the dust!  
 The rose too has an odorous delight, 45  
 Complexion blooming, and a graceful shape;  
 That men of business, misers, lovers, students,  
 Their darling toys will quit awhile, and court  
 This amiable flower, will wear it next  
 The heart; yet there 'twill wither, soon resign 50  
 Those pualities, and bow its head in death!  
 Who would not wish those lovely ornaments  
 A longer life? They fade almost as soon  
 As flourish; let a few chilling nights,  
 And days of fierce extremes, pass over them, 55  
 You'll find their place a wilderness of stalks:  
 Ye vegetable kingdoms, winter like  
 A conqueror will you invade; the storms  
 Are gath'ring, and the tempest mustering  
 Its rage; they'll plunder and lay waste your charms 60  
 They'll strip your trees of robes, your fields of verdure:  
 The earth dismantl'd of her gay attire,  
 Will in a pensive state appear, pining  
 Her loss; the sun that's now exalted high,  
 Will you abandon for his southern charge, 65  
 Leave you to northern blasts, and tedious nights,  
 The lark and linnet to their hungry wants,  
 Half-animated, sheltring in some nook:  
 Their harmony in woods must cease awhile,  
 And howling winds instead the forest shake! 70

ON A FLOWER-GARDEN.

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This is your fate, ye vegetable tribe,  
 Had you the strength of oaks, yet short even then  
 Would your duration be: I see all things,  
 Not rocks excepted, but must turn to dust !  
 Amidst these views of gen'ral ruin, here 75  
 Is our safe refuge, this our consolation,  
 We know that our Redeemer lives, and time  
 Is his, and we may hold a part in him :  
 Then perish if ye will, ye worldly things,  
 If we're with God, we live, amidst these spoils ! 80  
 The mounting sun, directing to the earth  
 More pointingly his beams, firing its soil,  
 And adding to its rays reflected heat,  
 Let me into that arbour there retire,  
 Of cool repose.—Welcome refreshing shades, 85  
 Your chearing influence I feel ; by heat  
 My spirits languid made, will soon revive,  
 The slacken'd sinews will new brace, and life  
 Flow brisker through its liquid channels. On  
 This mossy couch reclin'd, and temp'rate air 90  
 Surrounding, here at ease let me indulge  
 The thought, which providence's instinct has renew'd,  
 And imitate Monica, and her son  
 Augustine ; who discoursing piously,  
 On God's creation and these beauteous flowers, 95  
 Rose step by step to glories hung on high,  
 By inspiration rose, till almost rapt,  
 Into the heaven which they contemplated.  
 When storms disturb the grosser element,  
 And floating wrecks with signals of distress 100  
 Are seen, who can from shore such scenes behold,  
 Regardless of their welfare ? Who, like me,  
 Enjoying here luxurious ease, and wing'd with faith  
 Could mount to perfect happiness, behold  
 Their fellow creatures, floating on the waves 105  
 Of death, without endeav'ring for their safety ?  
 Without their warning voice, their feeble aid ?  
 By faith made happy, I the thought enjoy !  
 And now the sun blazing on high, the air  
 Is fill'd with fire, the plains are rent with chinks, 110



The roads are scorch'd to dust, the woods contract  
 A sickly aspect, and a russet hue ;  
 The trav'ler languishing moves on, with hopes  
 Some entertaining inn may soon appear ;  
 The lab'rer with an anxious eye, watches 115  
 The sun's meridian he may rest at noon ;  
 The beasts to shady coverts fly, and I  
 Enjoy my cool refreshment here: thus may  
 The virtuous few, ( few may I say? ) abide  
 Beneath the safe retreat of heavenly care: 120  
 Should pestilence even then in darkness walk,  
 Or lawless ruffians roam by day, at right  
 Or left should thousands fall, no evil need  
 We fear; or breath of infidels should taint,  
 With deadly poison multitudes around, 125  
 Yet faith, this secret whispers in my ears,  
 That God will hide me from an endless ruin.  
 Let us our refuge take beneath the cross,  
 Beneath that tree of life,—though fixt for death ;  
 A secret hiding place we shall find there! 130  
 In that tremendous day when worlds shall rent,  
 The sun arrested in his splendid course,  
 And universal order broken down,  
 The dead assembl'd to their fate, that fate  
 Their dying eyelids seal'd, then Jesus will 135  
 His own confess ; his just, defended through  
 Their faith, will stand unshaken, unappall'd ;  
 Redeeming wings of love will shelter them,  
 From nature's gasp, and jaws of deepest hell!  
 The bees, I see, amidst the scorching heat 140  
 Their work pursue ; like other insects bred  
 By hottest beams, can better with that heat  
 Agree: this race of chymists learnt, extract  
 Their wealth, from what is senseless of its loss ;  
 Not like usurping man, who cumulates, 145  
 Perhaps, his interesting gains, from those,  
 Whose present hunger serv'd are open left,  
 To worse impending evils on their heads.  
 Thou bee, thou honest operator, while  
 The wicked spider, deeper tainted through 150

ON A FLOWER-GARDEN.

109

Man's fall, his artful nets contrive, and preys  
 With vengeance on another's ruin! May  
 These meditations sink into my soul,  
 May I each heavenly thought improve, convert  
 The sacred instinct into stedfast truth, 155  
 To stedfast principles of love and faith,  
 That will my conduct ever regulate:  
 Then I shall gather heavenly sweets, ye bees,  
 Of greater value than your golden stores.  
 Here I behold assembl'd in one view, 160  
 What sev'rally has my attention charm'd:  
 The vista through an ancient wood prepar'd,  
 Or form'd by rows of venerable elms,  
 Conducts the sight to some distinctive object,  
 Or leads the steps to this delightful scene; 165  
 The walls with trees enrich'd, each deck'd with fruit,  
 The walks shorn neatly, and with verdure lin'd,  
 Some uniformly smooth'd, and fac'd with gravel,  
 The alleys arch'd to shade noontide's repose,  
 And each compartment selvage-edg'd with box, 170  
 The shapely evergreens and flow'ring shrubs,  
 The bason center'd with a crystal fount,  
 And waters falling from remote cascades,  
 And murm'ring gently as they flow, so well  
 Dispos'd in order, and adorn'd by art, 175  
 All recommends united elegance,  
 A scene delightful of magnificence!  
 Who can behold such lovely prospect here,  
 Without contemplating on what's above,—  
 The first, almighty cause, and fountain head 180  
 Of bliss: but where's the artist can sketch out,  
 An imitation of that holy land?  
 Would some celestial hand the curtain move,  
 And favour us with one resplendent glance,  
 And mortal sight prepare to stand its blaze: 185  
 How would all earthly things to nothing sink?  
 Eden itself might be no Eden then,—  
 And all that charm'd in nature charm no more.  
 O thou, celestial world! Great things, and high,  
 Are spoke of thee: the volumes wrote by men 190

Inspir'd, and conscience umpire in us plac'd,  
 How strange it is so many grossly errs!  
 Thou seest that all terrestrial things will end,  
 But canst thou think that all eternally  
 Shall end? The righteous man that bore the scourge,—  
 A world in arms against perfection's peace,           196  
 And quickly kill'd all thoughts conceiv'd by sin,  
 As births abortive, monsters from the brain,  
 Whose happy mind has tasted heavenly bliss,  
 Whose soul would wing its flight, uneasy here           200  
 Mixing with elements perverse and base,  
 And canst thou think such well known worth will end?  
 Be level'd with the vile? Unjust reward,  
 Thy reason will thee tell, excepting sin  
 Has sown in thee the seeds of deadly ills,  
 To hate all good. Go wean thy pompous lust           205  
 From temp'ral things; Go fix thy pride above,  
 And then that pride shall lose that sinful name;  
 Long for that paradise planted on high,  
 Where happiness eternal lives and reigns:  
 Then with that heavenly joy thou wilt be crown'd;   210  
 To taste it truly grace will hand it down.

# A DESCANT

UPON

## CREATION.



### CONTENTS.

Design of the whole. Angels; the visible Heavens; Stars; Comets; Planets; Sun; Moon; Thunders; Lightnings; Clouds, wintry and vernal; Rainbow; Storms and Tempest: Pestilence; Heat and Cold; Ocean; Woods and Shrubs; Vine and Fruit Trees; Meadows and Fields; Mines and Jewels; Fountains and Rivers; Birds; Bees; Silkworms; Cattle, and Creatures in every Element. General Chorus of Praise.



**T**o know God's love, to have a hopeful proof,—  
A deep assurance rooted in the heart,  
Of his unbounded charity, granting  
The full of grace to man's repenting prayers,  
And have a steadfast gratitude, and faith                               5  
Unfeign'd, according to Saint Paul's account,  
Is the true summit of christianity:  
What follows may assist the mind, to learn  
A line or two, of that important lesson;  
It brings to view the striking'st sentences,                               10  
In that great book of universal nature,—  
The spangl'd sky, and operating earth:  
There you shall read incentive arguments,  
Inducements strong to gratitude devout;  
Quotations, references, prefaces,                                       15  
Sufficient for your knowledge here to know  
Your God, and as the author him adore!  
Such scenes of harmony thou wilt behold,  
That will rouse up thy inattentive state;

Who'rt form'd with reason for this use, with heart 20  
 To love receive the soft impression, spark  
 Etherial, from that order thou behold'st;  
 And thy disorder'd notions kindle right,  
 And purge the base ingredients from thy soul.  
 What can impart to the believer joys 25  
 More vivid,—more effectually confirm  
 His faith, than see the firmament display  
 Such works? Or what can more effectually  
 Reclaim the harden'd atheist to believe?  
 If order is in kingly states maintain'd, 30  
 Would order long exist without a chief?  
 No more the systems would without a king.  
 Go read in rolling spheres thy station here,—  
 Thy duty, and thy worth; among mankind  
 Thy worth, and duty to thy God. Go read 35  
 Thy Saviour in the title page of heaven:  
 Thou'lt see him there as striking to thy view,  
 As in the prophet's works; delineated  
 In that stupendous volume, where the leaves  
 Are ether's boundless plains, and words are worlds! 40  
 Should the unfort'nate few, through less of art,  
 Or mental organs in the reas'ning seat,  
 Deem this a vague, far-fetch'd hypothesis,  
 Or a conceit dress'd up in rhetoric,  
 May charity's compassion on them fall, 45  
 And better sense, their spleen, or ign'rance teach;  
 Teach them this sacred art, the hinge on which  
 The planets turn, is their Immanuel's;  
 The plan, and grand machine are his; it came  
 Not of itself; the parts that constitute 50  
 The whole, were no more privy to their use,  
 Then simple wheels in men's machines; they claim  
 A workman; and that workman is our God!  
 On such a subject, what is wonderful,  
 Should not be nam'd extravagant, but more 55  
 The soaring flight of love inspir'd; for God  
 Is love, and wonderful beyond his works,  
 In our redemption from the grave beyond  
 So gloriously, that all the miracles,

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Divinity or history records 60  
 Besides, will dwindle into trivial nothings,  
 Compar'd with its momentous worth to man!  
 Then let my meditations have full scope;  
 Let me the boundless subject make my text:  
 The boundless void in this discourse, with all 65  
 The wonders it contains to sight, I'll sing,  
 Without regarding busy critics' tongues,—  
 Those births of all uncharitableness.  
 Ye angels, princes filling many thrones,  
 And ye inferior tribes that on you wait, 70  
 Whose joys excel our mortal joys so far,  
 That you no sorrow know; for deadly hate,—  
 Corruption's scourge is banish'd hence; who plac'd  
 You in that happy state? He whom you all  
 Obey; obedience is your happiness, 75  
 And disobedience mortal misery:  
 He whom you all obey, man disobey'd,  
 And lost what you enjoy: then to retrieve  
 His fallen dignity, the mighty God  
 Spar'd part of his essence divine, to dwell 80  
 With us, made mortal, subject to disease,  
 To all mankind's infirmities: but sin  
 Our worst disease, he conquer'd through his faith,  
 That we might rise victorious from the grave,  
 By his example, to possess, our rights! 85  
 Ye heavens, founded upon the mighty void,  
 Where orbs sail under, worlds unnumber'd float,  
 He who adjusted you, prescrib'd your bounds,  
 Then call'd the systems forth, lit up old night,  
 Was mortal made the lowest of our throng, 90  
 That meek humility might win, what pride  
 In Eve's aspiring mind left go. Ye stars,  
 That beam with brilliancy, though lost in Sol's  
 Superior blaze,—superior glory through  
 His neighbourly abode, nor boasts a use 95  
 No greater than your own, but centers all  
 To orbs innumerable, distances deceive  
 The vulgar sense, who gave you all these worths,—  
 As lamps of light, and fire of active life?

**A power superior to your light and heat ;** 100  
**A power most wise, your light and heat to govern ;**  
**That shone before your lamps, before the wheel**  
**Of day and night, that measures time to man**  
**Was made ; who was involv'd, conceal'd**  
**In his own works, his works depriv'd to mend ;** 105  
**Disguis'd in humble habit, just pretence**  
**To prove the enemies of truth, to give**  
**Infernal malice its full scope, that guilt**  
**Might greater on itself redound ; to plant**  
**A grace to strengthen weakest parts, that would** 110  
**To conscience strike that weakness, and its guilt ;**  
**The heaven of heavens to adorn, when stars**  
**Expire, like sparks from smitten steel, and earth,**  
**With mortal man, may be no more ! Next you,**  
**Bright comets, as behind not in the works** 115  
**Of wisdom, I will sing ; your visits here**  
**So seldom strike our reason, that you make**  
**Excursions far into the universe ;**  
**And then returning with your fiery train,**  
**Amidst the planets' roads ; but never meet** 120  
**The planets there, nor near them rove, to hurt**  
**Each other ; all in orbits fixt so wise !**  
**Who could such order frame, but some wise hand ?**  
**Some cause of causes,—wisdom infinite ;**  
**A cause of which our trifling wisdom is a part !** 125  
**Who can withdraw or lead the comet forth,**  
**The blazing wonder over guilty lands,**  
**Those kingdoms lull'd by luxury to sleep,**  
**But Deity to give creation his**  
**Impartial gifts ? Those gifts some long enjoy'd,** 130  
**And little thank'd him for ? At last they're took**  
**From them, and tyrants oftimes share the spoil,**  
**Permitted as the instruments, to work**  
**Some providential change,—some secret good,**  
**That God might have a greater usury.** 135  
**Ye planets, wing'd by force attractive ; round**  
**Your centers up and down you climb, though down**  
**And up in the etherial space are lost ;**  
**More perfect than the wisest men's machines,**

You measure time; through ether's space you rove, 140  
 In narrower limits than the comet's whirl,  
 Though useful all in your respective spheres:  
 He who your bounds prescrib'd, and gave you wings,  
 Became a mortal in the world he made,  
 To lead us through the path of righteousness, 145  
 And that recover we had forfeited.  
 Thou sun, thou inexhausted source of light,  
 Of heat and vigour, giving day to realms  
 Beyond this earthly ball, the heathens err'd  
 When thee they worship'd for their God, for he 150  
 Who fram'd thee central king of worlds. Thou moon,  
 Thou, singly shalt command my praises too,  
 As not the least in usefulness to us;  
 Thou walk'st apparently among the stars,  
 Though neighbour to our earth; near us thou dwell'st,  
 Earth's servant mayst be call'd, as thou attend'st 156  
 Us round the sun: sometimes thou'rt seen full orb'd,  
 In nightly splendour bright; and in the hour  
 Of thy most lucid'st charm, thou'rt robb'd of light;  
 Thou'rt forc'd behind the earth in dim eclipse, 160  
 Her larger size robb's thee of borrow'd light;  
 In her large shadow thou must struggle on,  
 Till thou hast work'd thy passage through it: oft  
 In close conjunction with the sun thou'rt found;  
 And if of equal force with us, thou'dst serve 165  
 This earth in cheerless, long eclipse, as earth  
 Serves thee; then moving round half way to full,  
 Thou show'st us half thy face; but far more kind  
 To Sol, thou ever show'st him all, except  
 Eclips'd; yet gratitude to thee belong'st, 170  
 Thou show'st him what he gives. Thou gratitude,  
 Thou twin with love, true source of human bliss,  
 And steps, on which we shall ascend to heaven.  
 Obedience also to that voice, pronounc'd  
 By Joshua, was thine; the loud request 175  
 Reach'd sun and moon, as seemingly conceiv'd,  
 But God more justly; and by him approv'd,  
 He quickly stopp'd this earth's diurnal course.  
 Ye thunders, that with awful terror shake



The earth, the air, the beast, and sinful man, 180  
 You seem a warning voice against our sins;  
 And of that dreaded noise impending, when  
 The dead shall be alarm'd, awoke to thoughts,  
 Some wish had slept eternally: he who  
 Alarms you with these necessary signs, 185  
 Remains your greatest friend; a feeble cry  
 He made for you, when in the manger lay;  
 And stronger groans, when on the tree expir'd,  
 That whisper'd peace to all, in him believing.  
 Ye light'nings, wing'd with forked menaces, 190  
 You brood, and couchant lie, in vapours black  
 And sulphurous; till whirl'd by active force,  
 Through agitation kindle into flames,  
 Whose centres carry death, to those they strike;  
 And swifter than all else in nature's whirl, 195  
 They o'er the prostrate world sublimely wave:  
 He who vile Sodom into ashes turn'd,  
 And your black sulphur kindle into flames,  
 Will kindle elements, and elements  
 The earth; he who your sulphur wings, directs 200  
 Its flight, resign'd his essence up to scorn,  
 Indignity, that deadly hate might sting  
 Itself, and good its level find; instead  
 Of hate return'd, that spite the child of sin,  
 He pray'd that God might them forgive, they knew 205  
 Not what they did! Example wonderful  
 Of patience for his saints, and all mankind!  
 Ye frowning clouds, ye waters in the air,  
 Burd'ning the sulphurous, active winds, spreading  
 Impartially, a nutriment, to parch'd, 210  
 Intemp'rate soil, whose hands you are in can make  
 You instruments of ruin, spoiling all  
 The lab'rer's toil: but favour'd man, thou seest  
 It is not so; instead of wrath discharg'd  
 Upon thy guilty head, he sighs and prayers 215  
 Pour'd out for thee, and peace on downy wings  
 Sends down, thy greatest blessing here. Ye soft,  
 And vernal air, with the gross element  
 As yet less loaded, he who gave you thirst

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To drink the briny deep, can all our thirst  
 Supply with grace, that nourishment of life  
 Eternal, fount of everlasting love!  
 Thou grand ethereal bow, whose beauties flush  
 The firmament, and charm the curious eye,  
 And restless thoughts of those, who'd penetrate  
 The depths of wisdom's ways, and trace effects,  
 He who decks thee in colour'd ornaments,  
 And bends thee to a sweep so regular,  
 Beyond all circles centred by frail man,  
 Was cloth'd in meaner colours than thy bow,  
 A garment of contempt, to introduce  
 The robes of righteousness,—that peace to us,  
 And reconciliation, which thy bow declares.  
 Ye storms and tempests, whose impetuous rage  
 Disturbs the continent, and moves the sea,  
 And dashes fleets on rocks, and forests rends,  
 He who your restless fury gives, best knows  
 Your use; his wisdom infinite best knows  
 The gen'ral good, though partial seems to man!  
 The ties united through creation's works,  
 The narrow minded miser thinks naught of;  
 His greatest sense is on his dungheap fixt;  
 The secret good, from thunders, storms, or rain,  
 Is secret still where ignorance prevails:  
 But he who knowledge gives, (and worldly minds  
 May of that knowledge more obtain, if views,  
 Abridg'd and mean do not usurp the seat,)  
 All meek and gentle to the slaughter went,  
 With ev'ry spark of sense summ'd up in good,  
 Which virtue he maintain'd, instructing man  
 To bear adversities, insults and scorns,  
 And trample them by grace beneath his feet:  
 Deliver'd then from tempest in thy breast,  
 To calm tranquility's happy repose,  
 The worldly glitt'ring shows thou wilt less value,  
 And make them not thy idol wholly here.  
 Thou pestilence, that scatter'st from thy wings  
 A poison, tainting wide the air, and realms  
 Infecting; thy malignant influence

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Blasts mortal joys, and sickens nature; towns      260  
 Depopulated are, and cities graves  
 Become, become a heap of putrid dead,  
 Augmenting the diseas'd, infectious air:  
 He who arms thee a scourge for wickedness—  
 Bids thee forerun his angry countenance,      265  
 Was as a criminal arraig'd, condemn'd  
 To die, as to society a nuisance:  
 But he their greater nuisance rooted up,  
 A nuisance far beyond the pestilence,  
 And wrought the cure by that reproachful death;      270  
 That he might say to our last enemy,  
 I'll be thy plague, thy kingdom I'll destroy!  
 Thou heat, thy scorching influence parches  
 The Lybian wilds, and tans its natives brown,  
 With deeper hue proportion'd to its heat;      275  
 Not as some say the mark receiv'd from God  
 On Cain's posterity. Thou cold, thy breath  
 Congeals vast oceans round the poles, and glues  
 The sailor to the cordage; dreadful too  
 The trav'ler's case when snow locks up his paths;      280  
 He moves despairingly; and at the last,  
 A victim falls, to darkness, cold, and fear!  
 Who joins your power, ye cold and heat? Who softens  
 Your two extremes, that would be tyrants else?  
 Without the mediator atmosphere      285  
 Your rules insufferable?—certain dea'h  
 Wherever your extremities should fall?  
 Who mitigated your extremes, and mixt  
 You in a temp'rate atmosphere, but God?  
 Thou ocean, world of waters, without which      290  
 The earth would not exist, more than ourselves  
 Without our ocean blood, our heart the fount  
 Supplying all our veins; the earth is not  
 Unlike, whose art'ries through her body pass,  
 As through a tree, in which the fluid runs;—      295  
 And in those channels all the min'ral tribes  
 Of various stones congeal, and keep the earth  
 Alive, and swell her growth, to ballance all  
 That on her surface perish, pluck'd from roots,

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Or dying nat'ral deaths ; whose bodies waste 300  
 Flies to the atmosphere, and grosser fluid,  
 Whose fountains still maintain new substances:  
 He who collected you from rude materials,  
 Made deep recesses to receive your flood,  
 No more to rudely mix, a boggy syrtis, 305  
 An uproar wild of fighting elements,  
 But guides your boist'rous rage as suits your works,  
 And once impower'd you to leap your bounds,  
 And overwhelm degenerated man,  
 Was overwhelm'd by wrath for righteousness, 310  
 As he delug'd the people for their sins.  
 Ye mountains, higher than inferior clouds,  
 You're swell'd from mineral combustable,—  
 The work of ages, growing on the earth,  
 As warts on human bodies: he who gave 315  
 Your roots an active life, gave up a life  
 Of highest wisdom, to regain for us,  
 A root of everlasting life. Ye woods,  
 That crown, and beautify our landscape earth,  
 You are yourselves with leafy honours crown'd ; 320  
 And shrubs, that humbler seem with lowliness,  
 Yet not without your beauties in the face  
 Of nature, to adorn, and be adorn'd,  
 By blossoms gay, and fann'd by summer's gales ;  
 And you in distant climes, extending wide 325  
 In air your spicy odours ; not exempt  
 'Mong these, ye cultivated gardens' breath,  
 Embalming with your scents the atmosphere  
 Wide round ; all varnishing your temp'ral paths :  
 Not so adorn'd was our Redeemer's head ; 330  
 Instead of flowers crown'd was he with thorns,  
 Scorn'd, scourg'd, spit on and buffeted, for all  
 The wonders and the good he wrought : but faith,  
 And righteousness, amidst those pangs he kept,  
 And bought for us an everlasting crown! 335  
 Thou mantling vine, he who thy slender stalks,  
 With rich, transparent, clust'ring grapes have hung,  
 And under thy unornamented leaves,  
 Amidst the pores of thy else worthless bough,

Prepar'd that chearing juice, that cup of joy, 340  
 For which whole nations' thanks are due, prepar'd,  
 Or suffer'd it to be prepar'd, a cup  
 Of bitterness to drink himself instead.  
 Ye meadows, flowing with spontaneous herbage,  
 And ye till'd fields, blest with a plenteous crop, 345  
 He who your faces ohear to give us hope,  
 Corroding hunger suffer'd, earthly hopes  
 Cut from, that he might plant a hope in us,  
 A hope that brings an everlasting good,  
 Beyond that hope corrupting food inspires. 350  
 Ye mines, you grow beneath a stony surface,  
 With veins of silver bright, and yellow ores,  
 In great luxuriance, treasures wafted far,  
 The monarch's pride; and beds of gems, toy-shops  
 Of nature, forming glitt'ring substances 355  
 In dark recesses; forming di'monds rich  
 With brilliancy; the ruby, with a flame  
 Of crimson glowing; emeralds, dipt deep  
 In verdure green; sapphires, deck'd with the sky  
 Etherial blue, inlaid with sparkling gold; 360  
 And topazez, emblaz'd with golden hue;  
 And amethysts, impurpl'd like the morn;  
 He who dies your congeal'd enamel'd dust,—  
 Consolidates your lucid drops, sojourn'd  
 On earth in humble state, though all this wealth, 365  
 And kingdoms offer'd him, ( when destitute  
 Of all that nature wants, ) which he despis'd,  
 To bring us to a city richer far,  
 Than all earth's treasure to her centre dug.  
 Ye gushing fountains, trickling softly through 370  
 The thirsty grass; and you transparent streams,  
 That glide in crystal waves, and joining banks  
 Improve, with fertile luxury; and you  
 Deep stately rivers, winding in your courses,  
 Supplying thirsty nature as you roll; 375  
 He who prepares you as an use to us,  
 Was of that use denied, when on the cross,  
 He cried—"I thirst." Ye tenants of the boughs,  
 In glossy plumage dress'd, you wake the morn,

Solace the groves with artless lays,—though art  
 Indeed your buildings represent; your nests,  
 So artfully adapted for your young,  
 No human architect can you excel;  
 The beasts have holes, and you have nests; but he  
 Who gave you knowledge, so to shield yourselves,  
 Had not where he might lay his head, till death  
 Had punish'd him with many pangs; then rose  
 Triumphant from the grave, shew us the road,  
 That we with him a resting-place might find.  
 Ye bees, that sweep the flowers with busy wing,  
 And sip your prey from every wholesome leaf,  
 You're strangers to that ruin here call'd sloth:  
 But Oh! poor worm, with thee it is revers'd;  
 Industry proves thy premature vile end!  
 Thou liv'st awhile, and liv'st in comfort too,  
 'Tis true; but short the time; and nothing can  
 The barb'rous action cover but the fall of man!  
 'Tis well God made them senseless of their fate,  
 And sent to us a Saviour; nothing else  
 Can wipe away our selfish, savage crimes!  
 Ye worms, that spin your silken lines, whose art  
 No human manufacturer excels,  
 Great is your worth; your work in palaces,  
 Are found; you're not destroy'd as bees; your death,  
 Or rather change, seems more in nature lodg'd,  
 That marks your body next a painted fly,—  
 A showy insect springing from your tomb;  
 Your spinning art exchang'd for painted wings,—  
 Your inward worth turn'd into outward show:  
 No atom can all qualities enjoy.  
 This, no resemblance bears to human life;  
 To Christ's corruption in the grave exchang'd,  
 Who from the bonds of death, sprang forth a God,  
 Ye cattle, resting in your pastur'd homes,  
 And beasts, ranging the forest wide, and fish,  
 Roving through trackless paths of sea, sheep, clad  
 In garments, which when left by you are worn  
 By kings, kine, fed on verdure, which transform'd  
 By nature in their bodies, next comes forth

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From udders drain'd, a nourishment for queens, 420  
 And lions strolling forests wide for prey,  
 Leviathan ranging the ocean deep,  
 With all that wing the firmament, or tread  
 The soil, or swim the wave, he who spreads those  
 Abodes for you, and all your wants supplies, 425  
 Was destitute, afflicted sore, became  
 A pensioner on what he made: a change  
 He suffer'd from his ancient Deity!  
 Praise him ye insects, crawling on the ground;  
 Praise him, ye birds, in songs of happiness, 430  
 Your happiness is praise; praise him, ye world  
 Of brutes, and howl to him your hoarse applause,  
 Who gave you holes, and birds a sense to build  
 Their nests; praise him ye bleating herds, till hills  
 Rebound your notes, and fill the vales with music; 435  
 He who the lions tam'd for the just Daniel,  
 Can tame sin's wolf to quit his search of you;  
 Ye stately ceders, wave your branching heads,  
 In sign of worship bow to him, who bow'd  
 For all mankind; ye pleasing prospects,—scenes 440  
 Of beauty, nature's paradise below,  
 Conjoin your charms, to sound your maker's praise;  
 Descend, ye showers, and let your drops announce  
 In copious streams his falling grace to man;  
 Let sighing gales, and mourning rivulets, 445  
 Join harmony to our Creator's praise,  
 Whose spirit more revives than cooling brooks,  
 Or gentle breathing gales; ye light'nings, blaze  
 His honour forth, ye thunders, sound his name,  
 Reverberating clouds return your roar, 450  
 And bellowing oceans in the anthem join;  
 Ye creatures, mut. st of God's works, if thoughts,  
 Or instinct gives you joy, your joy is praise;  
 Great source of day, address thy parent sun,  
 In ev'ry lucid beam send forth thy praise; 455  
 Ye skies, shine clear, ye verdant earth look gay,  
 Your chearful countenances are your praise;  
 All creatures clap your hands, and wear a smile,  
 The Lord of glory comes, with pardon, peace,

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And joy; chiefly let man exalt his voice, 123  
 Let man distinguish'd with hosannas hail 460  
 His God; for man he came, stretch'd on the rack,  
 Consign'd to dust, and grace procur'd to all  
 Believers, with the law observ'd; ye kings,  
 Bend from your thrones of ivory and gold, 465  
 In robes of sackcloth prostrate fall; for you  
 He left a crown, superior far to yours,  
 Chang'd into mortal man, derided, rob'd  
 With envy's rags, and crown'd with envy's thorns:  
 Ye sons of sin, throw off your grievous loads, 470  
 And change your groans for his reviving grace;  
 Let no complaining voice, no jarring string  
 Be heard, except his sufferings we feel,  
 Who bore for us his woes without a groan,  
 That we might share in his inheritance: 475  
 Ye men of hoary heads, bending beneath  
 Your years, Christ will support your tott'ring steps;  
 Go teach your infant offspring, this support  
 Is theirs,—no other God created them!  
 This, they'll remember; planted in the mind 480  
 So early soon takes root, and with their growth  
 'Twill grow; and then, instead of language foul,  
 Tending to vice, the hopeful truths might flow  
 From their instructed minds; deep grafted there,  
 The fruit of chearful constancy appears, 485  
 The virtuous parents' hopes are crown'd, and God  
 Receives his ends from their creation due.  
 Ye spirits of just men made perfect, who,  
 Releas'd from sin's sure paying miseries,  
 Who in the tents of strife no longer dwell, 490  
 Receiv'd into the class of heavenly born,  
 Where choaking weeds are instantly pull'd out,  
 Where God is president and fills the chair,  
 You feel most happily sin's burden lost,  
 And loving ecstacies instead: then bless 495  
 Your state with your augmented virtue, bless  
 His wisdom infinite, his victory  
 Over the grave for you, and his pav'd way  
 For us, smooth through the wilderness of sin.



Ye men of tempers meek, of holy life, 500  
 Of conversation innocent, glory  
 In him who wash'd you from your sins; make boast  
 Of his obedience, speak of him with joy,  
 In ev'ry friendly interview rejoice  
 In his preeminence, and imitate 505  
 His life in your endeavours frail, as far  
 As frail endeavours go. Believers weak,  
 Who under sense of guilt, conflicting with  
 Temptation's warring train, desponding move,  
 And mourning sin's attacks, be girded firm, 510  
 Do works that're just, increase belief, keep firm  
 Integrity, yea strengthen it, and all  
 Sin's movements in their infancy destroy :  
 Jesus is merciful, and will assist,  
 His office is declar'd in written truths, 515  
 By proofs undoubted; doubt dwells only there  
 Where hell triumphs: then ye assaulted souls  
 Fear not; throw off despondencies, you have  
 An advocate will still present your prayers,—  
 Your anchor cast in him will never move. 520  
 Ye ministers, commission'd by above,  
 Your voices like a trumpet's sound lift up,  
 And joyfully proclaim hossannah, blest  
 Is the Redeemer sent from God, blest be  
 That branch of thee! Get ye, ambassadors 525  
 Of peace on mountain tops, and there spread far,  
 And wide, the honours of the Lamb, who's slain  
 For us, yet lives, and lives for evermore!  
 Let ev'ry dweller's roof resound his name,  
 Declare as far as force of utt'rance goes, 530  
 Our great deliv'rance from the grave; declare  
 The pity in Immanuel's breast for man,  
 What he endur'd, and wonders he has wrought!  
 Invite the indigent to bounteous feasts  
 Of grace, surpassing far a royal feast, 535  
 Shoul'd gold, and richest jewels be the banquet!  
 While you in public stations sound his praise,  
 May I steal through the vale of humble life,  
 And catch the pleasing accent. Join, ye men,

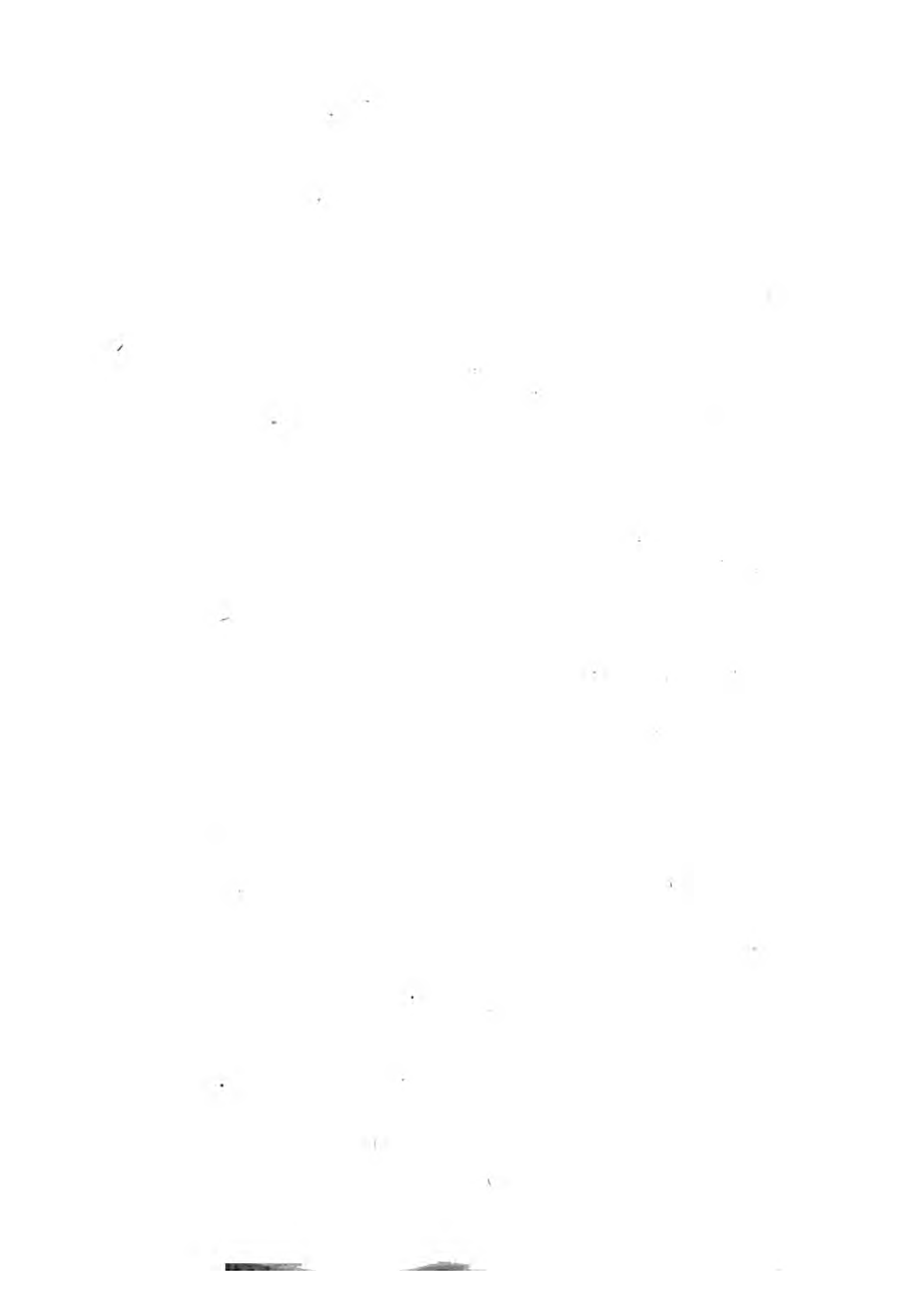
UPON CREATION.

