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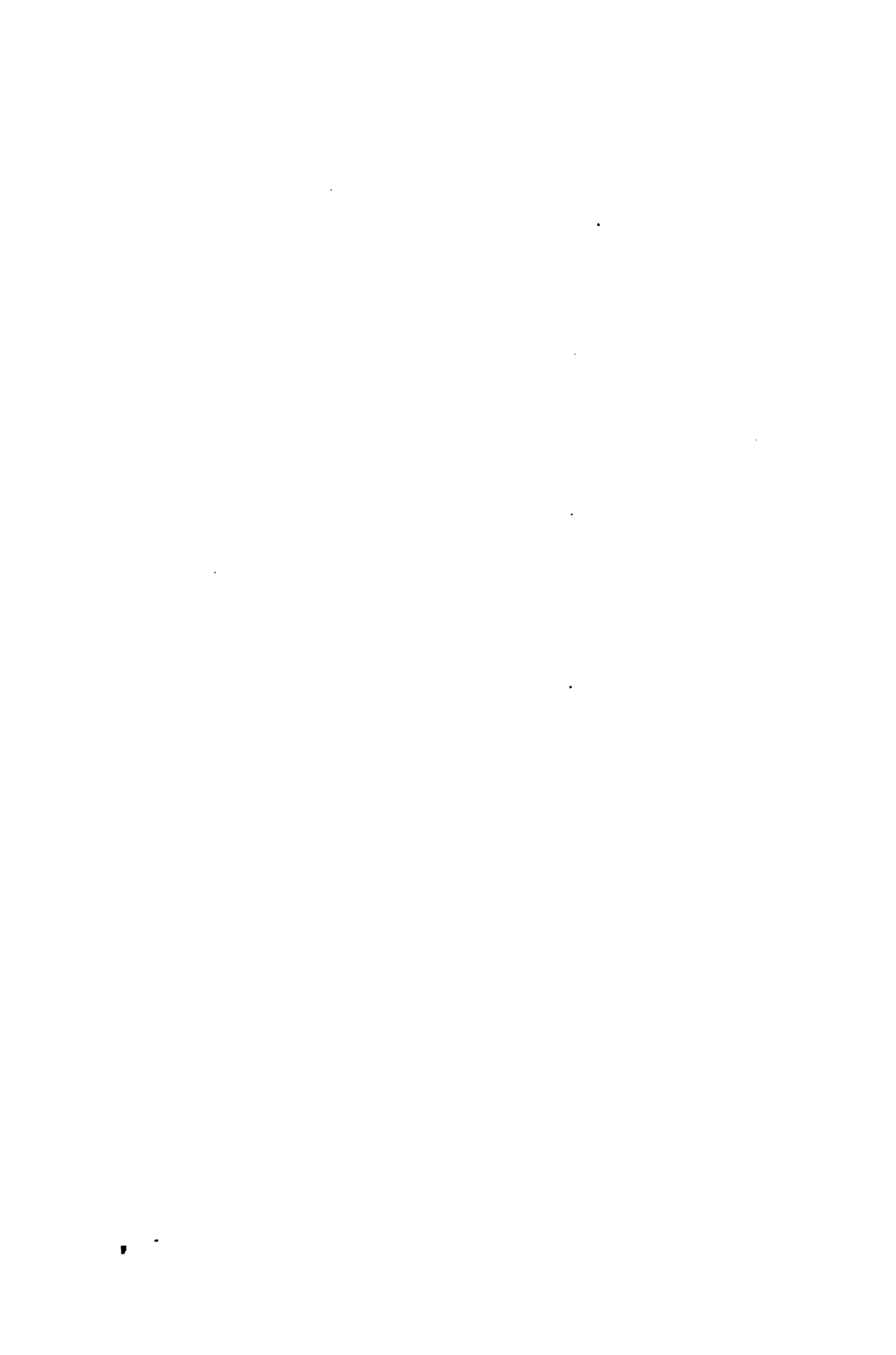


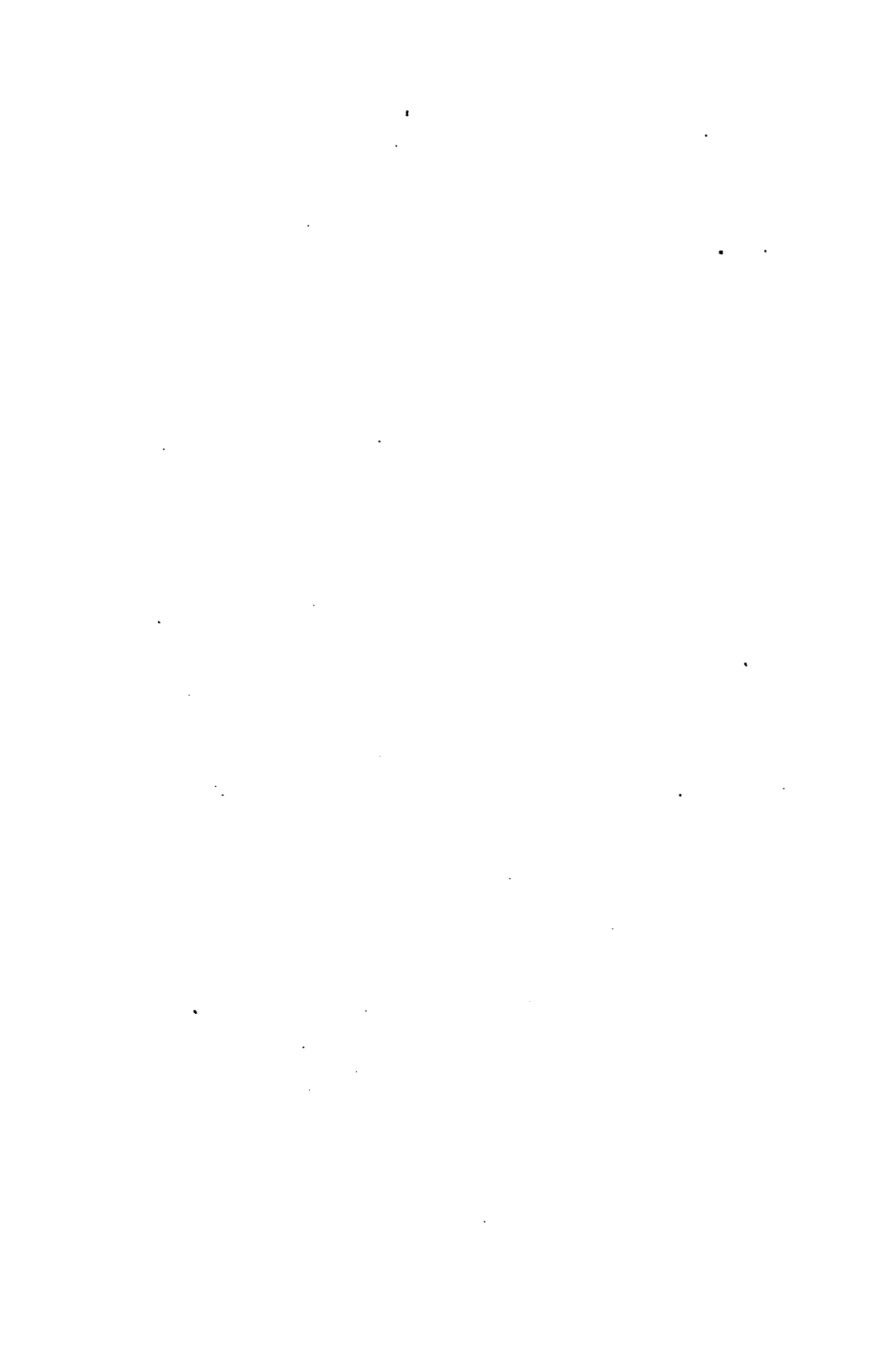
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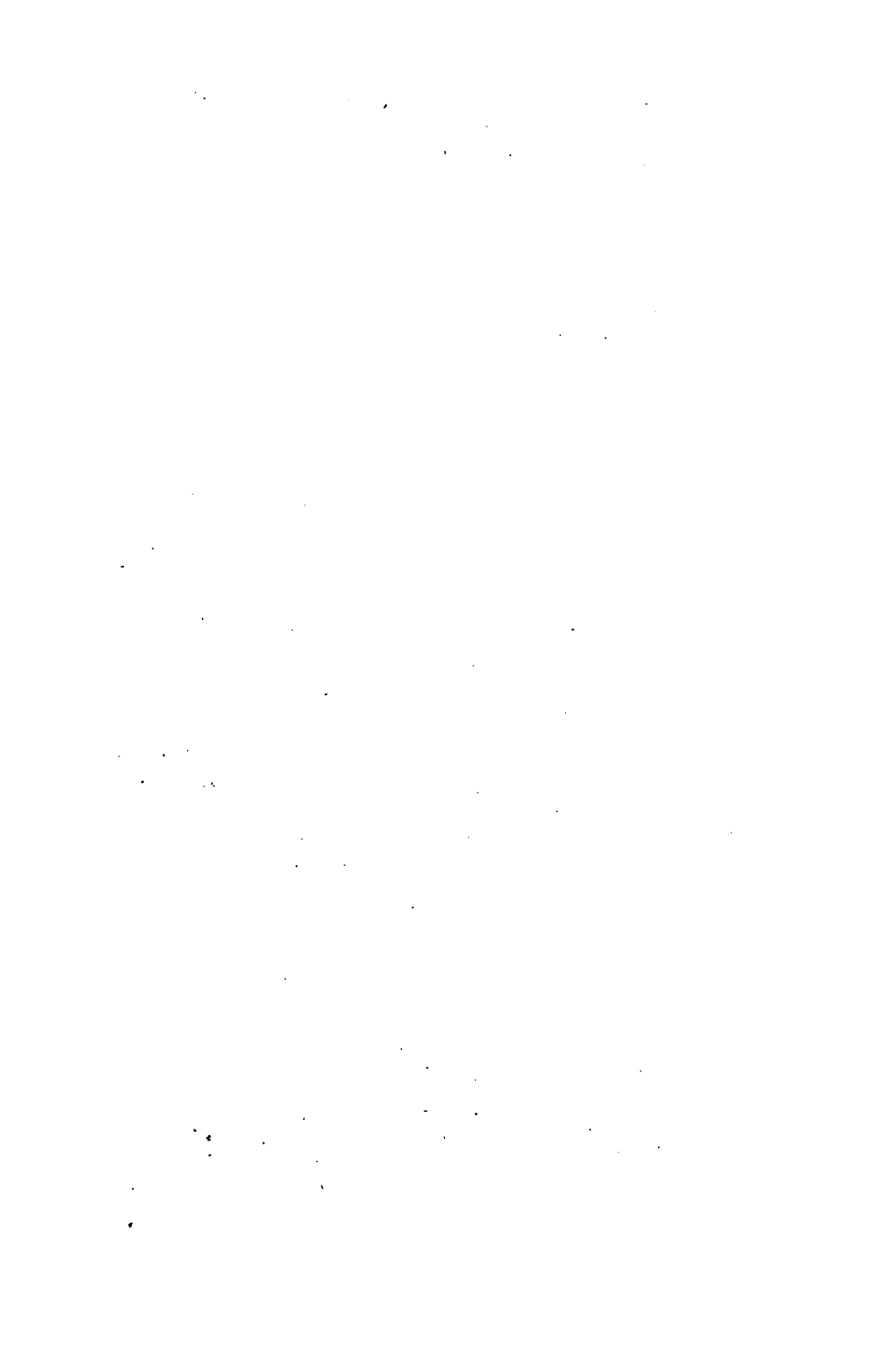
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ESSAYS,

ON

SUBJECTS MORAL AND DIVINE.

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ESSAYS,  
ON  
SUBJECTS MORAL AND DIVINE,  
IN  
*PROSE AND VERSE.*

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- ESSAY I. On PRAYER, with Examples, in Public, Family,  
and Secret Prayer.
- II. On SELF-EXAMINATION, previous to Partaking  
of our LORD's Supper.
- III. On the CARDINAL and CHRISTIAN VIRTUES.
- IVthly, A Number of PARAPHRASES on those PSALMS which  
have been Omitted by Dr. WATTS.
- 

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,  
A VARIETY OF COMMENTS  
ON SOME OF THE  
STRIKING PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE,  
IN THE  
STYLE OF OSSIAN.

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BY THE REVEREND WILLIAM SAWERS, *M. A.*  
MINISTER OF CROOKHAM, NORTHUMBERLAND.

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BERWICK:  
*Printed for the Author,*  
BY W. PHORSON.

1796.

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## DEDICATION.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,  
THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF ERROL.

*MADAM,*

**I**T is not to your high Rank alone, that mankind bestow on you the most unequivocal deference; your admiration and esteem originate more especially, from a tribute they offer to your illustrious virtues. In the more exalted scenes of life, your conduct ever has commanded the applause of the well-informed and polite: Your constant application, and unwearied diligence in promoting the interests of Religion among the inferior classes of men, together with your prudent choice of objects that really needed, and ever have been relieved by your well-timed charity, have, in the highest degree, endeared you to all those who are susceptible of grateful impressions.

Permit me, at the same time, Madam, to congratulate you, that the world rejoices to see your excellent example diffusing its happy influences upon your Family. I need only to mention, as an instance of it; the generous and charitable



ritable dispositions of the amiable Lady CHARLOTTE HAY, your Daughter: Who clothes and educates, at her own expence, the children of the indigent in your neighbourhood: Who esteems it no disparagement to her Rank, to reward the poor but industrious Scholars, whom she is assiduouſly training to the habits of virtue. Such noble examples of condeſcenſion and benevolence, give the higheſt pleaſure and ſatiſfaction to all good men.

A moſt decided partiality for ſo virtuous and humane a character as your Ladyſhip's made me ambitious to put the following Treatiſes under your protection. Whether mankind may benefit from the publiſhing of them, or how they may be received in the world, I do not pretend to know: I ſincerely, Madam, declare to you, my intention is good. Convinced, in my own mind, that they cannot be introduced into the world under the auſpices and patronage of a more valued character than yours; ſo, I hope, your Ladyſhip will be pleaſed to accept of them, as a teſtimony of that eſteem and veneration, with which the Author will ever regard your virtues.

I am,

MADAM,

With all imaginable Reſpect,

Your LADYSHIP'S,

Moſt Humble,

Moſt Obedient Servant,

CROOKHAM,  
May 18th 1796.

W. M. S A W E R S.

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## P R E F A C E.

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*IT* was by no means from a supposition, that either the duty of Prayer was not understood, nor practised among Mankind, that the following TREATISE on that Subject makes its appearance in the World. A desire of giving all the assistance possible, to serious and well-disposed Persons, who may wish to be instructed in so divine an exercise, was deemed a motive sufficient for the present Publication. With the profane, indeed, every attempt to promote the interests of Virtue, may be considered as impertinent, and be, for a time, the subject of derision; but, to devout and candid minds, every exertion, which has for its end the advancement of Religion, is acceptable. To the latter description of men, this Essay may be of use; and for that purpose was it originally begun. As to the sons of conviviality, whose vein of humour is ever pointed against the most sacred considerations, while they, sportive launch their shafts of ridicule, the more sedate and pious, ever sheltered behind the shield of conscious rectitude, can, being armed with fortitude, and clothed with charity, pray for their future reformation.

*In none of all the following Essays is any partial support given to favour the interests of any sect, or any reflection thrown out, either to censure or to prejudice the*  
received

*received opinions of any party among Christians—only to promote the increase, and to be subservient to the interests of Piety and Religion, has the Author most sincerely devoted his labours. Should they have the smallest tendency to the ends proposed, he certainly will consider his pains sufficiently compensated.*

ESSAY

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## ESSAY I.

### ON PRAYER;

WITH EXAMPLES, IN EACH KIND, WHETHER PUBLIC,  
FAMILY, OR SECRET PRAYER.

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**P**RAYER is a most solemn act of Religious Worship, whereby we acknowledge the Divine Being, as the Creator, Sustainer, and Governor of the Universe, and that, from his liberality, every good and perfect gift is derived. Convinced, in our own minds, that every moment of our lives we are dependants upon his bounty, our prayers are the most expressive and significant evidences, that we are sensible of that dependance. By the design and end of this duty, it can by no means be supposed, that it is necessary for us to make known our wants to God, as if he knew them not, before we informed him. Nor is its intention, to soothe and to move God to relieve us in our wants, because of our importunities. But the express purpose of prayer is, to excite, quicken, confirm, and continually to maintain in our minds, a due and awful apprehension of the Divine Nature and perfections;---to make us sensible, that he, as our Sovereign Author, has every claim to

our most grateful homage ;---and to remind us, that his goodness is the never-failing, and liberal source, of all the abilities we possess, and all the blessings we enjoy ;---and that every thing we further stand in need of, can only be supplied by his indulgent providence.

By the exercise of prayer, our hearts are disposed and habituated to lowliness and humility, it being a constant memento of our sinful and helpless state. It has a powerful tendency to work in us patience, by daily teaching us how unbecoming it would be in us to carry any perturbation, passion, or distemper of mind along with us into the presence of God. It is an armour of defence against the temptations which beset and entice us in our mortal state. " Watch and pray," says our Saviour, " that ye enter not into temptation." It refines and purifies the heart from all low, sordid, and abject desires ; soothing us under the cares, business, and perplexities of human life, and setting our minds upon the higher concerns of a future world. It inspires us with noble and generous resolutions of piety towards God, and benevolent and charitable dispositions to the whole human race. It in short aims principally at promoting the glory of God, our own, and others everlasting happiness, together with the enjoyment of such worldly accommodations as may be subservient to these great ends.

Prayer

Prayer is alike the duty of a prince, as well as of a peasant; because no being is so high as to be above a dependancy on the Almighty: Neither is there any so low as to be beneath the inspection of his all-pervading eye. The strong archangels, who wing their rapid flight throughout the empyreal heavens, are but his humble dependants, the feeble insect of the dust, is yet an object of his paternal care, and is not blended with its kindred dust, without his permission. By him kings reign, and by him the poor are fed. He throws to the earth the thrones of the mighty; he protects the feeble; and visits the wretched in the hiding-places of obscurity.

To the God of heaven, in all situations, and under every circumstance, are we permitted to address ourselves, as the Father of mercies. We are directed, and commanded by him, to ask, on purpose that our petitions may be granted, to seek, that we may find his favour, and to knock, that the door of his bounty may be opened unto us. Nor does this benevolent Being limit us in our petitions, to single or special mercies only; but leaves us in an happy liberty, to crave whatever is necessary to our real good to receive, and consistent with his wisdom to bestow. Since the Almighty is so indulgent to his creatures, as to warrant success to his importunate worshippers, in things just and honest, reasonable, and consistent with our own good, the welfare of others,

and his glory. It concerns not only our present interests, but more especially our future prospects, to pray to him with frequency and fervour.

Common gratitude alone for past favours, thankfulness for present mercies, and the hopes of yet further indulgence from the inexhaustible Source of all Goodness, ought undoubtedly to stimulate us to this duty.

When our affluence creates insolence, when our prosperity inclines us to pride and self-consequence, the very action of prayer alone, has a tendency to instruct us to moderation. When adversity chills our spirits, and cross accidents damp the vigour of our exertions, by pouring out our complaint into the ear of the King Eternal, our forlorn souls begin to be brightened up with fresh confidence; our fortitude again revives; because, that, like a tender Father, we know that our merciful Creator sympathises with the children of misery and affliction: Therefore we cast our burden to the ground, and apply to Omnipotence. We know that he is the hearer of prayer, and our souls are comforted. He stretches forth his arm, and helps the friendless mourner. His eye reaches the hiding-places of misery, and he banishes sorrow from the heart of the wretched.

In the infancy of time, when the world as yet was young, and man was innocent, when no want was known, and as yet there  
there

there was no grievance to redress,---Adam, the high priest of this lower world, offered to God the pure unmixed sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving. The happy heavenly hosts of the Eternal then joined with him, and taught him how to rise to yet more lofty and exalted strains of purest homage. But when they saw, by sin, the lower temple stained, and to a hiding-place the guilty priest had fled, with one accord, abhorrent, to heavens high courts, affrighted, they withdrew. From that gloomy period, Man, a forlorn, a helpless needy wretch became. Prayer then, and not till then, to him, and all his offspring, began to be a necessary duty. From this time, even God himself, ordained, that man, in supplicating conference, should meet him. Having broken from his allegiance, it was but just and reasonable, that he should acknowledge his offences, and implore the pardon of his Sovereign Author, who only can forgive. Incompassed with innumerable weaknesses, to whom shall he go, but to the Father of all mercies. Conscious of his wants and his manifold infirmities, with whom shall he plead for his daily supplies, and where shall he solicit for healing influences? He knows that God is his only refuge in the day of calamity, and that his incomprehensible Majesty gives a willing attention to the cries of the necessitous; therefore, to his throne he flees, who is acquainted with his desires, and who construes the import of  
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the sigh that is wafted to him in secret, and who pities and relieves that agony of distress that bursts from the sorrowful heart, which language cannot express.

In affairs of this lower world, how happy is that man esteemed, and how often does he become the object of envy, who, either from his shining abilities, or unshaken fidelity, becomes his prince's friend and favourite: But how insignificant is this honour, in comparison of his, upon whom the Lord of the universe continually smiles with the tender and affectionate complacency of a benevolent Father? The regards of princes are often variable, short, and uncertain; but the favour of God is ever unchangeable; and those "whom he loves, he loves to the end." It is inconsistent with his nature to leave or forsake those who are careful to worship him. But when we do abstract ourselves from his service, we fall from our own happiness, we forfeit the comforts we might enjoy, by breaking from the conditions which God hath appointed as the only means of securing his esteem, and of constituting our own felicity. The experience of holy men, in all ages, has evinced, that, notwithstanding all the trials they endured, and all the afflictions they were caused to suffer, conscious of the Almighty friendship, they were inspired with consolations which no hardships could ever counteract. Convinced, that afflictions are by no means the marks of Divine displeasure,

sure, but are often sent for our advantage, to promote our virtue, and to advance our future happiness; and persuaded that these troubles can by no means change the love of God, nor shake our interest in him, so their pious joy rested upon a sure and unshaken foundation, which no accident could destroy. Yet we are not to suppose, that, from a stoical abstractedness of mind, they were, or pretended to be, insensible of present sufferings; they were rather disposed patiently to submit to the wise disposal of heaven, in prospect of a glorious reward from their pious resignation. When the multitude of troubles and temptations, like tumultuous waves surrounded them, they were not satisfied simply to guard themselves with the strength of arguments, and motives for constancy in well-doing; but knowing that God, in compassion to human weakness, has promised the supernatural help of his grace to his devout worshippers, they daily applied themselves to him, in prayer for it.

In imitation of their example, under a just sense of our infirmities and insufficiency, and being convinced of the uncertainty of our purposes and resolutions, and that our wills and affections are variable and agitated by every blast of temptation, we ought to solicit the assistance of him to direct us by his wisdom, who has promised "To give his Holy Spirit to them who ask him." However vicious men may think to the contrary,

contrary, there is no delight, no satisfaction, no earthly joy whatever, equal to that inexpressible pleasure of mind which the pious experience, when they pour out their souls to God in prayer and thanksgiving. How venerable and praise-worthy is his conduct, who, withdrawing himself from the noisy world, from the cares of business, and from company, chooses to solace himself by conversing with heaven. Clothed with humility, he enters into his closet, his mind peaceful and serene, contemplates the Majesty of him, who is his best Friend, and daily Benefactor. He solemnly worships that Power that sustains and provides for all. He admires that Divine Omniscience, that is acquainted with every necessity. He is thankful for that goodness which he sees universally diffused. He acknowledges the august authority of his God, over the visible and invisible worlds. He magnifies that Mercy that pardons the sins, and that Love which bestows immortality upon his servants. His heart burns with gratitude, while he contemplates that Wisdom which planned the salvation of all who believe. He meditates with joy on the means that are employed, and the graces that are bestowed, to accomplish the redemption of men. While he addresses his God, his heart is expanded with charity and benevolence to the whole human race. He prays that the rich may be humble, and that they may be generous to those

those who need ; that the poor may abound in faith, and be rich in good works. His indulgent Father, who hears in secret, will reward him openly. But he finds that his reward is already begun. He has prayed in faith ; and he finds, that the diligent performance of this duty, leaves the most sensible satisfactions behind it ; his soul is elevated with divine sentiments ; his mind is inspired with heavenly dispositions ; he experiences, that the retirements of the closet, always leave a relish ever grateful, an effect pleasing and delightful, beyond the power of language to express.

Supposing such a devout character as this was to be met as he retired from his closet, and asked, what were the advantages that he derived from the regular performance of this duty ? His answer would probably be to this effect : That it was not because he imagined his August Author to be like those proud monarchs of the world, who were delighted to have their vanity flattered by the submissions of their soliciting dependants ; nor, that he was pleased with, or to be cajoled by set speeches of respect and homage, but that his own mind was persuaded, that prayer, when properly exercised, has a vast influence both upon the dispositions and conduct of men. He would candidly declare, that his own experience taught him, that it tended to inspire him with firm purposes and resolutions, of amending what he knew amiss in

his bypast life, and never failed to make him more cautious of falling into fresh commissions of criminality: That it qualified him to receive the blessings of heaven, and to enjoy its favours with the pleasing relish of thankfulness: That it always disposed his mind to value as much as they merited, the temporal benefits that he enjoyed, and that his frequent converse with God, checked his overweening desires after secular and wordly interests: That it rendered him satisfied with the station assigned him by Providence; for, in his prosperity, he found his heart warmed with gratitude, and disposed to moderation: in adversity, it made him console himself, that, whatever good was withheld from him, was, by the wise Father of the universe, prudently denied; because he will not give to his children gifts that might become injurious; such as, a stone for bread; or, instead of a fish, a scorpion. In short, he would say, he entreated God to do for him, what he could by no means do for himself: That he only solicited, that God would bestow upon him such things as were agreeable to his will, conducive to the divine honour, beneficial to his own soul, and whatsoever tended to the welfare of his brethren of mankind.

OF THE POWER AND EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

THE Sacred Scriptures attribute an irresistible influence to prayer. They give us  
a vast

a vast variety of instances where it has accomplished the most astonishing things. By it, the venerable prophet Elijah, both shut and opened heaven\*. By it, Joshua arrested the sun and moon in their courses †, till the Israelites were avenged on their enemies. By it, Daniel shut up the mouths of hungry lions, that, while he was in the midst of their den, they had no power to injure him ‡. By prayer, Peter raised up the benevolent Dorcas, after she had been dead some time, and presented her alive to her disconsolate friends ||. In the lives of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, and David, remarkable instances are recorded, to demonstrate the omnipotence of prayer. Our amiable Master, Christ Jesus, instructs us, earnestly, to perform so requisite a duty. “All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing,” he declares, “we shall receive §.” But, if it is here objected, That if prayer has such power and efficacy, Why is it, that even the pious worshippers of God, frequently enough, ask blessings of heaven, and are denied?

CAUSES WHY OUR PRAYERS ARE NOT ALWAYS SUCCESSFUL.

I. WE cannot expect to be heard in our supplications, when we address God in a  
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formal

\* 1 Kings, chap. xvii. & xviii.

† Daniel, chap. vi. v. 21, 22.

‡ Matthew, chap. xxi. v. 21.

† Joshua, chap. x. v. 12.

|| Acts, chap. ix. v. 40.

formal and superficial manner. Unless the heart is sincerely engaged, and our warmest affections excited, when we come into the Almighty presence, we perform a vain worship; "We honour God with our lips only," and he refuses our petitions, because "Our hearts are far from him."

2. We pray not as we ought, when we depend more upon second means, to extricate ourselves from vexatious occurrences, than upon God, whose power only can rescue us from our difficulties. We may not expect, that God will answer us, when we giddily solicit him for fashion's sake, and yet rely upon our own ingenuity to deliver us, or the assistance of our friends to help us. When we do this, our petitions are impious mockery; we both doubt his willingness and power to grant us assistance.

3. We may not hope to succeed in our prayers, when we ask any thing that is inconsistent with the Justice, Mercy, and Goodness of God to bestow. To ask of God any thing unlawful, or any thing that may cross the rules of his wise Providence, is wickedly to impeach the Holiness of our Divine Author; for instance, are we engaged in unlawful and unjustifiable attempts, against the welfare of society, or our neighbour; to ask God to help us, would be to insult the Majesty of Heaven, and to solicit the Best of all Beings to be a party concerned in our criminality.

4. We

4. We are not to think, that our prayers will be regarded, while we regard and cherish iniquity in our hearts. “If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me\*.”

5. We cannot imagine, that our prayers will meet with acceptance before God, if we are niggardly and uncharitable to the poor. How shall God listen to us in our need, when we turn away our faces from relieving the necessities of our afflicted brethren? When we refuse to give to God what he requires of us, for his sake, how will he, in the day of our calamity or need, give what we require? It was said to Cornelius, “Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God †.” To pray, to fast, and to sigh, without listening to the importunities of distress, will profit the affluent but little, while they shut up the bowels of their compassion, and pay no regard to want, soliciting, with anxiety, the pittance from charity. “But blessed is he who considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive, and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him into the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness ‡.”

6. We

\* Psalm lxvi. 18. † Acts x. 4. ‡ Psalm xli. 1, 2, 3.



6. We may not expect that God will answer our prayers, while we indulge rancorous dispositions against any of our brethren. He will certainly dissipate the supplications of that man, who, blown up with high conceits of his own sufficiency, makes the irregularities of others, which he ought to pity, the subject of ridicule or insult. He who, having espoused a sect, or party, in religion, would uncharitably solicit the extirpation of all other parties, who differ from him, and whose malignity of soul, prompts him to make disdainful and wicked comparisons between the opinions of his own people, with those of other professions, is a zealot, whom God will despise; a bigot, whom Christians will pity. Our Saviour relates, \* That a Pharisee and a Publican, at the same hour, and with the same intention, went up to Jerusalem's temple to pray. The first, elated with some supposed perfections, confidently triumphs in his punctuality in performing the precepts of the law. He magnifies his innocence. He measures his own proportions in piety, with the delinquency of others. He insultingly distinguishes himself from his poor dejected companion. He exults in his own meritorious conduct: He is careful to recite the failings of his fellow-worshipper. His expression of thanks to God, that he was not like the poor Publican, declared how much his mind was dilated

\* Luke xviii. 9.

dilated with self-sufficiency. His arrogant boasting, shewed him less inclined to praise God, than to proclaim his own excellence. His pride, but not his piety, appeared. He deigned not to pray for others, but despised them.

The Publican, clothed in humility, conscious of his guilt, and full of confusion, under the influence of remorse, like a bruised reed, approaches the Divine Presence. He laments his vileness; he humbly implores Mercy. His soul is wounded, and his prayer was sincere. He smote upon his breast, deploring his unworthiness, and exclaimed, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" The Searcher of Hearts, who saw his contrition, accepted of his sincere and devout homage, to shew that our modesty, with the consciousness of our guilt and misery, when we solicit in humility, are the best qualifications to recommend our prayers: but that self-conceited, spiritually-proud, and ostentatious worshippers, are less accepted with God, than the vilest of the abandoned, who worship him in the consciousness of their own unworthiness.

The vain-glorious Pharisee, with all his censorious parade, and his disdainful consequence, was abased. The Publican, who alleged nothing in his own defence; who pled no mixture of good, to counteract the evils he had committed; who sought no refuge, but in the Mercy of God; whose sole hope was in the inexhaustible goodness of the  
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the Almighty ; because he had a just sense of his guilt, and was sorrowful for his by-past offences, while he humbled himself, by the Father of Mercies, he was exalted.

7. God, from the abundance of his goodness, often denies our prayers. When we petition him for such things as would in the end rather be hurtful than beneficial to us, his wise care over us withholds our requests. If we imprudently should ask of God, any thing that might gratify our revenge, our malice, our ambition, or covetousness, he will by no means indulge us in being hurtful or mischievous, nor assist us in gratifying our unlawful desires. Should we entreat him for great riches and prosperity ; great honours, gifts, or employments ; great reputation and applause among men ; if any of these are conferred, without our earnest solicitation, they merit our thanksgiving : but we are not to expect any of them to be bestowed upon us, because we daily importune heaven to grant them : But it is our duty modestly to yield up our own desires to the will of heaven, that such things only may be granted us, that we may use and not abuse them. Certain it is, however wise we may esteem ourselves, we are so ignorant, as not be able to determine upon those things that are really good for us ; we ought, therefore, to submit ourselves to be directed by the wisdom of our Heavenly Father, who  
always

always knows what is best to bestow, and most proper for his worshippers to receive.

LASTLY. We know, by experience, and are convinced, that God often hears our prayers, when we do not for the time think he does.

(1.) When he changes the means we propose, and causes the end we desire, by some other way, to come to pass. St. Paul entreats God, that "The thorn in the flesh\*" might be taken from him. God denies his request, but grants him grace sufficient for him; "For," says he, "my strength is made perfect in weakness."

(2.) God often grants our requests, but not at the time we would have them, but tries our patience, by deferring, till some period he thinks best, to answer our supplications.

(3.) God sometimes bestows not the things we ask, but gives us what is equally beneficial, and often what is far beyond what we solicited; and so convinces us, that he regards our prayers, and means not less, but more good, by so doing.

## OF THE ESSENTIALS OF PRAYER.

### I. COMPOSURE OF MIND.

TO make our prayers acceptable to God, it is requisite, that we lay aside, first of all, every worldly concern and anxiety,  
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that

\* 2 Corinth. xii. 7. 8.

that nothing may distract our minds, while we converse with the Almighty Author of the universe. We must be at pains to compose our spirits to seriousness and attention, and to engage our hearts, and all the faculties of our souls, that we may offer up a pious homage unto God, "Lifting up clean hands unto him, without wrath or doubting." For, in all our approaches to our heavenly Father, it becomes us to purify ourselves from all wilful sin, and carry no unmortified wickedness with us for God to patronize.

## 2. A SENSE OF OUR WANTS.

WE must labour to work in ourselves a true and lively sense of our necessities. Like criminals, already condemned to suffer punishment, whose danger prompts and quickens their desires of pardon, so ought we to come into the presence of God, to entreat forgiveness. The apprehension of our danger, will be the best help, to make us both importunate and eloquent, in our supplications for mercy, and the Divine favour. The sense of our wants, will be the best means to create in us the grace of humility, so essential to our performance of this duty. When, from a sense of our wretchedness, we have reduced our minds to this temper, we ought, in plainness and simplicity, to pour out our supplications before God.

(1.) Bewailing

(1.) Bewailing those sins that we are most subject to, and that most of all alarm our consciences, we should humbly implore pardon for our bypast offences, and entreat the Almighty aid, to assist us in avoiding them for the time to come.

(2.) We should consider those things, that, in a particular manner, we stand in need of, whether they be, more Grace to help us; Contentment in our stations; Protection from dangers; or Perseverance in Virtue; any of all these, our Almighty Father is ever willing to grant to our serious importunity.

(3.) We ought gratefully to thank God for all those blessings for which he has been pleased to favour us, and firmly to resolve ever to be cautious of abusing any of his benefits.

### 3. HUMILITY.

HUMILITY is an essential in prayer, which naturally arises from the duty itself. If the confession of our sins; if begging for pardon, and things which we stand in need of; if our state of absolute dependance do not subdue our vanity and pride, nothing will. What an infinite disproportion is there between us, and the God whom we worship, to make us humble! How great are our faults; how small our perfections, to check our vanity! To inspire the vain-

est mortals with humility, nothing more is necessary, than impartially to examine themselves. What would they find upon this scrutiny? Their best virtues, no more than vices reduced, and imperfections disguised. The act of praying itself, shews, that Man is a sinful, needy, dependant creature; continually imploring favours he merits not; who is ever receiving protection, instead of punishment; who is ever intreating for mercies he is conscious he does not deserve. As nothing is so disgusting as pride, or vanity in one who begs and petitions, so nothing can be so inconsistent, than the conduct of those who address God without humility. Especially, when it is considered, that, not for our own sakes, does the Almighty bestow his favour, but upon account of Christ, who purchased our liberty of access to the throne of God, at the price of his own blood. When, therefore, we come into the presence of God, “Let us humble ourselves in his sight, and he shall lift us up\*.” “Let us go to his throne, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help us in time of need†.”

#### 4. TRUST IN GOD.

THERE is nothing so expressly recommended to us in Scripture, upon the subject of prayer, as that we should approach God

\* James, iv. 10.

† Heb. iv. 16.

God with a firm trust, and confidence in his goodness. "Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray," says Christ, "believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them\*." This appears astonishing, and really is so, when we consider the immensity, and greatness of that Being, whom we worship, and the vast incomprehensible distance there is between him and the sinful creatures, who, in mercy, he regards. Even for the sons of the earth, who daily plunge into innumerable crimes, to address this Pure and Holy Being, who fills heaven and earth with his presence, seems to imply in us the highest degree of presumption. But, for us to hope, or trust, that he will condescend to be propitious to us, when we supplicate him, whose Majesty none can comprehend, seems to carry along with it, a still higher degree of confidence. What assurance do we seem to use, miserable and impure as we are, when we entreat him for favours so excellent in their nature; such as, Health, with all the blessings and comforts of life; all the glory of his Kingdom; all the felicities of Heaven, and to be seated near his own empyreal throne; nay, even to partake of his own essence, for, in asking of him eternal life, what require we less than himself: To solicit these, however great, and seemingly extravagant our demands, he nevertheless assures us, we shall

\* Mark xi 24.



shall have for our asking in faith. Can we then have any doubt of his veracity or Goodness? He promises to bestow every good and perfect gift upon those who ask him, and shall we blame ourselves of presumption in obeying his commands. “\*If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, not wavering.” Neither can we doubt of the bounty and mercy of God, seeing we have daily proofs to confirm our belief in both; “† For in him we live, and move, and have our being.”

It would then be entertaining in our minds low and unbecoming notions of God, and be to carry our pride to the utmost extravagance, did we imagine we could honour him by any thing better of our own, besides what he himself requires. By so doing, we would in effect elevate ourselves above him, and so prefer our own limited and clouded knowledge, to the immortal splendour, and infinite wisdom, of him, who commands us to pray to him in all our wants, and who promises to relieve us in all our necessities. When we do not pray, is it not offering an open defiance to him who commands us, and who has a right to our subjection? Is it not to suppose, that he is not willing to answer us,

\* James i. 5. 6.

† Acts xvii. 28.

us, or that his omnipotence will not deign to punish our disobedience, or his omniscience take notice of our neglect?

