Trenton

THE

IMMORTAL MENTOR:

OR

MAN'S UNERRING GUIDE

TO A

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, & HAPPY LIFE.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY LEWIS CORNARO, DR. FRANKLIN, AND DR. SCOTT.

" Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words....health, peace, and competence.
Blest health consists with temperance alone,
And peace, O virtue ! peace is all thy own."

POPE.

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REV. SIR,

"For your kind compliment, "The IMMORTAL MENTOR," I beg you to accept my best thanks. I have perused it with singular satisfaction; and hesitate not to say, that it is, in my opinion at least, an invaluable compilation. I cannot but hope that a book whose contents do such credit to its title, will meet a generous patronage.

"Should that patronage equal my wishes, you will have no reason to regret, that you ever printed the Immortal Mentor.

"With respect, I am, Rev. Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"The Rev. MR. WEEMS."

The Great Addison bestows the following eulogium on the Author of the first part of this work.

"CORNARO was of an infirm constitution till about forty, when, by obstinately persisting in the Rules recommended in this Book, he recovered a perfect state of health, insomuch, that at four-score he published this Treatise. He lived to give a fourth edition of it, and after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, like one who falls asleep. This Book is highly extolled by many eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of cheerfulness and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and virtue."

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IMMORTAL MENTOR, &c.

IT is an unhappiness to which the people of this age are fallen, that luxury is become fashionable and too generally preferred to frugality. Prodigality is now-a-days tricked up in the pompous titles of generosity and grandeur; whilst blest frugality is too often branded as the badge of an avaricious and sordid spirit.

This error has so far seduced us, as to prevail on many to renounce a frugal way of living, though taught by nature, and to indulge those excesses which serve

only to abridge the number of our days. We are grown old before we have been able to taste the pleasures of being young. And the time which ought to be the summer of our lives is often the beginning of their winter.

Oh unhappy Italy! Doest thou not see, that gluttony and excess rob thee, every year, of more inhabitants than pestilence, war, and famine could have done? Thy true plagues, are thy numerous luxuries in which thy deluded citizens indulge themselves to an excess unworthy of the rational character, and utterly ruinous to their health. Put a stop to this fatal abuse, for God's sake, for there is not, I am certain of it, a vice more abominable in the eyes of the Divine Majesty, nor any more destructive. How many have I seen cut off, in the flower of their days by this unhappy custom of high feeding! How many excellent friends has gluttony deprived me

of, who, but for this accursed vice, might have been an ornament to the world, an honour to their country, and have afforded me as much joy in their lives, as I now feel concern at their deaths.

In order, therefore, to put a stop to so great an evil, I have undertaken this little book, and I attempt it the more readily, as many young gentlemen have requested it of me, moved thereto by seeing their fathers drop off in the flower of their youth, and me so sound and hearty at the age of eighty-one. They begged me to let them know by what means I attained to such excellent health and spirits at my time of life. I could not but think their curiosity very laudable, and was willing to gratify them, and at the same time do some service to my countrymen, by declaring, in the first place, what led me to renounce intemperance and lead a temperate life; secondly, by shewing the rules I observed;

and thirdly, what unspeakable satisfaction and advantage I derived from it; whence it may be very clearly seen how easy a thing it is for a wise man to escape all the curses of intemperance, and secure to himself the inestimable felicities of vigorous health and cheerful age.

The first thing that led me to embrace a temperate life, was, the many and sore evils which I suffered from the contrary course of living; my constitution was naturally weakly and delicate, which ought in reason to have made me more regular and prudent, but being like most young men, too fond of what is usually called good eating and drinking, I gave the rein to my appetites. In a little time I began to feel the ill effects of such intemperance; for I had scarce attained to my thirty-fifth year, before I was attacked with a complication of disorders, such as, head-aches, a sick stomach, cholicky uneasinesses, the gout,

rheumatic pains, lingering fevers, and continual thirst; and though I was then but in the middle of my days, my constitution seemed so entirely ruined that I could hardly hope for any other termination to my sufferings but death.

