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CONNOP THIRLWALL.

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ESSAYS AND POEMS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

Religious,

MORAL AND ENTERTAINING.

BY

CONNOP THIRLWALL,

ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE,

Dedicated, by Permission, to the Lord Bishop of Dromore.

THE PREFACE BY HIS FATHER,

THE REV. THOMAS THIRLWALL, M. A.

*Minister of Tavistock Chapel, Broad-Court, Long-Acre; Lecturer of St. Dunstan,
Stepney, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Dromore.*

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PREFACE.

WHILST some explanation may naturally be expected for my venturing to expose to the public eye the literary performances of a child, I am not insensible to the delicate task which I impose on myself. Still, however, the motives which induce me to launch forth this slender bark inspire the fond hope that it will be wafted in its course by a prosperous breeze; but should this hope be disappointed, and my easy compliance with the importunities of partial friends be disapproved by some, it will be a consolation to reflect that I alone must answer for the propriety of the publication. I am aware that it may be arraigned on grounds of grave importance. Are not, it may be alleged, the eulogiums

which he will receive calculated to puff up his infant mind with vanity, to extinguish those sentiments of modesty and humility which are the bright ornaments of youth, and the lovely companions of real merit; to check the spirit of emulation, and damp his ardour in the acquisition of knowledge? Could I for a moment persuade myself these consequences would follow, my repentance would be bitter indeed. No earthly consideration would make an adequate atonement. Wretched would he make his parents were the good sense with which a kind Providence has blessed him, not to raise his mind superior to such low temptations. No, he has been taught a different lesson and I confidently anticipate effects the very reverse; that he will be stimulated to the improvement of his talents and the pursuit of learning, and will consider this public record.

of his religious principles a swift witness against the future violation of them. "What a degraded character," will he reason, "shall appear in my own eyes and those of my indulgent friends, were I to sink into the lap of indolence, and disappoint their sanguine expectations; but how still more degraded were my conduct to run counter to those maxims of piety and virtue which formed the theme of my infant pen? No, by divine assistance, they shall be the pledges and the guardians of my integrity in every scene of temptation to which I may be eventually exposed."

In the short sketch which I shall take of the young author, and his performance, I mean not to amuse the reader with anecdotes of extraordinary precocity of genius; it is, however, but justice to him to state, that at a very

early period he read English so well that he was taught Latin at three years of age, and at four read Greek with an ease and fluency which astonished all who heard him. From that time he has continued to improve himself in the knowledge of the Greek, Latin, French, and English languages. His talent for composition appeared at the age of seven, from an accidental circumstance; his mother, in my absence, desired his elder brother to write his thoughts upon a subject for his improvement, when the young author took it into his head to ask her permission to take the pen in hand too; his request was of course complied with without the most remote idea he could write an intelligible sentence, when in a short time he composed that which is first printed, "on the uncertainty of life. From that time he was encouraged to cultivate a talent of which

He gave so flattering a promise, and generally on a Sunday chose a subject from scripture. The following Essays are selected from these lucubrations.

His taste for poetry was not discovered till at a later period. From the specimens in the following pages, the reader may perhaps wish his poetic effusions had occupied a larger portion of the book. I regretted, when it was too late, that the number of Essays prevented me from affording a gratification which some of his manuscripts would probably have yielded.

It is worthy of remark, perhaps, that his compositions cost him little apparent effort. He rarely commits an error in grammar or orthography, and such is the clearness of his

conceptions, that like Sir Matthew Hale, he seldom corrects a sentence after it is once committed to paper.

It remains only to declare in distinct and unequivocal terms, that the following work is exclusively the production of him whose name it bears. His claim to the credit of it is as just as that of Milton to *Paradise Lost*, or Johnson to the *Rambler*. With the exception of perhaps half-a-dozen verbal alterations in revising the proof sheets, the reader will peruse in the following pages every line and sentence of the young author.

The only credit which his parents lay claim to is their anxious solicitude to inculcate in the minds of their children principles of religion and virtue, and I indulge a hope that

the example and instruction of a pious and virtuous mother will never be forgotten, that her anxiety to promote their temporal and eternal welfare will be abundantly rewarded, and her happiness crowned by returns of gratitude from her dutiful, affectionate, and virtuous children.

THOMAS THIRLWALL.

MILE-END,
January 23, 1809.

the example and instruction of a poor and
virtuous mother will never be forgotten, that
her anxiety to promote their temporal and
eternal welfare will be abundantly rewarded,
and her happiness crowned by the return of her
dear children in the (still) affectionate and vir-
tuous condition.

THOMAS THURGOOD

MILK-ROAD,

TO THE

RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

Thomas, Lord Bishop of Dromore.

I should be unworthy of the favours your Lordship has so liberally conferred upon me, did I let slip this opportunity of testifying my gratitude and respect. To you, therefore, my Lord, as the encourager of early genius, and the common patron of literature in general, I think myself bound to dedicate these little pieces, which you have been pleased to honour with your approbation. Some of them are of an early date, but your Lordship, in consideration of the youth of

DEDICATION.

the author, will overlook the defects of his compositions. To say more would be an unnecessary trespass upon your Lordship's time. Flattery may expose the faults of the base and criminal, but can never elevate the characters of the great and good.

I remain, therefore, with the highest esteem and veneration,

Your Lordship's grateful

Obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

RELIGIOUS ESSAYS,

&c.

ON

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

HOW uncertain is life! for no man can tell in what hour he shall leave this world. What numbers are snatched away in the bloom of youth, and turn the fine expectations of their parents into sorrow! The young man may die by evil habits: what a grief to the parent! what a disgrace to the child! All the promising pleasures of this life will fade, and we shall be buried in the dust.

God takes away a good prince from his subjects, only to transplant him into everlasting joys in heaven. A good man is not dispirited by death: for it only takes him away, that he may feel the pleasures of a better world. Death comes unawares, but never takes virtue with it. Edward the Sixth died in his minority, and disappointed his subjects, to whom he had promised a happy reign.

Composed June 30, 1804.

Seven years old.

1 Thess. v. 17.—*Pray without ceasing.*

GOD, although he knows our wants, yet desires our prayers and supplications to satisfy them; however, we must not suppose that prayer must be our constant employment, without intermission, to the end of our lives. We must admit some time for other exercises: if we were wholly engaged in prayer, the other substantial duties of religion would be neglected. Besides, temporal concerns are not to be totally neglected; religion does not prohibit us from getting our living in a plain and honest way. However, we shall confine our attention to the following considerations: First, The duty of prayer; Secondly, The subject of prayer.

As I have before mentioned, God will not satisfy our wants without prayer: as this is the case, prayer is absolutely necessary; our interest is included in

it; and can mankind be so blind to their own interests, as to neglect a duty which procures for them their daily bread? It is needless to enforce the necessity of this duty, by any further arguments: we shall therefore proceed to our second proposition.

Riches, power, honour, and glory, are most men's desires, but these have not the blessing of contentment; our desires should be moderate and few; neither riches, nor long life, should engross our attention; we must ask no more, concerning our temporal affairs, than 'Give us this day our daily bread.' We must not suppose, that, as our Saviour said, as God taketh care of the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air, he will take care of you, that he implied, that God will grant favours without praying and even labouring for them. We should only direct our prayers towards our real wants; few and moderate wants are easily obtained; that man's woes are small, whose wants are few. In our desires, we ought to imitate the example of Solomon; altho' we ask not for worldly wisdom, yet let us copy his

moderation, and God will grant us both what we ask and what we ask not. Besides our temporal concerns, we must attend to our eternal ones, and 'lead us not into temptation' are the words of our Saviour in that excellent prayer, called The Lord's Prayer.

We shall, however, conclude with the following observations, from the foregoing discourse. We should learn what our real wants are. Let us, therefore, be constant in the practice of a duty, which is the only means of procuring to us peace of mind in this life, and the enjoyment of everlasting happiness. Let not our prayers be directed towards riches, and honour, and glory, but let our prayer be 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

Composed March 17, 1805-

Eight years old.

Isaiah, ii. 11.

The lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted on that day.

WE are here told of a day when the pride of men shall be abased, and the Lord of Heaven shall be exalted. This day is the day of judgment. In that day, indeed, shall men perceive their own weakness, and the glory of their Almighty Judge. In that day shall he come to judge the world, attended by angels and archangels; all principalities and powers being made subject to him by the Father. The kings of the earth shall bow down unto him, and all the people shall make obeisance to him. The tongues of the saints shall be employed in praising and glorifying his holy name. The very eyes of them that pierced him will be dazzled with his splendour. In that day shall men's hearts fail them through very fear, and

hey shall desire the mountains to fall upon them, and the hills to cover them, but to no effect: for the eye that can discern between evil and good, can also penetrate the thickest mountains.

Can the prospect of this celestial grandeur fail of mortifying the pride of men? Do they not see the whole celestial band of saints praising and glorifying the man whom they despised and persecuted? Do not they behold the celestial choir crying 'Glory, honour, and power be unto the Lamb, and unto him that sitteth upon the throne for ever and ever'? And not only do they see this band of saints singing it, but himself enjoying it. Can they see the man whom they despised elevated to the right hand of God, without a sense of their weakness, and his irresistible power? Can they behold him on the pinnacle of glory, without a sense of their frail nature, and his Divine Majesty? Can we behold him with sovereign power over heaven and earth, without reflecting upon our own littleness? Can we behold him in all his

glory, without looking into our corrupt and sinful nature, and comparing it with his divine goodness?

We shall now conclude with a few suitable remarks. We have here seen a picture of the way by which our pride will be abased, and the Lord of Heaven will be exalted. We should therefore shun pride, by frequently reflecting upon our frail and weak nature, and that none is powerful but the Almighty, and that glory, honour, and power, belong to the Lord alone.

Composed March 31, 1805.

Eight years old.

Isaiah ,xl. 10,

*Behold, the Lord God shall come with a strong hand,
and his arm shall rule for him. Behold, his reward
is with him, and his work before him!*

THE Prophet here speaks of the irresistible power of God over the world, and his severe, tho' just judgment. The nations of the earth, tho' they neither know nor worship him, yet are bound to obey him. Neither kings nor princes are able to shelter themselves from his wrath, when he is provoked. His power extends, without controul, over the most remote parts of the earth. No power, however absolute on earth, can reverse his Almighty decrees. He created man, and to him we are indebted for life, breath, and being. Kings and mighty princes are but as little worms in his sight. We must also not let his equity be passed over in silence; he regards all the creation as the same in value; by his wis-

dom he gives justice, and by his irresistible power he performs it. Rich and poor are the same in his sight. In his eye, the king and the peasant appear the same, without distinction. We see the rich and evil man, burning with inexpressible torments, in the flames of hell; while the virtuous, tho' poor man, is glorified and exalted to the joys of heaven. In short, his power and justice are equally the same: the first of these things makes us fear future and everlasting misery; and the other gives us leave to hope for everlasting bliss.

To conclude: we must needs be the most bold and audacious of mortals, to dare to revolt from his power, and to abuse his equity in so striking a manner. Must we not be afraid lest the earth should swallow us up, as it did the Israelites, when they wrestled against Moses and Aaron; or that God should pour down the vials of his wrath upon our heads? Do we not shew ourselves the most audacious of mortals, in revolting from his power? and do we not shew ourselves abusing his equity, in re-

fusing to repent? Must we not fear the wrath of God, when we make light of his goodness, in so flagrant a manner? Must we not expect some heavy misfortune to come upon us, for having attempted to disobey his Almighty decrees? Must we not expect some heavy misfortune to befall us, when we are launching into the ungodly pleasures of sin, worshipping idols, and rebelling against the Lord God of Israel? But, alas! tho' we see those things in their fullest light, they avail nothing in a world overgrown with sin and iniquity. Men are more apt to abuse his goodness, than to take advantage of his kind and benevolent disposition. We should, therefore, be mindful of his irresistible power, and rigid justice; by the one, continually fearing him, and consequently obeying his orders; and by the other, hoping for everlasting bliss.

Composed April 7, 1805.

Eight years old.



Joel iii. 15.

The sun and the moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw their shining.

ALL Christians acknowledge one day wherein Christ shall come to judge the world. The awful pomp of that day is beyond description. I shall therefore proceed with my discourse. As long as heaven is regarded as an object worthy of our attention we should all seek to make ourselves ready for the day of judgment. It is terrible to think how many disregard the important verity of that day: but they will soon learn by dear bought experience, that on that very day they so disregarded, the Saviour will appear, and with him eternal misery to punish them.

If we do not wish to suffer an everlasting punishment, we should so prepare ourselves, that when the Saviour shall come he shall find nothing deserving

of punishment in us; as we cannot hide ourselves from the eyes of Jesus, we should prepare ourselves in such a manner that we may not have any cause to wish the mountains to fall upon us, and the hills to cover us in that day.

The memory of God cannot fail him, therefore no sinner can escape punishment; and the good man will surely have joys for evermore. Many and great are the joys of heaven, which will be surely given us in the day of judgment, if we prepare ourselves for it. Many and great also are the miseries of hell, which will surely be our punishment on the same day if we do not prepare ourselves for it. We should so prepare ourselves, that this day, which may be a fountain of unutterable misery to others, may be a source of the purest delight to us. In that day God will not blot out our sins from his book; it is then too late; we should by the cleanliness of our conduct at present wash away any sin committed by us before. Let not Christ be to us as to the Jews, a stumbling

block; or as to the Greeks, foolishness; but let us diligently seek after him, and we shall surely find him, if we make ourselves ready for that day when he shall come to judge the world in righteousness. Were we not the most thoughtless beings, we should be deeply interested in the event of a day, which must either bring us eternal misery, or let us know the joys of heaven. In short, our eternal salvation entirely depends on our regard of this day. In that day the sun and the moon may be darkened, but still the refulgent splendour of successful virtue shining in the Redeemer will enlighten the superstitious notions of a wicked world. In that day the sundry judgments of God with prophecies will be put in execution. In that day sin shall be thoroughly rooted out, and the kingdom of heaven firmly established; and therefore, if we wish to be members of it, we should prepare ourselves for the day in which these things will come to pass; when the Saviour shall appear attended with the angels and archangels of his hea-

venly kingdom. To conclude, let us persevere in preparing ourselves for the coming of Christ, for the day which is to bring us eternal felicity or everlasting misery; the day in which the deeds of good and bad men are thoroughly examined, and these are punished and those rewarded.

Composed June 16, 1805.

Eight years old.

Proverbs xxii. 6.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

THE passions of youth are strong and vicious, and generally bring to ruin those who indulge in them: parents, therefore, should so bring up their children, that, in their riper years, they might lead a life favourable both to God and man; they should, to the utmost of their power, root out all their vices which might bring them future destruction. A man addicted to vice in his youth, cannot easily be brought to repent in his old age: therefore, it is the bounden duty of every parent to train up his child to righteousness in his youth. A virtuous child will grow up in holiness, but the principles of wickedness will be so deeply impressed upon the unrighteous one, that without the most miraculous act of grace, he cannot escape everlasting ruin. Therefore, youth is best

adapted to receive good instruction. There are not many parents who leave their children to the attack of sin, and with a careless inhumanity abandon them to ruin; but such as are of that description, had better take a different course of life, for they will be punished, for causing those crimes to be perpetrated which they might have made to have been detested. Every parent should imitate God, the general parent, and, like him, train up his children in holiness. A good son is a comfort to his father, but he that doeth evil is a trouble to those who begot him. The parent will not lose the fruit of his labours, he will rejoice in the piety of his children, and will see with pleasure, they cannot be easily tempted to turn from God. God will not let the labourer lose his harvest; and to reward the piety of the father, will give his grace to the son. Every parent takes a pleasure in bringing up his son to godliness; but the pleasure he must feel, when he sees his son not only brought up in godliness, but exercising himself in acts of piety,

is peculiarly affecting. We may suppose the fond parent, in the excessive joy of his heart, exclaiming, 'I have now no sorrows; I have discharged my paternal office, and wish for nothing more.' Such is the tranquil death of every good parent, when he has performed the important duties of his station. The Lord will give him peace, because he hath brought up his son in his way. No comfort can equal the joys of the parent who traineth up his child in godliness; he will prove his comfort in old age, and his consolation in time of trouble.

To conclude: we should bring up our children in holiness, and instil into their youthful minds a predilection for virtue. They are able to give us comfort in all our troubles, if properly brought up; and therefore we should give our children a virtuous education, or we shall entail ruin upon ourselves and our posterity.

Composed June 23, 1805.

Eight years old.

Hosca xiii. 1.

*When Ephraim spake trembling, he exalted himself in
Israel; but when he offended in Baul, he died.*

GOD has never been known to refuse his grace to the contrite sinner. He has always relented at his tears, and poured down his mercy upon the penitent. The Prophet here beautifully describes the fall of Ephraim, through sin and obstinacy, and their exaltation by repentance. By the fall of this kingdom, the destruction of the impenitent sinners is plainly foretold. Sin is the forerunner of death: but is materially heightened by impenitence. Yet all this is counterbalanced by the effects of a sincere repentance, and a humble submission to the will of God. This is not a difficult, but must be an agreeable task. Submission will be had of God, although against our inclination: and therefore we should cheerfully sub-

mit to him, otherwise we must necessarily expose ourselves to his wrath. And, as repentance is the only means to escape punishment, it must be agreeable, and cannot be difficult; for if we resist the devil, he will flee from us. If we, like Ephraim in the time of righteousness, humble ourselves before God, he will make the princes of the earth to humble themselves before us, and obey us. God is a merciful father, and will give his children every blessing that can be reasonably demanded, if they shew themselves his children indeed; if they obey him in fear and trembling: not that we should tremble every time we hear his name, but that we should pay him the reverence due to his holy character. If our fear is temporal, it is vain. God is alone to be feared; and our Saviour saith, 'Fear not him who is able to kill the body alone, but him, who after having killed the body is able to cast the soul into hell fire.' We may know the extreme power of God, and fear him; but yet this is nothing, if we do not obey his command-

ments, and act virtuously : for the fear of an unrighteous man is vain. But if a man fear God, and at the same time do righteously, then will his fear be true, and rewarded by God in the day of judgment. Our Saviour tells us that he who humbleth himself shall be exalted, and he that exalteth himself shall be abased. Therefore let us humble ourselves before God, that we may be exalted to heaven, to receive a crown of glory.

To conclude : let us fear God, for he is great. He hath commanded us, by the mouth of his holy prophet, if we ever have need of any thing at his hands, to beseech it with a trembling voice, that he may take pleasure in our petitions, and give us according to the fulness of our desires. Let us tremble at the name of God, for he is infinite in power, and will make his name great among all nations, though the world oppose it with all its force.

Composed June 30, 1805.

Eight years old.

John xix. 5.

Then came Jesus forth, wearing a crown of thorns and the purple robes, and Pilate saith unto them, 'Behold the man!'

THE Evangelist here represents our Saviour wearing a crown of thorns and a purple robe, and appearing in that habit amidst a vast concourse of his triumphant enemies. The crown and purple robe were ensigns of government, but the enemies of Jesus did not put them on him as an acknowledgement of his dignity, but to abuse his divine mission. The crown on his head was for a punishment, and the purple robe was on him to deride his power over the Jewish nation. The Judge seemed to venerate our Saviour for his innocence, and after he had several times proclaimed it, he at last, in the midst of all the people, exclaimed, 'Behold the man!'

We shall consider, in the first place, this declaration of Pilate; and secondly, how it was received by the people.

And first, we shall consider this declaration of Pilate. Jesus had been known, by the very Pharisees who had persecuted him, to have wrought many and great miracles. Pilate was totally ignorant of the affair. He knew nothing of it but from Jesus and his accusers, but from them he saw that Jesus was innocent of the crimes laid to his charge, and therefore broke out in the words contained in my text. To consider the man, in whom all power, both human and divine, is vested, insulted, railed, and mocked, is affecting in the extreme. We are asked to look upon our Saviour; what a demand! to look upon him who is a mediator between God and us, and yet about to die by our hands. We are required to look upon him who is to save us, and to see the nature and dignity of him whom we are about to pierce. We are called upon to see the Lamb whom

we are about to slay, to behold its patience and its sufferings. But yet this does not hinder the majesty of his countenance from appearing; and this alone is enough to justify the declaration of Pilate. The Redeemer is the person we are called to look upon. We are to view his innocence and humanity. In short, Christ is shewn to us as an innocent person, whom we persecute with a malignant hatred, that we might revoke our cruel demands on his life, on the contrary, love him as our Redeemer, and please him in all things.