That man grossly deceives himself, who thinks, that it is unbecoming the Majesty of God to humble himself to creatures so abject, and vile as sinners are, or to concern himself with their welfare and happiness. To suppose, that God communicates himself to none but beings who bear some degree of proportion to his own greatness, would be to assert, that he communicates himself to none at all; the most exalted of all beings, bearing no proportion to his immensity, more than the most wretched and mean of all, whom he has created. What is equal to the glory of his perfections? Wherein are these perfections so evident, than in acts of mercy and benevolence? How can they be exercised to more advantage, than by embracing the most unworthy, who are the most wretched, and consequently the greatest objects of a paternal tenderness? As in a family, where a numerous offspring is, where there is one who is more delicate or sickly than the rest, that child is more the object of pity, and experiences more of the parental affection, than all others; so is it in the universe of God: He hears, with tender regard, the cries of his weakest complaining children; he raises those that are bowed down; his compassions flow for the miserable; he binds up the broken in heart, and  
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gives the oil of gladness, for the spirit of sadness, to the children of misfortune.

We also are mistaken, when we imagine, that the greatness and excellency of those gifts which we ask, is the just reason why they are withheld from us, however much we require or stand in need of them. For we ought always to remember, that the greatest of all the blessings we may expect from heaven, are as easy for God to bestow as the least; and that it is infinitely more worthy of his unbounded magnificence and liberality, to supply all our wants, than to permit us to implore in vain, and to languish, being deprived of things absolutely necessary for us. But, in all our addresses to God, it is still taken for granted, that we ask nothing but what is just and lawful for us to receive, and God to bestow; and that we ever be in subjection to his will, as directed by the general views of his divine Wisdom and Providence. To do otherwise, would be to act petulantly, to sin deliberately, and to dictate to the Best of all Beings, impiously. But, if we come into his presence humbly, and modestly ask what his wisdom best knows to be for our real good, we may then depend upon his vast and infinite Power, which no obstacle can arrest, to assist us. His own goodness and compassion; his word, and the merits, and intercession of our Saviour; all afford us argument, and encouragement, to come to the throne

throne of Grace, in full confidence of being heard by the Father of all Mercies, if we put our trust in him.

### 5. ATTENTION.

**ATTENTION** is a requisite in prayer, not so easily attained as at first we may imagine. When we consider, that, even in our most serious moments, a vast variety of thoughts and extraneous ideas are continually pressing in upon us, it requires much care and application to guard ourselves against so volatile a disposition. It next becomes our duty, to enquire by what means we may the more readily keep under subjection these involuntary wanderings.

*1st.* We ought to reflect seriously upon the Majesty of Him who we are immediately to address.

*2dly.* We must deliberately consider, what most materially concerns us to solicit.

*3dly.* We ought to weigh cautiously, in what words we may best address ourselves. With respect to the last of these, though of least consideration, the Scriptures admonish us, “Not \* to be rash with our mouths, and not to permit our hearts to be hasty to utter any thing before God ; for God is in heaven, and we upon the earth : therefore

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\* Ecclef. v. 2.

our words ought to be few." Words, which are so necessary with regard to men, are of no consideration with respect to God. The only rule, therefore, that we would advise, is, to observe, with diligence, what effect the use of words produces upon our own minds. If our attention is kept alive the better by them, they ought to be used. If, on the contrary, they weaken or diminish our devotions in secret, it is not absolutely necessary to trouble ourselves with them at all.

That which is most essential in fixing our attention, is, for us seriously to consider the Majesty of the God we immediately address. In exercising our minds with contemplating all the perfections which the immense idea of his Being comprehends, it will be good for us to know what those attributes are, that principally ought to be the objects of our regard in our prayers. The first and most obvious sentiment that inspires us, is the greatness of the Deity whom we adore: This commands our respect and submission. The thoughts that engage us, concerning his immaculate purity and holiness, will excite our repentance. The persuasion of his unbounded mercy, will not only encourage us to the hopes of pardon, but strengthen our faith and trust in him.

There cannot be a better remedy against distraction of mind, in the performance of religious duties, than, before we set about them,

them, to imprint upon our souls, venerable and solemn notions of the transcendent excellency of the Almighty Ruler of the universe, before whose throne the Powers of Heaven fall prostrate; to whom all nature is submissive, and at whose command the nations of the earth are either built up, or pulled down, according to his pleasure; who either saves or destroys kingdoms, or individuals, that serve or disobey him, with the breath of his mouth. If the sensible majesty that surrounds the kings of the earth, produce wonderful and surprising impressions of veneration upon the minds of men, how much more ought our souls, bending before him, to be overawed in the presence of that vast splendour of glory, and immensity of greatness, which surrounds the immortal King of Heaven.

But, while we reflect upon the Majesty of God, our attention may perhaps be benefitted, with a recollection of our own unworthiness. In his presence, the angels themselves are as nothing; yet, when we are permitted to implore him for mercies, and really do every moment receive them, how ought this to produce in us every principle of gratitude? When we reflect, that, without his benefits we are absolutely nothing, how ought this to stimulate us to praise his goodness for what we have? If, from all these considerations, we are inattentive in our addresses to God, our minds must be grossly careless and inconfi-

derate; we shew great unconcern for divine things, and great irreverence to the Best of all Beings.

Another help to keep alive our attention, is, deliberately before we ask, to consider those things which most materially concern us to solicit.

We ought to ponder on the necessity, the utility, and the excellency, of every thing that we would make the subject of our prayers. If we ask the pardon of our sins, would we not be naturally led to ask ourselves what would become of us, if God refused to do what we required, and punished us with that rigour which our transgressions merited? If we asked for his grace to help us, and his spirit to sanctify us, would it not be proper for us to enquire, how little, from our own weaknesses and imperfections, we could unassisted do, towards the glory of God, and our own salvation? In short, to create in us attention, so essential in prayer, we ought to lay it down as a rule, never to be violated; namely, before we begin our prayers, to meditate, for some considerable time, on the greatness, holiness, and mercy of God; on the need we have to solicit his graces; on the excellency of the gifts he bestows; and on our own unworthiness to receive them. By thus exercising ourselves before hand, all languor, or distraction of spirit, all the chimeras of the head, and wanderings of the heart, will be dissipated, and our whole  
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system under that degree of composure and attention, as to render us acceptable worshippers before God.

#### 6. FERVENCY.

FERVOUR is to the heart, what attention is to the mind, and is one of those qualities which is highly necessary to prayer. But there is this difference between fervency and attention; that the latter ought always to be equal; whereas, our fervour ought ever to be in proportion to the necessity or excellence of what we ask from God. For, as there are two kinds of favours which we are permitted to pray for, and these differ with respect to their real excellency, so ought our eagerness of importunity, to vary with regard to them. The one kind are spiritual gifts, the other temporal blessings. We put into the first rank, the remission of our sins; the graces of the Holy Spirit; and generally all those things which concern our duty, when we would please God, and be saved by him. We put in the second class, health, prosperity, peace, deliverance from danger, and all those things that conduce to make us pass through life conveniently and agreeably. We are permitted to pray to God, for both the one kind and the other of these blessings; but it becomes us, more especially, to entreat for spiritual gifts, with all the vehemency and fervour of our hearts; but



but it is our duty to solicit temporal blessings, with moderation, and some degree of modest diffidence. Because, we know not whether the last may be hurtful or advantageous to us; therefore, we ought to ask them with less importunity, or only upon condition, that they may be truly beneficial to ourselves, and others. Christ Jesus gives us excellent instruction in this respect, to "Ask first of all the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto us\*." Thus assuring us of temporal blessings, upon condition, that they be not the principal objects of our desires. Great fervency in prayer for earthly good things, not only betrays our ignorance, but is an infallible proof, that we value this more than a future world, and declares, that we do not inherit real Christian dispositions; for the followers of Christ are not over anxious after earthly things, but sigh after heaven, as the great object of all their supplications. This too we may add, that the more vehement our prayers are after the things of the world, the less they are efficacious to draw the attention of the Almighty.

But we cannot be too importunate, when we ask for divine and spiritual things, for ourselves, or others. To entreat for these blessings with coldness and negligence, shews a profane heart, and indicates, that  
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\* Matth. vi. 33.

we have but a small esteem either for the Deity we worship, or his benefits. This is a horrible disposition; and is the greatest excess of impiety that can be exercised by an impure mind. Nevertheless, when we pray for these valuable blessings with fervency, and earnestness to receive them, it is by no means necessary to work ourselves into extasies and transports, beyond what is suited to our natural tempers. Every man may be serious, if he will, but every one cannot bring his spirit into vehemency, or rapture while he prays: This often depends on constitution, and frequently as circumstances administer occasion. But a man, whose general intention is good, and whose mind is, in all other respects, well-disposed, need not imagine to himself, that his supplications will not be regarded, because he does not experience such a warmth of heart, and energy of soul, which is beyond every thing that he is accustomed to feel on other occasions. It is highly prudent to guard against all enthusiastick rapture; but it is also necessary for us to take advantage of every help which may be proper to elevate and quicken our devotions: For the warmer our prayers are, they will afford the more satisfaction, and the stronger our religious impressions are, they will be the more lasting.

But, to substitute a whining tone of voice, instead of fervency, is always the index of a low mind, and sounds rank of hypocrisy, especially

especially in a public speaker. He, who addresses God as the mouth of an auditory, ought certainly to divest himself of all notorious cant, and express his supplications with that manly consequence, that may inspire his hearers with a degree of confidence, that he expects his prayers for them, and himself, will be heard. He, who with a sneaking timidity, sets about his public duties, either plainly declares, that he is conscious of wanting abilities for the office he fills, or thinks the Hearer of Prayer more readily listens to the voice of melancholy, than examines and answers the prayer, bursting from the pure and the honest heart.

THE CAUSES WHY WE WANT FERVENCY IN  
OUR PRAYERS.

*1st.* ST. PAUL tells us excellently, that “ We walk by faith, and not by sight\*.” Hence it is that we see the generality of the world doubting of every thing which is a subject of faith. They consider the promises of future rewards, not only as far off, but in themselves obscure; but the good things of the world; they see, they taste, and relish them. They delight their senses, they approve their utility, they are charmed to have in their power the immediate enjoyment

\* 2 Corinth. v. 7.



esteemed. Persevere in thy ardour of devotion, thou virtuous philosopher, thy God sees thy heart, approves thy conduct, and will reward it. He will not disappoint thy hopes, thy effectual fervent prayer with him availeth much: His promises to thee he will accomplish, and thy faith he will gratify, with a complete vision of himself, and enjoyment of felicity, large as thy wishes, in a better world.

*2dly.* Another cause for our want of fervency, arises from the manner we commonly think about death. We remove this day of terror far from us, we promise ourselves years of health and happiness, that are yet in reserve. We are unwilling to disturb our pursuits with any anxious concern about divine things, till old age arrives, when we then imagine we shall have more leisure to serve God with a becoming composure. Having examined our religion, and what it promises superficially, although supported by the authority of God, having all the immutability of his Wisdom and Truth for its foundation, we often rashly dare to form notions of our own, which are often directly opposite to divine revelation; while, at the same time, we indulge ourselves in carping and doubting at things plainly revealed, though we easily give credit to an infinity of things, in their natures improbable, though they only are of human authority: These are frequently the causes of our want of application to, and  
fervency,

fervency, in divine things. To these, if we add the prejudices acquired in our youth, from bad education, the habits we have acquired, by being always guided by our grosser senses, and the contagion we have contracted in our commerce with worldly men; these are the too obvious causes, which mar our fervency in prayer, and too frequently hinder our application to the duty altogether.

That we may therefore enliven our devotion, and that our prayers may ascend up to heaven with an animated fervour, we ought, as much as possible, to correct our too earnest desires after the things of this world;---to consider the disproportion there is between the concerns of this life, and those of eternity;---and the impossibility there is of our salvation, unless we abstract our minds from the pursuit of vain objects. *Lastly*, Let us seriously, when we address God, meditate upon our real wants, and entertain a quick sense of them, praying, as if every occasion was the last, that in time we should be permitted to solicit him, then shall we always find a way of expressing ourselves with fervency, in such a manner as to excite the pity of the Almighty.

#### 7. PERSEVERENCE.

ONE essential more is necessary, to crown with success our prayers; and this is perseverance.

feverance. "Pray," says an apostle, "without ceasing;" not meaning, that we should desist from all our lawful and necessary employments, and to be, without intermission, exercised in this duty; but because he well knew, that frequency in the practice thereof, tended much to the nourishment, the growth, and improvement of all piety, he advises us never to decline our assiduities till our petitions are granted: By persevering after this manner, we may be said to pray continually. If God, for wise purposes, such as the trying of our faith, the improving of the grace of humility in us, or to teach us submission to his will, or to accustom us to patience, may not immediately appear to answer our requests; yet we must not despair, or give over our importunities; "Our eyes must wait upon the Lord our God, until he have mercy upon us\*."

Our Saviour has given us a most distinguished proof of the powerful efficacy of perseverance. As † he travelled through the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, an afflicted mother, most tenderly implores his help in behalf of her distressed daughter. Her calamity was deplorable, she was grievously vexed with a devil. The mother entreats his aid, with all the vehemence of importunity; but at first she receives no answer. His disciples are moved with her cries and tears,  
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\* Psalm cxxiii. v. 2.

† Matth. xv. 21.

and become advocates for her with their Master ; but they are answered, “ That he came only to perform miracles upon the lost sheep of the house of Israel.” The fond parental affection prevents her from desisting from her purpose, she casts herself down before him, and does him homage. In the anguish of her spirit, with tears she entreats, and with great earnestness solicits, “ Lord, help me !” Her suit being contrary to the end and design of his present mission, she is again denied, with a discouraging answer. She will not be denied ; she still persists, with a steady resolution, to accomplish her purpose. She was convinced of his power ; she had heard of his miracles ; she had confidence in his goodness ; she confesses her unworthiness to receive any benefit from him, but warmly solicits, that, as he was acquainted with a mother’s tender feelings towards her children ; and her daughter being a fit object for his compassionate interference, her situation being truly lamentable, she begged and hoped he would not shut the bowels of compassion against a poor undeserving Canaanite ; but entreated, that, from the abundance of that mercy with which the Israelites were indulged, the smallest portion of kindness would be allowed to her importunate petition. The mild, the amiable Benefactor of mankind, who never meant to give her suit the denial, commends her faith, does signal honour to her  
perseverance,



perseverance, and gratifies her application, by healing her afflicted daughter. Happy mother ! What a noble reward did thy unwearied importunity obtain ? What a respectable name hast thou acquired for thy assiduity ? What a singular lesson hast thou afforded to us in all ages, not to desist from petitioning what things are reasonable and needful for us, till we obtain them from heaven, as the reward of our perseverance.

And is it not necessary, that we should bestow all the time we possibly can spare, upon so sacred an employment ? Its real utility ought to induce us. Against our indigence, prayer certainly is the best remedy. We are wanting in every thing. Every one feels his own deficiencies. Every one is burdened with his own miseries. But, in the midst of all this spiritual poverty, we have an infallible resource to enrich us. Prayer, the grand refuge of the wretched, communicates what we stand in need of. Provided we are careful to solicit only what is really useful, we need but to ask, and to obtain. Does it not therefore concern our interests, to apply ourselves with diligence to this profitable exercise ?

Our prayers, too, are often so defective, by distraction, by languor, and other failures, that they might rather tend to incense, than to please God, and to obtain his favours. This being the case, is it not just and equitable, that we make every new effort to perform our duty to better purpose. We know it to be the will of God, that, in all  
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our wants, we should call upon him; should we not then, by practice and perseverance, endeavour to conquer every reluctance, that militates against a cheerful obedience. Though God, for a while, may seem to hide his face from us, and may seem to give no attention to our complaints, we are not to be discouraged in persevering, to invoke him to be propitious. His suspending of his mercies is no proof of unkindness; for, if the blessings we ask are truly desirable, they certainly are worthy our waiting for; nor can the refusal of a blessing, upon our first asking, be, with any justice, construed into a denial.

We court, with attention and assiduity, our superiors, for the trifling advantages they can bestow in this life. We meet with repulses and denials; yet, with renewed industry, and fresh hopes, we again return to weary them with our importunities. We surmount every difficulty; we submit to affronts tamely; we attend, with fatigue and expence, for years patiently, for things of inconsiderable consequence; and, perhaps, for all our care and labour, are rewarded with disappointment. From whence is all this diligent perseverance, but from the value we put upon the things we aim at, and the eagerness of our desires.

Are the things of this world so highly to be prized, so obstinately to be pursued? Are the wealthy and powerful among men, so patiently to be solicited, so unweariedly  
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to be followed, for the little they can, and are unwilling to bestow? And are the great concerns of the future world so undervalued, that they require neither attention nor industry? Do we persevere in our applications to men, and can we sit down in disgust, and perhaps in despair, because the Almighty Author of every good and perfect gift, denies our first and superficial application! If we valued his mercies as we ought, and knew their invaluable consequence, no indifference would hinder our persevering application for them. If we esteemed spiritual blessings, as we do temporal enjoyments, no labour would fatigue, no care would disturb, no fainting nor impatience, would mar our indefatigable exertions to obtain them.

Convinced, that God only suspends for a time the answering of our prayers; and for the purpose, too, of increasing our virtues, and of making us more worthy to receive his blessings; and not because he intends entirely to refuse and deny us. We ought to approach his August Presence with confidence, in the full assurance, that, when our dispositions are fit to obtain, he will be willing to reward, with his best gifts, our unremitting perseverance.

Such are the essentials that give efficacy to our prayers, and render them acceptable with God. While, at the same time, however, we put up our petitions with a steady faith towards God, so must they also

so ascend, with charity towards all men. He that is cruel and unmerciful to a man like himself, need not expect that God will forgive him. And our Saviour teaches us this charitable principle in his excellent prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us." By soliciting heaven, in behalf of others, we piously acknowledge God to be the universal Father, Preserver, and Munificent Benefactor, to the whole human race, as well as ourselves; we generously exert all the good we can to all men, as our brethren, and consequently bring our minds more and more to the noble expanded principle of universal benevolence. By praying, even for our enemies, we naturally root out of our tempers all the rancour and bitterness of malice, so inconsistent with the amiable Christian dispositions, which ought to unite mankind in the charitable bonds of social virtue and felicity.

But, added to all, in our addresses to our God, we must ever be mindful to ask all things in the name of Christ; for he who is our Advocate with the Father, has thus commanded us to pray; and upon him, as our all-sufficient sacrifice, are our hopes of acceptance with the Almighty founded.

Having a most merciful God, to whom we are permitted to offer up our petitions; a gracious High Priest to intercede, that we may be heard, and accepted;

ted; "Let us therefore come boldly to the Throne of Grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help us in time of need\*."

#### OF THE SEVERAL KINDS OF PRAYER.

PRAYER, as to its matter, concerns either spiritual or temporal blessings. It may be distinguished, either into mental supplication, that is, when we address God from our heart only, without the use of words; or, into vocal, which is, when we utter with our mouths what are the desires of our hearts.

The several kinds, or divisions of Prayer, may be distinguished into the following: 1<sup>st</sup>, Ejaculatory. 2<sup>d</sup>, Private, or Closet. 3<sup>d</sup>, Family. 4<sup>th</sup>, Public Prayer.

#### I. OF EJACULATORY PRAYER.

EJACULATORY PRAYER, is that by which a person pours out his thoughts unto God, by a sudden occasional address, when any good occurring to his mind, suggests a vehement desire to be in possession of it: or, when any bad thing presents itself, of which his mind is abhorrent, he solicits God to preserve

\* Hebrews iv. 16.

preserve him from it. As circumstances require, it may either consist in petition, confession, or thanksgiving. It is not made up of many arguments, pleas, or acknowledgments, as other kinds of prayer generally are; but contains a single request, in one, or, at most, a few, transient petitions. These sort of prayers, neither consume time, nor interrupt business. They are sudden, but strong emotions of the heart, accompanied with great fervour, arising from things clearly and forcibly apprehended. They dart from the soul in its strength and vigour, like flashes of lightning, before the vehemence of desire has time to grow weak, or to be dissipated. But they are not giddily, but seriously, to be employed. They may be used amiss, when we hastily employ them as interjections of surprise; or when, from pressing circumstances of distress, we pray for things in their own nature impossible; or, when the intrinsic goodness of the things we solicit, are not proportioned to the strength of our desires.

But when one finds himself unawares entangled with temptation, like the chaste, the pious Joseph, whose heart recoiled from "Committing great wickedness, because he would not sin against God\*." The ejaculatory prayer; "Lord, deliver me, by thy power, from this evil, and forbid that I should commit what my soul would afterwards

\* Gen. xxxix. 9.

wards abhor," may not only be efficacious in drawing down strength from heaven to resist the snare, but would arm the soul with resolution to guard against the indulgence of any inordinate appetite.

Those who are conversant in divine things, they who are accustomed to the secret retirements of closet-worship, will allow that their hearts often follow after God in silent requests, formed and expressed only in the mind, when it is inconvenient in any other way to utter their petitions, or to declare their acknowledgments to the Almighty: As, when unexpected deliverance from danger, is granted; success in any undertaking, is bestowed; help in any duty, contributed; mercies and favours unlooked for, have been received. The grateful mind waits not for times, nor places of retirement, to offer thanks; but, on the wings of a lively and pious gratitude, the soul wafts itself to God in ejaculatory homage, and the most speedy expressions of a tributary praise. As cares and anxieties after the world, often enter into our minds in our most serious moments, and defile the purity of our devotions; so, with the pious man, this kind of prayer often is exercised in secret, and gives success to, and consecrates, all his secular transactions.

The Scriptures abound with innumerable examples, how pious and devout men, in the times that are past, seasoned their callings and employments, that they might  
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not be flat or insipid to them, by the practice of ejaculatory, as well as the other kinds of prayer. Thus did Moses, the friend of God; thus did Samson, the strong defender of Israel; so did Jacob, Elisha, and Jehosaphat, exercise themselves; and, not to mention more, the pious Stephen poured out the short ejaculatory supplication for his enemies, "Lord lay not this sin to their charge; Lord Jesus receive my spirit\*;" and, when he had said this, he yielded himself up into the arms of everlasting mercy.

The efficacy of such sallies of devotion are well known, to those especially who are acquainted with the duty of prayer. By these short supplications, they preface their more extended acts of worship. By these, they at all times acknowledge the providence of God; they maintain a deep sense of their dependance upon him, on every occasion, and in all circumstances; they keep alive their faith in the Almighty goodness, that he is ever ready to help and to save them; and, by these, they cultivate those noble dispositions, that ever make them, to God's paternal eye, fit objects of compassion, and subjects, that his omnipotent arm will ever defend.

OF

\* Acts. vii. 59, 60.



## OF PRIVATE, OR CLOSET PRAYER.

IF the Great Father of the universe, be ever disposed to listen to the cries of the necessitous; if he be even attentive to the sudden but serious sallies of devotion, that burst from our hearts in ejaculatory prayer; how much more may we expect he will regard our more deliberate applications to him, in our more secret and extended acts of worship? Our Saviour enjoins, that, "When we pray, we must enter into our closets, and, when we have shut the door, pray to our Father who is in secret, and our Father who seeth in secret, shall reward us openly." While we are thus retired, we more composedly consider the state of our indigence. We unfold, with freedom, our hearts; we pour out our souls to God, in prayer and supplication, without reserve. There, we declare our wretchedness to him, who alone is able to relieve us. There, we expose those wounds, which our modesty hides from the world, to him who alone can heal and close them up. There, we confess and resolve against those sins, of which we are conscious, and for which we dread his punishments, and are comforted with the hopes of pardon. Here, we commune with our own hearts in the presence of him only who knows them, and who by no means commands us to divulge to any other, what our own  
reluctance

reluctance forbids, and God himself permits us to keep from the eyes of the world.

How comfortless must their situation in life be, however exalted their station, who set apart no portion of their time to converse with God. They allow the foundation of their hope, and trust in his divine goodness, to decay. They obstinately reject the mercy of God against themselves; and, from the general account of God's goodness, they build their confidence in presumption and self-delusion.

They, who more prudently choose, "To delight themselves in the Lord, he grants them the desires of their hearts." They offer up to him in the morning, while yet their minds are not disturbed with the multitude of intruding thoughts, the willing sacrifice of prayer and praise. When solemn night invites them to repose, again they prostrate themselves before God, and implore his mercy, to pardon the offences of the day, and entreat that his wisdom and his goodness would conduct their future lives. Thus do they, day by day, offer to the First and Last, to the Greatest, Wisest, and Best of all Beings, the first, last, and best of their services; and find their meditations to be the sovereign refreshment and real cordial of their souls.

When, in our closets, we are under the inspection of no eye, but his who is invisible, we can then give a loose to all the fervour of devotion, without either incurring  
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the blame of hypocrisy or ostentation. It is then that no variety of objects distract our attention. We are then less apt to be subject to languor, having the liberty of using our own thoughts and expressions, and of giving over, when strong and vigorous impressions begin to leave us.

Convinced, that the goodness of God is universally bestowed on every person, in every situation, and in all circumstances; who, that knows the satisfactions that arise from private prayer, would desist from practising so pleasing a duty. It keeps the rich always humble; because they are, by their prayers, put in mind of their dependence upon the universal Proprietor of all, who disposes of the good things of this, or a future world, as pleases him best. It is to the poor a continual source of consolation: While he passes through this life, by the valley of humility, and is looked down upon by those in exalted stations, his patient eye is lifted up to his God, who is the never-failing friend of the distressed. He discerns the appeal, and commands meek-eyed contentment to dwell with him, and assure him he is travelling to a better inheritance. His humble walk becomes the path of peace. His refuge is in the Friend of mankind, whether his pressures be of a spiritual or temporal kind, whether they relate to life, or godliness, to time or to eternity. His God is, to the broken in heart, a rock of refuge. They pour out  
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their sorrows into the ear of the Father of lights, who sends the balm of comfort, which dissipates the melancholy, and darkness of their minds, and causes the day-spring of gladness to visit them. He is a well-spring of hope to the guilty. By prayer, they secretly flee to the sanctuary of Mercy; with eager haste they lay hold of the horns of the Altar, and their wounded spirits are revived with the voice of pardon. By prayer, the pains of sickness are alleviated; the fears of death are dispelled; and the delightful prospects of immortality illuminate the soul.

Ye pious souls, who privately converse with God, who know his goodness, trust in his mercy, and perform his will, of you I ask, for ye can tell;---know ye a want which he cannot relieve? Is there a sin which he cannot forgive? Is there a difficulty or danger from which he cannot extricate? Is there a gift or blessing, which, if we are capable or worthy to receive, he will not bestow? Your answer, I presume, will accord with David's: "I have tasted and seen that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him. O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him. They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing\*." And, with Paul, you declare to your brethren in the world, to stimulate them to

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private

\* Psalm xxxiv. 8, 9, 10.

private converse with the Almighty. “ My God shall supply all your wants, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus \*.”

#### OF FAMILY PRAYER.

EVERY Man, whom the Almighty Father has blessed with a family, ought certainly to consider himself bound to promote their interests, who are placed under his influence and authority. “ He who provides not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel †.”

If, while we are careful to provide for the temporal wants of all who are placed beneath us, we shew no regard to their spiritual concerns ; we discover ourselves to be strangely void of reflection ; and altogether impious. Not to accustom them to breathe the spirit and sense of religion ; not to habituate them to the practice of true piety ; not to pray with them, and for them, at fixed and regular times, set apart for devotion, is to live in their sight, as if there was no God to mark and to punish our conduct.

What, to youthful innocence, can be more cruel, what to our offspring more unjust, as not to endeavour, by good instruction, by example, and family prayer, to provide

\* Philip. iv. 19.

† 1 Tim. v. 8.

provide for them a portion in heaven, and, by salutary admonitions, to guard them against every thing that may deprive them of it. How absurd is it to accustom them to acquire worldly wealth, and to preserve it with a prudent œconomy, nay, perhaps with detestable meanness, while they are never informed of that one thing needful, the laying up treasure in heaven, which is the securing of everlasting riches.

What more forcibly commands regard and veneration from children ; what secures esteem, respect, and fidelity, from servants, more effectually, than to walk in our house with a perfect heart ; to stimulate them to virtue by our own example, and to light the flame of devotion in their hearts, by fervent family prayer and thanksgiving. By so doing, the hearts of our youth burn within them, warmed with a generous ardour for divine things. Their eyes wait upon us for instruction. Their ears solicit our admonitions, tempered with wisdom, and ripened by experience. Their hearts tremble at our reproofs. Our servants obey our commands with delight ; and, if they are susceptible of fine impressions, they will rejoice that they are under the influence of our prayers, under the direction of our prudence, and under our roof as an assylum of heaven.

Would you therefore have your family acquainted with the principles of religion from their infancy, set before them the practice  
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of it. Would you have them esteemed for their honesty, integrity, and piety, let your own conduct be their living monitor. Would you have them accounted wise, teach them **THE FEAR OF GOD**: This is the first element and beginning of all wisdom. Would you wish for happiness in your house, and satisfaction, reflect on the pleasure a parent feels, when his family, along with himself, with one heart, and one voice, are imploring the same blessings, expressing the same thankfulness, for mercies already received, and praising the same God, who is the author of every good and perfect gift. Are you at pains to instruct them in all that is praise-worthy, remember, that dry precepts will pall their minds; but a constant practice, in the path of Christian duty, will inure them to action, and habit will become in them a second nature. Do your desires for their welfare, set your thoughts upon excursions beyond the grave; do you wish every one in your smaller society, to join the grand assembly of the spirits of just men made perfect, that is on high; you must keep alive in them, by frequency in prayer, an animated piety. A conscientious discharge of family worship, creates an intense and real esteem for virtue; warms and elevates the affections to God in love and gratitude; draws down his best blessings upon our offspring, and is a sure method to make us daily console ourselves, that we are of the household of God, and

in due time will be called into his kingdom and glory.

## PUBLIC PRAYER.

ALTHOUGH private and family prayer are excellent means of improving our dispositions, and cherishing virtue in ourselves and others, and are exercises highly pleasing to God, and that draw down the blessings of heaven; yet every well-thinking Christian will admit, that great and distinguished advantages are derived to men from the practice of public prayer.

The Church is the House of God; the place of his immediate residence on earth. There it is the Father of all Mercies, when he showers down upon his earthly children any public blessings, commands and expects us to make our public acknowledgments. There it is, that he liberally promises to reward all those who publicly do homage to him, and who declare openly, in the face of the world, that they delight themselves in nothing so much, as in promoting the glory of God, by regularly attending religious worship, in the places consecrated to the honour of his name. "If two of you," says Christ, "shall agree on earth, as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them\*."

Now,

Matth. xviii. 19, 20.



Now, if any two, who are thus piously inclined to ask any thing of God, are so amply to meet with the accomplishment of their wishes, how much more may the multitude of devout worshippers expect that their united prayers will be regarded.

In our private houses, or our closets, few besides ourselves are benefited with what we do. In public worship, we give an open and decided testimony of our piety. By our example, we influence others to a regard to sacred and divine things. As in war, the bravery and courage of a few, have an effect upon the multitude of embattled legions, where it is seen, that the gallantry of active leaders, inspires the ardour of victory to every individual, till it enflames every rank and every company, and courage breathes throughout the numerous host; so the force of example is most efficaciously felt among those who are accustomed to meet together in the house of God, the ardent flame of piety catches from soul to soul. By public prayer, piety displays openly her majestic charms. Her commanding voice is heard amidst the awful assembly of heaven's collected children. Her prayers arise to heaven a mighty cloud of incense. The individual sparks of pure devotion, are united to a noble flame of generous worship. The solemnity of the place, the multitude of petitioners, the magnitude of the blessings implored, create the  
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the strongest and most lively impressions of devotion in the mind that possibly can be imagined. The soul is overawed into serious contemplation, its faculties are exercised in holy and pious resolutions of adherence to virtue. Its affections are stimulated, by the devotion of others, to rise to sublimity in adoration. The promises of amendment of life and conversion, here become more binding, solemn and sacred, by being made publicly in the sight of God, and in the presence of so many, and in concert with such a venerable assemblage of devout witnesses.

In the Church, the beauty of holiness is openly beheld; there our light shines conspicuous before men, and our profession of Christianity, together with our future hopes, are openly avowed. There, as good members of the community to which we belong, we solicit the favour of the Almighty, in promoting the spiritual interests of the Church universal. There we entreat him to avert deserved judgments from the nation to which we belong. We there beg for blessings to descend upon our rulers and magistrates, upon our brethren and fellow Christians, whether they worship according to our received opinions, or otherwise. Thus, by public worship, all denominations of men are disciplined to regard the general interests of society; to the love of their country; to respect magisterial authority; to exercise universal charity; and

and to live at peace, and in love with all men.

When so many hearts and voices are employed in the same devotions, imploring the same blessings, craving pardon for their multiplied transgressions; may we not be convinced, to a moral certainty, that the union of so many congenial petitions, will have a powerful efficacy in prevailing with God, to bestow upon his people, grace, pardon, and mercy.

Was religion forced to find an assylum in solitude; did it seek shelter only in the dens and caves of the earth; did all the powers of the world conspire against its prevalency and influence; was the insulence of vice universally authorized to tread upon the neck of virtue; then would all good order in society decline; the chain of subordination among men would be broken; degenerated into savages and barbarians, we would swell the torrent of impiety, with the blood of the meritorious; and the inhabitants of the world would rush with rapidity into the chambers of destruction and death.

But religion, with its amiable demeanour, publicly overawes the overflowings of licentiousness. She raises her voice in the streets, and commands the proud to learn humility. She chastises the immoral, and instructs them to reverence the Almighty, or to dread the consequences of his vengeance. She awakens the unthinking to reflection. She infuses into the ignorant  
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ſoul the beams of divine light. She gives conſolation to the afflicted. She rouses the guilty conſcience by her reproofs, and inſtantly the vicious are reclaimed. By her authority princes are made juſt and prudent, and ſubjects loyal and obedient. By her the ſacred rights of ſociety are preſerved, and the welfare and happineſs of ſtates, families, and individuals, under her divine influence, are conſtituted and maintained.

Admitted into the Church by Baptiſm, we are certainly blame-worthy, if we neglect all communion with our Chriſtian brethren. We then willingly detach ourſelves, both from Chriſt, as our ſpiritual head, and his members, which are denominated his myſtical body. Whatever our pretenſions to piety may be, we deprive ourſelves of the benefits of thoſe vital influences, and thoſe graces which can only be imparted to us from Chriſt our head: And, “As the branch cannot bear fruit of itſelf, except it abide in the vine; no more can we, except we abide in Chriſt\*.”

Whatever be our ſituations or circumſtances in life, we ought always to pay a ſolemn regard to public worſhip, as highly conducive to cheriſh our piety, and to ſecure our future hopes. If publicly we do not worſhip God, our private devotions will decline apace, our profanenefs will grow upon us, and our neglect of public duties, will to others become contagious.

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\* John xv. 4.

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To be remis in our attendance in the house of God, will eventually lead our children to a contempt of religion ; and, when once they are immoral, no wonder if they become undutiful. The neglect will lead servants gradually to be graceless, faithless, and dishonest. And our carelessly mispent time at home, upon the day appointed by God himself, for the purposes of public and private devotion, will pass away in a lethargic dulness, void of all satisfaction. This absence, too, from the house of prayer, when frequently indulged, will not only make us dislike divine things themselves, but create a disteem for those who are consecrated to sacred offices and employments.

Since therefore God requires our attendance in those places which are consecrated to his service ; since in his temples we have the benefit of hearing his will revealed ; the gospel of salvation preached ; the sacraments administered ; and our devout petitions accepted ; we ought to embrace every opportunity of presenting ourselves with the people of God, to worship and honour the divine Majesty. From him we receive every temporal and spiritual gift ; to him our private and public acknowledgments ought to ascend. From him we expect salvation and immortality : Let us therefore endeavour to please him in this life, with his devout worshippers, that we may meet with acceptance in that life which is to come, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

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## PRAYER,

FROM THE LXV. PSALM.

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**A**LMIGHTY GOD, thou alone art worthy to be adored ; thou only art holy. In Sion, thy consecrated hill, thy praises were celebrated in the days that are past. There thy saints behold thy glory, and there thy devout worshippers performed their vows. But thou hast enlarged thy temple to the ends of all the earth, and the innumerable tribes of thy people offer a pure homage unto the most High.

2. Thy altars are now beheld in the bosom of every country ; to thee the supplications of all nations ascend ; and thy ear is ever attentive to the prayers of the necessitous : therefore, the inhabitants of the world, with anxious sollicitation, implore thy favour.

3. But I am ashamed to open my mouth in thy presence, because of the iniquities which prevail against me. Conscious guilt ought to prevent my entreaties, and may justly stop the ear of Mercy against my complaint. But thou delightest in him who seeks repentance. Let, I beseech thee, thy  
grace

grace pardon my sin, and thy spirit purify me from all iniquity. Blot out, I pray thee, as a cloud, my transgressions, and as a thick cloud, the multitude of my offences.

4. Happy are they, who are blessed with the testimonies of thy favour; thou givest them the liberty of access into thy presence. They approach thee, not as slaves, but as children. They delight to dwell in thy courts, and to behold thy glory. The goodness of thy house satisfies their souls. The abundant grace, and perfect righteousness, which are the ornaments of thy holy temple, ever rejoice their spirits.

5. Thou art ever propitious to the cries of thy afflicted servants. Thou art the God of their salvation, who, by thy just judgments, strikest terror into the hearts of their enemies. No weapon, formed against the peace of thy people, shall prosper. Throughout the world, astonished nations shall acknowledge thee, the Omnipotent defender of thy children. The inhabitants of the uttermost parts of the earth, and those who wander on the watery waste of the mighty ocean, put their trust in thee; and thou art ever near to them in the hour of danger. No dark browed tempest can conceal their perilous situations from thy all-pervading eye. Neither the noise of mighty waters, nor the desolating storm, can dissipate their prayers from reaching thy ear;

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no distance of space can snatch them from the protection of thy Almighty arm.

6. Thou, O God, hast established the mountains on firm foundations; they cannot be moved, but at thy rebuke. They are the stupenduous monuments of thy strength; thou hast girded them with thy power. At thy command, they may depart, and the hills be removed; but thy loving-kindness shall not depart from thy chosen, nor shall thy covenant of peace be removed from thy people.