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With angels join, add your collective strains  
Into one universal chorus, yet,  
All will be short, inferior, ballancing  
Too lightly our redemption from the grave;  
All will be lost in mental eloquence,  
Bear no proportion with the happy mind ;  
In that the soul is greater recompens'd,  
And God likewise from heart felt love sincere,  
Which is obtain'd by righteousness and prayer.

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# CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE

## NIGHT.



CHAPTER I.

### CONTENTS.

An Evening's Walk; the enjoyment of such pleasures, owing to our late victory over the rebels. The setting Sun, Twilight; its Usefulness; serious Consideration. The dewy Coolness; its influence on the verdure: returns of Solitude, equally useful to man. Angels our spectators. God ever present; comfortable improvement of this truth. The Day ended; the Swiftness of time, and its Value when gone; the work to be done while it lasteth; to squander it away the most destructive Extravagance.



**T**HE sultry day declin'd, and business done,  
The evening cool inviteth me to walk:  
I'll choose this spot; here branching elms have roof'd  
Its shaded grove, and nature's carpet, grass,  
Bedecks my steps. On either side the boughs 5  
Conjunctively form arches rude, and give  
A prospect to the bending skies. The birds,  
Their songs are tuning ere they take their rest,  
While from a neighb'ring seat, melodious sounds,  
From a French horn, through the soft air descends, 10  
That stimulate the feather'd choir, and make  
A harmony which even soothes despair!  
I, now well pleas'd, will give my active thoughts  
Full scope; none here to interrupt; no grain  
Of worldly lust shall interfere, while God 15

Is with me, whom with fervency I'll seek,  
 Through nature's paths, for nature's paths are his,  
 And rove them up and down, in wonder, place,  
 Or action, as my thoughts are born: and now,  
 They are, on that rebellious action first 20  
 Seem mov'd,—Culloden victory that pass'd  
 So lately,—that intestine broil, devis'd  
 At Rome, spurr'd on by France, and by that tribe,  
 That restless set, the bane of concord, dregs  
 Of kingdoms, jacobines by name, receiv'd, 25  
 And into practice put, a horrid blow!  
 Just providence, that weighs our mortal deeds,  
 Upsat the beam, too heinous to succeed!  
 To which I owe this uncontroll'd retreat!  
 Rebellion might extend its murd'ring days, 30  
 And I might meet a murd'rer here; or drove  
 From home to shelter in some cave, my all  
 Seiz'd on, by undeserving tyranny!  
 What should I feel; My wife and children feel?  
 No habitation left but hiding holes, 35  
 No friends but conquerers, the conquer'd friends  
 Cannot befriend themselves? Oh then, farewell  
 Ye fragrant shades, ye peaceful habitations!  
 Drove from my favourite retreats, by some  
 Insulting victor, farewell then, and out 40  
 Of misery to seek my good, must be  
 My only end! Drove from my paradise  
 Below, I might with Eve lament, and say,  
 Who now shall rear my nurs'ry up? Who now  
 Direct the clasping ivy where to climb? 45  
 Had the malignant ruffians thriv'd, instead  
 Of being thus regal'd with harmony,  
 The war's alarms might rouse my sleeping fears,  
 Drive me to seek a safe retreat; but seek  
 In vain! All would be dreadful ruin! Towns, 50  
 Nor villages would from their hands escape,—  
 From plunder, rapes, and massacres! Nor these  
 Alone; worse deaths would on the virtuous fall;  
 The fiery inquisition would revive,  
 That vile pretence for righteousness, to rid 55

Themselves of formal enemies they fear'd.  
 And cities we should see encompass'd round,  
 Our fruitful fields to desolation turn'd,  
 And plains sown thick with bodies, fell in war:  
 Where could the just, defending few then move? 60  
 Instead of grace, with all its cheering train,—  
 Of justice with impartial scales, our goods  
 Securing, persecution would brandish  
 Its sword, and slav'ry clank its chains:  
 Nor are these ills imagination's births,— 65  
 The creatures of a groundless jealousy,  
 Arising from corruption's scourge alone;  
 There are those who experienc'd them, in all  
 Their rigour; Protestants in south of France  
 Have felt those mast'ring scourges; Protestants 70  
 In England too have tasted them: and had  
 That superstitious law call'd popery,  
 Into our realms made way, or to our throne  
 That heir of James, what might we then expect?  
 A mitigation of their murd'ring zeal? 75  
 Rather relentless fury from their pride,—  
 Their aggrandizing fame to conquer realms,  
 On which they built their church in foreign lands,  
 Would on us fall for breaking from their chain.  
 What scripture gave such impious power to man, 80  
 For modes of faith on man to tyrannize?  
 Not his Redeemer, who proclaim'd a law,  
 That man should be forgiven seventy times;—  
 For ever bore with;—good instructions, love,  
 And patience, given to him, not a sword. 85  
 Thou liberty a seed that grows in all;  
 Nor God restrains its fruit while will is free.  
 The laws of kings our property protect,  
 Branch'd from that root of liberty to man:  
 Behold the setting sun; for neither poor, 90  
 Or rich, or meek, or proud, or just, or wise,  
 Or foolish, singly he'll return; but all  
 May share his great, created ends; all those  
 Who live a good conducted life, enjoy  
 Peculiarly his beams: his opening morn, 95

Meridian glory, or his evening flight,  
 Has charms where righteousness pr vails :  
 But restless tyrants, big with stratagems  
 To master men, and continents enslave,  
 Thought after thought, fear after fear invade 100  
 Their minds, that all within is uproar, strife,  
 Destroying ev'ry faculty which breed  
 Tranquility ; no peace, but from their deeds  
 Victorious feel, that those miscarried, cloud  
 The beauty of their days with inward horror. 105  
 And now the universal lamp withdraws  
 His beams ; he's beautified the western clouds,  
 As if to bid us chearfully good night ;  
 Half sunk appearingly beneath the sea,  
 Whose setting orb to sight in size extends ; 110  
 And though still seen, ( as faces in a glass  
 Not real, ) yet he's beneath the sea depress'd ;  
 Refraction's law produces both effects.  
 And now a few superior lands alone,  
 And lofty towers, enjoy the day's remains :— 115  
 How languishing it trembles on the spires !  
 How faintly living on the mountain's brow !  
 Resigning half of this terraqueous globe  
 To night, and death's true emblem, sleep !  
 The shade ascending quits the atmosphere, 120  
 And then the deepest darkness shades the earth,  
 Except the force of thinner air above,  
 Enlighten'd still, should help our grosser fluid.  
 A mournful change should Sol no more return !  
 Thou sun, fled for awhile, to chear in turn 125  
 The nightly nations in thy round, and give  
 Them break of day,—a wise munificence !  
 Though not in thee, from instinct as thy own,  
 But fixt in thee, by thy almighty maker !  
 Now sleep's repose approaching not to man, 130  
 Or animals alone, but earth herself  
 Enjoys a rest ; refresh'd by cooling air,—  
 By change renew'd, made abler to receive  
 The sun's fierce beams, by which she is impress'd,  
 And her producing labours to perform. 135

ON THE NIGHT.

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The birds already roost ; no tuneful note  
 Is heard, except the plaintive stockdove's song,—  
 A mournful cooing through the grove. Can I  
 Be vain and trifling now? This solitude,  
 This gloom of night, this contemplation deep, 140  
 Deep reverence requires! My thoughts sedate,  
 And solemn as the face of things, I'll join  
 With silent praise, in its solemnity.  
 Thou thoughtless man, where'er thou art, rev'ling  
 In luxury's debauchful scenes, hinging 145  
 Thy joys on deep despair—reflection's child,—  
 A horror which next morning's sun will breed!  
 Renounce such wicked love, impregnating  
 Of miseries, that on thy conscience feed!  
 Come thou with me, and share this solemn walk ; 150  
 Slip from thy false amusements,—joys that give  
 Thee stings hereafter ; leave thy earthly work,  
 A work though needful for this life, and join  
 With me, in contemplation here. Thou sun,  
 Now much depress'd, from whence can it proceed, 155  
 That greater darkness does not us surround?  
 Whence these remainders of diminish'd light,  
 That sooth and soften night's extreme,—darkness  
 Intense? Hast thou bequeath'd a dividend  
 Of beams, bestow'd on us by agency, 160  
 Till thou return'st? Thou hast ; the atmosphere,  
 And thinner air above, receive thy light,  
 And like the moon reflect it on the earth :  
 But not to you our praising thanks are due,  
 You're agents all to the almighty cause ! 165  
 Thou solitude, companion of the wise,  
 By thee the student heavenly gifts receive,  
 Inspired gifts of grace, or earthly arts ;  
 The proud inventor man, thy aid implores,  
 And courts thee in his closet ; thou courts me 170  
 Now here ; thy graces to my bosom stole,  
 Subdued my heart without repulse : and what  
 Am I subjected to? To love the world,  
 Or my Creator most? To build my fame  
 On slip'ry ice, or Sion's rock? Here then, 175



Let me improve these contemplating hours ;  
 As clearing to my thoughts on things above,  
 As this cool evening to the burnt up flowers :  
 This cool, gives verdure new vivacity,  
 Addition to their mingling fragrancies ; 180  
 Gives air new force, to brace our slacken'd joints,  
 And heave our lungs ; and brisker motion gives  
 The fluid life. Thou evening, cool and mild,  
 Serenely breathing, nature's grand alembic  
 Distilling cordials,—the refreshing dews ; 185  
 Which heat would rob us of their usefulness,  
 Rob them,—oblige them to evaporate,  
 In imperceptable ethereal flights ;  
 High winds would also dissipate their power,  
 Before a coalition they could form : 190  
 But by the still, cool night, unite in drops,  
 Creating finely temper'd, humid charms ;  
 Which cheer the vegetable world, as sleep  
 Exhilarates the animal: much like it,  
 Are the advantages of solitude ; 195  
 It cheers the mind in her dark prison here,  
 And shows her heavenly liberty : the world  
 A troubl'd ocean is, and who can build  
 Upon its restless waves? A school of wrongs,  
 Correcting ever, and yet ne'er correct: 200  
 The child as yet unborn, shall taste its poison,  
 And taste its cure as well: who feels himself  
 Not warping to its baneful load of sin?  
 Or do we slide that way insensibly?  
 Is sacred truth from reason's throne obscur'd? 205  
 The lively oracles expung'd and raz'd ?  
 Or some enticing vanity got lead,  
 Usurp'd superior wisdom's seat? Or some  
 Uuwary glance on other's goods provok'd  
 Unlawful wants? Or has hypocrisy 210  
 Dropt luscious poison in our ears? Or some  
 Disgust from injuries unhing'd our peace,  
 And threw us off our guard? If so, then vain  
 We see it all, and vain we see ourselves ;  
 Must see it vain through such inconstancies: 215

ON THE NIGHT.

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We know that night is opposite to day,  
 We know that wrong is opposite to right,  
 We know the right and wrong in pride's dispute,  
 That would set forth we're not in wisdom short :  
 Then why not know that righteousness exists ? 220  
 Here safety dwells ; temptation's busy scenes  
 Shut out, and silence holds the door ; the strife  
 Of tongues, and conversation vain, molest  
 Not me ; here with myself I may commune,  
 And learn that first of sciences,—to know 225  
 Ourselves ! Rebelling powers next to subdue,  
 That grace may hold its native energy.  
 This is the place, and time, to rectify,  
 Expel, protect, the incidents of good,  
 And ill, that fasten to the soul ; the place, 230  
 And with advantage too, where active thoughts  
 May boundless rove ; above, below, this side,  
 Or that ; and in the eye of fancy see  
 No end : then contemplate on heaven above,  
 On hell beneath, the fatal gulf between 235  
 Where Ab'ram could not pass, where purity  
 Can hardly mix, and harder with that world  
 Below. Throng, ye ambitious, then, to courts  
 Of kings, my charmer—solitude, I'll court ;  
 She is my present queen of righteous thoughts, 240  
 No envious power is able to dethrone her.  
 Am I from ev'ry being now shut up ?  
 From mortal man I am ; but not from God,  
 Nor guardian angels, who assist my soul :  
 "Millions of spirtual creatures walk the earth 245  
 "Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep :"  
 Mysterious to corporeal faculties,  
 How they exist unseen ! A mystery  
 Indeed, how comprehension can exist  
 In empty space, that empty seems to us ! 250  
 But God is spirit, omnipresent ; search  
 Thou not beyond thy intellectual sphere,  
 Oh man ! Wouldst thou a meer machine, correct  
 Thy making and thy maker ? Bubbles born  
 Upon the sea, can they correct the cause, 255

And bid their author stop its tides? Because  
 We know not all, would we condemn that all?  
 Imperious! Prouder than our mother Eve!  
 The pride of righteousness is humble love,  
 Depending, thankful: wisdom infinite 260  
 Has bounded man a transient creature; form'd  
 To upward look, adore; to higher sphere,  
 Through his obedience, faith, and love, to climb:  
 Then can finite with infinite contend?  
 Effects dispute as critics with the cause? 265  
 To know, in moral life, is even not  
 To know: then wouldst thou carp with Deity?  
 We ought to know, should spirits us surround,  
 Or not, our shallow reason can't deny;—  
 Nor yet confirm, if grace's power cannot. 270  
 Here rest; and if in this recess they are  
 My guide, assisting, and defending me,  
 A pleasing thought, by that reflection born!  
 I'm struck with reverence in this recluse,  
 As in the sacred walls,—the house of God! 275  
 Then may vain worldly pride be banish'd hence,  
 Affections dissolute destroy'd in birth,  
 Destroy'd in their conception; further still  
 Conceive them not, assist the heavenly guards  
 If they keep watch; 'tis possible I am 280  
 With clouds of witnesses encompass'd round,—  
 God's agents of good works, or God himself:  
 Evil is banish'd hence; I feel no vice  
 Invading me, nor thought that way inclining;  
 The busy world this moment I neglect: 285  
 In God I live, I move, he is my all:  
 The world is his great temple; matter not  
 If I adore him here, or on my knees  
 The sacred altar face: in ev'ry place  
 Where pur'ty real, or aim'd at, lifts 290  
 Its head, his perfect being meets it there:  
 In any place, or time, a heart sincere,  
 Unmingl'd with that lust for temp'ral things,  
 Is happiness, and angels feel no more!  
 King David must have felt this bliss, when he 295

His righteousness express'd, as left to us  
 Upon record, as thus; "Where shall I go?  
 "Or whither from thy spirit flee? If I  
 "Climb up to highest heights, thou'rt there enthron'd;  
 Or down to deepest depths, thou'rt also there:" 300  
 Delightful truth, to all that grace inspires!  
 Thou happy man, when true felicity  
 Supports thy mind; when habited to know,  
 God's omnipresence is at hand, and feel  
 Through faith its operating influence: 305  
 Companion'd such, thy moments fearless move,  
 Even in solitude thou'rt not alone;  
 Though stept aside from worldly scenes, thou'lt find  
 A more exalted train addressing thee,  
 As now I find addressing me, or rather 310  
 My solitude addressing them, or both  
 Assisting in the heavenly work; which God  
 In secret sees, and sees my upright thoughts.  
 Go, man, in solitude and spread thy wants,  
 Unmixt with base thou'lt find thy maker there; 315  
 Resign the short-liv'd pleasures of this world,—  
 Its best society of moral acts  
 Resign, and taste the pleasures here from friends  
 Divine, and weigh them with thy mortal deeds,  
 And ballanc'd there, thy deeds will nothing weigh. 320  
 And now the sun is fled, or earth has turn'd  
 Us from his sight to meet his eastern beams:  
 Happy the man, who has with time kept pace,—  
 Applied his life to right as moments fly;  
 Even in moral rectitude 'tis good 325  
 For happiness, and lays the bottom stone  
 For virtue's dwelling. Time, slips silently  
 Away, a woeful loss to runa gates,  
 That started not at shame, nor decency.  
 Thou slip'ry time, thou nightly thief, thou steal'st 330  
 Men's brains, yet they miss not the loss, till age,  
 Or death, stares them in face. The great time-piece,—  
 The universal frame, that measures days,  
 Still presses on, and whirls our moments round,  
 And yet complaints are heard, that time is tedious. 335

Oh dreadful to the old and careless, time  
 So idly spent! How many do we see  
 Devising vanities,—a moment's toy  
 To fill its ling'ring steps? Devise they may,  
 Again devise, their baubles nothing bring 340  
 But restless nights, and bitter morning thoughts!  
 Ah, thoughtless mortals, though in horrid thoughts!  
 Find me that man who feels not pleasure's sting?  
 Those pleasures which will for awhile delude,  
 Whose charms, like downy beds, lull you to sleep? 345  
 This day is gone; what is its length? And so  
 Ten thousand will roll round, and nothing seem;  
 Minutes to minutes link'd, or days to days,  
 Will make a hundred years a wondrous chain;  
 And seems a wondrous stretch for vanity 350  
 To range on: like the school-boy's giddy flight,  
 That counts his joys when holidays appear:  
 But oh! his month is fled, his task unlearn'd,  
 His pleasures done! and like the sinner's end,  
 He creeping moves with horrors to the school! 355  
 How dreadful is the waste of time mispent!  
 The sinner's all is gone, he's dropt without  
 A hope,—that hopeful spark that would to bliss  
 Ascend! How charming did this morn appear?  
 And how revers'd is now that sunshine scene? 360  
 That spacious landscape over half the earth,  
 That charm'd all nature, sent for use, who would  
 Its usefulness and end let slip, and not  
 Make good its moments, even for this life?  
 As when a seaman steers through dang'rous seas, 365  
 The new born day, with the huge mountain's top,  
 Revive, and oft confirm his compass'd hope;  
 With cheerfulness he on it looks; he looks,  
 And ev'ry useful movement from it takes,  
 Till lost through distance, or the shades of night. 370  
 All time moves swiftly to the worldly man,  
 Far swifter than he can his riches hoard:  
 But when through righteousness man's faith moves on,  
 To him time's slipp'ry movements linger back.]  
 Finite existence, through a million years, 375

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Is all illusion, when mispent and gone.  
 This serious truth, by some may yet be scorn'd:  
 The healthy, and the gay, are scarcely taught,  
 Till sad experience forces its command ;  
 An iron rod is its harsh discipline, 380  
 When they the grave and wise for tutors shunn'd!  
 Go ask the venerable man well spent  
 In years, of his existence, and his hopes ;  
 Mark well his answers, and his hoary head ;  
 "My age is eighty years, which like a dream 385  
 "Is gone: thou seest my furrow'd cheeks, my head .  
 "Both white and trembling, joints unhing'd, my voice  
 "To treble shrillness chang'd, the fluid juice,  
 "By the vicissitudes of damps and heats  
 "To thick corruption turn'd: methinks it was 390  
 "But yesterday I freak'd in youthful sports:  
 "But now I'm chang'd to nature's cast off work!"  
 Then happy for him if he this could add ;  
 "But death to me is not unwelcome now,  
 "I have my hopes, to ballance mortal griefs." 395  
 Believe that truth from age's practis'd skill ;  
 Let ev'ry evening's shade, like a clock's warning,  
 Bid thee prepare ; and though a pittance small,  
 Give it its worth, as if thy glass was run,—  
 Its due proportion of thy eighty years. 400  
 Let me add one reflection useful here,  
 While through the loom the shuttle swiftly flies ;  
 Hast thou not heard, or read, of those on earth,  
 Who bore their maker's image? His likeness  
 Divine transfus'd into their hearts, and shone 405  
 In all their conduct,—in humility,  
 And all the tender offices of love?  
 This work is thine, and with this signature  
 It should be stamp'd, that thou mayst follow them,  
 As they did Christ: on this accomplishment 410  
 Thy all depends: sell not eternal joys,  
 For baubles of a moment's worth; delay  
 No longer, time is ever on the wing,  
 And thy best half perhaps is gone, yea all;  
 What's left, a moment o't may not be thine. 415

Reduc'd now to a point, behold on what  
 A precipice thou stand'st! Behold the gulf  
 Of endless misery close at thy feet!  
 Oh dreadful gulf, to swallow up our being  
 Eternally! Yet live to know we're there! 420  
 Suppose a covenant thou'st make with death,  
 To keep thee from the grave a thousand years,  
 What sights, what sounds in nature's music would  
 Thee charm, more than thy eighty years have done?  
 What new delights would endless ages see? 425  
 Day after day we view the rising sun,  
 And nothing new beneath him! Rest thou then  
 On providence, and God's commandments follow.  
 Eternity! Thou dreadful, hopeless ruin!  
 Shouldst thou the least from happiness be plac'd, 430  
 The thoughts of ever makes it dreadful grief,—  
 Eternal thoughts, attended with despair,—  
 A wretched union, thou canst not dissolve!  
 Then like a wary pilot safely steer;  
 Make ev'ry minute good, apply them right,— 435  
 To temp'rance, virtue, justice, can't be wrong,  
 True wisdom tells! If thou throw'st time away,  
 Thou sweep'st profusely di'monds from thy door;—  
 And yet as earthly gains thou mayst; but life  
 Eternal, which on ev'ry moment hangs, 440  
 Be greedy of; be greedy of that time,  
 Which buys thee more than gems, or richest mines.

## CHAPTER II.

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The profound Silence. Cessation of business. The  
 Variations of nature pleasing and advantageous. Dark-  
 ness; the obliging manner of its taking place: Wild  
 Beasts of the desert, and Savages in human shape, make  
 use of this opportunity. Darkness renders the least spark  
 visible. Sleep; its cheering nature, the gift of heaven;  
 fine preparations for its approach: the Kindness of Pro-

vidence in guarding our Slumbers. Dreams; their unaccountable oddness: many people's waking thoughts no less chimerical. A very singular and very happy circumstance attending sleep in dreams.



**H**ow silent is the busy world? The air  
 Is even taking rest; my breathing seems  
 A noise; my watch distinctly loud is heard;  
 My steps in echo sound throughout the grove;  
 The din of the tumultuous city ceas'd; 5  
 No jovial voice from neighb'ring meadows heard;  
 No chir'ping melody from shady groves;  
 No blow to fright the trembling atmosphere;  
 And man's vain projects,—castles in the air, 10  
 Are with his faculties lock'd up in sleep,  
 All govern'd by a few romantic dreams;  
 In being still, though in the soundest sleep,  
 Confirms to me,—the soul can never die!  
 Now let me question faith of its strong holds;  
 Supposing closest thunders now should burst, 15  
 Quick, unexpected in this calm repose,  
 With sulph'rous darts, encompassing my steps,  
 That those they strike receive an instant death,  
 Should I in calm composure stand? No fear  
 Conceive, from giving up this mortal life? 20  
 This cool retreat, my present hobby here?  
 I think I could; and yet this solitude,  
 So fitting to my thoughts, I must confess  
 Has charms! And heavenly too, may I confess?  
 If any thing not heavenly attracts 25  
 Me here, then earthly pleasures are dress'd up  
 In worships,—vanity in righteous robes!  
 This solemn period, night's triumphant reign,  
 Refreshing nature—health's restoring queen,  
 Proclaims a truce with half the busy world; 30  
 Activity, that traitor to her throne,  
 She cannot always govern; profligates,  
 And thieves, and all who knowingly transgress,  
 Corrupting still corruption's scourge, moving



Still further from our Eden state, with beasts 35  
 That nightly roam for prey, obey her not.  
 Wouldst thou, Oh man! debase thy dignity,—  
 Reduce into a brute thy nobleness  
 Erect? Thou thief, where'er thou art, wouldst thou  
 Thy mighty reason put to such an use? 40  
 Thy reas'ning sense, thy cav'ling wit, a world  
 Of knowledge in thy head summ'd up, so great  
 When in assemblies, naught but president,  
 Or wise dictator suits thy reas'ning pride?  
 Religion, laws, and kings, thou canst correct, 45  
 Then drop it all upon the plain's highway?  
 Such is the use of sense detach'd from grace.  
 The thoughtless, who in criminality's  
 Enchanting wiles, still rushing headlong on  
 In endless, hopeless sorrow must lie down; 50  
 He that is filthy, filthy must remain,  
 And he that's holy, holy will be still.  
 And is it so, my soul? Is this the time,  
 This being here, to make an after life  
 Our gains? It is: good, surely has reward! 55  
 And good, and ill, are truly known to all!  
 And is man lull'd in vain security?  
 Depending' still upon the present hour,—  
 Corruption's baubles won clandestinely?  
 That even chance, or nature, never meant,— 60  
 Meant not their gifts unlawfully enjoy'd,  
 Shouldst thou deny a Deity? Then work  
 The work of righteousness while day remains;  
 Improve the present hour; seed time, and harvest,  
 Shall pass away not, till all is fulfill'd 65  
 He promiss'd man: do thou that part to thee  
 Belonging, a part essential of that work:  
 Thy seed time always thee attends; improve  
 It now; that in eternity thou mayst  
 Thy fruitful harvest reap. Ye ministers 70  
 Especially, who spread the gospel's peace,  
 Be ever on your gaurd; you daily drop  
 Into that state of mortal chande,—teachers,  
 And preselytes, a blended throng in death.

ON THE NIGHT.

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This is the favourable juncture, you,  
 Your aid may ply,—contribute to man's good  
 Eternal; good, this side the grave, is all  
 That you can do, and what you should; delays  
 Are dang'rous to mankind, and criminal  
 In you. How regular is day and night? 80  
 A change delightful! Quick in their returns!  
 The hot, and glitt'ring force of one, calls forth  
 The other's shades more welcome; nor the morn  
 Is seldom purpl'd in the east more gay,  
 Than when a gloomy night preceded it. 85  
 A constant shade spreads nearly half our world,—  
 This shaded, solemn period, I enjoy:  
 A tranquil calm attends this shady scene,—  
 The wary winds have ceas'd to blow; have ceas'd  
 That rage, by active vapours made, which heat 90  
 Creates, lodg'd in the dusky clouds, and whirl  
 Them round far into north; and there, with cold  
 Oppos'd, and mixt, return with greater rage,  
 (As when we're chill'd, we exercise redouble,)  
 And aggitates the thinner atmosphere; 95  
 Nor with it ends the strife,—the grosser sea  
 It moves to share the broil: as when a state,  
 Disorder'd in its rule, the wild uproar  
 Of war intestine, seldom fails, to mix  
 Its neighb'ring nations in the strife; and like 100  
 A storm, sweeps o'er the continent. This mild,  
 And neighb'ring air, fomenting less, more purg'd,  
 Shakes not a single leaf; the aspin rests;  
 The standing pool unwrinkl'd, undisturb'd:  
 Wide is the change when northern clouds appear; 105  
 Big with combustable they headlong drive,  
 Fomenting air; then set the watry world  
 To war, whose strife destroys whole fleets:  
 As when among mankind disputes arise;  
 The sinful race, mov'd on by nature, fly 110  
 To discord's rage; fomenting more the broil  
 Is their design, than healing up the wound.  
 The storm sweeps on, and through the forest roves  
 Bending the strongest oaks; and fright the beasts,

With howls, alarming as their own ; nor man 115  
 Escapes the horror, when its rage unroofs  
 His house. But all these changes are design'd :  
 And would man know for why ? To know the good  
 From ill, the right from wrong, the ease from pain ;  
 To know these things his conscience may define, 120  
 But taste them too he must: experience bought  
 With smart, strikes deep, the evil to avoid,  
 If only evil here: but Oh ! a round  
 Of everlasting smarts thou hast to shun ;  
 Of which a sample sinners often taste ! 125  
 Those varied scenes, not only knowledge serve,  
 But serve delights ; the same, repeated oft,  
 Soon irksome gets ; all things renew'd have charms ;  
 And nature's self upon that basis stands ;  
 For by renewing, she herself renews. 130  
 Kind providence, to mortals, ever wise,—  
 Or rather God, in nature wisdom fixt,  
 Discriminated good and ill, ( though ill  
 In nature's acting changes none, ) that we  
 Might know them well, and them discreetly use : 135  
 The piercing winds, and rugged winter's face,  
 Teach us how we the summer should enjoy ;  
 Though winter has no ills ; December's cold  
 Collects the gross materials, which, the warmth  
 Of early summer sublimates ; the frost 140  
 Mellows the soil, prepares it for increase ;  
 Not only in itself, to ballance what,  
 Corruption on the surface still destroys,  
 But what from seed you in its moisture cast.  
 The air, through agitated sway is purg'd, 145  
 Renews itself, or would contract a taint ;  
 Like the still pool, no waters running through,  
 No spring at bottom, nor a waste at top,  
 Becomes a putrid mass of poison soon :  
 In such a state would be inactive air ; 150  
 Whose draught upon the lungs would quickly kill.  
 Who can such wisdom see, and not adore  
 The cause, from whom such wisdom springs,—effects  
 Of wisdom, bringing health, and joy to all.

ON THE NIGHT.

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The darkness now is at its height; night's shades 155  
 Obliging easy on the senses stole:  
 The setting sun without the atmosphere,  
 From light to darkness would us quickly place;  
 From sunshine quickly hurry us to night,—  
 As dark at setting sun as midnight shades! 160  
 How inconvenient such a change would be!  
 What would the navigator feel on seas  
 Unknown? Or trav'lers on the dreary plain?  
 From light to darkness in a minute hurl'd,  
 Short'ning the day, and lengthening the night, 165  
 Would cut off part of nature's busy scenes:  
 The sun would shine in waste, but part enjoy'd;  
 And worse effects without the atmosphere  
 Would rise; his pointed rays, whate'er they touch'd,  
 Would burn; and night with freezing, would all things  
 Destroy: the two extremes insufferable 171  
 Would be, and earth herself, in such a state,  
 Could not exist. 'Tis wisely otherways:  
 The light, and heat, the atmosphere receives;  
 And like a secondary planet cast 175  
 Them on the earth; and as the sun descends,  
 The shade ascends, ( but not the heat ascends  
 So rapidly, ) and our reflected light,  
 In gentle steps withdraws: thus graciously  
 Has providence, the change of seasons, day, 180  
 And night, for our advantage, wisely fram'd.  
 Now roam the beasts for prey; those monsters fierce  
 Forsake their dens, and stroll with hideous growls  
 Wide round. Woe to the traveller, whose steps  
 Benighted, and unwary, drew him near them! 185  
 How must he frighted stand, at the dread yell!  
 Of mingl'd, rav'nous throats, roaring for prey?  
 Defend him heaven's providence; free will,—  
 Man's quality, in this has small effect:  
 For should he run, and rightly run to miss 190  
 Them all, 'tis chance directs his steps; and chance,  
 In God's creation ever was, and will  
 Be providence!

"No accident, nor fate recalls,  
 "The life that God has lent; 195  
 "For not a single sparrow falls,  
 "Without his kind assent."

The prowling wolf, a murd'rous ruffian like,  
 The shepherd's foot-steps traces, and besets  
 His bleating charge; the fox, a felon too, 200  
 Steals to the poultry's roost, and murders them  
 In sleep. Happy for concord's sake, were those  
 The only nightly thieves; the savages  
 In human shape,—the sons of violence,  
 With boasting reason, and free will, join those 205  
 Irrational crew; and where free will is tied  
 By no constraint, but has its time to think.  
 And thou adulterer, waiting for night,  
 As dark as thy dark deeds; and baser far,  
 Than the bold highwayman, betray'st thy friend, 210  
 Unguarded 'gainst thy treachery. Now too,  
 Vile faction forms its cabals close; and would  
 A nation set in strife. Rebellion too,  
 Its plots devise; whose author's mast'ring pride,  
 Would kingdoms into ruin blow for gain! 215  
 Now crimes which hide their odious heads by day,  
 Appear: the harlot from her lurking hole  
 Creeps out, when gloomy, artificial lights,  
 Like hypocrites, extol her painted charms:  
 All these, and more, regale in treach'rous sports, 220  
 Whose stings, they'll feel, before the morning's sun,  
 Perhaps! How vain, how subtle are their drifts!  
 With man how subtle, and with God how vain!  
 With God, who views thy secrets, and thy heart!  
 And wouldst thou hide thy discord's deeds from man, 225  
 And them expose to thy Creator's view?  
 As if the night for thy rebellious use  
 Was form'd; or stars to light thy feet to mischief?  
 Or thinkest thou, thou art secure, conceal'd  
 In pompous pride,—high thinking of thyself? 230  
 Know this, if nature lets thee live to know,  
 That she, from thee, will, ev'ry feather pluck!  
 Then, seek thee nature, or seek thee a God?