The best physicians in Italy employed all their skill in my behalf, but to no effect. At last they told me, very candidly, that there was but one thing that could afford me a single ray of hope, but one medicine that could give a radical cure, *viz.* the immediate adoption of a temperate and regular life. They added moreover, that, now, I had no time to lose, that I must immediately, either choose a regimen or death, and that if I deferred their advice much longer, it would be too late for ever to do it. This was a home thrust. I could not bear the thoughts of dying so soon, and being convinced of their abilities and experience, I thought the wisest course I could take,

would be to follow their advice, how disagreeable soever it might seem.

I then requested my physicians to tell me exactly after what manner I ought to govern myself? To this they replied that I should always consider myself as an infirm person; eat nothing but what agreed with me, and that in small quantity. I then immediately entered on this new course of life, and, with so determined a resolution, that nothing has been since able to divert me from it. In a few days I perceived that this new way of living agreed very well with me; and in less than a twelvemonth I had the unspeakable happiness to find that all my late alarming symptoms were vanished, and that I was perfectly restored to health.

No sooner had I began to taste the sweets of this new resurrection, but I made many very pleasing reflections on the great advantage of temperance, and thought within myself, "if this virtue has

had so divine an efficacy, as to cure me of such grievous disorders, surely it will help my bad constitution and confirm my health." I therefore applied myself diligently to discover what kinds of food were properest for me, and made choice of such meats and drinks only as agreed with my constitution, observing it as an inviolable law with myself, *always to rise with an appetite to eat more if I pleased.* In a word I entirely renounced intemperance, and made a vow to continue the remainder of my life under the same regimen I had observed: A happy resolution this! The keeping of which entirely cured me of all my infirmities. I never before lived a year together, without falling once, at least, into some violent illness; but this never happened to me afterwards; on the contrary, I have always been healthy ever since I was temperate.

I must not forget here to mention a circumstance of considerable conse-

quence. I have been telling of a great, and to me, a most happy change in my way of living. Now all changes, though from the *worst* to the *best* habits, are, at first, disagreeable, I found it so; for having long accustomed myself to high feeding, I had contracted such a fondness for it, that though I was daily destroying myself, yet did it, at first cost me some struggle to relinquish it. Nature, long used to hearty meals, expected them, and was quite dissatisfied with my moderate repasts. To divert my mind from these little dissatisfactions, I used immediately after dinner, to betake myself to some innocent amusement or useful pursuit, such as, my devotions, my book, music, &c.

But to return. Besides the two foregoing important rules about eating and drinking, that is, not to take of any thing, but as much as my stomach could easily digest, and to use those things only

which agreed with me. I have very carefully avoided all *extremes* of *heat* and *cold*, excessive fatigue, interruption of my usual time of rest, *late hours*, and *too close* and *intense thinking*. I am likewise greatly indebted for the excellent health I enjoy, to that calm and temperate state in which I have been careful to keep my passions.

The influence of the passions on the nerves, and health of our bodies, is so great that none can possibly be ignorant of it. He therefore who seriously wishes to enjoy good health, must above all things, learn to conquer his passions, and keep them in subjection to reason. For let a man be never so temperate in diet, or regular in exercise, yet still some unhappy passion, if indulged to excess, will prevail over all his regularity, and prevent the good effects of his temperance; no words, therefore, can adequately express the wisdom of guarding

against an influence so destructive. Fear, anger, grief, envy, hatred, malice, revenge and despair, are known by eternal experience to weaken the nerves, disorder the circulation, impair digestion, and often to bring on a long train of hysterical and hypochondriacal disorders; and extreme sudden fright, has often occasioned immediate death.

On the other hand, moderate joy, and all those affections of the mind which partake of its nature, as cheerfulness, contentment, hope, virtuous and mutual love, and courage in doing good, invigorate the nerves, give a healthy motion to the fluids, promote perspiration, and assist digestion; but violent anger (which differs from madness only in duration) throws the whole frame into tempest and convulsion, the countenance blackens, the eyes glare, the mouth foams, and in place of the most gentle and amiable, it makes a man the most frightful and ter-

rible of all animals. The effects of this dreadful passion do not stop here; it never fails to create bilious, inflammatory, convulsive, and sometimes apoplectic disorders, and sudden death.