7. At thy reproof, storms and tempests are composed; by thee, the raging billows of the ocean are subdued; by the girdle of Omnipotence, thou chainest up his swelling waves, that he cannot burst the limits of his ancient empire. So thou causest the wrath of man to praise thee. When distraction seizes tumultuous nations, the invisible springs of thy providence compose them into peace.

8. When the tokens of thy displeasure go forth, thy judgments astonish the guilty. Caught by the sweeping ensigns of thy vengeance, or terrified by the tremendous thunder launched from thy hand, the trembling world turns with horror from thy reproofs, to learn righteousness, and to magnify thy power. From the blushing chambers of the East, thou sheddest the welcome beams of the morning. Thou shinest in the Sun. Mankind are cheered by thee, and thou openest to them the extensive volume



lume of nature, for pious contemplation. But, when the shadows of the evening hover over the earth, the eye of observation is sealed in repose, till thy mercies cause the outgoings of the morning again to rejoice.

9. Thou, O God, vifiteft the Earth in thy bounty, thou refrefheft it with the watery ftores of heaven. Thou prepareft food for man, and the beafts of the field are fufained by thy providence.

10. Thou makeft abundance and plenty to defcend from on high. Thou fofteneft the thirfty ground with ftowers, thy clouds enriched with bleffings fertilize the parched world. Thou animateft the vegetative kingdom. Thou breatheft on the Spring, and fragrance is univerfally diffufed. Thy bleffing upon nature, caufes gladnefs to pervade the hearts of thy grateful worfhippers.

11. The genial Summer, with its gentle breezes, whifpers thy goodnefs to the attentive ear. The plenteous harveft, crowns the promife of the Spring. Thy paths are marked with the rich effects of thy bounty.

12. The gentle dews of heaven, pregnant with bleffings, drop fatnefs on the paftures of the wildernefs. The little hills, with gayeft verdure clothed, on every fide rejoice.

13. The lofty mountains, furnifhed with fattening flocks and herds, are joyful. The grateful fhepherds fing ; and patient hufbandmen behold their labours amply crowned.

ed. They see, well-pleased, their plains and valleys rich with fruitful crops of waving corn. These special or common gifts, O God, are thine ; to thee, therefore, let all nature lift up the voice of willing praise ; and accept, we pray thee, of the pious tribute of our grateful hearts, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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PRAYER,

FROM THE CXXI. PSALM.

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**I**N the hour of distress and calamity, I will lift up my imploring eyes to the eternal heights, where Jehovah has fixed the throne of his glory.

2. Whither shall the wretched and miserable expect assistance, in the hour of adversity, but from the compassionate Father of all, whose complacent tenderness is never exhausted; and who, because he is the Maker of the heavens and the earth, kindly sustains the works of his own hands, and constitutes the felicity of those who fear him, and is able and willing to relieve the necessities of those who ask him.

3. I therefore pray thee, O my God, to establish my goings, that my feet may not be moved from my integrity, and be pleased to guard my way in the paths of righteousness. O thou Almighty keeper, whose ear is ever open to the sigh wafted in secret, and whose all-pervading eye is never sealed in careless slumbers, be gracious to me, a forlorn son of the dust.

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4. I mark, with astonishment, in the days that are past, that thine eye has never been unmindful of the calamitous. Thro' a multitude of years, thy watchful guardianship protected Israel and his sons. In all their generations, they were conducted like a flock; and thy hand did prosper them in the midst of their enemies.

5. Therefore, to the Almighty I flee, who is the rock of my strength; to thee I come, as the tower of my safety. When adversity beats upon my unsheltered head, I will repose myself under the banner of Jehovah. Thy Omnipotent arm will defend me against approaching danger: On my right hand shall attend the shield of my salvation:

6. Neither the scorching heat of the sun, nor the baleful influences of the moon, under thy divine protection, shall ever injure me. The enemy's open assault by day, shall not prevail; nor shall his secret treachery by night, prejudice me. Thou shalt establish my goings, while he expects my fall.

7. Thou wilt preserve me from all evil. Teach me then to forgive, from my heart, my earthly enemies, and turn them to better sentiments. Let no dispositions of revenge ever disturb my repose, so that their malice may thaw into contrition, and their respect rise into admiration of my inoffensive character. And, when the powers of darkness plot my destruction, preserve my  
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soul;

foul; disappoint their machinations, and, by perfecting thy strength, make my weakness become victorious over their power.

8. Direct me through the dangerous voyage of life; and, when the winter of age arrives, conduct me through the dark valley of death. Let my body in peace descend into the grave, its bed of rest, till the glowing morning of immortality; and let my never-dying spirit ascend unto thee, to enjoy the never-ending felicities of thy heavenly kingdom. Amen.

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PRAYER,

FROM POPE'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

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**G**REAT Father of all! To thee, the incense of a pure homage ascends, in every age, and throughout all generations: From the frozen regions of the North, to the utmost confines of the Southern world; the innumerable tribes of thy children confess their dependency upon thee. To thy Saints thou art known by thy great name Jehovah. The untutored nations of the world, by the law of nature impressed on their minds, acknowledge thee as the best of Beings, and a great King above all gods. The sage and venerable sons of contemplation, whose minds are enriched with the spirit of wisdom, beholding thy magnificent works, worship thee as Lord over all, and tremble at thy holy and reverend Name.

Thou great first Cause! Thou glorious and incomprehensible Being! What a small part of thy perfections do I behold; yet, even to my limited faculties, the benignity of thy nature is so evidently demonstrated, that all my senses discern thy goodness to be universally diffused.

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Thou has given me ability, in this dark and imperfect state, to distinguish what is good and praise-worthy, from what is evil and pernicious. Thou hast set life and death before me ; and, while nature is bound up and regulated by general laws, thy indulgence has bestowed a freedom of choice upon the human will.

What, therefore, my conscience dictates to be done, incline me to pursue with pious energy, as I value everlasting felicity ; but whatever is evil, teach me to avoid with abhorrence, that I may not incur thy indignation, nor subject my self to future punishment.

Let me enjoy the blessings of thy providence, with prudent œconomy, in the spirit of gratitude. And, as I neither can give, nor dost thou require any return for thy liberality, I bless thee, that, in receiving the fruits of thy bounty with thankfulness, and without abusing thy gifts, thou art pleased to accept, as a dutiful obedience.

But, let me never in thought, presume to limit to the contracted span of this earth, thy inexhaustible goodness ; for thou art sovereign of the surrounding visible and invisible worlds, whose inhabitants are upon thee alone dependant, and, as well as man, are constantly partaking of thy distinguished favours.

Against those who differ from me in religious sentiments, let me never dare, with  
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a weak unknowing hand, to launch the bolts of vengeance, encroaching on thy prerogative ; nor uncharitably condemn those, whom ignorance or prejudice may have induced me to deem the enemies of the Almighty.

If, in thy sight, I am a righteous worshipper, I implore thy grace to cherish and to enliven my devotions ; but if, by error, I deviate from the principles of true piety, I anxiously solicit thy pardon ; I entreat enlargement to my mind, and instruction to my heart, that I may serve thee hereafter with acceptance.

When thy indulgent goodness pleases to bestow upon me the blessings of prosperity, and to load me with benefits, save me from foolish pride and arrogant presumption ; and when thy wisdom refuses to give what is unfit for me to receive, assist me to acquiesce in thy will, prevent me from all peevish murmurings, and impious discontentment.

Teach me, with tender sympathy, to feel the woes, and share the sorrows of others, and may I ever be disposed to draw the veil of charity over the failings of my brethren ; that mercy and forgiveness I exercise towards other men, that mercy let thy humble worshipper find, and that forgiveness, may he experience from thee.

Mean though I am, O God, yet am I not despicable ; for thou regardest, with paternal complacency, thy children, who  
are



are quickened with the breath of the Almighty ; permit me, O though great preserver of men, to ask thy guardianship thro' this transient life, and to implore thy consolations at the hour of death.

From thy treasures of plenty, give me of that bread which is convenient for me, and let me enjoy the boon in peace with contentment : All other considerations under the sun, thou knowest whether they are best bestowed, or withheld ; and to thy will I yield myself, with a pious resignation.

To thee, whose temple is all space, whose altar is the whole earth, whose footsteps are seen in the great waters, and whose glory is far above the heavens ; to thee, let all existences, and every being unite in one exalted theme of praise, and let the pure incense of universal nature ascend to the God and Father of all, Amen.

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PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING,  
FOR  
GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

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**O** THOU Eternal and Original Cause of all things! The contemplation of thy all-superintending providence, makes me draw near to thee in the spirit of thanksgiving. When I view the majestic firmament, resplendent with thy glory; when I consider this earth, enriched with thy bounty; while I contemplate myself, and all other beings, preserved by thy Power, and sustained by thy Munificence, I rejoice, that thou, to whom all beings in heaven and in earth are obedient, deignest to consider me, an unworthy individual, as an object of thy special care. Every thing above or beneath me; every thing without or within me; the whole system of wonders that present themselves to my consideration, proclaim thee the Creator and Preserver of all.

Omnipotent Architect of the World! the amazing fabric planned by thy Wisdom, and executed by thy Hand, gives undeniable testimony that thou art infinitely  
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able to sway, with justice and rectitude; the sceptre of the universe. Thou presidest over the powers of nature, which are altogether dependant on thy controul. All things obey that Voice which spoke the word, and they were created from nothing. Like a small drop of the dew of the morning, or like the dust of the balance, is this world in thy presence, which thou canst easily dissipate by the breath of thy Power. The inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers before thee; and in thy hand is the spirit of every living thing; Thou art the Almighty Guardian of all thy creatures; thou art neither slow to hear, nor impotent to save. Thou art the parent of good, and the dispenser of happiness to all thy children. Thou gavest us our being, and thou art concerned for our well being. How precious is thy grace? From thy throne in the heavens, thine all-pervading eye inspects the immeasurable dominions of thy vast empire.

I thank thee, O God, that thy family on earth, lives not in a fatherless and forsaken world. Thou, the great Parent of nature, dost not abandon thy offspring to chance or to fate; therefore am I confident, that, without thy permission, no power can injure, and no evil can approach me. Living in the presence, and under the eye of my Almighty Sovereign, his wisdom shall conduct me, his liberality shall supply my necessities

cessities. In the hour of danger, I will entreat thy favour ; thou wilt relieve me in my calamity, or give me fortitude to endure it. When evils threaten me, support me under them. When temptations urge me, aid me in resisting them. In all my trials, animate my hopes, and extinguish my fears. In thee I put my trust ; give me, I pray thee, composure and tranquillity of spirit.

In the enjoyment of thy favours, I reflect, with shame, on the innumerable instances of my ingratitude ; yet, even the enormity of these, magnifies, O my God, thy unwearied goodness and forgiveness. Forgetful of thee, thou hast not cast me off ; thy paternal eye has ever been watchful for my safety. Thy unceasing compassion has ever been mindful of me, even while I was neglectful of myself. Often, in pursuit of imaginary happiness, the reasonable checks of thy wise spirit, have often reclaimed my wanderings, and directed me to the search of a more substantial felicity. Though my heart is conscious of the enormity of my guilt, thy paternal chastisements have always been tempered with mercy ; may thy rod ever be endured by me with patience and resignation : For I am convinced, that, in the end, thou wilt dry up my tears ; thou wilt heal my sorrows, and give me joy and gladness for bitterness of heart.

Great God! and ever-blessed Ruler of the world, dispose my mind to cultivate every

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pious and devout affection. Incline me to a life of holiness here, that I may enjoy a life of happiness forever. Let thy presence cheer me through the vicissitudes of time, and prepare me for the joys of eternity. May thy Almighty arm conduct me through the dark valley of death: Befriended by infinite goodness, I shall then fear no evil. Receive me, I pray thee, into the mansions of supreme felicity, in thy eternal kingdom. Make me to partake of thy goodness, that I may ever rejoice in thy presence; and thou, my God, be the never-ceasing object of my praise. Hear, I beseech thee, the petitions of thy humble worshipper, from heaven, the habitation of thy glory; may they come before thee with acceptance, because I only ask in the name of Christ, my ever-living Advocate. Amen.

## P R A Y E R,

FOR AN AGED PERSON.

.....

**M**OST Holy, and ever blessed Lord God, how shall I draw near to thy presence, and with what arguments shall I, thine aged and infirm creature, plead before the Almighty. Where no merit is, O let thy wretched petitioner be a object of thy compassion. Thou art the Lord of my life; the length of my days has been thy gift. Thou gavest me thy protection, from my infancy, till now; and thy watchful providences have ever followed me with tender regard.

But what shall I answer the Judge of the whole earth; or how shall I conceal my transgressions from thy omniscience: With contrition of heart, I acknowledge my sins; and the evils I have done, make me abhor myself. A long succession of years have passed over my head; but now the frailties of age give warning of my dissolution; the messengers of death are upon their approach to pull down this decaying tabernacle of dust; and the grave is about to open its devouring mouth to mingle me with

with the clods of the valley. O my God, have mercy upon me; for my flesh trembleth through fear of thee, and thy judgments make me afraid.

Save me, I pray thee, from destruction; bend a favourable ear to the weak, but earnest cries of enfeebled age. I stand upon the awful confines of eternity: O give to my supplication's voice, my soul for a prey, for Christ Jesus' sake, thy well-beloved Son; pluck me from the all-consuming flame of thy indignation. Spare me, I entreat thee; spare me, for thine own name's sake.

A broken and a contrite heart thou despisest not: I will therefore confess my faults before thee. Heavenly father, let thy mercy plead for me, and thy love blot out my iniquities.

I have sinned against heaven, and before thee; presumptuously against the instructions of Religion, and the admonitions of Conscience. I have repaid thy bounty with ingratitude; thy mercies I have received with unthankfulness; thy protection from dangers, I have often abused with the giddy epithet of chance; and thy Grace often, alas! too often, I have refused with contempt.

But let not Jehovah rise in the strength of his wrath, to be avenged on a wretch, already blasted with age, or be incensed against a worm of the dust. No, my God, thou still waitest to be gracious; in thee  
 compassions

compassions flow, and thy patience is inexhaustible. To thee, I lift up my soul: O let thy goodness pardon the offences, which my heart so sincerely condemns.

When I review the times that are past, what do I feel but sorrow, in the recollection of former years? A youthful series of follies, vanities, and vices; the precepts of wisdom slighted, and religious duties neglected.--- Through maturer life to this period of infirmity, the multitude of days have multiplied my transgressions. Thou merciful Dispenser of all good, look upon thy humble worshipper with pity; for my heart is overwhelmed within me for the sins that I have done. Let the tears that bedew this aged countenance, and the sorrows that agitate my inward powers, move thy compassion, and avert thy just indignation.

Thanks, eternal thanks, be ascribed to thee, O Father, who, by thy mercies, hast redeemed us from death, by thy ever-blessed Son. Through him, I yield myself to thee, as alive from the dead. I rejoice that he is able to save to the uttermost, all those who come unto God by him; seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for men. I beseech thee, that, when the time of my departure is accomplished, thou wouldst receive me in peace into the mansions of felicity, that, where Christ my Saviour is, there I may also be. I glory in him as the Captain of my salvation: I triumph in him, my victorious Leader, who conducts  
me



me by his Free Spirit. He will change me from this body of corruption ; he will clothe me with immortality, and appoint me a portion among the redeemed. Exhausted with a multitude of years, wearied and heavy laden, I would rest in the grave. Wafted on the wings of Faith, my soul anticipates its felicity in the delightful Land of Promise. Direct, I entreat thee, the aged monument of thy mercy, by thy Holy Spirit, into that blessed haven of security. Let thy aged servant depart in peace ; and to thy glory may I see thy salvation. Amen.

## PRAYER,

ON THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

.....

**E**VER-BLESSED Jehovah! Thou art the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, the only wise God. Thou art holy; thou inhabitest the high and exalted praises of eternity. Thou only hast existence, and every divine perfection of thyself, and from thee all being is derived. Thou fillest the heavens and the earth with thy presence; thou makest darkness thy hiding-place, and the wings of the wind, thy chariot. Who can, by searching, find out God? Who can approach the splendour of thy glory? Or who can describe the excellencies of thy divine Majesty.

Thou searchest the heart, and triest the reins of the children of men. Thou art therefore perfectly acquainted with all my ways. How then shall I appear in thy sight. Conscious of my iniquities, I am ashamed to approach thee; and clothed in confusion, I dread the indignation of the most High. Enter not into judgment with me, I entreat thee; nor let the sins I have committed, prevent the exertions of thy  
mercy

mercy towards one, who, in contrition of heart, acknowledges his transgressions.

When I review the years that are past, and in how many instances I have offended, by a wilful disobedience to thy holy and equitable laws, I reproach myself of ingratitude; and though thou didst not condemn, my own heart confesses, that the punishments of the Almighty would be justly inflicted. But unto thee, I direct my prayer; to thee I look up for mercy and pardon. Thou art my Father; thou wilt listen to my cry, and be attentive to the voice of my supplication.

I am thy creature, and thou art my God; in thy ear I will pour out my complaint. I have, for a multitude of years, been a monument of thy mercies; but I know thou wilt bring me to death, and I must soon sleep with the generations that are past: O do thou teach me so to number my days, as that I may apply my heart to understanding. I have seen my brethren fall at my side, and my acquaintance, without any order, drop into the grave. I have beheld infancy and age blended alike in the mansions of death: The rich and the poor I have seen hurried into the kingdom of forgetfulness, under the same destiny. Am I more secure from this change than my fellow men? No, my God, the warning voice has been given to me also; and I blush, while I confess thy patience inexhaustible, which permitted me to solace myself in  
hopes

hopes of years in reserve, while daily experience was proclaiming the troubles and uncertainties of human life. Shall the venerable group of prophets, and my fathers, die; and shall I live for ever. Teach me, O God, to call off my thoughts from the vanities of the world, and all its false and fading pleasures; direct my mind to seek for more permanent, more substantial enjoyments. Let the one thing needful, be my unwearied care; even the salvation of my immortal spirit. From this great duty, let no delusions or allurements ever divert my attention. Train me up for heaven, and thyself, and let no seduction to impiety disqualify my soul for the felicities of thy divine presence. So prepare me for death, that when the end and measure of my days are completed, I may with joy, and without reluctance, obey the summons of my God. Sustained by thee, I shall view my end with fortitude; and endure those pains that precede my change with patience. Even death himself shall be my friend, to prepare my body for its bed of rest, and to open the eye of my soul, to behold his face in mercy, who died, that I might live, and is alive for evermore.

So teach me, I pray thee, to spend the residue of my years, that I may review them when past, without apprehension or terror, and look beyond the grave with the assured hope of a life of never-ending felicity; to a reconciled God; to the smiles of

my ever-blessed Saviour; to a throne of Mercy, and not to a tribunal of condemning Justice. Hear, I entreat thee, the supplications of thy worshipper, from heaven, the habitation of thy holiness. I ask, in the name of Jesus Christ, my ever-blessed Intercessor. Amen.

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A  
SECRET PRAYER,  
OF A  
PARENT FOR HIS CHILDREN.

.....

**F**ATHER of Lights, from whom every good and perfect gift is derived. Thou art the wisest and best of all Beings. Thou art the First and the Last; thy throne is fixed for ever, and of thy dominion there is no end.

By the breath of thy mouth, all things were created; by thy providence all things are sustained. Thou conductest the whole system of nature by thy Power. The inhabitants of the heavens and the earth magnify thee; and their beings are universally subservient to thy glory. Thou art absolute and independent Sovereign over all, the Ancient of days, without the infirmities of age. Thy Omnipotence knows no diminution; thy faithfulness experiences no change. The perfections of thy nature are infinite, undervied, without beginning, and in continuance are eternal, without end or conclusion. Thy goodness is universally diffused; thy loving-kindness is better than  
life;

life: therefore, all the ends of the earth worship thee, from the rising to the setting sun.

Formed by thy hand, and animated by the breath of the Almighty, in devotion, I would gratefully pour out my soul unto God.

From infancy, to these years of maturity, thy providential care has been watchful over me. Though less than the least of all thy mercies; though unworthy of any mark of thy regard; yet thy compassion has rested upon me every morning; thy faithfulness every night. Thou hast opened the treasures of thy bounty, and fed me with parental tenderness. Through the perilous periods of youth, thy arm was my shield. While thousands fell in death, my inferiors in years, thy mercy was not withdrawn in the hour of danger. To thee, I ascribe the most sincere praise for all thy favours, O thou most indulgent Benefactor. The innumerable instances I have experienced of thy unwearied patience and liberality, induce me humbly to hope for future blessings from thy inexhaustible goodness. Thou hast enriched me with an offspring; their welfare thou hast connected with my felicity; thou hast endued me with tender and affectionate parental sympathies. These, O my God, are thy gifts; bless me in the enjoyment of them. Let a son of the dust plead before the Father of the universe, in behalf of his children.

children. Permit them, O Preserver of Men, to live before thee.

But I breathe not the spirit of anxiety for them, for the blessings of time alone; my concern for their happiness reaches beyond the grave. My affection for them carries me to eternity's future hopes. Season their tender minds with thy divine grace. May instruction rest upon their youthful years, like the refreshing dew of the morning. Enlighten their understandings, that they may early remember thee, their Creator, and learn to fear and worship thee in truth and sincerity. Incline them, I entreat thee, to resist Satan and his snares; the world, and its vain allurements; sensual appetites, and their fatal consequences, that they may be amiable and innocent in their lives, and happy at the hour of death.

If thou art pleased to bestow upon them prosperity, grant them inclinations to temperance and moderation, that they may not abuse thy gifts. In adverse circumstances, give them patience and resignation. May they never be urged, either by necessity or inclination, to use any fraudulent expedient to procure dishonest subsistence, at the expence of integrity and virtue; but may they serve thee faithfully, and promote the interests of true Religion, in every capacity to which thy providence may assign them. Dispose, I pray thee, of their lives to thy glory. May their dispositions



sitions be humane and charitable. Their spirits, without ostentation, pious and devout. At the end of their days, may they inherit the portion of thy children.

Before the winter of age begins to impair my strength; ere sickness and infirmity give presage of my dissolution, and before I mingle on the bed of death, with the dust of my forefathers; may I see my children pursuing the paths of the righteous, that I may enjoy the hope that their end will in be peace, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

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A

**P R A Y E R,**

FOR THE

FATHER OF A FAMILY.

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**O** Lord God Almighty! Thou art the Supreme Ruler of all things, in the heavens above, and in this world. The inhabitants of the earth are as nothing, or like the small dust in the balance, in comparison of thy greatness. Thy Majesty is incomprehensible; thy excellencies inexpressible; nor can any eye behold the splendour of thy glory. Yet, though thy perfections are infinite, and thy Power and Authority over all, be irresistible, yet thou exercisest over thy creatures the most tender care, and thy bountiful hand is ever extended in acts of beneficence.

The gods, which depraved nations worship, are vanity. Like their blind votaries, they have eyes, but see not the miseries of the afflicted; they have ears, that are not open to the complaints of the distressed.

But thou art God, and there is none else besides thee. Thou art the only true, and  
proper

proper object of all religious worship. Thine eye pervades universal nature. Thou beholdest the past as present, and the future as past. Thou knowest our thoughts, while they are but embryos in our own bosoms. The evil and the good are continually under the inspection of our God; but such is thy astonishing impartiality, that thy sun shines, and thy rains descend alike upon the just and the unjust. Thy ear is ever attentive to the supplications of the miserable. Thou knowest the language of the sigh wafted to thee in secret. Thou canst construe the groan of inexpressible sorrow, bursting from the bitterness of a broken heart. Thou hearest, with complacency, the vows of the penitent. Thou openest thy paternal arms of mercy to the disconsolate soul, weeping over its offences. Thou relievest the languishing captive, from the bondage of sin and of death. Thou bindest up the broken in heart, giving the oil of gladness for the spirit of sadness. Who would not magnify and adore thy name. Unwise and unhappy are they who delight not to exercise themselves daily in approaching thee with a pure homage, to purify their minds in the presence of the Father of Lights, and to refresh their panting and thirsty souls at the fountain of all Goodness.

Deeply impressed with a lively sense of the amazing benignity of thy nature, whatever others may do, I, and my house, are  
resolved

resolved to serve thee through life, that we ever may enjoy the consolations of our God. May none of the vanities of human life, ever prevent us from persevering steadfastly in this our pious determination; and may the God of all Grace ever be propitious to our humble endeavours.

Thy hands did fashion us for thy glory; thou didst breathe into us our immortal spirits, that we might live to thy praise. Thy bountiful providence has ever, by a liberality beyond our deserts, supplied our necessities. Beyond our prayers, surpassing our desires, thou hast enlarged our blessings, and averted our dangers. Add to all thy gifts, we entreat thee, the spirit of thankfulness, that we may offer up to thee, from pure hearts, the tribute of a sincere gratitude.

But, in the recollection and recital of the manifold favours thou hast bestowed upon us, our hearts bear testimony of the many unworthy returns we have made to the most indulgent of all Benefactors. In what hour of our lives, in thoughts, in words, or by our actions, have we not been guilty of innumerable offences. We have often omitted the duties which with alacrity we ought to have performed; and we have committed those sins with avidity which we ought to have avoided with abhorrence. Enter not into judgment with us, or we perish forever, because of iniquity. Humbled under the

sense of our sins, for the sake of thy ever-blessed Son, absolve us, that we may live through thy mercy.

During the remainder of our lives, may we embrace every opportunity of doing good, and shun, with a zealous sollicitude, every appearance of evil. But should any of us, through frailty or inadvertency, deviate from any of thy pure laws, reclaim speedily our wanderings, that our vices may not become habitual. And, because we are dust, have pity upon us, and pardon the sins of our ignorance or weakness.

Because we are men, we do not expect to be excused from trials or difficulties; teach us, we pray thee, to endure them with fortitude, and implicitly to submit to thy chastisements, whether they be for the punishment of sin, or for the increase of virtue. Whatever afflictions or crosses we may be called in our lives to undergo, we beseech thee to temper our corrections with pity, and exercise thy rod in mercy.

I thank thee, O God, that, while thou hast given me the affections of a parent towards my family, thou hast bestowed the fortitude of a Christian, to pray to thee, that if any of my offspring shall ever be inclined to be disobedient to thy laws, or regardless of the pious instructions of their youth, that thou wouldst rather glorify thyself by their early deaths, than to protract their lives to be the servants of sin.

Incline

Incline us all to admire the character, and to imitate the blessed example sustained by Christ Jesus while he was upon earth. May we cultivate in our lives, those virtues his precepts so warmly recommended, and incline us to adhere to the duties which he invariably pursued in his own practice; that, aiming at his divine excellencies, we may approve ourselves to be in reality his disciples, and, by his merits, be admitted into that incorruptible, and never-fading inheritance, that, by his blood, he purchased for his faithful followers. Amen.

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## PRAYER,

FOR A

YOUNG PERSON.

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**A**LMIGHTY FATHER! In thee all things live, and move, and have their being. Thou art my Creator, and I am resolved to remember thee in the days of my youth, and to serve thee with a pure heart while I live.

Thou hast commanded me to worship thee in spirit and in truth. Lord incline me to be obedient to thee in all holiness and godly conversation; and by thy holy word and spirit make me wise unto salvation.

I know that I was born a sinner, and I feel myself too often inclined to commit iniquity; but enable me, O Lord, sincerely to repent of my sins, to delight myself in my God, and to possess a lively faith in Christ Jesus.

May the example of my Blessed Saviour, influence me to live soberly, righteously, and godly, that I may always be without offence towards thee my God, and towards men.

men. In all my ways may I approve myself his faithful disciple, and practise whatever is praise-worthy, till, at the end of my days, I am admitted into thy glorious kingdom.

I thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast blessed me with indulgent and pious parents, whose anxious concern is to train me up to thy fear; and to instruct me in my real interests, in the life that now is, and in that to come. Let thy laws, and their precepts, be so sealed upon my mind, as that I may always be afraid to offend thee, or dishonour them. Neither may the example of the vicious, nor the pleasures that mislead the sensual to their destruction, be ever able to infect or seduce me from what is good. But, like the great Teacher of Righteousness, and perfect pattern of virtue, Christ Jesus, may I endeavour to be obedient to thee my heavenly Sovereign, and to act respectfully, courteously, and charitably to all men.

While I magnify thy goodness, exercised towards me in times past, I implore thy future assistance in guiding me into all the useful learning I ought still to be studious to acquire. Let not the sins and infirmities of my youth prevent thy merciful aid from being displayed to thy servant, who, with humble supplication, entreats the pardon of all his offences. Lift up the light of thy countenance upon me, and put gladness into my heart. Let thy consolations



solations be my strength, and rejoicing through life, and at the hour of death.

Be gracious to all my friends and relations; do them good according to their necessities. Reward my benefactors, and forgive my enemies; and help me, from my heart, to forgive them also.

Magnify thy power in making me an useful member of society, in whatever station thy Providence may place me. Guide me through life by thy counsel; and make me an instrument of thy Glory, through Jesus Christ. Amen,

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## PRAYER,

FROM THE CXLV. PSALM.

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**I**NEXHAUSTIBLE Source of all Perfection ! Thou great Immortal King of Heaven ! I will exalt thy ever-glorious name ; and my grateful spirit shall praise thee for ever.

2. Every day is signalized by new expressions of thy goodness ; therefore, in the morning, will I magnify thee, and every evening shall witness my willing homage, while I pour out the thankful tribute of a pure heart into thy attentive ear.

3. Thou art inconceivably great ; thy dominion is unbounded and everlasting ; thou alone art worthy of all praise ; thy perfections are infinite, and thy ways unsearchable.

4. The immensity of the heavens cannot contain thee : the earth is but the footstool of thy Omnipotence ; thy sovereignty is universal. The multitude of generations shall praise thy stupendous works, and declare to the astonished world the operations of thy Power, and the unwearied exertions of thy Mercy.

5. Justice

5. Justice and judgment are the habitations of thy throne. Thou art glorious in honour; thy Majesty is awful and venerable. Thou art a rock of refuge to thy people; but thy wonderous works exceed their most elevated praises.

6. Men shall declare the singular distributions of thy providence; thy Saints delight to contemplate the continual effusions of thy bounty; and thy enemies, though unmindful of thy favour, tremble at the terrible acts of thy vengeance.

7. All nations shall preserve the memorials of thy great Goodness; they shall abundantly utter what thou hast done in the earth for their felicity and thine own glory. Thy loving-kindnesses shall be had in everlasting remembrance; but, while they commemorate thy Munificence, they shall revere thy inflexible and impartial Justice, and learn to imitate thy Righteousness.

8. Thou, O Lord, art infinitely gracious to all thy pious worshippers; thou art full of compassion to the necessitous; against those who have offended, thou art slow to anger, and ready to forgive; and to those who seek thee, thou art plenteous in mercy.

9. All thy creatures enjoy the fruits of thy indulgent care and unbounded liberality; and thy paternal tenderness is evident in all thy works.

to Great

10. Great Architect of the World! by whom the harmony of the universe is maintained, the voice of nature is heard, proclaiming to thy attentive worshippers the beauties of thy kingdom, and the excellencies of thy Majesty; while all thy saints, in joyful acclamations, magnify thy glorious Name.

11. They shall declare thy Greatness; they shall extol the magnificence of thy Sovereignty; for thou hast prepared thy throne in the heavens, and the innumerable hosts of thy children admire the stupendous efficacy of thy power.

12. While thy paternal looks diffuse gladness through the creation, let mankind ever enjoy the demonstrations of thy complacency, incline us to yield ourselves thy willing subjects, under thy divine government; and may we ever rejoice, under the protection of so compassionate and Mighty a Potentate.

13. The thrones, O God, of mortal princes, like themselves, crumble to the earth; the splendour of their crowns suddenly falls into decay; but the glory of thy Kingdom, is like thyself, Immortal; thy counsels are uniform and unchangeable; thy dominion endureth for ever.

14. Great Sovereign of all! Thou knowest the wants of thy children; thou raisest up the wretched that are fallen to the earth; thou givest strength to the weak, and shewest mercy to the miserable; thou

comfortest all that mourn ; and bestowest songs of consolation on souls that are bowed down with sorrow.

15. & 16. The imploring eyes of all thy creatures, wait upon thee ; the food they solicit, they receive from thy liberal hand ; while thou answerest them, thine own divine will is accomplished, and thy everlasting mercy is every where beheld.

17. Righteous art thou, O God, in all the dispensations of thy providence ; all thy ways are perfect ; the acts of thy government are just and equitable ; thou art holy in all thy works.

18. Thou art acquainted with the sufferings of thy servants ; thou hearest their prayers, when they call upon thee in sincerity ; no cloud of adversity can conceal them from thy view ; thou art ever nigh to them, ever within reach to hear their supplications, and to help them in the hour of their calamity.

19. Thou fulfillest the desire of those who fear thee ; from the meek, thy mercy is never removed ; thou hearest the supplications of thy people, and savest them from afflictions, that would overwhelm or annoy them.

20. All those that love thee, thy Mercy will preserve, and thy Goodness will reward ; but the wicked shall be destroyed by thy Power, and their memorial shall perish for ever.

21. Incline

21. Incline our hearts ever to meditate on thee, O God, and let our mouths ever praise thy Goodness. Let thy mercy pardon what was amiss in our bypast lives, and thy Wisdom direct our future conduct, that, at the hour of our deaths, we may be received into thy heavenly Kingdom; and may all the inhabitants of the world, throughout all generations, magnify thy holy Name, for ever and ever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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A  
P R A Y E R,  
O F A  
C O M M U N I C A N T,

BEFORE HE GOES TO THE SACRAMENT.

.....

**G**REAT Parent of the universe! and inexhaustible Source of all Perfection! with what sentiments of love and gratitude, shall I approach the footstool of thy glory! Thou art the High and Holy ONE, who art worshipped in celestial Mansions, by the sublime and elevated strains of the Angelic hosts; whose chief and only felicity, consists in magnifying the wonders of thy infinite and astonishing Grace. Supreme fountain of inexpressible Goodness! how shall I find language to express the gratitude I owe to the ever-blessed Father of all Mercies, who condescends to lend the ear of attention, to the humble voice of homage, that flows from a heart impressed with thankful acknowledgement of pious duty, and conscious obligation.

While as yet my offences, as a dark cloud, frown upon my former conduct, and while the tears of repentance, yet demonstrate a heart sensible of its possession of secret faults, I, who am dust and ashes, am invited, even in

in the midst of my sorrows, to join myself with the assembly of thy saints, and to partake of the portion of thy children. If I am unworthy to draw near to the sacred presence of the Almighty, agreeable to the institution of Christ; if, in the examination of myself, any false idea of self-approbation has induced me to be rash and presumptuous, pardon me, O thou ever merciful Judge, upon account of my anxiety for eternal salvation, through the merits of thy ever blessed Son.

Most merciful God, with shame, I remember my former life and condition, and I mourn over it; but with joy I reflect upon thy pity and compassion, that did not forsake me; and I bless thy merciful dispensations, that I was not cut off in the midst of my iniquities. Pardon, O most gracious God, what is past; renew a right spirit within me; quicken my zeal in thy pure service; reconcile me to thyself; and unite me to Christ Jesus, by Faith, and a principle of holiness of life, and by a conversation suitable to the gospel. Then shall I receive with joy the tokens of peace at thy sacred table, delighting myself in the promises of God, and drawing near to thee as my Comforter, my Friend, and ever-blessed Father.

Thou wilt not reject, as unworthy of thy favour, a worm of the dust, who implores thy grace, and seeks in the death of thy Son, pardon of sin, salvation, and eternal



nal life. At this, and at all other times, let my heart and affections ever be devoted to thee as my Supreme Good. Under the influence of an humble and sincere repentance, be pleased to stretch forth to me thy sceptre of mercy, that my soul may live. Give not, I pray thee, to thy humble worshipper, the bread of affliction, instead of the bread of life, which came down from heaven. Thou wilt not dash in pieces, with the rod of thy wrath, the wretch who is importunate for mercy, at the altar of God. Whom have I in the heavens, but thee; who, or what is there upon the earth that I desire besides thee. As the hart panteth after the refreshing stream, so thirsts my soul for the consolations of God.

In thy strength, I will take the cup of salvation, and pay my vows to the most HIGH. Thou wilt increase my faith, to the end, that I may receive Christ Jesus as the sacrifice of God, who expiates the sins of the world. When I receive into my hands these sacred symbols of his broken body and shed blood, I will indulge my soul with the transporting memorials and pledges of thy paternal love. I will humble myself with the consideration of my own demerits, and elevate my spirit with those lively hopes, that the Almighty Father of all, will deny no favour of mercy to the inconceivable merits, and the earnest intercession of his ever-blessed Son.

Assist

Assist me, O God, by thy ever-blessed Spirit, to humble and to prepare myself for this feast of love. Make me day by day more holy, and less blameable in thy sight. May the blessed Saviour of men dwell in my heart, by a lively faith, and abide in my spirit, while I remain in the flesh; that I may love thee, my God, in sincerity; serve thee with a holy reverence; and confide in thee for protection, till thou art pleased to call me from the lower to thy upper temple in Heaven.

To thee, O my Father, I look up for assistance, in the performance of this, and every other duty. Bless and direct thy humble worshipper, by thy holy Spirit of Wisdom. To thy service, which is perfect freedom, I dedicate myself a living sacrifice, to thy honour and glory, in the hopes of eternal joy and felicity. I would adore thee for ever as my God; I would receive Christ Jesus, as my Redeemer; the Holy Ghost, as my guide and comforter. Thy Word I joyfully accept as the rule of my life, according to thy promises; accept of thy servant at the hour of Death, through Jesus Christ, our once crucified, but now exalted Saviour. Amen.

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A  
PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING,  
OF A  
COMMUNICANT,  
WHEN HE COMES FROM RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT.

.....

**O** LORD, my God, to thee I lift up my soul; for thou hast comforted and refreshed my spirit. Thou hast dispensed to me the gifts of thy Grace; thou hast rejoiced my heart with the testimonies of thy love. How delightful are the consolations of thy House! How excellent the effects of thy bounty at thy sacred Table! Conscious of my demerits, with shame I presented myself to the King of Heaven. But thou art rich in mercy, and I was admitted among thy friends. Thou didst not frown upon me as an unworthy guest, nor put me to confusion as an enemy; but, as a father pitieth his children, so didst thou dissipate my fears, and gavest me the good portion of thy Family. I am sensible, that, not from any virtue in me, but because thy compassions fail not, I have been welcome to thy divine presence. Such is the benignity of thy nature, that thou delightest to shew mercy to the most unworthy. Thou givest

givest consolation to the mourning soul, and pardon to the penitent spirit. With fear and trembling, I did implore thy divine favour; and thou hast dealt bountifully with me; thou hast given me to hope for pardon and peace; thou hast shewn me the riches of thy grace, and given me the pledges of thy glory.