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Seek discord, or seek harmony? The paths  
 Of error have deceiv'd thee, led thee on 235  
 Too far, perhaps from right! Then follow right,  
 For right thou know'st; seek light, not darkness, lest  
 Thou stumblest: God is near thy midnight paths,  
 Thy luxury, and bed of loose desires;  
 He spies out all thy ways, thy injuries 240  
 To man, and greater to thyself: the shades  
 Of night conceal thee not. That passenger,  
 Now crossing yonder road, his horse's shoe  
 Against a flint struck fire; my eye, the view,  
 Though at a distance caught; but was it day, 245  
 In Sol's fierce blaze, it would escape my sight:  
 As when through some disease our vanity  
 Is crush'd, or some misfortune done that work,  
 Then stand our former flights condemn'd; conscience  
 Awakes, which pride had lull'd to sleep, and brings 250  
 Them all to view, like fiery sparks in night:  
 Sunshine's prosperity our vices oft  
 Conceals; but when some intervening cloud  
 Darkens the scene, they from obscurity  
 Emerge, and are like glow-worms seen in night. 255  
 'Tis then the world's delusive cheat appears;  
 The soul awoke, as from a troubl'd dream,  
 Abhors a second sleep: the morning star  
 Beams forth such teeming glories, and the mind  
 New born, forsakes that strumpet, painted hag 260  
 Of hell, and weds a lover never cloys.  
 If tribulation tends to dissipate  
 The inward darkness, pouring grace upon  
 The mind, misfortunes, disappointments, all  
 The dreaded train of mortal ills, are then 265  
 Receiv'd more welcome; dreaded by the sons  
 Of pleasure here, yet on the heavenly mind  
 Much lighter sit; a shallow residence  
 They gain, where faith has fixt its tent before,  
 Thou gay, thou proudly blooming earth, who sees 270  
 Thy beauteous colours now? Who sees thy worth?  
 What is the verdure's gaiety, sense of sight,  
 Or sight itself without the sun? All would

Be blank, as void as when in ancient night,  
 Although in architect so wisely form'd!  
 The world in darkness lost without the sun,  
 So man would be, without the son of God!  
 Was it for my Redeemer's merits not,  
 I should with anguish deeply sigh: the law  
 Alone too hard a task: for in their turn, 280  
 Till Christ appear'd, the prophets have announc'd  
 His grace, neglecting not what might be done  
 Of works. Should I, even through creation's smiles,  
 And earthly fortune's liveliest changes roam,  
 Was't not for grace I should in darkness sink; 285  
 My conversation in the world, though dress'd  
 In eloquence, like orator's renown'd,  
 Would like a dying malefactor's speech,  
 For nothing stand: but thou, atoning Lamb,  
 Reflecting daily on thy worth,—a trust,— 290  
 A surety comfortable that my soul  
 Is reconcil'd, thou art the golden ray  
 That lights the universe; thou art the lamp  
 Of beauty, giving all its richest worth,  
 Of gladness, glad'ning all true seekers hearts. 295  
 Now sits contented at his humble board,  
 The honest labourer: man goeth forth  
 To work, and chearfully returns; enjoys  
 These moments in domestic talk, more than  
 A life-time by the rev'ler spent: he sits, 300  
 And cheers himself with homely, healthful food:  
 Next sleep,—night's consort to her throne, recruits  
 His wearied limbs, and body's waste restores;  
 His sense, his strength, are trusted to her reign,  
 And oft return'd with interest. Thou sleep, 305  
 Reviving cordial! Thou, the intellects  
 Renew'st: the man oppress'd with cares, with toil,  
 Bewilder'd in his views to gain his ends,  
 By sleep's repose, sees clearer through his schemes,  
 To rectify, and choose the best: the poet, 310  
 Philosopher, astronomer, mechanic,  
 With all the restless train of human minds,  
 ( Whom we must thank for their discoveries, )

Without kind sleep would lose their roads and aims.  
 The wild researcher of perpetual motions,— 315  
 Effects without a cause, which all creation  
 Not one examples gives; without sleep's aid,  
 His head becomes as addle as his works!  
 Some time ago, I, with surprise saw one,  
 Whose air was wild, his countenance turn'd pale, 320  
 His thoughts unsteady which his speech sat forth:  
 This change from nature's most acutest sense,  
 Arose for want of sleep, and thoughts too much,  
 From study to it join'd. Nor wonder why  
 The brightest nat'ral sense, when wandering 325  
 Beyond its mental powers, or meeting ill—  
 The common checks of life, is soonest spoilt;  
 The stupid, dull, unthinking mind, less feels  
 Misfortunes, less employs his empty thoughts:  
 And thoughts inactive less make use of him, 330  
 Till he becomes a log of indolence,  
 Useless in arts, or meaner services.  
 All things have centres, man's the principal:  
 But deviously, and eccentrically,  
 He round it takes his journey through this life! 335  
 How many of my fellow creatures are  
 This instant languishing in some disease?  
 And may with that illustrious sufferer  
 Complain, nights wearisome appointed are  
 To them! Instead of soft repose indulging, 340  
 The tedious moments count, and number time  
 Deliver'd from the clock: in mortal woes,  
 A truce with agonies they'd gladly make,  
 And lose the world in soundest sleep! Besides  
 Those pain'd in body, numbers too are pain'd 345  
 In mind: now on their downy beds are those,  
 In thoughts distress'd from causes various; some  
 Through their own errors—works of sinning pride,  
 And some through other checks; those too,  
 Would gladly drown their moments, in the gulf 350  
 Of sleep! Others upon their humble couch  
 Lay stretch'd, afflicted long, till ail is spent,  
 And hear their offspring cry for bread. Go, sleep,



Subdue their woes ; their woes, perhaps encreas'd  
 By hard ingratitude ; no friends, by art, 355  
 Or love, they've made, to spread abroad their case,  
 And gain them charitable gifts. Nor this  
 Is scarcely better'd by that outside show,—  
 That hypocrite disguis'd in virtue's garb,—  
 Disguis'd receiver under giving shows,— 360  
 Gifts of no moment, yet sound him a name,—  
 A mighty name, to work his earthly ends,—  
 More wish'd, than good to those who had his mites ;  
 His treasure, not in heaven yet lay'd up,  
 But in his earthly idol, worship'd purse: 365  
 The left hand should not know the right hand's gifts.  
 Thou happy mind, which wealth cannot procure,  
 Which multitudes sigh for in vain ; how oft  
 Hast thou enjoy'd sleep's tranquil charm ? The hour  
 Expected, she, thy nightly visitant 370  
 Ne'er fail'd thee in ; thy chamber enter'd, clos'd  
 Thy eyelids, shed her slumbers o'er thy soul !  
 Since sleep, the Deity has wisely form'd,  
 Wisely besides, form'd night for that repose,—  
 Form'd darkness as a rest to nature, truce 375  
 To all her works ; and like a curtain, veils  
 The peaceful slumberer, from ev'ry object,  
 That might too strongly agitate the sense.  
 Silence, offspring of darkness also reigns,  
 And aids its parent, queen of night ; much like 380  
 A mother's care, that silences the noise,  
 When in the cradle her belov'd is lay'd.  
 Lodg'd in the arms of sleep, the world forgotten,  
 And self protection from us fled, it seems  
 We are to dangers' ills expos'd : how then 385  
 Are we protected ? Providence, above  
 Free will, seems here to reign, and tells us bolt  
 The door ; tells us to veil our sightly balls,  
 And more than tells, she even does the work ;  
 And fills our hearing holes, with what obstructs 390  
 Not sounds, but atoms which might them invade.  
 Numbers of perils, in that senseless state,  
 We're open to ; and what wise providence,

Sees fitting to be guarded, wisely guards.  
 Perils from flames, from thieves, from satan's wilcs, 395  
 As when he whisper'd in the ear of Eve,  
 Surround our beds. What dreadful mischiefs might  
 Our adversary work, was there no hand  
 Invisible to check his rage, and us  
 Protect? What scenes of horrors might he breed 400  
 In dreams? Perhaps move us to walk in sleep,  
 And bring us to some dreadful precipice,  
 Then plunge our souls into his nether world.  
 But Israel's keeper, keeps the good, and shields  
 The bad,—or those who heedless move, beyond 405  
 Their own deservings; when so long in sin  
 They wallow'd, still repulsing ev'ry call.  
 King Solomon, 'tis said, had guards around  
 His head; but who planted them there? Did he,  
 Or his dictator,—providence? If kings, 410  
 To greater dangers are expos'd; and thieves,  
 And murderers are instruments of hell;  
 Then guards are branch'd from God's protecting law,—  
 That hidden providence which guards our paths:  
 Jehovah's providence lulls us to rest; 415  
 And is a sentinel a round our heads,  
 While we enjoy our necessary sleep.  
 Now reason, here, its office wise resigns,  
 And fancy wild assumes the vacant seat,  
 Vice president, and tries to imitate: 420  
 But strange its laws, extravagant and rude;  
 And all its boasting work, is but a dream!  
 It crouds the head with fabl'd images,  
 And tantalises you with mockery.  
 This deputy, vice governor, inflam'd, 425  
 Much like some partial passion eating fool,  
 With highest love or deepest hate, to praise  
 Or dispraise, as his gall or joys are touch'd,  
 Will also in his partial dreams waft you  
 In palaces, on thrones of highest bliss, 430  
 Or at a gallows, dreadfully to die;  
 Sometimes in fairy gardens, gath'ring wreaths  
 Of visionary joys, though stretch'd, perhaps,

On whips of straw, and cobwebs hung for curtains ;  
 In doleful dungeons some this fancy leads, 435  
 When in reality in rooms of state ;  
 Sometimes the craggy clift ascending, forc'd  
 By fear, some dreaded thing to shun ; and strive  
 To climb, or run, and small progression make ;  
 Sometimes in high conceit, can fly and mount 440  
 An eaglet's course, by vig'rous stretches made,  
 Then downward look with pride upon mankind ;  
 That joy soon chang'd, ten thousand fathoms deep  
 They're falling ; then the plunge, bids reason seize  
 The helm, to save the wreck ; awake 'tis sav'd, 445  
 All well : such are the phantoms of the brain,  
 While sleep maintains its office o'er the limbs.  
 Is this the only season nonsense walks ?  
 Are there not those who dream when they're awake ?  
 Or seem to dream through senses led astray ? 450  
 Their consequential greatness, honour, all,  
 On baubles fix, as empty as the child's ?  
 Some dream of fame from projects wild,—renown  
 From ignorance,—the jumping over straws :  
 Ev'n those, as proud as nature's wisest breed 455  
 Gape for applause. Are such, though reason's works,  
 A whit more stable, than the empty dream,—  
 Than mimic fancy's that supplied her place,—  
 That dreamt a snoring clown into a king ?  
 What are their works, but madmen's chain'd ? 460  
 The Bedlamite's, who is enthron'd in thought,  
 And wielding there imaginary sceptres ?  
 He who seeks dignity from feather'd plumes,—  
 ( Those vanities of gilded ornaments, )  
 Or fortune's golden baits, or baits of wit 465  
 The toys of giddy laugh, founded on pride  
 To raise a giddy name, that peace the world  
 Can't give neglecting, dreams, though he's awake,—  
 He is delirious, though in nature's health !  
 Would you behold the picture drawn to life, 470  
 Of waking dreamers, and their work's success,  
 Observe the meaning of the prophet's words,  
 Through transposition in the following lines :

ON THE NIGHT.

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"The hungry man, who dreams he eats awakes,  
 "And finds himself deceiv'd; the thirsty man, 475  
 "Dreams also that he drinks, with eager draughts  
 "That seems to please; but finds it too a cheat:"  
 Such is the race, and empty prize of all  
 Who run at marks salvation never fixt:  
 They live in vanity, and die in woe! 480  
 Another observation let me make,  
 Upon the incidents attending sleep:  
 The wisest, and the strongest, stretch'd on beds  
 Of ease, deep sleep will captivate their senses,  
 And their activity in fetters bind: 485  
 Their boasted strength becomes a helpless log!  
 More wondrous still is this; their eyes unveil'd,  
 As we sometimes behold, yet they admit  
 No ray of light, that might the faculties  
 Inform. The ears, though open too in sleep, 490  
 And sounds still pressing through their waxen caverns,  
 Yet none is heard, or meaning understood not,  
 Till too much noise alarms the faculties,  
 And rouses reason to her government.  
 The most consummate sense, the piercing'st wit, 495  
 The fool's absurdities, the craft of rogues,  
 And fawning art of hypocrites, are all  
 In sleep's oblivion level'd; all are there  
 Absurd ideas mocking all their arts;  
 A jumble of conceptions crude,—the tail 500  
 And dregs of mortal vanity, of grace,  
 And worldly wisdom: so the night moves on,  
 With solemn treads, insensibly to us.  
 No sooner does the chearful morning dawn,  
 But this enchantment strange in nature's works, 505  
 With all who simply in her dictates dwell,  
 Removes with darkness, and obeys the sun,  
 As rolling seas obey the rolling moon:  
 The emblematically dead awake,  
 And find themselves possess'd, of what in grace, 510  
 Or vanity, their sleeping senses lost;  
 All are restor'd, a single thought not miss'd  
 Or scarcely miss'd; each grain of sense retir'd,

Flies quickly to its post, all in one law  
 Uniting, making man a wondrous being! 515  
 The spirits stray'd, and thoughts that seem extinct,  
 How quickly they resume their native seats?  
 From inactivity resembling death,  
 How quick are they restor'd? This is the work  
 Of God, and wonder of his creature! This, 520  
 Our gratitude and praises should excite,  
 To him whose greatness must be infinite,

## CHAPTER III.

## CONTENTS.

Ghosts; our unreasonable timorousness on this occasion: the true object of fear: the Reality and Design of Apparitions, deduc'd from a passage in Job. The Owl; its gloomy disposition; a reference drawn from that bird to many of us. Owl screaming, suppos'd to be a token of death; greater presages of that change The Nitingale; her charming song, and whom it entertains; how to have a sweeter melody in our own breasts. The different circumstances of mankind, the gay, and the afflicted. Address to the devotees of mirth and sensuality.



**T**HIS is the hour, some say, which spirits walk:  
 But whether'n substance, or in shadow, hard  
 To know; hard to conceive how aerial sounds,  
 As substances, appear to sight; and hard,  
 To some, they either may exist. Our lives, 5  
 Through death's corrupting sting are fearful made;  
 And phantoms in our heads exist; perhaps  
 Bred in our heads far more than half that're seen:  
 Now forms, in sullen state, some say, stalk through  
 The gloom; and voices, more than human sounds, 10  
 From echoing deep vales are heard, and groans  
 From hollow tombs; and melancholy spectres  
 Visit the ruins of old nunneries,  
 And solitary dwellings of the dead:  
 They pass, some say, in unsubstantial beings 15

Along the church, nor doleful tow'r is free ;  
 Then take their stand o'er some lamented grave.  
 How often has the school-boy when benighted,  
 Shunn'd this imagin'd spot of walking ghosts,  
 And took a needless round? Or should his nerves, 20  
 Another night, through some economy,  
 In health, be better brac'd, to push him through,  
 What horrors even then assail his mind?  
 What fears, from goblin tales, alarm his soul,  
 And overtake his boasted resolution? 25  
 His hair like bristle pitch, his heart its beats  
 Redoubles, sideway peeps if dares to peep,  
 Then whistles, sings, and lastly runs; enough  
 In fancy's fearful faith, to rise the dead  
 To sight whether or not. Fear to his feet 30  
 Adds wings, drives on, and gladly shun's the church-  
 Hobgoblin crew: a strange timidity? [yard's  
 Not only in the stripling, but in those  
 Of riper years, while void of all concern,  
 Of that sure state, themselves with them to dwell,— 35  
 But rest; that may, or is the chiefest cause  
 Excites the fear: the sight of skulls alarms;  
 But whom? The sinner mostly, not the just.  
 Should some pale messenger, from the grave's regions,  
 Accost us in our bed at midnight hour, 40  
 As Brutus was accosted, telling him  
 Prepare, to meet him in a vision's state,  
 The boldest heart in nature would be shock'd;  
 Even in grace might feel himself alarm'd.  
 But when a voice, when that awak'ning sound,— 45  
 The prophet's language oft repeated, cried,  
 "Oh Israel! Prepare to meet thy God!  
 How little was it minded? Voice of man  
 They fear'd not, though God's witness'd agent. Oft  
 Do we mistake the good, and wisdom fix 50  
 On fables: Brutus that way warn'd, might call  
 Brutus alone, or those in ghosts believing:  
 And now the tale of Brutus handed down,  
 Dwells only with the ghost-believers, ( those who build  
 Their faith on dreams and chat their nonsense round 55

A winter's fire,) that with the prophet's voice,  
 That heavenly warning most receiv'd and given,  
 Has no compare. Brace up thy weakness, man,  
 Repel imagination's fears; trust thou  
 In thy Redeemer, fear thy God; fear him 60  
 Who pass'd his people through the sea, and made  
 His servant Moses tremble at the bush;  
 Confirming he was God by many signs,  
 And gave him power, king Pharaoh's pride to conquer;  
 A surer rock to build our hopes upon, 65  
 Than on the bugbears of the dreaming few:  
 Fear him who can subdue your enemies,  
 Dread his displeasure, seek his fav'ring grace,  
 And ev'ry fear besides, will lose its dreaded sting.  
 We're told, that visions may appear, on some 70  
 High message bent, to serve mankind;  
 But idle tales, on superstition built,  
 In stable reason's ear no credit gain.  
 Some men exist, who make romantic tales  
 Their greatest wisdom, tales fram'd on the dead, 75  
 Some on the living: ignorance and wonders  
 Go hand in hand! The learn'd philosopher,  
 In penetrating nature's works, believe  
 No further than examples teach; effects,  
 Which have their causes visible or may 80  
 Be trac'd. 'Twas in the dead of night, when nature  
 Lay shrouded in her dark pavilion, all  
 Was still, that musing thoughts employ'd Eliphaz  
 From taking sleep: while in this state, a being,  
 From the invisible, eternal world, 85  
 Before him pass'd: astonishment struck him  
 With trembling, while the vision's gestures seem'd  
 To make a pause, as if to bid Eliphaz,  
 Prepare attentively, his high behest  
 To hear; then spoke, whose words these lines explain; 90  
 "Can man be just before the mighty God?  
 "Can he corrupted in God's sight be pure?  
 "Can incorruption with corruption join?"  
 Corruption is our being not our aim  
 And end: if beings angelic not presume, 95

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Before God's uncreated purity,  
 To justify themselves, can man attempt,  
 Inferior man, a clod of clay, at first  
 Beneath the angels made, then fell from that,  
 To mix with hell's degraded race pronounc'd 100  
 Corrupted, dying daily from his birth?  
 Hark, to that doleful voice, that screech owl, hark;  
 With starts, and hideous screams, disturbs the night:  
 Sometimes in frantic moods she swells her voice;  
 Sometimes in softer accents, uttering woes 105  
 Disconsolate; the vocal grove she shuns;  
 The blooming gardens, flow'ry meads, and light's  
 Gay face, seem not her cheering elements;  
 Grim shades, deserted ruins, walls o'ergrown  
 With ivy, are her fav'rite haunts: within 110  
 Some dang'rous precipice, perhaps she dwells,  
 Where none dare venture to frequent her home:  
 The sprightly morn, that rouses most to joy,  
 Has small effect upon this bird, and all  
 Her haunts: much like the melancholy man, 115  
 The studious, and the griev'd, who shun the world,—  
 The face of cheerfulness, and seek retreats,  
 As gloomy as their minds. The wicked hearts  
 Just so, no consolation find with good;  
 But shun societies of heaven-born bliss, 120  
 Whose happy peace exaggerates their woe,  
 And envy too, when sin is deep entrench'd.  
 How can the tongue, prophane and vile, long us'd  
 To arms, in Satan's banner train'd, hear good?  
 A worthless opposite to him it seems, 125  
 Which brings no present gains like hell's rewards.  
 How can the lips with slander canker'd, hear  
 Praises bestow'd on heavenly works, or works  
 Of earth, when earthly fame gives them no share?  
 Where would the beauty, or the proud grandee— 130  
 The phantoms of an hour, that live on spoils,—  
 On imperfection build, find happiness,  
 Find flatterers—corruption's offsprings, sin's  
 Born imps, among the bless'd of heaven or earth,  
 Whose happiness is in themselves, whose peace 135



The hypocrite cannot destroy nor give ?  
 The envious mind, with envy deeper rooted  
 Would shun those virtues, as this bird shuns day,  
 That seeks a region suiting to her thoughts.  
 Bless'd good, thou scourge to evil ! Further still 140  
 A scourge, when evil can't enjoy the good !  
 The ravens, should they over houses croak,  
 Some say, are signs foreboding death ; believ'd  
 More firmly than the voice of God believ'd,  
 Of wicked Ahab's fall: perverseness strange ! 145  
 If God can make a prophet of a bird,  
 Who doubts that heavenly worth in righteous man !  
 Thou blind believer, faith in nonsense plac'd !  
 Man ever in extremes ! In wild pursuits !  
 Extremes of his inventing too: for nought 150  
 But his, the child of his own brain will please,  
 Must be his guide, instructor ; proudly would  
 For all mankind, and for himself prescribe ;  
 Would be himself a God ! High thron'd would sit  
 And give out laws, his finger would not touch ! 155  
 Presages real, or more substantial signs,  
 Of our approaching end, unnotic'd seem :  
 What are these glooms incumbent, which o'erwhelm  
 The world ? A pall, or faint similitude  
 Of nature's funeral ! An image faint, 160  
 Of all things changing into ancient night !  
 The bed of slumber, and the silent world,  
 Declare of nature ending, and our end  
 In nature's life ! What meant that minute bell,  
 That toll'd, erewhile, its solemn, slow-pac'd notes ? 165  
 It brought a message to surviving man,  
 And thus the tidings run ; prepare thyself,  
 Behold thy neighbour's fall, death is at hand ;  
 The lev'ler of your race is on his way,  
 And hasty strides is making to your homes ; 170  
 His paths are strew'd with heaps of slain ; even now,  
 His javlin level'd one of you with dust :  
 And as the flying ball, that chance seems to direct,  
 The javlin flies around, and picks you out.  
 The charnel-house, and dead's repository, 175

Are written records daily in our sight,—  
 Memorials true, of what is gone, and is  
 To come; a multitude of signs forebode,  
 Beyond the screech-owl, or the raven's prate:  
 Behold in cities populous, death's sway,— 180  
 Its victory over mortal life; or pass  
 It do we unconcern'd, and Satan's world  
 Lulls us to sleep? What else our thoughts can bury;  
 Behold the funerals you daily pass,  
 The mourners' crape and sable dress, the walls 185  
 With hatchments lin'd; in conversation hear,  
 Who's given over by the physic art;  
 Then read the news, and there you may be told,  
 Of thousands slain in war. The roads of death,  
 To his grim cave are various; various are, 190  
 The ages too, that travel them: the old,  
 The young, the cripple, and the strong; a throng  
 Promiscuous on death's roads are found, all leaving  
 The glorious light of day, for the dark tomb!  
 A dreadful thought to nature's lively race,— 195  
 The ath'ist and the worldly upstart here,  
 To quit the best of nature's vig'rous days.  
 The miser, and the prodigal, the wit  
 And wit's defyer, the student and the prater,  
 The hypocrite and blunt affronter, and he 200  
 Whose better sense will draw the line between,  
 Must all give up their idols here, and death  
 More wise than either, draws a lev'ler line!  
 Death's monitors croud ev'ry place; the sound  
 Of fame, is near related to the sound, 205  
 That tolls you to the dust: proud fame oft feeds  
 On other's spoils, the grave, no more! Oftimes  
 Diverting scenes when pleasures agitate,  
 Point at death's nearest roads, although from some,  
 The finger lies conceal'd! Our houses' tops, 210  
 With statues of the martyrs crown'd; the bust  
 Within, of some good man who liv'd; the picture,  
 Well imitating some assassin's hand;  
 Are they not all the imagery of death?  
 They solemnly recognise others' fate; 215

And speakingly, remind us of our own :  
 What are they less than trophies of the tomb !  
 I see, I hear, I feel their solemn truths ;  
 Death has announc'd them in my feeble frame :  
 The structure's waste foretels its nat'ral ruin : 220  
 What are the pains distorting ev'ry limb ?  
 What, every disease that has my health  
 Assaulted? What the langours, weariness,  
 That each revolving day brings forth, but death,  
 In nature, undermining secretly, 225  
 Like some sly pioneer, to blow a fort?  
 Shall we, amidst so many notices,  
 Go thoughtless on, and unconcern'd? Can none  
 Of these prognostics, which, as oracles,  
 Are sure, awaken our attention close ; 230  
 They ought, and circumspection closely too.  
 'Tis written, Noah being warn'd by God,  
 He, God's commands religiously obey'd;—  
 Prepar'd an ark to swim upou the world,  
 And enter'd into't, with a steadfast hope, 235  
 Of his protection ; whether in the deep  
 O'erwhelm'd, or in the flesh preserv'd, alike  
 To his sure faith, in his Creator plac'd !  
 By such a cloud of witnesses surrounded,  
 What else make up our thoughts, but good, and ill, 240  
 And how the ill to shun, to live in peace,  
 And happy die, to meet a peaceful God!  
 Sometimes I in my evening's walk have heard,  
     "The wakeful bird  
 "Sing darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid, 245  
 "Tune her nocturnal note."  
 How different is that melodious bird,  
 From this rude screecher in her voice? She ran  
 Through notes of harmony, and shew herself  
 Significant, among the feather'd throng ; 250  
 Sometimes she swell'd a noble note, the tone  
 So bold, and with such energy struck out,  
 A serenade, tun'd to the lover's ear,  
 Has not more charms ; so languishing the strains,  
 The warbler melts into a tenderness ; 255

Her mournful notes, steal softly through the shades,  
 And faintly touch your ear; they die along,  
 And soften through the long reach'd vale; silence,  
 And mournful night, applaud her trilling tale!  
 A pleasing change is this from busy life, 260  
 To all who see, and read God's wondrous works;  
 To all who scan creation, and for wisdom search,  
 And worship more, the more it is reveal'd!  
 This coy, and modest minstrel, entertains  
 The lovers of retirement, not those beings, 265  
 Who see no further than their threshold's edge,  
 Mere slaves to nature's filthy lust, to gorge,  
 Carouse, and act a manly ape, and shine  
 Among the ranting clubs, as social brutes,  
 Neither in nature wise, nor yet in grace! 270  
 Those have no pleasure in this solitude,  
 Which leads to serious wisdom; and oftimes  
 That wisdom leads to serious grace,—that joy  
 Establish'd in the interest of Christ.  
 Are we charm'd with the nitingale's smooth note, 275  
 And wish to hear it oft'ner? Let us seek  
 A heart renew'd, and will resign'd, a love  
 To do what's right, shoot folly as it flies,  
 And virtuous actions seek to save alive:  
 Then will our passions be so smoothly tun'd, 280  
 That we shall never want a melody,  
 More charming than Philomel's soothing song.  
 As diff'rent as the voices of those birds,  
 Are human follies; at this moment are,  
 Some squandering wealth, and what's more precious, time,  
 On which their everlasting all depends; 286  
 Squand'ring in wanton prodigality  
 That worth inestimable; not content  
 With recreation's necessary time,  
 But lavish nights away in gaming vice, 290  
 That ruins here, and damns hereafter too;  
 Their minds suspended in anxieties,  
 Between the fierce extremes of hope and fear,  
 While the next throw of the destructive dice,  
 Determines them uplifted prodigals, 295

Or downcast greatness, tumbld into wisdom,  
 Dear bought, excepting that true wisdom grace!  
 Disorder now in various shapes awake:  
 Some from the lap of plenty snatch'd, and some  
 From blooming health, now to their beds confin'd; 300  
 Conflicting with diseases, possibly,  
 Their past misconduct bred, when luxury,  
 And midnight gambols, fir'd the blood, and sown  
 The seeds of what they suffer: dreadful change  
 From nature's gayest shows, they feel; constrain'd, 305  
 Perhaps, to plunge into the endless world,  
 In unprepar'd condition, or in pain  
 A little longer left, to meditate  
 The dreadful follies of a misspent life,  
 And make more bitter, death's approaching sting. 310  
 Oh death's approach! Made visible by pains,  
 And senses sensible to know those pains;  
 To know all human arts have no effect;  
 To see the brink of that eternal gulf,  
 And know from conscience dreadful is the fall! 315  
 Perhaps a tender mother now distress'd,  
 Hangs o'er her dying son in floods of tears;  
 Depriv'd of all her children long ago,  
 Excepting this her joy, and chief support:  
 In vain she tries to ease his griefs, in vain 320  
 Attempts her tender offices of love:  
 He faints, he sinks, he bows his head in death!  
 O fatal pang! It robs at once the soul  
 Unwilling, and a mother of her child!  
 Her comfort, ease, her earthly all is gone! 325  
 Oh thou bless'd hope! Thou child of virtue! Death,  
 That envious, hellish fiend, cannot thee touch.  
 While some, from death, long for reprieves, some meet  
 Death calmly; some invite his stroke: a cloud  
 Of woes upon them cent'ring, gladly would 330  
 Even with the grave compound; all after ills  
 The present conquers,—none can with them vie.  
 And some, quite weary of the world, through ills  
 Of their own seeking, and misfortune's scourge,  
 Learn'd wisdom; learn'd to value righteousness, 335

And know this life is but a cheat, a farce  
 Of fables languishing from checks of pride,  
 If from diseases free, or less diseas'd.  
 The seeds of death are sown with life; they grow  
 Like weeds in garden soil with various shapes; 340  
 Some spring forth in external feelings, some  
 Internal; some in passions, some in thought's  
 From fancy's fears; with others change the scene  
 To high conceit, corruption still the root;  
 And all our food is with that poison mixt, 345  
 And all excess of nourishment much more.  
 And now the pains distort their limbs, the sweat  
 Bedews their flesh, and eyeballs wildly roll;  
 And what is worse, despair, that hopeless fiend,  
 Perhaps triumphant reigns.—Despair! Thou child 350  
 Of hell! Thou leader of the troubl'd mind!  
 Of all the evils bred from sin, thou art  
 The worst; of all diseases from the fall,  
 Thou art the greatest; mortal punishment  
 Alone, is not thy wicked errand; thou, 355  
 First fillst the mind with high, and false conceits;  
 With envy's darts, at war with all mankind;  
 With deadly hate to all who shine or thrive;  
 And contradiction is another foe:  
 All love for God, or man is fled: the fiend, 360  
 That like a vapour crept into the snake,  
 Creeps into man, still deeper in him creeps,  
 Dethrones his good, then reason, and completes,  
 His ruin lastly, through some wilful act,—  
 Through suicide oftimes! What stings such feels 365  
 From various jealousies! His mind is hell!  
 The smarts, the lashes, and resenting scorns,  
 Which haunt his thoughts, though he's with jewels crown'd,  
 Would move the pity of a righteous slave!  
 Could but the votaries of mirth, whose lives 370  
 Are merriments and whimseys, once bestow,  
 A searching thought into the cause of woes,  
 And meditate its momentary worth;  
 It might teach them, to less esteem those sweets,  
 Intrench'd amidst so many ragged thorns! 375

It might teach them the value of their time,  
 And not in giddy ramble spend such worth;  
 But to aspire with a determin'd aim,  
 After more happy movements in our reach.  
 Can there be circumstances, which a man, 380  
 Would deprecate more earnestly, than these  
 Afflicting scenes? And yet astonishing,  
 So many seek their causes,—launching out  
 Into extravagance,—into the depths  
 Of riot, sacrificing real delights, to lusts, 385  
 The pleasures of an hour; destroying health,  
 And children's welfare over bowls of poison.  
 Ye slaves to sensuality! How far  
 Am I from envying your luxury,  
 Your sickening delights: it rather moves 390  
 My pity! Little are you sensible,  
 That while indulgence showers roses down,  
 And luxury diffuses odours round,  
 They scatter poisons, shed unheeded ills,  
 And more, perhaps, than raging fevers kill: 395  
 Since death is in the glutton's dish and taste,  
 And worse than poniards in the jilt's embrace;  
 And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,  
 Fell adders hiss, and pois'nous serpents roll;  
 Oh may it be man's ever wisest guard, 400  
 To shun this pestilence,—those sweets reward!

## CHAPTER IV.

## CONTENTS.

The Glow-worm. Jack with the lantern. Comets,  
 imagined to be forerunners of judgments; Licentiousness  
 abounding in a nation, a much more formidable omen.  
 The Distemper among the cattle. Northern lights; the  
 panic they occasion. The general Conflagration. The  
 Moon rising; brightens as she advances: such should be  
 our moral conduct. Moon opens a majestic scene; how  
 worthy our admirations. Moon useful to our globe.  
 Moon shines with derivative light: Christians receive a  
 more valuable light from their Saviour: Moon always

varying: the things of this world liable to vicissitudes. Our own righteousness unequal and imperfect; our Redeemer's complete,—always the same.



**A**ND now the glowworms light their little lamps ;  
 They, through the sun's retreat, obtain a leave  
 To play a feeble beam, a glimmer faint,  
 No more than render them perceivable ;  
 Too weak to dissipate the shades of night, 5  
 Or make amends for any loss of day ;  
 Their fire will not reward the traveller,  
 Should he be dropping wet, or shiv'ring cold ;  
 Or show his way lost in the darkest night :  
 From that, in nature's chain, lays wide their worth. 10  
 Go, disappointed thou, in that, as well  
 As other earthly toys; mere shadows all ;  
 That sov'reign light, that's from the cross diffus'd  
 Receive; that's thy benighted mind's relief,  
 Thy light, and not the glowworm's light, to light 15  
 Thy paths. Go, dwell upon thy boasted sense,  
 Find some new way, discard the sacred word,  
 Resign thyself to thy erroneous reason,  
 And have recourse to thy invented dreams,—  
 Thy righteousness the works of thy conceit, 20  
 Thou'lt sow the wind, and reap a storm; thou wilt  
 Benighted be, more dark than glowworms light !  
 The pleasures of the world, which we so doat  
 Upon, and reason, we so idolize,  
 Are as delusive as the sulph'rous vapour, 25  
 That's kind'ld by a motion to a flame,  
 Deceiving trav'lers with mistaken lights,—  
 Lights took for lanthorns held by human hands !  
 Not long ago, a star came home to view,  
 Whose fiery train trail'd a tremendous length: 30  
 This comet steer'd its rout, near many worlds,  
 No doubt, and their inhabitants alarm'd,  
 And meditated on him as our own :  
 Some view'd this stranger with portentous fears,  
 As threat'ning wrath against a guilty world,— 35



Perhaps the fate of nations—war's dire rage!  
 Appearances of those far travellers,  
 Have influence no more upon this earth,  
 Than other bodies roving closer home ;  
 They have their roads, and uses too, in this 40  
 Machine of wondrous works, more perfect far,  
 Than the conjunctive parts in men's machines ;  
 And order, rather than disorder bring :  
 If some slight ills they scatter here or there,  
 A stronger good, perhaps, they spread elsewhere ; 45  
 An atom, nor a globe, can be possess'd  
 With ev'ry worth. Then God adore, who rolls  
 Those orbs impartially for good to all ;  
 From sun to sun, for aught we know, and link  
 The systems in one chain : not as some say, 50  
 That fate or chance directs their course, and that  
 There'll be a time, they'll burn this earth : ere that  
 Takes place, she'll fly his scorching beams, as now  
 She flies by heat's repulsion, round the sun,  
 And on her axle. Happy would man be, 55  
 Were there no worse foreboding signs than comets :  
 That monster vice, which ev'ry day brings forth,  
 Prognosticates a ruin deadlier :  
 When sabbaths are notoriously prophan'd ;  
 God's holy name abus'd, and call'd upon 60  
 For vilest ends ; religion from the thoughts  
 Expung'd, condemn'd as idle mockery,  
 Beneath the prodigal's uplifted heart,—  
 Beneath gay nature's haughty boast ; are worse  
 Foreboding signs ; and greater mischiefs breed, 65  
 Than comets in the universal frame,  
 That are as useful in their spheres, as suns.  
 Oh thou ! who taint'st the air with blasphemy !  
 Thou breath'st, and utterest sin doubly refin'd !  
 Thou sit'st in scorners' chair ; with high flown pride, 70  
 And wouldst arraign almost thy very God !  
 Thou fool of sport to nature's learned few,  
 But pitied by the wiser learn'd in grace !  
 And you, who wear profession's garb, who clothe  
 Yourselves with forms, deceiving shows for praise, 75

And gains by following the wealthiest side,  
 Are signs of worse disorder than the comet's whirl!  
 Phenonima not fanciful, but real  
 Foreboders of eternal misery!  
 Will not a righteous God, whose laws are traffic'd, 80  
 And broken down, cut off such wicked race,  
 Distinctly from the righteous few? Can they,  
 For ever revel on their treach'rous spoils, and bliss  
 Enjoy, superior to the righteous soul?  
 If even fate, or chance, dominion hold, that law 85  
 Would its necessity discountenance.  
 Could but our kingdom's people this consider,  
 Not place delights too much on worldly shows;  
 Then methods indirect would be less follow'd  
 To gain them. God is good, rebellion's sword 90  
 He's sheath'd, and we've forsook not evil ways;  
 We're not renew'd, devoted not to right;  
 Therefore another judgment on us falls:  
 Our cattle seiz'd with murrain, numbers die!  
 No luxuries have vitiated their blood! 95  
 The first brew'd stream their drink, the lowly herb  
 Their food; no care disturbs their sleep, nor pride  
 Inflames their breasts; whence then is this distress  
 Upon us, prudence can't prevent? It is,  
 The hand divine, still scourging us for sin! 100  
 Taught by these glaring signs of disobedience,  
 May we endeavour to remove what's wrong,  
 Before his wrath severe upon us comes:  
 Oh turn, may we, from our ungodliness,  
 Before it proves an endless misery! 105  
 And now the northern lights appear,—behold  
 The flaming sky! Another sign believ'd,  
 Of some impending plague: they quickly join  
 Their blazing powers; the radiant streams,  
 Like legions rushing into battle, form 110  
 An order, beautiful and wise; the air  
 Seems all conficting fire. Within short time  
 They from each other start, as if to wheel,  
 Or make retreat, or new advantage gain;  
 Then seem quiescent, then manœuvres new 115

Display; then with an aspect ludicrous,  
 Yet awful, represent vagaries strange;  
 Next like artillery at leward distance,  
 They send to us the flash, but not the noise;  
 Next then they meet, like ribs of concave domes, **120**  
 In architecture's order to a crown;  
 And crown our paths, for many miles extent;  
 Much like some rainbow, though far off they seem,  
 Yet we are in their basis at the time.  
 The villagers gaze at the spectacle, **125**  
 With wonder, and with horror: various are  
 The wild opinions, on this heavenly sight;  
 A panic seizes some, and some more wise  
 Pretending, read in them a thousand fates;  
 Then some see hideous shapes, see armies mix **130**  
 In fierce encounter, fields swimming in blood;  
 Others foresee states overthrown, and kings  
 Subdued by kings, or from their evil hearts,  
 More justly prophesied, would wish it so;  
 And some will have the day of doom is nigh, **135**  
 And end of all things come;—see see, say they,  
 The stars are looking wan:—are not these signs,  
 Of Christ appearing in the clouds? Prepare  
 Us, Jesus, cry some more, the angel's trump,  
 And resurrection's awful day is near! **140**  
 If this small sign in nature's works alarms,  
 What must that day, in which this very earth,  
 The elements, and all terrestrial things,  
 Will pass away with dreadful burning? He,  
 Who pour'd his flood upon the earth, will then **145**  
 The last of prophecies fulfil; unlock  
 His magazine of justice, stor'd by fate  
 Divine, to single out the virtuous few  
 From the ungodly; nothing shall withstand  
 Its rage; proud cities with their lofty spires, **150**  
 The sumptuous palaces, the council halls  
 Where wondrous laws and wisdom were devis'd,  
 Impregnable defences, all the works  
 Of art long fam'd, in adamant or ice,  
 In deeds recorded, or in verbal sounds— **155**

ON THE NIGHT,

167

The pride of orat'ry, shall pass away  
 From here, leave not a single faculty  
 To think on what existed: which, throughout  
 Infinity, that spoil of all existence,  
 Necessity forbids. The righteous few, 160  
 Supported by their strength, what they in time  
 Had sought, will undismay'd the burning earth  
 Behold; their faith have struck so deep a root,  
 The sacrifice of worlds will not destroy!  
 And now the moon, much shorn of her full face 165  
 Appears; another mystery to many,  
 To know from what her changes are deriv'd;  
 Sole majesty of night she comes to light  
 The trav'ler's paths; nor misses once her office,  
 While any good she can administer: 170  
 A faithful servant, though now gloomy veil'd,  
 Or at her first appearing rather so:  
 But more familiar getting, throwing off  
 Her cloudy countenance, she, us inspires  
 With cheerfulness, as her own face is cheerful: 175  
 Improving as she rises in the world,  
 In affability and charity,  
 Bestowing upon us what superior powers  
 Bestow'd on her, is to the climbing great  
 A meek example! Thou, bright queen of night! 180  
 Thou lamp improving! May it be my pride  
 To imitate thee; May it be my pride  
 To try, fix all my thoughts upon't! In that  
 Our will is free; more voluntary free,  
 Than momentary passions to subdue: 185  
 May ev'ry sordid want decay, as clouds  
 Before thy face, till sin's deceiving train  
 Dominion hold no more: then I may shine,  
 In my Redeemer's kingdom, when thy orb,  
 May lose that present splendour thou enjoy'st. 190  
 The day's bright objects,—entertaining sights,  
 Are all eclips'd in darkness, till the moon  
 Tells us, creation is not lost; tells us  
 She sees the sun, and from him light receives  
 To rule the night: the stars above his aid, 195

Shine in themselves; assisting us with light,  
 Each other aiding where creation glows.  
 And now the moon is risen, and her beams  
 Collected, I see nature's works unveil'd,—  
 The hedge-rows, and the flocks recumbent; see 200  
 The bounteous earth's fertility, not in  
 The overblaze—the fountain force of day,  
 But shaded, and array'd in softer charms.  
 How beautifully wise she takes her stand,  
 Leaving this earth between her and the sun; 205  
 There takes his light, and then reflects it on  
 The night-side of our globe, No cloud now reigns  
 To check the sight, and stars are seen unnumber'd.  
 Thou moon, thou orb superior to our view  
 ( Thy neighbouring abode creates thee such, ) 210  
 Thou wheel'st round this earth thy monthly course,  
 More steady than perpetual motions' work,  
 When madmen, or vain wonder-workers frame them,  
 Pouring thy lustre on the mountains' tops,  
 On steeples, and the ocean, which becomes 215  
 Like liquid glass; the forest wide receives  
 Thy pallid beams, and opens to the sight  
 A prospect sight can't half command; a scene  
 In nature's picture; a real moonshine landscape;  
 To imitate, the painter's art may try. 220  
 Performances of human skill, how soon  
 Are they admir'd! A landscape by a hand  
 That's fam'd; a statue beautifully shap'd,  
 And breathing life almost, or would breathe life,  
 If pride of man knew how that work to do; 225  
 These imitations we behold, yea praise,  
 Extol the artist even to a God; high fam'd  
 He is, his name through ages roll, while God,  
 Or our Redeemer's works, are scarcely nam'd;  
 Nam'd scarcely but in haughty pride, to aid 230  
 By blasphemy his worldly ends, or some  
 Presumptuous deed in nature's boast. Shall we  
 Be wholly charm'd with our peculiar skill,  
 And not give God a praise? Thou thoughtless man,  
 With upcast eyes on Ranelagh's grand dome, 235

ON THE NIGHT.