Solomon was thoroughly sensible of the destructive tendencies of ungoverned passions, and has, in many places, cautioned us against them. He emphatically styles "envy a rottenness of the bones;" and says, that "wrath slayeth the angry man, and envy killeth the silly one;"* and, "that the wicked shall not live out half their days." For

* The reader will I hope excuse me for relating the following tragical anecdote, to confirm what the benevolent Cornaro has said on the baneful effects of envy, &c.

In the city of York in England, their died some time ago, a young lady by the name of D——n. For five years before her death, she appeared to be lingering and melancholy. Her flesh withered away, her appetite decayed, her strength failed, her feet could no longer sustain her tottering emaciated body, and her dissolution seemed at hand. One day she called her intimate friends to her bed-side, and as well as she could, spoke to the following effect:

as violent gales of wind will soon wreck the strongest ships, so violent passions of hatred, anger, and sorrow, will soon destroy the best constitutions.

However, I must confess to my shame, that I have not been at all times

"I know you all pity me, but alas! I am not worthy of your pity, for all my misery is entirely owing to the wickedness of my own heart. I have two sisters; and I have all my life been unhappy for no other reason but because of their prosperity. When we were young, I could neither eat nor sleep in comfort, if they had either praise or pleasure. As soon as they were grown to be women, they, married greatly to their advantage and satisfaction; this galled me to the heart; and though I had several good offers, yet thinking them rather unequal to my sisters, I refused them, and then was inwardly vexed and distressed, for fear I should get no better. I never wanted for any thing, and might have been very happy, but for this wretched temper. My sisters loved me tenderly, for I concealed from them as much as possible this odious passion, and yet never did any poor wretch lead so miserable a life as I have done, for every blessing they enjoyed was a dagger to my heart. 'Tis this Envy, which, preying on my very vitals, has ruined my health, and is now carrying me down to the grave. Pray for me, that God of his infinite mercy may forgive me this horrid sin; and with my dying breath I conjure you all, to check the first risings of a passion that has proved so fatal to me."

so much of a philosopher and Christian, as entirely to avoid these disorders: but I have reaped the benefit of knowing by my own repeated experience, that these malignant passions have in general a far less pernicious effect on bodies that are rendered firm and vigorous by temperance, than on those that are corrupted and weakened by gluttony and excess.

It was hard for me to avoid every extreme of heat and cold, and to live above all the occasions of trouble which attend the life of man: but yet these things made no great impression on the state of my health, though I met with many instances of persons who sunk under less weight both of body and mind.

There was in our family a considerable law-suit depending against some persons, whose might overcame our right. One of my brothers, and some of my relations, were so mortified and grieved on account of the loss of this suit, that

they actually died of broken hearts. I was as sensible as they could be, of the great injustice done us, but, thank God, so far from breaking my heart, it scarcely broke my repose. And I ascribe *their* sufferings and *my* safety, to the difference of our living. Intemperance and sloth had so weakened their nerves, and broken their spirits, that they easily sunk under the weight of misfortune. While temperance and active life had so invigorated my constitution, as to make me happily superior to the evils of this momentary life.

At seventy years of age, I had another experiment of the usefulness of my regimen. Some business of consequence calling me into the country, my coach-horses ran away with me; I was overset and dragged a long way before they could stop the horses. They took me out of the coach with my head battered, a leg and an arm out of joint, and

truly in a very lamentable condition. As soon as they had brought me home, they sent for the physicians, who did not expect I could live three days: however, I was soon cured, to the great astonishment of the physicians, and of all those who knew me.

I beg leave to relate one more anecdote, as an additional proof what an impenetrable shield temperance presents against the evils of life.