Having received the Lord Jesus, may I walk in him, having a conversation suitable to the Gospel. May I henceforth account all things vanity, when compared with the excellency of thy esteem. May I bear about with me continually the dying of the Lord Jesus, so that the life of Christ may be manifested in my mortal body, that my immortal spirit may ever rejoice in him. Let this day's dedication be indelibly impressed upon my mind. Strengthen my Faith, and give me a steady zeal for thy service, that I may securely trust in thy promises, and in the end, rejoice in the salvation of God.

As, by the death of the ever-blessed Jesus, I am taught to mortify every vain thought, and sensual appetite; may I, by a renewed life, be conformed to him in his resurrection. As he is now ascended to the mansions of glory, may my heart, with all its affections, be elevated to him in heaven, where he is gone to prepare immortal thrones for his faithful followers. While I remain in this thy lower temple, may I be pious, without the smallest taint of enthusiasm;

thusiasm; serious without hypocrisy; charitable without ostentation. Under thy chastisements, may I be patient, humble, and resigned. In the midst of temptations, give me fortitude and strength to resist them, as a Christian. In my transactions among men, may I steadily maintain strict Justice, and an uncorrupted Rectitude.

Let the merits of that ever-blessed Saviour, whose death I have just commemorated, atone for all my frailties and failings, not only in my preparations for this Sacrament, but in the performance of the duties enjoined by him. Into the arms of Omnipotence, I resign myself; forbid, O God, that I should perish. In Christ Jesus I trust for eternal salvation; because he ever liveth to make intercession for his people; and, through the happy influences of the Holy Spirit, I hope to be taught the paths of righteousness, and at last to attain to everlasting life. Amen.

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A

PRAYER,

FOR A SERVANT.

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**A**LMIGHTY and everlasting God! Great Lord and Wise Governor of the World! who hast prepared thy throne in the heavens, and whose kingdom ruleth over all; I, the meanest of all thy servants, present myself before thy awful Majesty, humbly to thank thee for thy great goodness. Thou, O God, despisest not the weakest of thy children; created by thy Power, thou preservest me by thy Bounty; thou hast ever conducted me by thy Wisdom; in all my troubles, thou hast been my deliverer, the God of my Salvation, and the high tower of my hope and security. Though a servant to others, I repine not at the dispensations of thy Providence. I would rather thank thy goodness, that, being redeemed by the precious blood of Christ Jesus, I am freed from the dreadful bondage of sin and death, and rejoice to find, that thy service is perfect freedom. Born of Christian parents, received into thy Church by Baptism, and guided by the light of the Gospel, I exult in the hopes of eternal life. Forbid,  
O

O God, that the meanness of my condition should ever ensnare me into envy or discontent, into deceit or covetousness. But be pleased to grant to thy humble worshipper, truth and faithfulness, modesty, chastity, humility, and a contented spirit of meekness. May I ever be inclined to adorn the Doctrine of God our Saviour, by my diligence, obedience, and fidelity, serving my earthly master in sincerity and singleness of heart, as becomes every servant of Christ. Prosper me, and assist thy humble worshipper, in every lawful and honest endeavour, to glorify thee, and to further, conscientiously, my Master's outward estate and welfare.

Dispose, I pray thee, all others in my humble circumstances, to the like piety and prudence. Do good to all my relations and friends, and be their gracious Rewarder, for all their care and concern for my happiness. Command thy blessing to descend upon my spiritual Pastor; may his instructions, as well as reproofs, have their due influence upon my mind, so that they may accomplish in me, by thy Grace, the fruits of Righteousness.

Accept, I beseech thee, of my thankfulness for the mercies of the night past. During the whole of this day, help me to employ my time to the honour of thy name, and the comfort and salvation of my immortal spirit, through Jesus Christ, my Intercessor, and ever-blessed Saviour. Amen.

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THE  
LORD'S PRAYER

PARAPHRASED.

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**T**HIS Prayer, which our Lord taught his disciples, and commanded us to use, is, by every good Christian, esteemed a most complete, perfect, and comprehensive form of devotion. It consists of a preface, six petitions, and a conclusion; and being a neat concise model upon which our minds may expand themselves, when we address God; so, in observing its order and method, we may be supposed to pray to this, or the like effect :---

OUR Father which art in Heaven.

Ever-blessed, and infinitely glorious Lord God, thou art the Creator, and merciful Preserver of the universe; thou art the great Parent of Angels and of Men; thy Name is from everlasting, and to everlasting thou art God. Thy gracious eye continually beholds all thy children; thy care is ever exercised in relieving our wants, and thy compassion is inexhaustible. Thou art the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole Family of Heaven and Earth

is



is named. Through him, we are thy adopted children, and have the inheritance of sons. More than our earthly Parents, thou lovest us; thou permittest us to address thee, the great Source of all good, with the full assurance of gracious acceptance, when we call upon thy name in sincerity. To thee, therefore, we come, with all due reverence, love, trust, and dutiful affection, and with bowels of charity, good-will, and compassion, towards all men, we bend ourselves before thee, as our universal Father, whose tender and affectionate regard is over thy whole offspring. When we approach thee, who art the High and Holy One, who inhabitest eternity, give us, we pray thee, the spirit of grace, and of supplication, that we may worship thee acceptably. O Lord our God, the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; yet thou condescendest to look down in mercy upon thy prodigal and sinful children; thou crownest them with loving-kindness; and from the habitation of thy glory, thou makest blessings to descend upon all the inhabitants of the earth. By the saving strength of thy right hand, thou deliverest thy people, thou sendest help from thy sanctuary, and salvation to thy servants cometh from thy Holy place.

Hallowed be thy Name.

May thy Name, O God, which is great, excellent, and holy, be had in reverence  
by

by all those who draw nigh unto thee ; and let thy praise be everlasting in the assemblies of thy saints. Let the glory which is due to the incomprehensible perfections of thy Nature, ever be ascribed unto thee, by thy pure and devout worshippers. Let the marvellous works of thy Creation, Providence, and Grace, always be the animating themes of our pious adorations. Let all thy creatures, in Heaven and Earth, confess thy Majesty, declare thy doings, and utter thy praise. O thou King of saints, and Sovereign of all nations, give the knowledge of thy great Name to the heathen world, that they may rejoice with thy holy people. Then shall all nations ascribe blessing and glory, wisdom and thanksgiving, power and might, and honour to thee, our God, for ever and ever ; and that holy and ever-blessed Name by which we are called, shall be glorified, to the ends of all the earth, and the fruits of righteousness and peace, of a blameless and holy conversation, shall every where abound.

Thy Kingdom come.

Thou, O God, art the Blessed, and the only Potentate, the everlasting King, whose dominion is absolute and universal. Thou humblest the proud, who exalt themselves against thee ; the lofty are laid low at thy rebuke ; and the strength of the mighty becomes weakness in thy presence. May  
all

all the nations of the earth submit to the righteous sceptre of thy Kingdom. In thee, the King of Kings, may all the inhabitants of the world rejoice; erect thy throne, O God, over the dominions of darkness, and let every thought be brought under obedience to thee, that the law of thy Kingdom may be magnified.

Having begun, we pray thee to prosper and establish the Kingdom of the Messiah. Let his reign be glorious over all. Give him the heathen for his inheritance; the uttermost parts of the world for his possession, that he may judge the people with equity, and govern righteously the whole nations of the earth. Let every King bow the knee before him, and let all ranks of men do him homage. Let every heart believe in him, and every tongue joyfully confess him to be the Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Clothe thyself, O God, with power; destroy the influence of sin, the dominion of Satan, and the empire of death; that the nations of the earth, becoming the subjects of thy Sovereignty, and the disciples of Christ Jesus, may enjoy Piety and Righteousness, Truth, Mercy, and abundance of Peace, through all succeeding generations. At last, we beseech thee, to translate us into thy ever-blessed kingdom of Glory, where, together with Angels, and Archangels, and with all the happy hosts of Heaven, we may for ever celebrate the  
glory

glory of thy Majesty, who art the everlasting King, whose reign is universal.

Thy will be done in Earth, as it is in Heaven.

We acknowledge thee, O God, as our sovereign Lord, and supreme Ruler. We unfeignedly desire to be governed by thy holy and equitable laws. We commit ourselves, and all our concerns, into thy hands with a cheerful resignation. We submit, without reluctance, to the various dispensations of thy providence, and willingly comply with all the manifestations of thy will respecting us. Teach us, O God, to conquer every rebel desire, that would mislead us from our allegiance to thee. Let thy incomprehensible Wisdom, and unwearied Goodness, conduct our lives, that we may not only be disposed to bear joyfully the easy yoke of obedience to thee, but that we also may patiently endure any affliction thou mayest be pleased to lay upon us, and ever confess that thy divine will is wisest and best. Dispose us to receive thy commands with dutiful affection, and to perform them as well as we are able, with perfect hearts, and willing minds. As far as is consistent with our present state of infirmity, and in proportion to the dispensations of thy Grace, kindle the fire of devotion in our hearts, that our obedient services may be as unconstrained and free, as vigorous and cheerful, as universal, sincere, and persevering, as the blessed Angels are  
in

in their adorations, who encircle thy glorious Throne. Invigorate all the active powers of our souls, that, like them, we may be stedfast, immoveable, always unwearied and abounding, in the work of the Lord; that we may hearken to thy voice, and execute thy pleasure, esteeming it our highest glory, and greatest happiness to serve our God here, and to obey his Will, that, in the end, we may enjoy the felicities of Heaven, and emulate the Angelic tribes in God's blissful presence, to eternal ages.

Give us this day our daily Bread.

Be thou pleased, O Lord, our Heavenly Father, to hear us while we recommend our souls and bodies to thy care and providence. Thou clotheest the grass of the field, thou providest for the birds of the air, and the beasts of the earth are fed by thy bounty: Thou wilt therefore be mindful of thy children; supply, we pray thee, all our real wants, and bestow upon us that food, which is convenient to sustain our mortal bodies. We solicit not the superfluities of life, nor do we desire to eat the bread of oppression, of idleness, or of deceit; but that thou wouldst preserve the life which thou hast given us, free from unnecessary cares, vain fears, and unprofitable dejections, concerning our bodily sustenance. Suitable to the stations assigned us by thy providence, grant us food and raiment, health and  
peace

peace in our habitations, with the refreshments which are consistent with temperance and moderation. Wishing always to continue dependants in thy Family, we ask not our portions at once, but let thy loving kindness visit us every morning, and dispense the gifts of thy bounty in proportion to our daily wants. And, when thou art pleased to open thy hand liberally, giving more than is needful for us, forbid, O God, that we should abuse thy gifts; but let us use them moderately, and relieve the wants of others, under the influence of charity and thankfulness. If our portion is small, incline us to contentment; because less than the least of all thy mercies, thou bestowest more than we deserve. We likewise beseech thee, O God, to satisfy the poor with bread, clothe the naked, and raise up those who are bowed down, that thy blessing and influence may add strength to all thy creatures, and that all ranks of men may glorify thy ever-blessed Name.

And forgive us our Trespases, as we forgive them who  
Trespas against us.

While we are thus solicitous for our mortal bodies, more especially, we implore thy tenderest compassion in behalf of our precious and immortal spirits. Though thou ever hast been our most indulgent Father, and most bountiful Benefactor; yet, with confusion of countenance, and contrition of heart, we confess we have sinned  
against

against thee. Because thou delightest in Mercy, mark not our iniquities, we entreat thee. We flee to our God for pardon and peace; rise not in the strength of thy wrath to consume us. Like as a father pities and spares the son whom he loves, so do thou, O Father of all Mercies, have compassion upon thy sorrowful and penitent Children. Though we have wandered from the path of duty, yet cast us not off for ever; let the sympathies of Parental tenderness be exercised, and embrace, with the arms of affection, thy returning offspring.

While with thee, our God, we are importunate for pardon and peace, we cheerfully acknowledge the justice and equity of thy laws, that command us to be kindly affected towards all our brethren, and ready to forgive those who have offended us. Put away from us, we pray thee, all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, with all malice; that we may be kind, and tender-hearted, forgiving one another, that thou, O God, for Christ's sake, may also forgive us. The offences of men against each other, are few, slight, and inconsiderable; incline us, therefore, to endure them patiently, and from the heart to forgive them freely; that our innumerable, and heinously aggravated offences against thy divine Majesty, may also be blotted out and pardoned by thee; and may this spirit of forgiveness, which thou hast wrought in our hearts, be a pledge to assure us of thy promise, that we,  
who

who are merciful to men on earth, shall find the like mercy from God in Heaven.

And lead us not into Temptation ; but deliver us from Evil.

But while we entreat thy pardon for the offences we have already committed, prevent us, we pray thee, from relapsing into sin any more, that we may not again incur thy just displeasure. We lament our depravity and frailty ; we are sensible of the blindness of our understandings, of the wickedness of our imaginations, the perversity of our wills, and the earthiness of our affections ; we therefore desire to continue under the direction of thy Wisdom, who, alone, art able to guide our piety, and to preserve us from iniquity. If, at any time, thy good Providence, for the trial of our steadfastness, should permit us to be tempted, proportion our strength, we beseech thee, to our trials, and make way for our escape, by affording us assistance equal to them. May neither the allurements nor terrors of the world, mislead us from our integrity. Let not its profits, pleasures, nor honours, ensnare us ; nor may any of its crosses, calamities, nor persecutions, affright us from those duties we are called to perform. Keep us, that we sin not, through the suggestions of wicked men, or the urgency of necessity. Never leave, never forsake us, but let thy gracious presence ever be with us, to defend us  
from



from all carnal and corrupt affections; from this present evil world; and from the seductions of Satan; who maliciously, subtilly, and restlessly, goes about to deceive, and destroy us. Incline us to sobriety and vigilance, that we may always resist him, being steadfast in the Faith. And we pray, that thou, the God of Peace, wouldst bruise that wicked one under our feet. Subdue all our iniquities, and keep us from departing from thee, that we may be delivered from thy Wrath, and from everlasting Death; and do thou, O God, perfect the work of thy Grace in us, and strengthen us always to do that which is well-pleasing in thy sight, that, in the end, we may receive everlasting Life.

For thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory,  
for ever. Amen.

To whom, O God, shall thy children of the dust make supplication, but to thee, who art the Father of all Mercies. Thou art the Great King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, thy Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom; thy Dominion is universal; the sceptre of thy Power overawes the nations of the earth, and rules the inhabitants of the world in righteousness. Thy right over all things is absolute; thou disposest of them all to thy glory, and thy creature's good. Thou alone art our help and hope; and in all times and places we will glorify thee, with the sacrifices of praise, and of thanksgiving.

thanksgiving. The heavens and the earth are thine; thou alone art the Creator and Preserver of them; and thou art exalted as Head above all: Let, therefore, all Honour, Love, Obedience, Adoration and Glory, be ascribed unto thee, throughout all ages. To thee, let every knee bow in sacred homage; and let every tongue confess thy mighty works, and praise the Glory of thy Excellencies, for ever and ever. Amen.

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A

PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING  
TO GOD,

FOR THE  
CREATION, PRESERVATION, AND REDEMPTION  
OF THE WORLD.

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**E**VER-BLESSED Creator! and universal Preserver of all existences! we humbly presume to appear in thy presence, and to offer up to thee a pure homage. Thou alone art Great; upon thee, all things depend; and thou art worthy of the most exalted praise.

The foundations of the earth were established by thy Power; the strong bars thereof cannot be moved. The heavens are the work of thy hands, with an inimitable perfection of beauty thou hast adorned them. They all shall wax old and perish; but, through the multitude of ages, thou changeest not; from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.

Thou makest thy sun to cheer this lower world; his general heat fructifies and rejoices all nature. The moon, in her solemn course; the stars, in their midnight splendour, display thy magnificence. But the heavens cannot contain the immensity of  
the

the most High: Thou art above us and beneath us; on our right hand and on our left; yet, to our limited faculties, thou art invisible. We view, with astonishment, the innumerable circling hosts of heaven. We behold, with amazement, the azure foundations of thy celestial palaces; these are but the thresholds of thy resplendent glory. A small part of thy works we can behold; yet, what is seen, we contemplate with wonder, and meditate, with delight, on the unclouded radiancy of thy perfections.

The Empyreal Heaven is thy August Sanctuary; thou hast peopled the vast regions thereof with happy Spirits, who, with unwearied adorations, for ever magnify thy holy and reverend Name. They are a numberless host; but thy infinite excellencies, compose for them an exalted theme, that unites their harmonious worship.

But the heart of the upright worshipper is thy temple on earth; from thence a pure incense ascends to the most High: For thou delightest to dwell with men; to hear our supplications; to supply our wants; and liberally to reward all those who diligently seek thee. We therefore rejoice to call upon thy Name, who art our supreme Parent, and to pour out our complaints in thy presence, who art the Comforter of those who are in distress, and whose compassion ever regards the miserable.

Thou, O God, art the benevolent friend of mankind. Thou rearest up even the infant orphan to thy service; thou art his assylum in the day of calamity; he reposes in thy paternal tenderness, and is safe. With minds unfulled with earth-born perplexities, thy young and inexperienced servants offer up to thee, the first fruits of their candid gratitude; and thou art pleased to hear and to answer their requests. To thee, the Father of all, the piety of parents is directed; thou grantest their petitions, and thy blessings descend upon them and their offspring. The aged look up to thee, THE ANCIENT OF DAYS, with anxious solicitation; they send forth their petitions, while trembling upon the confines of eternity; and thou makest their path to death, bright with prospects of immortality. Because of these expressions of thy goodness, we will, in every stage of our lives, and in all circumstances, pray unto thee, and bless thy Name for ever.

We bless thee, as the great Father of mankind; thy mercies are new to us every morning; thy faithfulness every night, we contemplate with gratitude. We, thy humble worshippers, acknowledge thy Almighty Power in creating and preserving us; thy wisdom, in conducting us through the varieties of human life; and thy bounty in sustaining us; but, above all, we praise and magnify thy Mercy and Grace for the redemption of the world, by our  
Lord

Lord Jesus Christ. We meditate, with wonder, on that inestimable Love, and generous Condescension of His, who came into the world, not to condemn it, though guilty, but that the world, through Him, might be saved. With amazement, we contemplate Him, who is the light of the world, shaded under the dark tabernacle of our flesh, and the Life-giving Principle of all things, expiring for our sakes, by a tragical death, that, upon his faithful followers, he might bestow immortality. Incline us, O God, while we admire his example, to strive to imitate it; while we enjoy his precepts, may we lay them up in our hearts, and practise them in our lives.

We thank thee, Great Benefactor of Mankind, that he hath spoiled principalities and powers, and made a shew of them openly, triumphing over them in his Cross, and in his glorious Ascension. We praise thee, that he hath purchased and revealed to us a covenant of repentance, and the remission of sins, for all those who put their trust in him by Faith. We now rejoice that Justice is composed into Mercy; the penitent is cited before no other tribunal than that of Forgiveness; and to the sinner, declarations of Absolution and Grace are held forth. We triumph in the Captain of our Salvation, who hath destroyed the prejudices that blinded mankind, by the demonstrations of Truth; that darkness hath yielded to the light of the glorious Gospel;

Gospel ; that passion, by his power, hath submitted to reason, and to the dictates of divine religion ; that he hath calmed the clamours of conscience ; that he hath swallowed up death in victory, and returned loaden with its spoils ; that he hath opened the gates of heaven to the human race, and closed up the mouth of the infernal abyss, that those, who believe in him, may be saved by his Power. Since, therefore, Christ Jesus hath magnified thy love, O thou Almighty Father ; since he hath glorified thee on earth, by infinite generosity in saving sinners, by yielding his life for their ransom ; may the grace of God dwell within us ; may thy spirit ever console us, and may we ever be filled with the fruits of righteousness ; and may we be conducted safely through the troublesome waves of this world ; and finally, enjoy everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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A

MORNING PRAYER,

FOR A CHILD.

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**E**VER-BLESSED and glorious Lord God! permit me to bend my knees before thee, as thy humble worshipper, and be graciously pleased to hear my supplications. I thank thee, that thou hast preserved me during the night, and that, in health, I see again another new day. In it, may I be kept from all danger; and let thy favour be upon me, that I may have knowledge and wisdom from thee to perform the duties required of me, in the days of my youth. Abhorring that which is evil, ever incline me to that which is good. Teach me, O God, to avoid lying, stubbornness, and evil company. Make me dutiful to my parents,---obedient to my teachers,---respectful to my superiors; and may I ever be gentle and kind to all. Continue to me the blessing of health, and increase in me a desire after good instruction. As I grow in years, grant that I may make daily progress in knowledge and goodness, that I may acquire thy favour, which is better than riches, and the esteem of all virtuous men,



men, among whom I may be called to live, by thy providence. Watch over me, Holy Father, this day for good, and keep me from all evil. May my soul and body ever be active in thy service, that, when I have finished my time here, thou mayest bring me to everlasting life hereafter, through Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

AN

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AN

EVENING PRAYER,

FOR A CHILD.

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**G**REAT Father of all Mercy! thy fervant bows before thee, gratefully impressed with the instances of thy goodness, in guiding and protecting me during the day. Thou hast supplied my wants; thou hast guarded me from danger; thou art permitting me again to prepare for the refreshment of repose. I most heartily thank thee, that I am happily born of pious and indulgent Parents, whose tender solicitude is ever for my welfare and happiness, not only for this, but the life to come. May I daily profit by their instructions and example. I bless thee for those teachers who are set over me; may I, and my companions, ever be submissive to their prudent laws, and benefit by their precepts, that we may become wise, like those who have gone before us. More especially, may we learn, with diligence, those things which concern our eternal peace. Yielding myself up to thy providential care, prevent me, I beseech thee, from all evil. While I lay aside that raiment with which I am clothed,  
may

may I be mindful, at all times, that soon I must yield up this body to the bed of death, and appear before thee, the immortal Father of Spirits. May this ever be seriously impressed upon my mind, that I may, with diligence, prepare for my latter end; and so at last be received with joy into thy ever-blessed kingdom of glory, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

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A  
PRAYER,

FOR A  
SICK PERSON.

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**A**LMIGHTY GOD, and most merciful Father, thou art the Great Physician, both for the souls and the bodies of mankind. Life and death are in thy hand. Thou art the Great Comforter of the Afflicted; thou art the refuge and strength of the Weak, in the day of trouble; thou visitest, with thy consolations, those who are sorrowful; the hiding-places of obscurity conceal them not from thy all-pervading eye.

To thee, I present my petitions; thou art the Hearer of Prayer; let my supplications ascend with acceptance, in this the day of my visitation. Let thine eye view with compassion, thy creature, upon my bed of languishment. While my body is thus fettered down with sickness, and severely handled by the messengers of death, in the midst of thy chastisements, shew mercy, and support my spirit with thy consolations. Through thy loving-kindnesses in Christ Jesus, spare me yet, I beseech thee, as a living monument of thy goodness. Command my distempers to be removed,

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moved, that I may not die, before I live to thy service. Be pleased to shew the mightiness of thy Power, and the glories of thy Grace, in recovering me again to health; in passing by the thousands of my infirmities and follies; in purifying my heart and all my faculties; that my spirit may be cleansed from all sin, and I, in all things, become thy pious worshipper. If thou, O God, art yet pleased to preserve my life, bestow upon me the sorrow of an humble and sincere penitent for my bypast offences, and the purposes of a converted sinner, to be more cautious of my future conduct; give me the love and gratitude of a pardoned offender; the pious zeal of a redeemed prisoner, who has escaped from the bondage of sin; and the lively hope of thy Saints, who feel thy present goodness, and are not satisfied but with the prospects of Eternal Life. Ever-gracious and holy Father in Heaven, let thy Glory rather be reflected from the fountain of thy Mercy, than refracted from the troubled streams of thy displeasure, towards thy servant.

Whether in gentleness and tender mercy, thou art willing to deal with me as to the concerns of this body, or whether this sickness of mine shall be unto death, thy will be done; but O Lord God Almighty, let my immortal spirit ever be precious in thy sight. Eternal and Merciful King of Heaven, I humbly implore thee, and passionately entreat thee, through Christ Jesus,  
that

that I may not perish for ever. Cleanse my soul, O God, with the blood of thy Son, and the graces of thy Spirit. Accept, I pray thee, of my desires to serve thee, as if I had lived ages to magnify thy holy Name. For me to live, may it be to Christ; or, if I die, may it be to my everlasting gain.

With my pain, be pleased to increase my patience; so that I may neither murmur at thy chastisements, nor faint under the rebukes of thee, the most High. Complete, I pray thee, all that is wanting in my spiritual concerns; promote and perfect whatever belongs to my eternal salvation, thro' the exceeding riches of thy Grace, and the inconceivable multitude of thy mercies, in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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A  
P R A Y E R,

FOR A

PERSON TROUBLED IN HIS MIND FOR HIS SINS.

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**E**TERNAL JUDGE of Angels and of Men, with what arguments shall I plead my cause in thy presence, and how shall I bow myself before the most High, whose laws I have offended, and whose displeasure I have incurred. I beseech thee, O Father, in pity and compassion, to look upon thy servant. My iniquities are gone over my head, they oppress my heart with sorrow; as a sore burden, they are too heavy for me: I bend with them to earth, and must perish, unless the abundance of thy mercies enlarge my goings, and command me to live. Comfort my weak, my dejected spirit, and dispel those scruples and terrors of conscience, with which I am overwhelmed. In the giddy pursuits of folly, I have desolated my soul of the consolations of God. With earthly affections, and disordered passions, my callous heart esteemed those sins but small, which now appear too great to be forgiven. Shouldst thou enter into judgment with me, no plea of mine can bar thy dreaded sentence of condemnation, nor abate the fury of thy just indignation. Yet be merciful to the miserable, O my God; save a trembling offender, who still dares to hope,  
while

while he lies prostrate at the feet of his offended Lord. Guilty, I condemn myself; let a Father's complacent tenderness, look upon my tears, and graciously pardon my offences. Commanded to come to the throne of thy Grace with boldness, that I may find mercy in the time of need, and having nothing of my own as a ground of confidence, give thy servant leave to fix my hopes on thee, through Jesus Christ. Because of his merits, cleanse me from all my iniquities, that henceforth I may have no will but what is consistent with thine, and that I may serve thee with a quiet spirit all the days of my life. Direct me by thy Holy Spirit into the way of Righteousness; give me that Faith which worketh by love; that Repentance which is excellent, and not to be repented of; bestow upon me an humble fear of thee, and a religious hope of eternal Life. Work in me to will and to do of thy good pleasure, that I may ever exercise a true piety to thee, and a charitable benevolent principle towards all men. Then will I praise thy Name, and adore thy Excellencies. Then shall the bones which thou hadst broken rejoice, and my spirit, which remorse had wounded, be healed. Thus, O God of Mercy, lift upon me the light of thy countenance, and give me peace, that, where Sin hath abounded, there thy Grace may much more abound, that I may be saved by the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ, my Redeemer. Amen.

Sr.



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ST. PAUL'S PRAYERS,

FOR A

*HOLY LIFE,*

PARAPHRASED.

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PRAYER I.

EPHESIANS iii. 14. to the end.

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**W**ITH reverence, I bend my knees to thee, the Eternal Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, of whom the innumerable Family of Heaven and Earth derive existence, protection and Grace; upon whom they have their dependance; from whom the sons of the morning received their crowns of glory, and from whom the children of the dust have also the title of sons, and are heirs of immortality: Grant, to thy servant, according to the riches of thy Grace, that he may be strengthened with might, by thy Holy Spirit, in all his intellectual powers. Let Christ Jesus dwell in my heart by Faith, that his abundant Grace and Mercy, may influence me to serve God cheerfully; to persevere in piety stedfastly; and to submit to hardships patiently. Let the love of God be rooted and grounded in my heart;

heart; and may its efficacy produce benevolence and charity to all mankind; that I may in some degree be able to comprehend with the Saints of God, the Love of Christ Jesus, which embraces all past and future generations; which extends from everlasting to everlasting ages; which humbled him, to the depths of abasement, in compassion to the miserable; and which, in its stupendous height, raises the children of the dust, to an immortal felicity above the stars. O God, grant that thy servant, may not only contemplate, but experience the fruits of this Love, which surpasses all knowledge; that I may be replete with all those graces which make the man of God perfect, and thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

Now unto him, who is able to do infinitely above all that our souls can solicit, and far beyond what our imaginations can suggest, according to that excellent power that worketh in his Saints: To him, let all praise and glory be ascribed in the Church, by Christ Jesus; and let Jews and Gentiles, magnify the excellency of his perfections, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

PRAY-

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## PRAYER II.

PHILIPPIANS i. v. 9. to 12.

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**E**TERNAL GOD, and most merciful Father, who hast revealed thyself to mankind in Christ Jesus, who, in pity and compassion forgiveſt iniquity, tranſgreſſion, and ſin, be pleaſed graciously to hear the humble ſupplications of thy ſervant. I implore thy ſpecial favour to reſt upon all thoſe who have received the Goſpel of Jeſus, that their love to thee, and their charity to their brethren, may abound and daily increaſe, being grounded in real knowledge, and in all judgment. Forbid, O God, that thy people ever ſhould, from a pretended zeal to thy ſervice, be tranſported by ſtrong paſſions, either to rage or violence: But incline them to manifeſt their piety by a ſpirit of meekneſs, and in following peace with all men. May they always approve and praſtiſe thoſe things that are excellent and praiſe-worthy; clothe them with ſincerity, that ornament of Chriſtian perfection; and may their conſciences be void of offence towards God and Men, till the day of Chriſt Jeſus. May their minds be filled with the fruits of righteouſneſs;

ousness; may they be renewed in their hearts, and delight in holiness, that they may rejoice in the consolations of God. Strengthen them with might, by thy Holy Spirit; that thou, the Almighty Father of all goodness, may be glorified in their lives, and that they may praise thee for ever in Heaven, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

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PRAY.

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## PRAYER III.

COLLOSSIANS I. ver. 9. to 13.

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**M**OST WISE and glorious Lord God, prostrate before thy divine Majesty, graciously condescend to grant, that I, thy servant, may be filled with the knowledge of thy Will, in all wisdom and Spiritual understanding; that, in all the trials and emergencies of this life, I may ever be found walking worthy of thee, my sovereign Lord, in all things unto well-pleasing; that I may be fruitful in every good work, supporting, in all my conduct, a regular, and uniform regard, to thy most holy laws. Increase in me the knowledge of thy excellencies and perfections, that I may serve thee better than hitherto I have done. Strengthen me, O my God, with all might, according to thy glorious power, that I may be fortified against every temptation, and furnished for the performance of every duty. Assist me, with long-suffering and meekness, joyfully to maintain my integrity, in the midst of tribulation and reproach. Thus sustained by thy grace, will I give thanks unto the Father, who hath, by his spirit, made me meet to be partaker of the incorruptible inheritance of the Saints in light, by the meritorious life and atoning death of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

PRAY-

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## PRAYER IV.

I THESSALONIANS iii. 11. to the end.

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**N**OW, may God himself, even our Almighty Father, and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, perfect what is wanting in your Faith; may he direct your way into all godliness, that you contradict not your profession of Christianity. May you increase, and abound in love, and benevolence to all men; and may his spirit establish your hearts unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father; that you may be presented pure and righteous at the throne of his glory, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, with all his Saints. Amen.

PRAY-

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## PRAYER, V.

HEBREWS xiii. ver. 20, 21.

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**N**OW, may the everlasting God of peace, who, by his Almighty Power, brought again from the kingdom of death, our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the Sheep, through the blood of the Everlasting Covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will. May he preserve your integrity blameless; may he give you clear minds, clean hearts, and lively affections; may he bestow upon you holy inclinations, determined wills, and strength suitable to every duty, which you are called to perform to all, well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

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## EXHORTATION.

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**H**AVING now endeavoured to point out the necessity and utility of Secret, Family, and Public Prayer, it only remains, that all persons be earnestly entreated, and exhorted, to a diligent and assiduous performance of this duty, which is so advantageous to ourselves; so beneficial to others; and so acceptable to God. By Prayer, we are made wiser, better, and happier; because, in the unwearied practice of it, we may expect to obtain every good thing from God, the bountiful giver of every perfect gift; and we are morally certain, that, by seriously exercising ourselves therein, we are the more effectually strengthened to resist the temptations to sin, the fascinating smiles, or the chilling frowns of the world, and the ensnaring wiles of the Devil. By our Secret Closet-devotions, we fortify ourselves against every calamity of human life, and secure a confidence in the divine Providence, that he will make all things, whether prosperous or adverse, work together for our good. By our Private Prayers in our Families, either composed by ourselves or others, we lay the foundation of piety in our offspring, or edify others in those things that are absolutely essential to the salvation of their immortal spirits. By frequenting the more public exercises of piety, we not only



ly promote our own benefit, but we give a good example to our brethren, who in all ages bypast, have needed, and will in future times, be made better by such open declarations in favour of Religion. I am well convinced, that, from many pretences, and false excuses, Public Worship is either neglected altogether, or performed in a sluggish, lifeless, and languid manner, because the Preachers of Christianity are often supposed to be negligent in the performance of their public duties: But I would rather ask, does not the indolence of audiences; the petulencies of half-wits, who set up, at their own hands, to be Critics; with the natural hatred and aversion to divine things, which more people possess than they are aware of; are not these the things that starve devotion, which neither God permits now, nor their own consciences will either allow or justify, in that day when every secret thought and action, will undergo their proper scrutiny. Meantime, I am well convinced, that, did we employ ourselves more seriously and religiously, to the great duty of Private and Public Prayer, we would soon be much better people than we are; we would live more piously, charitably, peaceably, and comfortably, to ourselves and others; the blessings of God would multiply upon us here; and we should be more prepared for Heaven, and its felicities hereafter. Which may God grant, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

ESSAY

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## ESSAY II.

### ON SELF-EXAMINATION,

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG PERSONS, WHO INTEND TO  
PARTAKE OF OUR LORD'S SUPPER.

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**Y**OU have a sincere wish to partake of our Lord's Supper, and to make a public profession of your Faith in Christ Jesus. You consider this, not only a reasonable, but a delightful duty; and you are persuaded that it is your indispensable obligation to perform it. Yet, with all the pious propensities of your souls, you find you are intimidated from so solemn a consecration of yourselves to God in that Sacrament, by a variety of obstacles and difficulties, that retard and discourage you. You do not deny, but that you have frequent opportunities of hearing the best and most useful instructions, delivered with that fervour and energy, that indicate the sincerity of your Pastors; yet you complain, that such is the treachery of your memories, that the best precepts suddenly escape you, and render your strongest resolutions volatile, so you confess yourselves much at a loss, in respect of the injunction, that 'Every man ought to examine himself before he partakes of our Lord's Supper.'

I am well convinced, my young Friends, that a great deal has been printed upon the  
subject

subject of this Sacrament in general; but upon that of Self-Examination in particular, so much extraneous matter has either been obtruded along with it, or men of the best parts, following the bent of their own powers, have expanded their thoughts upon the subject, so far often, as to forget, that instead of instructing, they were rather bewildering young minds, by laboured systems, and a chain of intricacies.

My purpose in this Essay, therefore, is, with all imaginable plainness and simplicity, to endeavour to instruct you how to proceed in the Examination of yourselves, hoping, that with the blessing of God, these directions may be useful to some readers, and offensive to none.

1. When you retire seriously to hold converse with your own heart, first of all, you will, by prayer and supplication, address yourselves to God for his assistance and direction. This will compose you into a proper temper and disposition for the solemn and impartial enquiry in which you are to be engaged; using such petitions as these that follow, or such as the impressions upon your own minds, assisted by the Spirit of all Grace may be pleased to suggest.

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PRAYER,

FOR A

YOUNG INTENDING COMMUNICANT, ABOUT  
TO ENTER ON THE DUTY OF SELF-  
EXAMINATION.

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**O** THOU Great and Glorious Being, who inhabitest eternity, whose Name is Holy, and who dwellest in the High and Holy Place; thou alone art the refuge of thy people in all times of distress. Permit, I pray thee, thy servant to draw near to thee in pious reverence, to implore the assistance of thy Grace. Let not the unworthiness of thy creature, keep me from thy favour; but, while I pour out my soul in thy presence, let my cry up to thee with acceptance.

Thou hast commanded thy worshippers to present themselves before thee, in the most solemn manner, I would therefore obey thee, and dedicate myself to thy service. I sincerely desire to commemorate the death of thy Son Christ Jesus. I acknowledge him the great Benefactor of mankind; because he yielded up himself for the most unworthy, that our sins might be pardoned, and our souls be saved. Thou, O God, knowest the purity of my intentions, and the sincerity of my heart; but

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alas!

alas! in this my solemn dedication, I find, from human infirmity, a terror upon my spirits which makes me affraid.

I am sensible, that thy incomprehensible goodness is fully evident in sending thy Son into the world, to be a propitiatory sacrifice for thy offending children. I am convinced, that all the blessings I enjoy, or expect to receive from thy mercy, are derived to men, through the mediation of Christ Jesus. It is not through hesitation of choice, nor distrust of thy promises, that I am thus backward in this indispensable duty; but, O my God, a consciousness of my offences, causes this diffidence, and an apprehension of thy displeasure, lest my rash intrusion, and my vileness, should profane the sacred things of the most High.

But thou, O God, givest the preparation of the heart in man. I therefore entreat thee, most graciously to aid my spirit, in an impartial manner, to examine and to prove myself in thy sight. Teach me to know my faults, with a full purpose to correct them. Make me acquainted with my secret sins, that I may not indulge them. May the vain imaginations I have encouraged, be chastised, and the empty and unprofitable desires of my heart rooted out; that henceforth I may yield myself up to the direction of thy pure Spirit, that having my fruit unto holiness, my latter end may be everlasting peace.

I thank thee, O God, that I, with others, am invited to approach thy Courts, and to be satisfied with the goodness of thy House, to set forth the honour of thy Name, and to make thy praise glorious; yet my doubts and fears arise from my most serious resolutions, and my best services: For, though my spirit be willing to obey thee, my flesh, alas! is weak in obedience. I beseech thee, O Father, to perfect thy strength in my weakness, and let me enjoy the effects of thy loving-kindness and tender mercies. I confess, that, in my endeavours to serve thee, I fail so often, and am so inconsistent, that I displease myself; how much more must I offend thy pure Majesty? I reproach my folly, and again, alas! I return to vanity. When I do evil, thy laws and my conscience condemn my iniquity; I stand upon my guard, to resist future temptations, but fresh assaults prevail over me; and again I pay homage to the images of death. When I do good, my conscience applauds; but self-conceit again becomes my sin. The perfections of thy Law my soul approves; but, from infirmity of nature, I find a law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into the captivity of sin, and the bondage of death. From the omission of duty, I am unworthy of thy favour; for the commission of sin, I deserve thy displeasure.