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Come join with me, and view this concave arch,—  
 A dome stupendous, thy Creator's works;  
 In this behold a wondrous architect,—  
 In this his frame of wondrous worlds; then trace  
 From this first cause of all, the causes down 240  
 To thy proud brain; go further on, move down  
 To beavers, spiders, bees, or ants, by those  
 Thou'lt find in projects thou'rt outdone: boast not  
 Of thy peculiar wisdom, rather thank  
 Thy God who gave it thee: know, lowliness 245  
 Is wisdom! And thy greatest wisdom here!  
 Who can this shining firmament behold,  
 In whose alcove ten thousand worlds exist,  
 With irreligious looks? none can but minds  
 Low taught, and geniuses to downward look, 250  
 Find pins, scrape dung, and for a farthing quar'l  
 With nearest friends: yet such have got their laws  
 Prescrib'd: kind providence, for ever wise,  
 Sets up the public teacher, teaching those,  
 Whose instinct in themselves is weak to teach,— 255  
 Whose reason in themselves becomes no guide.  
 Thou moon, thou world, thou bright inhabitant  
 Of the ethereal space, and on this earth  
 Attend'st; and like a servant from his master  
 Receiv'st thy wages due; for aught we know, 260  
 A tribute greater than thy influence  
 Upon our tides,—a service earth receives  
 From thee; reciprocal the gifts: if thou  
 Goest round this earthly ball from done to done,  
 Thou goest not round for naught. Thou welcome moon,  
 Thou plat'st with silver, black and sullen night, 266  
 Enabling us to tread the evening's cool,  
 The dewy meads, and breathe delicious smells  
 From garden flowers, and nature's wholesome weeds;  
 Of wholesome use when sultry heats in day 270  
 Fatigue and weaken the robustest frame.  
 The shepherd too, that tends his fleecy charge,  
 Or late consigns them to their hurdl'd cots,  
 Should thank thy heavenly lamp;—or God more justly,  
 Who plac'd thee there so bright. The mariners, 275

In midnight storms, would wish to see thy face ;  
 Whose light would from destruction many save ;  
 Their skill, through thy bright face, a dang'rous rock  
 Might shun ; or on it dash'd, might see to climb  
 The rugged clift, and shun the tossing bellows ; 280  
 Or shun the shore should reck'nings' road be lost, —  
 That noble art of navigation miss'd :  
 For these and other useful purposes,  
 The wise Creator hung thy lamp near by !  
 Who would not such a servant wages give ? 285  
 Full paid, no doubt, by earth's resplendent beams !  
 The faithfulest of those who on us wait,  
 Are sometimes tardy in their offices ;  
 But thou, attendant moon, celestial guide,  
 Art constant in thy place, though erring seem'st ; 290  
 So deviously performing monthly rounds,  
 As if to lead thy followers a dance,  
 Who dare to watch thy movements round this ball :  
 Yet all thy subtle roads are long found out,  
 And in them when thou shouldst be ever found : 295  
 Sometimes in latitude far south thou'rt found,  
 Sometimes in north, sometimes an evening guide,  
 Sometimes a morning ; this, more wonderful,  
 Thou rul'st the whole night through with thy full lamp,  
 And giv'st to us a secondary day. 300  
 How evident is wisdom here display'd,  
 Or God's benevolence more wisely call'd,  
 For man's accommodation ? Man ! That sees  
 Nor values half the good before him sat :  
 The Psalmist justly celebrated God, 305  
 When he his wondrous works contemplated ;  
 He saw their order, felt divinely, — felt  
 That order in his bosom, and thus said ;  
 "He form'd the moon and stars to rule the night ;  
 "The goodness of his mercy never ends !" 310  
 The moon shines not from any quality  
 Within herself ; the sun's fierce blaze creates  
 Her silver face ; a proof of which, the earth,  
 When in conjunction with her cuts it off.  
 The sun, of light, and heat, and vigour, is 315

The fountain, prime of sublunary things:  
 The morning star's opaquous horn he guilds,  
 And planets' roads with light he strews : but man  
 Receives another light,—a light within  
 From God: he is the fountain of the whole : 320  
 We see the path in Christ's unspotted life,—  
 In his victorious conquest o'er the grave.  
 If we offend, and seven times a day  
 Should fall, Christ will support our tott'ring steps ;  
 He is our strength and peace ; if we're deprav'd, 325  
 And our best deeds unworthy, God, through him  
 Forgives us ; in ourselves we're nothing, Christ  
 Makes up our all : with delegated rays  
 And borrow'd light we shine. Our God is wise,  
 And saw our wants, and has a fountain plac'd, 330  
 For our support, within our reach. May we  
 Be ever sensible, to use, receive,  
 Imbibe his gifts aright ; indulging never  
 An unbelief, that might us backward slide :  
 Rebelling oft against his just decrees, 335  
 Might strike a gulf impassable between us,  
 To feel, no more, his influencing spirit !  
 The moon, incessantly is changing place,  
 And changing figure ; sometime we behold  
 Her full,—behold the part the sun beholds ; 340  
 Then in her orbit round she moves, till half  
 Of her full face is only seen ; so on,  
 She dwindles into nothing, to our sight.  
 Then moving still in her created road,  
 Throwing the earth from her conjunctive line, 345  
 She soon lights up her other edge, and grows  
 Her left hand side, as she decreas'd her right.  
 When done, she rises with the sun, a blank  
 Unlighted globe ; for useless then her light  
 Would be, had she got all her brightest charms. 350  
 Then growing slowly, lights the western sky,  
 And gives to us an evening's repast ;  
 And as she grows in light, she grows in use,  
 Till her full orb, the midnight darkness rules.  
 Another worth peculiar is in she ; 355



When Sol is on the tropic north, she's south ;  
 That in his absence she might give her aid.  
 Oh thou, Creator wise! Who reads thy works  
 Must thee adore! Such changes made for use!  
 For use in nature's worldly life, no more! 360  
 The moon is waxing, waning, in one stay  
 Continues not ; and so are all the worths  
 Of sublunary things: yet we must thank  
 Our God for this existence, and the sphere  
 He's plac'd us in, whatever is the sphere! 365  
 Think not true comfort here, in any state  
 Thou'lt find,—that comfort thy proud heart desires,—  
 Thy greedy aim to all terrestrial things :  
 Thou think'st their worths will bring thee new delights :  
 Rest thou on providence, she knows the best 370  
 What thou canst bear : thy greedy aim supplied,  
 Might be thy bane instead of joy ; thy bane  
 In worldly happiness,—that joy thou seek'st !  
 Prosperity some tempers badly bear ;  
 It mounts the spirits from their usual seat, 375  
 And drives the faculties oft into madness.  
 Seek'st thou a baubl'd name! In seeking it,  
 Thou'lt meet with many rugged paths! If found,  
 'Tis found in pieces, broken by envious hands !  
 And should those changes bring thee not to grace, 380  
 An everlasting ruin might ensue!  
 How soon and often echoes of renown  
 In silence sleep? Or quickly change their sounds  
 Into the clamours of vile obloquy ?  
 The tongues that cry hosannah, quickly cry, 385  
 Away with him, we have no king but Cesar!  
 Have not earth's greatest worths their treachery  
 Confess'd? Her mounts of gold, like melting snow,  
 Have slyly took their worldly flight; Or worse ;  
 Like some imprison'd bird, escap'd at once ? 390  
 And often leave us, in our aged years ;  
 Have we not known the bridegroom's closet made,  
 An antechamber leading to the tomb?  
 And heard that voice pronouncing them one flesh,  
 This seperation quickly to pronounce, 395

"Commit her body to the ground?"  
 Of friends, or health, the nearest ties of love,  
 How soon were robb'd? How soon a darling child  
 May in our arms expire? Have we not seen  
 A flock of gay plum'd birds, perching on trees? 400  
 Have not the lovely visitants charm'd both  
 Our ears and eyes? But we could not ensure  
 Them there, one moment; free from our command,  
 They mount the skies, and in an instant gone!  
 Would we our joys fix on their painted wings, 405  
 To lose them by their flight? Fix them, vain man,  
 On painted baubles here, they're fixt on winds,  
 And thou'lt no better do! Be not o'er charm'd  
 With earthly toys; its gains despise, above  
 What's requisite to make an honest man. 410  
 Job heap'd up gold as dust; it came to him  
 Unsought; yet triumph'd not in arrogance:  
 The learn'd, and aged to him listen'd; rogues  
 Too, while prosperity maintain'd his household:  
 To cheer his aged moments he was bless'd 415  
 With children dutiful; nothing withheld  
 To tempt his virtue's overthrow: when lo!  
 These golden baits were suddenly exchang'd,  
 For all their opposite extremities:  
 Disasters one by one, the common train 420  
 Of nature's ills, fell at this good man's doors,  
 And robb'd his all but grace! His stedfast grace  
 And faith, the thief could not get at! You see,  
 The man of wealth, is in an hour reduc'd:  
 He who was cloth'd in nature's gayest pomp, 425  
 Is now reduc'd to join the dunghill's filth!  
 He who was great, and seemingly esteem'd,  
 Is now no longer follow'd and caress'd;  
 But mock'd, derided, charg'd with wicked crimes!  
 Nor need we for example trace records, 430  
 The wheel of fortune daily whirls about;  
 To day the wise triumph, to morrow fools,  
 When earthly power, and riches are transplanted,  
 Amidst such fluctuating scenes, and wild  
 Uncertainties, how wretched is the man, 435

Who has no other anchorage of rest!  
 May thy more stedfast love, O God, be mine!  
 And future glory my reversion'd right,  
 By grace's deed, then shall my happiness  
 Outshine the moon's full face, that can't command 440  
 One moment to that stay. Methinks the moon,  
 In her inconstancy, displays an emblem,  
 Not only in our worldly changing scenes,  
 But likewise in our heavenly changing thoughts:  
 In some short intervals, we righteousness  
 Pursue; then sin reviving leads us captive;  
 Again releas'd by heaven's join'd aid we stand;  
 But soon some ruffling accident we find,  
 Its ills creep in, and sully our composure;  
 Then under virtue's reign once more replac'd, 450  
 Drove there by scourges, tast's of sin's rewards,  
 We may more eas'ly then, our happy state  
 Detain, How easily is purity  
 Snatch'd from a mortal breast, if purity  
 It ever can obtain? Mortality, 455  
 And imperfection hand in hand move on;  
 And heaven's grace can only bias them!  
 Are there not errors in our brightest works;  
 Something impure in all we are,—to be  
 Repented of in all we do? With what 460  
 Adoring thankfulness, should man submit  
 To his incarnate God? Whose gifts divine  
 Of righteousness, no mortal works can gain!  
 Thou moon, resplendent globe, again I'll speak  
 Of thee; this earth much larger than thyself, 465  
 The moment thou show'st us thy greatest light,  
 Unkindly hides the sun from thy bright face,  
 And swallows thee in her extensive shadow.  
 In deep eclipse, what multitudes behold  
 Thy mournful change? The learn'd astronomer 470  
 Looks on, to prove his calculations just;  
 The cunning fool in ignorance looks on,  
 And dares not ask the cause; too proud to learn,—  
 Allow superior wisdom, and his own  
 Deficiencies: so shuts up wisdom's door. 475

Against himself. Others with wonder gaze;  
 Religiously inclin'd, will cry to God,  
 This is thy mighty work the wicked soul  
 To fright, and bring him to repentance. He,  
 Who scarcely saw one charm in her full face, 480  
 Now gazes on, contemplates her disgrace;  
 While she was well, and her bright gifts sent down,  
 She was unnotic'd by the worldly clown;  
 Though she would help him bring his sheaves to mow,  
 Yet scarcely on her would one look bestow; 485  
 But on the dross that she would help him get,  
 His looks, his thoughts, his worship, all were set:  
 Had he but once contemplated her face,  
 Deign'd upward look, his thoughts might further trace,  
 Through nature's works, and find a path untrod,— 490  
 Path new to him, that leads to nature's God!

## CHAPTER V.

## CONTENTS.

The faults of eminent persons seldom escape observation. Moon reflected by the Ocean; Virtues of persons, in distinguished stations, influential on others. Moon actuates the sea. The everlasting joys of heaven attract and refine the affections. Prayer, a reasonable service; Praise, a delightful duty; with devout Reflections proper for the night.



**T**HOU moon, now like some minister disgrac'd,  
 Art watch'd with closest scrutiny; thy fate,  
 Like his, in every company is scann'd.  
 Is it not thus, with those of eminence,  
 In their respective spheres, that kings who rule, 5  
 Or all in power, one accident or slip,  
 Brings on their backs a thousand tongues? On those  
 Especially who have the gospel's charge,—  
 Their ways are watch'd, and more than men expected!  
 Mild charity is fled, conceit usurps 10  
 Her throne; seen where? On thrones proud babblers build,  
 To gain them names, gain int'rest to gain gold,

Gain ev'ry worldly ease they cry against,  
 As motes, inhabiting their neighbours' eyes ;  
 And grace is call'd upon to mother all. 15  
 Those sheep cloth'd evils, call aloud to priests,  
 And ev'ry public teacher teaching good,  
 Their paths to ponder, govern well their ways!  
 Those who move in inferior life, oft more  
 Offend, and yet less notice took of them: 20  
 But should wise caution render some as Gods,  
 Proud malice still finds prey, devours, and feeds  
 Upon preeminence. Show me the man,  
 That is not wise, in some conceit of his,  
 And you'll show me a novelty ;—I mean 25  
 In nature wise: though nature, made by God,  
 Yet suffer'd by the fall of man, and sin  
 And nature, hand in hand, would ev'ry work  
 Dethrone, that fam'd not their ambitious cause.  
 A planet may below the horizon 30  
 Depress, or star for months lie hid, yet miss'd  
 By few ; but thou, poor moon, eclips'd, disgrac'd,  
 Like public characters, must bear with tongues.  
 When thou, to yonder clift, in solitude  
 Lit me, how different was then thy sphere? 35  
 There I beheld the clear expanse, and stars  
 Unnumber'd faintly glowing; thou then reign'd  
 Sole queen. I on the ample sky, did gaze  
 Awhile ; then downward look'd, and view'd the sea,  
 And heard the waves, which roll'd upon that waste, 40  
 Which sea and land seem to be fighting for.  
 The silver moon, free from this planet's shadow,  
 And aided by a well-purg'd atmosphere,  
 With greater lustre shone. The milky way,  
 O'erpower'd by the lunar blaze, shone faintly,— 45  
 The lunar blaze then reign'd sole majesty.  
 Much like her should all men in power shine forth ;  
 Shine with examples bright, like brightest orbs ;  
 Inferiors then might catch the rays diffusive,  
 When grace and moral virtue are the patterns: 50  
 Good actions will not worthless lie from all ;  
 The families, and friends, of worthy men,

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Will catch this good, and further spread it; spread  
 The gospel's light, and moral virtue through  
 The land, as thou bright moon receiv'st thy light 55  
 From the sun's blaze, and hands it down to us.  
 Thou queen of night, thou sov'reign of the deep,  
 Thou bid'st the fluid realms to wheel about,—  
 Advance, retreat; there's nothing standing still;  
 Though rocks and mountains seemingly are fixt, 60  
 Yet in a whirl: through motion all the fluids are  
 Preserv'd, and kept alive, from poisoning  
 The world! And is the moon so powerful  
 Upon the vast abyss? She is, as far  
 As her attracting power commands: this earth 65  
 And she each other serve, as friendly neighbours;  
 Or rather more as servant and the master;—  
 The lesser throughout nature serves the greater.  
 Thou moon, above thy argent fields, unseen  
 By mortal eye, unheard by mortal ear, 70  
 And unexplor'd by nature's mortal thoughts,  
 Lies that bright world,—the righteous souls' abode.  
 In that desirable retreat, the most  
 Exalted honours are conferr'd; the thrones,  
 And diadems, of earthly kings, compar'd 75  
 With them, are just as wide, as sin conceives  
 Of grace: this concave arch, with all its gems,  
 Is but the ceiling of the heavenly floor.  
 What then are the apartments,—what the palace?  
 How bright with glories, and how rich with bliss? 80  
 Ye bless'd abodes of endless happiness,  
 That far outshine the wealth of nature here,—  
 That dross of minerals adorning kings,  
 And sumptuous palaces of richest empires,  
 Your winning invitations to my heart 85  
 Transmit; attract, refine all my affections,  
 Withdraw them from the sordid claim of sin;  
 Attract them hence,—from nature's changing sphere,  
 To feed the realms of purity above,  
 As thirsty ground attracts the wat'ry clouds. 90  
 And now, my thoughts and steps been exercis'd,  
 I'm almost seiz'd with sleep and weariness:

Let me obey thee, nature, in this call.—  
 But stay; shall I fall into sweetest sleep,—  
 Enjoy God's gifts as thoughtless as the brute? 95  
 Is reason given unto man alone,  
 And God receive no tribute from it? God  
 Who is our life's support, our length of days,  
 Our everlasting life? Whoever this  
 Considers, and denies a worship, cause, 100  
 Or causes then, are level'd with effects.  
 The prodigal may laugh at bended knees,  
 And shoot a thousand darts of railery :  
 But this remember, ( and when pinch'd with ills  
 He will, ) to whom shall he for succour fly? 105  
 Is worship childish mockery, a whim,  
 A dream? Dreamt of by eight in ten of all  
 Mankind, and the proud eight the really wise?  
 Yes, saucy wise, while nature lends them wings  
 To crow: no other wisdom is their boast! 110  
 The humble heart to God, is humble here  
 To man: if pride, or our imperious souls,  
 Humility can sooth and charm, then how  
 Ought we to sooth our Maker,—mind his laws!  
 His laws for our advantage fram'd! To live 115  
 At large, will add not to our happiness  
 Ev'n here; we're form'd for order, and our yoke  
 Sits easy in his law! What can be more  
 Becoming reason, than to further look,  
 And upward turn the thoughts? Look through the path  
 Of nature, count ourselves as lords, the lords 121  
 Of all created things below? We see  
 Degrees of beings here, ourselves the head:  
 Then why should we hold it a mystery,  
 That beings somewhere we excel: behold 125  
 Bright Jupiter, with all her moons, that round  
 Her roll; she may, for aught we know, hold beings  
 Superior; and that sphere—bright heaven, unseen  
 From earth, holds the angelic race. If we  
 Obedience from inferiors here expect, 130  
 Superiors will expect the same from us:  
 That is a ladder we may climb upon:

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From love to love, is step to step, to God !  
Can there be sought, through this corrupted life,  
What brings more joys than love to God and man? 135  
Which will remove ingratitude,—that ill  
Inhabitant, that monster from the heart,  
That gnaws the intrails with a never ceasing,  
That kennels there and breed, whose offsprings are  
Ill will, and deadly hate, surrounding you, 140  
And scourging you instead of thanks for birth!  
Can there be harmony to cheer the soul,  
Or unison shall better with't agree,  
Than that pure essence which the soul belongs to,  
When clamour'd by the jangling strains of sin? 145  
What shall check me from worshiping my God?  
A joy so pleasant in my breast conceiv'd?  
The moon in her resplendent sphere, and all  
The starry train, that ride the wheel of night,  
Shall witness if I'm silent night or morn; 150  
If I refrain to kindle in my heart,  
And breathe the incense sweet of righteous praise;  
Praise to that glorious God, who form'd the earth,  
And built you in your spheres; who from his hand,  
Pour'd forth the wat'ry world, and shed the air, 155  
Surrounding us abroad. Thou also made  
The night, Maker omnipotent! And made  
The day, which I, (the least of all thy mercies,)  
Have pass'd in safety and tranquility;  
When I was lost in dreams extravagant, 160  
Immers'd in sleep's insensibility,  
Thy hand recover'd me to all my stores;  
When darkness cover'd half this wondrous earth,  
The sun forgot not his appointed hour;  
At thy command he rises, lights my feet, 165  
And beautifies all nature to the sight.  
To thee, O God! my strength I owe; by thee  
The wheels of life turn round; thou gav'st me life,  
When my gross body'n nature's matter dwelt!  
Form'd by thy hands, then by thy wisdom taught, 170  
The crimson fountain roves from place to place,  
With strength, to cheer the cold and weakest parts;



Receiv'd from heat and nutriment its force,  
 To the extent of coldest limbs it hies,  
 To cherish nature there; as from the sun, 175  
 The fluid atmosphere receives its heat,  
 And travels with it into northern climes.  
 Oh thou, safe guardian of my peace! When ills  
 Surround, when accidents beset my paths,  
 Through thy protection I securely walk: 180  
 Amidst apparent perils health is mine!  
 I mov'd securely, pass'd unhurt, through ills  
 Invisible, and visible; the eye  
 That watch'd over me, saw in its wide survey,  
 Great numbers round me fall, in mortal ruin, 185  
 And numbers wounded on my right and left!  
 If sickness has, at any time, made sad  
 My house, or racking torments harass'd me,  
 It prov'd a wholesome discipline,—a call,  
 To wean me from the world's deceiving sweets, 190  
 And look to my eternal residence!  
 Yet still my table, God's munificence  
 Unbounded spreads, and temperance makes sweet  
 The bowl, and appetite seas'neth the dish;  
 Content, and gratitude, the blessings crown! 195  
 His kindness too, preserves my dearest friends;  
 Who sooth, and soften, all my cares; whose sight  
 Cheer me in a dejected hour? whose words  
 Improvement mingle with delight! When sin,  
 Amidst the flow'ry pleasures lay disguis'd, 200  
 Enlighten'd by thy wisdom, I discern'd  
 The latent mischief, and by grace I shunn'd  
 The luscious bane: if through the strong impulse  
 Of sensuality, or passion's force,  
 I have been hurried into evil snares, 205  
 Thy faithful admonitions have recall'd  
 Me wandering, while Christ has heal'd the wound!  
 Perhaps some have in their iniquities  
 Been taken off; transmitted from their joys,  
 To death's eternal, hopeless bred despair! 210  
 Whereas, by suff'ring mercies, I have been  
 Distinguish'd long; instead of lifting up

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My eyes in torments, to the bless'd abodes,  
 I may, ere long, the pleasing view enjoy ;  
 Through stedfast faith and works, enjoy indeed, 215  
 That blissful paradise, which to the good belongs.  
 In the mean time, thou hast, and still vouchsafes  
 To me, the revelation of thy will,  
 The influencies of thy holy spirit ;  
 Which are a series of effectual aids, 220  
 My knowledge to advance, and godliness  
 To grow ; becoming more conformable,  
 And meet, thy holy presence to enjoy.  
 How great is thy beneficence, O God !  
 It has a multitude of secret sweets, 225  
 To me unseal'd ; a thousand pleasures open'd !  
 Shall I forget the fountain of such good ?  
 Forget the God of my salvation then ?  
 My pulse from beating rather shall forget,  
 Than words of thankfulness forget to flow ! 230  
 Nor shall the bare acknowledgment of lips  
 Adore ; the fountain strings of life, shall join  
 With them in harmony. O let thy bill  
 Of righteousness, be drawn upon my heart !  
 And all my faculties, will readily 235  
 Accept it ! Let that truth, through here, and through  
 Eternity, still pay that debt ; a debt  
 Still owing, and still never ow'd ! can I,  
 Thou guardian of my interest, reject  
 Such signal, such experienc'd benefits ? 240  
 Distrust them as the hopeless infidel ?  
 Thou'st been my helper through the busy scenes  
 Of day ; beneath the shadow of thy wings,  
 During the darkness, dangers, and the damps  
 Of night, I will repose myself. Whatever 245  
 Of sin I have contracted, Oh my God !  
 Wash it away with Christ's redeeming blood,  
 And let no stain attend me to my couch !  
 Then shall I lay me down, and rest in peace,  
 Submitting cheerfully to thy decrees, 250  
 To wake in this, or in another life ;  
 Whether to wake a happy saint in light,  
 Or in this world, with sin and death to fight !



# CONTEMPLATIONS

## ON THE STARRY HEAVENS.



### CHAPTER I.

### CONTENTS.

Walk on the summit of a hill. The advancing night withdraws the rural prospect. Beauty of the sight. Constellations. The heavenly bodies a book. Astrology discountenanced; the folly of its pretensions. Discoveries of our modern Astronomers. Religion and necessary business. Religion and innocent pleasure, as consistent as the annual and diurnal motion of the earth. The sun, its enormous Size. Stars, Centres of Systems; their vast Distances. Other Skies furnished with other Stars. The greatness of the Creator. The existence of eternal matter doubted. The littleness of terrestrial things. Man invited to soar from here. The riches of Redeeming Grace. David repents upon the grace of Christ, and prophecies his resurrection. The starry Heavens; their wondrous Harmony. The swiftness of our earth, and atmosphere, lead us to glorify God. All things one chain of law, man's sphere a link, and courted to murmur not.



**T**HIS evening, I exchange, the nice retreats  
Of art, for nature's noble theatre:  
Instead of measuring my steps, beneath  
The covert of an arbour, I now range,  
The summit of this gently rising hill. 5  
The sun is fled; the shades I sought to day,  
Are spread and join'd into one gen'ral shade.  
Conveniences, and inconveniences,  
We see are mixt: if the annoying heat  
Is ceas'd, the landscape, and its pleasing scenes 10  
Are ceas'd: the tower, and stately edifice,

Are now as humble as the lowly cottage:  
 The mountain and the deep press'd vale are level'd:  
 The plains, with flocks made white, the heaths,  
 With furze made yellow, in one shade are blended: 15  
 The meads and forest now one plain become:  
 The silver stream has lost its silver tail:  
 All cloth'd in mourning for the loss of day!  
 The sky in part does recompense that loss;  
 In light but trifling, but in beauty more. 20  
 Here I enjoy free view, and free my thoughts,  
 To meditate upon the heavenly scene;  
 No cloud of art, nor of a worldly mind  
 To interpose; the landscape that adorn'd,  
 This evening's western sky, has disappear'd; 25  
 The moon's conjunctive basis with the sun,  
 Affords no light; and stars vast distances  
 Render them weak; but shine through numbers, grand  
 And beautiful! And beautiful is sight:  
 The porous eye-ball, fill'd with sparkling fire, 30  
 The moon's dark body scarcely sees, though near;  
 But fiery stars, in distance far remote, meet rays  
 With sight: a thousand fiery orbs it sees.  
 The concave arch, bedeck'd with spangles gay,  
 While active earth pursues its annual flight, 35  
 Night after night almost varies the scene,  
 Month after month fresh constellations bring;  
 For earth, in her small circle, far within  
 This concave arch, moves round, and all are seen.  
 We've taken 'mong the tombs a turn, and view'd 40  
 Mortality's remains, to learn the worth,  
 Or vanity of mortal things, and break  
 The false enchantment from the soul; we have  
 Survey'd the garden ornaments, not that  
 The heart might there be planted, and take root 45  
 Among the flow'ry race; but that the short  
 Liv'd beauties might our teachers be, to seek  
 That paradise, where beauties never fade,  
 And trees immortal, ever are in bloom!  
 Again, we wisdom sought, not in the croud 50  
 Of school-learnt disputants, but in the walks,

Of lonely, ancient night ! Let us, once more,  
 Indulge the vein contemplative, and raise  
 Our speculations to the work above,—  
 To those bright beauties which the sky contains, 55  
 And this clear hour unveils. If we've discern'd  
 His pencil's sketches glowing in the spring ;  
 If we, in nature's stores exhibited,  
 Have seen of his beneficence, a ray  
 Of brightness, beaming in the blaze of day ; 60  
 How far an infinitely richer field,  
 His wisdom to contemplate, is the sky !  
 The sky, that's eloquent of Deity,—  
 Each star a word, to sound his mighty name,  
 Magnificent of its great Maker's praise ! 65  
 An universal language they set forth,  
 That may to barb'rous tongues be understood !  
 Let me then, in this solemn season, form'd  
 For thought, and a calm intercourse with heaven,  
 To their dumb lectures listen, read, and catch 70  
 Their nods ; I may new inward gifts receive,  
 While I frequent these solitary shades.  
 The Israelites, by frenzy instigated  
 More than devotion, worship'd sun and stars ;  
 And the pretenders to astrology, 75  
 Delude mankind for gain, with mysteries,—  
 Unfathom'd arts—the baits for ignorance :  
 If any planet, here, or there, should reign,  
 Reign with the earth and sun conjunctively,  
 Which is the closest of that orb's approach ; 80  
 Before the inside star make much escape,  
 As both are going on the self same way,  
 Thousands of human beings must be born !  
 And born to what ? There lies a mystery !  
 To good or bad no human art can tell ! 85  
 A planet has its influence, no doubt,  
 On bodies nearest ; yet none knows, the good  
 Or harm of that attracting sphere. To me,  
 It is a question of indifference,  
 Whether the constellations shone with smiles, 90  
 Or frowns, at my nativity, if Christ

Shines down: protected there, I laugh at all  
 Their impotent designs,—weak prov'd to me:  
 What from dead lumps can we attain to know,—  
 From senseless masses unintelligent? 95  
 Can they advertise me of things to come,  
 Which are unconscious of their own existence?  
 Rather let me to their Creator trust,  
 Who with one comprehensive glance, views all  
 His works, adjusts their causes, gives them power 100  
 Upon each other, not the soul of man;—  
 Shuts out their ordering fate, his will sole reigns;  
 Though sin he suffers for his wiser ends.  
 The stars teach this, to their Creator look:  
 In that, I am, a pupil to their sway. 105  
 The vulgar mind, can comprehend no more  
 Of God's machine,—this universal frame  
 Of wondrous worlds, (inhabited no doubt,)  
 Than spangles dropt on the ethereal blue;  
 No higher notion they conceive of stars, 110  
 Than ornaments to decorate the night:  
 But studious minds, bent on discoveries,  
 Whose active thoughts would all things know, trace sha-  
 Till substancies they find, and more and more [dows  
 Attain of mortal arts, deliver down 115  
 To man a wiser tale,—discoveries  
 Stupendous! Let me just set forth the most  
 Material, contemplation's wants to aid;  
 And let the unlearn'd mind remember, that  
 The scene, design'd for good, I would display, 120  
 Is the wise workmanship, and plan divine,  
 Of that incomprehensible first cause,  
 The mighty God! Whose name should be ador'd,  
 And works admir'd; who can a thousand worlds  
 Push into being, as easily as we 125  
 Perform our simplest crafts. Should this move us  
 To wonder, and the wonder great, it need  
 Not our belief transcend. This planet earth,  
 Where heaven's decree has gave us birth, is round;  
 Her growing shadow in the moon's eclipse, 130  
 Sufficiently proves that. Some may suppose

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She has foundations deep, and rests upon  
 Some solid base: but in the vacuum  
 She occupies a space, ( as we behold  
 The moon, ) of seven thousand miles 183  
 Diameter; and could we on the moon  
 Be plac'd, this earth a larger moon would seem,  
 With all the changing shapes the moon shows here.  
 And though to us the earth seems motionless,  
 She is in movement far more regular, 140  
 Than any time-piece form'd by mortal man :  
 Unerringly sails through the blue expanse,  
 And makes her port without an error ; mark,  
 Nor compass has she through the void! Boast thou  
 Such art, thou mortal navigator? Round 145  
 The sun she takes this voyage, which completes  
 The year ; and axes oblique with that flight  
 The seasons ; on which axis, day and night  
 She smoothly spins ; that in that yearly whirl,  
 She turns about eighteen score times and more ; 150  
 Which makes as many risings of the sun,  
 Appearingly to us. The side towards  
 The sun is day, its opposite is night ;  
 Without this wise expedient, earth would burn  
 One side, the other side would freeze : all things 155  
 That on her dwell must perish ; she likewise ;  
 One side would be continual day, the other  
 Continual night. How wise in order plac'd,  
 That those two motions with her oblique reel  
 Agree, and each maintain its sep'rate cause, 160  
 Without confounding, blending, or misled!  
 In moral movements too, that law exist,  
 Or should exist if not deprav'd by sin !  
 God's providence in various branches act :  
 Religion may her gates unfold for grace, 165  
 And shut them not 'gainst moral innocence :  
 Religion is not meant fo feed despair,  
 But cheer the mind against it. Some exist,  
 Who think that all society must be  
 Renounc'd, if they devote themselves to Christ, 170  
 And all the satisfactions of this world



Forsook: such step, might nature idle strike.  
 'Twas never meant industry to cut off,  
 But make us more industrious from the views  
 Of honesty, purg'd free of avarice, 175  
 No more desiring than our nat'ral wants.  
 'Twas ne'er design'd to extirpate our passions,  
 ("All things exist through element'ry strife,  
 "And passions are the elements of life," )  
 But their disorder wild, to rectify 180  
 And rule. Nor to extinguish the delights  
 Of sense, discreetly us'd; but them prevent  
 From soaring into worldly vanity!  
 A person may among his friends be cheerful,  
 And yet be joyful in his God;—may taste 185  
 The sweets of his estate, as well as hopes  
 Of his eternal life. The trader too,  
 May his commerce pursue, and not neglect  
 Salvation: warriors may wear swords, when call'd  
 Upon, to do their king, and country's will, 190  
 And each like Pilate say, I'll wash my hands,  
 The sin lies not to me. The parent may,  
 By honest trade, accumulate much wealth,  
 His offspring to support; and yet depart,  
 With conscience clear on his death-bed: so far 195  
 Christianity is from obstructing us,—  
 Withholding any pleasure innocent,  
 That it improves it rather, and they both  
 Agree, much like the motions of the earth.  
 This earth, to us who on her dwell, appears 200  
 Much like a horizontal plain, adorn'd  
 With trees, and decorations beautiful;  
 But to an eye, at some vast distance plac'd,  
 Her glob'lar shape appears; and all that charm  
 Her offspring's eyes, as beauties, disappear. 205  
 To those at greater distances, she grows  
 Still fainter; and so on, till distances  
 Extinguish her, or hides her from our sight.  
 Bright Venus, evening star and morning call'd,  
 Within our orbit, wheels her course, more near 210  
 Her centre,—sun: sometimes at right of him

She's seen, sometimes at left, which forms her morn  
 Or evening star; and south at twelve at night,  
 You never will her find; those outside us,  
 Can only that grand situation fill! 215  
 Venus, in size, from computations found,  
 Is like our earth;—but no bright moon attends  
 Upon her, bright with greater light she shines,  
 As plung'd more deeply in the blaze of day;  
 Her light more lucid at her midnight hour; 220  
 Have day and night, and changing zodiac signs,  
 While she upon her axle rolls, and flies  
 Through ether round the sun; which those enjoy,  
 Who on her dwell: the system'd retinue,  
 Are the abodes of intellectual life 225  
 Suppos'd; and all dependant are, for light  
 And heat, on Sol, that in the centre reigns,  
 And he on God. This central king, though seems  
 To travel daily, and perform around  
 In one short day and night, (which round our earth 230  
 A twelvemonth takes,) is fixt at home, moves not  
 Except his axle roll; and all the worlds  
 To him some tribute pay, some influence  
 From some attraction paid: if they enjoy  
 A good from him, to him there's some return'd. 235  
 Each round him wheels its stately course, while lord  
 He sits of all: and though he smaller seems,  
 Than dials he illuminates, a line  
 From side to side, extended through his centre,  
 Contains eight hundred thousand English miles! 240  
 Startl'd are we at these reports? And say,  
 How mighty is that God who form'd such blaze?  
 And such a mass of fire to keep alive?  
 Let us our learn'd discov'ers hear, and they  
 Will our amazement further move! This sun, 245  
 With all his retinue that round him rove,  
 Are almost nothing with the whole compar'd;  
 That ev'ry star, though seemingly so small,  
 And millions lost through distances, is a sun,  
 In size and glory equal to our own; 250  
 And is a centre to a tribe of worlds!