About five years ago, I was over-persuaded to a thing, which had like to have cost me dear. My relations, whom I love, and who have a real tenderness for me; my friends, with whom I was willing to comply in any thing that was reasonable; lastly, my physicians, who were looked upon as the oracles of health, did all agree that I eat too little; that the nourishment I took was not sufficient for one of my years; that I ought not only to support nature, but likewise to increase

the vigour of it, by eating a little more than I did. It was in vain for me to represent to them, that nature is content with a little; that with this little I had enjoyed excellent health so many years; that to me the habit of it was become a second nature; and that it was more agreeable to reason, that as I advanced in years and lost my strength, I should rather *lessen* than *increase* the quantity of my food, especially as the powers of the stomach must grow weaker from year to year. To strengthen my arguments, I urged those two natural and true proverbs; one, that he who would eat a great deal must eat but little; that as eating little makes a man live long, he must eat a great deal. The other proverb was, that what we leave, after making a hearty meal, does us more good than what we have eaten. But neither my proverbs nor arguments could silence their affectionate intreaties. Wherefore to please

persons who were so dear to me, I consented to increase the quantity of food, but with two ounces only. So that, as before I had always taken but twelve ounces of solid food in the day, I now increased it to fourteen, and as before I drank but fourteen ounces of wine in the day, I now increased it to sixteen. This increase had in eight days time such an effect on me, that from being remarkably chearful and brisk, I began to be peevish and melancholy, and was constantly so strangely disposed, that I neither knew what to say to others, nor what to do with myself. On the twelfth day I was attacked with a most violent pain in my side, which held me twenty-two hours, and was followed by a violent fever which continued thirty-five days, without giving me a moment's respite. However God be praised, I recovered, though in my seventy-eighth year, and in the coldest season of a very cold winter,

and reduced to a mere skeleton; and I am positive, that, next to God, I am most indebted to temperance, for my recovery. O how great is the evil of intemperance, which could, in a few days bring on me so severe an illness, and how glorious are the virtues of temperance, which could thus bear me up, and snatch me from the jaws of death! Would all men but live regularly and temperately, there would not be a tenth of that sickness which now makes so many melancholy families, nor any occasion for a tenth part of those nauseous medicines, which they are now obliged to swallow in order to carry off those bad humours with which they have filled their bodies by over eating and drinking. To say the truth, would every one of us but pay a becoming attention to the quantity and quality of what he eats and drinks, and carefully observe the effects it has upon him, he would soon become his own physician; and indeed

the very best he could possibly have, for people's constitutions are as different as their faces; and it is impossible, in many very important instances, for the most skilful physicians to tell a man of observation, what would agree with his constitution so well as he knows himself. I am willing to allow that a physician may be sometimes necessary; and in cases of danger, the sooner the better. But for the bare purpose of preserving ourselves in good health, there needs no better physic than a temperate and regular life. It is a specific and natural medicine, which preserves the man, how tender soever his constitution be, and prolongs his life to above a hundred years, spares him the pain of a violent death, sends him quietly out of the world, when the radical moisture is quite spent, and which, in short, has all the properties that are fancied to be in potable

gold, which a great many persons have sought after in vain.

But alas! most men suffer themselves to be seduced by the charms of a voluptuous life. They have not courage enough to deny their appetites; and being over-persuaded by their inclinations so far, as to think they cannot give up the gratification of them, without abridging too much of their pleasures, they devise arguments to persuade themselves, that it is more eligible to live ten years less, than to be upon the restraint, and deprived of whatever may gratify their appetites. Alas! they know not the value of ten years of healthy life, in an age when a man may enjoy the full use of his reason and turn all his wisdom and experience to his own, and the advantage of the world. To instance only in the sciences. 'Tis certain that some of the most valuable books now extant, were written in those last

ten years of their authors lives, which some men pretend to undervalue; let fools and villains undervalue life, the world would lose nothing by them, die when they will. But it is a loss indeed, when *wise* and *good* men drop into the grave; ten years of life to men of that character, might prove an inestimable blessing to their families and country. Is such an one a priest only, in a little time he might become a bishop, and by living ten years longer, might render the most important services to the world by his active dissemination of virtue and piety. Is he the aged parent of a family, then though no longer equal to the toils of younger years, yet by his venerable presence and matured counsels, he may contribute more to the harmony and happiness of his children, than all their labours put together. And so with all others, whether in church or state, army or navy, who are advanced in years,

though not equal to the active exercises of youth, yet in consequence of their superior wisdom and experiences, their lives may be of more service to their country, than the lives of thousands of citizens. Some, I know are so unreasonable as to say that it is impossible to lead such a regular life. To this I answer, Galen, that great physician, led such a life, and advised others to it as the best physic. *Plato*, *Cicero*, *Isocrates*, and a great many famous men of past and present times, have practised it, and thereby arrived to an extreme old age.