Let us now proceed to consider how he was received by the people. One might naturally suppose that at this just demand of Pilate their cruel mouths would have ceased to call for the life of Jesus, but they were hardened in sin, and sought for nothing but the satisfaction of their revenge. Their answer was 'Crucify him, crucify him.' In short, it seems there was no one more detestable in the eyes of this ungrateful people than their Saviour. All the remonstrances of the Governor were ineffectual. The multitude pur-

sued the life of Jesus with unmerciful clamour, and would not be satisfied till Pilate had passed judgment upon him. The chief priests, scribes, and elders, instigated the multitude to harrass Pilate till he gave up Jesus to death. And in this they succeeded, for the multitude were blinded by them, and a spirit of malevolence diffused itself among them. The more vehemently they cried out 'Crucify him, crucify him,' in answer to the just declaration of the Roman President. Such was the reception of a declaration, which, if it had been considered by the multitude, would have made them think of their impiety, that they were rebelling against and seeking the life of the only begotten Son of God, in whom he was well pleased.

To conclude with a suitable inference. Is there any reason to doubt that we do not pursue a different conduct from the Jews of old? May we not suppose our conscience whispering in our ears 'Behold the man!' that it bids us love him who died for us. And do we love him? Do we not seek to crucify him again in our

sins? Let us judge justly, and we shall not find a wide difference between us and the Jews of old. Therefore let us amend our conduct and love our Saviour, so shall we gain a crown of glory, and a seat in his heavenly kingdom.

Composed July 7, 1805.

Eight years old.

Matt. v. 37.

But let your communication be yea, yea, nay, nay ; for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil.

JESUS does not here limit our speech to the words used in my text, but forbids us to use any prophane and wicked expressions. There are several things which our Saviour may be supposed to mean by 'more than these,' but we shall confine ourselves to two only: first, lying; and secondly, swearing.

And first, of lying. This crime is expressly spoken of in the Revelations of St. John, that all liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death. Fear often excites men to commit this crime, but this will not be allowed by Providence as a sufficient reason, and we shall have the same punishment as for a wil-

ful lie. We must, with God, humbly confess our sins, for lying is of no avail with him; but we must not deceive ourselves, God is not mocked; if we lie to deceive men our wickedness will not be concealed, for God will open it to those from whom we wish it to be hid. Truth is attended by innocence and honesty, but the liar is marked by dishonesty wherever he goes. Thus lying is a crime odious and wicked, and the doom of all liars is fixed, and their punishments will have no end.

I shall now proceed to my second head, touching swearing. The impropriety and danger of this crime I shall now attempt to tell. The three verses preceding my text were spoken by our Saviour against this crime. He saith, 'Swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; neither by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the Great King.' Swearing is insulting the majesty of heaven. We cannot, without the utmost assurance, swear to do any thing, for we know

not how soon we may quit this mortal state: therefore this is very great folly. It is prophane to swear by any thing; for our Saviour saith, 'Swear not at all.' And it is as dangerous as lying, because swearers disobey the express commands of God. Thus folly, prophaneness, and danger, are united together in the same crime. And what reasons have we for committing so great a crime? Has not our Saviour given us reasons why we should not swear by the things he mentions? and it is to be supposed that he can give us sufficient reasons why we should not swear at all. As we cannot do any thing of ourselves, we should cease to swear by sacred things. This also is a crime as detestable as the former, and as dangerous in its consequences.

To conclude: then shall we commit such crimes, as so dangerous, foolish, and wicked? Shall we shake off truth and innocence, and put on the mask of deception and lying? Or shall we swear, when our Saviour hath said 'Swear not at all'? Are not all liars

condemned to receive their portion in hell? And shall we lie, as if seeking the same punishment? Are we so stubborn, that we cannot be brought from this crime by the menaces of God? and do we despise them so much, as to continue in these crimes? Surely we cannot insult God so much; therefore let us be persuaded to renounce these crimes, and curb our tongues, and not prostitute our speech in such a shameful manner, for this is the worst use we can put it to. We should narrowly see and examine the impropriety of these crimes, and we shall find them disgraceful and abominable; we should therefore leave them all. Thus shall we escape that punishment we should have had, if we continued in those crimes, and receive eternal glory hereafter for not committing them.

Composed August 18, 1805.

Eight years old.

Matt. vii. 21.

Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

SUPERSTITION and bigotry are not the ways to obtain salvation; but simplicity, and a true zeal for the Christian religion, are the true characteristics of a Christian. There are two things in my text which will prove this: First, 'Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven;' and Secondly, 'but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.'

And First, 'Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Our Saviour may be supposed to have said this to rebuke the superstition of the Pharisees, which had arrived to such a pitch that they deemed it unlawful

to heal any infirmity on the sabbath-day; so that salvation cannot be obtained by an outward shew of religion alone, and God says that he likes a serious love of himself more than the sacrifices of bulls and of goats. We mock God if our religion consists in outward appearance, and we have no real love for him. Our Saviour tells us to go to our closets, and there to pray in secret. He rebukes the Pharisees for their external shew of religion, and their internal wickedness; and he tells his disciples and every one else, not to pray as the Pharisees do. They love to stand to pray in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men to pray, and be praised because of it. If all our love of God consists in an outward shew of religion, we have a sin of the utmost importance to answer for, for this crime shews him who commits it destitute of all love to God. An outward profession of religion is never wanting to complete the character of a Christian. When we are alone we may praise God, and spend

our time in good and instructive thoughts; and therefore we should sometimes quit the cares of life, and resolve to enjoy the pleasures of holiness and true devotion.

I shall now proceed to the second part, ‘But he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.’ It is not all those who say Lord, Lord, that enter into the kingdom of heaven, but those who act righteously in this world, and prepare themselves for the enjoyment of a better. If we only profess religion, we shall not be able to give a proper account of our stewardship; but we must do every thing which may get us an entrance into the kingdom of heaven. We must, instead of only outwardly professing a religion, do that which is right, and perform the will of our heavenly Father. Vain is it to say Lord, Lord; we must, to obtain salvation, zealously proceed doing good works, and making ourselves ready for the last and awful day.

I shall now conclude with a few remarks. We are not to put on a false shew of religion, when we have not our hearts fixed upon God; for this is a most serious crime; it is mocking God, and setting him up to ridicule among men. But we are to lock up ourselves in our closets, and there pray to God with a devout and serious mind, and we shall obtain our reward; and let us pursue this conduct, and our prayers will undoubtedly be heard. God will not mistake false professors of the Christian religion for true believers, and he will punish those who make an outward shew of religion, but are inwardly ravenous wolves, and will reward the faithful followers of Christ, and will give them an inheritance undefiled and that fadeth not away.

Composed August 18, 1805.

Eight years old.



Matt iv. 9, 10,

All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Go then, said Jesus unto him, get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

THE love of worldly power and glory, is one of the prevailing passions in the heart of man; and by this we are led into the commission of crimes, at the thought of which we should shudder, if we seriously considered the wickedness and danger of them. Satan is here trying to confine our Saviour in his prison of sin and darkness, and promising him kingdoms and empires to forsake the truth, and fall down and worship him. We shall consider first, the temptation of Sata ; and secondly, the answer of Jesus.

And first, the temptation of Satan. Every thing

which man could desire, power over all the kingdoms and empires of the world; every thing which pleasure could suggest, was offered our Saviour, if he would fall down and worship him. All the pleasing allurements of the world were presented to his eye, that he might forsake the way of holiness, and fall down and worship him. Satan spared nothing, whereby he might corrupt that virtue which had so long remained uncorrupted and unblemished. All these, says the subtle deceiver, will I give unto thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. All these empires, kingdoms, and provinces, will I give unto thee, if thou wilt forsake the right way.

I shall now proceed to my second head, the answer of Jesus. Our Saviour says, Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. He minds not the commands of princes and powers, but only wishes to restore the souls of men, and to establish his kingdom on the ruins of superstition and idolatry.

He will not let Satan have any superiority over him. He will not accept of any conditions ; but instead of falling down and worshipping him upon the conditions proposed, nothing could allure our Saviour from the way of holiness ; not all the kingdoms and empires of the world could wean him from God. Christ would not let his faith be overcome ; he cared not for one of those things which the Devil shewed him ; he wished only to execute the purpose of his mission, to return to heaven, to have comforts far superior to worldly power and glory. Christ was a proof against all the temptations of Satan ; he told him to depart from him, and asserted his superiority over him, which was as much as to say, Get thee hence, Satan, I am thy Lord, and I will not forsake the truth for all the kingdoms of the world. Christ was not of the world, and loved it not, neither its lusts ; and he withstood every temptation, however strong, which was to allure him from his virtue.

To conclude. But do we withstand every temptation? Alas! we do not; but the Devil is too ready to tempt us, and we are too ready to be tempted. We should have fallen down and worshipped Satan for one kingdom, so small is our faith. But let us pursue a different conduct, and not suffer any temptations to deter us from the right way. Let us continue faithful servants of God; and, as much as possible, imitate Christ. Let us not be dazzled with the splendour of earthly princes, but remain faithful servants of our heavenly one, so shall we enjoy an undisturbed felicity, in the regions above, hereafter.

Composed August 26, 1806.

Eight years old.

Dan. vi. 23.

My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him, innocency was found in me, and also before thee, O King, have I done no hurt.

THE power of God extends itself over all the kingdoms of the earth, and knows no limits. His mercy is as great, and is manifested in all his works. And he is perfect, and wishes and commands every one to approach his standard of perfection: and consequently those who do well will be rewarded by him, and if they are persecuted in this world; they will have ample reason to rejoice in the next. Daniel was, by envy and hatred, cast into a den of lions; and his adversaries hoped to deprive him of life: but that God, whom he served, shut the lions' mouths, that they did him no harm.

I shall divide my discourse into two parts: first, God's miraculous preservation of Daniel; and secondly, the reason.

Darius had asked whether his God was able to deliver him from the lions. Daniel said, My God is able, and hath shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me. God is able to extricate us from every danger; he is able to deliver us from the rage of our enemies; and there is no difficulty in which we are involved which he cannot bring us out of, and he can make the lions do us no hurt. The God of Daniel is, was, and ever will be, able to rescue us in the time of danger. He who governs over the earth can bring us out of every difficulty.

I shall now proceed to my second head, the reason. 'Forasmuch as innocence was found in me before him.' The Prophet here assigns a reason for his preservation, than which, nothing can be more just and satisfactory. He said, and very justly too, because of his innocence he had received no hurt. And this is,

aptly suited to the world at large. God always protects the innocent, and is both able and willing to defend them from their enemies. God is peculiarly the Father of the innocent; and they, above all, are the objects of his regard and protection. The Royal Psalmist, urging this, beautifully expresses himself, 'Though I was young and now am old, yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.' In the most adverse circumstances, God has always defended his faithful people, and suffered no injury to come to them.

To conclude. Thus innocence is safe, though exposed to the jaws of the lion, and every good man is under the immediate protection of Providence. This is an encouragement for those who have embraced the Christian religion, and have exposed themselves to the most horrid persecutions for the sake of their Saviour, to continue firm in their belief. We should faithfully serve God, and if we do not receive our share of prosperity in this world, we are sure of meeting re-

ward in the next. Is it possible we can hear of heaven, and the glories thereof, without wishing to be there? Surely not: and therefore we should trust faithfully in God to deliver us from evil in this world, so shall we receive a crown of glory in the world to come.

Composed September 8, 1805.

Eight years old.

Eccles. iv. 5.

The fool foldeth his hands together, and eateth his own flesh.

THUS we see what a foolish vice idleness is, since the wisest of men condemned it, and called the idle man a fool. What can be more opposite to the law of God than to lead an idle useless life, and to employ those talents in nothing which ought to have been employed in the service of our fellow-creatures. St. Paul, zealous for the honour of God above all other things, discouraged idleness. He who saith, Pray without ceasing, saith also, Be not slothful in business.

I shall divide my discourse into three parts: first, the necessity of industry; secondly, the pleasure of industry; and thirdly, the profit of industry.

And first, the necessity of industry. Do we ever

see a slothful person, who has procured riches himself? Do we not on the contrary see him immersed in poverty, with hardly the means of subsistence? How many should we see begging their bread, were it not for industry, which has enabled them to support themselves and families? In a word, industry is the only means for the poor to obtain a satisfaction of their wants.

I shall now proceed to my second part, the pleasure of industry. There is a peculiar pleasure in industry, which the slothful man cannot feel. The industrious take a pleasure in that work, which the slothful regard as a toil.

The description of an idle man, as given in my text, is extremely just. The fool foldeth his hands together and eateth his own flesh; he foldeth his hands together and sleepeth, and doeth nothing; and he eateth his own flesh, because he will not satisfy his hunger with the fruits of his industry. Can such a man have any pleasure? Can he even have the least enjoyment in his sluggish idle-

ness? Surely he cannot. But the industrious man does his work with pleasure, and delights in his work and this is a far greater delight than that of the slothful, in sleep and idleness.

I shall now proceed to my third part, the profit of industry. Most of those whom we see spend their days in ease and pleasure, have procured those things by many years of hard labour. Industry procures us comfort in our old age, and happiness when we cannot work. Our happiness will be double, both on account of our riches, and of these riches being the fruit of our industry. The industrious man must feel the utmost pleasure in finding his industry thus rewarded with ease and comfort, in his old age. The profits of industry are found in every place. The mechanic, the merchant, the tradesman, all have their respective profits.

To conclude. Idleness is a vice which injures both the body and the mind. We seldom see an industrious person afflicted with any dangerous disease. And can the mind be any other than im-

paired by sloth and much sleeping, when our faculties are all absorbed. Let us, therefore, in every station of life, labor to do our duty therein, as this is most pleasing to God.

Composed October 27, 1805,

Eight years old.



I. John i. 7.

But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light; we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.

SURELY he who wishes to obtain an entrance into the kingdom of heaven, must be eager to know how to do so. My text points out holiness and the blood of Christ, as the means of obtaining this entrance.

I shall divide my subject into two parts; first that holiness; secondly, the blood of Jesus Christ, are what will procure for us an entrance into the kingdom of heaven.

And first, that holiness is the means of procuring for us an entrance into the kingdom of heaven. It is of no use to believe in Christ, unless we reform, unless we live in righteousness and truth, unless we

obey his commandments, and follow his example. Did he command us to live sinfully? surely he did not. Did he any thing, which he commanded us not to do? surely he did not. Did not the apostles who followed the examples and the precepts of the blessed Jesus, preach to this end, to convert men to God and righteousness? This is the way by which we may enter into the kingdom of heaven, by casting off the old man, and putting on the new man, abhorring the lusts of the flesh, and seeking righteousness, by despising the joys of this world, preferring the temporary sorrows of virtue, to the temporary enjoyments of vice, knowing that the reward of virtue is everlasting life, and that the punishment of the wicked are torments for ever and ever, and by putting on the armor of truth and righteousness, the darts of sin shall not be able to touch us, and the machinations of Satan shall not succeed. The wise Solomon says, her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her

her paths are peace: this undoubtedly means righteousness. And again, he says, The ways of the wicked shall be overthrown, but the tabernacle of the upright shall flourish. These being the words of the wisest man that existed, in that or the present age, and also a devout servant of God, we may naturally and justly conclude them to be true. The blood of Jesus procures for us admittance into the kingdom of heaven. Surely it does. The blood of Jesus was a sufficient sacrifice for our sins. He will cleanse us from all sin; his blood washeth away every stain; and makes us pure and holy. A sacrifice was wanted for our sins; Jesus sacrificed himself for us. By his death, we were delivered from going down into the pit: he paid the ransom for us; he shed his own precious blood, that we might not perish, but have eternal life. It is said in my text, And the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin, together with a total reform, and obeying his commandments, and above all believing in his ability to save sinners: with

these things we shall be cleansed from all our sins and we shall have eternal life.

To conclude. After having heard the beauty and substantial good of holiness ; after having heard that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin, shall we not be holy? and shall we not believe in Jesus? Shall we hesitate, for a moment, to accept the gracious offer of God, who is willing, if we are holy and amend our lives, to let us enter into the kingdom of heaven? But shall we ever cease to thank him for that stupendous act of mercy, the sending his only begotten Son into the world, to save lost sinners? And let us never cease to do good, but let us praise him continually for all his unmerited goodness.

Composed December 29, 1805.

Eight years old.

Isaiah xiii. 6.

Behold I will add unto thy days, fifteen years.

KING HEZEKIAH, we read in the chapter from which my text is taken, was sick, and the prophet going to him, said, Thus saith the Lord, set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live. And Hezekiah said unto the Lord, Remember now, O Lord, I beseech thee, how I have walked before thee in truth, and with a perfect heart; I have done that which is good in thy sight; and Hezekiah wept sore; then came the word of the Lord to Isaiah saying, Thus saith the Lord, the God of David thy father, I have heard thy prayers, I have seen thy tears; behold I will add unto thy days, fifteen years. And are not we in the same situation as Hezekiah? has not God as much reason to take away our health? Have we done any thing

to deserve the mercy of God in letting us see the beginning of a new year? Surely we have not.

I shall now consider how we ought to behave in the beginning of a new year.

And first, we are to thank God for letting us live another year. We must know that God is powerful enough to take away our lives, and ought we not to thank him for preserving them? shall we not glorify the God in whose hands our breath is, and who of his mercy hath not taken away that breath? In what a situation should we be if God was suddenly to take away our lives, before we had repented of our sins, and settled our spiritual affairs; and will not he who esteems the keeping of life as a blessing, thank him who lets him keep it? surely it is natural for him so to do.

I shall now consider what resolutions we ought to form in the beginning of a new year. The intention of God in giving us life, was that we might live a life of righteousness. The same ever is his

intention in preserving it. We ought then to live in righteousness, and obey the commandments of God; do we not perceive that another year is come, that time is passing away quickly, and eternity is approaching; and shall we be all this while in a state of sin, without any recollection that the kingdom of heaven is nearer at hand? but we ought, in the beginning of a new year to form a resolution to be more mindful of the great account we must give at the last day, and live accordingly; we ought to form a resolution to reform our lives, and walk in the ways of God's righteousness; to abhor all the lusts of the flesh, and to live in temperance; and resolve no more to offend and provoke God with our sins, but repent of them. In the beginning of a new year, we should reflect a little, although we are kept alive, yet many died in the course of the last year; and this ought to make us watchful. I shall therefore say a few things concerning watchfulness. Our Saviour said, watch and pray,

lest ye enter into temptation; and ought we not to follow the words of our Saviour, which is our duty so to do? if we every year of our lives indulge in sin, how shall we be situated in that year when God will take them away? then shall we continue to be unmindful of death before we are prepared for it? we are to look on every step we tread, that we may not be caught in the wiles of Satan. Perhaps we may have had many relatives snatched away from us by death, and we ought to reflect that death may be our lot soon; and reflecting on this, we ought to abstain from bad company and bad manners; in short we ought to watch and pray.

To conclude, the conclusion we have to draw is, that we should be virtuous, and thank God for our preservation, and that he has let us see the beginning of a new year; and we ought to form a resolution, and never break it, to be virtuous; we ought to watch and pray that we enter not into temptation

And lastly, we ought in general to behave well, that on our death bed we may triumph pleasantly, and exclaim, Oh! death where is thy sting? Oh! grave where is thy victory!

Composed, 1st. January, 1806.

Eight years old.

Matt. xxi. v.

*Tell ye the daughter of Zion, the King cometh
unto thee sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of
an ass.*

THE worldly man might suppose that our Saviour, being superior to the greatest prince on earth, would, on his visit to any city, ride in the greatest pomp and splendour ; but behold the king cometh meek and sitting on an ass, and a colt, the foal of an ass. This ought to teach us a lesson of humility, and, secondly, to think of the coming of our Saviour, and the day of judgment.