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But I implore thy forgiveness; enter not I beseech thee, into judgment; nor rise against me in thy indignation. In thee compassion flows. O remember that I am dust; and pardon me, because of the merits of Christ Jesus.

By thy spirit directing me, make my way plain before me. Dissipate all my doubts and fears, and grant me an assured Faith in the blood of thy ever-blessed Son. Grant, that according to the riches of his glory, I may be strengthened with might. May Christ Jesus dwell in my heart; and may a lively sense of his dying love, constrain my soul to obey his precepts, and to follow his example. While I consecrate myself in this Sacrament to thy service, may I joyfully be made to know that the body and blood of Christ Jesus, alone, can nourish me to everlasting life. Hear my supplications, O God, I beseech thee, and prepare my heart for this holy solemnity, that I may, with charitable dispositions towards all mankind, join myself to thy servants in a sacred feast of Love, through Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

2. Having your mind composed, and your heart enlarged by Prayer---you will now enquire with yourselves, whether you have not some obstacles in dedicating yourselves to God, in a public manner, from false modesty; or whether you look upon your Sacramental oath of future obedience,

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as a constraint, a task, a grievous burden upon you? If you find any hinderance from these, you must sacrifice this bathful timidity, and endeavour to overcome such vain scruples. What an untoward disciple must he be, who is ashamed of the testimony of his Lord? Arm yourselves against this unseemly disposition, by reflecting upon the declaration of your great Leader, Christ Jesus; "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy Angels." But if, upon an impartial enquiry, you find that your love to Christ triumphs over every obstacle, and that your pious principles constrain you to the performance of this duty, then do you obey his dying commands, as a faithful disciple. You are about to make a good confession; you are under proper dispositions, to bear open testimony of your unequivocal acceptance of Christ Jesus, as your Saviour; and that you joyfully receive his laws with a determined purpose to obey them. You are going to put the best of all intentions into effect, to yield up the concerns of your souls and bodies into the direction of your Saviour, in full confidence, that He will guard you against all temptations to apostacy, and preserve you from falling back into sinful practices, or declining from your religious principles.



3. As you proceed in this converse with yourselves, mark well whether you go on with any degree of alacrity. The examination of one's self is commonly no agreeable task, if done impartially. But when, without grudging, you set about this exercise, this will be the first and best evidence to your own minds that you are in earnest, and that you have a truly pious desire to obey your Lord in his last injunction; "That his faithful followers should commemorate his death."

Go on, therefore, with fortitude; and may the God of Grace be propitious to you. Be not discouraged; it is positively required as a duty from your best Friend, for the best of all purposes; that you set up a tribunal of inquisition in your breasts, and, riding circuit through the secrets of your hearts, investigate impartially the thoughts and purposes of your souls, and where you find you have acted consistently with the laws of God, and have the approbation of your own consciences, persevere in those things that are praiseworthy; where you have committed iniquity, with firm resolution determine, that, by the assistance of God, you will do so no more. To assist you in your researches, it may perhaps be useful to read the ten commandments with serious attention. Let the mind pause at each of them, that time may be given to hear how far the voice of conscience approves your obedience, or dis-  
approves

approves of your breach of any of these laws, either in thought, in word, or in action. By this trial your secret sins will become evident, the plagues of your heart will be known; and the diseases of your souls will be felt, so as to make you anxious that they may be healed. But your examination must be with care and diligence, neither done in haste, nor in a transient manner; because distinguished occasions require great preparations, even in the affairs of human life; how much more application is necessary, when you, who are but dust and ashes, are in preparation to meet your God. It is no small task for any man, to examine the powers and faculties of his soul and body, and to take into a strict and impartial scrutiny, his thoughts and desires, his affections and passions, his words and actions, his appetites and senses, and to know how he has employed them. But there is no good man, who seriously wishes to be a disciple of Christ Jesus, and to have the hopes of eternal life, but will, with all due diligence and application, prove himself, and examine his conscience, at stated times, but more especially, when he is going to partake of the sacred symbols of Christ's body, which was broken, and of his blood, which was shed for the remission of sins. Those only are men of no religious principle, whose consciences alarm them, and whose souls are grossly depraved, who find themselves galled at

at the review of their lives, which they have mispent in the pursuits of folly, who dare not turn their mind's eye upon their former conduct. You would be unwise, like them, if you followed their example. You are called to mark what has been amiss in you, in the times that are past, that you may be led to amend your future lives ; and you are permitted to mark what is good, that you may applaud the Grace of God, which has made you what you are, that you may be encouraged to persevere in those things which God approves, that through his ever-blessed Son you may receive everlasting life.

4. It is, I believe, too common for young and weak minds, to imagine, that the spirit and temper of religion, consists much in a settled gloom and dejection, or in a captious censoriousness in marking and delineating the characters of other men. Beware of entertaining these ideas, but guard against such austerities in your examinations ; they only have a tendency to nurse the seeds of peevishness and discontentment. Melancholy is no mark of genuine piety, but is rather the index of a dark and guilty mind, brooding over its criminalities, and which never has been warmed with real devout emotions. True religion recommends whatsoever is amiable and praiseworthy. It dissipates every sullen humour ; and presents to the mind, through an unclouded serenity, the pleasing prospects of immortality ;

immortality; it collects no multitude of vain apprehensions, nor idle groundless sorrows to overwhelm the soul. It heals the sickened imaginations of the fearful; quells the agitated passions of the irritable; soothes the calamitous, in the midst of the vexatious occurrences of human life; and encourages the spirit of cheerfulness, by assuring the pious, that God is their unwearied Friend, who will make all things work together for their good.

Set therefore about your self-examination, in that spirit of meekness, which true and undefiled religion inspires. Encourage none of those sour, acrimonious dispositions, which are incongruous to the Gospel of peace. You must never forget, that, in your examination of yourselves, your own heart, and your own conduct, are the subjects of your scrutiny. You have nothing to do in this business with the actions of others. The labourer, who has his eyes continually bent upon his neighbours employments, is certain to neglect his own. It has often happened, too, that people have abstained from the Table of the Lord, expressly, because those whom they hated have participated there. They allege they ought not to communicate with the wicked. For the same reason, they ought not to listen to the Word of God, because the profane daily hear it. They ought to shut their eyes too against the brightness of the sun, because the wicked behold it. Ever remember, my  
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friends,

friends, that the amiable virtue of Charity, ever distinguishes the people of God, and covers the multitude of sins. It is only the eye of envy, which sickens at the splendour of other's virtues; and it is only the heart of gall, which is inquisitive after the frailties of other men. Into such gloomy habitations true religion never enters. Hypocrisy, indeed, often lurks in such frozen and phlegmatic souls, and falsely teaches them, that the vices of others, serve in some measure to justify them, and to think they are very good men, because they find some in the world more vicious than themselves. Beware, I beseech you, of falling into this snare. You are going to separate between the good and bad in yourselves, with a full purpose to crucify what is against your eternal interests, and to cherish those graces and virtues that adorn the Christian character. Pursue this laudable purpose; if you persevere, you shall have cause to rejoice.

Enter now into your heart without timidity; have no mercy upon the idols which you formerly worshipped; hide them not among those valuable things which you intend to dedicate unto God. Grant no indulgence, however your inclination may plead, in behalf of the sins that do so easily beset you. God will accept the rectitude of your intentions; while you do all in your power to please him, though your services may be imperfect, fear not ye, it  
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is your Father's good pleasure to give you the reward, through the perfect obedience of Christ Jesus. While we sincerely endeavour not to violate his laws, but to be as active as our natures will permit, to do the duties he requires, this is the performance, which, through Christ, is, in the presence of God, an acceptable service.

We shall now more particularly enter with you into the subjects, which are to be the matter of your candid examination; And,

#### I. OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE.

Ask yourself, if a knowledge of the nature and end of this Sacrament be an essential qualification of a worthy communicant; Have I been at pains to understand, in a competent degree, the mysteries of it?

The reason of this enquiry is obvious, because you cannot enter into any kind of contract among men, without a knowledge of the nature of the agreement; so neither can you dedicate yourselves to God in this Sacrament, without being acquainted with the nature of the covenant of Grace, given unto men through Christ Jesus. You cannot plead the blood of atonement, and lay your hand upon the head of this great propitiatory victim, and implore God to pardon your sins, and receive you into his favour, when, like a child, you are ignorant of the principles of Religion,

Religion, upon which the Christians hopes are founded. Christ Jesus suffered little children to be brought to him in baptism; but it was to the disciples who had been taught by him, that he gave the Sacrament of bread and wine, as the symbols of his broken body, and shed blood. The blind and the lame were not permitted to be offered to God in sacrifice, under the law; neither must they, who are blindly ignorant of the principles of religion, encompass the altars of God in this solemnity. The ignorant know not how to approach this Great King, nor what belongs to the honour of his name. But be not discouraged, you may have a capacity for the benefits of this ordinance, though, on divine topics you be unskilled in handling intricate disputations. It is better if you humbly know your duty as a sincere Christian, and practise it, than to be an acute scholastic reasoner upon principles, that neither affect your heart, nor influence your life. To know and believe that Christ is the Son of God; to know that we are constituted heirs to eternal life, through his merits; that he is able to save to the uttermost, all that come unto God by him; that he died to deliver us from the power of death, and rose again for our justification; and is alive for evermore to make intercession for us, are noble and exalted subjects, when properly exercised, to engage us to present ourselves to God. But if the glorified  
Angels

Angels themselves cannot attain to a perfect knowledge of all the wise purposes and ends of the death and resurrection of Christ Jesus, so we cannot expect that the most sublime understandings among men, shall be able completely to investigate so vast a subject.

Next, ask yourselves, Whether you really in some measure know, and sincerely believe, in the exceeding greatness and mercies of God, and are so sensible of your obligations to him upon account of them, that you desire most anxiously to dedicate yourselves to him in this Sacrament. .If this lively sense of obligation, awakens strong and prevailing purposes of obedience in you, and the riches of God's goodness be daily and habitually present in your minds, happy are ye, if you persevere. By his holy Word, by the preaching of the Gospel, and the divine operations of his blessed Spirit, he will encrease your knowledge; he will unfold to your understandings more abundant discoveries of the amiable perfections of his nature. He will exhibit to your soul's satisfaction the riches of his Grace, and paternal Compassion, in calling you from destruction, to be partakers of Redemption by Jesus Christ. He will excite your gratitude, to search the Scriptures, that you may know; to hear the Gospel with attention, and profit; that you may believe the declarations of his divine revelation. He will discover to you, that his Love and Kindness are better than life,  
and



and are evident in the great scheme of redemption by his well-beloved Son; who came the willing messenger of peace and reconciliation, to the world involved in guilt, and under a condemnation of death, which it was not in the power of any created existence to reverse. He calls you by his Gospel to accept the proffered pardon of your sins. He is your Intercessor in heaven, pleading on the merits of his blood, with the Father, that you may be made willing to receive with joy, the glad tidings of salvation. He hath sent the holy Spirit of all Grace to assist and guide you, and to apply the benefits of his death to your souls. To set before you the prospect of Glory, honour, and immortality, and to assure you, upon the foundations of eternal Truth, that if you are faithful, as his disciples, unto death, you shall enjoy an absolute and complete happiness, without interruption, or end of duration.

If you know and believe these things; if you are convinced indeed of the divine Benevolence and Mercy of God, discoverable in effects so valuable as these, from the eternal fountain of all Good; and if the consideration of them awaken ingenious sentiments in you, of making all the returns of affection and gratitude to him in your power; and if they create in your mind such a love, esteem, and admiration, as the faculties of your souls are capable of; and if, from your hearts, you sincerely resolve

olve to pay a due obedience to Christ, and to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of him, who is our Lord, and to find him, you would suffer the loss of all things without murmuring, and value your gain at an inestimable price, could you but win Christ. If these be the sincere desires of your minds, so far your examination will be satisfactory.

## II. OF YOUR FAITH.

You will now try the nature of that Faith that is in you; for, without this grace, it is impossible to please God. As this is a principle so requisite in the spiritual life, the utmost caution is necessary in your enquiries concerning the possession of it. You can have no true relish for the benefits that are derived from the death of Christ, without this great qualification.

Ask, therefore, yourselves, Have your minds, under the deepest impressions of conscious guilt, been humbled for your iniquities, as highly offensive to the most high God, and apprehensive of the danger to which you are exposed, by being under the displeasure of the Almighty? Have you fled to Christ Jesus, believing in his merits, and being persuaded of the necessity of a Saviour, and sensible of the power of his Grace? Are you convinced, and do you receive with gladness, the report of the  
Gospel

Gospel concerning him? Do you commit your souls to him, with all their interests, for pardon, protection, sanctification of life, and eternal salvation?

*2dly*, Does your belief in this Saviour, elevate your mind from the low abasement of sin and misery, and excite your souls to breathe after spiritual and divine things, to lead lives of holiness by faith upon the Son of God. This is the great article of Faith, by which all the benefits of the sufferings and death of Christ are ours, in the covenant of Redemption. By this are we delivered from the bondage of sin, and the corruption inherent in our natures. What hath he to ratify and seal at the Table of the Lord who delights in sensual things. To come to God, in pretence of dedicating ourselves to him, and of receiving the seal of the remission of our sins, while we take delight in them, declares us to be, not only grossly hypocritical, but impious. What communion has darkness with light? How will you associate Belial with Christ?

*3dly*, Are your minds seriously impressed with the belief, that as God is your Creator, he is your absolute Proprietor, Sovereign, and Lord; and consequently has a right to direct and govern you, as is agreeable to his wisdom; and that it is your duty to yield obedience to his laws, and to give him the just homage he requires, both in your hearts and lives? Are you convinced, that your God, to give demonstra-  
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tion of the riches of his mercy through Christ Jesus, while you were yet sinners, did send his Son to die for you, that you might be bought with the inestimable price of his blood; and that you ought therefore to glorify God with your body, and in your spirits, which are God's. Have you then earnestly endeavoured to leave off the sinful practices of the degenerate world, and to conform your lives to the example of Christ? As he poured out his soul an offering for sin, and gave his whole body to be broken for you, have you devoted wholly and entirely your souls and bodies unto him? Have you given attention to the commandment, that as the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto all men, to teach them, that denying all ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world, looking for that blessed hope, and glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works?

If thus, in faith, you yield yourselves to God, he will grant the noblest consolations to your minds; he will relieve you under the sense of sin; he will accept of you as suitable guests at his table; he will dissipate your fears in the prospect of death, and make your nearest views of eternity, pleasing and delightful.

You are determined to receive Christ as he is offered in the Gospel. If you will serve him with integrity of heart, he is a Prophet, he will instruct you how your services will be accepted; he will remedy your miseries; he will dispel the darkness of your ignorance; his divine precepts will instruct you how to walk as children of light. As objects infinitely worthy of your regard, to stimulate you to perform what you have resolved, behold life and immortality are brought to light by his Gospel, as your shining reward, if you persevere to the end.

You are persuaded that there is no other name under heaven, given among men, whereby you must be saved. You are therefore resolved not to ascribe any glory to your own endeavours, in performing the works of the law. Faith, you know, puts a value upon the righteousness of Christ alone. Strive, therefore, to be found in that righteousness, which is, through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith. You are not to suppose, that the works you either have already done, or may perform, can or do merit salvation, but entirely through the meritorious life and atoning death of Christ, your Great High Priest, can you expect your guilt shall be expiated, and, by his power as a King, you can have the hopes of being rescued from the captivity and dominion of sin. But consecrate to him the powers and faculties

culties of your minds, and the members and actions of your bodies, that you may exercise yourselves, according to the will of God. Then will his power protect you from all evil ; his wisdom will conduct you into all that is good ; his infinite mercy will forgive your iniquities ; and, by an eternity of glory and felicity, he will reward your faithful services, through the merits of his ever-blessed Son.

## OF YOUR REPENTANCE.

WHEN you have impartially reviewed your bypast lives, as far as your memories serve you, there will be many things, for the commission of which, you will find great cause of contrition. Now Repentance implies, not only a sorrow for sins committed, but a turning from all iniquity, with abhorrence. The Scripture notion of the word imports, an inward change both of the state and temper of the mind. " Repent," says the Almighty by his prophet, " make ye a new heart, and a new spirit ; for why will ye die, O house of Israel." Faith in Jesus Christ, is indeed the condition of the new covenant of grace given to men ; but repentance is positively a necessary ingredient in forming the Christian character. You must therefore enquire at yourselves candidly, whether you find any change in the disposition of your minds,  
that

that tends to affect and operate upon the whole of your moral state and conduct; and whether your inclinations lead you to pursue an opposite course to your former and habitual modes of acting. You must ask your consciences, if the sufferings and death of Christ, have influence upon your mind to such a degree, that whereas you formerly sheltered sin in your heart, you are now disposed to slay that enmity, and are anxious to be reconciled to God, being ever upon your guard to approve yourselves the disciples of Christ Jesus, by a renewed life, and a conversation, suitable to the Gospel.

If you are truly sensible, that every sin is a disease in the soul, which, if indulged and cherished, will weigh you down to destruction; if you are convinced, that the motives which viciously influenced and misled you, were not only extremely criminal, but too mean and degrading for the rational nature to find satisfaction in, and totally unsuitable to the purposes for which your great Author gave you your being; if you are firmly resolved no longer to indulge those passions, nor to gratify those inclinations which formerly deceived you, but to live consistent to the dictates of true religion, under a sense of duty and obligation, and are ever resolved to act, as being under the inspection of the all-pervading eye of Omniscience, you are indeed such as he will approve at his sacred table.

But

But if, upon examination, you find that the pleasures of sin are still grateful to you, and that the love and practice of some known and wilful offences still influence your conduct; if you are unwilling to put away the vanities of your former corrupt conversation; if the restraints of religion are your aversion, and the exercises of a spiritual life are really tedious and burdensome, you are not guided by the spirit of true repentance. Remember it is not the confessing of sin with your mouths only, and forming a few faint, languid, and ineffectual resolutions of amendment, or purposing to forsake a few particular evils, and to gratify yourselves in some other vices which you esteem less criminal, will be of any avail to constitute you the true and faithful disciples of Christ.

Be assured, that the principle of true repentance makes every vice appear odious and detestable, shews guilt in all its natural deformity, and exhibits the transgressor as braving the most dangerous consequences. Repentance considers every sin to be levelled against the authority, government, and will of God, and to be subversive of that order and harmony which he would have established and preserved in the world. If, therefore, you are convinced, that sin debases our natures, corrupts our minds, disorders our affections, and alienates us from God, unfitting us for the happiness of enjoying him; so you determine to turn a-  
way



way from all kinds of sins, and endeavour to subdue every propensity to them, or habit of committing them. Being thus stedfastly resolved to strive, with the assistance of God, against all iniquity, and to bring under subjection your passions and affections to the dictates of conscience, and the laws which God hath given for the regulation and government of them, you may satisfy yourselves, that you will not be unacceptable guests at the Lord's table.

#### OF YOUR CHARITY.

You must next examine yourselves, candidly, with respect to your benevolence and charity towards all men. This grace is the distinguishing badge of Christianity. "A new commandment. I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you." This is the last will and testament of Christ Jesus to all his disciples. Unless you find your hearts really disposed to forgive the offences and injuries of others, and are inclined to do all the offices of beneficence to your neighbours which are in your power, you are by no means qualified to partake of this holy Sacrament. We must not pretend to offer ourselves as living sacrifices to God, till we first of all "be reconciled to our brother." The more that sincere worshippers love God, the more their  
their

their love to one another will increase. And this principle of charity, not only will restrain us from all personal and private violence or revenge, but will dispose us to forgive, even the multitude of repeated offences. Nay, it commands us to exercise real acts of kindness to our greatest enemies, even “to do good to them that hate us, and to pray for them which despitefully use us, and persecute us.” It therefore is incumbent upon all those who would thus solemnly dedicate themselves to God, to examine the recesses of their hearts, and to be certified, “that they live in charity with all men, before they presume to eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.”

OF THE MOTIVES WHICH INDUCE YOU TO  
PARTAKE OF THIS SACRAMENT.

ARE you sensible, that the strongest ties of love, of duty and gratitude, which you owe to the Almighty, influence you to obey the express commandment of Christ, to preserve the memory of his love to mankind, by partaking of this Sacrament? Are you impressed with this important conviction, that all your present blessings and future hopes of eternal life, are purchased by the meritorious death of Christ Jesus? Do you trust that your Faith will gather strength, by meditating upon the love of God in Christ Jesus, who lived and died to enlarge  
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the charity and love of mankind, both to God, and to one another? Is your purpose at this holy Supper, to engage, that you will strive, by his grace helping you, to bring your hearts and lives to a nearer conformity to the example of Christ? Filled with sorrow for your offences, are you resolved to look upon him whom your sins have pierced; and, being filled with contrition, do you determine to forsake all iniquity, and to renew your covenant-engagements, for a better life and conversation, in view of his Cross? Do you firmly believe, that this Sacrament is appointed as one of those means by which Christ Jesus would repair the ruins which the fraud of the Devil, and our evil wills and affections have made in our souls, either as to our safety or comfort, that, when we behold him upon his Cross, we may have ground to hope, that our past sins shall be pardoned, because of his sufferings, and our souls washed and purified, because of his blood? And do you, upon this account, intend to commemorate his death, as the alone propitiation for sin, and to plead forgiveness from God, of all your offences at his sacred table? If these are the motives which influence you to a desire of partaking of this sacred Supper, you verily may expect that Christ will consider you as the children of his Father, and members of his body. He will grant you additional supply of further grace and assistance, to unite you more closely

closely to himself. He will communicate to you his holy Spirit, which will influence, enliven, and actuate you, that you may derive strength and nourishment from him, who is your head, "That you may grow up to him in all things, till ye become perfect men in Christ Jesus."

Thus may the Eternal and ever-blessed God, who is to all beings the universal Father, so direct you by his Spirit, to examine yourselves, that, when you come to eat of the symbols of Christ's body, that was broken, and to drink of his blood, which was shed for the remission of your sins, you may have cause to rejoice in all his benefits, and with your souls to magnify his holy Name. May the unsearchable riches of the grace of God in Christ Jesus, be ever present to your thoughts, that you may ever live to his service, who died for your salvation, and rose again for your justification. May he so strengthen all your pious resolutions, that they may end in sincere and constant obedience to the divine will; may he work in you, and confirm a lively faith; may he excite your hearts to a generous love to himself, and a glowing charity to all mankind; may you, trusting in his merits, find mercy from God, and, conducted by his gracious Spirit, may you be preserved blameless to the day of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

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## ESSAY III.

ON THE

CARDINAL AND CHRISTIAN

VIRTUES.

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**W**HEN we observe human life from its infancy, alas! what do we behold? Feeble Man, entering upon a precarious course, proclaiming with cries, and demonstrating with tears, what a sorry dependant he is upon the assistance and sympathy of others! Weak, naked, and helpless, what a variety of untaught arguments he brings from Nature's stores, to claim our pity. These complaints of thine, little innocent, are but the prelude to thy future sorrows. For, whether born under the auspices of sober humility, or under the influences of smiling, but capricious fortune, none of our mortal race are exempted from pain and suffering. In the morning of life, thy friends are fondly hoping that every gale will waft its fragrance unto thee; that thy mind will be unruffled with anxiety: No thorn, they think, will bestrew thy path; that the sun of prosperity will ever smile on thee with fond regard; and the earth will pour forth her treasures to feed thee; her stores to enrich thee. But these are the delusive toys  
of

of fancy ; these are the wishes of thy parents ; but these they cannot realize.

We have placed thee in the vale of life, and now thou art upon thy way to death. When young, like us, thou wilt encircle thy brows with the rose-buds of the smiling spring. Thy elated mind will plan amusements suitable to thy relish. Like us, thou wilt anticipate the happiness of future days. We tried the sweets of youth ; we tasted the cup of delight ; we esteemed that good which was beyond the reach of our attainment, and called it happiness. Full of hope, we rushed forward to the glistening prize. If that we wished, was happily gained by toil and perseverance, our expectations were deceived in the enjoyment. Or, if our labours met with disappointment, we sat us down in sullen discontentment, or murmuring anguish. Roused by some fresh dream of warm imagination, we beat about again, in hope that other stages of our course would yet bestow some real felicity. But sage experience has ever demonstrated to us, in the end, that no earthly satisfactions are adequate to our sanguine wishes, or ever will repay the solicitude we employ to attain them.

We shall suppose you, rejoicing at the delightful prospect, that soon your mind will be matured by reason and judgment, to launch into the world, not ignorant of the duties belonging to the station of life you are to occupy, and able to ac-  
quit

quit yourself with honour; so that you shall be no disgrace to the parentage from which you are sprung, nor any discredit to the laborious education of your youth.

If these are the sentiments which fire your bosom, remember, my young friend, that, by Virtue alone, you may accomplish your purpose, and approve yourself wise, in the estimation of all good men. Even dull and low spirited men, may, by industry, get riches; and, by diligence and perseverance, honours may be acquired; yet the first may be wasted again in spite of care, and the latter lost, in spite of prudence; but Virtue will crown your days with true felicity, and give your name immortality, because she herself is immortal.

My intention is to point out to your notice, if you wish to be happy and respected, what the snares are which you ought cautiously to avoid; and what the track is, you should through life assiduously pursue.

Beware of SELF-CONCEIT: This great favourite of mortals, is the first Syren that misleads the unwary by its fascinations, into every devious path of prejudice. It, and FLATTERY conjoined, are the two most dangerous attendants of Error. By their united blandishments, the ascendancy is soon gained over the understanding; and youthful minds fall an easy prey to ARROGANCE and PRESUMPTION. To avoid these enchanting dæmons, which have been so often fatal to the inexperienced, view yourself

self frequently in the mirror of REFLECTION. The first favourites of Wisdom, have ever practised what I advise you; and, by so doing, their singular MODESTY, always as a charm, delighted every eye, and claimed admiration from every heart. MODESTY, is the noble badge of innocence; it stamps a value upon beauty, gives an admirable lustre to real talents, and is inexpressibly engaging when its rosy influence is seen upon the cheek of age, ripened by Virtue and Wisdom.

The children of VANITY never stoop to reflection; the beaten track to PRIDE they pursue. They have no need, they think, of any of these vulgar precautions; and, by preserving an unsubdued confidence, they cannot fail of recommending themselves. Too headstrong to be instructed, and impatient of all restraint, from the heights of INDISCRETION, they plunge into the dangers of life, and, self-devoted, perish; who, had they sought to be refreshed with the dew of KNOWLEDGE, in the vale of HUMILITY, might, in time, have enjoyed a lasting esteem. But when Pride destroys reflection, obstinacy and prejudice soon succeed, till, like the oak, that yields not to the tempest, but is sooner broken than bended; so the haughty, by keeping up a tone of superiority, to which they have no just title, are at last crushed by their betters into contempt.



Be not deceived, by supposing, that true felicity resides with pleasure. Your sensual appetites, unreined, will bring disease and penury. Nor will you perceive your excess, till surfeit, remorse, and pain, give you the bitter fruits of your own indiscretion to digest. Always guard against such things as encourage sensual dispositions; and the seducing allurements will soon cease to be troublesome, and your days will glide on to their end in comfort. The voice of Wisdom, which always admonishes without rancour, teaches you to season your joys with moderation, and health will be your reward. You would not purchase acute and lingering pains to torment you, for short, for unsubstantial, and imperfect, delights? He who cherishes the seeds of folly in his youth, may expect to reap the tears of repentance in maturer years. He who checks not his passions from sensual enjoyments, tampers with his own ruin, and pays dangerous homage to the images of death.

Shun DISSIPATION, as you value life; it lays up in the heart the treasures of future wretchedness; it sharpens the stings of sorrow, and plucks from the soul the seeds of tranquillity, planting, in their stead, the agonies of remorse. To enjoy every thing, without abusing any thing, is true wisdom, and makes us relish whatever the liberality of heaven bestows. Excess speedily surfeits and disgusts; and the rapid course of extravagance

vagance and pleasure is soon over, being often finished in fatality. Would you avoid those quick-sands, which have swallowed up unmercifully, the thousands of the human race in all ages, cultivate PRUDENCE, *the first Cardinal Virtue.*

According as mortals are acquainted with this amiable and mild virtue, and adhere to its dictates, they commonly are fortunate, or unhappy. We do not pretend to say, that, upon our unwearied application to its rules, the whole of our successes depend, for that would be ascribing too much to Prudence; and the daily observation of unforeseen accidents and occurrences, which often prevent the finest schemes of human sagacity, would contradict the assertion. For, as an experienced General is often the safety of an army, and a skilful Pilot security to a vessel; so PRUDENCE governs and manages the felicity of our lives; yet, as diseases may destroy the army, and an accident unforeseen may sink the vessel; so our discretion may be unexceptionable, and yet we unfortunate: but he who possesses not PRUDENCE, wants a principle requisite of Virtue. Without it, let the talents of a man be ever so splendid, he will always be doomed to the inferior walks of life, and creep to his end inglorious. But mark in general the man who is conducted by PRUDENCE; from inferiority, by a steady perseverance, he rises to esteem and honour,  
and,

and, from poverty, to abundance and contentment.

Your desire then is, by your PRUDENCE, to avoid the snares that have ruined many: You see that a thirst for honour influences the most noble and exalted spirits: You behold them seeking for it in fields of blood and carnage, in parched deserts, and in the watery wastes of the ocean. Well, your mind also is inflamed to acquire it in the midst of dangers. Have you then remarked, that sometimes the most unworthy, have been the most successful in the pursuit? Have you seriously weighed what honour is when acquired? A breath, a name, which envy dissipates, and time destroys, when its foundation is not laid in virtue. A generous ambition to excel, however, with men of great souls, and virtuous principles, is amiable, is laudable; and well he deserves renown, who is susceptible of such meritorious and well-earned praises. But, without piety, and strict integrity, learn, whoever thou art, that thy mind, by an insatiable thirst of honour, will be corrupted, and thyself betrayed. Recollect, that, in acquiring a name of greatness, the lustre of which is to reflect itself from a multitude of dangerous adventures, the jealousy of rivals, less worthy than thou, will strive to blast thy laurels, by calling thy courage foolhardiness; thy caution, by the appellation of cowardice. Even the sons of virtue, in the exercise of all that is praise-worthy,  
are

are scowled upon by affected bigots; or they are blamed by silly enthusiasts; who being unwilling to imitate their example, declare them to be, what they themselves in reality are, insincere and hypocritical.

But by arms you would arrive at preferment? Know then, that wherever you turn, dangers will multiply around you; and, mark, where one returns from the field, crowned with honours, and loaded with the spoils he has won, thousands, as deserving as himself, are left mangled on the earth, giving sad demonstration of the guilty, and tumultuous ambition of mankind. How often have we seen the Soldier, whose toils, by land and by sea, have been innumerable, and who has met them all with a becoming fortitude, returning to his ungrateful country, where domestic enemies have done more to tarnish the merit of his sword, than foreign foes could accomplish. Nay, have we not seen with indignation, Cowardice itself, sneaking off with his reward, crowned with applause, and grasping the Hero's well-earned prize.

Avoiding this dangerous and precarious path, you would be crowned with the learned laurel? You would shine among the geniuses of the first importance and magnitude? Well, your desire is laudable. But neither be too rash, nor over-sanguine. View, patiently, one great Character\*, who, by a steady

A a                      perseverance,

\* Dr. R—b—r—f—h.

perseverance, raised himself to an envied height. Think you he acquired his merited admiration without difficulty? Were not his performances received with merciless scrutiny, by jealous rivals, who endeavoured to throw every bar between him and FAME? Yet, superior to every attempt, he burst through all opposition, like the irresistible thunderbolt; he arose into renown; and his memorial stands upon a firmer basis, than the triumphal arch, or lofty pyramid. Those monuments of princely vanity, proclaim indeed the splendour and power of the ages in which they arose; but now, in rueful language, they declare, how Time has stripped them of their finest ornaments, and erased the names, and defeated the purposes of their haughty founders. But his glory is written indelible in the historic-page; and when Time, which levels all, shall reduce the superb buildings, and labours of the GREAT, to confusion and forgetfulness, his name and memorial, during every period, shall be illustrious. Be you cautious of aspiring to follow his steps in the career of literary glory. The same circumstances which exalted him, may never happen to you; and with the like abilities and cultivation, you might nevertheless live in obscurity, or some trifling contingent might blast to you every blossom of hope. The world saw the unfortunate BOYSE set out in literary pursuits, with a head as clear, and

and a heart as sound, as might authorise very sanguine expectations : But no cheering ray shone on his first attempts. He sunk unnoticed into oblivion. Poverty, that bane of real merit, blasted every hope, and nipt at once every budding promise to eminence. He fell ; and as certain as the rich have many friends, as certainly poor **BOYSE** had none. He starved and died in obscurity, unlamented ; while Genius alone, embalmed him with a tear of pity and regret.

But you are alarmed at the name, and chilled at the consequences of poverty.--- Your thirst is after plenty ; and you imagine that all things are to be procured by riches ? You hope to find wealth and contentment strewed upon the paths of industry ? It is only, my Friend, by an honest manner of acquiring riches, that you can secure contentment in them and felicity. An insatiable love of gain, and an overweening anxiety of preserving their acquisitions, corrode the hearts, and waste the spirits, and banish the repose, of the covetous. By the low insinuations of **SORDID AVARICE**, our finer sympathies are blunted, and rendered callous. A greedy appetite after wealth, bars up every source of social intercourse, robs us of true felicity, dissipates our joys, and at last ruins our repose.

The Miser eats his sparing morsel alone, and with anxiety. He lies down, and suspicion

Spicion banishes from his couch the sweets of compofure. He arifes in the morning from interrupted, unrefreshing flumbers. He again turns to his idol, and pays homage to AVARICE : His cruel god rewards his unwearied fervices, by ftarving his votary, in the midft of abundance. Or perhaps his riches, in which he delights, arm the rapacious ruffian againft his life. At an unguarded moment, the dagger, fharpned with cruelty, may reach his fordid heart. Thus goes he from life by accident unforefeen, and from gains unenjoyed. His labours are repaid with vanity, and his memorial is covered with darknefs.

You ask, Are the rewards then of prudent care, the bane of the induftrious ? Are the sweets of toil, to be the deftruction of the labourious ?

The providence of Heaven is more indulgent : Wealth is given to the man, and temperate enjoyment, who defires to be rich, that he may extend the fphere of his ufeulnefs ; who feeks to relieve the indigent, and to encourage the deferving. Such a man ftudies, in the midft of his friends, to fhew that he can be temperate, and yet relifh the enjoyment of his honeft acquifitions. He makes himfelf refpected among his equals, becaufe he abounds in all things, and fhares his plenty with the indigent. He is rich, and not fupercilious : He delights to affift the children of misfortune ; and, by giving relief before they ask it, he prevents

prevents the painful blush of bashful solicitation. But, though he be charitable, he is careful not to cancel his gifts, by founding them to the world with the trumpet of ostentation.

Such a man as this I would have you to imitate. His countenance is ever cheerful; his temper always serene; and he is continually armed against any cross accident which may arrive to him. He may be tossed amidst the restless vicissitudes of life, like other men; but his security is in that Providence, that he knows will be with him in all situations, and make all things subservient to his good. If tried by adversity, he should be obliged to take the humble cottage for his asylum, despondency would be no part of the equipage he would carry thither. In prosperity, neither pride nor arrogance, are seen in his hospitable dwelling. In a palace, humility would be his chief ornament, and prudent charity his delight. Such a character as this, borrows no lustre from the forms of pageantry, the tinsel of external greatness, nor the distant fawning obeysance of inferiours: His virtue creates him esteem; his piety to God, and his amiable and benevolent deportment towards men, bestow upon him serenity of mind, and real felicity.

You are then convinced, that it is good for a man to be diligent in all his affairs, and to share a part of the profits of his labours with the children of adversity. You disapprove



disapprove of that man's conduct, who strains every faculty to acquire wealth, for the sake of pleasing his eyes, and to brood over it. And you applaud him who is industrious in all his concerns, that he may not be urged from necessity, nor tempted in his inclinations, to use any fraudulent expedient to procure subsistence, at the expence of his integrity?

But you are animated to higher views; you would have the glory of your name to reach the ears of strangers, and to be spoken of with admiration amidst distant nations?

You pity, perhaps despise, the man who is prevented by scanty means from becoming illustrious. Your mind is inflamed with the desire of rising to eminence in the State; and you think it laudable to use your wealth to increase your influence. You spurn with indignation the idea of creeping along the humble, solitary walks of life, and to bury your talents in the vale of obscurity. You behold with envy, the external pomp of the man in power; you admire the approving smile of the multitude, who gaze on men in eminent stations; the superfluous trappings of courtly magnificence, the excess and novelty of expensive ostentation, bewitch and ensnare you.--- But has your diseased reason ever permitted you to consider, how often the ambitious man sacrifices his peace to accomplish his purposes?

Mark

Mark the ambitious glutton, how he squanders the wealth of his economical ancestors, to pamper his insatiable appetite for ostentatious equipage. He torments himself with the continual hopes of future and yet greater aggrandizements. He thinks every eye ought to pay homage to him; but neglect wounds him to the soul. He can endure no rival, and abhors the man who aims to become his equal. He speaks to deceive; he smiles to delude the unsuspecting; and rejoices at the downfall of the meritorious. He is neither guided by principle, nor overawed by religion. Cross him in his aspiring hopes, and no human or brutual savage is more dangerous. His disappointments inflame him to rage; bar his way to promotion, and his revenge never can be appeased. He is unthankful for what he possesses; covetous and restless to acquire more than he enjoys. He is envious of his superiors; overbearing and arbitrary towards his inferiors; and his selfish interests swallow up all other considerations.

Enter into the house of one of those ambitious harpies, and what do you behold it to be? An assylum for immorality, where vice is fed to the full on delicacies, and clothed in purple! There vanity is seen carefully obliterating every vestige of honest simplicity, and banishing with disdain the semblance of every virtue. Under his noisy roof, where folly constantly resides, arts find

find no shelter; instructive science is debarred; philosophy and meek-eyed religion find there no entrance, but shun the unhallowed place.