You will tell me that *Plato*, as sober a man as he was, yet affirmed, that it is difficult for a man in public life to live so temperately, being often in the service of the state exposed to the badness of weather, to the fatigues of travelling, and to eat whatever he can meet with. This cannot be denied; but then I maintain that these things will never hasten

a man's death provided he accustoms himself to a frugal way of living. There is no man, in what condition soever but may keep from over-eating; and thereby happily prevent those distempers that are caused by excess. They who have the charge of public affairs committed to their trust, are more obliged to it than any others: where there is no glory to be got for their country, they ought not to sacrifice themselves: they should preserve themselves to serve it; and if they pursue my method, it is certain they would ward off the distempers which heat and cold and fatigues might bring upon them; or should they be disturbed with them it would be but very lightly.

It may likewise be objected, that if one who is well, is dieted like one that is sick, he will be at a loss about the choice of his diet, when any distemper comes upon him. To this I say, that nature, ever attentive to the preservation

of her children, teaches us how we ought to govern ourselves in such a case. She begins by depriving us so entirely of our appetites, that we can eat little or nothing. At that time, whether the sick person has been sober or intemperate, no other food ought to be used, but such as is proper for his condition; such as broth, jellies, cordials, barley-water, &c. When his recovery will permit him to use a more solid nourishment, he must take less than he was used to before his sickness; and notwithstanding the eagerness of his appetite, he must take care of his stomach, till he is perfectly cured. Should he do otherwise, he would overburden nature, and infallibly relapse into the danger he had escaped. But notwithstanding this, I dare aver, that he who leads a sober and regular life, will hardly ever be sick; or but seldom, and for a short time. This way of living preserves us from those bad humours

which occasion our infirmities, and by consequence heals us of all those distempers which they occasion. I do not pretend to say that every body must eat exactly as little as I do, or abstain from fruit, fish, and other things from which I abstain, because such dishes disagree with me. They who are not disordered by such dishes, are under no obligation to abstain from them. But they are under the greatest obligations to feed moderately, even on the most innocent food, since an overloaded stomach cannot digest.

It signifies nothing to tell me that there are several, who, though they live very irregularly, yet enjoy excellent health and spirits, and to as advanced an age, as those who live ever so soberly. For this argument is founded on such uncertainty and hazard, and occurs so seldom, as to look more like a miracle than the regular work of nature. And

those, who, on the credit of their youth and *constitution*, will pay any regard to so idle an objection, may depend on it, that they are the betrayers and ruiners of their own health.

And I can, confidently and truly affirm that an old man, even of a bad constitution, who leads a regular and sober life, is surer of a longer one, than a young man of the best constitution who lives disorderly. All therefore who have a mind to live long and healthy, and die without sickness of body or mind, must immediately begin to live temperately, for such a regularity keeps the humours of the body mild and sweet, and suffers no gross fiery vapours to ascend from the stomach to the head; hence the brain of him who lives in that manner enjoys such a constant serenity, that he is always perfectly master of himself. Happily freed from the tyranny of bodily appetites and passions, he

easily soars above, to the exalted and delightful contemplation of heavenly objects; by this means his mind becomes gradually enlightened with divine truth, and expands itself to the glorious enrapturing view of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of the Almighty. He then descends to nature, and acknowledges her for the fair daughter of God, and views her varied charms with sentiments of admiration, joy and gratitude becoming the most favoured of all sublunary beings. He then clearly discerns, and generously laments the wretched fate of those who will not give themselves the trouble to subdue their passions; and those three most ensnaring lusts, the lust of the flesh, the lust of honours, and the lust of riches, which all wise and good men have firmly opposed and conquered, when they passed through this mortal state; for knowing such passions to be inconsistent with rea-

son and happiness, they at once nobly broke through their snares, and applied themselves to virtue and good works, and so became men of good and sober lives. And when in process of time, and after a long series of years, they see the period of their days drawing nigh, they are neither grieved nor alarmed. Full of acknowledgments for the favours already received from God, they throw themselves into the arms of his future mercy. They are not afraid of those dreadful punishments, which they deserve who have shortened their days by guilty intemperance. They die without complaining, sensible that they did not come into this world to stay for ever, but are pilgrims and travellers to a far better. Exulting in this faith, and with hopes big with immortality, they go down to the grave in a good old age, enriched with virtues, and laden with honours.