And first, it ought to teach us a lesson of humility. Surely if our Saviour, who was the King of Sion ; who was above all the Kings of the earth, entered the capital of his kingdom, with so much humility,

it is our duty to do every thing with humility, who are so much inferior to him in every thing. If the Son of the Most High God, deposed himself with so much humility, we poor frail worms ought to do so; and indeed we may find in scripture many instances of our Saviour's humility. He gave the praise of all the miracles he wrought to God, bidding those whom he cured to worship his heavenly Father, and charged them not to tell any one who it was that cured them. Humility is a virtue that is agreeable to all, but pride is wicked and disgusting. A humble man acknowledges the superiority of other men, whereas the proud man elevates himself above them.

But it is virtue which makes one man above another, and vice which makes one man below another; riches and honor do not make the distinction: a virtuous peasant, is above a wicked prince, and a virtuous prince above a wicked

peasant. In short, it is virtue alone which makes the distinction. Did not our Saviour condescend to be born of a poor virgin, and wrapped up in swaddling cloaths, and laid in a manger? Ought not this to teach us to despise the pomp of this world, and the vain splendour of earthly things? Surely he must be obstinate who will not be taught by it.

I shall now proceed to my second part: this ought to teach us to think of the second coming of our Saviour. Any observing person would, on reading this part of scripture, and applying it to the second coming of our Saviour, think, on the difference of his second advent,—that although he then wept over our sins, yet he will come to punish them. He will not then come sitting upon an ass, but upon the clouds; and instead of being followed by a tumultuous rabble, angels, and archangels shall be his attendants. Then indeed he will appear in all the splendour of an heavenly

King. And then what ought to be our thoughts: we ought to think of the mercy of our Saviour in pardoning sinners. We ought to think of his impartial justice; that he will not then be the mild corrector of our faults, but the punisher of them. He will not then preach the gospel, but see whether it has been obeyed, and punish them who have not obeyed it; that he will then appear the great judge, hearing the great account, which we must all give at the last day, and judging the world in righteousness.

To conclude, are not the foregoing passages an incitement to humility, a discouragement to pride? are not they fitted to make us think that virtue alone makes one above another? Do we not read of the severity of our Saviour to impenitent sinners, and shall we not repent of our sins, amend our lives, and obey the commandments of God? surely it is our duty so to do. Then when the awful day

appears, when the Son of Man shall come to judge the world, he shall say unto us, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.

Composed, January 12, 1806.

Eight years old.

Psalm iii. 6.

*I am not afraid of ten thousand of the people, who have
set themselves against me round about.*

THE time when the Royal Psalmist wrote this, was when the disobedient Solomon forced him to fly out of his kingdom. These words shew his confidence in God; and indeed he plainly manifested this confidence in all his actions. Did not he accept the challenge of the impious giant of the Philistines, when the tallest and strongest man in the army was afraid? But what was the cause of the strong confidence in the Almighty? Virtue. He knew that he had done every thing to the glory of God, and behaved himself in such a manner as to authorise his confidence in him; and indeed the confidence of so good a man cannot be called presumptuous.

I shall divide my text into two parts: first, the fear and trouble of the wicked man; and secondly, the hope of a good man, and his confidence in God.

And first, the fear and trouble of the wicked man. The fears of the wicked man are not ill grounded; God is terrible to him; his conscience torments him; he reflects on the punishment which will be inflicted on him: all these things make him miserable. The mind of the wicked, saith the Psalmist, is as the troubled sea. The fears of the wicked man will attend him every where, and in every situation of life, whether young or old, rich or poor. Riches do not prevent us from feeling the pangs of conscience, nor are they any alleviation of the pain which we must feel if we walk in the ways of the ungodly, and do the thing which is not right. How can the sinner presume to ask any thing of God, when he has done so much to provoke him to refuse? How can he expect God would grant his petition, when he disobey

him and does not keep his commandments? The wicked man remembers, with misery, that heaven is the habitation of good men alone, but that the torments of hell are prepared for himself and all the wicked. What an agonizing reflection must this be to him!

I shall now proceed to my second part, of the hope of the good man, and his confidence in God. The good man is in a very different situation from the wicked man: he is not tormented with a guilty conscience; he thinks not of the terrors of hell, but of the joys of heaven; his mind is not as the troubled sea, it is undisturbed; the winds of affliction trouble him not, for his hope is in God, and in him he puts his trust; to him death is no terror, but a comfort; his undertakings indeed must prosper, for the Psalmist says, 'The tabernacle of the righteous shall flourish.' The virtuous man, confiding in the ability and will of the Almighty to protect him from danger, will en-

gage in the most difficult enterprizes; he will not be afraid of ten thousands of people; he knows that the Lord is on his side, that he will assist him in the time of danger, and will deliver him from evil; he knows that he has done that which was right, that he hath not walked in the ways of the ungodly, and therefore God loveth him.

To conclude. We have heard of the miserable life of a wicked man; and shall we be wicked? or shall a sinner, who leads such a life, continue to be sinful? will he prefer the disturbed unholy pleasures of sin to the pure unmixed enjoyments of virtue? the joys of this world to those of the next? Let us repent. God will ever grant the petition of the truly contrite sinner, and will give him admission into the kingdom of heaven. But what an encouragement is here for the righteous man! will he not be holy, since there is so much pleasure in holiness? continually doing good works, his hope will be great, and

his confidence in the Lord strong; then indeed he may cry out with the Psalmist, 'I am not afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about.'

Composed January 19, 1906.

Eight years old.

Mark x. 14.

And Jesus said, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.

HERE we read that our blessed Saviour took little children in his arms, and blessed them; but these were not conceited unteachable wicked children, but children of whom our Saviour said, of such are the kingdom of heaven.

I shall say a few things of the good qualities which those children possessed whom our Saviour took in his arms and blessed.

And first, they were meek children. Meekness is a most Christian virtue; this was displayed in every part of our Saviour's life. True humility consists in acknowledging ourselves to be poor frail creatures, and God to be a being of infinite power over the uni-

verse, in acknowledging other men to be superior to ourselves, and when we have done any thing deserving of praise, in hiding it from men, and seeking the praise of God alone. Such a disposition must certainly render us agreeable to God and man. And it is certainly foolish to assume any thing to ourselves, since every created being is in the hands of God. We are not, as the hypocrites, to love to pray standing in public, to be seen of men, because those who pray for that reason expect to be praised of men, which is contrary to the laws of God. And God will not grant the prayers of those who pray only to be seen of men, and to be praised by them. Moreover, saith our Saviour, in his excellent Sermon on the Mount, When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance, for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast; which is wicked in the extreme, since we are all sinful creatures. Thus did our Saviour enjoin humility to his disci-

ples, and those to whom he preached. Concerning this virtue enough has been said.

I shall now proceed to my second good quality which those children possess; this is teachableness. This is also a great virtue, confessing our ignorance, and being willing and wishing to be taught. But this is principally a virtue in spiritual affairs; to be willing to be taught the word of God, our frail nature, and his infinite power; that we shall be punished if we are wicked, and rewarded if we are good; to resist the temptations of Satan, and when we want any thing to pray to God with devotion, and to thank him with a sense of our unworthiness to receive and God's bounty to give it; to renounce all the unlawful pleasures of this world, and to seek those of the next, which are all holy. Of these things no one knows much, and what he does know is from instruction: therefore, if he is self-conceited and thinks he knows without instruction, he thinks both falsely and foolishly, for nothing can be known without in-

struction; and if we know not this we shall be ignorant indeed, we shall be ignorant of that which shall buy us eternal life and happiness, ignorant of what we ought chiefly to know. Thus we see the advantages of a tractable disposition.

I shall now proceed to the third good quality of those children; this is obedience and love to their parents. Children, saith St. Paul, obey your parents in all things. Our parents have a strong claim on our love and obedience; they brought us up, nourished us under their roof, and educated us; and to every virtuous parent we owe the greatest love and obedience, for bringing us up to God, and rendering us virtuous, by which we may obtain an entrance into the kingdom of heaven; but we have another parent besides our earthly parents, and to him we owe greater love and obedience than to our earthly parents; it was he that gave us life, and made them instruments to bring us into the world; he made food for us, and made our parents as instruments to give it us. Then

ought we not to be, as St. Peter says, obedient children, not fashioning ourselves to the former lusts in our ignorance. Our parents instructed us in the ways of holiness, but God gave them grace to instruct us, and ourselves grace to receive their instructions and profit by them.

I shall now proceed to the fourth good quality, humanity and good nature. Humanity consists in a wish to relieve the poor and distressed; good nature in taking a pleasure in seeing all men happy, in wishing to make them so when in our power. There is some difference between these two virtues, but they are generally united in one person: the humane person is generally good natured, and the good natured always humane. Humanity and good nature are pleasing to God, for he likes to see us loving each other as he loves us. Our fellow creatures have strong claims upon our humanity; they are the same beings as we are, the same God made them, they are men; therefore if the poor man comes begging at our

doors, let us consider that it will displease God if we do not relieve his necessities. Let us remember that we should do as we would be done by, and all these unite to make us humane and good natured.

I shall only mention one more good quality, this is the command of our passions, in not being angry. If there is any thing which we think wrong, we ought, to consider whether it is so, and if it is, we should mildly correct the error; if it is not so, we should think it well that we did not reprove unjustly. It is very proper that we should take care of our passions, that we do not any thing that we should afterwards repent of; for although to keep them in subjection be a very difficult thing; yet it may be accomplished; and from it we shall derive considerable advantage.

To conclude. We have heard that of those who have the good qualities I have mentioned, are the kingdom of heaven, and therefore shall we not seek them? seeing if we find them we shall be blessed

indeed; for by these we may obtain the joys of heaven, which are of inestimable worth; therefore are not these things desirable? If we think them so, let us endeavour to practise all these virtues, for those will ensure for us an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Composed February 9, 1806.

Eight years old.

Prov. xiv. 34.

Righteousness exalteth a nation.

IN the following discourse it is my intention to take a brief survey of the state of the nation, and afterwards to draw a suitable conclusion.

If we look around us, we see with astonishment the acts of a tyrant, who has filled all Europe with blood, and declared war with every nation who would not connive at his injustice. He has made kingdoms subject to him, and is at this time preparing to invade this Island. We are the principal objects of his hatred, because we first took up arms in the cause of liberty. He wished to conquer the world, to make France what Rome once was, and to be a Julius Cæsar or an Alexander; nor could he bear the least controul. We checked his insatiate ambition, which rendered us his irreconcilable enemies, for

which reason, if he makes himself master of this Island, we may expect the severest treatment the hitherto baffled rage of a tyrant can inflict. Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland and Egypt, have felt his cruelty; and nations who never made war with him, and never gained a victory over him, have been reduced to servitude; their towns have been pillaged, and some of their lives have been taken away. But have we not been almost constantly at war with him! have we not gained many, and great victories! and have we not been the chief check to his ambition? then what can we expect but vengeance, and this vengeance he is about to satisfy by invading this Island, by taking away all that is dear to us, and every thing which we lawfully possess; in short, as a second Alaric, to leave us nothing but our lives. These are the calamities with which we are threatened, and these the judgments which the Almighty is apparently about to execute.

To conclude. But although we are threatened with invasion, and the greatest calamities, yet we do not abandon our sins; we nourish them, and continue to harbour sinful thoughts, and to do sinful actions. At a time when we ought to prostrate ourselves before the throne of the Almighty, and beg pardon of our offences, we are plunged in all manner of iniquities; but let us consider, how wrong we are acting, let us remember, that as long as we are a sinful nation, God will scourge us with the rod of affliction. Shall we, not contented with being at war with an earthly monarch, make the King of Heaven an enemy to us? let us consider, how powerful an enemy we make in him in whose hands is our breath and being; so then let us turn from our sins, and renounce our iniquities and he will forgive us, so shall we eat of the good of the land, and by righteousness we shall be exalted.

Composed on the Fast Day, 1806.

Nine years old.

Eccless. xii. 1.

Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth.

THE words in my text, are consistent with the wisdom of the king who wrote them; he well knew how strong were the allurements of the world, and the folly and the wickedness of youth; that if these allurements were set before a young man, not a thought of God would enter his heart, but that he would abandon himself to all kind of wickedness; he therefore gave this advice; Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth. I shall therefore mention the difficulties, and encouragements which attend the performance of this duty; and afterwards draw a suitable conclusion.

And first, the difficulties which attend the performance of this duty. These, to a young man,

just entering into life, appear great and numerous; it is customary for him to seek all the pleasures he can obtain, and to indulge in the lawless delights of the flesh; he habituates himself to the company of those whom the world calls men of pleasure, who teach him all their vices, and efface many, if not all his good qualities from his heart; in such company, and amidst such enjoyments, it is almost impossible for God to enter his thoughts; he is abandoned to vice and immorality; but if he follows the advice in my text, he must no longer frequent the company of these men; instead of whom, the pious and the good must be his companions; he must forego these pleasures, instead of which the pleasures of holiness must be his delight; those men whose company he has forsaken, will ridicule him, and the partakers of his former pleasures, will laugh at his present piety; he will be exposed to mortifications from all but the good.

But let us change the scene, and in the second place, let us consider the encouragements which attend the performance of this duty in this life. He takes a delight in anticipating the promised pleasures of a future life, and pities the lot of those who, instead of turning to God, like him, persevered in their sinful ways. He looks forward to death as a deliverance from all his troubles; his virtues disarm it of its sting. Let us follow him to the day in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat: the earth also, and the things that are therein, shall be burnt up; with what joy must he hear the trumpet make the dead to rise from their graves, and view the God whom they have so long served; but with what rapture, must he hear himself declared a partaker of the kingdom of heaven; and how must he bless the day when godliness took possession of his heart. We see therefore that the anticipation of future happiness

will comfort us under all the mortifications he shall meet, and how sufficiently the enjoyments of that happiness will recompence them.

To conclude. We see that the eternity of bliss which we shall enjoy hereafter will be more than a recompence for all the mortifications we can possibly meet with here; he therefore must be stubborn and foolish indeed who would reject the advice in my text. But there are some so foolish and stubborn, as to reject it, notwithstanding its excellency, and the wisdom of the king who gave it. But can they suppose that if they do not remember their Creator in the days of their youth, that he will remember them in their old age, and when they have most need of his assistance? certainly not!

I shall conclude my discourse with the advice of the pious David, on his death bed, to his Son, who from the words in my text did not forget them. 'And thou Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect

heart, and with a willing mind; for the Lord searches all the hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts; if thou seek him he will be found of thee. But if thou forsake him he will cast thee off for ever.

Composed August, 21 1865.

Nine years old.



Isaiah, ix. 6.

*For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given :
and the government shall be upon his shoulder :
and his name shall be called, Wonderful, Coun-
sellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, the
Prince of peace.*

I shall in the following discourse undertake to show, that Christ was the child alluded to in my text, and that these magnificent titles, could not, with justice, be attributed to any one else, since he alone was worthy of them, and has fully justified the prediction of the Prophet. The titles are such as could not be attributed to any mortal ; and he for whom they are intended, must be something more than man. And who could better answer these titles, than the Son of God? was not he in every description, Wonderful, Counsellor,

The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of peace? Yes, certainly! This Son was the same as he, who was to be brought forth by a virgin, and whose name was to be Jesus, who should save his people from their sins. But let us now consider these titles of the Redeemer.

In the first place, he is styled, Wonderful: he is wonderful for his love to mankind, which prompted him to descend from heaven, to make atonement for our sins; he is wonderful for his humility in descending from the height of glory, which he enjoyed in heaven, and in submitting himself to be made in the form of a man, and finally to be put to an ignominious death. Do we want knowledge? We have in him a Counsellor, able to reveal every thing to us; to unfold to us every mystery; to shew us every thing we desire to know, and to impart to us all knowledge, in short, a Counsellor of infinite wisdom, and ready to impart that wisdom

to us. He is the mighty God. In this respect he is able to destroy both body and soul in hell; he is able to reduce the sinner to the lowest brink of misery, and to elevate the true believer to the height of joy. When blasted by the stormy winds of adversity, he can assure his faithful servant of a safe arrival in his heavenly kingdom, where all his sorrows will die away, and where uninterrupted bliss reigns. He is the only protector, but he is the chastiser of those who rebel against his laws and government. He is the everlasting Father, or the Father of eternity. In this description he comforts under every affliction in this life, and afterwards will give them an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away. He is, finally, styled the Prince of peace. This is the most glorious of all his titles; in this character he came down from heaven to atone for the transgressions of mankind, and to reconcile man to his offended Creator, when by his insults he had justly provoked

the wrath of his Maker, and was about to suffer the punishment of eternal death and torment, to which the divine justice sentenced him. The Prince of peace descended from his throne of glory to assume the shape of a servant, and to suffer for the sins of the human race.

To conclude. And ought not the birth of such a being to fill us with astonishment at the power, and with love, at the mercy of God? Ought we not to rejoice at the birth of a Saviour, who, if we want knowledge, is able and willing to impart it to us? if protection, to relieve us in every necessity? If comfort, to comfort us under every affliction, by assurances of eternal happiness? and if reconciliation, who came down for the express purpose of making peace between God and us? Surely the birth of such a Saviour, ought to be the subject of the greatest joy to us. And every time this day occurs, we ought to be the more and more fixed in a full

determination to spend our lives to the glory of God, who, when we had by repeated insults provoked his displeasure, sent his only and beloved Son into the world to take our nature, and to suffer for our sins.

Composed on Christmas Day, 1806.

Nine Years old.

Matt xxiv. 50.

The Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of.

IT is my intention, in the following discourse, to show the necessity of being always prepared for death, by the uncertainty of life, and shall afterwards draw a few suitable remarks.

No man knows when he shall die, or how long he shall live; when he goes out in the morning, he is not sure that he shall come again safe at night; or that whilst he is in the midst of worldly enjoyments, and whilst taken up with the affairs of this world, the Lord will not take him away from the land of the living. Whilst indulging in scenes of luxury and dissipation, there are many things by which we may be taken out of the world. But there are many who

do not consider that they are every moment liable to be snatched away in the midst of their worldly occupations; they go out in the morning to engage in the business or the pleasures of this world, and that business and those pleasures engross their attention too much for to leave them any time to think of God; they do not consider that the God who gave them life is able to take it away at his pleasure; they think that they at least shall die in their beds, that the time of their death is very distant; and that when it does come it will be time enough for repentance, and that that repentance will open the gates of heaven to them. But let those who are filled with such thoughts consider how presumptuous are such thoughts, and how vain it is to suppose that God will extend his mercy to them, when they repent only because it is no longer in their power to offend; for if they knew when and how they should die, we should witness more scenes of luxury and vice than are even now exhibited.

There are some men who will say that they cannot always have God in their minds; but such men do not argue this from a wish to follow the law of God, and a conviction of the impossibility of strictly observing this duty; no, they are swayed by very different motives; they know that if they have God and his attributes always before them, they will be deterred from pursuing the path into which their vicious inclinations would lead them: they therefore pretend that they are unable, when the truth is that they are unwilling.

But let us see this difficulty, and examine these obstacles which they are so ready to raise, whenever their vices and their failings are opposed. The man who truly fears and loves God, will always have him before his eyes, both as his Father and his Judge; his worldly concerns will not prevent him from thinking of the God who upholds him wherever he goes, and sees him in whatever business he is engaged; for if men were not so eager about the affairs of this world,

God would be much more before their eyes, and they would pay much more attention to the affairs of the next.

To conclude. I have thus briefly shown the uncertainty of death, and the possibility of having God always before our eyes. If then it is possible to have God always before our eyes, and it is even easy so to do, how is it we see multitudes daily inconsiderate of their leading lives of vice and luxury, and going in the way where the customs and fashions of a wicked world lead them, or else zealously engaging in its occupations. It is a love of the world; it is because they prefer this world, its wickedness and vanity, to a holy life. It is needless to show the superiority of virtue to vice.