That he may not be checked, or overawed in his career of ambition he overleaps every barrier that virtue and piety have reared. When he would launch into seas of blood to attain his purposes, lest any idea of an offended Omnipotence should bar his pursuit, he first disputes, and then denies, the existence of God. That the prospects of futurity, may not dash the cup of enjoyment from him with the bitterness of horror, he refuses his assent that the soul is immortal. Punishments beyond the confines of death, are deemed, by him, the vulgar suggestions of knavish bigotry, or the reveries of gloomy minds, and feverish imaginations. And that it may incontestibly be demonstrated, that the mild and gentle doctrines of Christianity never influence him to practise the amiable and benevolent virtues, he gluts the dogs of his house with the viands which would make penury to smile, and relieve the hungry wretch who is about to perish. Nay, without blushing, he can leave to the generosity of others, those unhappy orphans, who were the unhallowed productions of his own former lasciviousness.

But you ask are all men so wicked, and such strangers to virtue, who aspire to rise to eminence in the walks of human life?

life? And is that emulation to excel, and which warms the hearts of youth, not the gift of supreme Wisdom, to stimulate mankind to exertion?

Thank Heaven, that in the midst of levity, infidelity and dissipation, there are yet exalted characters, who, at the same time, are distinguished for their virtue and generosity. Such there are, whose inflexible integrity, and whose exemplary piety constitute them the ornaments of Britain, and the human race. Whose lives and accomplishments will reflect a splendour upon their successors, and embellish the annals of future Historians. Perfectly acquainted with, and determined to pursue, the path of rectitude, before they sought preferment, the world has had discernment to discover, and generosity to reward their merits. And while their eminent stations, have not made them to lose sight of either virtue or moderation, we always hope that their perseverance, will ever blunt the shafts of slander and envy; and their labours will acquire to them the approbation of heaven, and the applause of grateful nations.

In the times too that are past, our Rulers were truly great and pious, generous and polite, our Nobles studied, cherished and defended, true Religion, rather choosing to die, than to desert pure virtue's persecuted cause. Then it was that our nation's glory rose; her consequence and wealth increased; and fame declared to distant lands,

our Island's sons the wisest, best and happiest, throughout the world.

Are you then ambitious to distinguish yourself among men? Esteem nothing worthy of your pursuit, that debases your nature, or is inconsistent with the pure laws of Christianity. Ever remember, that short is the period of time allotted for the shining career of human splendour, and subject to a thousand vicissitudes. Disappointment and disgrace too often depend upon very trivial occurrences. It is the glory of wise men to act their parts well, and to be contented with the lot that Providence, in his wisdom, assigns them without complaint. To qualify ourselves by exercise and study, to shine in elevated stations with dignity and applause, is laudable; and, when our exertions are called forth, to acquit ourselves with ability and integrity, ought to be our chief aim, if we would lay claim to a well merited admiration. But it is dastardly to repine, when we are not exhibited to public view with every ostentatious advantage, and because we cannot leave our memorials behind us engraved on monuments of brass or marble, the lasting testimonies of a grateful people.

Is it, think you, the hope of applause, or the virtues which he cultivates that gives serenity to the humble cottager Probus? He has spent his days in solitude, upon the sterile plains of poverty; his small hamlet is furnished with a rising family, and little besides:

besides : Yet, he sees his offspring healthy ; and his soul ascends to heaven in gratitude. The Sun never rises and finds him slumbering ; and, to his going down, is he a witness of his toil. But if his repose is short, his sleep is sweet and refreshing ; and his bread he eats without murmuring. He is not ashamed of being poor, for so were his fathers ; and, as he never attempted to rise from his humble sphere, so he never experienced the fear of an inglorious fall. To him the shades of obscurity have no gloom ; he never was ambitious to catch the eye of admiration. Had he been born under the golden beams of prosperity, his natural abilities bear testimony, that he might have made an illustrious figure among mankind. As it is, like the smooth stream, that glides gently through the lonely valleys, refreshing in its way the shepherds and their flocks, so is he a placid and pleasing companion in the midst of his friends and family. Probus, too, has sense enough to discern, that even the sons of affluence are not so happy as himself. He sees that those who are in good terms with FORTUNE, are often at variance with themselves. Riches, he perceives, are acquired with pain, and preserved with trouble ; that the love of them is contagious, and their loss tormenting. He therefore strives to possess, at all times, that which riches cannot purchase, a sweet serenity of mind, which is the never failing attendant of  
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conscious rectitude. Temperance, portions out to him, his healthful meal; Patience, softens his laborious toil; and Hope points out to him a haven of rest. Prudence herself, clothes his soul with tranquillity; while Modesty, Sobriety, and Chastity, the progeny of VIRTUE, whose delight is to dwell in the groves, and by the brooks, where peace and contentment go hand in hand, collecting the balm, which gives to the heart mirth, and to the countenance cheerfulness; these go continually before his face.

You say you are determined to yield yourself up to the direction of God; you acknowledge him the best Judge of what is most suitable for you to receive, and what you are best fitted in human life to perform, from the abilities which he has bestowed. Laying aside visionary, and romantic schemes of greatness, you are rather ambitious that the seeds of wisdom and piety should ripen in your soul, and be exemplified in your conduct. You have already contemplated the disappointments which those who thirst after honours are often obliged to encounter; and the dangers to which the ambitious are often exposed; you now wish to have a more particular account of those VIRTUES which would lead you to manly and generous actions, and engage your attention to heavenly and divine objects?

Know

Know, then, the virtues that assist man in rectifying the disorders that disobedience to the Divine law had occasioned in his person, and those outrages committed against his nature, are Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance.

PRUDENCE is a clear sighted daughter of Virtue, which is never seduced. She ever chooses, by her illumination, those means which lead us to true felicity, and rejects, with disdain, all others which would estrange us from it. By her benevolent influence, light pervades the understanding, and teaches it to discriminate between things that are excellent, and those that are unprofitable and injurious. Prudence dissipates the shades of Ignorance in which man is involved. She defends her votaries from Error and Falsehood, by irradiating their minds with heavenly light, and gives them the spirit of discerning between apparent and real good, preserving them from wandering in the course of their lives. He, who in youth submits to her precepts, is accomplished and respected in his manhood, and venerable in his old age.

JUSTICE is that Virtue which makes no distinction between the rich and the poor, when she is consulted. She neither knows to turn to the right hand nor to the left, but invariably adheres to the line of rectitude. She impartially renders to every one his due, punishing VICE with severity, and rewarding VIRTUE with liberality. This  
virtue



virtue commands us to respect public, before private interests, and obliges us to preserve inviolate the rights of others, as we would have our own.

But who, that reveres Justice, can pass thee without honourable mention, thou pride of Greece? Thy unwearied attachment to this daughter of Virtue, acquired from thy countrymen, the title of "THE JUST." Their marked approbation, the gifts of fortune could neither purchase nor equal. It conveys down thy name and memory with fragrance to the good men in all ages, and instructs mankind what respect is due to inflexible virtue. Go, thou irascible vain thing, thou Macedonian madman, and mark thy way with havock and with carnage. With furious inroad, pierce through thick embattled squadrons, and, like a sweeping whirlwind, be the scourge of guilty nations: yet, all thy conquests shall not crown thee with a laurel like this, which adorns the brow of the just ARISTIDES. Thou didst subdue, and bind in chains, the fiercest warriors; and India's distant shores wept at thy cruelty, and owned thy power, while all the earth beheld thee ungoverned Passion's meanest slave! Thy flatterers called thee Great! but who could call thee Good? They paid thee servile homage! but who thy virtues could revere? Stern Justice frowned when she beheld thee furious, rush among the nations. They dwelt at peace, in affluence, and cultivating

ting the arts of Industry ; when, unprovoked, thou carriedst war into the midst of their tranquillity, and blasted all their joys. Grief and Despair marched hand in hand with thy most cruel legions. Great Kings, by thy command, from their pacific thrones were cast, and drenched in the blood of their obedient subjects. Nor was there in thee found, one virtue to guard thy life against their curse, which soon fell on thee ; and thirty days thy poisoned carcase was denied a grave ! No tributary tear bedewed thy hearle ! No virtuous deed embalmed thy memory ! All triumphed at the fall of thy unbounded pride, and from the Indian shores, to the Atlantic isles, the joyful voice was heard, that ALEXANDER, now was great no more ! Intoxicated with the blood of Nations, thy cruelties never shall be forgotten ; and thy memorial, Justice stigmatizes with indelible infamy.

TEMPERANCE maintains a just dominion over the passions, but especially over those which employ voluptuousness to seduce us. She cautions youthful impetuosity, to beware, that, while it imagines itself in search of Pleasure and Contentment, it embrace not in their stead, Pain and Sorrow. She entreats her followers, never to do any thing that exceeds what is reasonable ; or to wish for any thing that may occasion in us shame, or be followed with repentance.

FORTITUDE is a noble and heroic virtue, that combats and vanquishes those ills  
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that surround us in human life. Even Innocence itself, does not, like impenetrable armour, shield her possessors from the barbed shafts of Malice. From the influence of Envy, many take offence who have not been offended. When ARISTIDES enquired of his enemy, why he voted for his banishment? The man, who personally knew him not, replied, "I hate him, because he is esteemed, and applauded as a good and a virtuous man!" But Fortitude makes us wrestle against hardships with magnanimity; her generous disposition teaches us not to evade dangers by acts of meanness; she triumphs over the bitterness of afflictions which annoy and persecute her; she raises the soul above fear, and commands us to dread nothing but dishonour! Fortitude scorns to complain when suffering; she maintains a stability of spirit against the miseries of the world; and, with resolution, overcomes all the toils and dangers of life. She directs her votaries to things that are noble and praise-worthy; she despises mean and contemptible pursuits. If she do not elevate her favourites to the pinnacle of greatness, she makes them respected; she commands them to avoid all subterfuge, prevarication or dissimulation, in their commerce with the world; and if they are overwhelmed by the storms of adversity, they are without disgrace, they are great even in ruins.

Conducted by Fortitude, difficulties become familiar, and the hardest gales of calamity

lamity are borne by the virtuous, without cowardice. While others are overcome by the tempestuous waves of misfortune, they, by laying hold of the helm of Reason, and, by vigorous exertion steering their course, shun those dangerous rocks which dash to pieces the pusillanimous. Despising every accident, they reckon nothing intolerable that can befall men; and the Historian, admiring their conduct, records their heroism for the example of future generations.

PATIENCE is ever a gentle attendant upon Fortitude: This amiable virtue blunts the edge of grief, and subdues resentment. It is Patience that often composes Fortitude, when even roused by Justice to revenge. Her mild aspect is the emblem of Peace; and she walks on her way unruffled, amidst the multitude of injuries. If you cultivate with care this virtue, you will learn to conquer yourself, and to overlook those wrongs which might involve you into extravagant resentments: For Patience rides in no whirlwind of vengeance. She will teach you to make large allowances for the failings of others, and to prefer putting insolence out of countenance, by overlooking injuries, than to embroil yourself in revenge.

But, hail! thou great attendant upon virtue, and first ornament of man, SINCERITY! Detesting the mean arts, by which base minds strive to disguise themselves, neither wealth nor glory can bribe thee  
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from thy integrity. Guided by thee, Great ΠΡΟCΙΟΝ became the pride of Greece; his generous openness of character, made his word of more consequence, than the oaths of the assembled Areopagus, upon an affair of the first importance to the State. Thus did his rigid candour gain applause; and his name the glory of a distinction, superior to all the honours that extensive conquests could bestow. As he did, let Sincerity be the choice of your early years, and avoid the arts of dissimulation, if you would rise to respectability in human life. Hypocrisy is the insidious enemy of virtue. Sensible of the irresistible charms of Sincerity, she counterfeits that ingenuous simplicity of her rival, to obtain credit; but she trembles before the keen eye of discernment, dreading nothing so much as to be exposed to the light. Sincerity and Truth, are amiable twin sisters. They scorn deceit, because it is base and unprofitable. Like gold, their splendour is brighter, the more it is tried. They unravel the labyrinths of Malice and Falshood, and drag the monsters from their strong holds to perish, so soon as they behold the Sun. In their presence, vice is ashamed, and hides its deformities. They are the two bases upon which every virtue rests. Like the mountains, whose foundations are upon the strong bars of the earth, and cannot be moved, so no revolution or convulsion can shake their stability. Build your structure of virtue upon these two, and let the vicissitudes  
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of fortune assail you with hardships, your conscous integrity will sustain you in the midst of calamity. Let envy strive, by every means, to blast your reputation, Truth will inspire you with Patience to bear, and Fortitude to overcome every assault. Wise men have always preferred virtue to life itself; they glory in the difficulties they encounter in her defence; they are not altered in their opinions by calamity; in death, they publish the consolations she affords; and, having been her faithful servants, they rejoice to become in the end her courageous Martyrs!

Thus have I endeavoured to describe to you the four Cardinal Virtues,---PRUDENCE, JUSTICE, TEMPERANCE, and FORTITUDE, together with some of their concomitants: But, whatever assistance we may draw from all these, it must, in the end, be confessed, that each of them, reproaches us with our miseries, and upbraides with us our crimes.

PRUDENCE informs us, that we are in a kind of exile, where good and evil are so blended, that we are in danger of being led into error as often as we have occasion to choose. Temperance declares to us, that we have disorderly passions to subdue, and that we nourish monstrous appetites within us, that we ought to destroy. But as Prudence cannot dissipate entirely the darkness of our ignorance, so neither does Temperance regulate all our desires. Justice commands us to submit

mit our spirits to God, and to subject our bodies to our spirits; but the resistance we experience in so doing, mournfully informs us, that the earth is not the mansion of peace, nor the present life a state of triumph. Fortitude, which obliges us to contend with grief, and the ills with which we are surrounded, demonstrates that we are still criminal, because we remain unhappy.

We will now, if you please, examine what those VIRTUES effectuate, which are called CHRISTIAN.

HUMILITY, with which the wise men, and Philosophers of the Gentile world, were so little acquainted, is that Virtue which is peculiar to the Christian Religion, and is one of the most lovely accomplishments of the human mind. It obliges no man to entertain a worse opinion of himself than he deserves, but consists in a modest temper arising from a just opinion of ourselves. It traces every advantage we enjoy to its proper source, the great Author of our Being, whose delight is to be propitious to the Humble. It makes us amiable among men, because it teaches us Mildness, and a gentle Forbearance towards the faults and imperfections of others. As Modesty heightens Beauty, so Humility enhances every intellectual qualification.---Pride, which is the vice which opposes this virtue, is hateful both to God and man; Humility makes its possessor acceptable to both,

both. The Saviour of men abased himself to teach us this virtue, and to persuade human presumption, that true greatness consists in lowly deportment.

After so great an example, cultivate Humility. It will preserve your peace of mind, and be a security against many of those ills which infest the Proud. While the Ambitious man is harassed with trouble and vexation, with mortifications and disappointments, if you esteem yourself unworthy of honour, because you fall short of the standard of perfection, you will the more readily blunt the edge of affronts and overcome injuries.

The TRUE CHRISTIAN is ever clothed with Humility. He knows he has nothing which was not given him by the favour of God, and which may not be taken away by his justice. He is so overawed by the Divine Greatness, that, in his own estimation he becomes contemptible. His countenance, carriage and manners, are without affectation. He thinks every one wiser and better, none more faulty, than himself. He is not solicitous of vain-glory, so he never abounds in his own praises. When under difficulties, he traces them back to his own misconduct; and esteems the hardships he endures as the salutary correction of an offended Father. He is like a deep valley in some cheerful region, well cultivated, and watered by the dew of Heaven; the plants of Virtue ripen in his soul apace, while



while not one withering blast destroy his pleasing prospects of eternal life.

FAITH is the grand root and spring of all the CHRISTIAN VIRTUES. This divine principle implies, a firm persuasion of the reasonableness and the necessity of our being religious. He who seriously believes in God, must acknowledge him infinitely good, wise, just and powerful, and, in all respects, a Being worthy to be esteemed, honoured and adored, by all his intelligent creatures. Faith is further the firm assent of our minds to the truth of what is declared by God himself, or persons commissioned by God to reveal, or to bear record to it. This is the foundation of all our religious worship. "For he who cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them who diligently seek him." Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. It contemplates at a distance the thing we hope for, because they are more noble than those we possess; and this generous virtue leaving the consideration of inferior things, soars to future and elevated views of immortality. It is a firm conviction on our minds of the truth of those Promises or Threatenings of God declared in the Gospel. It supposes the reality of the Rewards and Punishments of the life to come. It is this virtue which, in Christ Jesus is the foundation of all our obedience; by it we are enabled to overcome the world, to mortify our

our inordinate affections, and to quench all the fiery darts of temptation.

The scriptures attribute to faith whatever is most august and reverential. It is the principle of spiritual life, "The Just do live by faith." It displays itself by good works; and, wanting its divine influence, all other virtues are either dead or in a languishing state of inactivity. When faith worketh by love, it in all respects animates the Christian to the most vigorous exertions. It causes him to follow after Righteousness, Godliness, Patience, Meekness, Peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart. Faith, in proper exercise, illuminates and cheers all the other virtues, and is the eye of the soul which penetrates through the clouds of darkness which obscure futurity. But without charity and good works, Faith is unprofitable; and the faithful himself shall not reign in glory, if he conjoin not the ardours of love to the light of belief!

If we are convinced that there is a God, and a future state of rewards and punishments, and that the scriptures are the revelation of God, let us meditate often on those things that our faith may be strengthened. Let us strive fully to believe the promises of Jesus Christ, and faithfully to execute his will; that our holiness, obedience and graces, may be increased and flourish, and we at last be received into eternal life.

HOPE,

HOPE is, to the Christian, that virtue which supports him amidst the trials and confusions of the world. It makes him to rest secure upon the veracity of God, and to expect with confidence the effects of his promises. Assisted by this virtue, the good man enjoys the sweets of tranquillity, because he knows that the truth of God's promises are not liable to distrust, or subject to change. Hope is the universal comforter; it soothes the virtuous in their calamities; and, amidst all the vicissitudes of life, it affords to them one fixed point of rest. It awakens the courage and activity of mortals by the promise of rewards; it stimulates to exertion by examples of virtue in former ages; and, making them compare what they suffer with what they expect, they exclaim, "The afflictions of the present time, are not to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." It is this pleasing affection, that gives a grateful relish and delight to all the difficult duties of virtue and piety, and makes all the troubles of humanity more tolerable.

Conducted by Hope, Abraham left his country, kindred, and his father's house, in expectation of that City, "whose builder is God." Upon this principle, Moses rejected "the pleasures of Egypt, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." The Tormentor threatens, and the Martyr is not afraid; pain is added to pain,  
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and the Christian is not overcome; the courage, and the strength to bear these ills, are both from Hope derived. He knows that Christ prepares to invest him with robes of immortality, and holds in his hand a Diadem of glory, to crown his patience; when his labours are accomplished. It is this hope that quenches the flames of our trials; that disarms our persecutors; that sweetens the cup of punishment; and increases our constancy. From the life, labours and death of Christ Jesus, the Christian learns to suffer with courage; in his resurrection from the dead, and in his ascension into heaven, he has pledges, which dissipate every doubt, of a future and a happy state, that must be expected with patience. It is this laudable hope, that produces just desires in his soul; that annihilates his present miseries; that banishes all discontentment; and extinguishes every sorrow; that makes him commence a saint on earth, that he may reach perfection in heaven.

CHARITY is that Virtue which of all others merits cultivation, as it is the ultimate end and design of the religion of Christ Jesus, which was revealed to mankind to conduct them to heaven. This principle tempers the whole of the gifts, excellencies and virtues which adorn the Christian, and conjoins them all in a pleasing harmony. It assimilates our souls to God, and is the condition and ground, both of our present and our future happiness.

Our faith and hope shall be swallowed up, and become void by enjoyment in a future life; but Charity and Goodness are permanent like eternity itself. Faith and Hope are the means to inflame the heart to fervent Charity; but this excellent grace outshines, and is the consummation of every perfection.

Happy is that man who is possessed of this virtue. His sweet and friendly aspect makes him acceptable wherever he comes. He suffereth long and is kind. He is neither easily affronted, nor given to revenge. He studies to overcome evil with good. His carriage is free, candid and ingenuous; he despises not the meanest, but is affable and condescending to all. Humanity is lodged in his heart; and he delights to relieve and refresh the drooping soul. He is neither envious of another's good; nor is he boastful of his own advantages. The welfare of others always increases his happiness; and he is never disgusted at the preference given to his neighbour above himself. In private, he considers his own demerits; in public, he rather chooses to be undistinguished, than to appear ostentatious. He does not behave himself unseemly; nor does he project gain to himself, by the good offices he performs. He is beneficent even to the unthankful; and humane to the indigent. He searches out the solitary haunts of poverty; and lifting up those that are bowed down with penury, he secretly relieves their wants;

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in the benignity of his soul, he weeps that he cannot also heal their diseases. When he drops the tear of sympathy over the wretched, he asks no questions to increase their grief, whether prodigality, or sloth, or accident, were causes of their misery, but hastens to bestow a well-timed relief: Nor is he solicitous of thanks; it is enough that he beholds the look of gratitude, expressing the ejaculation to heaven for its bounty. He delights to befriend the friendless on their beds of languishment, and to administer consolation to the children of despair. Because of his benevolence and affability, the aged flock around him with joy, and the poor sue for his assistance without timidity. He contributes all in his power to serve and to benefit mankind; and if he can promote the glory of God, and the good of his brethren, he supposes his endeavours have an ample reward.

The charitable man is not easily provoked to rash and unwarrantable actions. He is neither captious with, nor suspicious of others. He takes no pleasure in malicious insinuations, but rejoices when injured innocence is vindicated by truth. He rather chooses to cover with the mantle of Charity, the failings of other men, than to expose them to the ridicule of the censorious.

Thus is Charity the end and ornament of all the virtues. It teaches us a readiness to forgive, a willingness to oblige mankind; it warms us to be merciful to the distressed; and

and bountiful to the indigent ;---to be candid, affable, generous and disinterested, in all our dealings and behaviour among men.

But how amiable is Charity, when helpless orphans become the objects of her care? She, like a parent, takes the children born in the mansions of poverty, and who could not have subsisted without her aid ; she clothes, and feeds them, and makes them to grow up under her eye, insensible of hardship. And, as their parents would have done, who sleep in the dust, forgetful of their sorrows, she is anxious to store their minds with wisdom ; to point to them the path of rectitude ; and to instil into them a just abhorrence to the ways of vice. Thus, while she preserves them from want and nakedness, she is careful to dispel ignorance from being prejudicial to their future lives.

Ye valuable sons of Virtue ! Ye, who are guided by the amiable principles of Charity ; You, by your liberality, who raise an orphan from its unhappy depression, and mould it to religion and piety ; you erect a statue to yourselves more valuable than brass or marble, to point out the memorial of your goodness, of greater worth, and far more honourable, than thousands of those monuments that mark the Grecian and Roman heroism. By such acts of beneficence, ye sacrifice cheerfully your interests to the glory of God, from pious and commendable motives. Ye love and assist the  
distressed,

distressed, because they are the creatures of God whom you love and adore. And the same principles of Charity, influence you to perform the same duties, even to your enemies: You do good to those who injure you; you are patient under their insults; and you are above resentment, you pardon their injuries. By so doing, you imitate God himself, who is the inexhaustible fountain of goodness. In so doing, you fulfil the law of Christ Jesus, who has commanded us to "love one another, as he hath loved us;" and who hath constituted this as a mark by which all men shall know his disciples, "That they have love towards one another."

I shall now conclude this subject of Charity, by giving an instance of it in MERCHANT'S conduct.

INTEGER, a man of worth and respectability, was unfortunately betrayed by a brother's artifice, and ruined in his affairs. The fangs of oppression were about to seize upon him and to deprive him of liberty. He applied to CAPRINUS, a relation of his, in his exigency: He said every thing that might soften a generous heart, or dim the gentle eye of pity, by urging the feelings of a Father, and a Husband, in his situation. CAPRINUS was calous to the affecting eloquence of sorrow: Instead of sheltering his friend from the threatening blast, he became himself part of the storm, and  
shut



shut up the feelings of humanity against him.

I have contended with misfortune to the last, said the afflicted **INTEGER**; but now I sink beneath the stroke of merciless adversity. Hope, like a Syren, flattered me a while, but now she's fled; and I perceive the fatal gulph that yawns to destroy my peace. I have leaned unwisely upon friendship, and it has proved a spear to pierce me to the heart. **INTEGER** was led from his weeping, hopeless family, to the dwelling place of sorrow.---He viewed his new abode with horror;---his countenance expressed unutterable things;---and the tear that stole from him to the earth, expressed how sensibly he felt the loss of liberty.

**MERCATOR**, like one of those blessed Spirits who give us consolation in the hour of calamity, came unsolicited, and, with the utmost benevolence, proffered his good offices. I come not, said he to **INTEGER**, simply to condole with you in your distress, but to alleviate it; nor to insult you, by gazing upon you in your present situation; I wish rather, if possible, to raise you to that condition again, from which, I am convinced, that fraud and villany have thrown you. **MERCATOR** then apologized for not having offered his assistance before things had reached their extremity. I knew, said he, **INTEGER** had friends able to serve him; but as they have not done it, I can now follow what my heart dictates, without

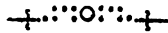
out the brand of being too officious. He then set open the prison doors, and restored **INTEGER** to liberty and his family.

**MERCATOR**'s generosity, gives powerful demonstration of the amiable influence of Charity. Beneficence, raising indigence from wretchedness, is the finest of all human actions; it conveys to the mind the pleasantest of all sensations; and to receive the warm acknowledgements of gratitude, inspires the finest of all feelings. **MERCATOR**'s conduct, in pitying a man deserted by his friends, and blasted by misfortune, made impression upon the mind of **INTEGER**, which time could never obliterate. His heart is ever since a living medal, that bears record of its former sorrows, and how he was by Providence and Charity relieved.

Thus have I given you a sketch of the family of **VIRTUE**: Cherish her offspring with assiduity; let none of them bleed by your crime; cultivate their acquaintance, and you shall enjoy tranquillity: And ever remember, as often as we wound a Virtue, we do violence to our own peace. But as the Sun enlightens, enlivens and cherishes all nature; so Virtue illuminates the minds of her votaries, redoubling every satisfaction in life, by giving a proper relish to every enjoyment.

I shall now conclude, by warning you always to be upon your guard, that neither wealth nor luxury weaken the faculties of your soul. Neither permit the ambition  
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for unsubstantial worldly greatness, to make you an unfit object for heavenly and exalted honours. Should the wise Governor of the world permit your riches by honest means to be increased, use them wisely, by sharing a part of your abundance with the poor, that you may lay up treasure in heaven. But, if you are poor, let this ever be a solace to your spirit, and soften your toils, that God hath chosen the honest and pious poor of this world for his own; and that they who are rich in Faith, and in the practice of Virtue, without any regard to distinction of Quality or Fortune in this world, hereafter they shall be equal in their rewards to the greatest of the sons of men.



THE  
RICH MAN AND LAZARUS:

A PARABLE.

IN the happy land of Judea, dwelt a Prince, distinguished for his wealth and worldly magnificence. His riches secured him the admiration of the multitude; his power and splendour, his retinue, and extensive dependencies, procured him the envy of the Ambitious. He clothed himself in purple and fine linen; his fare was sumptuous; and his equipage splendid and expensive. But though his entertainments were

were costly, and every superfluous delicacy was brought to his table, his house was no affylum to the wretched; he permitted none of his overflowing abundance to refresh the hungry; nor from his wardrobe was there a garment given to shelter the naked. His time was wasted in riot and intemperance. He cared not to acquire the blessing of the poor by his liberalities; he stopped his ears against the complaint of him who was ready to perish; he was an unjust steward of the bounties of Providence; he shut his eyes, and withheld his hand from the necessitous. Had he been hospitable without luxury, and splendid without vanity; had he been dressed agreeable to the rules of decency and custom, and to what he was entitled from his Quality and Estate; yet he could lay no claim to innocence; for he wanted the feelings of compassion to the miserable, and the poor, as they are entitled to some part of the possessions of the rich; so he was cruel and unjust in withholding from them their portion.

LAZARUS, a beggar, was laid at his gate; wretched, forsaken of the world, in rags, and languishing under disease. To the pitying eye, he was in all respects an object of compassion. To the feelings of a tender heart, nothing from such a man could be reasonably withheld. He implores the sympathy of this affluent Prince; he craves a small pittance to be bestowed from his abundance, to sustain a miserable life; but

he is refused. He modestly solicits but for the crumbs that fell from the abundance of his table; he importunes him with the eloquence of tears; but his suit is denied. Thou man of sorrows, I weep for thy distress. I see thy meek spirit disappointed: Thy languid tearful eyes tell the sorrows of thy heart. Thou dost not remonstrate with, nor upbraid this hard-hearted unfeeling Glutton. But I see thy patient countenance making an appeal to heaven. How forcible is thy eloquence with the Father of Lights? He looks with complacency on thy resignation, and will soon confer on thee thy bright reward.

Thou pampered, but unworthy descendant of pious Abraham, I blush for thee. The dogs of thy house are fed to the full, and thou refusest even a crust, to one whose origin is as good as thine; who, though poor, is also a son of the venerable Patriarch. These shame thy merciless disposition; they exercise a compassion to which thou art a stranger; thou hast no word of comfort to soothe a brother's wretchedness: Thou givest no crumb of thy plenty to staunch his hunger; they welcome him to thy gates with signs of blandishment.

But the sufferings of Lazarus at last had their accomplishment. His diseased body sunk into the grave, and was consigned to obscurity. His soul, ripened by affliction for immortality, and filled with the consolations of God, was speedily wafted to the  
happy

happy mansions of the Just; because he was contented to bear the hardships of unpitied affliction with a meek and contented spirit, in the patient prospect of a future recompense.

Death also snatched the voluptuous Prince from his feast of delicacies. His friends, with funeral pomp, consigned his body to the dust; and God gave up his soul to endless torment, and unremitting anguish; because he preferred the pleasures of sense, of wealth, and vain magnificence, and disdainfully looked down without compassion upon the sufferings of the miserable; and never solicited, by works of piety and benevolence, those ever shining rewards which are promised to the virtuous.

POETRY.



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# POETRY.

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## THE INVITATION.

.....

**S**EE the radiant god of day,  
Haft'ning on his crystal way ;  
Sportive dance his silver beams,  
On the sweet pellucid streams.  
Join the dance, ye rural throng ;  
Mirth and Music come along.  
Always happy, ever gay,  
Healthful as the blooming May ;  
Drive away corroding care,  
Haggard grief, and pallid fear.  
Mortals joyfully receive,  
All the blessings life can give.

Hark ! the Sky-lark from his throat,  
Pours the sweet melodious note,  
Rise like him, and cheerful be,  
Full of sport and full of glee.

See all Nature's blooming train,  
Rise to deck the verdant plain ;  
Vary'd meads, and flow'ry beds,  
For a carpet FLORA spreads ;  
And the rolling year supplies,  
New delights to please your eyes.  
Then, as Nature bids, agree  
To spend your days in mirth and glee.

Think no more to take your aim,  
At the fleeting gew-gaw, FAME :  
The more pursu'd, the more it flies ;  
And with a breath it lives and dies.

Let



Let each nymph, and every swain,  
 Joyful join the festive train,  
 Ev'ry lawn, and ev'ry grove,  
 Echo back the voice of love.

Joy on ev'ry hand appears,  
 Sweetest music strikes my ears ;  
 On each height in ev'ry vale,  
 Still the notes of love prevail.  
 Ev'ry wing that floats in air,  
 Seems to fan away dull care :  
 All I hear, and all I see,  
 All invite to mirth and glee.

As the varying seasons flow,  
 Beauty bids our bosoms glow ;  
 Our rosy youth will quickly fly ;  
 Old age will come and pleasures die.  
 Now, while dimpling health is ours,  
 And the Summer sheds its flow'rs ;  
 Let no sorrow intervene,  
 Let's enjoy the gaudy scene.

Let ambition rack that elf,  
 Who delights to tease himself ;  
 Happier far the rural state,  
 Remov'd from troubles of the great :  
 Where no anxious thoughts intrude,  
 Where no sycophants delude,  
 Where, by smiles, we're not deceiv'd,  
 Where we speak and are believ'd,  
 Where contentment spreads her wings,  
 Where ambition never springs,  
 Where sweet Innocence retreats,  
 And Truth her artless tale relates,  
 Where Labour gives to all a zest,  
 Simple fare, and balmy rest,  
 Where each day, and every night,  
 Are ever crown'd with soft delight.

ANSWER

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ANSWER  
TO THE FOREGOING.

---

*Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam,  
jam te premet nox.*

---

**W**HY all this boasting, all this noise,  
Of fleeting unsubstantial joys ;  
Say, does the Sun but shew his beams,  
Only to gild the silver streams ;  
Does his swift course not seem to say,  
Mortals ! Time flies fast away.

True the blooming May appears,  
Nature her best liv'ry wears.  
But will your days on downy wing,  
Always give you balmy Spring ?

Soon will those flow'rs their pride forego,  
To droop beneath December's snow ;  
Short are the joys you dote upon,  
Like apparitions seen and gone.

Yes, the commoners of air,  
With sprightly notes salute the year,  
And, sportive, on th' enamel'd green,  
Thoughtless youth enjoys the scene :  
But youth, alas ! will quickly fade,  
And tott'ring age your sports invade ;  
Soon all your mirth will cease to be,  
And ruthless Death will ask his fee.

The changing seasons clearly shew,  
A map of life to us below ;  
Our youth is usher'd in with tears ;  
And here the early spring appears.

Advance

Advance we on, as fure we muft,  
Ambition blinds our eyes with duft ;  
With greedy hands we grafp at wealth,  
Till Summer flies, and rofy health.

Next Autumn comes, and with it cares,  
We fee we've drudg'd for worthlefs heirs,  
Whofe giddy rounds our comforts drain,  
And fap the sweets of all our gain.

At variance now with all below,  
Old age brings on a Winter's woe ;  
Our filver'd hairs, proofs of decay,  
Without our notice, steal away ;  
No profpect now can cheer the fight,  
Which lofes by degrees the light.  
No founds can ftrike the deafen'd ear,  
But whifpers—that the grave is near,  
At laft oblivion freads the pall,  
Her fable mantle over all.

CON-

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## CONTENTMENT AND THE SHEPHERD.

.....

**C**OME, sweet Contentment, shew thy face,  
Adorn'd with every bloming grace;  
Approach my cot, and dwell with me;  
Blest is the man possess'd of thee.

Long have I fought thee, but in vain,  
Thou fly'st me still, and with disdain;  
Dost thou prefer a rural seat?  
Come make my dwelling thy retreat.

No wealth have I acquir'd by guile,  
That might dispel thy rosy smile;  
No fond ambition racks my breast,  
That might disturb thy balmy rest;  
I have small fellowship with care,  
And can, like others, hardships bear.  
Come, and make discontentment fly,  
And tend me with a gracious eye.

Around my little cleanly cot,  
Music tries each sprightly note,  
From every shade the feather'd throng,  
Serenade me all day long.  
Brouzing on th' enamell'd green,  
My flocks display a rural scene,  
That mix their bleatings with the sound,  
Of murmuring streams that flow around.  
Then come, thou friend of social glee,  
Let me enjoy these scenes with thee.

## CONTENTMENT.

Dear Shepherd, an obsequious gale,  
 Brought to my ravish'd ears thy tale;  
 If to my words thou wilt attend,  
 Contentment still shall be thy friend;  
 She'll fix her temple in thy breast,  
 And ever be thy constant guest.

Know then each passion of thy soul,  
 The umpire Reason, must controul;  
 Whenever reason loses sway,  
 Contentment, Shepherd, flies away.  
 I, and my opposite, in kind,  
 Subsist entirely in the mind;  
 The seeds of comfort or despair,  
 Are solely, friend, implanted there.

Wert thou possess'd of all the gold,  
 By which mankind are bought and sold,  
 With no infirmities of frame,  
 To sour thy relish for the same;  
 Did at thy word remotest lands,  
 Attentive bow at thy commands;  
 Was guilt upon thy soul imprest,  
 I could not harbour in thy breast;  
 On fleetest wings I'd bear away,  
 Nor gems, nor gold, could bribe my stay!

Content regards not rank nor birth,  
 But only dwells with men of worth;  
 Nor flies old age, to favour youth:  
 But dwells with Wisdom, Virtue, Truth.

If, in a fretful peevish strain,  
 Old snappish Dotards will complain,  
 'Tis not that I, when age appears,  
 Desert them in declining years:  
 But that they've follow'd folly's path,  
 Till tott'ring on the verge of death,

They

They feel remorse for what is past ;  
They find their bodies run to waste ;  
They have no hope beyond the grave ;  
That might their gloomy cares relieve.  
When discontent invades the mind,  
It ever will materials find,  
On which to fret, on which to brood,  
But holds no converse with the good.

Before I may with thee remain,  
Thou must thy passions all restrain,  
Must every virtuous act pursue,  
Whate'er thou seest another do.  
In heats of strife, or party rage,  
Ne'er let thy mind at all engage,  
Nor view with scorn, nor envious eyes,  
The healthy, wealthy, or the wise ;  
And at their lot, repine at none,  
But learn the art to like thy own.  
So shall thy life in ease be spent,  
And in thy bosom dwell Content.

ANSWER

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## A N S W E R

TO SHENTON'S BALLAD ON ABSENCE,

.....

**W**HY does my sweet CORYDON sigh,  
And leave his flocks wildly to stray;  
Was e'er a Nymph fonder than I,  
Or griev'd more was her Shepherd away.  
I wander by murmuring Jed,  
And still make my lover my theme;  
I languish and hang down my head,  
And drop my tears into the stream.

O how could my CORYDON go,  
And torture his PHYLLIS with care,  
To leave her a victim to woe,  
And waste her lone hours in despair.  
The places that were our delight,  
No longer give pleasure to me;  
I sicken, dear Swain, at the light,  
And must die, if still absent from thee.

No longer I join in those scenes,  
That with CORYDON, pleas'd me before;  
To sport with the Nymphs and the Swains,  
Are frolics that please me no more.  
My flocks are all feeding in view,  
And my lambs at their frolicsome play;  
Ere CORYDON bade me adieu,  
His PHYLLIS was sportive as they.