An endless train of centres and their worlds,  
 Must through the ether here and there exist;  
 Or what can occupy immensity  
 If 'tis not so? There must exist a space, 255  
 Or substance real, or this creation seen,  
 Or boggy chaos in disorder wild:  
 Necessity plants one of these in being.  
 If substance real could fill infinity,  
 Which is the blocking up of space: or this 260  
 Conceive, that any globe should swell in size  
 To do that; that too necessity forbids,  
 Because that substance great becomes a nothing;  
 At once becomes a nothing, as there is  
 No room, for atom, spirit, shadow, thought, 265  
 Or cause or causes with effects to dwell.  
 The wondrous infinite affords such room,  
 That even the nearest system to our own,  
 Its distance is so great, a cannon ball  
 Would seven thousand years be flying, 270  
 Before 'twould reach its central sun! How vast  
 How wonderful do these remarks appear,  
 To those who never had consider'd them!  
 How wonderful are all created things!  
 And how surpassing all must be the maker! 275  
 Could we transcend the moon, and pass through all  
 The planetary choir; could we our way  
 Wing to the highest star appearing, there,  
 We should behold expanded skies, and stars  
 To guild our night, as we behold them here; 280  
 And comets from their voyages returning:  
 There, the astronomer, with optic helps,  
 Might feast his sight, with orbits new and orbs;  
 Adjust their distances, their moons, their belts,  
 Their rings, their magnitudes, their length of days 285  
 And years, and whatsoever appertains  
 To them: nor does creation there begin  
 Or end; nor nearer to them points arrive,  
 If all is fill'd with God's creating hand!  
 The sun, with all the starry host we see, 290  
 Are atoms, nothing with immensity

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Compar'd! How wondrous then is all! And how  
Surpassing wonder is the cause of all!  
That from the rude, disorder'd elements,—  
The warring train of causes and effects, 295  
Did separate their various qualities,  
United them in various spheres, compress'd  
The loose, eternal matter into globes,  
And left between a finer space, a space  
Of particles to feed the growing orbs, 300  
Which their hot bodies rav'nously attract,  
While some decay and keep the fountain good:  
For planets may have growth and waste, as well  
As atoms which they breed. But ponder this,  
Give it a residence among thy thoughts, 305  
That the Creator is all powerful,  
Should that hypothesis be wrong, to build,  
Create from nothing and command his wants!  
If matter is eternal, it must be  
With God coequal, as they neither had 310  
Beginning; for, if matter cannot be  
Annihilated, and is self existing,  
Must claim with Deity some presidency,  
As two eternal causes that can't be  
Subdued. We should believe that matter is 315  
Finite, as in God's power to destroy:  
Because through fire, divisibility,  
Or any other means, that work rests not  
With us, it must impossible be deem'd!  
On erring pride! Shall we decry 320  
All arts beyond our sphere? Put down the cause,  
That knit our frames together? That alone,—  
That very cause, draws worship from our souls!  
How my conceit is sunk of my own being,  
My wisdom, and the breath of mortal fame, 325  
From projects light as ants' to grosser eyes,  
When I behold the wonders of the sky?  
Consider well their movements with our earth's,  
All from disorder free! No erring stroke  
Through ages has been found! And this for whom? 330  
For man; and all that on her dwell enjoy

Their part. Have I the least elatement felt,  
 When I consider'd this, more than my state  
 Requires? That under God's munificence,  
 And sole decree, I am protected here? 335  
 Was I possess'd of greater gifts receiv'd,  
 Or greater gifts to give; amidst them all,  
 I would fall down, lost in myself abass'd,  
 And found in his perfections: we who are  
 Compos'd of artful ignorance, the sense 340  
 Of nature, knowing all, yet nothing know;  
 Nothing as with these glorious works compar'd;  
 Complete in nothing but depravity!  
 While I this vast expanse behold, I learn  
 My littleness; and see the littleness 345  
 Of all terrestrial things: what is this earth,  
 With all her ostentatious scenes, compar'd  
 With yonder sky? What but a speck, unseen  
 By eyes on those we see; or in the map  
 Ethereal scarcely visible. It is 350  
 Observ'd, that if the sun, with all his train  
 Of worlds, that round him rove in circuits wide,  
 And occupying more of space, in miles,  
 Than millions thirty score diameter,  
 Were took away, they'd scarcely leave a blank 355  
 In nature's frame: an eye that could command  
 The whole, would miss the loss, no more, than one  
 Bare grain of sand, would from this earth be miss'd.  
 If then, not only this our globe, but this  
 Whole system's space be so dimunitive, 360  
 What is a foot of land disputed here,  
 That landmarks possibly cannot decide,  
 And make among our atoms such a bustle?  
 What is its worth? Where end its hop'd for good?  
 In this; a pompous nothing to disturb 365  
 The mind;—a mighty blank deceiving it!  
 When the keen sighted eagle soars above  
 The feather'd race, and wings her upward flight,  
 With stedfast looks upon the glorious sun,  
 Counting his beaming splendours all her own, 370  
 Does she regard the flying mote the while?

Shall man's eternal mind, endued with such  
 Capacities,—made capable to think,  
 To expatiate on mortal and immortal joys,  
 Made free to rove, and taste the worth of good 375  
 Or ill, made wise to know his being here,  
 And end, and end of transient things, at last  
 Sigh for a toy, the bauble of an hour,  
 And grasp at shadows on a needle's point?  
 Consider well, my soul, thou know'st the right; 380  
 Thou know'st perfection's road, which can't be wrong!  
 I feel my sentiments expand; I feel  
 My thoughts on worldly pride dying away;  
 I feel myself superior to its charms!  
 Too long, my thoughts, by vanity been pinion'd, 385  
 Immur'd in this corrupted clod: but now  
 They break the shackle, free the slave, and open  
 The door of liberty,—that worth which all  
 Would catch,—that blessed gift to man! My thoughts  
 By such wide prospect fir'd, weigh anchor now, 390  
 From this small nook, and its contracted shores  
 No longer coast; immensity's wide range  
 I'll sail, and endless bliss my port! Behold,  
 My soul, this vast expanse; and more of God  
 Thou'lt see, and more adore! With David say, 395  
 "When I thy heavens behold, thy mighty works  
 "Consider, Lord, what is this mite call'd man,  
 "That thou of him art mindful? Or the son  
 "Of man, that thou should'st visit with such love?"  
 How wondrous moving such benignity, 400  
 To send from his eternal stores, his Son,  
 Or part of his eternal influence,  
 To pass through mortal mould, and suffer stripes  
 And death's severest pangs, to conquer what  
 Would conquer us, by strengthening our weakness; 405  
 He plac'd our feet on even ground, and bad  
 Us fearless stand, against a treach'rous foe.  
 Had the archangel, or, one of the host  
 Inferior, been to us commission'd, fraught  
 With a renewal of the law, that guide 410  
 Of righteousness to mortal life, and heav'nly,

To all who could that harder task perform,  
 We ought, and should, with joy and thankfulness,  
 Receive the happy messenger: but when  
 A greater still, high thron'd in power, pays us 415  
 A visit, from his glory sent, and stript  
 Of all, and suffers dreadful change to dwell  
 In transient clay; then mark'd as bulwark, storm'd  
 By sin and death, expos'd in front, to bear  
 The shafts of Satan's war, to ease our yoke 420  
 So heavily upon us by the law,  
 What grateful thanks should in our hearts take root?  
 There bud and thrive, the first fruits of his grace?  
 And make us say rejoicing in ourselves,  
 We love our God, because he first lov'd us! 425  
 Warm'd by his influencing spirit, the host  
 Infernal, where it cannot come, which is  
 Their doom, would soften and relent. 'Tis well  
 The sacred oracles have given proofs  
 Of this redeeming blessing long before: 430  
 Inspired prophets,—proxies of the Christ  
 Did his high office, and true teachers since;  
 Or at his barely coming our belief  
 Might shake. Could he, who launches all these worlds,  
 Through the illimitable void, and leads 435  
 Them on from age to age unerringly,  
 (Led they must be by some almighty cause,)  
 And drove the rebel host through ancient night,  
 Far off in outer darkness, stript of joys,  
 That cheer'd their native seat, to dwell with thoughts 440  
 Of deep reflection on their dreadful state,  
 And purg'd the seat of bliss, of all that threaten'd  
 Destruction to that bliss, submit at last  
 To that corrupted power! Most wisely did,  
 To curb, and bind, a restless enemy 445  
 To purity, and equitable rights,  
 And the deceiver to deceive. Ye orbs,  
 That rove through ether's space, I wonder'd once  
 At your dimensions vast, and distances;  
 But now my wonder ceases; or to be 450  
 Well understood, 'tis lost in greater wonder,

That such a num'rous train of worlds should be  
 Created, for such mites as man upon  
 Them dwelling; mites, with the stupendous whole  
 Compar'd! Such care too for their happy state, 455  
 As we experience here from our Redeemer!  
 May ev'ry child of Adam say he've sinn'd?  
 And what atonement for it can he make?  
 Give up for his transgression his first born?  
 His body's fruit for his soul's sin? A thought 460  
 Most strange! Far stranger than the sacrifice  
 Of rams or bulls! A strange existed law,  
 To sacrifice the maker's works to please  
 The maker!—Though himself in nature's clay  
 Was sacrific'd! And as so many types, 465  
 Or prophecies, can only for that law  
 Account. If the spilt blood of rams and bulls,  
 A part of th' guilty sav'd, the blood of Christ,  
 The guilty whole redeem'd: the whole that heard,  
 Or read his doctrine, and in it believ'd! 470  
 So flagrant is our guilt, we're gone astray  
 So wide, no less than Lord of all must be  
 The shepherd, and restore the flock! He who  
 Created all those suns, those glorious lights,  
 Dispers'd them here and there, and lighted up 475  
 Old night, and sent the black Tartarean soil,—  
 The dregs of matter, which unfavours life,  
 And purity, to furthest hell, and purg'd  
 His favourite orbs, can purge our lives, and cleanse  
 Us from unrighteousness: Christ's incense has, 480  
 And nothing else, purg'd our iniquities!  
 This beautiful, magnificent expanse,  
 Again I'll view; and in it read, and learn  
 My own abasement, and Redeemer's love:  
 The more I look, the more of glory see; 485  
 The more I ponder, more of grace I feel,  
 That my Redeemer lives above their heights,  
 Above their glory shines; he made them what  
 They are; he gave them only active life,  
 That cannot magnify his name; know not 490  
 Their own existence, how should they know him?



He made them mere abodes for those who can!  
 If e'er my heart was humbl'd at my guilt,  
 'Tis now elating at the hopeful thought,  
 That criminals, even at the brink of hell 495  
 May soon recover, and from there be rais'd  
 To Paradise's brink. Oh thou bless'd hope!  
 My self's abasement will, I trust, continue;  
 But fears, that ever haunt despairing minds,  
 Through hope's convicting influence are fled. 500  
 Be my iniquities like debts of many pearls,  
 Here is full payment for them all; the price  
 Is ever found in Christ's redeeming love!  
 That sinner David first, but pattern'd saint  
 At last, this truth experienc'd, when he said 505  
 "Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall  
 "Be clean; thou shalt wash me, and I shall be  
 "Whiter than snow: I have, I must confess,  
 "Been guilty of vile acts, against man's peace,  
 "And disobedience to my Maker's law: 510  
 "Though I've been bless'd peculiarly,—mark'd out  
 "Distinguish'd favourite of providence,  
 "Yet I have villainously smote my friend;  
 "And God incens'd, severely me accus'd:  
 "Though horrid my past actions been, yet God, 515  
 "To wash away my stains, pronounc'd a grace,  
 "As yet by prophets handed down, whose truth  
 "Will be fulfill'd upon a future day,—  
 "A truth foretold by them of our Redeemer;  
 "Whose resurrection from the grave, as well 520  
 "As 'tis to them, is to my soul reveal'd:  
 "And though I've been, as loathsome as the dunghill,  
 "With treachery, adult'ry, ev'ry filth  
 "Unclean, yet in his fountain wash'd, I shall  
 "Be as the lily fair, and white as snow. 525  
 The scripture says, the power of powers, is God!  
 And in a volume of all languag'd lines,  
 Behold it written in the wondrous sky,—  
 The firmament of his almighty hand!  
 The wild, illiterate Indian can it read; 530  
 The infidel can read a maker there!

Who upward looks possess'd with reason's eye,  
 Will meditate not on their birth? And who  
 Will say they conciously exist? Who say  
 They can assume what shape or act they please? 535  
 And if they could, in what would end their self  
 Existing power? In elementary strife;—  
 In war, an endless war among the spheres!  
 But now under subjection, they whirl through  
 The void, infringing not on others' tracts; 540  
 All keep their orbits useful to the whole.  
 The seven stars, though seem together plac'd;  
 Could we on either quickly be convey'd,  
 That close connection we should hope to find,  
 Among those friendly orbs, would vanquish there, 545  
 And for the six must look into the skies;  
 Form'd not in figure to amuse the sight,  
 But rather chance expos'd them so to view;  
 But chance, or fate, God's will, or works to alter,  
 Dwells not in them, nor in the realms of hell! 550  
 Appearances we find deceiving; not  
 In distances alone, but home bred acts,—  
 In projects face to face: the hypocrite,  
 Close to your teeth, will show his own in smiles,  
 And bite you with his love: the coquet's smiles 555  
 Win the soft easy loving fools; each one,  
 Through her deluding airs seems bless'd: but soon  
 They find each other at her house, and all  
 Are stung with jealousy; their soothing hopes  
 Exchang'd for aggravating fears! Who would 560  
 On mortal bliss fix all their hopes? The best  
 Bring mean rewards! In various actions pride  
 Deludes: for want of titles dress impose  
 Their shows; for want of money mortgages  
 Step in, and make them big in vast estates! 565  
 Or rather vast perplexities! My riches,  
 The greatest I adore, is in the heavens  
 Invisible and visible: those orbs  
 Of light to view, and grace to feel, support  
 Each other, and, my greatest blessing here 570  
 Compound. Behold the vast ethereal field;

Whose space unbounded holds unnumber'd worlds ;  
 Unnumber'd worlds in tracts unnumber'd roll,  
 Within each other roll in circuits clear ;  
 Nor do they nearer to their centres climb, 575  
 Lest too much heat should not with them agree ;  
 Nor yet fly off to meet the freezing cold :  
 Attraction and repulsion give their bounds :  
 As when a man, through some necessity,  
 Long bore the freezing air, attraction's force 580  
 Subdues free will, and brings him to the heat :  
 As soon as he a full proportion gets,  
 Withdraws, and then withdraws, and takes his stand,  
 Where his own body's heat, and that of fire,  
 In temperance agree : the planets owe, 585  
 No doubt, their stations from that very law,—  
 A law by their Creator fixt ; and all,  
 Through one commander, in that law abide ;  
 No self will'd parties there. To build such worlds,  
 And launch them through the spaces of the sky, 590  
 How great must be the universal God !  
 More swift than arrows from a giant's hand,  
 This earth with all her atmosphere moves on ;  
 The lark that sings on high, as seemingly  
 Some minutes near one place, right over, 595  
 Perhaps, his cares parental, watching them  
 With careful eyes, while hopeful joys he tunes,  
 Is moving faster than the flying ball ;  
 Bears equal swiftness with his nest below ;  
 Or earth would all her aerial offspring quit,— 600  
 Would leave them when descending in the void ;  
 For fifty seconds shoot her bulky size,  
 Bringing one edge into the other's place.  
 The stone thrown up, is moving East more swift  
 Than it ascends ; or many hundred miles 605  
 At West t'would fall, instead of on our heads.  
 Yea ev'ry particle of atmosphere moves on,  
 As rapid as the grosser flood below :  
 The air belongs to earth,—they make one globe.  
 But this seems strange unto the ignorant ;— 610  
 As strange as heavenly grace to unborn souls !

What we count difficult with God is easy,  
 Who only spoke, and earth with all the train  
 Of stars, conglob'd from loose eternal matter,  
 And into order sprung, and took their flights 615  
 Far off, and on their axles roll'd, while one  
 As chief to ev'ry retinue, he plac'd  
 As central king, endued with light,  
 And vigour, on his subjects to bestow ;  
 While from their orbits they their tributes send, 620  
 Some worth exacted by him, or exhal'd,  
 His fund of vigour to maintain. This frame  
 Of wondrous harmony is nature call'd,  
 Its author God. Oh what a sure defence,  
 My soul, hast thou! So many senseless lumps 625  
 So wisely rull'd, what will he do for man,—  
 For whom these lumps were made? Should trials thee  
 With vehemence assault; or vanities,  
 Through thy declining life, no longer charm ;  
 Conclude thee this, and this thou wilt conclude, 630  
 Thy soul has run through nature's changes here,  
 And seems desirous to give up this life,—  
 To call on God—thy fountain and thy cause ;  
 This, with a strong propensity thou'lt do ;  
 Propensity thy province then, unless 635  
 Thy long continued sin, has callous'd thee  
 Too deep. A wretched pattern to the young,  
 If such there be! Of all the sinners here,  
 The aged blasphemer the worst! Seek God ;  
 Implore his strength, though thou art at the brink 640  
 Of hell, and he'll deliver thee. But tempt  
 Thou not repeatedly that pow'r, by ills  
 Repeated, doubting thou becom'st more shy  
 To ask, and God more slow to give ; so strike  
 A gulf impassible, 'twixt thee and grace. 645  
 Though evils may, and have produc'd a good,  
 'Tis found in the first change from wickedness,  
 With single individuals. Thou, relaps'd,  
 Ungodly man, thou hast renounc'd thy chief  
 Protection; helm of life thou hast let go, 650  
 And now art toss'd upon a troubl'd sea ;

'Pon troub'd waves that give a moment's hope,  
 While others coming plunge thee into ruin !  
 There on thy strength depend, too late to call  
 For succour! Who is able to contend 655  
 With God? Who bear the fierceness of his power?  
 Sustain the fury of his lifted arm?  
 His slightest thunder shakes thy very soul!  
 Thy stock, thy stem, thy own support deceives thee!  
 He who the comets darts through ether far; 660  
 Without, within the planets' roads, and meet  
 Them never in their roads, to hurt  
 By force attractive, or repulsive, can  
 Protect man also, or destroy; can lay  
 The universe in ruin quick as he 665  
 Created it: then what is mortal life?  
 Why doat upon't so much, as if 'twas ours,—  
 An independant property? Yet hate  
 It not, nor yet forget eternity!  
 Life is bestow'd upon us for a good, 670  
 If we that good pursue: to live in sin,  
 We live unhappy; and to die in sin,  
 To Christ we cannot go. 'Tis gratitude  
 Creates the union,—love for him who died  
 That we might live. What thanks sufficient have 675  
 My soul to render, to that God, by whom  
 I live, and may eternally, if I  
 Pursue, what reason, or my concience says  
 Is right? And right they know; and know the love  
 Of God, is as extensive as his power; 680  
 His mercy with his majesty extends.  
 If mortal kings a consequence set up,  
 And are by subjects homag'd and obey'd,  
 What should the king immortal? Who is king  
 Of kings, and lord of lords? Consider this, 685  
 And while thou'rt loyal to thy monarch, thou,  
 The heavenly monarch cannot well forget.  
 Oh thou, my king immortal! Power is thine,  
 Obedience mine; obedience to thy law  
 For concord here, and grateful thanks to thee 690  
 My benefactor; I sit at my board,

And eat thy bread in copious bounties sent:  
 Instead of misery surrounding me,  
 Thy favours me surround, and I'm preserv'd  
 In health of body, happiness of mind. 695  
 Let me abominate myself, but God  
 Adore! Could but the stubborn heart bow down,  
 Renounce his independence here, believe  
 In his Redeemer, and acknowledge God;  
 'Then on a rock he'll build a safe retreat, 700  
 That troubl'd oceans shall not shake its base!  
 And let the stubborn child that duty could  
 Not bind, that threatenings could not awe, whose sight  
 Finds not his path, nor senses find his wrongs,  
 Attend the ministers of grace,—their schools, 705  
 By heaven ordain'd for all,—the rich, the learn'd,  
 The wise, the unwise more,—more for the child  
 Of ignorance to ballance reason's loss,  
 And the proud atheist overcharg'd with it,  
 And open all their stubborn doors for grace! 710  
 Oftimes have I the prophet's words consider'd,—  
 The following related by Isaiah:—  
 Who measur'd with his hollow hand the seas;  
 Who in one chain perscrib'd the heavenly bounds;  
 Who weigh'd the mountains in a scale; the hills, 715  
 And ev'ry particle he justly ballanc'd.  
 The substances and fluids jointly reign;  
 A ballance from God's laws they quickly find,  
 And temp'rance is that law; as when a room  
 Long dry attracts from rain; though rain shut out 720  
 Indeed, yet drinks its thirsty belly full.  
 How vast this earth appears, to us who dwell  
 Upon't! How vaster still the firmament!  
 How wonderful are all! How wonderful  
 To minds contemplative! The multitude 725  
 Of globes behol'd; their magnitudes consider;  
 Regard them as the kings of worlds, of worlds  
 That round them move; and then consider still,  
 What worlds unnumber'd must through ether rove!  
 Yet none mistake their way, nor wilf'ly move; 730  
 Though pass through tractless, and unbounded fields,

None from their orbits fly ; none press upon  
 Each other ; all eternal harmony,  
 Agreeing perfectly in their rotations.  
 When I contemplate this,—this law so wise 735  
 On them adjusted, and by them obey'd,  
 (Obey'd must be, they're only passive made,)  
 I man's rebellious deeds contemplate too,  
 Obeing not is God, nor just to man!  
 Thou man, the greatest tyrant seems throughout 740  
 His works ; if sin had not polluted thee,  
 Thy movements here unerring would be found, —  
 Be found as perfect as thy mother earth's ;  
 Through inoffensive purity as perfect,  
 Which sin's corrupted state cannot enjoy. 745  
 Yet murmur not at Deity's decrees ;  
 What God has wisely suffer'd must be right ;  
 Must be his law, his will, ordaining,  
 Though secretly by evil brought about,  
 Or he is not a God omnipotent ; 750  
 Ordain'd the right, that thou, thy God, and self,  
 Might'st rightly know ; know now thy murmurings  
 Are treasours high, thy disobedience sin.  
 Who dares God's wisdom into question call,  
 And read the wonders of the sky ? See orbs 755  
 And orbits intervolv'd, nor in one plane  
 Dare move, conjunctions wisely to escape,  
 In part escape, and give the learn'd more toil  
 To calculate the few ? See smaller orbs  
 As moons, on their superiors wait, move round 760  
 Them as their centres, and small systems form ;  
 Whose epicycles, with their masters roads,  
 A chain of circles make, in moving round  
 The sun ? And think'st thyself peculiarly  
 Unblest, unguarded, and unwatch'd ? Shall I 765  
 Repine, God's justice question, that I'm not  
 A king ? Wise providence that rules those orbs,  
 Can tell me best my sphere,—my useful worth ;  
 If richer, wiser, stronger made, my joys  
 And usefulness might invalided be : 780  
 All things are weigh'd according to their worth.

No atom can all qualities enjoy.  
 Oh thou, my God ! In whose creating hands  
 My breath remains, let sentiments as now  
 Possessing me, be always on my mind ; 775  
 They will compose it, when afflictions walk :  
 Then shall I like the grateful patriarch,  
 Erect an altar of adoring thanks,  
 And with the apostle's motto it inscribe ;  
     To God, the only wise ! 780  
 Then shouldst thou give me leave, for fortune's toys  
 To carve, I would relinquish, humbly would  
 The grant ; give up free will, that child of hurt  
 In many acts, to thy superior power ;  
 Persuaded fully, that thy counsels are  
 Superior, to the blind impulse of will,— 785  
 Of man's own will depriv'd, half ruin'd through  
 The tyrants sin and death, by passions mov'd !  
 Our reason is by passions led astray ;  
 What's will'd last night, is overturn'd to day.

CHAPTER II.

CONTENTS.

The starry Heavens ; their Motions. Calamities discussed. Virtue and Vice, often wrongly rewarded here. The general good observed. All things declare a God. Seed cast in stony ground. God's love for man in the Redeemer. The clearness of the atmosphere. God, an independant cause. Corruption,—prolific in production. The general good. The province of free will described. The church of Moses wrested from its purity, and Christ coming at the time. Beauties of the sky, again contemplated : their harmonious order a pattern for man. The prodigal's return. Manassah's change, and Saul's behaviour. The cause of the Pharisies' rage against Christ ; The wonders seen at his death, and change made on many hearts. The regularity of the heavenly bodies declare a God ; The frailty of human inventions compared with it.



**O**n an inspection careless, we perceive  
 No order uniform throughout the sky's



Inhabitants ; but here and there dispers'd  
 As if by chance ; and like a chaos seen,  
 But more illustrious ; of shining globes 5  
 An uproar beautiful, a heap promiscuous ;  
 Some fixt, though none appearingly, for all,  
 In the short time of day and night, around  
 This earth seem to revolve, excepting those  
 Towards the poles, they small excursions make, 10  
 Or none with those directly on the pole,  
 As being out of the nocturnal wheel ;  
 Which is a proof sufficient, that this earth,  
 This atom, mite, does on her axle roll :  
 Should God, the wise Creator, cause the sun 15  
 And moon, to run such journeys round the earth,  
 In that short space of night and day, surely  
 Immensity he'd not subservient make,  
 To this small spot, this atom though a world !  
 Rest then assur'd, they no such journeys run, 20  
 Earth sitting still the while, which only has  
 To turn once round, and save that wondrous work,  
 In them perform'd so seemingly to us.  
 The stars are fixt, the planets move, move round  
 The sun, and not round us ; the moon is all 25  
 That round our earth revolves, which journey she  
 Performs from done to done or full to full,  
 That makes above twelve hundred thousand miles ;  
 This revolution all her changes give,  
 And the eclipses too ; for in her round 30  
 She changes places with the earth ; sometimes  
 Between us and the sun she falls, and hides  
 His face from us in total dead eclipse ;  
 Then moving in her orbit round, shifts earth  
 Between ; then earth's round orb robs her of light, — 35  
 She stamps her shape in shadow on her face ;  
 Oftimes 'tis so, not always when she's full,  
 For her declining motion round this earth,  
 Winds herself out, from all conjunctive lines  
 So far, that earth can give her no eclipse. 40  
 And though the planets' circuits devious seem,  
 They move in roads prescrib'd ; though seemingly

A constant erring, yet they never err.  
     "Mazes intricate,  
 "Eccentric, intervolv'd ; yet regular                     45  
 "Then most, when most irregular they seem."  
 What may appear to be calamities  
 Are often blessings in disguise, and end  
 In richest good : as Joseph was betray'd  
 By ills, by ills appearingly, sold as a slave,             50  
 Yet sold for his advantage in the end,  
 His father's, and his treach'rous brethren's too ;  
 And their posterity to high advance,  
 In whom all nations should be blest, be blest  
 Because salvation came to them. Let those,             55  
 Afflicted, wait contentedly ; subdue  
 Their mortal miseries by grace divine ;—  
 Remember Job, his patience, and his end !  
 The tear might then through gratitude gush out,  
 And sighs change into holy praise : then just             60  
 Like planets' devious roads, that seem to err  
 For some unerring ends, our troubles may  
 Be births of future joys. Impeach the law  
 Divine with no audacious railery,  
 But where we cannot comprehend to wait             65  
 The evolution of his will, and plan  
 Mysterious ; then, we may perceive, that all  
 The labyrinths of providence, are God's  
 Unerring roads, for planets, and for man ;  
 For man more justly, form'd with knowledge this         70  
 To know,—to comprehend their beauties, worth,  
 And end ; or where must God seek praise for all ?  
 Not from dead lumps of planetary matter !  
 Here with this knowledge rest, and thou wilt know,  
 Why virtue oftimes wants, and vice enjoys             75  
 The present hour ; why honesty design'd,  
 Is often to a prison dragg'd, and guilt  
 Awhile conceal'd, embraces monarchs' smiles !  
 Till down its wicked author drops, disgrac'd,  
 Severely us'd, then quickly knows his God,             80  
 And humbl'd this to say, where shall I fly  
 For succour, but to thee, Oh Lord ! Though clouds,

And deepest darkness, seem to wrap us round  
 Impenetrable, grace will find its way,  
 And God's decrees unalterable come. 85  
 Look not at present things for all thy good,  
 Or ill; though ills should thee surround,  
 'Tis but the blank side of the tapestry.  
 Could we survey creation's whole at once,  
 Behold its chain'd connections, see the ties, 90  
 The use, dependencies, and why this has  
 A devious road, and that eccentric, why  
 They move not in one plane, and why the moon  
 From the ecliptic roves, and what the use  
 Of Saturn's lucid ring, and all her moons, 95  
 And why the bulky size of Jupiter,  
 And why its body belted, why the sun  
 Upon his centre rolls, and why the comets  
 So wisely climb their perihelions round,  
 And cross the planets' roads, when planets are 100  
 Not near them to turn out; we should exclaim  
 That all are good,—most wonderful connected!  
 No part unfinish'd left, and nothing made  
 In vain! All would conjunctively display,  
 A ruler wise, a mighty cause, a God! 105  
 Upon that order stands the rectitude  
 Of moral life, though more complete refin'd:  
 So many conscious beings form'd to know  
 God's wise decrees,—to taste,—enjoy that law,—  
 Those beauteous gifts of heavenly joys sent down, 110  
 Which, matter senseless cannot comprehend,  
 Nor feel.

"The moral world,  
 "Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on  
 "In highest order; fitted and impell'd 115  
 "By wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all  
 "In gen'ral good."  
 Nor ends with man; with beings sensitive,  
 The regions of inferior nature teem;  
 Ev'n in the briny deep God's wisdom moves, 120  
 And there enjoy'd, in single strength, or army,  
 Just as their sphere requires; all things are weigh'd

And suited to the gen'ral good: as much  
 The finny kingdoms order show, as states  
 Against each other arm'd. The fluid air 125  
 With insects swarms, and tastes of wisdom's ways;  
 Enjoy their safety, and the present hour;  
 Made wise to shun what would annoy their tribes,  
 While basking in the sunshine regions: joy  
 Their sporting movements form. Sometimes aloof 130  
 They take their flight;—but flying low, or when  
 We see them, speaketh rain: impell'd perhaps  
 By feelings so to fly;—for safety, heat,  
 Or food, or some commodious cause: nor doubt  
 They've sense, to choose their safety, ease, and food 135  
 Assign'd to their short beings, as well as man,  
 With all his boasting eighty years: perhaps  
 Their summer is as great an age; our hours  
 Their years, and moments hours. And wherefore this  
 Diversity profuse, of living things, 140  
 That breathe the liquid air and sea? To show  
 God's bounteous hand; to show that millions live  
 Through his protecting and creating law,  
 And through it feed, that man may not despair,  
 Who is created to a greater end! 145  
 Ask why so many worlds he made, and them  
 Replenish'd with a multiplicity  
 Of beings, raising in gradation's chain,  
 From worms to men erect; the answer this,  
 To manifest his glory, and his joys 150  
 To spread; each creature shares it in its sphere:  
 Before the mountains were brought forth, he was  
 Supremely blest; he sat the fountain cause  
 Of joy, and all existing things; joy gives  
 The life,—it knits the frame together: love 155  
 Reigns also where true joys are found. His worlds,  
 Are gardens hatching various fruits; his joys,  
 Like never ceasing rivers through them flow.  
 How great a cause for our most fervent love  
 Have we! If works of nature so delight,— 160  
 Or God's wise order in the moral world,  
 How much must grace and our redemption charm!