I shall end with recommending to all men to despise the pleasures of this world; to have God always before their eyes; and so shall we lead such a life as will gain for us an entrance into his kingdom; and on that day when Jesus Christ

shall come to judge the world in righteousness,
 we shall hear the Judge pronounce these words,
 Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the king-
 dom prepared for you before the foundation of
 the world.

Composed, January 17, 1807.

Nine years old.

1 Kings. xi. 4.

For it came to pass when Solomon was old, that his wives turned away his heart after other gods, and his heart was not perfect with the Lord his God, as was the heart of David his father.

IN the following discourse, I shall show the occasion of the fall of Solomon; and shall afterwards draw a suitable conclusion. The pious David having breathed his last, after having given many instructions, and pious charges to his Son, Solomon ascended the throne; the first step he took after his father's death was to punish Joab, and to fulfil his other instructions. He speedily removed all obstacles to his throne, and thought of nothing but the government of the kingdom, entrusted to his care. The holy scriptures record, that the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream,

and said, 'ask what shall I give thee.' Solomon considering the greatness of the people he was appointed to govern, requested of the Lord to give him wisdom, and an understanding heart, to discern between the evil and the good, and to judge the people in equity. It is said, that the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked him that thing, and that he told him, because he had not asked riches, and honour, and long life, or the lives of his enemies, that he had not only given him riches and honour also, above every other king upon the face of the earth, and that if he would walk in the paths of his father David, and would walk uprightly, he would grant him long life also. His wisdom further appeared in the case of the two harlots; when in a cause, which appeared almost indeterminable, he determined with the utmost apparent justice. And again, we hear that he was wiser than all men; and that there

came of all people to hear his wisdom from all parts of the earth.

Solomon now set about building the temple with great earnestness, and whilst employed in its fabrication, God said to him, that if he would execute his statutes and observe his laws, he would dwell in the midst of the children of Israel; and would not forsake his people Israel. With the assistance of Hiram, King of Tyre, he finished the Temple, and dedicated it to the Lord. After the dedication, God appeared to Solomon a second time in a dream, and said, 'I have heard thy prayer, and thy supplication, which thou has made before me. I have hallowed this house, which thou hast built, to put my name there for ever; and mine eyes, and mine heart, shall be there continually.'

We have heard that many came to hear the wisdom, and to view the riches of Solomon; amongst these was the Queen of Sheba; having heard much of the wisdom, and discernment of

Solomon, she determined to prove him in hard questions. She came, therefore, bringing presents of gold, and silver, and spices; but she was soon convinced of the wisdom of Solomon, and confessed that he far exceeded the report she had heard respecting him, and departed full of admiration of his wisdom and magnificence. Thus Solomon lived blest with that wisdom he had requested, and the riches and honour God had promised to bestow upon him. Old age was coming on, and with rapid strides; and he thought it time to indulge in those pleasures he had obtained. He had many wives, who were of different nations, and worshipped strange gods; enchanted by their beauty, and by being habituated to their society, he gradually lost sight of the God of Israel, the true God, who had promised him length of days, and that his posterity should sit upon the throne of Israel, and followed after strange gods, made of wood ~~and~~ stone, the work of men's hands. Thus instead of the pious Solomon

sacrificing and making burnt offerings to God, we see him paying his devotion to the Idols of Eckron, and Ammon.

To conclude. If we enquire into the cause of Solomon's fall, we shall find his alliance with those who followed strange gods was the reason. Let us apply this to ourselves, to Christians, and we shall find that bad company is the worst of all vices; and that the company of the good and pious is improving in the highest degree. Let us then consider how far hurtful bad company is, and the advantages which are produced by the society of the truly pious. When we enter into the society of a set of profligate and abandoned men at first perhaps, we may be shocked at their profaneness, and consider them as highly criminal; by degrees we become less scrupulous, and look with an indifferent eye upon their sinful conduct; but when we become habituated to their society, we enter into their sentiments, we agree with them in their opinions,

and their example tempts us to commit crimes, which we before looked upon with horror; and we at last grow familiar with crimes, and, like Solomon, from being holy and upright, we follow after the idols of riches, honour, power, and all the pomp and vanities of a wicked world. Let us always have these words in the tablets of our memory, Follow not after a multitude to do evil. But let us now consider the advantages of good company. If we frequent the company of good men, all that we see of them will tend to make us good too. Whatever we hear, or see, shews us that the true believer is happy wherever, and in whatever station of life, he is. In prosperity we see him, as much as lies in his power, relieve the unfortunate, and succour the friendless and the orphan, and make the widow's heart to sing for joy. In adversity we do not see him repining at the will of God; no, he offers up his prayers to God, to deliver him from the dangers with which he is surrounded, acknow-

ledging the divine justice, confessing his sins, and submitting to poverty and distress with cheerfulness and resignation. We never see him with a gloom upon his countenance, arising from any of the cares of this world; he knows that he is doing well, and he looks forward to the day of judgement, to receive the reward prepared for the righteous. At first, perhaps, we may look upon religion as a burden, and upon conscience as a troublesome companion, but we soon perceive that true piety is the source of innumerable pleasures, and we wish to obtain that peace of mind which a holy life affords. Let us then shun bad company as the perverter of all religion, and the source of innumerable vices, but let us select those persons for our companions, who, neither insolent in prosperity, nor repining in adversity, lead a holy and religious life; from them we shall learn to walk in the paths of holiness, and ever to tread in those paths which lead to everlasting happiness.

Composed February 1, 1807.

Nine years old.

I. John iii. 9.

In this was manifested the love of God towards us: because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.

IT is my intention in the following discourse, to shew the love of God to us, from our unworthiness, and by the mission of his only begotten Son into the world.

First then, on account of our unworthiness to receive the least marks of God's mercy. When God made our first parents, he placed them in the garden of Eden, a place abounding in all the delights the earth could afford; he gave him power over the animals which inhabited the garden, and, in short, made him lord of all the earth; and as a trial of his obedience gave him only one injunction, but this disobedience was to be punished

with death, which was not to eat of the fruit of the tree which stood in the midst of the garden; but even this duty he would not perform, and consequently the threatened punishment of death was inflicted upon him. But there was another kind of death, more dreadful than this; that is eternal death. By the sin of Adam man was doomed to suffer this death; but God looked down with compassion upon his miserable wretched creatures, and would not suffer us to perish. He sent Jesus Christ down to save us. Adam suffered himself to be tempted by Satan, to eat of the fruit, of which God said, 'thou shalt not eat.

Secondly, the mercy of God is displayed in the mission of his only begotten Son, for a creature who had disobeyed him in an order of the most trifling kind; for a creature who was made, preserved and fed by his bounty, but yet who dared to rebel against him; for a creature who knew that death would be the consequence of his disobedience, and

who had the audacity to disobey. For to save such a creature from eternal death, he sent his only begotten Son into the world, to die for his sins. Was not the love of God manifested toward us in this? but it was not only to save us from eternal death that Jesus Christ came into the world; he did not come merely to deliver us from the tortures which the wicked feel in hell; no, he came to win for us a crown of glory, to open to us the gates of everlasting life, and to gain for us uninterrupted bliss; and instead of a wicked world, fraught with innumerable evils and dangers, to give us for our habitation a place abounding with ineffable delights, and where we have for our companions saints and angels, and for our employment the glorification of God.

Let us now proceed to the application. I shall here shew the pernicious consequence of the conclusions which some men draw from this attribute of God, and shew the right one. There are very few who

are willing to doubt of the mercy of God. They find the thought too pleasing to be rejected, but they think it inexhaustible; they think repentance unnecessary, until they are lying on their death bed, and then it will be as acceptable, as if it were made in the vigour of youth, when they were capable of worshipping him. Thus they go on in direct opposition to his laws, and they think that he will bear up with it all, and will at last give them heaven as their reward; but let them consider that God will not suffer their disobedience for ever; that the ax will at last be put to the root of the tree, and that it will be cut down; that all his attributes are in concord with one another, and that his goodness is restrained by his justice, and that although he suffers for a long time, he will at last punish those who transgress his laws. But the true believer, the more he considers the mercy of God, the more he loves him; the more uprightly he walks, and the more he obeys

his laws. Let these be our sentiments; let us always have the mercy of God in view, both as a source of infinite satisfaction, and as an incitement to strive to run that race which every man must run.

Composed February 8, 1807.

Nine Years old.

Psalm xix. 11.

In keeping of them there is great reward.

A SOLID and lasting happiness is man's chief aim, and in every thing which he does he tries to obtain it. But still there is nothing which we are more ignorant of. We generally seek it in the pleasures of this world.

It is my intention to show, in the following discourse, that true happiness, both in this world and the next, consists in religion alone, and that the pleasures of this world are incapable of affording real enjoyment; but rather, on the contrary, tend to create remorse, if not for sinful enjoyments, at least for the mispending of our time.

First then, the pleasures of this world are so far from affording real satisfaction, that they, on the other hand, make us feel the pangs of remorse and

the torments of a guilty conscience. Let us imagine to ourselves a man who has riches, honour, power, and all the pleasures which this world affords. Let us suppose him dressed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, and surrounded with a crowd of flatterers who praise every thing he says and does. Still this man is far from being completely happy; his pleasures are but for a moment. Whilst they last indeed, he feels a pleasure which is commonly felt by those who are indulging in luxury and dissipation; but all these pleasures at one time must vanish. When death comes on apace, all these enjoyments are at an end, and the pangs of a guilty conscience succeed to these sinful pleasures. The voice of conscience before had been drowned in riot and dissipation; but this now cannot be the case, and he looks back with heart felt anguish upon his past life. Anguish arising not from true repentance, but a dread of the Divine justice. He now looks back with sorrow upon his past life, when he devoted that time to law-

less mirth and festivity which ought to have been dedicated to meditation and prayer. He now remembers how, instead of preparing himself for the last day, by acts of religion and piety, he gave himself up to the enjoyments which this world afforded; and, in short, how he had neglected the salvation of his precious soul, and exchanged the pleasures of a future world for those of the present. He presents to his mind the image of hell, and he despairs of being able to escape its torments. Such are the agonizing reflections of a man of pleasure, on his death bed.

But let us now change the subject, and from the impure pleasures of this world let us turn to the pleasures of religion; and when we have thoroughly examined them, we shall, with justice, exclaim, with the Psalmist, 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;' and again, 'There is great reward in them.'

The pleasures of religion do not arise from sensuality; they are pure and holy; they flow from a con-

viction of having exerted all our endeavours to please God, and from a hope of tasting of those joys which are the portion of the righteous for evermore. To the wicked, death is dreadful in the extreme, as he knows that it leads him to hell. But to the good man, it appears as a joyful release from the cares of this world, and he looks upon it with gladness, because he knows it leads to heaven. On a sick bed he feels not that anguish, which is unavoidable by a man who knows that his life has been wicked, and that he cannot escape the punishment, which all sinners must undergo. At the last day, he does not wish the mountains to fall upon him, and screen him from the view of the Almighty Judge. No; he waits in a joyful expectation of hearing his Almighty Judge pronounce this sentence, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from all eternity.'

To conclude. The pleasures of religion then consist, in this life, in the knowledge that we are doing right,

and in anticipating the pleasures with which we shall be rewarded; and the pleasures of this world consist in enjoyments which please for the moment, but which, on our death-bed, are a source of ineffable anguish to us; and which, when we are taken away from this world, are the cause of our eternal ruin. A moment's consideration will show us that the pleasures of religion are superior to those of the world. Now it being man's chief aim to be happy, let those who value the salvation of their souls lead a holy and religious life, which will be a source of the greatest comfort here, and a source of ineffable bliss in a future state.

Composed February 15, 1807.

Ten years old.



Matt. xxv. 46.

*And these shall go away into everlasting punishment,
but the righteous into life eternal.*

IT is my intention, in the following discourse, to shew that the righteous are happier than the wicked, both whilst living and in good health, and on their sick bed, and before the tribunal of their Almighty Judge.

First then, the righteous are more happy in this life than the wicked. This world is the place where the wicked enjoy themselves in the pleasures of sensuality, and where they pass away their time in luxury and dissipation; it is the place where they indulge in their lawless passions, and give loose to their impetuous desires. But these enjoyments nevertheless do not afford them so much pleasure as the recollection of his past conduct does the righ-

teous man. Although his holy zeal may be ridiculed, although his company may be avoided by those whom the world calls men of pleasure, yet when he recollects that we have been asserting the cause of the Almighty, and that everlasting happiness is preparing for us in heaven, the remembrance of these things gives us such real pleasure as far exceeds the delights of this world.

Let us now proceed to my second part, that the righteous are happier than the wicked on their death bed. On his death bed, the wicked man can no more indulge in pleasures; he turns his thoughts to his past conduct; he recollects how many hours he has spent in luxury and dissipation; how many times he has drowned the voice of reason in intemperance, and has offended against the laws of temperance and sobriety; he recollects, also, the dreadful punishment which is inflicted on such offenders, and the torments which he will suffer in the lake of fire and brimstone. The heart of the righteous man

is not rent by any of these reflections; he does not feel the agonies of a guilty conscience; he, on the contrary, rejoices at the approach of death, and hopes soon to arrive at the mansions of eternal bliss.

I will now proceed to shew that the righteous man is happier at the tribunal of his Almighty Judge. The wicked man sees before him a Saviour whom he has crucified again, now coming down, attended by his angels and archangels, to punish those who have disobeyed his laws; he expects no mercy for his sins, and in despair he wishes the hills to cover him from the penetrating eye of his Judge. The righteous man is not thus fearful at the sight of his Almighty Judge; he expects, with joy, his sentence for to take his seat among the angels in the realms of eternal bliss. And the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal.

To conclude. The pleasures of the wicked are but of short duration, and whilst they do last do not afford pleasure but for the moment we are engaged in them; but, however small, still they are preferred to those of religion. But let us not accustom ourselves to the pleasures of this world, and let us make those of the next the only object of our hopes. If we habituate ourselves to these pleasures, we shall acquire a distaste for those of the world; virtue will prevail over us, and will afford us not only an inexhaustible source of comfort here, but of eternal bliss hereafter.

Composed March 1, 1807.

Ten years old.

Romans vi. 12.

Let not sin reign therefore in your mortal bodies, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof.

IT is my intention, in the following discourse, to shew the loathsomeness and deformity of sin, the pleasures it deprives us of, and the punishments to which it subjects us. Heaven is the mansion of the blessed, where they enjoy innumerable pleasures. Tears, cares, and sorrows, are unknown to them. There is nothing to disturb their peace or their happiness. Angels, archangels, saints, and martyrs, form their society. Their pleasures are of the purest and most exquisite nature. Their occupation is that delightful one of singing hymns and praises to the Almighty. And all these joys are to last for ever; there shall be no end to them. Millions and millions of

millions of ages shall glide away, and still the time of their enjoyment shall not be diminished.

Let us now proceed to the habitation of the wicked there. A consuming fire shall burn them; so that to one of these unhappy sufferers a drop of water would be the greatest treasure which could be bestowed upon him. But in vain does he desire such a consolation; no comfort will be afforded to him; he will, besides this, be tormented by the most agonizing reflections; he will remember that it was his own folly which precipitated him into this abyss of misery, out of which he never will escape; that he had been warned by the ministers of God's word, but would not attend to them; and that he liked better to frequent balls and theatres, and circles of fashion, than the house of God: these reflections will be a source of the keenest affliction to him, and will form a great part of his sorrows; his society will be that of the most abandoned of men, such as assassins, drunkards, liars; nothing will salute his ears but

curses and blasphemies; and he will be forced, of necessity, to hate the Supreme Being, the Foundation of all good; he will be wretched beyond conception: and all this for ever.

To conclude. Sin deprives those who lend an ear to her proposals, of heaven and its pleasures, and subjects them to hell and its torments. And what is the recompence which it holds out to them instead of heaven, and to make up for hell? The transitory unsubstantial pleasures of this world are what it offers. The man who lives an hundred years is counted extremely aged, and the life of man seldom reaches that period: how blind then must he be to his own interests, who, for the sake of indulging in the pleasures of this world for so short a time, will forfeit the delights of heaven, and not only that, but will endure the torments of hell for ever and ever? But let us not fall into the snare; let sin be to us an object of detestation and abhorrence, as a monster who entails death and ruin upon those who are de-

luded enough to lend an ear to her treacherous offers. Let us not make ourselves its slaves, but let us remember that he who committeth sin is the servant of sin. Nor let us suffer it to reign in our mortal bodies, that we should obey it in the lusts thereof.

Composed March 29, 1807.

Ten years old.

Eccles. viii. 12.

Though a sinner do evil an hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before him.

HAPPINESS is man's chief aim in all his undertakings, but he is generally mistaken in the path which he follows for the purpose of attaining it; and we too commonly seek that in grandeur, riches, power, and the pleasures of this world, which is only to be found in virtue and religion.

It is therefore my intention, in the following discourse, to represent to you, in the first place, the wicked rich man, and his lamentable death; and in the second place, the poor but virtuous man, and his happy end.

Let us figure to ourselves this man, the owner of vast possessions handed down to him by a long series

of ancestors, and which render him capable of enjoying every pleasure which the world affords; like the rich man in the parable, he is clothed in splendid attire; he feeds sumptuously every day, and a long train of attendants obey his orders. Pleasure is his darling object, and he follows after it with unremitting ardour. Every amusement, however vicious and criminal, which is in his reach, he eagerly engages in. In the midst of his favourite diversions, he loses sight of every religious duty, and God is totally out of his thoughts. When he retires to his chamber, perhaps his conscience may reproach him, and he may reflect for a time upon that heaven which a continuance of his present sinful conduct will irrecoverably lose for him, and that eternal death and misery it will undoubtedly bring upon him. He may even make a resolution to amend his life, and to quit his vicious pleasures; but these suggestions of reason will not be of long continuance, and when the morning comes will vanish and be confounded in a torrent

of luxury and dissipation. But this scene of mirth and jollity cannot last for ever. The life of man is short, and even though (in the words of my text) he may do evil an hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet still the time must, and will arrive, when death shall put an end to all his vain and empty pleasures. And now let us reverse the picture, let us represent him to ourselves extended on the bed of sickness, and writhing in the agonies of death. Of what avail are his riches? Incapable of enjoying the delights which they may procure, he is willing to dispense with them all for that comfort, and that pleasing hope of future happiness which arises from a review of a well spent life. But vain are both his wishes and his prayers; his repentance is now unregarded, as it proceeds rather from grief at his present unhappy situation, than his past sins, and more from his inability to commit fresh acts of rebellion against God, than for what he has already committed. Haunted by

the furies of remorse, at the waste and sinful use of that time which he might have spent far more advantageously in the salvation of his precious soul, and distracted with despair at the thoughts of eternal misery and torment, he sinks into the silent grave. But here he will not remain for ever; when the great and important day shall come, when the Son of Man in glory shall come to judge the world; then the great trumpet's blast shall summon him to appear before the tribunal of his Judge, to answer for his numerous crimes. In vain shall he call upon the mountains to fall upon him, and the hills to cover him; nothing can screen him from the penetrating eye of that Jesus whose gracious offers of pardon he so many times refused, and who thus pronounces his final doom: Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire; prepared for the devil and his angels.

But now let us turn to the poor, but virtuous man, with no greater riches, than what his labour procures for

him. He does not seek a better livelihood by illicit means; nothing can tempt him to deviate from the strict path of virtue; and amidst all the scorn and reproach this conduct procures for him, he remembers, with delight, these words of our blessed Saviour, in his excellent sermon on the mount, 'Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' In every misfortune which happens to him he is perfectly resigned to the will of God, by the reflection that when this transitory scene shall be ended, and death shall put an end to his pains and sufferings, a seat is prepared for him in the mansions of eternal bliss, where a crown of glory shall be his reward, which is incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away. But neither rich nor poor are exempt from the stroke of death; and now the time approaches, when, with an iron hand, it knocks at the poor man's door. He has not the rich man's wealth to procure for him those comforts which are so requisite for a dying man; but he is, nevertheless,

infinitely happier than the rich man, by the satisfaction he receives from a review of his well-spent life. Death, to him, does not appear an object of terror; No, he views it with delight, as a passport to the realms of eternal happiness and glory. Encouraged by this pleasing foresight of futurity, he dies.