A Blackbird, lamenting her mate,  
Has melted my heart all day long;  
Comparing my own to her fate,  
I've pour'd out my tears to her song.

But

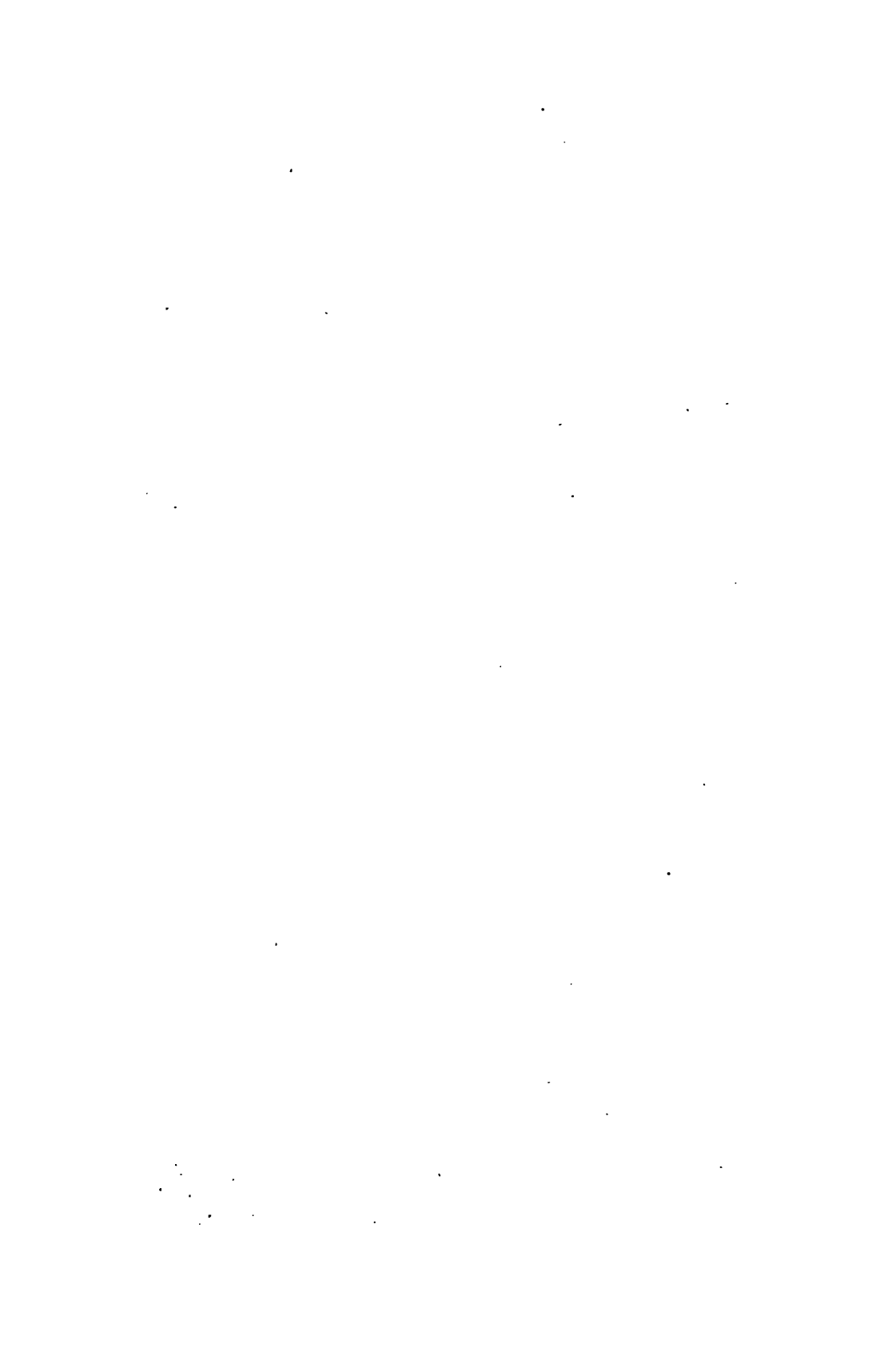
But soon will she cease to complain:  
Spring will a new lover bestow;  
But while you are absent, my Swain  
My tears must continue to flow.

My pain to suppress I have strove,  
And by counterfeit smiles to conceal;  
But the torture and anguish of love,  
My sighs and my anguish reveal.  
My days I disconsolate lead,  
Still wishing my Shepherd's return;  
And the charms of the sweet Sylvan Jod,  
What are they to a maiden forlorn?

Can it please my dear Swain to explore,  
Strange countries and kingdoms remote;  
To visit each far distant shore,  
While his Shepherdess here is forgot.  
But may fortune her bounties prepare,  
For my Shepherd wherever he goes,  
Shall still be his PHYLLIS's prayer,  
Till death put an end to her woes,

SACRED





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# SACRED POETRY.

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## King DAVID's SONG in Prospect of Death.

A PROPHECY OF CHRIST PARAPHRASED.

From 2 SAMUEL, 3d to 6th verse.

**A** PRINCE shall spring from DAVID's race,  
Adorn'd with every splendid grace;  
The Meek in mercy he will guide.  
And overawe the sons of Pride.

Oppression's power he will refrain,  
And equity shall mark his reign;  
Discord among mankind shall cease,  
And all the Nations live in peace.

He shall arise, like morning light,  
To dissipate the shades of night;  
He, like the genial sun shall shine,  
In glorious radiancy divine.

His blessings shall descend like dew,  
The face of nature to renew;  
His beams the languid soul shall cheer,  
And virtue's fairest buds appear.

Though some within my house I find,  
Are not to virtue's laws inclin'd;  
Yet know I, that MESSIAH's blood,  
Infuses my mercy, with my God.

More joy this great salvation brings,  
Then all the pageantry of kings;  
My glowing hopes, dispel my fears,  
And soothe my weak, declining years.

His Cov'nant is my sole delight,  
My theme by day, my song by night;  
Its promises my pains assuage,  
And warm the frozen heart of age.

My Soul by Faith, on wings sublime,  
Leaves far beneath the cares of time,  
And panting soars to joys above  
In realms of everlasting love.

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## JOB XIXth CHAPTER,

FROM Verse 25. to 28. PARAPHRASED.

.....

**W**HAT though my flesh, a seat of pain,  
Make me by day and night complain ?  
What though sad trials me befall ?  
My Faith still triumphs over all.

Would you explore the hidden springs,  
That waft my soul on heav'n-plum'd wings ?  
My heart a secret joy receives,  
Because my great REDEEMER lives.

Though I, a mortal thing decay,  
And pass, like to a shade, away,  
He'll lead me to a place of rest,  
And quell the tempest in my breast.

Though present grief my reins consume,  
And death consigns me to the tomb ;  
My SAVIOUR, to his promise just,  
Shall raise me from the mould'ring dust.

This flesh, so bloated now and loath'd,  
Shall with immortal grace be cloth'd ;  
These tearful eyes shall glorious shine,  
And see your gracious GOD, and mine.

O ! when shall that bright morning rise,  
Which shall transport me to the skies ?  
When once this mortal coil is o'er,  
I'll see GOD's face, and weep no more.

SIM-

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## SIMEON'S SONG PARAPHRASED.

LUKE ii. 23, &c.

.....:O:.....

**T**HOU! who by Patriarchs, Seers and Prophets old,  
Thy Son's approach, MESSIAH's reign foretold;  
Whose promise was, from JESSE's root should spring,  
The PRINCE of Peace, an everlasting KING:  
Whose sceptre should all Nations overawe,  
And Israel rule, with equitable law:  
To whom the World, in homage to his sway,  
Should bend obedient, and his laws obey.

Hear now thy Servant, since the hour is come;  
Consign me peaceful to the silent tomb:  
My aged eyes have seen my SAVIOUR's face;  
He smiles complacent, in my fond embrace.  
What more can aged Simeon require,  
Than from this earth, exulting to retire?  
Happy to see this great eventful day,  
I now would mingle with my kindred clay.  
This day, (our Fathers joyful view'd afar);  
I've seen;—the light of JACOB's glorious star.  
All Nations shall the great Salvation see;  
And to thy pow'r shall grateful bow the knee.  
The wide domains of distant potent Kings,  
Under thy shade, shall bless thy healing wings;  
Thou shalt Prophetic testimonies seal,  
And by thy Wisdom, JUDAH's breaches heal.  
The GENTILE race, in chains of darkness held,  
Thy beams shall cheer, thy strength shall be their shield.

But poignant anguish shall transfix thy soul,  
Ere recreant Nations own thy mild control:  
Unlike the tinsel'd Grandees of the earth,  
Many shall stumble at thy humble birth:  
But thou at last superior to thy foes,  
Shalt rise triumphant from a flood of woes.  
In death victorious, thou shalt death destroy;  
And see the labours of thy soul with joy.

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# THE CONSUMMATION.

A

## PINDARICK ODE.

—:0:0:—

I.

**T**HE rise of Empires, and their weighty fall,  
My Muse advent'rous soars beyond them all;  
Leaves empty shews of grandeur far behind,  
Nor to a grov'ling subject is confin'd.

In vain I curb her eager flight,  
Fain would she reach a tow'ring height,  
She flies, and hastens to relate,  
The last, the dreadful stroke of Fate.

I see a great, a glorious Angel stand,  
One foot upon the sea, one on the land,  
A rainbow round his head, cloth'd in a cloud,  
He lifts his arm on high, and swears aloud :

By him who lives, and ever reigns **MOST HIGH**,  
Who made the Heav'ns, the Earth, the Sea, the Sky;  
Whose Power, we fear, whose Truth adore,  
Nature expires, and Time shall be no more.

This Sun that gilds the rolling spheres,  
That marks out days, and months, and years;  
The circling Seasons must no longer sway,  
He's run his last, and number'd all his way.

II.

All Nature starts, with wild amaze,  
And groans thro' all her wide domains;  
Loud thunders roll, fierce meteors blaze;  
And gloomy horror reigns.—

But lo! th' **ARCHANGEL**'s trumpet sounds,  
That Earth, and Air, and Hell confounds.  
The Ocean other channels seeks;  
The Earth—to her deep centre shakes;  
The Sun's arrested in his way;  
The Stars forget their course, and like loose Comets stray.  
The hoary mountains quake with fear;  
The graves unclose, the dead appear :

The

The scattered atoms into bodies join,  
Rang'd by the Chemistry divine,  
And all the troubled elements their secret trusts resign.

## I I I.

Ah what horrid forms appear!  
What shrieks I hear?  
Some from falling cities fly,  
Some in tears for mercy cry,  
Some howl in wild despair:  
Hell, from her yawning gulphs below,  
Belches liquid floods of fire;  
Exposes all the dismal seats of woe;  
Where wrath resides that never can expire.  
Where Destruction's jaws extend,  
See accursed fiends ascend,  
Gnashing in pain, and desp'rate in their woe,  
Which they must ever, ever undergo.  
Mad with malice and despair,  
Now earth no more is Providence's care;  
They rush to hasten Nature's overthrow;  
And something find like joy to ruin all below.

## I V.

Lo! from the East, Death's Conqueror appears,  
Cloth'd with Omnipotence the Judge descends,  
In his right hand a palm he bears,  
Redemption in his looks he wears,  
While heaven's radiant host around his Car attends.  
Behold the Saints in white array'd,  
Rush to his banner wide display'd,  
On splendid clouds of light they rise,  
To meet MESSIAH in the skies.  
And now their virtue does its power display,  
Refining all their drossy clay;  
Triumphant ride on clouds, the sacred throng,  
And still they brighten as they move along.  
While, in despair, the wicked gnash below.  
See what they've lost, and utter shrieks of woe.

## V.

What smiles appear upon the SAVIOUR's face!  
Welcome, he cries, ye Sons of Grace:  
See now the fruits of all your woes,  
Behold an end to all your shame;

Derision

Derision now recoils upon your foes,  
 Who spurn'd my laws, and scorn'd my Name.  
 Now flames my rage, against the rebel crew,  
 Who hated me, who persecuted you.  
 But first, as ye have conquer'd, now receive,  
 Proofs of my Mercy, pledges of Love.  
 Ascend these Thrones, and sit at my right hand;  
 Judge ye those Tribes for whom I bled in vain:  
 See, in confusion, all your en'mies stand,  
 Who, to their loss, did proffer'd grace disdain.  
 Then enter Mansions, by my Father made,  
 Ere the foundations of the Earth were laid.

## V I.

While I distress'd, in gloomy dungeons lay,  
 Loaded, by tyranny with chains;  
 You did your daily visits pay,  
 To soothe my sorrows, and divert my pains:  
 When I was naked, and in want of bread,  
 You did not then your aid deny;  
 You gave me clothes, my hunger fed,  
 Nor saw me suffer with a scornful eye:  
 You heard my groans, my burning thirst allay'd;  
 You wip'd away my tears of grief,  
 When I, a stranger, thro' your cities stray'd,  
 Weary and sick, and faint, ye gave relief.  
 Tho' not in person, this you did to me;  
 Yet this you did to mine in misery.  
 Therefore I on you bestow,  
 Bliss, that shall eternal flow;  
 Crowns, whose honours ne'er shall fade;  
 Kingdoms hell shall ne'er invade.  
 Now all your suff'rings shall for ever cease;  
 The wint'ry storms of Time are o'er:  
 Now reign with God, in everlasting peace,  
 As sons, as kings, as priests, for evermore.

## V I I.

Ye Powers, and Princes of the sky,  
 Hither bring the race abhor'd,  
 See now if they my wrath defy;  
 Their once despis'd, but now exalted Lord.  
 The day foretold, the signal day is come;  
 The day that death must have his doom;  
 On all my foes, I vengeance take,  
 And the dark kingdom, with its powers, do shake.

With

With rapid flight, the heavenly host,  
 Obey their Lord's command;  
 And lo! appears a wretched band,  
 For ever, ever, ever lost.  
 Too late, they deprecate in tears,  
 Their Judge's wrath, He frowning hears,  
 Tells them that Justice must, as well as Mercy, shine,  
 For both are attributes divine.  
 O! thou resplendent Deity, they cry,  
 Who sitt'st enthron'd in Majesty,  
 One beam, one glance of pity shew;  
 Be Mercy still thy great delight,  
 Annihilate in everlasting night;  
 Or mitigate our woe.  
 Or, if stern Justice, vengeance does require,  
 And drives us to those lakes of fire,  
 At last, O God, do thou thy wrath suspend;  
 And though we torments undergo,  
 Thro' ages in unutterable woe;  
 O let them have an end.

## VIII.

But ah! the day of Grace is flown,  
 Too late they bend beneath his throne;  
 Go he cries; Ye miscreants, Go;  
 Your pains shall no cessation know.  
 Fate seal'd the sentence with an iron pen;  
 Celestial Legions echo'd back—Amen.  
 Hell yawn'd beneath, Vice stood appall'd,  
 While Vengeance loud on Justice call'd,  
 To yield the destin'd prey;  
 The waves of fire, more hideous roll,  
 The fiends in their dark caverns howl;  
 And, to complete the dread dismay,  
 Loud thunder shakes their drear abode;  
 And hotter flames descend from an offended God.  
 Now rages all the tempest of his wrath,  
 Now sinks the rebel crew to shades below,  
 To lakes of burning flame, the SECOND DEATH;  
 And God himself, seals up the vast abyss of woe.

## IX,

Now the bright Celestial throng,  
 Tune their harps, their voices raise,  
 And to their King exalt the Song,  
 Of triumph, gratitude and praise.



No more the clam'rous fons of strife,  
Disturb the Saints, the heirs of life !  
Nature awakes ! and lo ! the second birth,  
Of a New Heaven, and a Glorious Earth.  
Above, below, on all sides round,  
Beauty and harmony abound :  
Around the Earth his glories shine,  
The Heavens proclaim his Power Divine.  
Saints and Angels join their strains,  
To Him, who ever lives and reigns,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord ;  
Ever be thy Name ador'd.  
All Power in Heaven and Earth is thine,  
Thou dost in radiant wonders shine ;  
A God of Mercy, glorious and divine.  
But stop, my Muse, you strive in vain,  
To reach to an immortal strain,  
If Angels, while they sing his Grace,  
Veil with their wings each radiant face ;  
Say, ought not I to drop my feeble lays,  
Bend to the dust, and muse his praise ?

PSALM

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## PSALM I. PARAPHRASED.

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**B**LEST is the man, who shuns the way  
Where thoughtless crowds of sinners stray,  
Who in bad counsel bears no part ;  
But cherishes a pious heart.

2. Whose studious and exalted mind,  
By meditation is refin'd ;  
God's law his guide, by day and night ;  
His chief employment, and delight.
3. He, like a generous tree, which grows,  
Where some refreshing river flows ;  
Fed by the stream, extends his root,  
Is always green, has always fruit.
4. Thus shall the righteous ne'er decay ;  
But still fresh honours shall display :  
His fruits of faith shall still abound ;  
Till with immortal laurels crown'd.
5. But vicious men shall not prevail ;  
Their counsels and their hopes shall fail ;  
Their vain foundations shall decay,  
And they, like chaff, be blown away.
6. For impious men, in judgment tried,  
Shall not with the upright abide ;  
The finner's devious winding path,  
Conducts him to the gates of death.
7. God loves the Saint, who patient treads,  
Thro' ways where pure religion leads,  
And brings him to th' immortal shore,  
Where pleasures flow for evermore.

PSALM

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## PSALM II. PARAPHRASED.

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1. **W**HY do the Heathen people rage ?  
And why do sceptred kings engage,  
In deep conspiracy, and spite,  
Against the King of kings to fight !
2. Those who were ne'er agreed before,  
Mind now their ancient feuds no more ;  
They all accord—their powers employ,  
The Lord's anointed to destroy !
3. Shall we, they cry, his laws obey ?  
No ; let us cast his yoke away ;  
His bands shall not our wills restrain ;  
We spurn him, and his captive chain.
4. From his August, celestial Throne ;  
JEHOVAH looks indignant down ;  
His wrath descends, his thunder rolls ;  
His power their feeble rage controls.
5. Attend, ye princes, to my will,  
My King shall reign on Sion's hill ;  
His sceptre shall you overawe ;  
And bend your people to my law.
6. Submissive bow, ye fons of earth,  
To Him, your Lord, of heavenly birth ;  
No more against my Son combine,  
Sprung from th' Eternal Stock divine.
7. Ask me, my Son, the boon shall shew,  
What honours I on thee bestow ;  
I give the world thy wide domain ;  
There thou, and thou alone, shalt reign.
8. Obsequious

8. Obsequious to thy gentle sway,  
Crowds shall their willing homage pay;  
But those who dare withstand thy pow'r,  
A speedy vengeance shall devour.
9. Conquest shall mark thy shining path;  
Thy word shall to thy foes be death:  
Nations, who dare thy sway resist;  
Thy pow'r shall humble in the dust.
10. Ye Kings, who laws to others give,  
Be wise to worship him,—and live;  
Nor think yourselves too great, to own,  
Allegiance to MESSIAH'S throne.
11. To him, your greater King, draw near;  
Serve him with rev'rence, and with fear;  
Ye subjects of his wide domains,  
Submissive bend—JEHOVAH reigns.
12. Ye feeble offspring of the dust;  
Make his all-potent grace your trust;  
For they are blest'd, of pious mind,  
Who peace implore, and mercy find.
13. But those who hate JEHOVAH'S Son;  
By their own folly are undone:  
Obdurate, they provoke his wrath;  
And rush upon eternal death:

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PSALM XXVIII. PARAPHRASED.

—:o:o:—

1. **T**O thee I cry, O God, give ear,  
To thy poor suppliant's humble pray'r ;  
Put forth thy strength, thy servant save, .  
From dire affliction's gloomy wave.
2. Lo! to the dust, to thee I bend ;  
My God, and in my need, my Friend ;  
From thy pure Temple's glorious height,  
Look down, and save me by thy might.
3. My foes, with peace upon their tongue,  
Have counsel'd how to do me wrong ;  
O ! check the malice of their hearts,  
And guard me from their cruel arts.
4. Though they in wicked deeds unite,  
Thy wrath their vices shall requite ;  
While they for evil sow the same ;  
Let them a harvest reap of shame.
5. Thro' all thy works thy wonders shine,  
Yet they despise thy skill divine !  
They, by their crimes, provoke thy wrath,  
And sport upon the brink of death.
6. Bless'd be my God, who reigns above,  
For all the tokens of his love.  
He saw my tears, he weigh'd my grief ;  
And in my danger gave relief.
7. When death stalk'd thro' war's bloody field,  
God was my helper, strength and shield :  
O ! thou, who did'st my life prolong,  
Accept thy servant's grateful song.
8. Thy people on thine aid depend ;  
Thou art their patron, guardian, friend ;  
To them thy mercy, and thy grace,  
Descend, thro' Christ, the Prince of peace.
9. By Him, of high celestial birth,  
Bless every nation of the earth ;  
Feed them with Manna from thy hand,  
And lead them to Emmanuel's land.

PSALM

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PSALM LII. PARAPHRASED.

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1. **W**HY dost thou, Doeg, boast in doing wrong?  
And vend thy mischiefs with a lying tongue?  
Can't thou escape th' Almighty's vengeful rod?  
Or think to hide thy secret sins from God?
2. What though his mercies patiently endure,  
May'st thou for ever hope to sin secure?  
If thy smooth tongue likes to devise deceit;  
Can'st thou impose upon thy God a cheat?
3. Lo! Heaven's own Priests, who by its altars stood,  
Are, without pity, bath'd in their own blood!  
Could nothing else thy cruelty assuage;  
Or stem the torrent of thy master's rage?
4. Regardless of the truth, thou hatest good;  
Delighting most in Envy's gloomy flood:  
Yet, see and tremble, how thy noxious breath,  
Has blasted harmless holy men to death.
5. I know thy malice, and thy dark design,  
Is, that no blood shall quench thy thirst, but mine;  
But learn,—that Eye, that marks the pious foul,  
Shall guard my life, and all thy arts control.
6. JEHOVAH views his children from on high,  
Knows all their woes, and construes every sigh;  
He foothes their griefs; but will destroy thy race;  
And wrathful pluck thee from thy dwelling place.
7. Men shall with horror thy destruction see,  
Shrink from thy plagues, but shall not pity thee:  
Behold, they'll cry, his melancholy end,  
Who ne'er made Virtue, nor his God his friend!

Those

8. Those who behold thine honour in the dust,  
Shall own, though late, thy punishment is just;  
And learn, that neither fraud, nor gold can save,  
From dire destruction's desolating wave.
9. But I, with fruit and blossoms, crown'd shall be,  
With health and strength, like a green Olive tree:  
Ev'n God's own Courts, shall be my dwelling place;  
There shall I know the influence of his Grace.
10. There shall my soul pour forth her grateful song,  
Which to eternity I will prolong;  
With me the Saints, their sacrifice shall join,  
In never-ending harmony divine.

PSALM

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## PSALM LIV. PARAPHRASED.

.....:O:.....

1. **O** GOD, my strength, bestow thy grace,  
Thy feeble servant save ;  
For cruel men, an impious race,  
Would thrust me to the grave.
2. I cry to thee, in my distress,  
Give ear to my complaint :  
I, with long watching, am consum'd,  
And with my sorrows faint.
3. Strangers to thee, and thy pure laws,  
With persecuting ire.  
Oppressive multitudes combin'd,  
Against my soul conspire.
4. Mad in their rage, no God they fear ;  
Thy vengeance they provoke :  
Dark caves they make my dwelling place ;  
My bed, the flinty rock.
5. Yet still my Helper thou hast been,  
Although my friends are few ;  
My life, and theirs, thou hast preserv'd,  
By mercies ever new.
6. But surely impious men shall feel,  
That while they scorn thy wrath,  
Vengeance, though slow, shall overtake,  
And sink them down in death.
7. Then, grateful, I my sacrifice,  
Will to thy altars bring ;  
Incense of praise I'll offer up,  
To heav'ns Almighty King.
8. Because secure 'midst winds and waves,  
Thou didst support my head ;  
Whilst shipwreck'd sacrilegious men,  
Were number'd with the dead.

PSALM



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PSALM CVIII. PARAPHRASED.

—:o:::o:::o:—

- M**Y heart is fix'd, to thee I'll raise,  
An early song of grateful praise ;  
The psaltery and harp I'll join,  
To tell my glory's wholly thine.
2. While yet the stars their rays diffuse ;  
Before the Sun exales the dews ;  
I'll praise the glory of thy Name,  
Instructing others to the fame.
3. Beyond the bounds of Judah's lot,  
In nations strange, in lands remote ;  
Thy mighty works, in days of old,  
Shall to astonish'd ears be told.
4. Sublime, thy darling mercy's height,  
Reaches beyond the orbs of light ;  
And where th<sup>3</sup> ethereal kingdom ends,  
Thy truth inviolate extends.
5. Exalt thyself, thy Pow'r display,  
O'er realms of everlasting day,  
And let a weight of glory roll,  
Above the earth from pole to pole.
6. Lord, let thy all pervading eye,  
Look down from thy bright throne on high ;  
Rebuke the malice of my foes ;  
And give a respite to my woes.
7. I in thy holiness will trust,  
Great Parent, Guardian of the Just :  
By thee, my glory and my guide ;  
I'll Shechem, and her lands, divide.
8. Gilead, Manasseh, are my own,  
Annex'd to Judah's regal throne.  
By thee sustain'd, my hand prevails,  
To measure Succoth's fertile vales.

9. Mount

9. Mount Ephraim's forces in the field,  
Shall be to Israel's King a shield,  
Judah shall plead mild Virtue's cause;  
And rule the Tribes by wholesome laws.
10. The lofty pride of Moab, I'll break,  
My yoke shall gall his stubborn neck;  
I'll humble Edom's fierce disdain;  
And bind him in a captive chain.
11. My host in number, like the sand,  
I'll pour on proud Philistia's land;  
Her shore's will yield a plenteous spoil,  
The wages of my warlike toil.
12. But who to \* Rabbah's walled pride,  
Undaunted, will our warriors guide:  
What gen'rous power will lend his aid,  
While we proud Edom's land invade.
13. Great God of armies, wilt not thou,  
To Israel's children favour shew,  
Their cruel threats our breasts alarm,  
O save us by thy potent arm.
14. Slighting thy aid, was Israel's blame;  
His strength a bruised reed became;  
But thou alone, our foes can't wound,  
And tread indignant to the ground.

\* Rabbah.—The capital of the Children of Ammon.

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PSALM CXXXVII. PARAPHRASED.

—o::o::(o)::o::o— •

- W**HEN in Chaldea's land we lay,  
Gall'd by a Tyrant's lawless sway ;  
In silent musing grief we stood,  
On \* Chebar's banks, by † Ulais' flood.
2. Our lutes untun'd, our harps unstrung,  
Neglected on the willows hung ;  
Our tears increas'd the rolling tide,  
Which at our feet did gently glide.
3. Our themes of grief were Zion's woes ;—  
Our captive state ;—our cruel foes ;—  
Who, in rude mirth, upon us came ;  
And did our God, and laws, blaspheme.
4. Let's hear your songs, they proudly cry'd,  
And lay your pensive cares aside ;  
Come, let the hills and dales rejoice,  
With your soft Anthem's sacred noise.
5. Alas ! no pleasing strain shall rise,  
Whilst Salem in her ruins lies.  
What joy can music's voice impart,  
To cheer the broken, bleeding heart ?
6. We hapless men, are captives led ;  
And from our State the glory's fled ;  
Even Salem's self a ruin'd heap ;  
Makes Judah's guardian Angels weep.
7. First Zion's praise our mouths did fill ;  
From her our hands first learn'd their skill ;  
Our tongues shall to our palates cleave,  
Ere we for her forget to grieve.
8. But

\* Ezekiel, i. 3.

† Daniel, viii. 2.

8. But God shall Judah's breaches heal ;  
And Edom's sons shall vengeance feel ;  
Who, cruel cry'd, " down with her wall,  
to the foundations level all."
9. And Daughter of Chaldea know,  
Thou too art seal'd to future woe ;  
Thy ruin'd palaces shall stand,  
Grim emblems of a guilty land.
10. The blood of innocents will plead,  
For vengeance on thy guilty head ;  
Who pitiless against their groans,  
Couldst dash them helpless 'gainst the stones.

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PSALM CXXXIX. PARAPHRASED.

—o::o::(o)::o::o—

- W**ITH vain attempt, my God, I try,  
To shun thy all pervading eye,  
My rising up, my sitting down,  
My every act to thee is known.
2. E'er yet my thoughts conception find,  
Or are but embryos in my mind ;  
They plainly stand before thy view,  
Who look'ft the whole creation thro'.
3. Where'er I turn, lo! God is there,  
My softest whispers reach his ear,  
Beset by him on every hand,  
I always in his presence stand.
4. Above my utmost thoughts, too high,  
O God, is thy immensity :  
Thy knowledge do I try to find,  
It drowns, it swallows up my mind.
5. Striving to hide me from thy sight,  
Should I ascend to heaven's height ;  
There thy effulgent glories shine,  
In awful Majesty divine.
6. Should I in death's dark shadow lye,  
I'd meet thy comprehensive eye ;  
If I to hell's grim regions go,  
Thy wrath there deals the cup of woe.
7. If mounted on the wings of light,  
To shores remote, I take my flight ;  
There would I find thy working hand,  
Thy presence in the desert land.
8. Should I, behind the screen of night,  
Think to evade thy piercing sight ;  
Thy eyes would all my works survey,  
And darkness serve thee as the day !

9. The springs that life and motion give,  
Are thine; by thee I move and live,  
Thy hands did form my yielding clay,  
E'er yet I breath'd, or saw the day.
10. With curious art thy goodness join'd,  
My body to an active mind;  
Therefore, to thee, my God, I'll raise,  
My daily songs of grateful praise.
11. E'er since I trod this vale of tears,  
From infancy to riper years,  
Thro' ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,  
I've still been guided by thy care.
12. In vain thy mercies, Lord, I try  
To count, all numbers they defy;  
If I could sum them, they are more,  
Than every sand that lines the shore.
13. Thy kindnesses my thoughts employ,  
And fill my soul with inward joy;  
Where'er I turn, I mercy see,  
And find I ever am with thee.
14. With secret grief, O Lord, I mourn,  
That impious men thy precepts scorn;  
Well they deserve thy vengeful rod,  
Whose lips profane the name of God.
15. To me, I deem them mortal foes.  
Whose daring words thy laws oppose;  
Thou wilt arrest their bold career,  
And teach them who they ought to fear.
16. But search my heart, if yet within,  
Lurks any unrepented sin,  
My perverse will, my God, subdue,  
And all my latent thoughts review.
17. If thy strict scrutiny shall find,  
That secret sin pollutes my mind,  
Recal my wand'rings, by thy Grace,  
And guide in the paths of peace.

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A  
H Y M N  
T O T H E D E I T Y.

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I.

**J**EHOVAH! thou alone art great;  
To thee, the prostrate nations bend;  
Thy hand sustains creation's weight;  
Thy Pow'r no thought can comprehend:  
Thou art the God,  
Whose Sov'reign nod,  
Does all those radiant spheres control;  
Thou, by thy word,  
Omniscient Lord,  
Dost guide, impel, and rule the whole.

II.

The things that are from thee had birth;  
Without thy WORD, was nothing made:  
The heav'ns above, this lower earth,  
Thy hand their deep foundation laid:  
They shall decay,  
And pass away,  
But Thou, from all mutation free,  
Art still the same,  
Thy glorious Name,  
And praise shall everlasting be.

III.

Before thy all-pervading eye,  
That looks the vast creation thro';  
Our hidden counsels open lye,  
Reveal'd to thy minute review.

The

The shades of night,  
 The noon-day light,  
 Alike to thee, their tale impart ;  
 Our secret plans,  
 Thy knowledge scans ;  
 Thy piercing glance surveys the heart.

## IV.

Above those orbs, beyond the flight,  
 Of all the morning-sons of light,  
 Who execute thy great commands,  
 Thy glorious throne exalted stands.  
 Before thee fall,  
 The great and small,  
 Mortal, or Angel-tribes divine ;  
 In thee, they live,  
 By thee, they move,  
 Their beings, and their praise are thine.

## V.

Who can thy mighty acts declare ?  
 Can Angels shew forth all thy praise ?  
 Who with JEHOVAH may compare ?  
 Great in his works, in counsel wise :  
 To all below,  
 Thy mercies flow,  
 To Saints, to Angels, near thy throne ;  
 The Pow'rs above,  
 Confess thy love.  
 Harmonious in thy praise alone.

## VI.

Bright Cherubims, in holy praise,  
 By lofty Anthems thee proclaim ;  
 But cannot to thy glory raise,  
 Their voices equal to the theme !  
 The heav'ns confess,  
 Thy holiness,  
 Is far beyond the pow'r of speech :

Bless'd



Bles'd Seraphs know,  
 Their thoughts are low,  
 When thy perfections they would reach.

## VII.

On earth, thy willing Saints would shew,  
 How they admire thy skill divine ;  
 But poor's our praise, we little know,  
 Of all thy works, tho' bright they shine :  
     Yet we can trace,  
     A Father's grace,  
 In streams of copious gifts descend ;  
     Ensigns of love,  
     Where'er we move,  
 Mark thee our univerfal Friend !

## VIII.

Prophets, and Holy men, have told,  
 The wonders of thy mighty hand ;  
 But we can trace, like them of old,  
 Marks of thy grace in ev'ry land ;  
     From Adam's time,  
     In ev'ry clime,  
 All willing nations did conspire,  
     Thy praise to sing,  
     Almighty King,  
 In one great univerfal Quire.

## IX.

Where'er thy altars are beheld,  
 There is a Father's presence known ;  
 The heart, that's with devotion fill'd,  
 Shall still thy consolations own ;  
     In latest breath,  
     In pangs of death,  
 Thy Sons, with praise upon their tongues,  
     From earthly woes,  
     Sink to repose,  
 Adoring thee, in joyful songs.

Great

## X.

Great Parent of our praise and love,  
In thee compassions ever flow ;  
Thy copious blessings from above,  
Delight the hearts of all below.  
Those men who mourn,  
And are forlorn,  
To thee, in their distress, they cry,  
Thou still art near,  
To quell their fear,  
And save them when about to die.

## XI.

Great Sov'reign Pow'r, whose mighty sway,  
All nations of the earth obey ;  
To all mankind thy aid dispense,  
And guide us by thy Providence.  
Let old and young,  
With grateful song,  
Still praise the wonders of thy grace,  
And may we find,  
Our God our Friend,  
Thro' Christ, our Lord, the Prince of peace.



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A  
VARIETY OF COMMENTS  
ON SOME OF THE  
*STRIKING PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE,*  
IN THE  
STYLE OF OSSIAN.

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THE DEFEAT OF SISERA.

From JUDGES iv. and v. CHAP.

—:0:0:—

DEBORAH THE PROPHETESS.

**Y**E men of Judah, lift the warlike shield:  
Too long the sword of vengeance has  
been sheathed; and all your armour blot-  
ted with disgrace. The terrors of Jabin  
shall keep you bound in servile chains no  
more. Surely the enchantment of Jacob's  
sons is broken; and the weapons that war  
against them shall not prosper. I saw the  
flaming Guardians of Israel alight on Ta-  
bor's consecrated top. They called thee,  
Barak, from the cloud that obscures thy  
renown in Nephthali. They have tem-  
pered thy mind with prudence; they have  
warmed thy heart with courage; they have  
k k whet-

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whetted thy sword for conquest ; they have tuned the voices of the SEERS for songs of victory. Come, and let ten thousand warriors follow thee to Tabor ; succets shall crown your toil, and Sisera, and his mighty men, shall perish.

Terrible in arms, the son of Abinoam arose ; and at the trumpets call, the men of valour were gathered together. The bondage of Israel's race, stung them with indignation ; the sullen gloom of defiance darkened the countenance of every warrior. Like the irresistible torrent from the heights of Ephraim, furious, they rushed upon the embattled legions of Sisera. The spark of heroism glowed in every breast ; the awful genius of vengeance breathing on every heart, led Israel's Chiefs, like famished lions, on their foes. On Kishon's banks the multitudes of Canaan fell ; her silver streams were dyed with the blood of warriors. Tell now, ye boastful Chiefs of Hazor, what your skill avails, when your prowess is blasted by the mighty God of battles. The angel of adversity, from his dusky wings, sheds baleful influence over all your strength ; and death, to feed his shrieking vultures, delights to multiply his heaps of slain. The streams of Megiddo are stemmed with the bodies of dead warriors ! How is the strength of Jabin withered ? How is the glory of Sisera tarnished ? How are the shields of the mighty cast with themselves to the ground ?

## THE MOTHER OF SISERA.

COME from the flowery banks of Kishon, thou renowned leader of Harosheth. Come Sisera, my son, from thy bloody fields covered with a warrior's glory. Thy animating trumpets sounds should already have delighted my ears ;---the shouts of the successful in war, ought, by this time, to have gladdened my heart.---Why dost thou return so late from conquest?---Why linger the thundering wheels of thy chariot? Surely thou hast sped, and art metting out the pastures of Judah, the fields of Ephraim, and the flowery Carmel. Hasten to me, with thy goodly portion ; great are thy dangers, but greater thy booty, the sparkling damfels of Israel, and their richest embroideries !---Haste, my Sisera, and shew me the extent of thy victorious arms, by the spoils thou hast wrested from the hands of the valiant.

## MESSENGER.

ALAS ! no more shalt thou behold the victorious Sisera.---The armies of Israel have prevailed ; and the multitudes of Jabin, to a man, are trodden to the earth. Through all the towns and villages of Judah, shouts of triumph, and songs of victory, are heard.---Sisera, thy warlike son, is dead, and the sun of his renown is gone  
down

down in disgrace.---By no weapon of war did he perish, urged to a necessitous flight, a nail in the hands of weakness, fastened the warrior to the earth ;---by the hand of a female, even Jael the Kenite, he fell inglorious. Sunk to the oozy bottom of Kishon, the gloomy flood rolls over the champion of Harosheth : More dismal is the cloud of darkness that hovers over his renown.---From the chiefs of Canaan the glory is departed ; and the weapons of war have failed in the hands of the valiant.---

### The SONG of DEBORAH and BARAK.

1. NOW let Judea's sons rejoice,  
And praise Jehovah with their voice ;  
Who gave to all their foes a grave,  
But did his chosen people save.
- 2 Before our God, bend down in fear,  
Ye kings, and deign our song to hear ;  
Through all the earth his glories shine,  
O'er all he reigns, with pow'r divine.
- 3 When through the fields of Seir he trod,  
And march'd through Edom's hostile plain,  
Our foes fled at the voice of God,  
And found their boasted courage vain.
- 4 The trembling earth confess'd its fears ;  
The pillars of high heaven shook ;  
The clouds dropp'd down in watery tears,  
And hills did melt at his rebuke !
- 5 Ev'n Sinai's self, and Horeb's height,  
Were in dark clouds of terror clad ;  
When God appear'd, in awful state,  
The frightened streams of Kishon fled !