Redemption! Whose bright image, seen through faith,  
 That heavenly mirror, far out-shines the light  
 Of system'd suns! It is the brightest face 165  
 Of heavenly attributes! Redemption, all  
 Its doors throws wide, and love unbounded, finds  
 Its way to us. How oft we've felt that grace,  
 That sympathy divine! But like seed cast  
 In stony ground, too often takes no root. 170  
 Go purge thy soil, cast off a stone a day,  
 In that thy will is free, that ev'ry knock  
 From grace, thou'lt more take in, till thou becom'st  
 A storehouse of his love: the son will dwell  
 In thee, branch'd from the Deity, sole heir 175  
 Of true delights: how great a blessing given!  
 The mighty Godhead cried, it shall be thus,  
 My pity for rebellious man shall plead;  
 Descend to earth, my son, thou part of me;  
 Wrap thyself up in mortal mould, be man, 180  
 And foil man's adversary; he will catch  
 At thee a second Adam, and to prove  
 Thy strength deliver thee to hostile scorn,  
 When tempting vanities have no effect;  
 Not yet content till at thy life he levels, 185  
 Whose agonies like mortals thou must bear,  
 And to the grave be doom'd: but power within,—  
 Thy essence in thee,—mine, shall rise thee up,  
 And shame this alienated being; shame him  
 Of his mistake, and weak design, against 190  
 Omnipotence to raise in arms; to wreak  
 His vengeance on my fav'rite work, my child  
 Of innocence that could not do him harm:  
 This is my law, his impudence to chain,  
 And man to know his duty, foe, and me; 195  
 My law for man, before the world was made!  
 So spake the first, almighty cause, and breath'd  
 From his decrees, eternal good to us!  
 This good is all mankind's,—'tis mine! To give  
 It thought, shall be my constant aim; the most 200  
 Delightful meditation of my mind;  
 Surpassing far all mortal fame, that sound

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So charming in proud worldlings' ears.  
 A prophet, meditating on this love  
 Divine, enjoins the firmament, to aid 205  
 His lab'ring breast in praise ; and thus began :  
 Ye vaulted heavens, melodiously sound forth  
 Your thanks, for your wise order rul'd and plann'd ;  
 Exult, and leap for gladness, thou bright earth ;  
 Ye mountains, break your silence, make the vales 210  
 To answer to your joyful notes,—the Lord,  
 Through his Redeemer comforts us, and takes  
 From you that curse, which our transgression caus'd.  
 The angel, who the blessed tidings brought,  
 Of the Redeemer born, and where was lay'd, 215  
 Came not alone ; a choir of heavenly host,  
 Sung in the fields of Bethlehem, and made  
 The skies, with hallelujahs at his birth  
 Resound ; the morning star, more vivid shone  
 Than usual ; and true worshippers, who hop'd 220  
 The blessed hour, and felt the sacred truths,  
 Shouted with joy : and shall not all the force  
 Divine experience ? Shall not man, who is  
 The centre of these glad'ning rays be touch'd,  
 And feel the unison so nicely tun'd, 225  
 So temper'd, and so fitted to his soul ?  
 Say ye, whose happiness depends upon't !  
 Behold the spangl'd sky ; its stately course  
 Observe ; all wheeling west, and setting in  
 Their turns, as if the heavens around this earth 230  
 Revolv'd ; fierce fiery Mars, since I've been here  
 Stood south, now dropp'd from the meridian far ;  
 But rather say my head is dropt at east.  
 The atmosphere purg'd and serene, like glass  
 Transparent, gives a passage to the sight. 235  
 The stately ceiling, stretch'd beyond confines,  
 Unfathom'd by the eye, or sense of thought,  
 Is not disfigur'd with a single flaw.  
 Thou spangl'd sky, thou boundary of sight,  
 Sight inward further goes, in fancy sees 240  
 No bounds, thy azure canopy, with stars  
 Embroider'd, forms, as seemingly to us,

A cov'ring for unnumber'd worlds. How clear  
 Is all? How pure is the ethereal space?  
 And yet impure compar'd with pur'ty real, 245  
 With the almighty cause, that can repel  
 All causes, which might act upon himself!  
 In short, no acting cause on him exist,  
 Or can : but nature acts on nature, cause  
 On cause, in nature's kingdom through the fall; 250  
 From which, corruption springs,—the waste of bodies  
 Inanimate or animate, and gives  
 Redundant seed, more than perfection wants :  
 For from corruption nature has more seed,  
 To build, and rear, upon corruption's waste; 255  
 Or what's created, might exist so long,  
 That fewer might be made ; which might bar up,  
 In fate's eternal womb, numbers of beings,  
 That now, and will, enjoy their day: for God,  
 Completely wise, seeks not a partial good, 260  
 But gen'ral one ; an universal law  
 In nature is his law ; contriv'd beyond  
 Improvement. Man, is doubly arm'd; the law  
 Of instinct first with nat'ral things becomes  
 His share ; the law of reason with God's grace 265  
 The next ; his reason fitted to receive  
 That law. No accident, nor oversight  
 Frustrates God's wise decrees ; events are his ;  
 If here an ill, or there a good should drop,  
 (As good or ill appearingly to us,) 270  
 The end of each appearance is to come.  
     "And binding nature fast in fate,  
     "Left free the human will."  
 Made free the human will by reason taught,  
 By knowledge gain'd to know the good from ill, 275  
 The right from wrong ; in that we have broke off  
 From nature's bonds : to know God's easy law,  
 And do it not is sin. Our Lord is just,  
 Perfection makes him just ; and if in filth  
 We wallow, knowing what we do, we move 280  
 Still further from his purity. We have  
 Aspir'd beyond our selves ; or aim'd at it,

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211

For wrong has been the movement,—level'd us  
 With fleeting shadows, and disorder wild,  
 Corruption's uproar eating up our vitals; 285  
 No cure, but dear bought knowledge to exert;  
 And must exert much more, since loaded more  
 Through sin's intralment: we, 'tis true, were free  
 Created; but our freedom might had less  
 To do, if satan's first attempt was foil'd. 290  
 But God permitted it; such was his will,  
 Or he is not a God omnipotent!  
 We know the law, and what we have to guard  
 Against;—to daily strive to shun the ill  
 And seek the good: in that, most chiefly, will 295  
 Is free. As beings in nature's wants, we are  
 In nature's bonds; for who can stop the calls  
 Of thirst and hunger? That's what Pope calls bound  
 In fate. We have our road through reason's sight:  
 Then ought we not pursue that road 300  
 Renounce of evil what's well in our power,—  
 We know the evil, and we know the power;  
 Ask our own hearts, and no excuse can plead,  
 Though sin's temptations strongly us invade.  
 But our Redeemer gives us strength;—that strength 305  
 Is humbleness, acknowledging we want  
 That strength, and on the Christ to call. Renounce  
 Pretensions arrogant,—self strength; assume  
 No haughty pride, the boast of works alone,—  
 Pride of ourselves; though works of honesty 310  
 Must join with grace. In dust and ashes I  
 Abase myself, cries Job. I am a man  
 Of unclean lips, a humble prophet cries:  
 What meek examples are those to the proud!  
 And with what meekness our Redeemer came, 315  
 When sin triumph'd in saintly shows, and scourg'd  
 The righteous few! When like a tyrant vile,  
 Or bloody inquisition, tortur'd all,  
 Who did oppose their doctrine, fram'd in hell!  
 In that vile period came the son of God, 320  
 And bore their tort'ring racks, when tort'ring racks,  
 For Pharisaical fame were at their height,



And trapt, and sham'd their villainy ; told them  
 They compass'd sea and land, one proselyte  
 To make ; who was, when made, a child of hell      335  
 Worse than themselves ; Worse than themselves, because  
 He mov'd from good to bad,—from the pure law  
 To earth's corrupted gains ; as knowing well,  
 Which side the strongest party lay, that bore,  
 Through int'rest, real religion down. How should      340  
 The thoughts of our Redeemer us enliven,—  
 Give us the virgin's joys, when she exclaim'd,  
 "My soul doth magnify the Lord, for his  
 "Transcendant mercy ; and my spirit, not in  
 "Extended harvest's fruits, nor richest wealth      345  
 "Seeks peace ; but in a nobler blessing,—God  
 "My saviour, surety, heavenly friend ; whose strength  
 "Implor'd is safety, my eternal rest :  
 "And my recovery his suffering's  
 "Reward he makes ; no other recompense      350  
 "He seeks." Now to my nightly purpose turn,  
 And not neglect the beauties of the sky ;  
 Their magnitudes contemplate, distances,  
 And vast ethereal flights, in motion set  
 By our Creator's hand ; each has his road      355  
 Distinct ; no war between those system'd tribes ;  
 No tyrant there its neighbour to disturb ;  
 Distinctly each one keeps his rights ; which shows  
 Undoubted proofs, no chance rules them,—no fate  
 But God's creating will. Million's of miles      360  
 They through the ether run ; and those same tracts  
 They sail'd a thousand years ago, sail still.—  
 Surprising navigators ! Who taught you  
 Your navigating art ? What compass'd rule,  
 What mark have you, in the ethereal void ?      355  
 What keeps our earth in one unerring road,  
 That ev'ry month, and ev'ry hour, she's where  
 She's been before ? Find me the man, that can  
 Sail over the western ocean divers times,  
 And keep one tract unerring ;—constantly      360  
 Right over certain soundings ? If he could  
 Command his bark, to steer her where he pleas'd,

What mark, through sea or air, could set him right?  
 What landmark, star, or compass, do that work?  
 In wisdom there the planets us outdo;— 365  
 Or God's more wiser law on them impress'd.  
 What contemplation the expanse affords,  
 That yeilds unbounded room! To what  
 Prodigious length, and breadth, and height,  
 Did the almighty builder stretch his line? 370  
 Where in the void does his creation end?  
 My thoughts are lost in the created space,—  
 Or rather say space uncreated, through  
 Necessity must be: if darkness dwelt  
 Upon the deep, that still maintains a space. 375  
 How wonderful! Beyond the reach of man!  
 More wonderful by man to be admir'd!  
 The scale of wisdom wisely God has fixt,  
 Or man, by knowing more might soar too high,  
 Destroy his gen'ral use; and might become, 380  
 A hurtful link in God's created chain.  
     “To attain  
 “The height and depth of thy internal ways,  
 “All human thoughts come short, supreme of things.”  
 But be it known to sinners, and admir'd, 385  
 That mortals his internal ways may taste!  
 Oh thou, eternal source of love! To all  
 Thy blessings come, who seek, and rev'rence thee!  
 And all are by repeated visits warn'd!  
 Where does thy spangl'd sky begin or end? 390  
 Can angels tell? If limited they may:  
 Then what's beyond? Old fabl'd chaos, lost  
 In length and breadth, in depth and height; and wraps  
 Creation, should it spread unnumber'd miles,  
 Within its centre's centre, womb, point, lost 395  
 In the abyss of things. How wonderful!  
 As space is infinite, so are our thoughts;  
 And thoughts are offsprings of eternal souls!  
 How charming is it to reflect, God's love  
 To man, and mercy, is as infinite: 400  
 If the unruly prodigal, against  
 His father sinn'd, and then return'd repenting,

And by his father readily receiv'd,  
 What will an independent father do,  
 Who is the fountain cause of harmony, 465  
 For all who in that order move? Who made  
 For us the perfect motion'd, fertile earth,  
 With longitude upon her axle roll'd,  
 And latitude from the meridian sun,  
 And the equator fixt? Return to God, 410  
 Ye sinning souls, before you perish: when  
 Necessity drove home the prodigal,—  
 That erring youth through his rebellious deeds,  
 His injur'd sire stood not aloof, nor shut  
 His doors; but while he was a great way off, 415  
 Ran hastily to meet him; quickly had  
 Compassion, and receiv'd him in his arms,  
 Forgetting his ungrateful duty pass'd;  
 Parental fondness pass'd oblivion's act,  
 And in a moment cancell'd all his faults: 420  
 So strong the workings of this parent's love,  
 That he embrac'd him in his outward filth,  
 Hoping his inward was become more clean,  
 Ye sinners, if 'tis through necessity  
 Like him, more than free will, return to God; 425  
 Necessity will humble us, and blot  
 Out wicked pride. Where sin abounded, grace  
 Abounded more,—dethron'd its wicked reign;  
 For mark the conduct of that vile Manassah;  
 That monster of barbarity,—adept 430  
 In villainy, becomes a friend of love;  
 No longer cherishing that monster foul,  
 "That beast of deadly hate, which gnaws on peace,  
 "That rest, or intermission, none we find,"  
 Behold that rigid persecutor Saul; 435  
 With threat'nings breathing, and on slaughter bent,  
 He worried the lambs; and even put to death,  
 All who pronounc'd, that Jesus was the Christ!  
 After such public signs,—the darkness, dead  
 Arising, earthquakes, and the temple's rent, 440  
 Who would not, in the scale of human sense,  
 Pronounc'd him irrecoverably fallen?

For from what cause could he assign his deeds?  
 From what mistake excuse himself? If hell,  
 In that infernal moment, at his fall 445  
 Triumph'd, as Satan, sin, and death, rejoic'd  
 At Adam's, and those signs mysterious made,  
 Saul, surely then must know he fought for hell ;  
 Or if the power of darkness rose, from what  
 They charg'd him with,—the casting devils out 450  
 By devils' power, even that condemns itself,  
 As nothing triumph will in its own fall.  
 Yet guilty Saul had pardon from above,  
 Enlighten'd with the truth peculiarly,  
 Became one of Christ's flock, his greatest teacher, 455  
 And with the teachers suffers martyrdom,  
 The proud Corinthians, dipt in vices deep,  
 As were to all morality disgustful,  
 Should even law and gospel be mere dreams,  
 Were sanctified, were justified, were holy made 460  
 Through his transcending Comforter : those who  
 Were once the burden of the earth were chang'd  
 Delightfully, to man, themselves, and God :  
 Even his greatest enemies, who cried  
 "Away with him, we have no king but Cesar," 465  
 Through God's long suff'ring, and abundant grace,  
 Were brought to truth, and light to see their sins.  
 But what excuse could have they for their crimes?  
 They heard his doctrine, and his wonder saw?  
 But that devouring monster interest 470  
 Was touch'd ; their gains and pride both level'd at ;  
 Their offices of power in danger standing :  
 Therefore a rotten weapon they embrac'd,  
 And charg'd his wonders to the power of hell !  
 They seiz'd his person, dragg'd him first to Caiphas, 475  
 And then before a heathen judge, who had  
 More mercy than themselves, and would our Lord  
 Acquit, till they with treason charg'd him ;—charg'd  
 Our Lord with undermining Cesar's crown ;—  
 Told Cesar's judge that Cesar was their king, 480  
 That Pilate scarcely knew then how to act ;  
 For should he think the charge to be fallacious,

Yet his great master Cesar might not think  
 It so. Barrabas they would pardon; he,  
 A worldly sinner like themselves, gall'd not 485  
 Their erring consciences with truth, as did  
 Our Lord; he rather fed their mortal drifts,  
 Expecting that releasement he obtain'd.  
 The sun, in darkness mourn'd; the trembling earth  
 Convuls'd, threw up her dead; and wonder not 490  
 Had she unto her centre split, and dropt  
 Such murderers into her deepest gulf.  
 Shall those forgiveness hope for? Hopes they'd none  
 Beyond the grave;—their forms and ceremonies  
 Mere mockery. Shall those not be consign'd 495  
 To wrath eternal? Shall impurities  
 Design'd, oppression, and hard hearted deeds,  
 Exult in proud existence here, and meet,  
 No check in transient, or eternal life?  
 But mark the providence of gracious heaven,— 500  
 Forgiving mercy of our Saviour Lord:  
 For many at the Holy Ghost's descent,  
 Of those impious tribes, were of their state  
 Convinc'd, were wounded with a conscience stung  
 Remorse, and to the cross for refuge fled, 505  
 Their sanctuary; and their pardon there,  
 By the baptismal seal, had ratified;  
 And in his doctrine keeping firm, were made  
 Partakers of eternal happiness;  
 In which they'll shine, as endless monuments, 510  
 Of most distinguish'd mercy; and receive  
 Felicity past utterance, from him,  
 Whom they had crucified, through hellish hate,  
 Well might the prophet zealously cry out,  
 "Who is a God like unto thee!" Let all 515  
 Flesh know, greatly rejoice, that with the Lord  
 There is such mercy, and redemption; know,  
 That the wild Indian, and European sage,  
 May learn alike their Maker's law; and both,  
 In heavenly love, and earthly join at once; 520  
 And learn barbarity, and blasphemy,  
 Are in that law forgiven. What a dome

Majestic is the sky! Appearingly  
 A semicircle wrapping half this ball;  
 Though in reality a circle whole, 525  
 And wraps the whole of our internal world.  
 Where are the props that bear this stately arch?  
 What hidden power keeps the vast fabric up?  
 What ballance in geometry,—man's art,  
 Can with this work compare? A work upheld, 530  
 While generations of us mortals here,  
 Like bubbles on the stream, have rose and sunk?  
 If those stars are of such amazing bulk,  
 How are they fasten'd in their lofty bounds?  
 So many pondrous orbs, how fasten'd so, 535  
 They fall not here, or there, or on our heads?  
 May I once more in part this mystery  
 Remove;—explain to the deficient sense,  
 That up or down in the ethereal space,  
 There's none? This, to the learn'd is known, the rest 540  
 Is left to God; We see them pendulous  
 As we conceive, thugh fixt to motions; fix'd  
 Those motions too, unerring fixt, that take  
 No flight but where they should: the architect  
 Of heaven and earth,—the wise almighty cause, 545  
 Keeps them in bounds, from causes infinite,  
 That finite hardly comprehends; stretch'd out,  
 In east, in west, in north, and south, his stars  
 Unnumber'd, globes on nothing hung; yet have  
 Foundations surer than the solid rock; 250  
 So sure, that ages cannot find them err!  
 The planets are, ye real religious few,  
 Your teachers, or like you in constancy;  
 A wise example for us all! Though man  
 In nature is enfeeb'l'd,—in himself 555  
 So weak, not many perfect thoughts may think!  
 Yet if he'd try to think of good, he may,  
 And by that thinking oft repeated, may  
 Amend: though various snares encompass us,  
 Innumerable mischiefs seek our ruin, 560  
 Through various roads grace finds its way, will warn  
 Our negligence, and make us try to think;

When virtuous thoughts within ourselves grow dull,  
 That work is oft accomplish'd by another,—  
 By teachers who the heavenly instinct catch ! 565  
 I will, with my right hand of righteousness,  
 Uphold thee, saith the Lord. A blessed truth !  
 The arm that fixt the stars, and guides the planets,  
 Is ready to preserve salvation's heirs.  
 My sheep, adds the Redeemer, from my hand 570  
 No one shall pluck. What words of joy ! And did  
 They come from him, who has all power in heaven  
 And earth ? And were they spoke to ev'ry one  
 That seriously believe ? Omnipotence  
 Must fail then if salvation fails ! Should we 575  
 Then ask, where's our security, if we  
 Until the end endure, continue firmly  
 In righteous works and thoughts till death ? We see  
 The ether lighted up by fiery globes ;  
 We see its order on real wisdom form'd : 580  
 Then what security seek we besides ?  
 When suns are darken'd, and keep not their bounds,  
 And planets lawless through the dungeon run,  
 With dreadful thunders heard from jarring spheres,  
 Deep sounding through the hollow tomb of fate ; 585  
 Earth rolling backward, or at random rolling,  
 The sun at random rising here and there,  
 A frightful globe of black combustible,  
 If any light through agitation shows him ;  
 Our thoughts and works upon a moment built, 590  
 From order snatch'd by orders infinite,—  
 By numberless authorities wrapt up  
 In atoms, infinite in shape and power ;  
 Think then that all is chance without a God,  
 And thy immortal soul a shadow too : 595  
 Till those things be, we have security  
 Until the end. Be of good courage then,  
 My soul ; on those supports divine rely,—  
 Those promises faithfully made, as sure,  
 And fixt, as the wise order of the sky.  
 Though grace be languid as the glim'ring spark, 600  
 And by corruption dar'd to keep its throne ;

Yet if the great Jehovah undertakes,  
 To cherish this dim principle, not all  
 Corruption's acting causes can destroy it; 605  
 Though 'tis as feeble as the smoking flax,  
 Yet righteous acts, and faith, will feed the flame,  
 Till it beams forth a lamp of glory, hung  
 Immortally in the immortal heavens.  
 God's covenanting word with man may be 610  
 Seen emblematically in the sky,—  
 In the stability of its inhabitants;  
 Those that are fixt continue so; no shock,  
 Disorder, violence from elements,  
 Are able to remove them; fixt, and seems 615  
 Each one a hinge, that all its worlds turn on.  
 Through the whole flight of time, they vary not  
 From their respective centres, one hair's breadth;  
 And the erratic retinue, that round  
 Them roll, describe the roads they have describ'd 620  
 A thousand years ago. How easily  
 Are human works disorder'd? Works of fame,  
 Discoveries, loaded machines, up hills  
 By wind ascending? some by magic force,  
 Or some such random virtue in them lodg'd? 625  
 See others sinking ships to rise them up  
 Again, and never rise; balloons too steer'd,  
 Then burst, and steer their steerers headlong down;  
 Some finding soundings without lead or line,  
 Or think they can; see some at longitude, 630  
 And would correct with steady motions earth  
 Herself upon her axle rolling; see  
 Some at perpetual motions fixt, till fix'd  
 Indeed by accidents, or want of power;  
 Some scheming surer modes of death in war, 635  
 And some with clocks great wonders to perform,—  
 To show you monthly days without man's aid;  
 Nor is exempted the proud alchymist,  
 Or melter vain to find a flux, and turn  
 A shadow into substance: all these would 640  
 Be Gods! All would on nothing build their works,  
 As God has built his universal worlds,



Performing mighty wonders as they think :  
 Perform they may some shadowy effects,  
 Till some slight accident upsets the work, 645  
 Like Babel-builders leaving half undone ;  
 And weak as Babel with the sky compar'd !  
 Weak architect art thou, Oh man ! And weak  
 Thy works founded on transient things ! But all  
 The heavenly movements are so nicely hung, 650  
 So perfectly proportion'd, and supplied  
 By the eternal hand in quick repairs,  
 Repairing and renewing as they waste,  
 That their deficiencies, to human sense,  
 Are never found: their axes never fail, 655  
 Their orbit wheels the same ; their magnitudes,  
 From records of vast ages here, found not  
 To gather or decrease ; while human works,  
 The best, decay ; then disappear ; then lost  
 In memory : and so vast empires too 660  
 Shall change ; change from their state of luxury ;—  
 From kingly pride devouring lab'ers' earnings,  
 Fall into slavery ! But who lays down  
 At night, and doubts the day's return ? Doubts years,  
 Or seasons in their courses due ? 'Tis true, 665  
 The sun o'er Gibeon stood, while Joshua  
 The battle fought ;—or earth more likely ceas'd  
 Its rolling course: then need we doubt of God's  
 Veracity,—his stable word to man,  
 When by his power, for stiff neck'd Israel, 670  
 He stopp'd the sun's swift daily flight ? Swift flight  
 Must be if earth sits still ; And though God's truth,  
 The firmament declares in steadfastness,  
 Yet his more steadfast promise hear: "The heavens  
 "And earth shall pass away: but unrevok'd 675  
 "My word shall stand." Without that promise, man  
 No stedfast surety has ; no guide, but lost,  
 Bewilder'd in a labyrinth of errors !  
 The system of created things is by  
 That word upheld ; should it instable prove, 680  
 Then for a first, almighty cause, we seek  
 In vain ; effects will momentary catch

The rule, and be a cause ; and all become,  
**A wild uproar of causes and effects ;**  
**Excepting that nitrous combustible,** 685  
**That is in matter lodg'd, which whirls the clouds,**  
**And gives to nature motion, is destroy'd :**  
**That, or annihilation of the whole,**  
**Must stop the wild uproar of chaos feign'd,**  
**Feign'd to exist in element'ry strife.** 690

“All unawares

“Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plump down he drops  
 “Ten thousand fathoms deep ; and to this hour  
 “Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
 “The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud, 695  
 “Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him  
 “As many miles aloft.”

God's sacred word throughout all nature runs,  
 And chiefly by the prophets handed down,—  
**The gospel's promises,—our greatest gift :** 700  
**To his unerring word, unnumber'd worlds**  
**Owe their support ; and shall it not, when ills**  
**Seem threat'ning, cheer our souls ? Can we**  
**Have firmer claim, or other hopes than this**  
**Again declar'd, “Who comes to me, I will 705**  
**“No way cast out ?” What more assurance then,—**

What form'd conveyance, deed of settlement,  
 Left to our options should we choose ? We have  
 The word of our immortal king, his law  
 And grace, by sureties indisputable ;— 710  
 By sureties ratified by oath, and seal'd  
 By Christ's triumphant vict'ry over death ?  
 Fam'd cities may their charters lose, and states  
 Be overthrown by states ; these are the works  
 Of wills deprav'd : for the instable mind 715  
 Is to corruption fixt, and not to God !

To spell a syllable of the first cause,  
 In the sky's manuscript we have endeavour'd ;  
 And caught a glimpse of the Almighty there :  
 But if we would his full perfection read, 720  
 In greek and latin on the cross 'twas written !  
 The firmament, appearingly to us,

Is sown with stars irregular ; they seem  
 To cluster here and there ; uniting all  
 Their fiery sparks, adds lustre to the whole : 725  
 Like jewels on a crown, whose mingling beams  
 Reflect, and help with brilliancy each other.  
 But wisdom infinite, in Jesus shines,  
 Surpassingly this rich ethereal dome,—  
 This canopy, though richly seems embroider'd ! 730  
 The making of a world, made by a word,  
 More trifling seems in God's eternal power,  
 Than man's redemption from the grave ; but who  
 Can fathom his eternal ways ? Who say,  
 Ha here too little gives, and there too much ? 735  
 Weighs man's rewards in partial, unjust scales ?  
 If the offender should escape, is death,—  
 Sin's wages paid ? Or where's the word's dependence,  
 Veracity, that solemnly declar'd,  
 The soul that sins shall die ? Who can suggest 740  
 A method, to absolve the traitorous race,  
 Yet vindicate the honours of a God ?  
 Or dare to give his being's cause a law !  
 These awful attributes, are in array  
 Set terrible ; they're like some battlements 745  
 Impenetrable, guard, opposes all  
 Apostates from salvation's rights : to man  
 These are intricacies ; corruption's sphere,  
 Can judge not incorruption's ways ; except  
 True grace, may here and there in part, unlock 750  
 The mystery of the Almighty's hand ;  
 And has unlock'd ; the secret is reveal'd  
 In our redemp'tion by a dying Saviour :  
 There, even babes may understand, what minds  
 In nature's penetration cannot form. 755  
 Where does the power divine exert itself  
 So signally as in the cross of Christ,—  
 That glorious conquest made to life for man ?  
 Our Lord, in his humility, gain'd more—  
 A victory, than when in figure through 760  
 Dividing seas, and the waste wilderness,  
 His prophets rid upon his chariots ; when

His hands and feet to wood were rivetted,  
 He death disarm'd, he snatch'd the prey from hell,  
 And reinstated our created rights : 765  
 Humility best answers God's decrees !  
 Now he's exalted to his heavenly throne,  
 Behold the operation of his grace ;  
 Grace, truer to its Lord, than generals  
 To kings, fights for our glorious liberty : 770  
 Presumptuous sin now weaken'd, shrinks within  
 Itself ; though oft repuls'd, becomes more busy.  
 Where grace can conquer, frights and fears, that haunt  
 The sinner, are no more ; the wretch deprav'd,  
 Whose dev'lish disposition is to 'mself 775  
 A hell of tantalizing changes,—shows  
 Of pleasure, is not only happy made  
 By his new model'd stable mind, but is  
 Become, a link more useful in the chain  
 Of men ; for grace will ever actions mend ! 780  
 Would you, then see, of excellence divine,  
 An incomparably more bright display,  
 Than the unspotted firmament,—the sky's  
 Gay number stately wheeling west ; and Sol's  
 Nocturnal course, now climbing east, though hid 785  
 From us, exhibit ? Yes, Jesus our Lord ;  
 He is the brightness of the Deity,  
 The image of the incorrupted God :  
 He shone perfection forth unchangeably,  
 And still shines forth :—hear mercy, with a voice, 790  
 More charming in its unison, than sounds  
 Of softest melody : benevolence,  
 From mercy's choicest stores, we feel ;—the love  
 Divine we feel ! Did ever pity look  
 So amicably soft, as in those tears, 795  
 Which swell'd his eyes, and trickl'd down his cheeks,  
 To soften man's inveterate crimes ? In such  
 A scene, was it for patience possible,—  
 In such an hour of mortal punishment  
 For patience possible, to form a mind 800  
 So lovely, praying for his enemies,—  
 Hell's instruments, for God to pardon them,

They knew not what they did? In many things  
 Jehovah's glory scatter'd we may find,  
 But all in Christ united; out of Sion, 805  
 And in Sion's Redeemer all sprang forth;—  
 In perfect beauty Deity was seen!  
 Search then, my soul, beyond our mortal paths;  
 Search through the scriptures of redeeming love;  
 Let those thy study be: in those are hid 810  
 The child of wisdom's bliss, the charm of angels,  
 The fount of love, on which our essences  
 And theirs depend: without this heavenly love,  
 All knowledge is but pompous ignorance.  
 The bible's laws are true directing posts; 815  
 No lab'rinth there of mazes intricate  
 Perplexes travellers; true guide to souls  
 Benighted; truth's unerring model; man's  
 Dependence, surety, never failing guide;  
 Nothing so powerful a lively faith 820  
 To work, so sovereign to antidote  
 The pestilential poison of the world,  
 As this remember'd, and our Saviour's death!  
 The genuine, and ever fruitful source  
 Of all that's heavenly, is the unfeign'd 825  
 And steadfast love to Christ: an altar is  
 His cross, from which a living coal we may  
 Command, shall into immortality  
 Soon kindle us. Behold that matchless man,  
 Whose virtuous, humble life, should lead the way, 830  
 True leader even to morality  
 Alone, if only earthly happiness  
 We seek; mark well his conduct through this life;  
 Contemplate all his graces; to thy thoughts  
 Familiarize his edifying words, 835  
 And enter deeply into them refin'd;  
 His graces then into thy breast may be  
 Transfus'd, and doctrines in thy heart transcrib'd.  
 Then follow him to Calvary's black mount,  
 Where darkness reign'd and earthquakes shook its base;  
 But innocence, that heavenly beam, shot through 841  
 The black tremendous gulf, like his own bow

**Shows brighter in the blackest cloud, and sham'd**  
**His murderers ;—sham'd those who smote their breasts,**  
**And cried, this truly is the Son of God !** 845  
**Behold the spotless victim nail'd and pierc'd !**  
**Behold him canst in thy conceiving eyes,**  
**And hear him too in thy conceivng ears,**  
**Pouring out prayers, even for his murderers !**  
**Behold the wounds, that with forgiveness stream,** 850  
**And bleeding balm, for a distemper'd world !**  
**Behold the justice, goodness, of the hand**  
**Divine ; his mercy, vengeance,—attributes**  
**So justly answer'd in that tragic scene,—**  
**Fulfill'd to man, through sin's mistaken zeal.** 855  
**Since God is inconceivably so great,**  
**As these his marv'lous works declare ;**  
**Can we forbear to bow our heads to earth,**  
**And worship him from whom these glories spring ?**  
**Prayer is an advantageous work ; it smooths** 860  
**The rugged heart ; it cultivates, improves**  
**It, for a correspondence with Jehovah,**  
**To carry on that glad'ning intercourse,**  
**With his enlivening spirit. Shall I then blush,**  
**To be before the throne of grace found prostrate ?** 865  
**Or be asham'd, my social supplications**  
**To offer up in public, rather wishing**  
**Retirement, to be heard by none but God ?**  
**In public should, and all true ministers**  
**Not wanting interest, nor praise from man :** 870  
**There is the doubt, the trying mystery !**  
**Let me this priviledge enjoy,—upon**  
**My knees in secret worship ; there commune**  
**With life's eternal fount uninterrupted ;**  
**Unclogg'd, perhaps, by sounds ill sorting that** 875  
**Conjunctive harmony of spirit with spirit :**  
**To stand a teacher by the croud ador'd,**  
**Permits a cause of sin close at the elbow.**  
**This promise, which, in the prophetic words**  
**So oft appears,—that I will be thy God!** 880  
**Crowns all the covenanting benefits**  
**With man. Will this supremely blest, this cause**

Of all existing things protect a worm ;  
 A worm of reason, and whose reason makes  
 Rebellious ; serving to no better end 885  
 Than lustful appetites, to covet what  
 Is not our own? Yet in this breach of law  
 Will God vouchsafe to lend his aiding hand  
 Repeatingly, and help our weakness sway'd  
 Too much by subtle reason, high priz'd sense, 890  
 Dear bought,—the stumbling block of thousands, not  
 To grace alone, but to the worth of moral life?  
 Yet in those wandrings of our carnal lusts,  
 A heavenly whisper breaks of right and wrong ;  
 Though heard by all, yet only by a few 895  
 Obey'd : the stubborn rest go stumbling on,  
 Transgressing still the law, till love from God,  
 In the Redeemer given, finds the soul ;  
 Perhaps does what a rigid discipline  
 Can't do; or if not so, it wipes away 900  
 The stains. How often Israel's king exults  
 In the assurance, that this good is his !  
 Deep interested there, to every ill  
 He bids defiance,—rests on steadfast faith:  
 He says, the Lord is my salvation, light, 905  
 My strength of life ; of whom then shall I be  
 Afraid? What's so effectual as this  
 Appropriating faith, with dignity  
 Superior to inspire the mind, and wean it  
 From transitory trifles? Or create 910  
 A temper, unalarm'd by vulgar fears,  
 Or unappall'd by death itself? The same  
 Heroic personage cries out, "The Lord  
 "Is my unerring shepherd, therefore I  
 "Shall: nothing lack." How is it possible, 915  
 He who supplies immensity's defects,  
 Shall fail with man? While power and wisdom pure,  
 Can all things justify and ratify,  
 Who under such supreme authority  
 Cannot be blest, if righteousness he follows? 920  
 Here, let us pause ; and with humility  
 Contemplate God , together with ourselves,

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

827

Or rather his created systems movements  
 With ours, in a relative view: if we,  
 Reflect on nature visible,—the stars 925  
 Extent,—incomprehensible their number,—  
 So wonderfully wise in distance plac'd  
 Avoiding dang'rous influencies, proving  
 From one creating hand they sprung; such, lead  
 Us to reflect on those accomplishments, 930  
 Wise order, rectitude discerning, which,  
 Ought to be found among the human race;  
 As flowing from the one, sole fountain head  
 Of all created things. If we proceed,  
 Consider farther this wise Author, first 935  
 His wonders in the starry firmament,  
 Then next his guardianship, his government  
 Of all his creatures here below; the whole  
 Supporting by an ever watchful eye,—  
 His providence presiding over all 940  
 Existing things, from worms to monarchs crown'd;  
 An infidel a chain of right may see!  
 If we no other blessing have than here,  
 All would be wretched fate, all chance indeed,  
 All chaos, all things God, all rule awhile, 945  
 A momentary rule, this catch the helm,  
 Then that, orbs would in orbits err: but look  
 Into the skies, and we see no such thing!  
 With unremitted liberality,  
 God gives to ev'ry thing some worth peculiar,— 950  
 A bounty suiting ev'ry atom's sphere,  
 And makes the matter'd universe one scene  
 Of right: nor is that law in us neglected;  
 Thou discontented worlding hast thy share:  
 Then is it possible for human hearts, 955  
 Under such captivating views, or in  
 Such wise connected order plac'd to be  
 Indifferent, towards this most benign,  
 Most beautiful original of bliss  
 And being? Let me introduce these lines 960  
 Of Young, so well adapted in this place;  
 "Since the great Sov'reign sends ten thousand worlds,



"To tell us he resides above them all,  
 "In glory's unapproachable recess."  
 Can any in stupidity be so 965  
 Immers'd, and lost in irreligious views,  
 In darkness lost through a licentious life,  
 To say to God, we're independent, self-existing,  
 And covet not to know a power superior?  
 Vain pride! Where lies thy independency? 970  
 Canst thou ensure one step from stumbling blocks,—  
 The slightest fate that momentary waits thee?  
 If such a harden'd principle exists  
 In man, corruption's vices have so seiz'd  
 His root, they dig his grave eternally! 975  
 If we our state consider; first, how frail  
 Our bodies are, that even changing winds  
 Effect us; next, our agitated minds  
 Of hopes and fears,—disasters bred by some  
 Vain enterprise, that acting nature sat 980  
 Afloat, in our corrupting frames, to weigh  
 Our spirits faster down; can we amidst  
 So many wants,—under infirmities  
 So dreadful,—helpless, seek no cure? Can we  
 Be unconcern'd in such a weaken'd state, 985  
 Should there be none to help? And should there be  
 Can we lay harden'd, seeking not his aid,  
 And live without a God, when slipp'ry sin  
 Has done its sports,—has worn out all its baits  
 And play-things here? Imagination's throne 990  
 Must totter at the thought! Can we, without  
 A hope well-grounded, that we're reconcil'd  
 To some almighty cause rest satisfied?  
 A cause, whose goodness is unchangeable,  
 That our last hopes may on a rock be fix'd? 995  
 By sad example no foundation here  
 We find! If there be any one, who sells  
 His joys eternal, for a moment's toy;  
 Whose apprehensions are erroneously  
 Misled, and rates himself on ignorance 1000  
 That blinded child of dear-bought sin,—proud sense  
 Its being and its name. let me bewail

His misery, and his impiety  
 Abhor! Bewail his misery let me,  
 Though popularity crowns him with fame! 1005  
 Though conquer'd slaves should at his elbows wait,  
 And half the world subdued beneath his feet,  
 Short happiness he may expect from them,  
 Who'd catch his rule, and money too, and leave  
 Him destitute of all his laurels. Take, 1010  
 Ye to yourselves, proud men, the toys of state,  
 Unenvied, unoppos'd; while I in this  
 Eternal hope rejoice,—this hope in God,  
 And triumph in his name! And on this world,  
 I'll scarcely one vain hoping thought bestow, 1015  
 But pity its deluded votaries!  
 These universal bodies, though immense  
 In size, and number numberless almost,  
 Are to the hand divine obedient; God,  
 Their number knows, their various properties 1020  
 And ways; can by their names command, assign  
 Them offices; arrange the starry host  
 More eas'ly than a general his troops;  
 Give them to know when to advance, retreat,  
 In time more perfect, than war's wisest march. 1025  
 The sun, at his creation issued forth,  
 Under command to travel round this earth,  
 Or on her axle earth was bad to roll;  
 Since which, her labour never ceas'd, except  
 For Israel's conveniency. The moon 1030  
 Had charge to monthly round this earth,  
 Though following the sun, appearingly,  
 In his nocturnal and diurnal flight;  
 And while he over Gibeon stood due south,  
 She over Ajalon stood also south, 1035  
 Stood fixt, which was no use to Joshua,  
 Though he in form commanded it; which shows,  
 Earth's rolling motion on her centre ceas'd.  
 So subject is material nature, so  
 Obsequious in its forms, to its high Lord, 1040  
 That thunders rage, and light'nings dart but where  
 They should, where nature wants them most;