But when that great day shall come, when all mankind must appear before their Almighty Judge, how different will be the conduct of the rich and poor man! The one, pale and trembling, waits the sentence of his offended Creator, to precipitate him into the bottomless abyss; whilst the other joyfully attends his final doom, and hears it pronounced in these words, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'

To conclude. It is an astonishing, and at the same time a melancholy reflection, that so many of us should be so indifferent to the delights or torments

of a future state, as for a few years' indulgence in a state of sin and disobedience to God's commands, to forfeit all pretensions to heaven, and irrecoverably to fix our doom to a dreadful eternity of misery and torment. The life of man is now considerably shorter than it was in the first ages of the world. But were we even certain of a life longer than that of Adam, and rendered happy by every pleasure the world could procure for us, yet still this would be a small compensation for the delights of heaven, and the pains of hell.

If this be the case, how rash, in the eye of every wise man, must be the conduct of those, who, for the gratification of their passions and appetites, for the small space of time which is now allotted for the life of man, will thus sacrifice all their spiritual interests. Let us repent then speedily of our past sins, and amend our vicious conduct, and joyfully accept, now that it is time, the gracious offers of pardon and reconciliation which God holds

out to us. Nor let us, out of a mistaken notion that it will be time enough to repent of our vicious courses when on our death-bed, delay the great work of our salvation till the night cometh when no man can work.

Composed November 9, 1807.

Ten years old.

Matt. xxviii. 6.

He is not here, for he is risen.

BUT a few days since the church commemorated, in tears and fasting, the death of her crucified Saviour; she saw the powers of hell triumphant, and Jesus Christ yielding up the ghost, amidst the scoffs and insults of a surrounding multitude. But now her tears of mourning are turned into tears of joy; Christ is risen again, and death has no more dominion over him; he now sits at the right hand of the Father, as our mediator and advocate, surrounded and adored by crowds of angels and archangels; now she joyfully exclaims: 'Oh! death where is thy sting, Oh! grave where is thy victory.'

I shall not here attempt to prove the resurrection of our Lord, for this is a point so often discussed by great and learned men, that the man who is not

convinced by their writings, must be abandoned as incapable or unwilling to receive the truths of the gospel.

It is my intention to divide my discourse under three heads; First to explain the occurrences which preceded my text; Secondly, to shew what effect it ought to have; and Thirdly, what effect it has upon our minds.

After Pilate, influenced by the repeated solicitations and tumultuous clamours of the Jews, had ordered our Saviour to be put to death, and he had expiated by his blood the sins of the human race, Joseph, a rich man of Arimathea, a disciple of Jesus, and one whose esteem and reverence for him, not even death could shake, came to Pilate and requested the body of Jesus, to pay it the funeral honours; this request Pilate easily granted, as he himself had been unwilling to stain his hands with the blood of so just a man; he accordingly took away the body, and wrapt it in a clean linen cloth, and

put it in his own tomb; and moreover that no one might take his precious remains, he rolled an immense stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed. The next day, the Chief Priests and Pharisees, seeing that the death of our Lord had terrified some of his followers, and damped the zeal of others, thinking the readiest way to destroy this newborn sect in the eyes of the people, would be to prevent the completion of what our Saviour had foretold of his resurrection from the dead, came to Pilate for that purpose. They requested of him to make the sepulchre sure, vainly thinking that his disciples would, to continue the imposture, as they termed it, steal away the body by night. Pilate, not wishing to be troubled with this affair any longer, left the care of the sepulchre to themselves, saying, ye have a watch, go your way, make it as sure as you can. So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch. But how frail and weak is the arm of man when raised in opposition

to the decrees of the Almighty. The watch was set, the stone was sealed; but Christ was to rise, and all the puny efforts of man could not resist his resurrection. On that day, therefore, which he had predicted during his life, he broke the bands of death, and rose again in victory. After this great and important event, Mary Magdalene and another female went to the sepulchre to visit the body of their divine master. And there was a great earthquake, and the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre and sat upon it. The vivid beams which flashed from the eyes of the celestial messenger, the dignity and majesty which appeared in his countenance, and the purity of his raiment, filled the keepers with awe and astonishment, and they became as dead men. The angel thus addressed the astonished females, 'Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek the Lord Jesus which was crucified, he is not here, for he is risen.'

Let us now consider what effect this ought to have upon our minds. Were an earthly monarch to sentence us to death for a crime which his justice would not suffer him to forgive, and we hourly expecting to fall beneath the stroke of the executioner, what would be our joy, our gratitude, and our surprise, were his only son, the heir of his father's power to offer himself in our stead, and by his blood to satisfy the claims of justice? In the bosom therefore of every one whose christianity is not merely nominal, this day ought to awaken sensations of the liveliest joy and gratitude; but this joy ought to be of the purest and most holy kind; not that carnal and ungodly joy, which would make us consider the feast, more than the author of the feast; the house, more than the master of the house; but that which would make us look down with contempt upon the vanities and follies of this world, and elevate our affections towards the solid and neverfading joys of the next.

This day we ought to bid adieu to all our sins, to renounce all the temptations which the world holds out to us; and, in the words of Saint Paul, to set our affections on things above, not on things of the world; in short, we ought to give up all those criminal or foolish pursuits in which we have indulged, and to spend the remainder of our lives in the service of God, and of his Christ.

Let us now consider what effect this has upon minds. It is a lamentable circumstance, that in a christian country, so few should be found to follow the precepts and example of him whom they profess to worship. The generality of men are engaged in pursuits, which urge them from the path of virtue, into those which lead to wealth, to honour, and to reputation; immersed in criminal occupations, they are totally insensible of the mercy of God manifested in the stupendous act of human redemption; this day is no more thought of than a common sabbath day, and a common sabbath day

is seldom regarded more than a week day. The heart of the miser is still with his gold, though perhaps he is not immediately counting it, and the voluptuary yearns after his guilty pleasures, though perhaps he is not immediately indulging them. If we enter into the house of God, it is with such coldness and indifference, as almost to make our worship an insult and mockery to the Divine Being, and if we pray, our minds are so occupied with the affairs of this world, that we scarcely know either what we pray for, or whom we pray to; and had we lived in the age of the primitive christians, the enemies of christianity might well have reproached it with the immorality and lukewarmness of its professors.

To conclude, you have long persevered in a course of wickedness and folly; you have offended by your sins and transgressions that Divine Being whose eyes are so pure that they cannot behold iniquity; and those commandments which proceeded from his mouth you have presumed to disobey;

and even when he has been willing to pardon your past offences, and to receive you among the number of his faithful servants, you have refused his gracious offers. Christ has died for your sins, and risen again for you justification, and now sits at the right hand of God, your Mediator and Advocate, and you have refused his mediation. And is there a heaven to reward the true believer, and shall you partake of its pleasures? is there a hell to punish the obstinate sinner, and shall you escape its torments? God has suffered you to endure yet long. But abuse this mercy no longer; remember that it is in his power whether you shall live to see the light of another day, or this night you shall close your eyes in that sleep, from which you will not be awakened but by the blast of that great trumpet, which shall summon you to appear before that Jesus, whom ye have crucified again in your sins. Repent then, and delay not your repentance; work while the day is, for the night cometh, when no man can work.

Turn, rebellious sinner, to Christ, he will give you the water of life. Search not after the pleasures of this world, but after virtue and true holiness, which will afford you more solid comfort, both here and hereafter, than all the wealth and grandeur of this world can ever procure.

Composed, on Easter Day, 1808.

Eleven years old.

Prov. xxiii. 24.

The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice.

THERE are few parents so unnatural, as not to rejoice in the happiness of their children. They in general consider the interest of their offspring, as closely united with their own, and glory in their wealth and their honours, as if they themselves had acquired them. But although most men seek to procure solid and lasting happiness for their children, there are few who know, or practise the proper means of attaining it. If therefore they can see them covered with honours, and loaded with wealth, their most diligent endeavours have been then successful, and their utmost wishes gratified. Instead therefore of instructing them to tread the paths of virtue, and to shun the temptations of a wicked and deceitful world; instead of admonishing them to

combat the progress of vice, even in its most alluring form, and to encourage virtue in its most humble garb, they bid them plunge into the busiest scenes of life; they bid them flatter the vices and passions of men, and show themselves more the friends of vice on a throne, than of virtue in a cottage. And if by this or any other means equally culpable, they can see them arrived at fame and fortune, their cares are then finished, and all their troubles rewarded; and if they should not be the strict defenders of virtue, should they even deviate grossly from its laws, let them be but wealthy and illustrious, and whether great or small their faults, prosperity will throw a veil over them all.

It is my intention therefore, to show in the first place, that the pleasures of virtue, are both in this world and in the next, preferable to the pleasures of vice; and in the second place, that if we wish our children to possess those pleasures, we should train

them from their earliest infancy in the paths of holiness.

In the first place, then, I will shew that the pleasures of virtue are preferable, in every point of view, to the pleasures of vice. It is impossible for the pen of any mortal to describe the glories of a future state; even the most lofty and refined imagination of man, cannot form an idea of the delights of futurity. But although our ideas are too mean and grovelling to comprehend the joys of the world to come, yet the scriptures inform us that these joys are of the most pure and delightful nature; and further, that they are unceasing, and eternal, incorruptible, and never to fade away. But even in this life, the pleasures of virtue, far exceed the pleasures of vice; although for a time the pleasures of this world, its grandeur and honour may delight us; although for a time we may, without an obtruding care, revel in its unholy joys, and listen with complaisance to the fulsome adulations

of servile flatterers, yet these pleasures are only temporary, and sickness and old age will shortly deprive them of their value. When extended on the bed of sickness, and hourly expecting the stroke of death, no more shall we relish that delicious wine, and those costly viands which were wont to please our vitiated palates; no more shall we take pleasure in that rich and sumptuous attire which was wont, in our opinion, to elevate us above humanity; no more will the praises lavished upon us by our mercenary dependants, at the expence of truth and reason, be grateful to our ears, knowing, as we shall then, how little we merit them; and that in a short space of time our ears will be closed alike to the voice of unfeigned applause, and of interested adulation, and that we shall be shortly removed from this transitory life, as the flower, which in the morning stands forth the admiration of the passing traveller, and in the evening presents a withered and disgusting spectacle. And surely, that must

be an invaluable treasure, which, at these moments, when all other enjoyments are tasteless and insipid, can afford us real satisfaction; for this surely the wise man will be willing to forego the trifling gratifications of youth; and this treasure is to be found in virtue; this indeed will give us consolation, and even render us happy in the time of sickness, and at the hour of death. The real christian does not tremble at the idea of standing before the tribunal of an offended Judge, but wishes to meet a gracious and merciful Redeemer. To him death raises thoughts rather pleasing than terrible; he considers it as a passport from a scene of vanity and trouble, to the mansions of eternal glory and felicity.

The celebrated Addison, no less famous for his abilities, than esteemed and revered for his piety, was an instance of the tranquillity which attends the real christian on his death bed. When he felt that the spark of life was nearly extinguished in him, and that he should soon close his eyes for

ever on the world, he sent for the Earl of Warwick, a young Nobleman of a dissipated character and dangerous principles. Even the most vicious are constrained to pay a certain homage to the dignity of virtue, and in its presence feel a conscious inferiority. The Earl approached the bedside of the dying man, and respectfully enquired his wishes or commands. 'See,' was his answer, 'with what tranquillity a christian may die.'

But of this tranquillity Addison is not the only instance, and those who have witnessed the end of a real christian must feel that such a death is preferable to all the pleasures and grandeurs of, in the estimation of the world a happy life.

I will now turn to the second part of my discourse, and endeavour to show, that if we wish our children to enjoy these pleasures, we should train them up from their youth in the paths of virtue.

It must be extremely obvious to every intelligent mind, that the earliest impressions are the most durable. The docile mind of youth may be compared to melted wax, which in that state may be reduced to any form or shape at pleasure; and with equal justice, may the stubborn age of maturity be compared to it when unmelted, when, in attempting to bend, it will break it into a still more shapeless mass. And indeed, according to the regulation of worldly wisdom, this mode of early education is universally adopted: the parent who wishes his son to become an eminent mechanic, trains him up from his earliest youth to that particular occupation in which he intends him to engage, or if he desires to see him excel in any profession, which calls forth the exertion of his mental faculties, does he not in his childhood, endeavour to render him suitable for the employment of his riper years? And surely if this system of early education is found necessary in the opinion of the world, the

prudent father will carefully adopt it, in regard to the spiritual interests of his son. It is true that some examples may be adduced from ancient history, to show, that from the best education, the worst of fruits have been derived. It is true, that in spite of the precepts of Seneca, the detestable Nero, lived to be the disgrace and torment of the Roman Empire, and that the vices and cruelties of Commodus repaid the care of the virtuous Antoninus. But these instances are rarely to be met with, nor must they be considered as incentives to neglect the education of their offspring, or to leave them to their own dispositions and inclinations; if such is the case, the parent will bitterly repent of it; soon indeed, but perhaps too late for amendment. In youth it is that passions and habits have the greatest influence; and it is then therefore that those habits ought to be corrected, and those passions restrained, although the ardour and impetuosity may submit with

reluctance to the restraint, and when they have attained riper years, they will see and feel the necessity. It ought, therefore, to be the care of every parent who wishes his son to enjoy real and lasting happiness, to train him from his earliest infancy in a love and reverence for virtue, and a contempt and abhorrence of vice; to hold forth to him as a model for his imitations, the pious and the good, and the wicked as objects which he should avoid and detest; he should endeavour to raise his thoughts from the transitory pleasures of this world, and teach him to aspire after those of the next; he should check in him every propensity to error, and should both by example and precept, encourage him in the ways of virtue; in those ways, which we are told, are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace. In short, he should teach him to consider sin as banishing from us every real comfort here, and procuring for us eternal misery hereafter; and to look upon virtue

as our only consolation under every stroke of adversity which may befall us in this world, and whose reward in the world to come will be a treasure which neither moth or rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal; an inheritance incorruptible undefiled, and which fadeth not away.

To conclude. Since the acquisition of spiritual knowledge is preferable to the acquisition of temporal, and the pleasures of virtue, far exceed the pleasures of vice, it is the bounden duty of every parent, more particularly, to train his children in the paths of virtue, than sedulously to endeavour to give them a knowledge of little value and of short duration; it is a duty he owes to society, and which he owes to his child; a duty for the omission of which he can plead no excuse. On his care of his youth, it entirely depends whether his son, in his riper years, is a blessing or disgrace to the community to which he belongs. For the

sacred and invaluable truths of the gospel, although of the very utmost importance, are nevertheless so simple and evident, that they may be understood, and may be inculcated by the meanest capacities. And the parent who does not know, and does not inculcate them, may tremble for his wilful ignorance and neglect. If he is poor, and his son should suffer an ignominious death for the commission of crimes which he never was taught to avoid; or if he is rich, and he should be punished for offences of still greater consequence, and which affect public, instead of private happiness, let him not suppose that he will be entirely free from guilt, and that his son will alone have to answer for these sins. No, at that great day of final retribution when the virtuous will be rewarded for their good deeds, and the wicked will be punished for their crimes; he will know and feel that it was his duty, to regard the spiritual interest of his son, and that the vengeance of heaven will sooner or later fall upon

the man who presumes to overlook it. In this life too he will feel the pernicious effects of such an education; whilst he lives he is perhaps justly punished for his neglect, by the disobedience and unkindness of his children, and on his death bed he is haunted by the furies of remorse. He then sees the vanity and folly of the instructions he gave, and the necessity there is of living well to die happy. He feels he has done wrong, and trembles at the punishment which awaits his offence.

But let us quit so melancholy a scene, and turn our eyes to the good and pious parent. He has, in opposition to the notions of the world, trained up his son in the paths of the strictest virtue and integrity; he has taught him to contemn the opinions of the world, when they are at variance with the laws of his Creator. And although these instructions may have prevented his attainment of fame, and fortune; although they blast all his prospect here, still he feels satisfied with what he

has done, knowing that the seed which he has sown will produce a rich, and plentiful harvest in the world to come. And on his death bed how gloriously bright is the prospect before him! he looks forward to the day of judgment, that day so terrible to many, with an eye of joy. Conscience, that severe but impartial monitor, fills his heart with the liveliest sensations of joy, with its approbation, and encourages his strenuous hopes, that his pious care will soon be ultimately rewarded, and that he will soon enjoy a seat in the realms of eternal felicity, with him, to obtain whose real happiness, was the object of his parental care during life.

Composed May 29, 1808.

Eleven years old.

ON THE

ABUSE AND PROFANATION

OF THE

SABBATH.

Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do, but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt do no manner of work.

THE abuse and profanation of the sabbath, at present so frequent amongst us, although it is not for that the less scandalous and disgraceful, is a crime which ought to arrest the attention of every

one who feels in the least concerned for the welfare of the public and of individuals.

On the seventh day, the Almighty rested from the labours of the creation, and from that circumstance he determined it should be a day of universal rest to mankind. He designed it to be a day of holy rest, not to be spent in idleness and carnal pleasures, but to be devoted to that serious and devout meditation, which produces, if I may use the expression, a little heaven in our mind, and at once prepares and gives us a relish for the joys of futurity. The Sabbath being made, as must appear evident to every sensible mind, for these wise and beneficial purposes, how grossly do we abuse and pervert it! This holy day, blessed and hallowed by the Almighty, is spent by the rich in dinners, feasts, and parties of pleasure, and by the poor in such pleasures as their scanty means can afford. By all classes it is in general spent in a manner extremely different from the original intent. It is true that public worship is in some

places numerously attended, but could we search into the hearts of those we see there, this man's motive we should probably find to be curiosity; that, the want of any other occupation; but we should find few to be actuated by the spirit of genuine piety. This indeed their general behaviour during the service amply testifies: for such is their coldness, indifference, and inattention, that the most unpenetrating observer may clearly perceive, that although they praise God with their lips, their heart is far from him; and directly the service is ended, as if their whole duty was ended with it, they rush out into some pleasure or another, as if glad to be freed from the tedious restraint they had undergone, and seeking to dissipate, by some trifling amusement, the melancholy with which the words of the preacher have possessed them for awhile.

Having proceeded thus far, I will confine the subject of this Essay under two grand heads. I will, in the first place, show that the abuse of the Sabbath

is injurious, in the highest degree, to our morals and our religion; and in the second place, that it is consequently injurious to our national interest.

First then, I will consider the abuse of the Sabbath as injurious to our morals and religion. It surely argues a monstrous national depravity, when by those who are under the necessity of working for their livelihood, the Sabbath Day, which is the only one, in which they have sufficient time to do homage and offer up their prayers and thanksgivings to their Creator and Benefactor, is spent in carnal and sometimes criminal pleasures; and when, by the rich, it is considered as a tedious and wearisome restraint upon their actions. In this manner the blessings of God are perverted and abused, and on that day which God intended to be the means of fitting us for another world, we hasten still farther on the road to destruction. Here let me pause, and ask one simple question. If on that day when we are totally at leisure to follow the bent of our inclination,

wherever it may lead us, when we are prohibited from following our usual occupation, and when no worldly care need at least occupy our attention; if such a day, peculiarly set apart for the worship and service of God, we spend in carnal and criminal pleasures, and in the gratification of our corrupt and vicious inclinations, what day is it we would dedicate to the glory of our Creator? Is it likely that on a day, when we are permitted and even enjoined to follow our occupation, and are so engaged in it as to prevents us from attending sufficiently to our religious duties, we should serve and worship him? The answer is obvious; it is improbable in the highest degree. What is the consequence of this? a general relaxation of morals, and inattention to religion is the consequence. We once boasted, and perhaps truly, of the virtue and simplicity of the British Nation, but alas, our vices and immorality have now rendered the boast absurd and ridiculous! And I confess when I look upon the

present and past state of our public morals, and when I contrast our present luxury, dissipation and depravity, with past frugality and virtue, I feel not merely a sensation of regret, but also of terror, for the result of the change. I have thus demonstrated, that the profanation of the sabbath is injurious in the highest degree to religion.