6. Jacob

6. Jacob oppress'd by Canaan's race,  
Liv'd in disaster and affright ;  
But now their warriors, in disgrace,  
Are by our females put to flight !
7. Their heroes fell at Jael's feet ;  
Their skill by Barak's strength was foil'd :  
He made our lordly foes submit,  
By whom we formerly were spoil'd.
8. O ! had we always pious been,  
And never turn'd to idols vain ;  
The tribes had no affliction seen,  
Nor Israel known a moment's pain.
9. But ah !—from God our eyes we turn'd,  
And aid from others did implore ;  
Destruction came, his fury burn'd,  
And happiness we knew no more.
10. War did Judea's land deform,  
Our foes pour'd in on every side ;  
No strength had we to ward the storm ;  
Unarm'd, our bravest heroes died.
11. Our gates were with dead bodies fill'd,  
Grief made our land her dwelling place ;  
The sword devour'd, and famine kill'd,  
All plagues destroy'd the Jewish race.
12. Before our God, we spread our woes ;  
He saw us with our sorrows faint :  
He look'd indignant on our foes,  
And wrathful down his thunder sent.
13. On Kishon's banks their armies fell,  
Their slaughter stem'd the rolling flood ;  
Megiddo's crimson'd waters tell,  
How all her streams are stain'd with blood.
14. The plots of Zeb and Oreb fail'd,  
His wrath on Edom he did pour,  
Our arms o'er Jabin's force prevail'd,  
And Hazor's glory shines no more !—



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15. Go then to God, ye tribes, and raise,  
Your songs of tributary praise;  
He, from oppression's direful sway,  
Has blown your enemies away.
16. Let old and young his deeds rehearse,  
In flowing strains of pious verse;  
Tell how your God, to you inclines,  
And in bright beams of mercy shines.
17. To God, your everlasting King,  
Your vows, your sacrifices bring;  
Idols no more shall be your guide,  
And God in Judah shall reside.—
18. Go grateful, and by worship own,  
Obedience due to him alone;  
Who gave to Israel's ruin'd land,  
Salvation by a woman's hand.—

Thus sang Deborah, the Prophetess of Ephraim. Soft was the sound of her voice in the ears of Barak, and the warriors of Israel.—The groves of Ramath, and the woody Bethel, were rejoiced with the animating songs of victory.—The waters of Kishon rolled over the enemies of Israel.—On the banks of the murmuring Megiddo, death had silenced the voice of oppression. The wasted villages, that mourned in desolation, saw the spoilers themselves destroyed. The ruined cities raised again their aspiring heads, and spread their shining bosoms to the smiling sun.—The cheerful valleys waved again with yellow corn. The shepherds joyful dwelt among the pastures of the hills, pleased with the harmless bleatings of their flocks.—The mountains gave their purple

purple stores to cheer the drooping heart.---  
The pride of Hazor was trodden down ;  
and the idol's aid, by Jacob's son, was de-  
spised.---Deborah was great in the song.---  
Jael was honoured among women.---Barak  
was applauded among the warriors of Pa-  
lestine, because he led their captivity cap-  
tive.---In God, their deliverer, the sons of  
Jacob rejoiced, and the tribes of Israel were  
glad.

SAUL'S

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## SAUL'S DEATH,

AND

### DAVID'S LAMENTATION.

1 SAMUEL xxxi. and 2 SAMUEL i. CHAPTER.

.....O:.....

#### SAUL RETURNING FROM ENDOR.

**T**HE robe of darkness, which covers the earth, is nothing to that gloom that overspreads my soul. How dreadful are the denunciations of offended heaven? Like the timid deer on the mountains of Palestine, so starts my affrighted spirit at every breeze. Surely it was the demon of mischief, who led me to that unhallowed roof of Endor's time-blasted forcerefs? In the haunts of iniquity, I have made shameful inquest after the secrets of futurity. I have tried to unveil the cloud which conceals the fate of mortals; and the awful genius of the venerable Samuel, has severely chastised that overweening anxiety. By his rigid virtue, and his solemn appearance, my spirit was overcome, and my warlike courage withered before him. Just were his reproofs, when he declared the vengeance of Jehovah. Presumption, knocking at the gates of death, and soliciting oracles from the grave, deserved the severest rebuke. Alas! melancholy knowledge. My foes must prevail; the flower of Israel's warriors must perish;  
my

my fons must fall by the defolating sword; my kingdom is assigned to my rival; and the strong hand of death is this day to blot me out of all remembrance! Then come, ye fiends, Distraction and Despair, and drive me, like a whirlwind, upon my enemies. Death, like a famished lion, shall riot in the blood of the slain; and my last day shall be noted for destruction and carnage, and, since I must fall, let me rush like a ruinous thunderbolt to the tomb.

## SAUL IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE.

WHAT a day is this of horror and calamity! Death rides triumphant on his dark commission. The angel of adversity deals universal desolation to friends and foes. My people fall before Dagon's hated votaries, and perish by the hands of uncircumcised barbarians. Ah! miserable! what do I behold? My valiant fons are fallen to the earth! A father's guilt has crushed their growing honours, and torn from the hapless Saul his ornaments and pride. O! Death! How hast thou blasted the strength of the mighty, and thrown to the earth, in ruins, those columns of beauty, who were the boast of Israel's powerful tribes? But I will follow them to the dark kingdom, and one tragical tale shall conclude the lives of Saul and his heroic fons.

Doeg, thou seest the calamities that sweep my house from its foundations. The weapons,

pons, which slew my children, have pierced me to the heart. Obey my last command; draw the devouring sword, and slay thy King. Philistia conquers; and my renown sets in disgrace. Like the scathed oak, robbed of its honours, so is my strength decayed. Despondency overwhelms me: Pained to the soul, and galled with many a wound, I fain would lose my agonies in death.

DOEG.

THOU great in arms! Thou pride of Jacob's race!--forgive: I dare not do a deed so full of horror. The sacred priests at Nob I slew, at thy command; but, to put forth my hand against Sovereignty, my mind abhors. Tell me to die, and I obey. But I, though stained with crimes, never lodged the unhallowed thought of violating Majesty.

SAUL,

REACH me the sword, and from these scenes, your King shall clear a passage for himself.--O, Justice! This is the weapon that slew the venerable sons of heaven, and now its point must pierce the heart, which plotted cruelly against the innocent. Your blood, ye holy men, is now avenged. O! desolating tyrant, Death, how dreadful is thy empire! How painful is the passage to thy dark domains.

DOEG.

## DOEG.

PRINCE of warriors! Art thou fallen to the earth? I, too, will shoot the gulf, and follow thee to a world unknown. Terrific King! to thee I yield myself a victim. Thou subduest the courage of the valiant; under thy sway the knees of the stubborn are made to bend.---By thee, O sword, did I slay the holy servants of Jehovah. By thee, a King is fallen, whose rash command I obeyed; and now, the awful, but just Providence of heaven, by thee is twofold thus, an avenger of blood!

## THE AMALEKITE.

WHEREVER I turn, the terrible triumphs of death are seen. The mountains of Gilboa are drenched with blood. In all directions, the armies of Israel are put to flight. Seldom are the followers of Saul accustomed to run when an enemy pursues. Perhaps, since the death of Samuel, their sage prophet, whose prayers made their God propitious, he now permits the angel of adversity to chastise their armies, and to punish their cruel and haughty King.— So it must be; for here is their gigantic Prince fallen, like a blasted Cedar, to the earth. No more will he, terrible in arms, put to flight the warriors of Gath, or chace before him the affrighted multitudes of Ascalon.

Aicalon. No more shall he from the cloudy Ephraim call the valorous sons of Benjamin forth to victory and spoil. In vain do the daughters of Judah prepare their songs of triumph; for the crown, alas! is fallen from the head of the valiant. In vain they anxious look for his return: The shouts of victory, carried on the faithful breeze, shall no more foretel his approach. The tribes of Israel shall weep for thee, and the sons of Benjamin shall lament their fallen leader. But I will be a wing-footed messenger to Bethlehem's aspiring warrior: The youthful hero will reward my haste; and his eyes will gladly behold this splendid diadem. O Saul! but yesterday, a son of Amalek would have trembled in thy presence; but now I take from thee, without fear, the ensigns of thy royalty. Thou art no longer jealous of thy kingdom; the living only contend for dominion: Death makes the glories of a diadem of no estimation; and the grave requires no trappings of vanity. This bracelet and crown will approve my haste to David, Prince of heroes,

DAVID.

WITH these demonstrations of sorrow, from whence comest thou in such haste, and what is thy melancholy tale?

AMALEKITE.

## AMALEKITE,

FROM the camp of Israel am I come ;  
from the bloody fields of Gilboa, am I  
escaped ; there Saul and Jonathan, with  
the flower of Jacob's race, are perished ;  
while others, less renowned in arms, are  
fled.

## DAVID.

THESE are tidings of deep calamity.  
How knowest thou that Saul the King of  
Israel is dead ?

## AMALEKITE.

THIS bracelet and diadem attest my me-  
lancholy tale. Passing by the cloud-skirt-  
ed Gilboa, I saw the dreadful conflict.  
Long was victory in suspense between the  
contending armies : At last, the multitudes  
of Philistia overpowered the strength of  
Israel. Jonathan, and his warlike brothers,  
fell, in spite of their prowess, before the  
eyes of their renowned father. But, when  
the King beheld his sons were dead, and  
that the shields of the mighty were trodden  
down, he waxed terrible in his wrath. Fu-  
rious, he rushed into the midst of his ene-  
mies. His sword was a terrible messenger  
of death. Like the multitude of waves,  
beating against an immovable rock in the  
midst.



## 270 STRIKING PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE

midst of the ocean, so strove the Philistians against Saul, the valiant prince of heroes. Long was his conflict in the bosom of death. Around him, like a wall, the heaps of his slain arose. At length, when the strength of his arm had slain or put to flight his adversaries, at a distance, the archers of Ascalon took the fatal aim, that brought to the earth the undaunted chief. With sorrow, I saw the shield of the mighty fall on the heights of the bloody Gilboa.

Like thunder, heard from the distant hills, such was the mingled and murmuring noise, that came from the thousands that followed Jesse's warlike son. At last, the youth with the ruddy countenance arose, and, leaning upon his spear, he thus addressed his associates in arms:---

### DAVID'S LAMENTATION.

YE mighty chiefs, of a noble progeny, you have heard how the weapons of war have perished, and the shields of the mighty have been trodden to the earth, upon the blood stained sides of the lofty Gilboa? Does the death of Saul not merit the generous warrior's tear? Does not Jonathan, our brother, deserve our lamentations?

How are thy beauties blasted, thou blooming flower of Benjamin?---Soon, too soon, is the career of thy glory accomplished; but thy deeds of renown they never shall be forgotten.

forgotten. Thou hast written thy memorial in the hearts of thy enemies. Jasher, the sage, shall record thy might, and the tribes of thy people will hang up the shield in the resounding halls of thy Fathers.

Awake to songs of grief; let the pathetic harp sound with strains of sorrow; tell all of Jacob's race how the beauty of Israel is slain; ---how the first of men is departed! ---O, Judah! on thy high places, how are the mighty fallen?

But, while ye give his actions to lasting renown; while ye stop at his tomb, to indulge in grief, and to raise your sorrowing voice; beware how you give his death to Fame, to recite in Gath, or to publish our loss in the streets of Ascalon; lest the daughters of Philistia, giving the theme to the lyre, should rejoice; ---lest, mirthfully striking the choral shell, they should boast, that the glory of Israel is departed.

Parched be ye, O ye mountains of Gilboa: Upon you let no genial dews descend, nor rains be poured forth. Blasted with sterility, let no ripe oblation be gathered from your desolated fields; for there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away, even the royal shield of Saul. There, undistinguished, the illustrious fell, as if he had not been anointed with oil. Liest thou low, and is thy light extinguished, thou valiant leader of heroes? How is the crown fallen from thy head, O thou prince of warriors? Thy countenance, which was  
fair

fair like the light of the morning, lies now, alas ! pale and deformed, in the dark habitation of thy fathers ! Too soon has thy spirit fled to the land of souls ; too soon art thou consigned to the narrow house.

O, Jonathan ! early did thy breast warm to feats of valour. Soon did thy mind portend thy anxious zeal for deeds of warlike prowess ! Thine was an arm to be dreaded by an enemy. Thy bow was not seen to turn back from the mighty ; thine arrows were dipped in the fat of the valiant. O, Saul ! thy sword was not accustomed to return empty, but was ever moistened with the blood of the slain. Thou, by thy might, gavest to death many of the martial sons of strength. How often hast thou glutted the grave with the enemies of thy people. Ye mighty chiefs of Israel, oblivion shall never obscure your renown. The greatness of your fame shall be scattered afar, and the memorial of your warlike virtues never shall die.

O, Jonathan ! the warrior shall often stop at thy tomb ; the generous tear shall steal down his countenance ; and the virgins of Israel, lamenting thy fall, shall make the rocky hills resound with the voice of weeping. How amiable was thy filial affection ; how tender thy regards to sacred friendship. O, Saul ! how pleasant was thy parental deportment to Jonathan ; happy was he who enjoyed thy generous indulgence. Sweet-eyed complaisance smiled in  
thy

thy countenance, and gentle submission was conspicuous in thy son. Ye were lovely in your lives, and in your deaths ye are not divided. Ye were swifter than eagles in pursuit of your foes; stronger than lions, ye rushed into the fields of slaughter, to demand for Israel the palm of victory. Great is our grief for you, ye mighty leaders, not small is the cause of our woe!

Daughters of Palestine, lay aside the mirth-giving harp, Saul and his sons are no more. Their toils enriched you with the spoils of warlike nations; they fed you with the delicacies of vanquished countries; they clothed you in scarlet, with ornaments of gold upon your apparel. O, ye amiable mourners, how are the mighty fallen in a fatal hour. But the heroes of Israel fell, while their fame was around them.

O, Jonathan! in the glory of thy strength, thou art untimely crushed to the earth. On the ill-fated Gilboa, death has withered the bloom of thy youth. Unrelenting king, thy power blasts and overwhelms the inhabitants of the world; thou snatchest into thy dark kingdom, the valiant from the bright career of their glory. I deplore thy loss, my brother; but the tear of affection recalls not the strength of the mighty! Though death and the grave be deaf to my unavailing lamentations, yet, with my tears, I will ever bedew thy memory. I will teach the most plaintive strings of my harp to bewail thy fall. But, O! thou dear conge-

nial soul, what melancholy strains can express the anguish of thy friend? That winged shaft which slew Jonathan, has pierced me to the soul. Dearer than life, with all its joys, more pleasant hast thou been to me! Than female love, more lively was thy tenderness of friendship. Thine was a kind, a generous affection, tempered and blended with a brother's love.

How are the mighty fallen! How have the chiefs of Israel perished! How have the weapons of the warlike been vilely cast away! Weep, ye inhabitants of Palestine; but they hear not the sound of your lamentations. The clods of the valley cover the carcases of the slain; but their spirits vanished from Gilboa, each on his white cloud; and they have left with us the care of their renown.

Arise, ye sons of Jacob, red in your wrath, arise to vengeance. The God of battles will pour courage into your hearts, and strength into the warrior's arm. Like an overwhelming deluge, we will rush forth in our might; we will crush our foes to the earth, and avenge our fallen leaders. The memory of Jonathan will inflame our souls to vengeance, The warlike spirit of Saul will again be seen in feats of valour. The triumphs of turbulent Gath shall not be lasting; and we will pull down the palaces of the haughty Ascalon. Jaser the sage will record our deeds; and our fame shall be great, and flourish in the heroic song.

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THE  
TEARS OF SALEM.

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LAMENTATIONS of JEREMIAH, 1 Chapter.

—o!-:o:-o—

A MELANCHOLY BARD was musing on the vicissitudes of time, and the miseries of human life. The ruins of ages long past lay before him. Heaps of mutilated columns, and arches bending in ruins to the earth, presented him with melancholy subject for sober reflection. How fleeting, said he, and precarious is every thing below; how many cares and passions vex and disturb mankind, for a little inconsiderable period; and then his trifling memorial is for ever swallowed up in death. The vale of life is strewed with pain and sorrow, and the prospect of other's unhappiness, increases our own uneasiness. Dangers sally forth upon us in squadrons, wherever we turn: Anxiety attends us to our latest moment; and, when we drop into our graves, envious time industriously erases our memories, and undermines the structures we reared to our vanity.

Our

Our contemplative Bard seated himself, in imagination, on Zion's celebrated hill. The sound of his harp was to strains of grief. Like the wind breathing through the desolated walls, so his sighs arose. His tears were poured out like the rain, for Israel's departed glory.

Salem, said he, once famed for its divine melody, is now a prey to desolation, and a haunt for the screeching ominous bird. Stately and majestic, the pride of the whole earth, she stood among the cities the perfection of beauty. On Zion's top, the princely poet, David, stood, and poured his joy inspiring strains into the pious ear. Here bravest warriors harmonized their souls with songs of praise; but now the echoing roofs resound no more with music's voice. Salem's venerable priests are dead, that trod her crowded courts; her prophets, alas! are gone to the house of silence; and the shields of her generous defenders are trodden with themselves to the earth.

Thou prince among the provinces, why sittest thou solitary among the hills of Palestine? Why dost thou cast a tearful eye upon the land of proud Chaldea? And why do the devouring eagles of Rome hover upon thy lofty battlements.

#### SALEM.

I sit a widow, and am bereaved of my children: Tearful is my countenance, and my

my glory is tarnished, and in the dust, because of my sin. The sun of prosperity, for ages, shone upon my palaces. Peace, power and delight, were within my walls. I was the envy of neighbouring nations, and the joy of my own people. The feasts of Zion were well attended, and my friends were numerous as the sand of the sea. My Temple was the glory of the world, and from thence the Omniscient deigned to give oracles to men! Its marble columns proudly rose to the skies, and its golden ornaments, glittered in the sun. But, instead of being pious, we became vain-glorious. Ostentatious shew, and magnificent sacrifices, were esteemed devotion; but our hearts were alienated from Jehovah, and I became desolate. The warning voice often heard in my streets was disregarded; my prophets foresaw my ruin, and proclaimed my fall. But my holy men they slew; and I was stained with the blood of innocence. Destruction came like the sweeping whirlwind, and the foundations of Zion were shaken. Pale famine stalked through my streets, and consumed my people. All-tormenting hunger, forced even pitiful mothers to destroy their infant children, that they might drag out a miserable existence, by a weeping abhorred meal. My walls of defence were broken down, and my princes, like timid hearts, were pursued; the all-devouring sword wasted what the pestilence had spared; my young men perished with hardships;



hardships ; the strength of my valiant men decayed ; the hands of spoilers levelled my lofty towers to the ground ; and the sacred Pane of Jehovah, became itself a ruined heap. O, ye that pass by, have ye no tear of sympathy, nor speech of regret for the ruins of Salem ? Does the cloud of vengeance, with which I am covered, not demand a sigh ? Does the sorrow and shame I endure, solicit no pity ? I spread out my arms, but there is none to help. I waste myself in tears, but there is none to give consolation. Ah ! what avails it, that Bethlehem raises the voice of lamentation ; and that Ramah in tears refuses to be comforted : These do not repair the desolations of Zion. The righteous Judge of men has thrown down the strong holds of Judah ; he has demolished the habitations of Jacob ; and bound in a heavy chain the captivity of my people.

While the tearful bard was moved for the grief-worn Salem, the voice of melody was heard from a distant eminence. From whence soever it comes, said he, it is the effusion of a heart unacquainted with sorrow. Some youth yet lives near Zion's sacred mount, happy, though in solitude, and unmindful of the disasters that have oppressed the miserable Judah. He approached the place from whence the harmony came. Struck with astonishment, he saw a figure, lean, discoloured and diseased, sitting

sitting and chanting an air of rapture.

Thou son of affliction, how can thy voice deceive such wretchedness! Issues and blotches mar thy skin; thy joints are cramped with pains of long duration; thy languid eyes seem willing to withdraw from the light, that brings no joy to thee. Say, what can delight thy heart, which must have long forgot each cheerful impulse?

You see this body, shattered with disease and age, and wonder how I sing? Why should I not rejoice, with hopes like mine? 'Tis only guilt that causes sorrow and remorse. This sorry tenement has long my better part confined; but now the prison walls are falling to decay, to set me free. A few days more, and this poor harbour of disease will sink into the grave, while my intellectual part, wafted by angels, shall mount, exulting, to the realms above. Death will be to me a friend, a welcome messenger, to heal me of my pains. The courts of Salem are trodden down. She weeps alone for her glory departed; and now this world, to me a barren desert, has nothing in it worth my care. My treasure is in yonder distant land, where sorrow is not known, and where no enemy can annoy. Should I then be sad, who wait the lapse of a few short hours, to lift my soul to peace. With inexpressible joy, I look forward to that

happy moment, when I shall shake off old age, and want, and sickness, all at once, and mix with blessed Spirits in the realms of light.

But, stranger, if the rueful scenes of desolation before thee have not untuned thy soul for melody, listen and I will give thee the song of my consolation:---

### The DYING MAN's Song of Consolation.

Arise, my soul, to heavenly strains,  
Forget a while, thy present pains;  
Thou soon shalt know a joyful ease,  
And leave this body of disease.

From Zion's fallen temple rise,  
View that bright temple in the skies;  
There thou all glorious shalt shine,  
And tune thy harp to song's divine.

What though affliction's cup was deep,  
That Salem made a ruin'd heap;  
Why waste thy time in vain complaints,  
God's still a refuge to his faints.

He does their rising fears control,  
And cherishes the pious soul;  
His promises their hopes revive;  
His grace still keeps their faith alive.

Though this poor tenement of clay,  
Makes rapid progress to decay;  
To that bright city of my God,  
I haste, to my divine abode.

My joyful soul for flight prepare,  
God makes thy happiness his care;  
When passing through death's gloomy vale,  
Neither thy faith, nor hope shall fail.

I see the bright the shining ray,  
 That guides me to eternal day;  
 I see the path that fainths have trod,  
 And follow them to meet my God:

To me the ills of life are past,  
 My body to the grave makes haste;  
 My spirit, like a bird, takes flight,  
 To realms of everlasting light.

ALL gracious heaven, said the Bard,  
 how delightful are thy consolations! Why  
 do I lament, the destruction of this temple  
 of Salem, where only the symmetry of  
 wood, and precious stones is destroyed?  
 This poor man's heart is a better temple, in  
 which Jehovah delights to reside. Through  
 the ruins of this shattered tabernacle, the  
 soul looks out to a blooming immortality.  
 Here true devotion breathes, enlivened with  
 a glorious hope. Thou art more precious,  
 than columns overlaid with gold, said the  
 Bard, and wept. They were not the tears  
 of pity; but such as the generous shed,  
 when suffering virtue is about to be relieved,  
 or scandalized innocence to be acquitted.

Be pleased to mind my song, and spare  
 thy condolence, thou man of feeling, said  
 the dying Lazarus. Soon shall I be at rest in  
 the land of silence; soon shall the clods of  
 the valley cover my wretchedness. Go learn  
 the science of living well, that thou mayest  
 die happy. Mourn not over the desolation  
 of wasted cities, and the miseries that at-  
 tend humanity; but rather study to avoid,

as an individual, those sins that importune the vengeance of heaven against guilty nations. If thou hast complacency enough to be instructed by me, observe, that no real evil can befall him who cultivates religion in his heart; and whose mind is free from the painful stings of remorse. They alone are wretched, and strangers to felicity, who are destitute of true piety.

THE

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THE  
DEATH OF MORVEN;  
A  
S T O R Y  
IN THE  
STYLE OF OSSIAN.

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**F**IERCE rushes the red torrent from the heights.---Hollow is the groan of the gathering storm.---Deep sighs the awful genius of the blast, that rends the venerable oaks.

The beautiful Merione trembled in the deep cave, while the restless sea thundered against the opposing rocks of Yla; her visions were for the son of the mighty Conrad. A rage of love made her suspect his safety; but she hoped the powers would be partial to her regards. Oft she looked upon the foaming deep, and anxious longed for Morven. Her snowy breast heaved with unusual throbbings; presage, said she, of his approach: Direct his course, Comptroller of the ocean.---I shall again hear his voice in the halls of mirth.

.. GHOST

## GHOST OF CONRAD.

NO more, fair daughter of Blennermo, shalt thou hear the voice of Morven; labouring with the imperious surge, urged by an evil power, his bark is swallowed up by the devouring Swinna\*. Cruel is the triumph of the inhospitable Swinna, his gloomy cavities are the mansions of death. Morven lies low; but not by a lance of the envious sons of Jura. He entered the hall of the mighty Wodden, by the tremendous entrance of the hated Swinna.---But, Merione alone, shall not lament the death of Morven; the chiefs of Ebudæ† knew his valour and praised it; his enemies shall no more dread his arm, but they cannot boast of the overthrow of the heroic son of Conrad.

As, when a fearful swain has trod by chance upon a lion's walk; so stood aghast the fair Merione. Horror shook her frame, and a conflict of grief laid hold upon her soul.---Conrad's mighty shade withdrew upon his dark cloud, and the daughter of Blennermo, poured out her complaint against the furies of the howling tempest, in the solitary cave of Conar.

Ye

\* A terrible whirlpool, called the Well of Swinna, in the northern seas, between Yla and Jura, among the Hebrides.

† The ancient name of the Hebrides, or Western Isles.

Ye cruel storms! enemies to happiness and love, spend now your utmost rage. Be torn the oaks from the eternal hills, their ornament and pride; what shade is grateful, since now my Morven wanders in the shades below! What now detains the daughter of Blennermo, who only lived for Conrad's son. The mighty floods cover thee, O Morven! dark is thy place.--- Thy graceful locks sport no more in the wanton breeze; thou art thyself the sport of the insulting billows of Swinna.

Where is now the majestic port of the Chief, which his warriors praised, while they followed his steps to the glorious field? The inferior souls of the sons of Jura trembled if he frowned; but when my Morven smiled, the daughters of the Isles were envious of the daughter of Blennermo! others may mourn the unhappy fate of Morven, but it seals the doom of Merione.--- Her tears shall fall like the continual droppings of the winter-rain; mirth shall not stop the current of her grief, till it o'erwhelms the daughter of Blennermo; as Swinna's rage o'erwhelmed the son of Conrad.

#### BLENNERMO.

MY halls are hung with the shields of the mighty, and the deeds of renown distinguish the Blennermian line. A race sinewed for war, and who know not to turn their  
backs



backs upon a foe. But, an unusual dread seizes me, as if I stood by the shades of my fathers! Surely, too, groans added to the horrors of the night, and dire was the screech of the ominous bird! But, what do I see? A grim form, rising from the deep; wafted on a dusky cloud! His eyes are red! sad demonstration of woe! comes he not fullen like a messenger fraught with a tale of grief!

## GHOST OF CONRAD.

FROM the dark recesses of the deep, I come, from the bars of the earth, from the horrible profound of Swinna. His guardian spirit yielded to the genius of the storm, and there was no friendly star to direct the course of Morven. Hang up his unbent bow in the hall, but disturb not the tombs of I'columnkill\*, for deep is the grave of Morven. He deserves a tear; but the houses of Blennermo and Conrad, shall not weep for him alone.

## BLENNERMO.

WHAT dire contingent hovers over our heads? What can be worse than the untimely death of Yla's chiefs! Didst thou stumble into the abyss, O Morven! ere yet thou sawest the lapse of thirty seasons!  
Did

\* The burying-place for their kings and chiefs in the Hebrides.

Did the floods of Swinna inclose the a-round ; yet shall they not bury thy renown. Thy name shall live in lands remote, by the voice of Fame ; and thy memorial is writ indelible on the hearts of thy enemies. But who, alas ! shall comfort Merione ? That lily will drop, since Fate has cropt the rose ! Thou art not accustomed to weep, Blennermo ; these are rebellious drops. Why should the dew of grief moisten thy cheek ? Hast thou not seen the field strewed with thy mangled friends ; hast thou not seen them swallowed up in the deep, even the strength and might of Ebudæ ! Have not these evils steeled thy heart against the demon of adversity, who is oft an unwelcome visitor at the house of Blennermo. But the ancient oak, which has stood the brunt of many a blast, may at last, by a sudden gust, be thrown to the ground ; or the strong built tower from his foundation in the rock. But I will retire to the sea-beat shore, none shall be witness to my grief. I will sigh with the wind, weep with the rain, and vent my moan with the howling ghosts of the tempest. In that gloomy cave will I mourn, where of old were heard the prayers of the venerable Conar.

What do I hear !---Merione !

O Morven, Morven, soon will I follow thee. The light is not without the sun, nor the shadow without its substance ; we had but one soul, and it is fled. But the bard who shall speak of the might, and mourn-  
ful

ful fate of Morven, shall join in his song, the love, the grief, and the death of Merione.

So when the tall cedar is scathed by the lightning's flash, and is no more the fairest of the trees in the wood ; even so was blasted the ornament, the pride of the daughters of Yla ; grief preyed upon her youthful bloom, and her sorrows too great for restraint, overwhelmed the fair Merione.--- Sudden was her flight to the land of souls.

Blennermo stood like a rock between two contending seas. Despair sat brooding o'er his big tempestuous soul. It is enough, he said, earth has now no joy ; nor is there in the womb of fate a fiercer pang. As the wind through the hollow caverns of the rocks so sighed the mighty chief, while he vented his grief in the cave of Conar.

Lieft thou low, Merione? Wounded by misfortune, alas ! thou visitest too soon the narrow house. Pride of my strength, and comfort of my age, art thou cast to the earth? Where are the beauties, the accomplishments of Merione. All fled ! Like the triumph of the blast over the tender flower, such is the triumph of death on thy comely form. Severe is the fellowship of a double grief ; for, while I deplore thy loss, how shall I disjoin the fate of Morven? No ; Blennermo shall go mourning without the sun ; for his joys are blasted, and in a moment turned into sadness. His comforts have taken the wings of eagles, and flown to the shades of night.

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THE  
EPITAPH OF LAZARUS.

—o::o::(o)::o::o—

**T**O rich mens graves, false flatt'ring marbles pay—  
A fullsome tribute to their breathless clay;  
Poor men, neglected live, and die unknown;  
The living yield their praise to wealth alone.

Beneath this humble turf, a beggar sleeps,  
And no dissembling mourner o'er him weeps;  
No longer scorn'd, he ceases to complain;  
He feels no hunger, and he knows no pain.  
Outcast, while living, was poor Laz'rus loath'd;  
Better than Dives, now as richly cloth'd.  
Reader, survey these tombs, these sculptur'd forms,  
Are their deposits less the prey to worms,  
Than this poor man's, who in their stables slept,  
Fed on their crumbs, and at their laughter wept?  
In death's domains, no vein of humour flows;  
Here finds the weary sojourner repose,  
No glossing lines, are o'er his tombstone spread,  
Like those around him, highly born and bred.  
Yet, here he rests, and sleeps as sound as they;  
And shall rise brighter, on a future day;  
Shorn of the rags, half cover'd him before,  
To shine with Angels, and to weep no more.

While you survey this consecrated earth,  
Contemn, the tribute paid to haughty birth:  
Practise those virtues which the soul refine,  
And even make the wretched Beggar shine.

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ON  
C H A R I T Y.

—:~o:~—

**H**AIL, CHARITY! of sober mien;  
Sweet Virtue, humble and serene;  
Come to my breast, thy joys impart,  
And make a temple of my heart.  
From thee, the soft compassion flows,  
Which is a balm to human woes;  
That graceful shining robe is thine,  
Which makes the wearer all divine.

Where misery sits down alone,  
In secret haunts, to make her moan;  
Where grief, a stranger to repose,  
Would weep unseen, to depart goes:  
Thou followest fleetest than the wind;  
The ready friend of human kind;  
And changest sorrow into song,  
By thy sweet eloquence of tongue.

I've seen thee feed, affliction's child,  
With lavish hand, and aspect mild;  
I've seen thee clothe the naked form,  
To brave the winter's frigid storm;  
I've seen thee all the ills assuage,  
Of poverty, and wrinkled age;  
And mark'd thy down-cast tearful eye,  
When want surmounted thy supply.

Woe to the man, to thee unknown,  
Who loves no int'rest but his own,  
Who sees the suff'rings of mankind,  
With sullen apathy of mind:  
Th' imploring eye, th' tottering pace,  
The pale emaciated face,  
Cannot his narrow soul engage,  
To ease the wants of frozen age.

Alas!

Alas! from him no pity flows,  
 No gen'rous flame his bosom knows:  
 Give to his with a store of wealth,  
 And to his body ease and health;  
 No woes of others reach his heart;  
 Nor can he with his idol part;  
 His soul no social virtue charms;  
 No sympathy his bosom warms:  
 No tear has he for deep distress;  
 His sordid mind is pitiless.

But come, sweet Charity, descend,  
 And deign to be my bosom friend;  
 Come reign sole umpire in my mind,  
 And to thy will my reason bind;  
 For Peace and Mercy on thee wait,  
 And Truth's thy minister of state:  
 By thee, the Virtues kept alive,  
 Are planted in the heart, and thrive.  
 By thy mild influence rever'd,  
 The wounded bleeding heart is cheer'd;  
 Thy tears alleviate disease,  
 And to the troubled soul give ease.

Warm me with energy of mind,  
 To feel for all the human kind:  
 And where I can their sorrows heal,  
 Teach me to act as well as feel.  
 With thee, I'll to the cells repair,  
 Where dwell disease, and haggard care.  
 By thee instructed, I shall know,  
 The cordial drops for soothing woe;  
 From thee I'll learn, with pitying eye,  
 To close the wound, and quell the sigh;  
 With thine, my plenteous tears shall fall,  
 We'll lend our sympathy to all.

We'll search out poverty's retreat,  
 Where nakedness and hunger meet;  
 Sharp craving appetites we'll feed,  
 With vestments, we'll the naked clead,  
 Till joyful hearts shall grateful cry,  
 That heav'n defends in Charity.

To dungeon's gloomy danks we'll run,  
 To woes secluded from the sun;  
 And try to quell the mourner's grief,  
 By ev'ry aid that yields relief;  
 We'll pray that Justice may be kind,  
 And all their galling chains unbind;  
 But, if deny'd,—the pris'ner's groan,  
 We'll share, as if it were our own.

Thou, Virtue's fairest darling child,  
 Of modest air, and aspect mild,  
 O ever make thy dwelling mine,  
 And clothe me with thy robe divine.  
 Haste thee, and with thy magic ray,  
 Drive hated bigotry away,  
 And heated zeal, with questions nice,  
 With snarling squint-ey'd Prejudice.

O wring from human hearts the gall,  
 That gentlest love may smile on all;  
 And Piety, of heav'nly birth,  
 May peaceful dwell upon the earth,  
 Let party rage and wrangling cease,  
 And all opinions live at peace.  
 That lively Hope to heav'n may soar,  
 Where Faith had shew'd the way before,  
 And ev'ry soul pursue the plan,  
 Of Love to God, and Love to man.

CHRIST

---

## CHRIST UPON THE CROSS.

FROM LAMENTATIONS, i. CHAP. 12. VER.

**Y**E that pass by, my sorrows view,  
And mark the pangs I bear for you :  
Behold my body scourg'd, and bruis'd,  
That you may be more gently us'd.  
I, who enthron'd in heav'n sat,  
For you, assum'd this humble state,  
That by my sufferings you might rise,  
To seats of bliss above the skies.  
I saw you under heav'n's wrath,  
I came to save your souls from death ;  
I, hopeless, saw the human mind,  
Insensible to good, and blind.  
I came to make the light appear,  
Life to bestow, and doubts to clear.  
For you, I every pang endure,  
That I your countless ills may cure.  
I bear, O men, this wretched state,  
Your future hopes to elevate :  
But while I bleed no friend is nigh,  
To soothe me with kind sympathy ;  
Compassion from your hearts is fled,  
And every scorner shakes his head.  
I'm nail'd to this accursed tree,  
From endless woes, to set you free ;  
To me this death of slaves is giv'n,  
To make you Denizen's of heav'n.  
But you, alas ! my laws abuse,  
And thoughtless, proffer'd life refuse ;  
Beheld by you, in low disguise,  
You scorn me, and my grace despise.  
Ah ! how your sins, ye scorners wound,  
And make my blood bedew the ground.  
Now's the darkest hour of time,  
I suffer, mortals what's my crime ?  
Ah ! too sure, you know not why ?  
Or who he is,—you crucify ?

See



See, what wreath my head adorns,  
 A King, alas !—And crown'd with thorns !  
 My temples with my blood are dy'd,  
 A cure for your sick souls apply'd.  
 To purchase peace, myself I give;  
 That, by my death, your souls may live !  
 For you this thorny crown I bear,  
 That crowns of glory, you may wear !  
 That I your hungry souls may feed,  
 For foes, as well as friends, I bleed !

While poignant anguish wrings my heart,  
 Blaspheming Priests, increase my smart.  
 I wade thro' seas of sorrows deep,  
 While Pity's self forgets to weep.

Now the stings of wrath I find,  
 Ah ! what horrors seize my mind ;  
 Now's the summit of my woes,  
 Now the cup of trembling flows ;  
 Now heav'n, and earth, and hell unite,  
 To make my sorrows infinite !  
 My God, how dreadful is thy wrath ?  
 It melts my soul, thy frown is death.  
 Now's all solace from me taken,  
 O God, my God, why thus forsaken ?  
 Pouring from night's darkest shade,  
 The foes of God, and men, invade,  
 Inflam'd with rage ; but while I bleed,  
 I crush the ancient serpent's head.

Now the sun withdraws his light,  
 Nature robes herself in night,  
 She sees her God is clad in wrath,  
 And arms his potent hand with death.

Was there ever pain like this ?  
 Now salvation finish'd is.

Now I leave these scenes of woe,  
 To consecrate the grave I go.

Think, O men ! and grateful prove,  
 To these tokens of my love ;  
 Now you've crucified my flesh,  
 Your sins indulg'd, I bleed afresh.

F I N I S .

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