Their gen'ral usefulness out weighs their mischiefs,  
 Though rocks they rent, and men sweep into graves. 1045  
 The flying storm, and whirlwind wear God's yoke ;  
 The raging waves revere his nod ; they shake  
 The rocky clift, they dash the sky with rage,  
 And may sometimes encroach upon low lands,  
 Yet never pass the boundaries of right.  
 Though planets, swifter than the northern blast 1050  
 Sweep ether's tracts, yet by a plan they're guided.  
 All these enormous globes of light and heat,  
 Which through the boundless azure send their rays,  
 And are the centres of unnumber'd worlds,  
 Whose magnitudes inferior bury them, 1055  
 Keep steadfast fixt, and dare not rove abroad ;  
 Dare not on one another to infringe,  
 And set the firmament in war ; or worse,  
 With too much heat conjoin'd, set it on fire,—  
 Destroy all acting causes,—wildest nature,— 1060  
 Old chaos or necessity itself.  
 Since all, throughout the dumb assent of things,  
 Obedient are to order's harmony,  
 Shall man's created knowledge that transgress ?  
 Shall his unruly appetites reject 1065  
 God's law, and trample happy order down ?  
 They may, with sin and Satan leagu'd ; and had  
 The planets conscious knowledge, might the like  
 Had suffer'd, if God had permitted it.  
 With Satan leagu'd ! Who'er is that, is chain'd 1070  
 On earth, and feels that hell that Satan feels !  
 Be stung, my soul, for those who never sought  
 For grace, nor held it when it came, when offer'd ;  
 When it appear'd in lovely form, and told  
 Them they were guilty ; but, the tares of life, 1075  
 Were then so thickly sown, would suffer it  
 No growth. But shall not God the sceptre sway ?  
 And does he not ? His law for us is fixt,  
 And if we disobey his justice follows :  
 Yet we are spar'd to live awhile, and call'd 1080  
 To righteousness repeatedly. Come then,  
 All ye, created powers of human sense,

Adhere to your almighty cause, the cause  
 From which you sprang; a cause that only wants  
 Your best endeavours to be good,—your aim 1085  
 In your corrupted state towards perfection,  
 And angels can't do more: his just decrees,  
 Like servants dutiful, obey; they'll make  
 You happy here, should here alone be all!  
 But if we feel a happiness in good, 1090  
 'Tis that points out eternity to man!  
 All nature is in motion; and shall man  
 Stand still,—not suffer change? Yet changes say  
 Not he's immortal; all immortal are,  
 That join this frame of intellectual life,— 1095  
 The body too, though to the grave 'tis doom'd;  
 Should resurrection never be perform'd  
 'Twill live in matter there. But order is  
 To God: and who that order most obeys,  
 That order most do feel, and will receive,— 1100  
 Whose province is eternal happiness!  
 A resurrection is the life and joy  
 The good man hopes for; to the grave resigns  
 Himself; shakes off the sorrow aged years  
 Entails, and in his bless'd Redeemer sleeps: 1105  
 I am the resurrection and the life,  
 Christ says, and shew us how to gain that life.  
 At my first entrance on this evening scene,  
 The luminaries shining now so bright,  
 Were all eclips'd; the sun was not depress'd 1110  
 Below the horizon, his powerful blaze  
 Outshone them: as the daylight wore away,  
 Bright Hesperus, that evening star, which leads  
 The nightly train of lamps, first caught my eye;  
 Now at her greatest height from setting sun, 1115  
 And equal distance with him from our earth,  
 Will there some nights be found as standing still;  
 Because our earth is falling as she falls,  
 And going on with her the eastern way;  
 Then drops, then faster drops, till down she gets 1120  
 Between us and the sun; then moving still  
 She gets his other side, and rises then

Before him Phosphorus call'd, the morning star.  
 Indust'rous she will seem awhile, by rising  
 More early ev'ry morn, till at the height 1125  
 Of her couragous fit; then drops as fast  
 Into a sloth, and scorns to rise before  
 The sun. While I, on this first visiter  
 Stood gazing; here and there, the starry train,  
 Began to peep, through the blue curtains; scarcely 1130  
 Had these my sight allur'd, but soberly  
 Encreasing stole ten thousand into view;  
 In shining splendour, and confusion sweet,  
 They pour'd all over the empyrean plain,  
 Till like one constellation wonderful 1135  
 The whole appear'd: a flood of glory broke  
 From all the skies. Is not the prodigal,  
 The atheist, and the harden'st sinner, much  
 Like this reclaim'd? During their vainer years,  
 Their greatest glory lies conceal'd; concerns 1140  
 Of greatest worth are disregarded then:  
 But when bright grace gets footing, and takes root,  
 How vain all former acts appear? How blank  
 And cloudy? Nothing heavenly to be seen!  
 But gently like this starry train, the veil 1145  
 Removes, he sees with joy a treasure, hid  
 Before; which is establish'd, and enlarg'd,  
 By serious love, and study of the right,  
 And application to the sacred word:  
 Then will new truths continually appear, 1150  
 Like evidences charging with past guilt;  
 Scenes of refin'd delights addresses him  
 With their attractives; new desires take wing,  
 New thoughts are born, new tempers form his mind,  
 New conversation regulates his school, 1155  
 Old things are pass'd away and new arriv'd,  
 Darkness is fled, he sees his happy road!  
 The more I view this heavenly concave sky,  
 More of its splendid retinue discern;  
 Minuter lights, at one material glance 1160  
 Conceal'd, by close inspection visible  
 Become. The galaxy, so call'd, a tract

Distinguish'd by a sort of milky hue,  
 Form'd brilliant more, by more bright suns sown there,  
 Or for some cause plac'd in the upper air, 1165  
 A region seems to be all on a blaze.  
 Besides the vast profusion I see here,  
 Was I more near the pole, I should behold  
 Vast numbers more, that from this latitude  
 Were never seen: the optic glass, us'd here 1170  
 Or there, would bring new wonders still to view ;  
 And if we could still further be convey'd,  
 Ten thousand more to view would be display'd !  
 And further still, what should we find besides?  
 A dungeon dark, or lighted suns to rise ! 1175  
 Old chaos fabl'd, and eternal night,  
 Or this expanse of heavenly beauties bright !  
 "Come forth, Oh man, yon azure round survey,  
 "And view those lamps, which yield eternal day!  
 "Bring forth thy glasses ; clear thy wondring eyes ; 1180  
 Millions beyond the former millions rise ;  
 And millions more blaze in remoter skies!

## CHAPTER III.

## CONTENTS.

Contains but little more than astronomical observations, with a few religious and moral references drawn from those.



**T**HROUGH distance, and through our constructed sight,  
 Those starry orbs as glitt'ring points appear ;  
 The planets, though so near our earth, quite close  
 With their vast distances compar'd, yet gain  
 Scarce any superiority in size. 5  
 They have no light within themselves as suns ;  
 'Tis suns which give them light : should any orb  
 Or body intervene, their shaded faces  
 Become to us almost invisible :  
 It is his blazing beams which shows them to us, 10  
 If of material, and things visible,  
 We've such imperfect apprehensions, how

More scanty, and imperfect, must it be,  
 To judge of what's invisible? To judge  
 The depth of God's internal ways? The stars 15  
 We do behold: though bigger far than this  
 Our stretch'd out earth, that ignorance calls all  
 In all, yet seem meer nothings to the sight;—  
 And in idea too with vulgar minds.  
 But faith the glory of the Saviour sees, 20  
 More perfect than the learn'd can judge these globes ;  
 Should they apply the best optician's skill,  
 Their distance would almost elude their search ;  
 And ignorance of this grand sky see less,  
 As sinners see of grace. This earth, though mov'd 25  
 At certain times, full eight score million miles  
 Nearer some stars, yet sensible impression  
 It makes not to our sight. Thou sinful man,  
 In that, as well as thy Redeemer's love,  
 Thy sense falls short ; thy narrow judgment forms 30  
 Of both, without his grace, inspired grace,  
 A dark, bewilder'd scene ! Vast are which roll  
 In the expanse of heaven those bodies ; far  
 More vast are ether's fields through which they run !  
 If those stars are so many magazines, 35  
 Of light and vigour inexhaustible,  
 No reas'ning doubt prevails of their grand ends,—  
 Their mighty causes in their spheres,—their worths,—  
 Their universal powers,—their sitting lords  
 Or kings of many worlds,—unnumber'd worlds,— 40  
 Or viceroys from the first, almighty cause ;  
 Fixt in the centres of their subjects, best  
 Place for their rule, by influencing force  
 Bestow'd, and their attractive mites receive ;  
 Though dead in all things but attraction's force,— 45  
 Enough for them ; no higher quality,  
 Or knowledge plac'd in them, their dwellers want.  
 To specify, explain their purposes,—  
 Their worth to us, or to themselves, the task  
 Is hard for man,—poor puny mortal here, 50  
 The offspring of a puny globe, mere mite  
 With other globes compar'd : enough we know

From reason, they are useful in their spheres ;—  
 Created for no trifling end ; as much, or more  
 Of Deity enjoy, as this our earth: 55  
 How wonderfully wise the whole are plac'd.  
 Are from each other plac'd to suit their powers !  
 No farther than the sight commands; nor yet  
 So close each other to destroy ; which would  
 Destroy, or in confusion fall, through their 60  
 Too great attractive and repulsive powers ;  
 But now their influence is gentle ; force  
 Upon each other little have ; their worth,  
 As to themselves or planets, with themselves  
 Is lodg'd ; each sun reigns o'er his own, supports 65  
 With light and heat the worlds that round him roll ;  
 His neighb'ring sun he hurts not, if he does  
 No good.—A bright example for mankind !  
 Thou hypocrite with double face, take that  
 To thee. Who can that wondrous cause adore 70  
 Sufficiently, that strews for man the earth  
 With blessings ? And to charm his sight, and light  
 His nightly paths, gives him ten thousand worlds ?  
 They beautify our azure roof ; they time  
 Divide, and fix its solemn periods ; days 75  
 And years they measure out ; teach us to know,  
 When heat, or cold, or storms, we may expect,—  
 The farmer's guide, and navigator's too.  
 Since God has given us those measurers  
 Of time, to show us how our days fly on, 80  
 How blind are we to lose our reckonings,  
 And suffer age, that thief, to steal our wits !  
 That noble kalendar above, tells us  
 More than ten thousand comprehends ; tells us  
 How we shall know our age, and not make waste 85  
 Of time. The very heavens are bid to be  
 Accomptants, and our gardians too of years ;  
 Then may we part with days, as misers do  
 With gold ; but put them to a better use :  
 The miser's gold buys int'rest in this world ; 90  
 It is his God, his all ; he looks a saint,—  
 And would be thought a saint, to fleece mankind,



Go love thy money do, but love thy own ;  
 And love not that, but for thy honest wants :  
 Go love industry,—root of moral good ; 95  
 Keep honesty in view, and ill extremes  
 Thou'lt shun ; and thou'lt be happy with thy mite,  
 To offer up thy daily thanks to God.  
 How bright the starry diamonds shine ! The kings  
 Of eastern climes, enjoy'd a pride to be 100  
 Compar'd with them,—they deck'd their robes with stars.  
 See how they glitter through the void ! They form  
 Night's richest dress,—they on her sable robe  
 Like gems of richest lustre sparkle ; spread  
 So in extent, no nation so remote, 105  
 But sees their beauty : ev'ry age and clime  
 Produc'd their gazers ; even when the mind  
 Was rul'd with dark ideas, earth to deem  
 And honour universal king, enthron'd  
 In idle state ; and all besides, round her 110  
 Their labours follow'd, and their tribute paid,  
 By some attractive virtue from them shed.  
 And ev'ry generation yet unborn,  
 And wise astronomers in nature's womb,  
 Shall gaze on them and new discov'ries make ; 115  
 Shall see their ways a thousand years to come,  
 If nature lives, as we behold them now ;  
 See earth obliq'ly roll on her high road,  
 While round her central sun she yearly flies,  
 To bring the season's useful change ; see suns, 120  
 Though fixt from wandring roll their bodies round ;  
 See those two bodies inside us eclipse  
 Our fountain light,—or transits make, and form  
 A speck on the sun's face ; see fancied seas  
 And mountains in the moon, her growing edge 125  
 Like rocks strewn here and there and bright as pearls,  
 Highlands suppos'd ; and see her like a friend,  
 Show us no double face, though changing oft ;—  
 Changing for use, and not hypocrisy,  
 Shows us one constant face, though black and white, 130  
 By rolling on her axle once from full  
 To full ; that those inhabiting one half

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That orb ne'er saw this bulky planet earth,  
 Without they travel'd,—never saw this globe,  
 Which is to them the largest in the skies! 135  
 And likewise see, her northern boundaries,  
 Shall show her lighted up, when on her back,  
 As some observes; and learn the cause, learn why  
 North latitude commanding her, should have  
 That tendency; all these, and more they'll learn; 140  
 Learn what is from the present age conceal'd!  
 Thou moon, thou due attendant, faithful friend,  
 True follower of thy great master earth;  
 Nor are thy labours there completed, all  
 Thy changing faces are perform'd by thee,— 145  
 By monthly races round thy master too.  
 If she for us such races run, shall man  
 Be idle here, in God's great end and aim?  
 End rather to himself, and aim to God?  
 Methinks she shows me of my state, prompts me 150  
 To new activity,—to run my race.  
 Oh ye majestic monitors, I read  
 Your meaning! You, attractive charms display,—  
 Incitements powerful, to exercise  
 My moral life, and duty to my God: 155  
 I will henceforth observe your intimation;  
 When zeal languid becomes, or light grows dim,  
 Ye heavenly lamps, I'll ask of you my way.  
 It is observable, the polar star  
 Against earth's axes plac'd, out of the wheel 160  
 Of day and night almost, seems almost fix'd,  
 Through small nocturnal flights. Thou star, bright guide  
 To navigators anciently so thought:  
 They sought thy aid, they search'd for thee eclips'd  
 By clouds, while on the wat'ry world bewilder'd. 165  
 But when thy face broke through the gloom, thou sat'st  
 Them partly right; they seiz'd their helms with joy,  
 And steer'd with some degree of certainty.  
 Such is the light, and surer word of God,  
 To those who are bound to the eternal shores; 170  
 Who're in a ship of feeble flesh embark'd,  
 To pass the waves of this tempestuous world.

The sacred truths, through all difficulties,  
 Illuminate our ways: they, like that star,—  
 The eastern sages guide, make plain the way 175  
 To our Redeemer; lead the weary soul,  
 From troubles, to a harbour of repose:  
 To their directory of truths let us  
 Attend; they are sure compasses of guide,  
 Or charts of dang'rous seas; let us become 180  
 As thoroughly acquainted with those guides,  
 As pilots are with what is navigable;  
 Let's to these guidances infallible,  
 Commit ourselves, as Israel's children  
 The pillar follow'd and mirac'lous cloud: 185  
 Into those happy regions they'll us bring,—  
 A Canaan far surpassing Israel's land!  
 These gems bedeck the azure arch, in size  
 And splendour variously;—they make the sky  
 Through their variety more beautiful; 190  
 In glory from each other differing,  
 That all are pleasing in the spangl'd robe  
 Of night. And as they differ in their glory,  
 So will the resurrection of the dead:  
 To more illustrious distinctions some 195  
 Will rise, yet there will be no want; none there  
 Unhappy with their lot who'er risen in God;  
 All full as their created essences,  
 Their magnitudes, and gather'd grace require:  
 No pining selfishness disturbs their thoughts; 200  
 All feel alike a perfect unity,—  
 An ease of being, which corrupting bodies  
 Can seldom taste. In that celestial house,  
 Where no distemper reigns, a door-keeper,  
 In happiness, is equal with a king, 205  
 All can command their wants: no fleeting gold,  
 The fruits of changing soils, are sought for there,  
 Nor wanted, nor yet wanting: all is gold,  
 And all is what they please. No fears alarm  
 From neighb'ring kings; corruption, nurse of fears 210  
 And envy, is excluded from this place.  
 While I the heavenly bodies view, and them

Consider, read their qualities, the law  
 I'll read, by which they are suppos'd to move;  
 Attraction and repulsion are the springs, 215  
 Which whirl them round the sun; the reins  
 Attraction holds, the spur repulsion has,  
 That keep the trav'ling planets in their roads,  
 The gravitating property,—that force  
 Attractive,—or that force centripetal, 220  
 Join'd with repulsion's temperature,—swift  
 In flying Sol's too piercing beams, rolling  
 From side to side, by too much heat repuls'd,  
 The other side that's cold attracted, give  
 Their daily rolls, and circles round the sun, 225  
 As light as nought in the ethereal void.  
 They hang; to that attracting law is all  
 Their weight; and to that law adhere, more quick  
 Than compass'd needles do to steel. Could we,  
 A ball, hang unsupported in a room,— 230  
 That's free from that attraction to our earth,  
 Which makes the weight of all things, more or less,  
 As porous more or less the atmosphere  
 To drink; that ball, would by the fire be then  
 Attracted or repuls'd; be sway'd or mov'd, 235  
 According to its nature or its heat;  
 And to the fire it would adhere, as do  
 The planets to their central sun. Once more  
 Let me observe, and teach the minds that have  
 Small studious turns, or geniuses this way 240  
 That up or down, in the ethereal space,  
 There's none: the planets, huge and heavy seem;  
 Yet all of weight is to their centre bound:  
 And as they unsupported seem to hang,  
 So I that substance meant hung in the room.— 245  
 But let me more explicitly explain,  
 What's my opinion on attraction's force,  
 And power repulsive; 'tis that temp'rate heat,  
 The planets bear, agreeing with the sun;  
 From that they fix their distances and roads; 250  
 Repulsion whirls the hottest parts away,  
 Attraction draws the coldest parts more near:

We feel that temperature in ourselves:  
 When we are cold, we're to the fire attracted;  
 As soon as we a due proportion get, 255  
 We shift our bodies round, and next withdraw,  
 Which is repulsion's law, and take our stands,  
 Where our own heat and that, in temperance  
 Agree: and as observ'd, the planets have  
 No weight to move, but what attraction gives, 260  
 They're open to that central law of heat,  
 More quick than steel is to the loadstone's power.  
 Those two grand principles that move the orbs,  
 Bear great affinity to human life;  
 They bring to memory morality 265  
 And grace; morality is oft a spur,  
 First mover on, or fair foundation lays  
 For righteousness: devotion next succeeds,  
 And grace holds fast the reins,—attractive grace  
 That keeps the life in bounds. 'Tis then the child 270  
 Of both, sweet temper'd love by name, is born:  
 These, like the universal law, unite  
 The faithful to each other, and to God;—  
 To God their everlasting centre! Should  
 You ask, why true believers shun base deeds, 275  
 The answer with propriety is this;  
 It is their faith working by love; and that  
 Their souls in wickedness no pleasure find:  
 They cannot into riot run, for love  
 To their Redeemer curbs the reins: lull'd in 280  
 Lethargic indolence they cannot lie;  
 For love that gentle spur, and faith the guide,  
 Move on their willing feet, through God's whole circle.  
 The christian is by this united power  
 Preserv'd, to run his race unerringly, 285  
 Like that repulsive and attractive law,  
 Which moves the planets round their central sun.  
 Attraction, gravitation, or cohesion,  
 Are near related to each other's cause;—  
 Perhaps so near, that they are really one, 290  
 Though under different names; and one I'll make  
 Them for my present use: it penetrates

All bodies, and itself diffuses through  
 The universal systems; by which law,  
 The worlds, self ballanc'd, on their centres hang: 295  
 And though of magnitude immense, have this,  
 And only this created property  
 For their support! Or downward would they fall?  
 Run from their homes they might, run here or there;  
 But that distinction—down or up—with them is lost, 300  
 Unless their centres may be call'd their down.  
 The atmosphere,—a force expansive, wraps  
 The earth, and with her makes one globe; as fix'd,  
 And to her centre by attraction drawn,  
 As mountains, or the grosser sea below;  
 Though some this virtue gravitation call. 305  
 This force attractive in th' earth's centre lodg'd,  
 Whatever, 'tis, no human art yet knows;  
 But most suppose it to be fire: what can  
 Attract our wants, to liquid and to food,  
 But fire within us lodg'd,—that must be fed? 310  
 Much may be said.—and I could run a long  
 Way from my friend; but counting it unfair,  
 I'll to his subject keep, fall in once more.  
 The yielding atmosphere,—expansive fluid,  
 Still constipated by an energy 315  
 Attractive, wraps the globe, and us surrounds  
 With force,—a weight, a pressure, though  
 Unfelt;—a useful bandage to the whole:  
 Without it, man would, lose partly, his weight  
 Or his attraction to the centre would be less; 320  
 As would the rock upon the mountain's top,  
 Decrease its weight, from that more deep in earth;  
 And man, should he a ladder climb, or stone  
 Ascend, might never more return; they both  
 Might wholly lose their weight, by being out 325  
 Of gravity's command; and earth herself,  
 If that should be the case, could not be fed;—  
 Could not draw home the flying particles,  
 That are at present lodg'd in her by fluids,  
 To ballance her corrupting superfiice. 330  
 It is well known, if not well known, it is

By strongest reasons well suppos'd, could we,  
 Outside the atmosphere be nearly plac'd,  
 Which now is gravitation's full extent, 335  
 (Earth may send her attracting qualities  
 Much further through the void for aught we know,)  
 We should our weight diminish ; further still  
 Be plac'd,—even to the atmosphere's extent,  
 Lose all ; and light as planets hang, should we. 340  
 Through this attracting hidden quality,  
 Copious, and healthful rivers circulate,  
 With soft, and pleasing murmurs ; some  
 More swift, rush o'er descending cavities ;  
 And would rush on, if passages, to earth's 345  
 Deep centre, and no further go. The same  
 Mysterious law, attracts the fluids up,  
 To feed the highest tree ; by the same law  
 The ocean feeds the clouds ; sends up vast floods  
 Without the aid of engines,—human art ; 350  
 And in thin air suspended whirl about,  
 Till earth, more dry, attracts it down : first air  
 Is fed with it, next earth, returns in dew,  
 Soft rains, floods violent, and frozen drops,  
 All useful in their spheres : this law unites 355  
 Ten thousand particles into one rock,—  
 Cohesion this more rightly call'd ; this law  
 Materials give to all mechanic arts ;  
 This is the chain which ties all atoms fast,—  
 In close adherence ev'ry thing together. 360  
 And what is this attracting principle.  
 This powerful coherence, gravitation,  
 With all its various names, as if to sound  
 Some mighty thing in ignorance's ear,  
 And serve the wise proud atheist as his God? 365  
 Is it a quality in matter lodg'd  
 Before the world began, and reign'd in chaos ?  
 Reign'd independent of the Deity,  
 If matter is eternal ? No ; it is  
 God's law ; an active principle it might 370  
 Have had, while fire was in it lodg'd, but not  
 An orderly : on the creation day

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That work was God's, if he from chaos took  
His elements. This law, this order wise,  
Is not innate in matter, nor to man 375  
Intelligible ; dark to worldly sense,  
As heaven's operating spirit: grace,  
That feels the power divine, may better feel,  
And better judge this heavenly quality,—  
Attracting worth, much like attracting grace ; 380  
Attracting worth unites the atoms here,  
But soul to soul doth grace, and soul to God!  
This gift is from above, and ev'ry gift  
Of good: but sin, that proud aspiring fiend,  
Without he thanks the whole will nothing thank ;— 385  
A wretch of discontent, that flies for ease  
To earth's luxurious softest lap, but flies  
In vain,—a shallow, hard repose he finds  
The bed! The saints, or heaven's truly born,  
Have all times trod, and can, vice under feet ; 390  
Have triumph'd over this delusive world,  
Convers'd with heaven while they dwelt on earth ;  
Not I, but heavenly grace, which is with me,  
Was the acknowledgement of ev'ry one.  
By this same graceful succour, the whole church 395  
Is still enlighten'd, quicken'd and sustain'd :  
Through this the shades of darkness are remov'd ;  
The sorrows from the broken heart eraz'd ;  
And man begins to find a settl'd mind :  
His hopeful thoughts, in elevation high 400  
Are rais'd, fixt on an everlasting joy,  
Beyond the baseless fabric of this world !  
Yet humble in this boundless hope ;—his soul  
Is more abas'd than that fixt on this life,—  
Fixt on its baubles rotten as his pride. 405  
When I contemplate the ethereal plains,—  
Stars as so many splendid globes of light,  
Fruitful abodes of life ; and that there may  
Be millions more beyond our sight ; and turn  
My thoughts to the innumerable beings, 410  
Inhabiting these spacious worlds, from men  
To insects here, degrees more various there,



In shape, in thought, in worth, perfection's worth,  
 A total change for aught we know, how vast,  
 How wonderful are all? If infinite 415  
 The space, and infinite the worlds, then all  
 Are infinite, in shape and quality,  
 That dwell thereon! When I consider this  
 Attentively,—this wonderful profound,  
 In whose eternal bosom all things live 420  
 That God created,—all the active spheres,  
 That roll in perfect harmony, how vast  
 The whole appears, and great and wise its cause!  
 He rounded at his word the fiery globes,  
 And lighted up old night,—that dungeon through 425  
 Necessity existing; then form'd man,  
 His beautiful creation to enjoy;  
 Form'd him erect exalted, with his sense  
 United, he may know, how far his state  
 Superior is, from all things living else; 435  
 And that he is immortal, though the grave  
 His body claims; for that immortal end  
 Created, and to know the good, and feel  
 The worth of right, in moral rectitude,  
 And hopes of ever to be bless'd: though all 435  
 Of animated life gives us a wonder;  
 The brute, or mite dissected, equal is  
 With man,—in structure, wonder, and in dust!  
 God bids the crimson fluid roll, or heat  
 That's lodg'd in animated things attract, 440  
 From the extent of limbs, the coldest blood,  
 Home to its central heart; and their reviv'd  
 Repulsion next takes place; as comets through  
 The system run,—come home for vigour fresh;  
 As soon as they a just proportion get, 445  
 From their great central heart,—the sun, they fly  
 Repuls'd, till cold attracts them home again.  
 Who can deny, this reason can confute,  
 That when through ether's space, unnumber'd miles  
 They've ran, but that their fiery tails, they show 450  
 To us, become like glow-worms in a chilling night?  
 Invisible to any eye, so near them plac'd,

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As when we see them home, so near our sun,  
 Their centre, vigour, fountain, active life?  
 And man, a little system'd universe 455  
 Is fram'd, with nature's law in miniature.  
 God bids the vital movements play,—a world  
 Of wonders summ'd in animated life,—  
 Of springs and movements acting to one end,  
 As much in smallest insects as in whales: 460  
 Nor one is overlook'd, though ever so  
 Minute; his law as perfect in a mite,  
 As in a globe, or in a system'd world;—  
 As perfect in its movements and its make,  
 According to its sphere as man: all things 465  
 God's glory in some measure share: all life  
 And joy are his; calm joy and healthful peace  
 Are heav'nly born, corruption and despair  
 Are hell's. This rolling world, (that rolls more true  
 Than wheels from temper'd springs man's subtle art,)  
 With all the rolling worlds besides, above, 471  
 Beneath, or underneath the zodiac signs,—  
 Those constellations bright, which wrap us round,  
 And monthly come to view, as earth pursues  
 Her annual flight, nor misses once her tract, 475  
 To baffle calculations wisely made,  
 In transits or conjunctions by the learn'd,  
 Bear witness to the atheist and the vile,  
 There is a God! A God of order too!  
 Go learn thy ways from planets, erring man; 480  
 Keep from thy centre,—gold, as from the sun  
 Keeps earth; no closer than thy joyful days  
 Move round, nor farther than thy wants require;  
 Go learn of wisdom from the system'd race,—  
 Their harmony and justly ballanc'd powers, 485  
 Dependent on each other's good, as man  
 Should be with man; for no infringement there  
 Thou'lt find. In all creation God shines forth,—  
 In ev'ry atom perfect as a world.  
 His goodness in the morning sun beams forth; 490  
 Nor is the evening cool a barren hour,—  
 A wilderness of time neglected, cut off

From good; but carries Deity's full face,  
 As splendid as the noontide's sun. An eye  
 Enlighten'd, God in ev'ry object sees; 495  
 A heart devout, in all things him adore;  
 Thanks him for ev'ry attribute, nor dares  
 To live without him in the world. If those  
 Bright spangles to the naked eye be suns,  
 And numbers more the telescope declares, 500  
 Illuminating worlds that round them roll,  
 A centre each of vigour, light, and heat,  
 And show us beauty in a midnight scene,  
 Who can gaze on them with indifference,  
 And not adore, nor even think of God! 505  
 Though systems, glorious, as we see, or suns,  
 The greatest universal orbs, yet man,  
 The meanest slave of man, carries a gem,  
 More noble, in his breast, more worth to him,  
 Than all the suns in ether; joyful hope, 510  
 That everlasting friend, that child of thought,  
 And thought the child of an immortal soul,  
 Dwells happy in the righteous breast: the soul  
 Surpasses ev'ry thing the eye can see  
 Of matter gross: material substances 515  
 Must like our bodies end, or suffer change.  
 For this invaluable soul, the laws  
 Of nature been controll'd, and miracles  
 Have frighted sinning thoughts: what has been left  
 Undone by heavenly power, to point out laws, 520  
 And man's free agency? If uncontroll'd  
 We move, having the gift of conscious life,  
 (Which suns nor systems have,) a dang'rous link  
 To nature, and ourselves, we might become:  
 Therefore, the law was written with God's hand, — 525  
 Man's ways directed in the sacred page;  
 And soothingly to lead us to the law,  
 And sanctify our souls, his Comforter]  
 He sends, with sweet transforming influence,  
 Dove like, to brood upon the human heart. 530  
 On this important subject let me pause,  
 And weigh that heavenly worth 'gainst mortal things—

THE STARRY HEAVENS. 247

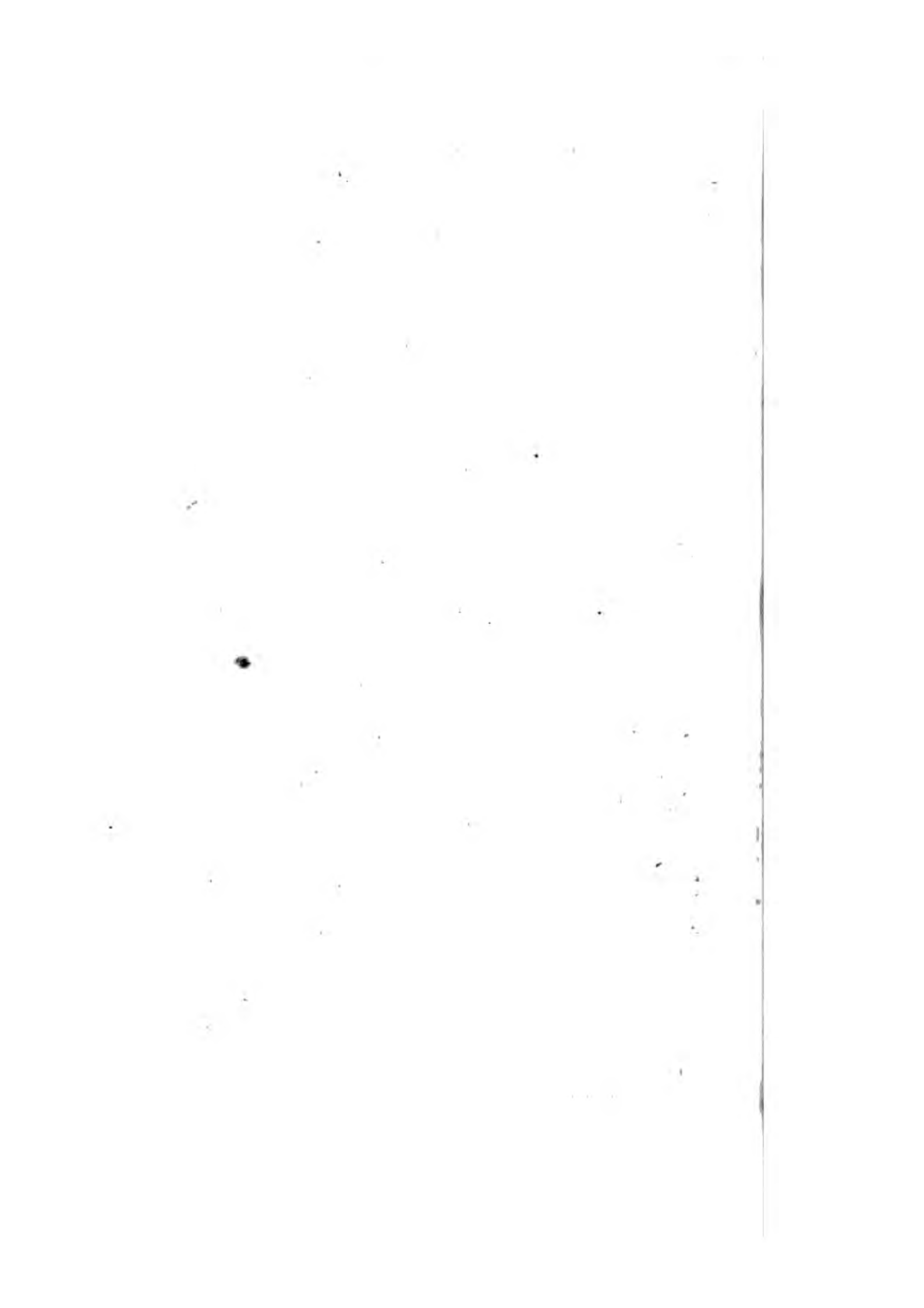
Heroic acts renown'd in story, breath  
 Of fame that's living when yourself can't live ;  
 As soon as nature shuts your eyes, your name  
 Is born ; but while you liv'd, through envy's pride, 535  
 By those who fish'd for the same slipp'ry fame,  
 'Twas stiff'd in its birth: such is the worth  
 Of all, mortality can give! To save  
 From slavery a kingdom's race; or fleets 540  
 From shipwreck by the well-skill'd pilot's art,  
 Are deeds of fame mortality registers:  
 But set in competition with our souls  
 Steer'd clear of endless misery, how small  
 It looks, and light its value! Then, free will, 545  
 To thee, I will appeal; thine, with the Christ,  
 And teachers helping is the office: then,  
 What vigilance in us can be too much?  
 And what solicitude too much from guides,  
 The guardians of this valuable charge, 550  
 Who feel the peace of righteousness, and would  
 Help us to feel, what happily they feel,  
 And link mankind in one firm chain of love?  
 And will thou not assist in thy own work?  
 Shall ev'ry nat'ral incident, obstruct 555  
 Thy greatest, matchless, endless good? Shall toys,  
 That charm as momeatry as the child's,  
 Engage thy whole of elevated sense?  
 Eternal bliss is greater;—worthy more  
 Thy thoughts; secure it, thou securest more 560  
 Than all the toys gross matter can collect.  
 How at the sight of yon celestial orbs.  
 Have I been often charm'd and aw'd, when even  
 I darkly them consider'd? Something then  
 Like wonder seiz'd my opening mind! I look'd, 565  
 And look'd again; I saw the spangl'd sky,  
 And would its bodies count, if numbers had  
 Not baff'd me. Though in an early age  
 I view'd the moon, and ask'd within myself,  
 What was her substance, what supported her; 570  
 Nor rested till her changing's cause I knew!  
 Snatch'd from this lower world by gazing oft,

The more I look'd the more of beauties saw ;  
 Till fancying the spheres commanded me,  
 To quit below, and fix my all above,— 575  
 To watch their motions, and their cause to know :  
 I thought they wisdom taught as well as shone.  
 May they for ever act as ministers  
 By heaven ordain'd ; as counsellors, and guides,  
 To our benighted steps ; as lamps to this 580  
 Dark wilderness below ; and lead our souls,  
 In righteous paths, through their abodes to heaven.  
 I gaz'd, I ponder'd, and I gaz'd again,  
 And thought on things ineffable ; I look'd  
 Repeatedly with ravish'd views ; I sprang 585  
 My eager thoughts into the fields immense,  
 There found new beauties momentary born ;  
 As righteousness in me took root, the works  
 Of the Almighty's hand I more admir'd!  
 And what did my admiring then avail? 590  
 To better know my God, and him adore !  
 All knowledge else of their infinity,  
 Their distances, and how they move, to shine  
 In envied science here, is worth me nothing :  
 Had I a Newton's eye and thoughts, with all 595  
 The human crotchets in my head ; to pierce  
 Through the illimitable void, the task,  
 Would fall as short, of its completed end,  
 After the greatest inroad by the eye  
 Of fancy made, as when I first began. 600  
 Few do with inward eyes look through that space ;  
 No studious thoughts have some that way inclining ;  
 Nor can they look through't wholly if they try !  
 Then seek what is before thee sat,—thy task  
 To run,—thy honest action as a friend 605  
 With man, and faith's devotion as a friend  
 With God. Oh may we seek that charity  
 That makes us ever bless'd ! 'Tis humble love,  
 And not conceit in worldly wisdom keeps  
 The doors of heaven ; a faith sincere in Christ, 610  
 And not the haughty self-sufficient spirit,  
 That scorns to be of any knowledge short,

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

249

Renouncing almost all dependancies,  
Presents a key to those abodes of bliss.  
This present state, to exercise our worth, 615  
Appears, in conscience, and in reas'ning sense,  
To be devotion's scene ; to be the dawn  
Of our infantile minds, advancing forth  
To endless day : there, souls by faith's true school  
Prepar'd, prepar'd by principles of love, 620  
Will dwell in light, and range the bless'd abodes,  
That landscape ever beautiful and new.  
Let those unnumber'd worlds in ether's space,  
Sink deep my soul in worship's humble hope ;  
Let their bright fires new kindle in my heart, 625  
A gratitude to their almighty king ;  
Then shall I be, if not in science wise,  
Wise to a happier end ! Now having walk'd,  
And worship'd in this universal temple,  
Emblaz'd with stars, and ceil'd with blue ; have cast 630  
An eye, like the enraptur'd patriarch,  
With reason and devotion through the scene ;—  
The former, meeting wonders in the skies,  
The latter, Deity in ev'ry view ;  
Having, as Moses, who beheld Jehovah, 635  
Amid the shining bush as fire reveal'd,  
Beheld him also faintly in the stars ;  
Having in heaven's book, whose orbs are words,  
Stupendous wonders read ; what now remain,  
But that I close my contemplating scene ;— 640  
Withdraw improv'd, in moral works and grace,  
In love and faith, forgetting not this place,  
Where I in solemn meditation trod,  
The stars to gaze on, and adore their God !