I will now proceed to show that it is also injurious to our national interests. As yet it has pleased the Almighty, of his infinite mercy, to grant us his special protection, amidst all the dangers which surround us; to infuse a vigour into our breasts, which has enabled us to cope with the powerful efforts of the common enemy of Europe, and to crown all our efforts in the cause of liberty with success: but can we reasonably imagine that God will continue to afford us his protection any longer than we continue to deserve it, or that he will shower down his blessings upon an ungrateful people, a people who pervert and abuse them?

No, it is in the power of God to deny courage to our soldiers and sailors, to deny wisdom to our counsellors, and success to our councils, and ultimately to reduce us under the power of our revengeful and perfidious enemy; and we may justly apprehend, that, tired out by our repeated enormities, he will shortly exercise this power upon us; but independent of this, natural causes will contribute to our destruction. True courage is never to be found in alliance with vice; it is virtue alone which can steel the breasts of our men; it is virtue alone which can produce that firmness and unanimity which at the present critical juncture, is so absolutely necessary to our preservation. But as soon as our morals become depraved, and our religion neglected, then seditions and divisions arise in the state, and at war without with our neighbours, and within amongst ourselves, we sink into inevitable ruin and destruction.

The late revolution in France, has afforded us

a remarkable lesson, how necessary religion is to a state, and that from a deficiency on that head arise the chief evils which can befall society.

Having thus demonstrated, and I trust to the satisfaction of every man of sense, how injurious the abuse and profanation of the sabbath is to our religion, and to our national interest, I shall here conclude this essay with a few general remarks. How long is it, I would ask, that we mean to continue these shameful practices, and to totter on the brink of the precipice before us? long indeed we cannot stand; we must either depart from its edge, or be swallowed up in the bottomless abyss. When the lower classes of the community consider Sunday as a day of riotous pleasure, not of holy rest, and sometimes commit on it crimes which on any day are prohibited to man; when those of a middling rank in society no less criminally neglect, abuse, and pervert it, and shew themselves even more culpable, as they have in general received an

education which has enabled them to know the sin of this; and when particularly amongst the higher ranks, who ought to set an example to those beneath them, it is still more criminally abused and neglected, when an assembly is held by a Lady of the first distinction, and resorted to by the Princes and nobles of the land, not to offer up prayers and thanksgivings to the Almighty, not for the purpose of devout conversation, not, in short, for any religious or useful purpose, but to discourse on that most absurd, ridiculous and unimportant subject which can engage the attention of man, I mean upon fashion. When the blessings of God are thus brought into contempt, can we rationally imagine that we shall long remain unconcerned spectators of the ills, which have befallen the surrounding nations? No, the divine vengeance has slept for a time, but let us beware lest it should shortly rise and exert itself against us; let us remember, that the Nebuchadnezzar, who may

destroy our Israel, is nigh at hand, and let us tremble lest the hour of retribution should be nigh at hand also. In short, if we feel a value for our lives, our liberties, and our laws, let us show more value for our religion; lest provoked by our repeated crimes and enormities God should by our speedy destruction, at once display his retributive justice, and make us an awful example to Europe and to the world, that he will in no wise continue his protection to a nation, who appears ungrateful, and undeserving of it.

Composed June 27, 1808.

Eleven Years old.

Romans vi. 23.

For the wages of sin is death.

PHYSICIANS are frequently constrained to apply harsh remedies to violent diseases. This truth, so often experienced in the world, is also extremely applicable to our spiritual affairs. It tends little to the salvation of an unbelieving sinner, to paint to him, even in the most glowing colours, the beauty of virtue; the comfort it gives us here, the exquisite joys it procures us hereafter; it would be of little service to describe to him, who has never experienced the pangs of a death-bed, what invaluable consolation it gives us at that awful period; in short, it would be of little effect, by a description of the pleasures it affords us, either in this world, or in the next; his appetites are too vitiated and corrupt, his affections are too depraved

to suffer him to conceive a relish for any pleasures but those he meets with here. But would we bring him back to the path of duty, and lead his affections to that source whence they ought always to spring, and his desires to that object which was the original end of man, and which ought to be his principal aim, we must shew him the other side of the picture; not the beauty of virtue, but the terrors of vice must be represented to him; not a blessed immortality must be promised to his virtue, but a dreadful eternity of torments must be threatened to his crimes.

Pursuant to this system, I will divide my discourse under two heads; I will first show the blessings sin deprives us of; and secondly, the miseries it draws upon us.

First then, the blessings it deprives us of. Man was formed for the enjoyment of heaven and immortality; his pleasures were not designed to be contracted to the narrow sphere of sensual enjoyment,

they were to extend farther, and to ascend higher. Nothing short of eternal happiness, in the presence of God, and in the company of his angels, was to have been his exquisite, his transporting lot. But! alas sin, has cast a cloud over these brilliant prospects, and has concealed them from our view. And what is it she offers us instead of these invaluable blessings? she offers wealth, and with it a luxuriant table, a costly attire, a large and magnificent retinue, and a delusive crowd of flatterers, who instil into our minds a sweet, but pernicious poison, and who raise their own fortunes on the mean and despicable servilities they practise on their superiors. She gives us honours and reputation, mere temporary bubbles, which, while they last, keep us in possession of the applause and admiration of the fickle multitude; and the next fleeting hour perhaps, sink into the lowest gulph of oblivion; but can these short lived blessings be compared to those of a future state? can the dim

lustre of one fleeting day, be compared to the ever brilliant and never fading glories of eternity? Can a house built upon the sands, exposed to wind and rain, a house which totters at each rising storm, be compared to that immortal fabric, founded on the rock of ages, unassailable by the blasts of adversity, and lasting till time shall be no more?

Again, man when unpolluted by the deadly poison of sin, is the friend of God; sin binds upon him the chains of Satan. What an awful change! instead of the friendship of the most pure and perfect of beings, we are made the slaves of the most cruel and perfidious one, whose malign gratification consists in the misery, and whose principal aim, is the everlasting ruin of the human race.

Finally, sin erases from the mind of man, every good, amiable and godlike sentiment, and implants in its stead every thing foul, vicious and detestable.

I will now proceed to that part of my discourse, which commonly interests the sinner the most, and has perhaps made more converts to the path of virtue, than the fairest representation of the blessings attending it, have ever been able to effect. From sin arises every evil which is suffered. Hence public hostility, and private rancour and animosity; the fall of nations, and the ruin of families; hence every thing baneful to society and the world, take their source; but without looking into the annals of the world, let us mark in one individual sinner the effects of sin. The wages of sin is death. Death, not that which the good and bad are alike doomed to suffer, but that which the sinner suffers alone, and suffers for ever; it is not the agony of a moment, but the continued torment of endless ages. It is the worm which never dieth, and the fire which is never quenched, which consume him. Here let us picture to ourselves the uttermost extreme of misery, would we wish to

present to our minds his condition. The sound and sight of beings, miserable as himself, the company of evil spirits, and his own exquisite torments are redoubled by his own reflections. Had he, instead of laying up his treasure on earth, laid up an incorruptible treasure in heaven, he would not now have been in this wretched abode, but would have been happy in the mansions of the righteous. Every warning bestowed upon him to quit the path of vice, and turn to the Lord his God is an addition to his misery; it is a wound which rankles at his heart, and which gives him not a moment's intermission. What would he not now give for one year, one day, one hour even of repentance; how gladly would he now embrace death, and annihilation to escape from this wretched condition; but it is impossible; not a single ray of hope glistens across the dark abyss to cheer him under his torments, and a little to alleviate his misery. He looks back to time, is distracted by remorse; he looks forward

to eternity, he is overwhelmed with despair; on every side appears a scene of misery and horror. Such are the wages of sin, such the ruin and misery it excites in the world.

I will now conclude with a suitable application. I have demonstrated, in the foregoing passages, that sin is the occasion of every evil, both in this world, and in the next; and indeed that it is so, few pretend to dispute; but though all who profess to be christians allow the beauty of virtue, and deformity of vice, they neither love the one, nor hate the other, but follow the paths of sin at the same time they profess they see the evil of it. Though we may follow sin in a different manner, the crime is equal. Let us not be deceived; God is not mocked; he searches into the bottom of every heart, nor can the most specious veil conceal from him our real sentiments. The man who, under the mask of piety and zeal for religion, disguises lewd and vicious inclinations, is no less criminal than the bold and daring atheist,

who openly disavows it; nor is the man cold and indifferent to religion more excusable, than he who openly violates its laws. It is not every one who says, Lord, Lord shall enter the kingdom of heaven; but he who doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. It is not every one who professes to detest sin, but he who really shuns it, who can avoid everlasting torment, and gain an entrance into that house in which there are many mansions. In proportion to the deformity of sin, we should abhor its paths; in proportion to the beauty of virtue, we should shew our love and reverence to it by our actions. For there will be a day when we shall know that mere eternal professions are of little avail to our eternal salvation; and we shall feel how awful a thing it is, to fall into the hands of the living God. Let us then cast off this monster sin; let us detest it, not only in word but in deed. A perfect hatred of sin will lead us, by a natural course to the paths of virtue; otherwise how can

we expect, polluted and debased by it, to gain admission into those glorious mansions, where we must live for ever in the presence of that God whose eyes are so pure that they cannot even behold iniquity?

Composed August 1, 1803.

Eleven Years old.



TO

*The Master, Wardens, and Court of Assistants,
of the Worshipful Company of Drapers.**

GENTLEMEN,

INDEBTED as we are to your bounty, for shelter, food and raiment; for every comfort here, for every hope of happiness hereafter, we are at a loss how to address you in terms of gratitude and respect adequate to the favours we have received. For many years I and my companions have been trained up in the midst of plenty and comfort, under this hospitable roof, to the knowledge of every profitable acquirement, and of our duty to God and to our neighbour, which may render us honest and useful members of the society to which we shall hereafter belong.

* The above address was composed by the young author at the request of the Master of Bancroft's School, Mile-end Road; and spoken by one of the senior boys, on Sunday the 28th October, 1808, at the annual visitation of the Master, Wardens, and Court of Assistants of the Drapers Company, the patrons of that excellent institution.

Impressed with the highest sense of these favours conferred upon us, I am commissioned by my comrades and fellow sharers in your bounty to return their sincere and unfeigned thanks. Thanks are the only return we can now make, but we shall hereafter, when we have entered upon the great and busy stage of the world, by a steady and virtuous conduct, make one more suitable to your feelings, and prove by our actions what we can now but imperfectly express with our lips. Through all the mazes of this dark and perplexed labyrinth of life, whether elevated to the highest summit of prosperity, or sunk into the lowest depth of adversity, we shall ever remember, with gratitude and reverence, the guardians of our youth, who protected us from the perils to which we were exposed at that tender age, and to whose fostering care we are indebted, under providence, for every comfort we possess.

Your happiness and prosperity shall form the theme of our wishes and our prayers. And, as is

our fervent wish, may that Almighty Being, who looks down with an all-seeing eye upon the affairs of men, crown all your designs with success, and more particularly prosper your benevolent intentions toward us the humble partakers of your bounty.

And when the spark of life is nearly extinguished in your breasts, your's be the consoling reflection that we were naked and you have clothed us, hungry, and you have given us meat, thirsty and you have given us drink, strangers and you have taken us in. And on that great and solemn day, when the blast of the trumpet shall summon man to appear before the tribunal of his judge, may this be your passport to the realms of eternal bliss.

But far distant be that awful period and for many revolving years may we meet under this roof, and on this occasion, to congratulate you on unfaded health and vigour, and to testify our unabating gratitude and veneration to our worthy benefactors.

AN EASTERN TALE.

Quid rides? mutato nomine de te

Fabula narratur.

Hor.

AMIDST the sons of misery, Almurad, the Son of Hassan, drank deep of the cup of affliction. The cheering rays of prosperity had never brightened his progress. His life had been hitherto a scene of troubles and adversity; his days were days of incessant toil, his nights of fruitless lamentation. His occupation was that of a woodcutter; many were his wants, and few his means of satisfying them; for eight children daily looked up to Almurad for food; and the silent tear of grief often stole down his cheek, when he reflected that they must look up in vain. Still was Almurad sober, prudent and industrious, and often when he retired at night

from the forest, hungry and fatigued, if the fruit of his toils did not satisfy his children's appetite he was as contented without a taste as if he had been seated at the board of plenty. But hitherto, although Almurad had suffered the evils of extreme penury, he had not sunk under their weight. The bounty of the rich had in some degree alleviated his misfortunes, and rendered his condition tolerable. But he was now to experience the assaults of poverty in a still heavier degree: a famine afflicted the inhabitants of the land, and not only added to the wants of Almurad, but deprived him of some of his means of support. The rich, who out of their abundance had relieved his wants, being now obliged to retrench some of their superfluities, would not give him assistance out of those which remained. He was reduced to a state of complicated misery; reduced by the want of a meal, to a state approaching to distraction, he was frequently tempted to present a dagger to the breast of the passing traveller

and take by force what honesty and industry could not procure for him; still he had spirit enough to reject the thought, and continued to drag on, as well as he could, a life of misery and want. One day as he was pursuing his labour in the forest, he heard the sound of horses coming that way; the ax was in the tree, he left hold for a moment, and looked forward to see who it was that business and pleasure led to penetrate the recesses of the forest; it was the wealthy Dinarzad riding to the chase, attended by a splendid equipage, and accompanied by his friends, who seemed to strive who should pay him the greatest tribute of respect. Almurad had never witnessed any thing so magnificent before; he gazed on the scene with astonishment. It seemed to him, that Golconda had poured forth all the treasures of its bosom into the lap of Dinarzad. He envied his condition. Short sighted mortal! he knew not that the smile which appeared upon his brow

was forced and habitual, and that content was a stranger to his bosom: he knew not that joy dwelt not in his palaces, and that the downy pillow of repose was often planted with the thorns of disappointment; that care, presided over the banquet of festivity, and that satiety embittered the purple draught of delight, and lurked beneath the farfetched viands of the east; and that a gilded robe did but veil a heart still more uneasy than his own. This he could not discover; and when the whole train was past by, he left off his toil, and poured forth the language of impious discontent. "Why has Alla been praised for justice and mercy? His decrees are dictated by pride and caprice; else why has he showered on Dinarzad the blessings of plenty, whilst he has afflicted me with poverty and want? Have I ever disobeyed the laws of the prophet? Have I ever committed a crime worthy of this load of misery? Or has Dinarzad greater virtues than myself? No, Alla' — He would have

proceeded but a supernatural spectacle stopped his blasphemous arraignment, of the supreme justice, and arrested his attention. A sturdy oak, which spread its foilage in majestic simplicity on the opposite side of the way, and seemed, by the continued rustling of its leaves, to hear with pain, the blasphemies of Almurad, disclosed by the gradual opening of its trunk, to his astonished view, a female form, the commanding exquisite beauty of which, the feeble imagination of humanity never could figure to itself. A robe of purest white, with a border of gold, covered and adorned a celestial form; an air of manifest superiority instilled a reverential awe into the bosom of the woodcutter, whilst an air of heavenly condescension, dismissed every ground of fear. It was the fairy Bonama.

In perfect submission, Almurad prostrated himself before her; she sweetly bade him rise, and lend an ear to the words of supernatural power;

he listened with attention, and she thus addressed him.

“O Almurad, hast thou arraigned the wisdom of Alla? hast thou accused Omnipotence of caprice, because thine eyes were too dim to penetrate the mazes of futurity? hast thou presumed to call in question the justice of his providence? know, that the mercy of Alla saved thee from the lot of Dinarzad; still, as thou hast envied his lot, I will bestow upon thee all the blessings of wealth and honour, which are the objects of thy desire, but if at any time satiety should render the gift of my hands worthless and disgusting, return to this spot, throw the present into the rivulet, which meanders gently through the forest, and I shall appear.”

After these words the fairy drew from her robe a purse of mean appearance, and presented it to Almurad; then, without waiting to hear farther questions, plunged herself into the rivulet, and

disappeared amongst its waters. Almurad was now left alone, struck with astonishment at the scene which had passed before his view. After however, the first emotions of surprise had a little subsided, he began to reflect upon his condition. He thought the gift of the fairy was mean and unworthy a superior being; the purse was shabby and light, and he reflected, if it supported his family a few days, he should be after that time reduced to his pristine condition; and how could that small sum be compared to the wealth of Dinarzad? Full of these mortifying reflections, he discontentedly poured the contents of the purse into his hands; it contained more than he expected, it filled his hands to an overflow; in fine, he discovered it to be inexhaustible, and reproached himself with the injustice of his murmurs. What now could equal the joy of Almurad? he found himself with the possession of this seemingly contemptible purse the richest man in Syria, ay, he

might say, in the world. In the excess of his bliss he left his ax, and the money he had poured out of his purse, on the ground, and with the most transporting thoughts hastened homewards. What a banquet for anticipation! he had, before he reached his humble cottage, planned and rejected several schemes for his future life. When he arrived he disclosed to Zimra, the wife of his bosom, the wonderful adventures of the day. She was at once astonished and delighted with the gift of the Fairy. The first care of Almurad was to procure a plentiful repast, to which he had been so many years a stranger. The rest of the day was spent in delightful conversation, and in forming fresh plans of future happiness. In a week's time Almurad transported himself and his family to a distant part of Syria, where he might enjoy his newly acquired wealth, without the gaze of intrusive observers, who had been witnesses of his former poverty.

Almurad on his arrival, made a purchase of the sumptuous palace, and delightful gardens of an Omir, whose extravagance had dissipated his revenue, and compelled him to sell the palace of his fore-fathers, which he had adorned by his taste and ingenuity, and which had been the seat of his luxury and dissipation.

When Almurad became the possessor of this new and magnificent mansion, he thought himself at the very summit of happiness. Every fancied pleasure that wealth could furnish him with, lay in his power; glittering vestments, a splendid retinue, a sumptuous table, loaded with every delicacy nature could afford, or art could extort from her, and eternal parties of pleasures, with that honour and respect which are the sure concomitants of wealth, Almurad figured to himself in abundance; neither was he disappointed: these it was in his power to acquire, though it was not equally in

his power always to enjoy them. When he awoke in the morning he found himself reclining on a bed of down, with a canopy, beautifully embroidered with gold, with slaves, and officers in magnificent habits, waiting at his call; the air was perfumed with the sweetest odours of Arabia; every scene displayed taste and grandeur. When he arose, a golden ewer was brought to him, to perform his morning ablution; he then went to the mosque, where he arrested the attention of the audience on himself, and diverted it from its devotions, by the splendour of his general appearance. In a magnificent apartment a banquet was served up to him, loaded with all the delicacies the east could furnish. He afterwards retired to one fitted up in a still more sumptuous manner, where he enjoyed, in the cool, wine, and a desert fit to be placed before the Caliph himself. He then entered the gardens of the palace, where he heard, with sensations of extreme delight, the song of the

Nightingale, and the gentle fall of the fountains, which were scattered in picturesque variety throughout the gardens; and exhaled the perfumes of the odoriferous plants, which grew as it were, wild in every direction. In the evening a band of female slaves, fairer than the houries of Paradise, joined in concert; where the sounds of the lute, mingled with the most melodious voices, produced a ravishing effect. Delighted with the amusements of the day, to which novelty lent most of her charms: Almurad retired to his couch, and tasted the peaceful slumbers of repose. The next day Almurad enjoyed the same pleasures, but without the astonishment with which he had before regarded every object. The third day, the novelty of the scene began a little to wear off, and in a week's time, he felt tired of confining himself so long in his palace and gardens, and panted for more active pleasures. He engaged in the pleasures of the chase, and when he viewed the magnificence.

of his own equipage, he reflected, with sensations of joy, upon the time when he had envied that of Dinarzad. He was tolerably successful, and determined frequently to enjoy an amusement which had yielded him so much gratification. Another time he set out on an aquatic excursion, and reclined on a voluptuous sofa, viewed from his pleasure boat, the picturesque objects on the banks of the lake, while the silver oars plowed the glassy surface of the stream, dashing responsive to the sweet sounds of the lute. The princely magnificence of Almurad soon introduced him to the acquaintance of the Nobles of the land, whom he invited to a banquet, where he dazzled them by the delicacy and profusion of his viands, and the general splendour of his entertainment. But in the midst of this variety of pleasures, Almurad was mindful of the obligations his wealth imposed upon him: the poor found in him a steady friend and benefactor; and if any of his friends or relations

should have chanced to hear of his newly acquired possessions, and came to him for relief, they were never repulsed from the door, and found in the house of Almurad an asylum and a home. In addition to this, whether influenced by the report of his virtues and liberality, or by the preternatural agency of the fairy, the Caliph honoured him with his friendship and protection; and the favour of Amurath exalted his slave to the highest pitch of dignity and power. But the time was yet to come when Almurad was to feel that the gift of the fairy was far from being truly desirable. His former humble condition rendered him incapable of filling any office of importance in the state, and his wealth rendered it unnecessary to engage in any other; every hour was an hour of leisure: and almost every one was an hour of idleness. Pomp and magnificence were now become familiar to his sight, and he no longer considered them as worthy of his attention. A continual course of sumptuous fare had vitiated

his appetite, and taken away from him all relish for the delights of the table; by a frequent repetition he became tired of the chase, and his aquatic excursions soon appeared dull and insipid; finally, a continual enjoyment of every pleasure at length diffused a langour and tedium over all. Nothing hangs more heavy on an active mind than the burden of inactivity, and this Almurad was compelled to endure in an excessive degree. He indeed felt it much more than those, who, from their infancy, had been nursed in the bed of sloth. He had, in his former penurious life, risen cheered with the approach of morn, and had retired to rest fatigued with the labours of the day. He now rose late, peevish and discontented, strolled about his gardens, where he found nothing new, and therefore nothing to amuse, or paid a visit to some of his new acquaintance, where he was received with formal expressions of regard, but not with the reality of friendship; for his wealth and magnifi-

cence had now begotten envy, and before its magic touch his virtues had disappeared, his bluntness and simplicity were converted into ill breeding and vulgarity, his little peculiarities into faults, and his faults into crimes of the blackest dye. After this, in the evening he retired to his couch, tired not with what he had done, but with having had nothing to do. But evils still more deplorable soon arose from his excessive wealth; he grew not only unhappy in himself, but disagreeable to others. He in time began to be proud and consequential, and pride, engendered cruelty and hardheartedness: a tale of woe no longer inspired him with emotions of pity, and he now spurned the suppliant from his door, which had formerly been open to all. He was no longer cheerful, affable and condescending; and he now regarded the inhabitants of the village, with arrogance and contempt, whom he had addressed in terms of familiarity before. His petulance rendered him odious to his slaves, his pride

to the poor, and his parade and ostentations to the rich and great. His slaves executed his orders with slow and sullen obedience; and he seldom rode out in the village but he received marks of odium and contempt, which could not but forcibly affect the sensible mind of Almurad. As for the rich, they took every opportunity of declining his invitations, and received his visits with such uniform marks of distant civility, as soon drove him for ever from their roof. Almurad was now heartily tired of his condition. A life of tedious inactivity, joined with the hatred and contempt of all classes, was beyond bearing. "Fool that I was," cried he, "to rejoice at the possession of that which has made me unhappy for ever. My former life was a life of happiness compared with this. And if the beneficent being, who, in compliance with my foolish petition, presented me with this execrable purse, would take it back again, and reinstate me in that condition, when I gained my own and my

children's existence by the sweat of my brow, I should never trouble her with my wishes and my murmurs. It is yet in my power to retrieve my lot; I will proceed to the lake in the forest, where I toiled so long in happier days, return the fairy her present, and submit to her direction. In pursuance of his intention, Almurad left his household and estate to the management of his wife Zimra, to whom he disclosed the object of his journey, and after a few days travelling, attended only by one slave, arrived at the lake, the scene of his labours, his murmurs, and his unfortunate present. He threw it with indignation into the water; out of which rose the fairy, with mildness and complaisance in her look, to the surprise and delight of Almurad, who expected to see pictured on her countenance the anger his folly had deserved. He hung down his head to conceal the silent blush which tinged his cheek, while the fairy thus spoke. "O Almurad, as in the bitterest herb of the plain

are found the most salutary medicines, so in the rigid school of experience hast thou acquired the treasures of wisdom and instruction; and from the sufferings of thy youth hast learned the wisdom of the dispensations of the Omnipotent. Speak now, and disclose the wishes of thy breast; if it is in my power to fulfil thy desires they shall be once more executed. But remember, this is the last time that supernatural power shall carry them into effect. Let therefore moderation govern thy wishes, for in the extreme of wealth or poverty misery alone is to be found." "O great and munificent being!" returned Almurad, "since thou hast deigned to put my future lot into my own power, I will return to the spot where I spent the gift of your hands in vain splendour and magnificence; I will dispose of the dazzling bubbles I possess, retire to the place of my nativity, and support myself and children in comfort, and even opulence, by gentle industry." The fairy smiled approbation, and pulled from her

robe a small book, which she told Almurad to preserve with care, as a jewel more precious than the fairest diamond in the mines of Golconda. Then plunging into the rivulet, instantly disappeared. Almurad hid the book in his bosom, and disappeared to execute his intention. He sold his palace, gardens, and estate, and with the produce returned to the place of his nativity, where he lived long in peace and content, happy in himself, and diffusing happiness around; for in the gift of the fairy he found a lesson to purify the heart, amend the manners, and guide him through life, in the paths of virtue and integrity.

November 26, 1807.

Eleven years old.

POETRY.

ON

HIS ELDEST BROTHER'S BIRTH-DAY.



THE Powers who watch o'er the fate
Of each of us mortals below,
Were assembled, in solemn debate,
The lot of their charge for to know.

Some argu'd the blessings of wealth,
And the honour which riches procure:
Some said that the blessings of health
Were only possess'd by the poor.

They said that the cottager's brow
Was never a stranger to rest :
That labour that rest did bestow,
And therefore the peasant was blest.

Some said that the tent cover'd plain
Should be the proud scene of his fame ;
And some that the boisterous main
Should re-echo the sound of his name :

That an ardour his breast should enflame,
With the greatest and bravest to vie ;
A niche in the temple of Fame,
Near a SIDNEY or NELSON, to buy.

And various means they propose,
To health, and to power, and to ease,
Life's stream to glide down in repose,
Impell'd by a prosperous breeze.

When midst the assembly was seen

A nymph still more fair than the rest;

So modest and graceful her mein,

The powers gave way as she prest.

They gaze on her form with delight,

They admire the more as they view;

Her neck as the lily was white,

The rose-leaf might envy her hue.

To her they agreed to refer

The cause of their solemn debate;

To fix, without longer demur,

The lot which her choice should dictate.

Not a murmur or a whisper was heard:

She granted the humble request;

And blush'd at the honour conferr'd,

And thus the assembly address'd:

" 'Tis not in the palace or tow'r,
 'Tis not on the high gilded throne
 'Tis not in the mansions of pow'r
 That happiness only is known

" How passes the heroes renown,
 How quickly the laurel may fade;
 How soon all the honours we own
 Obscurely may die in the shade!

" Nor there does true pleasure abound,
 Where the wealthy, and thoughtless, and gay,
 The night spend in Luxury's round,
 In frivolous pleasures the day.

" But his be the blessings of peace;
 May Virtue enlighten his road:
 For there must true happiness cease,
 Where Virtue forsakes her abode.

“ Tho’ none of the blessings of wealth,
 Nor honour, nor grandeur, attend;
 Yet quiet, and freedom, and health,
 Kind Fortune, indulgent, shall send.

“ Tho’ humble and lowly his dome,
 His bosom with charity fir’d;
 The traveller, far from his home,
 Shall think it the home he desir’d.

“ May his open and liberal heart,
 Delight in assisting the poor;
 Relief to their sorrows impart,
 And soften the woes they indure.

“ Such blessings without an alloy,
 If you give your gracious consent,
 In peace may he ever enjoy,
 And join to the blessings—*Content.*”

Composed April 29, 1808

Eleven Years old.

THE POT-BOY.

LET poets sing the high flown praise,
Of shepherds and of rural joys ;
Whilst I direct my humbler lays,
To town, its bustle and its noise.

The Pot-boy's joys shall be my theme,
Nor shall a barren subject be ;
When rising from some lightsome dream,
Whitechapel streets he treads with glee.

Bliss is not always join'd to wealth,
Nor dwells beneath the gilded roof ;
For poverty is bliss with health,
Of that my Pot-boy stands a proof.

See him with steady footsteps here,
 How straight he bears the brimful jug,
 And sips with thirsty lips the beer,
 Which high o'ertops the pewter mug.

When night resumes her gloomy sway,
 The object of his fond desire;
 How happy then he'll sport and play,
 Around the blazing kitchen fire.

Then to beguile away the time,
 He tells the kitchen nymphs his tale;
 His left hand bears some doggrel rhyme,
 And in his right's—a pot of Ale.

And hard must be that kitchen fair,
 Who could his am'rous tale neglect;
 And often Moll or Jenny dare,
 For him some stouter swain reject.

Then weary to his garret hies,
Or if the beds perchance be spare,
Upon the straw he'll close his eyes,
And sleep with Dapple or the mare.

Composed August 12, 1808.

Eleven years old.

These Lines were occasioned by a Copy of Verses presented to the young Author upon the trite and familiar subject of the Plough-Boy; he thought he could not offer a better companion to it than that of the *Pot-Boy*.

ON A PIECE OF IVY

Taken from the ruins of Tintern Abbey, in Monmouthshire.

WHAT ruins are those I survey,
And which strike with such reverence my eye?
The tow'rs of old Tintern are they,---
The tow'rs on the banks of the Wye.

The Abbey once flourishing stood,
And with Monmouthshire's proudest might vie,
When high, it o'ershadov'd the flood,
Which laves the green banks of the Wye.

But Tintern's now mould'ring away,
Her prosperous days are past by ;
And fallen in utter decay
Are the tow'rs on the banks of the Wye.

Yet still as the trav'lers advance,
 And the Abbey's grey ruins descry,
 They cast many a wandering glance
 At the tow'rs on the banks of the Wye.

But the fortunes of Tintern are gone;
 No more rises its head to the sky;
 And the Ivy stands witness alone,
 To the tow'rs on the banks of the Wye.

The Ivy which grew on its wall,
 When Tintern was flourishing high;
 The Ivy which grew at its fall,
 On the tow'rs by the banks of the Wye.

A slip of that Ivy remains,
 Nor, with tenderness propt, shall it die,
 But stand witness for ages again,
 To the tow'rs by the banks of the Wye.

To reflection and memory dear,
The Ivy shall be in my eye ;
When I see it, I think with a tear,
Of the tow'rs by the banks of the Wye.

Composed, August, 33, 1808.

Eleven years old.

These Lines were written at the request of a young Lady, who in her Journey into Wales, on admiring the beauties of Tintern, was induced to take a slip of its Ivy growing on the walls, and plant it in her Father's grounds.

VIRTUE AND VICE,

An Allegorical vision,

IT was on one mild autumnal eve I sat
 Within the shady limits of a bower
 Glad to retire from Phœbus' piercing heat,
 And taste the sweets which nature's works afford :
 A bow'r it was with nature's choicest sweets, 5
 And her most precious gifts to man, bedeck'd ;
 The ivy clinging to the sturdy oak,
 And Jesamine were there, the woodbine here ;
 And there the spreading honey suckle grew.
 'Twas here I sat and read, whilst the quick hours 10
 In swift succession roll'd away beside,
 The rise, the increase, and the fall of Rome ;
 Imperial Rome, the Queen of Nations,
 And admiration of a wond'ring world.
 I read her rise, so studiously conceal'd; 15

From guilty loves and broken vestal vows,
 How meanly sprung. I read those conquests then,
 Which raised her to her grandeur's highest pitch,
 When virtue triumph'd, and when justice ruled
 The high all-ruling fasces of the state. 20
 I read her fall, by sloth and lux'ry caused,
 And all the hideous retinue of ills
 Attending on them. Then injustice came,
 And stern oppression, with its iron rod ;
 Then from the north a fierce unnumber'd band 25
 Of Goths and Vandals rushing came, and fill'd
 Her streets with carcasses of slaughter'd citizens,
 And inundated Rome with Roman blood.
 Thus 'twas I read, and laid aside the book,
 And fell into a train of thought profound, 30
 Upon the instability of all
 That man or human art has made. How chang'd
 That forum where the strains of Tully once
 Infus'd fresh vigour in each Roman breast,
 And crush'd in embryo the foes of Rome. 35

No more through captive rows of King's subdued
 The iv'ry chariot bears the victor chief
 In proud procession to the capitol.
 No more resounds the crowded amptitheatre,
 With long applauding shouts of gazing Romans. 40
 The trav'ller treads the unregarded path
 Where once the vengeful gladiator's arms,
 In savage triumph, pierced his comrade's breast.
 Nought but the name, alas! of Rome remains;
 Her fame, her fortunes are for ever fallen! 45
 By thoughts like these combining, overcome,
 I yielded to the influence of sleep.
 I sat, methought, upon some mountain's brow,
 Revolving in my mind I know not what,
 When two celestial beings straight appear'd, 50
 Of figure graceful and majestic mien;
 But in the one shone forth a majesty
 Superior, and which seem'd to claim from all
 Respect and admiration justly due.
 The other, in return, an air possess'd 55

Which fix'd on her each gazer's wand'ring eye,
 And won its entrance into ev'ry heart.
 And that, glitt'ring veil her charms conceal'd
 And hid her seeming beauty from my gaze.
 The other then, whilst with attention fix'd 60
 A list'ning ear I lent, her speech began :
 " Child of the earth, attend and lend an ear,
 To that my love to you dictates ;
 My name is Virtue; my abode is here,
 My final mansion of repose is heav'n. 65
 There stands my hated rival, Vice by name,
 And many a hapless wretch, by her deceiv'd,
 Too soon has follow'd those deceitful paths
 Which lead to mis'ry and to ruin sure,
 And plunge the victim in that dark abyss 70
 Whence 'tis not in the pow'r of man to rise.
 I come in time to warn you then to fly
 The paths of guilt and mis'ry; follow me;
 Though rough and strew'd with thorns, the path you'll
 tread
 Is safe, and surely leads you to that source 75

Of bliss ineffable which ought to be
 Man's chief, man's only aim! make then your choice;
 Choose bliss with me, or misery with her.

Words such as these the awful goddess spoke,
 And soft persuasion sat upon her lips. 80

I rose to follow where she chose to lead,
 When Vice, enrag'd to see her purport thus
 Defeated, on a sudden interven'd,
 And stopp'd me in the path, before me stood,
 And thus in words of well feign'd anger spoke: 85

“Rash mortal, will you thus submissive yield
 A dastard slave to yonder tyrant there?
 Shall virtue's charms attention claim alone,
 While mine, neglected, pass in silence by?

Her paths with thorns and briars strew'd she owns; 90
 No care intrudes upon the joys of mine;

Mine are the pleasures of the festive board,
 The splendid retinue, the purple robe,

And gilded palace, tow'ring to the skies;
 Mine ev'ry pleasure wealth or honours give; 95

But see, she beckons, haste, attend her call ;
 Leave all the pleasures which my votaries taste,
 For her dull rules, instruction, and advice,
 Till wearied out at length with stern command,
 With cares unceasing, and with fruitless hopes, 100
 In tears and anguish you bewail the day,
 When, leaving me and all my pleasures thus,
 You yielded to her execrable wiles."

Words such as these the wily Goddess spoke.
 Doubtful I stood, which path I ought to shun, 105
 Or which to tread : I cast a wary glance
 Upon the path of virtue, dull and barren,
 And unalluring seem'd it to my eye ;
 The other full of joy and pleasure seem'd,
 And ev'ry object joined to draw me there. 115
 Vice saw me tempted, and with gentle force,
 She drew me to the fatal flow'ry path ;
 Thus far I'd gone, I could not now retract,
 And not unwilling bent my steps.
 Virtue a glance of kind'ling anger sent, 120

Which mild reproach'd me for the path I chose ;
 Then from my sight she vanish'd into air.
 Still on my mind her words impression made
 And as I thought on them I cast a glance
 Of keen suspicion on my comrade fair ; 125
 But soon the sight of objects sweetly join'd
 For pleasure and for comfort sweetly join'd,
 For pleasure and for comfort lull'd asleep
 Each dark suspicion as it cross'd my mind.
 Softly the rivers flow'd through verdant banks, 130
 Which flow'rs of various hue and soft perfume
 Enamell'd ; kindly my fair comrade spoke,
 And if perchance a spectre glanc'd across,
 And terrified me with its horrid view,
 She would encourage me, and say 'twas nought 135
 But the mere phantom of my brain, disturb'd
 By Virtue's foolish precepts. On we went,
 Till to a lofty splendid dome we came,
 Of purest marble, built like that which once
 The God of Delphi's splendid fane adorn'd, 140

Of marvellous construction, and within
 Bedeck'd with gold and silver ornaments,
 In order fair and seemly rank arrang'd;
 Such on the whole it was as justly claim'd
 My wonder and surprize. Senseless awhile 145
 The wonders of the fabric I survey'd,
 And thought the boasted works of Eastern art
 Were but a rude imperfect sketch of this.
 Thus as I thoughtful gaz'd, ten damsels fair
 Of graceful air and modest mien, approach'd, 150
 And did with softest courtesy invite
 My entrance in the dome I long admir'd.
 A banquet there I saw of choicest viands,
 And costly wines from distant climes compos'd,
 The sprightly dance and song succeed the feast 155
 And fill my soul with rapturous delight.
 Heated, at length, with wine and costly food,
 And by the minstrel's lawless songs inspir'd,
 And dancers intermingled revel'ry,
 Sudden I rose, and pray'd my comrade fair, 160

To draw aside the glitt'ring veil that hid
 The charms of ev'ry feature from my view.
 She granted my request, when straight appear'd
 Not youth and beauty's complicated charms,
 But all the horrors of deformity,
 And stiff contracted front of dull old age, 165
 And vice in all her terrors then was seen;
 A laugh malign of horrid triumph then
 Diffus'd itself o'er all her haggard features,
 And made deformity still more deform'd.
 Amaz'd I stood, and wonder'd at the change, 170
 And turn'd in mute disgust my face away;
 "Rash fool," she cried, "and could you, not content
 With all the joys my favour heap'd upon you,
 Dare to impose upon my kindness more?
 Such as I am you see me now, receive 175
 The pains your folly richly has deserv'd."
 She said, and waved her wand with mischief fraught,
 When lo the fabric with unheard of crash,
 From the once splendid edifice was chang'd

Into, as 'twere, a dungeon's thickest gloom. 180
 Who shall describe the feelings of my mind,
 When thus I saw myself with horrors dark,
 And thickest gloom, surrounded? On I went;
 Through rocks and quagmires bent my dang'rous path,
 O'erwhelm'd with anguish and repentant tears. 185
 Thoughts of remorse my actions past excite,
 My present state the horrors of despair.
 Deep I repented of my foolish choice;
 And if e'er more I saw the light of day,
 Resolv'd to be fair Virtue's constant friend; 190
 And often would imagination active
 Conjure up horrid phantoms to my view;
 The serpent's hiss, and ven'mous adder's bite,
 When no such real ill awaited me:
 And oft the furious workings of despair 195
 Would point the dagger to my panting breast,
 When some kind ray of hope would intervenc,
 And bid me sheath the fatal blade again:
 When, lo! an instantaneous blaze of light,

And a melodious symphony, announc'd 200
 Some goddess coming from the realms of air;
 When swift descending in a silver cloud,
 Virtue before me stood, and thus began:
 Rash son of Adam, you have tasted now
 The joys you sought before, the joys for which 205
 You left the pure immortal bliss of Virtue;
 The flow'ry path, the high and splendid dome,
 The costly feast, have all been your's in turn;
 Vice has display'd each pleasure she possest,
 And now has left you sunk 'midst all her pains. 210
 This dark and dreary cavern's gloom presents
 A horrid contrast to the brilliant sight
 Which late regal'd your view. Where now is fled
 The soft delusion which detained you slave
 To the fell syren's too destructive charms? 215
 Unknowing where to fly for refuge now,
 Repenting of your ill-directed choice,
 To me you bend a suppliant for life.
 'Tis well, repentance comes not yet too late,

And you may yet enjoy the bliss you seek." 220
 Grateful I rose to thank the goddess, here,—
 My action broke the silken bands of sleep,
 I found with sorrow 'twas a dream alone.
 Night o'er the earth had spread her sable wings,
 And Cynthia shed her soothing lustre round; 225
 Unveil'd by clouds, in vain the twinkling stars,
 To emulate her pallid splendor, strove.
 All was serene, not e'en a zephyr's breath
 Dar'd to disturb a single leaf's repose.
 No voice was heard, save when the evening lay 230
 Of Philomel resounded through the grove,
 Whilst Echo warbled back her tuneful notes.
 Homeward I went, deep pond'ring in my mind
 The strange events which fancy's pow'r had wrought.