A  
**WINTER-PIECE.**

CHAPTER I.

**CONTENTS.**

Introduction. Sun's retirement. Rain, Tempest, their Effects. Pitchy Darkness; riding in it. thick Rime. keen Frost, and Serenity of weather. Severe Cold, and piercing Winds. Deep Snow. General Thaw. Evergreens- Storms of Hail. Rainbow.

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<b>T</b> HE winter fled and vernal months come in, The face of nature chang'd, all looking gay, The teeming earth hatching varieties, To feed the sight and hunger's keener sense, Let me the summer's fruitful months pass over, To overtake stern winter in the rear.	5
The sun upon our tropic mounting, heat Ensues; the leaves expand, as if design'd For cool retreats to shade the living race. God spreads the cooling arbour, and to fan Us, softens surly winds; the growing moss Becomes a couch of luxury,—fit place For thoughts to multiply, on things of heaven Or earth; on earth, perhaps, and multiply Our worldly cares! The murm'ring stream hard by, With such smooth whispers rolling, prompts the thoughts To harmony;—fit haunt for troubl'd minds, And studious; there, they each can build, unbuild, Create their fancies, castles in the air, Or on a better basis, let loose all Their wand'ring powers. Next autumn shows Its hop'd for face rewarding toil with crops,—	10 15 20



A wages mutable, that furnishes  
 The board with luxuries, creating vice,  
 Or scantiness, to humble wicked pride. 25  
 Are these the months alone God's providence  
 Smiles down? Behold stern winter now in view,  
 Has she no charity? Is she an outcast?  
 Or dull in works,—a sluggard useless, wretch  
 Of sloth, to others useless and herself? 30  
 Is she an useless member in the year,  
 And lives upon the active fruitful spring?  
 Is she cut off from nature's fruitful works,  
 And gives us no relief? Nor yet declares  
 Throughout her dreary plains a cause almighty? 35  
 Far from it; she no atheist shall be call'd;  
 Her ways are God's as perfect as the spring's!  
 He on her whirlwinds rideth; storms fulfill  
 His word, and sound his mighty name; Frost speaks  
 Of him, and bids the shiv'ring beggar seek, 40  
 Beyond the grave, a home surpassing this!  
 Be thou, stern winter, for a while my theme;  
 I'll be thy friend, though impolite thou seem'st;  
 Thy qualities of good perhaps are hid,  
 And like a friend sincere conceal'st thy gifts: 45  
 I'll find in thee thy secret worth; a school,  
 Thy wilderness of naked good shall be;  
 Thy face, unpolish'd, shall the sycophant's  
 Outshine; the reader shall thy beauties see.  
 "Go on, my muse, I am attent to thee, 50  
 "And would be more, had I my liberty;—  
 "Was I not tied to my religious friend,  
 "More I might say,—but his I cannot mend!"  
 Say thou, or Hervey first, what next shall follow:  
 The sun now wheel'd in other climes for change, 55  
 And not for better services engag'd,  
 Leaves us half cherish'd by his oblique beams;  
 He, like a visitant unwilling, shows  
 Us scarcely his clear face; through the thick air  
 His feeble rays he shoots, and half the world 60  
 Leaves freezing: joyless seems the face of nature;  
 In more remoter climes more joyless still;

A WINTER-PIECE.

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His cheering face conceal'd for many months:  
 How partial this to some appears! Yet know,  
 That impartiality is at the root! 65  
 How dim his face, how languid are his beams,  
 While on the southern horizon he rolls?  
 Or should he wear a cloudless brow by chance,  
 Yet like the cheerful in the house of mourning,  
 Uneasy seems, as he so soon withdraws: 70  
 The flow'ry families lie dead; the tribe  
 Of tuneful birds lie dumb; the trees stript bare,  
 And lash'd by tempest's, spread their naked arms,  
 To the relentless heavens; for in the air  
 Fragrance no longer floats, but chilling damps, 75  
 And cutting gales instead! The earth disrob'd,  
 Sits like a widow destitute of friends;  
 Or like the half cloth'd poor that shiv'ring stands,  
 While winds in doleful accents howl, and weep  
 Down rain for their abandon'd state: yet he 80  
 Can well be spar'd in clouds to hide, since we  
 No warm advantage from him gain, but shows  
 The desolation he has caus'd When rooms  
 With funeral black are hung, and dismal sights  
 Around, who would the glim'ring taper wish 85  
 Alive, that only shows us woe, or makes  
 The horrors visible? And since this life,  
 Through sin's conflicting scenes is scarcely better,  
 'Tis good our years are but threescore and ten!  
 'Tis for the righteous pilgrims long enough, 90  
 And for the daring sinner far too long,  
 Except through time his sea might find a shore!  
 Our way to good, lies through sin's various snares,  
 All seeming painted beautiful to sight,  
 And even traps those righteously inclin'd; 95  
 Say then, shall we accuse, or rather bless  
 The providence, that made the passage short?  
 The sooner we these mortal aches lay down.  
 The sooner be with incorruption bless'd!  
 The day, with us, is got so short, it cuts 100  
 Off half our labours; shorter still with some;  
 And some have none, 'tis wither'd from the year.

The vapours gather, thicken to a gloom  
 Almost impenetrable, to both light  
 And sight. But thou, impartial, honest sun, 105  
 I'll speak in praise of thee, (and winter too  
 Before I end, ) thou serv'st the world in turn;  
 Thou canst not serve it all at once: then since  
 Thy absence is my song, I'll winter pour,  
 Like a deluge upon the face of things, 110  
 And break through narrow minds' impediments.  
 Say first, my muse, shall poison'd air fly round?  
 Or say, friend Hervey, shall foul winds descend?  
 Or loaded clouds discharge their pondrous weight?  
 The rain, attracted by the thirsty earth, 115  
 More than its own instinctive force impel'd,  
 In torrents come; sink deep in earth, through her  
 Hot pores, to nourish growing nature there;  
 As useful to the mettle beds, as dew  
 To herbage: making passages the floods 120  
 Roll on, while man, for some slight accident  
 Receiv'd, calls winter surly and unfair!  
 But mind thy hedges, houses; cultivate  
 Thy works when other seasons suit that purpose,  
 Or winter in its turn will chastise thee: 125  
 'Tis true, it some slight injuries does,  
 To work a greater,—gen'ral good? which good,  
 The lesser with it no proportion bears.  
 The ploughman soak'd forsakes his half till'd acre;  
 The carrier, facing long its battery, 130  
 Or sideway peeping to evade its force,  
 With hopeful paces watches ev'ry milestone;  
 The peasant's child, a youth half fed, half cloth'd,  
 With toil its outrage long for small reward  
 Must bear, perhaps the family's dependance, 135  
 To buy them bread for many days to come;  
 The tenants of the boughs fold up their wings,  
 Afraid to launch into the streaming air,  
 Sagacious of their safety and their ease;  
 The beasts dispirited seek sheds; their chew 140  
 Their quids, and seem to ruminate on things  
 More sensibly than man's conceit allows them;

Nor stir till floods are ended. Friend deluge  
 I'll call thee;—though thou sweepst down rotten walls,  
 Thou sweep'st off nuisances, and clean'st the soil; 145  
 Thou com'st when tainted air prevails,— (unpurg'd  
 For want of exercise,) and cleansest all  
 Stagnated things; thou com'st more forcibly,  
 When earth is bare, and nothing has to lose,  
 And driv'st thy nourishment deep down, to grow 150  
 Metallic substances,—yea ev'ry stone, and feed  
 The fluid passages, whereby the earth has growth:  
 Or how can she hold ballance with corruption,  
 Corruption daily wasting substances,  
 If generating not the while? Few know 155  
 The age of ores; they may be quick in growth,  
 And quick in perishing for aught we know:  
 The most obdurate substance will decay,  
 However deep, where nature with her fluids reach!  
 If this hypothesis be false, then earth 160  
 Can't be earth long; her seven thousand miles  
 Diametar will soon be less; or worse,  
 Become a dead inactive mass,—spin not  
 On her soft axle, neither fly the sun's  
 Repulsive virtue in an oblique course, 165  
 To bring us seasons and the years. Where sleep  
 The stormy winds when calms ensue? There stores  
 Exhausted are; as transient things they're dead,  
 Till acting nature breeds and kindles new;  
 And some whirl'd round this earthly ball, where most  
 Attracted, cleansing long inactive air, 171  
 That like still water poisonous becomes,  
 Till purg'd by other waters hurrying through't.  
 The springs of active life is in air lodg'd,  
 As in the earth that whirl'eth round the sun: 175  
 The atmosphere is hurl'd into the most  
 Tumultous state; the fiery wanderer,  
 Or nitrous wild combustible drives on,  
 And gathers universal particles,  
 Till it becomes a body gross, a cloud 180  
 Frightfully black, and frights the traveller  
 At night's approach upon the dreary plain,

Whose horse or team can scarce make head against it ;  
 The sturdy oak is to the root upsat,  
 The poor man's dwelling o'er his head unroof'd ;      185  
 And what is worse, the navigator loss'd  
 In reck'ning, darkness, toss'd upon the surge  
 With helm and canvass useless: vain his toil !  
 Now providence becomes the pilot whole,  
 Commander whole, and worker too,—the helm,      190  
 And ev'ry action, they give up. Hear how  
 The wind roars round the vessel's empty poles ?  
 If men could have the gift of weather wise,  
 'Tis then, thou sailor, that belong'st to thee!  
 Thy all, and life, depend upon the shock !      195  
 Next see the peasant tying down his cottage,  
 To house the cattle children haste ; his all  
 Disturb'd from their repast of homely food,  
 And winter's long night tales. Then see  
 In pop'lous cities tiles ript from their bonds ;      200  
 And chimneys from their basis, bursting roofs  
 And threat'ning death to all below, that frights  
 The unpraying sinner in his bed. And woe  
 To the strange traveller, in darkness lost,  
 That sees nor knows his path ; left destitute      205  
 To cuff the raging elements ;—and rage  
 They must, for from their raging ev'ry thing  
 Have birth.  
     "All things exist by element'ry strife,  
     "And passions are the elements of life."      210  
 Their raging is but temp'ring to unite:  
 'Tis the Almighty's law, in nature fixt.  
 Thou weak constructed man, what canst thou do,  
 When rocks and forests bend beneath its scourge ?  
 Thou mite of art, that ants in nature equal ;      215  
 Thou breath of chatter, wilderness of words,  
 Compos'd of treachery and lies,—thy pride  
 And cunning, take it to the stool of grace,  
 ( But purge it first from filth, ) and offer't up  
 A sacrifice, as fit for nothing else.      220  
 Condemn not winter, thank thy God ; his gifts,  
 His ways, his wisdom, on the whirlwinds ride,

A GINTER-PIECE

227

As on the golden sun: man's wants are in  
Eternity, and not the present hour:

Although he bids his agent sun, to roll  
In other climes, yet he remembers thee

225

Although the city reels, and houses heaps  
Become, sleep fled affrighted, tranquil joy  
For frantic fear and wild uproar exchang'd,

Thy worldly good may then in nature's womb  
Be form'd, and in a future day be born!

230

The active clouds set in commotion all  
Beneath it; man, as well as sea; and should  
Imprison'd air beneath the surface lodge,

'Tis mov'd to join its native element,  
Split mountains, shake the earth for liberty.  
Dreadful event to timid mortal man,

235

To see his neighbour swallow'd up in earth!  
Yet he might call that moment on his God,  
Or be prepar'd for any thing we know!

240

Those tempering events, with earth and air,  
Not only serve the general production,  
And free the earth from her surcharg'd with vapours

But warn the world, and bend man's haughty ways,  
Prepare us for that awful hour, when earth  
Shall to her centre shake, and give up all

245

Her long-imprison'd dead, instead of air!  
The ocean with tremendous movements rage;  
The pond'rous waves, from their capacious bed

250

Are heav'd, and almost lay the bottom bare;  
They dash the rocks, and upward fly with rage;  
They climb the craggy cliff, they undermine,

Work out the load,—those tender arteries,  
That bear, the fluid nourishment along,  
To generate, and swell all substances;

255

It overleaps its bounds of sandy soil,  
And overruns low lands; there stay, till tide  
The next, more easy throws fresh forces in,

And drown rich meadows, never more to rise;  
And even villages swept in the ruin.

260

Ye mariners dismay'd, if earthly hopes  
You've lost, your heavenly may not, your end

Of good not yet! Cry unto him who holds  
 The storm; if calms appear not, other calms  
 He holds for you, if you have righteousness, 265  
 And grace obtain'd; or may incline his ear  
 To your repenting cries, that change presage  
 To your licentious life,—licentious some,  
 Appearingly, among your hardy crew.  
 Sometimes a joyless night a joyless day 270  
 Succeeds: the lazy, louring vapours, weave  
 So thick a veil, that the sun's beams cannot  
 Pass through, nor break their combination: then,  
 What gloom must overwhelm the midnight hour!  
 All must be pitchy darkness,—moon and stars 275  
 Invisible! The face of ancient night,  
 Before the suns were lit, or worlds were born,  
 Could not a blacker veil put on! Thou air  
 Unpurg'd, thou foul, and gloomy atmosphere,  
 That weigh'st the spirits down, and multipli'st 280  
 Man's fears, or mountains mak'st of mole-hill fears,  
 And horrors giv'st to worldly minds for trifles,—  
 Thou mother of despair and suicide,  
 If Satan is the prince of air, 'tis then  
 He sits inthron'd, and reigns triumphantly 285  
 Where grace is not. Thou happy righteousness,  
 Which can against those changes hold a ballance;—  
 Thou'rt not puff'd up with vanity when high  
 The spirits, and not dejected when depress'd:  
 When grace we have, and knowing well the cause 290  
 Of this effect, we are against self murder arm'd.  
 Thou happy grace, that nature's vanity,  
 And flighty moments by its changes brought,  
 Thou canst set lightly on. I oftimes have  
 The beaming taper left; from nature's ease 295  
 Withdrawn, where its luxurious bounties flow'd;  
 From ruddy fire into the damp extreme,  
 These sooty shades; regretting not, but rather  
 Exulting in the change: the gloom, compar'd,  
 With that corrupted conversation there, 300  
 Was pleasing; darts from envious lips flew round,—  
 Their tongues stabb'd worse than swords, stabb'd in the  
 And characters from ambush fighting fell [dark.]

Their throats, like death's sepulchres, gap'd fell wide,  
 To swallow all perfection: loudly too 305  
 They'd ball against religious ways; would challenge  
 Almost omnipotence, as if 'twas fame,  
 Or wondrous sense, to insult Deity,  
 Or cherish opposition to his law:  
 Much like ths envious, ignorant low man, 310  
 That cherishes the opposite of good,  
 And shines in being saucy to his betters.  
 A humble modesty will few offend;  
 Obscenity will thousands; and the few,  
 Sweet modesty offends with virtue's sting, 315  
 Good reason'd conscience soon heals up the wound.  
 Though deepest darkness now surrounds my path,  
 And human company from me excluded,  
 Yet I am not alone; a heavenly guest  
 I can converse with, suiting better far 320  
 My thoughtful mind, than those bold libertines,  
 That treated ev'ry aim to righteousness  
 With a proud mockery: a happy scape  
 From what my conscience evil deem'd,—from mirth  
 Ill plac'd, from sense abus'd, when boasted wit 325  
 Made deaf'ning shouts on others' failings, deem'd  
 As failings by their self-esteem, and gain'd  
 Applause from worldly interest alone.  
 Are not their ways in darkness worse than this?  
 Though sconces give us artificial light, 330  
 And flambeaus light men to their luxuries,  
 'Tis oftimes lesser thank'd for and enjoy'd,  
 Than humbler food is by the poor cottager;  
 Though lighted up in worldly splendour still  
 They are in darkness, grov'ling far away, 335  
 From that great prize they're seeking,—happiness!  
 They've forc'd me out, and are, perhaps, now charging,  
 My reverence to God, as nothing more,  
 Or worth no more, than singularity,  
 Ill humour, disrespect to them: whatever 340  
 They think, no indignation I indulge:  
 If any thing like it should on my mind  
 Intrude, I will convert it into prayer:



And though these changes in me dwell not, yet  
 For them I'll pray: thou Sov'reign Lord above, 345  
 I pray thee hear my humble supplications;  
 Oh spare those valient workers of a day,  
 Till sin in nature run through all her shows!  
 They then, bent down with age, may come to thee,  
 And save themselves, should'st thou prompt not before!  
 Or if it pleases thy eternal wisdom, 351  
 That wisdom acting for some secret good,  
 To suffer nature,—that deceiving jilt,  
 To throw some slight misfortune in their way,  
 Which might their dang'rous soaring check, and bring  
 Them to morality, if not to grace! 356  
 Or send thy operating spirit down,  
 And light their paths; show them the precipice,—  
 That deadly gulf close by their side; convince  
 Their self-will'd minds, how dangerous it is, 360  
 To aim to live without thy aid; without  
 A rooted hope in thee, to take us out  
 Of nature's world,—this maze, this wild uproar,  
 Our being, and our end, are worse than nothing!  
 Go, man, and fix upon thy wanton sports 365  
 Some hounds; thou art for nobler purposes  
 Design'd, than here to live, and die, and rot,  
 Through nature's changing elements. Go, try  
 One act of good, repeat it with another,  
 And then a third, so on till thou with it 370  
 Familiar get'st, thou'lt find, another sort  
 Of instinct in thee beaming forth, beyond  
 The graves corruption! Something telling thee  
 Good is rewarded! Which reward thou'lt feel,—  
 Not only through eternity, but here! 375  
 My horse, more wise than me in nature, finds  
 The road, I can't: if dangers me surround,  
 He is to me a guide; but providence,  
 Through other various channels acting, has  
 A greater, even to this mortal being: 380  
 For God, should I a thousand fathoms fall,  
 Can save me in this life, or in eternity!  
 Though I've no human friend, this lonely-hour

A WINTER-PIECE.

To cheer, and to divert suspicion's fears,  
 My faith gives me a guide; I can with God  
 Converse, and inwardly rejoice, to feel  
 His dictates, through my humble supplications;—  
 No place improper for the exercise;—  
 This solitude society as good,—  
 These spiritual dictators; disputants,  
 And quarrellers, are banish'd from my presence:  
 Then why distress myself with nat'ral fears?  
 Access to God, is not only a worth,  
 That's indefeasable, but is a kind  
 Of ambulatory defence: for those  
 Who put their trust in him, and pray for his  
 Protecting care, enjoy his angels' charge  
 Over their welfare; angels them escort;  
 They are their pilots through this wild abyss.  
 May I enjoy the presence of my God,  
 Then light and darkness are alike to me!  
 Let him but whisper to my conscience peace,  
 This awful gloom will charm like summer's shades!  
 Let his perfections penetrate my soul,  
 I shall not want the beauties of the morn,  
 The noon, nor the impurpl'd evening sky,—  
 Those transient charmers of a nat'ral mind!  
 How changeable are nature's elements!  
 I left them the preceeding evening, plain,  
 And unadorn'd: but now a rime has shed  
 Its hoary honours over all; has shagg'd  
 The fleeces of the sheep, and crips'd the locks  
 Of travellers; fring'd hedges, and the ground  
 Profusely powder'd, peeping through the fog  
 That's now declining. But the air, amidst  
 These gaudy decorations, is with damps  
 Unwholesome charg'd. the hazy influence  
 Hangs heavy on the springs of life; the stream  
 Of purple juice, glides faintly through its channels;  
 The spirits rolling with it dull become,—  
 That active vapour from its heat ascending!  
 In vain the ruler of the day, exerted  
 His beaming powers, even when at noon he rul'd,

261

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420

To drive these combining particles,  
 That are so close together glued by damp. 425  
 I for the neighb'ring village look ; I send  
 My eye, in quest of the uplifted tower ;  
 But send in vain ! Its stature, and the house  
 Superb, are now as humble as the cot  
 To sight ! Where is the blue ethereal arch ? 430  
 Eclips'd by those cohesive particles !  
 The dark existing space, ere suns were lit,  
 Is now to me as dark, as if no eyes  
 Were given me to see them ; all are hid ;  
 That space again appears an empty void ! 435  
 The fog is now return'd with double force :  
 Some nitrous cloud, some slight combustible  
 Erewhile pass'd through and broke the combination :  
 The fluid atoms fell to right and left,  
 Like broken ranks by cavalry,—but now 440  
 Are clos'd again. As darkness now invades  
 The sight, without the gospel so it would  
 The mind ; without the law, we should not know  
 True good, nor evil real ; all strive for right,  
 Pretended right ; a rogue would give harangues, 445  
 And preach the good man's conscience out of doors :  
 The present state would be confusion all ;  
 The future, dark, incomprehensible  
 To all, by works or grace, excepting those,  
 Whose consciences faint glim'ring tapers lead. 450  
 As I move on, the fog at distance seems  
 Almost a solid body,—such as would  
 Be proof, 'gainst ev'ry penetrating ray,  
 And me imprison in obscurity :  
 But when I enter it, I find myself 455  
 Agreeable mistaken,—find the mist  
 Much thinner than appear'd. Such is the fate  
 Of mortal hopes and fears : they both fall short  
 In their possessing ends : in both we are,  
 By providence, judiciously deceiv'd : 460  
 That hope should be our greatest blessing here !  
 Next frost, its subtle influence spreads round ;—  
 That northern artist, cunningly at work,

A WINTER-PIECE.

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While southern nature, takes its warm repose'  
 Presents its produce to the morning sun: 465  
 But ill rewarded; it no merit gets;—  
 For all its silver trump'ry is soon wreck'd;  
 Its painted glass, hard temper'd substances,  
 Glaz'd pounds, forg'd swords, built bridges, all destroy'd;  
 Or rather say they must no longer reign,— 470  
 They've done their office—work of use, though short:  
 Behold the air, purg'd by that northern work,  
 Serene and clear becomes; its pois'nous parts  
 Are kill'd, and pestilence destroy'd in embryo!  
 Affliction's cold corruptions mortify, 475  
 And in some measure viciousness subdues.  
 The dry, purg'd atmosphere, recruits our vigour:  
 The purple stream, in which the spirits move,  
 Flow faster round, and ev'ry branch of faculty  
 Accelerates. In summers' months, such sky 480  
 Unclouded, and so bright a sun, might act  
 Reverse;—might throw us into feebleness:  
 The rural shade, fast by the murr'ring brook,  
 Fit consolation then;—fit place for thoughts  
 As languid as the frame! But cheerful now,— 485  
 None loiters in his path; all active seem;  
 Much like misfortune's rugged schools, that teach  
 Adversities;—soon train the mind to think,  
 Exert, and cowardly indolence shake off!  
 The northern winds, prepar'd by northern climes, 490  
 Come loaded with the frozen particles,  
 And make a fierce descent upon our isle:  
 Within the black and scowling clouds they drive,  
 Dreadfully whizzing through the darken'd air,  
 That walls can scarce restrain them; in they creep; 495  
 Through ev'ry cranny force a passage: wing'd  
 With ice, they scatter agues through the land;  
 They nip the tender plants; they cut from life,  
 And thin the number of the short ag'd race,  
 And summer's insects totally destroy. 500  
 Nor dare the corn to peep too freely up,  
 Nor blossoms bearing fruit too freely out,  
 Lest they untimely are cut off. Yet all

This havock, though a heavy loss to some,  
 Is no way equal to its gen'ral good! 505  
 See faces pale, hear chatt'ring teeth, all you  
 Who're bless'd with mortal gifts; feel for the poor  
 Distress'd, you who in luxury regale;  
 Feel for the orphan, and the half fed child  
 Clung to its mother o'er the dying flame, 510  
 That mocks its wishes more than warms its limbs;  
 With hunger teasing the afflicted parent,  
 Consid'ring how to lay her sixpence out,  
 The only mite ordain'd for many days;  
 See the poor shiv'ring child, half starv'd, half cloth'd 515  
 And fire extinct: all ye that are of God  
 Indeed, will not pass by that scene: See more,  
 Amidst the frowns of these inclement skies,  
 Benumb'd with age, to second childhood come;  
 Who in their vig'rous days made waste of time, 520  
 For mortal good, and good immortal too,  
 Now lab'ring under want; whose shy remains,  
 Of that uplifted pride, when in their bloom,  
 Scarce humbl'd yet, to ask relief: Their wants  
 Supplied, will bless the charitable hand; 525  
 Methinks the blustering winds plead loudly for them:  
 Then may they pity breathe into your hearts,  
 While blowing hardships in their crazy huts.  
 Observe those purple flames in burning coals;  
 The quick'ning cold creates that property; 530  
 A seasonable warning to the gay,  
 Who round them chat, enjoying luxury,  
 To quicken them with feelings for the poor!  
 Then may their hearts at such a juncture, blaze  
 With gratitude, as cheerful as the flames! 535  
 Detain not your surpurfluous piles of wood,  
 But haste them to the starving family's good;  
 Bid them expire, the house of want to cheer,—  
 To soften,—mitigate the rugged year!  
 So shall it, mingl'd with their thoughts, ascend 540  
 To God, with ardent prayers for their friend;  
 Ascend to God, more gratefully receiv'd,  
 Than costli'st offr'ings on the altar lay'd!

## CHAPTER II.

## CONTENTS.

The usefulness of snow; the value of a good understanding. The Rainbow.



<b>B</b> EHOOLD that black and dreadful cloud, and large, Eclipsing all the hemisphere, while rain, Discharg'd by its evacuating powers Descends, and freezes as it falls: at first It thinly makes appearance, having not Its force repulsive instantaneously, As no evacuations have, from sea, Or air, or earth, or animals; from sea, In mist, or water-spouts ascending; air, In rain, or thunders loudly roaring; earth, In earthquakes, or in mountain's burnings; all Have their discharges; and the animal, Which is a universe in miniature, Has its discharges, too well known to mention: All which are springs of temperance and health. Then flakes more large and numerous come down: They dim the air, and hasten night's approach. At morn's return, we through our windows peep, And see the whiten'd earth,—see it and shrink, And feel, and fancy feel 'its very cold, And postpone early rising. Wishful sight To beast and birds, whose food lays on the ground; And man likewise, who from the ground must earn it. Now the earth's beauties, with her rough produce, Seem equal'd;—the waste wilderness can vie With meadows gay,—put on as good a coat; All dress'd in white, that far out shines the lawn Of slatterns on a winter's day; or lilies, Should they fall rob'd appear, would tarnish'd look Compar'd with it. Now man struck idle, has A time, to meditate, on nature's scenes, and read God's wondrous works, and learn the changes use;— To earn why, from what necessity the sun	5 10 15 20 25 30
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Withdraws, and leaves us to the winter's mercy :  
 When this consider'd, known, he'll find that God 35  
 Is just, and winter has its worth ; that God  
 Impartial cares for all ; an atom only not,  
 But all creation's bounds ; and that the sun  
 Cannot serve all the earth at once ; and could-  
 He do't, where would the wise advantage lie, 40  
 If by his changes all things are produc'd ?  
 If we contend for that, contend in vain,  
 If by those changes all things are upheld !  
 Like greedy misers aiming to get all,  
 The little which they have they often lose. 45  
 More northern climes severer winters feel ;  
 Yet agent nature is not idle there  
 With good, more than between the tropic lines ;  
 And there, more sturdy robust things produces,  
 Than tropic baubles, work of sunshine days. 50  
 Though winter, long and rugged reigns, yet it  
 The soil prepares, recruits its burnt up loss,  
 To undergo the same proportion'd summer :  
 The scale of nature justly balanc'd is !  
 The snow a garment for the corn affords ; 55  
 Screens it from nipping frosts, and cherishes  
 Its infant growth ; abides, and exercises  
 Its fost'ring influence : then touch'd by heat,  
 Or soften'd by some gentle gale, it melts,  
 And sinks into the soil, engendering 60  
 New substances, or adding to the old ;  
 Replenishing the glebe, with such recruits,  
 As will appear in spring, and autumn ripen.  
 "As rain and snow descend, and not return,  
 "But watereth the earth, and make it bear, 65  
 "To give the sower seed, and eater bread ;  
 "So shall my word, that goeth forth from me,  
 "Return not void, but shall accomplish what  
 "I please ; shall prosper in the thing, wherein  
 "I've sent it." 70  
 Nature, at length, puts off her lucid veil,  
 She drops it in a trickling thaw : the snow  
 In sheets slide down the houses' tops. Woe now

A WINTER-PIECE.

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To rotten roofs and walls, or rather those  
 Who them neglected; various op'nings spot 75  
 The hills, and while we look, more numerous  
 Become. Since we see nature's face again,  
 What verdant traces can she show? A few  
 Existing, scarce as friends when really needed,  
 And should like them be highly valued! 80  
 The holly here and there, hangs out its berries:  
 The laurustinus spreads its graceful tufts,  
 Beneath a covert of unfading foliage:  
 The hardy ivy clothes the crazy wall,  
 Nor shrinks beneath the pinching drudgery, 85  
 Though frowning elements still threaten it:  
 The laurel, firm, erect, and bold, expands  
 Its leaves of vivid green; in spite of storms,  
 Or winter's whole united force, maintains  
 Its spot, and strength, while with'ring millions fall: 90  
 Worthy by conqu'ring winter's rugged force,  
 To crown the genius of the worthy race!  
 Nor must the bay tree be forgotten, which,  
 To be a pensioner on vanities,—  
 A few hot days of short liv'd summer scorns: 95  
 These, and a few besides, retain their worth,—  
 A comely aspect in the bleakest climes,  
 And in the coldest months. How bappy he,  
 Whose temper is as firm! Whose righteousness  
 The changing elements can't sway! Who can 100  
 Subdue his lust for transient ornaments!  
 Behold in a true glass the forward wit,  
 That shines in saucy, momentary laughs,  
 Affronting one to make a sport for ten!  
 Who can look through the wise man and the fool, 105  
 With thoughts unrif'd as the smoothest air!  
 Such are the pleasures of a sense refin'd,  
 And the religious hearts, that scorn base deeds:  
 For nature's world, in its corrupted state,  
 Betwixt prevailing ignorance and sin, 110  
 Is scarcely worthy wisdom's child to nurse!  
 The wise man borrows not his peace from hence,—  
 From trifles or absurdities, that tend,



To neither grace or good morality :  
 The wise man has a fund within, lay'd up 115  
 A stock in early days, when providence  
 He courted, and she gave him hope : he saw  
 Its use ; he pin'd after the golden toy,—  
 Bless'd wisdom, which his courting soon obtain'd,  
 And grace soon follow'd her companion dear ! 120  
 If snows compose the light-arm'd troops, methinks  
 The hail composes the artillery :  
 When driven by a vehement wind, with what  
 A rapid force the stony shower descends ?  
 How it rebounds from the hard frozen ground, 125  
 And rattles on resounding domes ? How smoke  
 The rivers, by its scourging them to foam ?  
 How nips the tender flowers, and the plants  
 Of shallow roots ? How spoils the gardner's toil,—  
 Knocks in his feeble glass work batteries ? 130  
 How darts against the trav'ler's face, who turns  
 His head in haste, and feels as though his cheek  
 Was wounded ? Should he to the house retreat  
 It follows him ; and like an enemy  
 Resolv'd, seems to bombard him there ; the glass 135  
 Can scarcely shelter him. But the attack  
 Is quickly over ; the revengeful cloud  
 Soon spends his shafts ; and well-design'd it should !  
 And now appears the bow of reconcilment ;  
 Its uniformity so regular, 140  
 That mocks the human artist, shames his works ;  
 No circle half so perfect can he make.  
 It tells us to forget the storm, writes peace  
 On earth, good will to men, bids joys increase,  
 That we a happy kingdom have in view, 145  
 Where sin can't reign, but glories ever new ;  
 Where storms shall beat not, winter pierce no more :  
 Then happy they, who make that heavenly shore !

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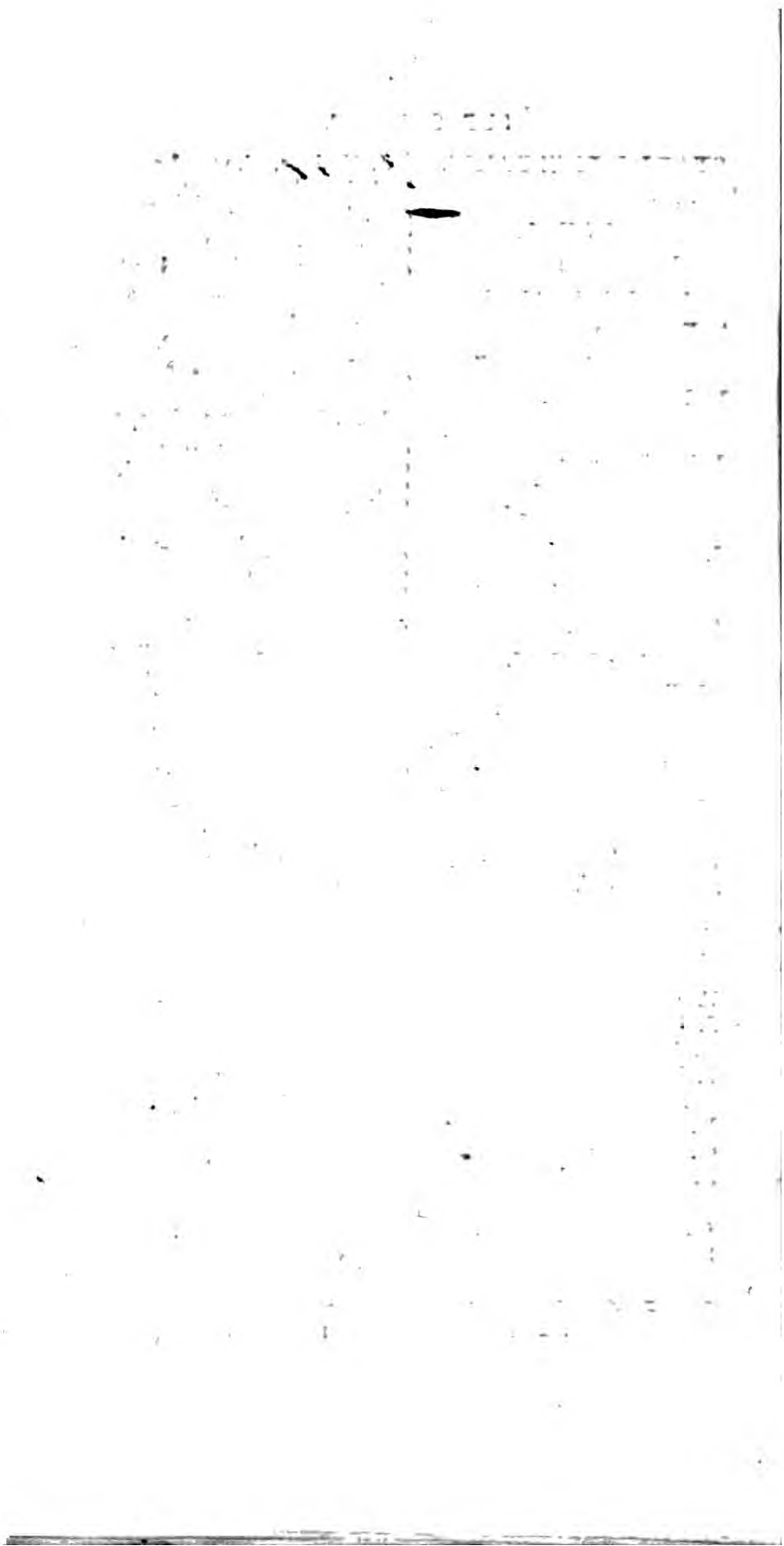
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