Composed August 27, 1806.

Eleven years old.

THE

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

HAIL thou whose pow'r can stop the source of woe,
Thou who canst bid the stream of comfort flow,
Receive my humble pray'r with me to dwell,
Nor scorn to visit this my humble cell.
Drive from my breast each dark intruding care,
Teach me with smiles misfortune's stroke to bear.
Inspir'd by thee, henceforth by night and day,
Thy praise shall form the theme of ev'ry lay.
See there, the sport at once of wind and wave,
No mortal pow'r yon wretched bark can save;
Above, the thunders roll, the lightnings fly,
And blackest clouds obscure the azure sky:
Beneath, appears the horrid vast profound,
Far is the cheering sight of native ground.

Now rising high they seem the clouds to sweep,
 Then sink again in ocean's hollow deep.
 On either side two liquid mountains rise,
 And hide the heavens from their longing eyes ;
 Dark is the prospect round, a wat'ry grave
 Seems opening for them in each rising wave ;
 And each surrounding object's horrid gloom,
 Portends their final lamentable doom :
 Yet still with heart unmov'd, with eye serene,
 The sailor views the horrors of the scene ;
 Though life hangs trembling on one slender thread,
 No base unmanly tear of terror's shed.
 What is't sustains him in this trying hour ?
 Sure it must be some more than mortal pow'r.
 'Tis Hope, the first of human blessings here ;
 Hope from his breast excludes each rising fear ;
 'Tis hope which lightens all his load of pain ;
 He hopes to see his native land again,
 To taste the joys he once possess'd before,
 And brave the perils of the sea no more.

A noble youth, the matron's only pride,
Fell by the ruthless chance of war and died :
But still, unconscious of her future cares,
The anxious dame a sumptuous feast prepares,
When leaving all the toils of tented fields,
The hero's heart to joy and pleasure yields.
But, lo! the day gives way to sable night,
Nor comes the youth to bless her longing sight.
Alarm'd and sad she now retires to rest,
But sleep's a stranger to her throbbing breast.
Soon as the rosy morn illumes the east,
She leaves her couch with wild disorder'd haste ;
Hastens with steps unequal to the door,
And once again displays her choicest store.
She thinks she sees the long expected face,
In fancy folds him in her fond embrace ;
But now a post arrives,---the battle's won,
But the relentless ball has pierc'd her son.
Tears now the matron's aged face bedew,
When hope soft whispers, this may not be true.

With joy the dame the pleasing thought receives,
 'Twixt hope and fear she moderately grieves,
 Till the dead corpse display'd beyond relief,
 Her soul becomes a prey to certain grief.
 See yonder wretched slave, compell'd t' obey
 A cruel master's rude tyrannic sway.
 Wild in his native woods he chanc'd to roam,
 And in its mazes lost his much lov'd home;
 A band of Britons near in vain he flies,
 They overtake, and hail him as their prize.
 His noble spirit now by slav'ry broke,
 Sad, but resign'd, he bends beneath the yoke.
 Cheerless to him, the sun's returning ray
 But wakes him to the labours of the day;
 To hardest toil, to coarse and scanty fare,
 To stripes a wanton lord compels to bear;
 His warmth repress'd, his service ill repay'd,
 Nor friends nor kindred near to grant him aid;
 There, there's the wound which rankles in his heart,
 From wife, from children, from each friend to part.

Though wife nor child for twelve long years he's
seen,

He still forgets not that such things have been ;

He still remembers round the blazing fire,

How his boy's prate would oft amuse his sire

And to his view as fresh rise Zara's charms,

As when he first had prest her to his arms.

When thoughts like these of pleasures past occur,

Thou, gentle Hope, dost then exert thy pow'r,

Thy pow'r to soften woe, heal each disease,

And set at once the aching heart at ease ;

He hopes his cruel lord may yet relent,

If not, he thinks to fly without consent ;

To leave a scene of sorrow and of pain,

Once more to see his native land again ;

Again to press his Zara to his breast,

And taste once more his former ease and rest.

When rash Pandora rais'd the fatal lid

Which ev'ry source of human mis'ry hid,

Confus'd, astonish'd, sunk the trembling maid,

And call'd on Jove and ev'ry pow'r for aid,

Then look'd if ought might still perchance remain,
 Whose flight she could with hasty hand restrain,
 Hope, from beneath, a form angelic, rose,
 To heal the curious maid of all her woes.
 And thou beneath each bitter cup art found ;
 And thou canst heal and soften ev'ry wound ;
 Nor till forsaken, gentle nymph, by thee,
 Can any mortal truly wretched be.

Composed October 1, 1908.

Eleven Years old.

 CHARACTERS

OFTEN SEEN BUT LITTLE MARKED.

A SATIRE.

Ridentem decere verum,

Quid vetat ! *Hor.*

WHERE sage advice and grave instruction fail,
 Satire, well turn'd, and keen, will oft avail ;
 Folly and vice their heads confounded hide,
 When the laugh turns on injur'd virtue's side ;
 And the rash youth, who call'd his father fool,
 Who gravely tried to make him bend to rule,
 Will own the stronger influence of wit,
 And yield to reason, and to rule submit.
 Such pow'rs of wit I claim not, nor pretend
 An age of folly by my song to mend ;

Some outlines here I've drawn, rough sketch'd, but
 true,
 Though few can boast their origin as new;
 And if a feature here and there appear,
 To make the faint resemblance rather clear,
 Success my fondest wishes then has crown'd,
 The humble object of my search is found.
 When pride and passion prompt the poet's song,
 His wit then ranges on the side of wrong;
 For me, nor passion, prejudice, nor pride,
 Shall make me deviate from virtue's side;
 Vice not the vicious, manners not the men,
 Shall call forth all the efforts of my pen.
 Cease thus my prologue, without farther stay,
 I'll open now the subject of my lay.
 In Dives vice and folly held their seat,
 To make a haughty vicious fool complete;
 He'd vice enough to make the proud asham'd,
 With pride enough to make e'en virtue blam'd;

A fool approv'd, in word, in deed, in thought,
 A silly self-conceited thing of nought ;
 By all survey'd with disapproving eyes,
 The poor detest him, and the rich despise ;
 Lastly, in him no good, no noble part,
 Can veil from view a black and treach'rous heart ;
 Still, strange to tell, where'er he chanc'd t' appear,
 Applause and flatt'ry ever followed near :
 He mov'd, attentive roll'd each gazer's eye,
 As if some man of sense and wit were by.
 You think 'tis strange a fool attention draws ;
 To solve the myst'ry, I'll explain the cause,—
 Dives is rich ; his purse not fill'd with lead,
 Far longer, and far deeper, than his head ;
 And were his wit as ample as his gain,
 He might have some pretence for being vain.
 To gold, Dives, that applause is due,
 Which your self-love ascribes alone to you.
 Plutus is blind, his only just excuse
 For turning thus his power to such an use.

And here I cannot in my heart withhold,
 To pay my tribute of applause to gold;
 Gold is the friend of ev'ry rogue in pow'r,
 He feels its value each succeeding hour.

Want you to stop a jarring hostile throat,
 What better pleader than a ten pound note?

Thickens each flimsy veil, each vague pretence,
 Makes wise men fools, the fool a man of sense;

Wealth, can in short, supply the vacant place,
 Of manly features, of a handsome face,
 Of wit, of virtue, eloquence, and grace. }

And when old Rome her sway tyrannic bore,
 Thank heaven these bad times are now no more,
 Heaven against the poor and honest clos'd,
 The wealthy sinner's entrance ne'er oppos'd.

Colax has not a single grain of pride,
 But cannot bear of friend or foe to chide;

See what he will, detest whate'er he see,

His neighbours' words and his are sure t' agree.

Comes up an artful knave, to Colax hies,
 Joyful to meet an all complying prize;
 Colax submits, an unopposing prey,
 And has not heart to drive the rogue away.
 Colax has seeds of virtue in his breast,
 And there for Colax will they ever rest;
 His fear of saying what he thinks offends,
 Makes ev'ry rogue and him most constant friends.
 That Colax has good parts no doubt is true,
 If Colax would but call them out to view.
 His casting vote a worthy friend desir'd,
 He gladly gave the easy boon requir'd;
 Another soon appears— the same request,
 He hates the man, his principles detests;
 To sooth him yet, he blames the man he loves,
 And disavows the choice his heart approves.
 'Tis thus a false mistaken sense of shame,
 Impairs his fortune, and destroys his fame;
 To ev'ry rogue he bends a servile tool,
 And all desire a mild compliant fool;

And thus will Colax sink into the grave,
The friend of truth, but error's greatest slave.
Celia has ev'ry requisite and grace,
Which can adorn a truly christian face ;
A meek, discreet, unalterable look,
And always by her some good holy book.
Does she stir out, 'tis but to take the air,
Stays she at home, she's always found in pray'r.
At sermon time, the fan before her eyes,
Tells all who do not know, that Celia cries ;
But some far more incredulous than wise,
Pretend to say we must not trust our eyes ;
That spite of all we hear and see without,
Inside she's far from perfectly devout,
And were her face an index of her mind,
We should see features of a diff'rent kind.
Still Celia's wisdom, and her virtuous life,
Make this appear the mere effect of strife ;
All think the supposition can't be true,
Till lately all the truth for certain knew,

When Celia, leaving virtue in the lurch,
 Led a young beau of twenty-four to church.
 Things now are chang'd, and Celia with her name,
 Has lost each remnant of her former fame;
 In sad retirement now she's left to grieve,
 She can no longer, if she would, deceive.
 Meet Febro how and wheresoe'er you will,
 You'll never find him walking slow and still:
 To see his rapid and unusual pace,
 The hasty look apparent in his face,
 You think he's surely business on his hands,
 Which more than usual care and speed demands;
 But ask him where he's hastening thus to go?
 Febro stops short, declares he does not know.
 Febro was once requested by a friend,
 A trifling message on his part to send;
 Before this message was one quarter o'er,
 Febro was off, and shut the passage door.
 With hasty motions Febro cross'd the street,
 And jostled every man he chanc'd to meet;

Febro, where this same friend in question lives,
 Tir'd with his walk, or rather run, arrives,
 His business ask'd, he stares, and stammers out
 He's quite forgotten what he came about;
 To learn his message then returns again,
 And has a second journey for his pain.
 Febro's wit, virtue, warm and gen'rous heart,
 Are render'd useless by this one frail part.
 Febro drives nearly all his friends away,
 And can't amend his fault for those who stay;
 His foes ascribe it to a mad caprice,
 Which knows not where, or at what point to cease.
 But Febro's friends and foes are scarce alike,
 Though all laugh at him, few can e'er dislike;
 His faults, the fruit of inconsiderate haste,
 Are soon committed, and as soon flown past.
 And when a high-rai'd heap of clay
 Shall hide poor Febro from the light of day,
 His virtues rising from this transient gloom,
 Shall bear him past the limits of the tomb.

All women will talk fast, and all talk long,
But mischief holds its seat on Clara's tongue,
Upon the ruins of her neighbour's name,
Clara builds all her own ill-gotten fame.
Studious to learn, and willing to reveal,
Clara heeds not the pain which others feel.
A friend of Clara was about to wed
A spouse well suited to the marriage bed ;
To break this match, and disappoint the fair,
Was a fit object of our Clara's care.
The marriage eve arriv'd, she chanc'd to meet
The unsuspecting lover in the street,
Begins an artful, simple tale to tell,
" I'm glad to see your future spouse so well ;
But I just heard" -- " What ? cries the curious swain,
" You may not like it, I must not explain.
" What was the dear delusive creature at ?
" O nothing, nothing, only private chat,
A pack of nonsense, it cannot be true,
As if, dear girl, she could be false to you.

A smile of joy illumines Clara's eyes,
 To see the lover's jealous spirit rise.
 Jealous, alarm'd, he now desires to know
 All she has heard, and when, and where, and how?
 Why nothing; but last night she just was seen
 Walking with young Leander on the green;
 The spiteful creatures say she walk'd too long,
 But I dare swear there could be nothing wrong.
 The lover heard enough, and off he flew,
 And found what Clara said was nought but true;
 With her young cousin saw fair Leda walk,
 Engag'd in harmless, but familiar talk;
 Noted each step they took, and how both move,
 And turn'd each smile into a sign of love.
 No farther scenes he waited now to view,
 But each suspicion quite confirm'd, withdrew;
 The match broke off, the proffer'd gift refus'd,
 And the fair maid with blame unjust abus'd.
 Clara's malicious triumph was complete,
 As if she'd done some brave heroic feat;

This is but one exploit, and thousands more
 Of such base triumphs Clara gain'd before.
 Clara, with Titus, thinks she's lost a day
 Which some new source of scandal don't display.
 This tale once heard, she calls her coach and pair,
 The welcome tidings with her friends to share;
 The fame of all, the good, the great, the wise,
 At Clara's mercy undistinguish'd lies.
 Clara is fame's vicegerent here in town,
 And amply shares the lying dame's renown;
 Her hundred tongues in Clara hold their seat,
 And make a one-tongued chatterer complete;
 Till death, the terror of both rich and poor,
 Made, in his walks, a rap at Clara's door;
 Clara reluctant yields her fleeting breath,
 To the stern importunity of death.
 But what true mourner holds up Clara's bier?
 Or what true friend o'er Clara sheds a tear?
 The fell disturber of her neighbour's peace,
 Who but is glad her slanders now must cease?

Grant but indulgence, this one portrait o'er,
 I'll lay aside the brush, and paint no more ::
 Thraso's red coat, cock'd hat, and long bright
 sword,

Denote the fiery temper of their lord ;
 'Tis not enough abroad to meet his foe,
 He must at home his useless valour shew ;
 And has in peace more widows, orphans, made,
 Than any warrior by his lawful trade.

Thraso himself will boast each lie he's told,
 As if to lie's the same as to be bold ;

But if his friend the self-same truth dar'd say,
 He'd not be sure of all his brains next day.

'Tis lucky Thraso has few friends to slay ;
 He has kill'd half, and will drive all away.

Whene'er he speaks, impell'd by idle fears,
 With mute attention, ev'ry coward hears ;

Elate with praise they dare not but bestow,
 He'll say both what he does, and does not know.

Whilst Thraso thus his auditors addrest,
 A stranger passing heard him spout his best;
 Disgusted with his ignorance and pride,
 The stranger all his arguments denied.
 A warm dispute arose, compell'd to yield,
 Thraso with much reluctance quits the field.
 The stranger soon receives the usual note,
 To meet again, and cut his rival's throat;
 But thou, soul monster, shalt not here succeed,
 The cut-throat, throat-cut in his turn shall bleed;
 To speak more plain, a deep, a mortal wound,
 Extended Thraso lifeless on the ground;
 In bloom of youth, false honour dug his grave,
 In death her victim, as in life her slave.
 False honour, chiefest source of human woes,
 Thou that turn'st bosom friends to mortal foes;
 Thy altars, dæmon, human victims crown,
 And death and murder is thy sole renown.
 When reason yields her mild and mod'rate sway,
 Thy rule the gen'rous and the warm obey,

'Tis then alone thou canst that power exert,
 And the best feelings of the mind pervert;
 Domestic peace and comfort fly from thee,
 And strife succeeds where love and peace should
 be,

Here stop my saucy muse, with wings of lead,
 Too far your dull presumptuous flight you've
 sped;

Reproving manners and reforming men,
 Was a fit theme for Pope and Dryden's pen,
 And hast thou dar'd to tread the sacred ground,
 Where Pope and Dryden fame immortal found.
 Hast thou e'en hop'd in this dull nerveless strain,
 The meed of conquest or applause to gain?
 Groundless such hopes, thy only just pretence,
 To here and there a trifling grain of sense;
 Still, though the critic, with disdainful frown,
 Cast, half perus'd, my little volume down;
 Nor with one disapproving stroke shall deign
 To shew how lifeless and absurd my strain,

Still there are some in whom, if I judge right,
 My youthful labours will produce delight;
 Though dull each thought, and languid ev'ry lay,
 With partial eye will some my lines survey.
 The torch of friendship shall supply the place
 Of warmth poetic and poetic grace;
 Friendship shall fondly call my numbers sweet,
 My thoughts sublime, my work in all complete;
 Such be my lot, however dull my lays,
 I care not, if the voice of friendship praise;
 Still can I not give up my muse entire,
 Still to poetic warmth in vain aspire,
 On fam'd Parnassus' ever blooming brow,
 Still must I seek the various flow'rs that grow,
 Still shall I seek Apollo's shelt'ring ray,
 To cheer my spirits and inspire my lay.

Composed October 28, 1808.

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201	3	For <i>And that</i> , read <i>Add that a</i> .
	8	Read, <i>to you alone</i>
204	7	Omit, For <i>Pleasur</i> and for <i>comfort</i> sweetly join'd.
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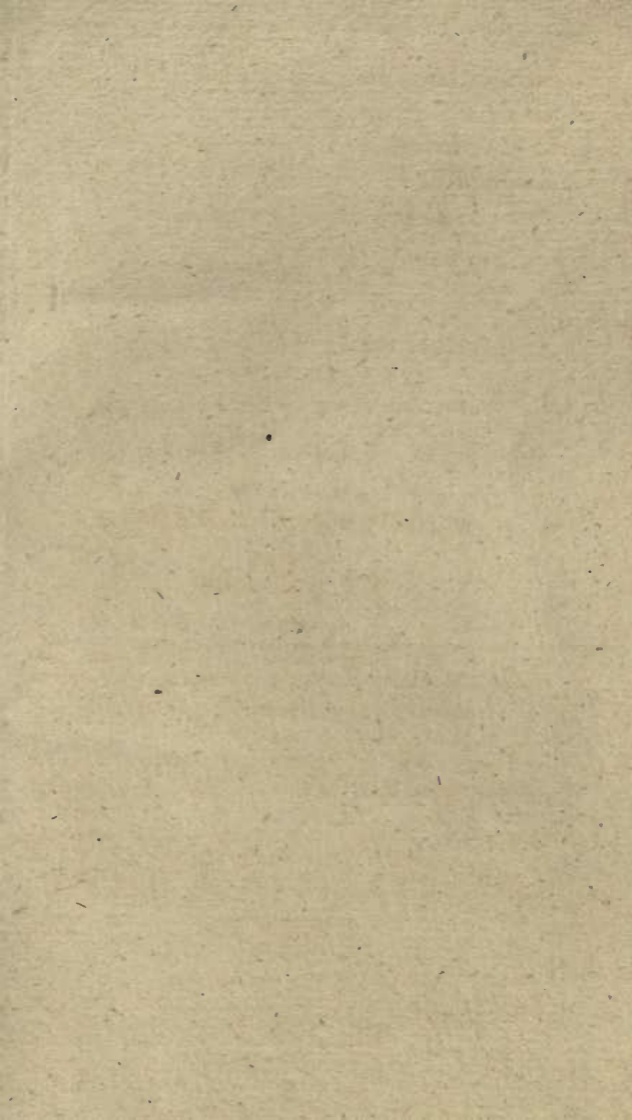
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