And they have the greater reason not to be dejected at the thought of death, as they know it will not be violent, feverish or painful. Their end is calm, and they expire, like a lamp when the oil is spent, without convulsion or agony, and so they pass gently away, without pain or sickness from this earthly and corruptible to that celestial and eternal life, whose happiness is the reward of the virtuous.

O holy, happy, and thrice blessed temperance! how worthy art thou of our highest esteem! and how infinitely art thou preferable to an irregular and disorderly life! Nay, would men but consider the effects and consequences of both, they would immediately see, that there is as wide a difference between them, as there is betwixt light and darkness, heaven and hell. Some there are who tell us that old age is no blessing, that when a man is past seventy,

his life is nothing but weakness, infirmity and misery. But I can assure these gentlemen, they are mightily mistaken; and that I find myself, old as I am (which is much beyond what they speak of) to be in the most pleasant and delightful stage of life.

To prove that I have reason for what I say, they need only inquire how I spend my time, what are my usual employments; and to hear the testimony of all those that know me. They unanimously testify, that the life I lead, is not a dead and languishing life, but as happy a one as can be wished for in this world.

They will tell you that I am still so strong at fourscore and three, as to mount a horse without any help or advantage of situation; that I can not only go up a single flight of stairs, but climb a hill from bottom to top, a-foot, and with the greatest ease; that I am

always merry, always pleased, always in humour; maintaining a happy peace in my own mind, the sweetness and serenity whereof appear at all times in my countenance.

Besides, they know that it is in my power to pass away the time very pleasantly; having nothing to hinder me from tasting all the pleasures of an agreeable society, with several persons of parts and worth. When I am willing to be alone, I read good books, and sometimes fall to writing; seeking always an occasion of being useful to the public, and doing service to private persons, as far as possible. I do all this without the least trouble; and in such times as I set apart for these employments.

I dwell in a house, which, besides its being situated in the pleasantest part of *Padua*, may be looked on as the most convenient and agreeable mansion in

that city. I there make me apartments proper for the winter and summer, which serve as a shelter to defend me from the extreme heat of the one, and the rigid coldness of the other. I walk out in my gardens, along my canals and walks; where I always meet with some little thing or other to do, which, at the same time, employs and amuses me.

I spend the months of *April*, *May*, *September*, and *October*, at my country-house, which is the finest situation imaginable: the air of it is good, the avenues neat, the gardens magnificent, the waters clear and plentiful; and this seat may well pass for an inchanted palace.

Sometimes I take a walk to my *Villa*, all whose streets terminate at a large square; in the midst of which is a pretty neat church, and large enough for the bigness of the parish.

Through this *Villa* runs a rivulet; and the country about it is enriched with fruitful and well cultivated fields; having at present a considerable number of inhabitants. This was not so formerly: It was a marshy place, and the air so unwholesome, that it was more proper for frogs and toads, than for men to dwell in. But on my draining off the waters, the air mended, and people resorted to it so fast as to render the place very populous; so that I may, with truth, say, that I have here dedicated to the Lord, a church, altars, and hearts to worship him; a circumstance this, which affords me infinite satisfaction as often as I reflect on it.

It is with great satisfaction that I see the end of a work of such importance to this state, I mean that of draining and improving so many large tracts of uncultivated ground, a work which I never expected to have seen completed;

but, thank God, I have lived to see it, and was even in person in these marshy places, along with the commissaries, for two months together, during the heats of summer, without ever finding myself the worse for the fatigues I underwent. Of such wonderful efficacy is that temperate life which I constantly observe.

If in discoursing on so important a subject as this, it be allowable to speak of trifles, I might tell you, that at the age of fourscore and three, a temperate life had preserved me in that sprightliness of thought, and gaiety of humour, as to be able to compose a very entertaining comedy, highly moral and instructive, without shocking or digusting the audience; an evil too generallay attending our comedies, and which it is the duty, and will be the eternal honour of the magistracy to discountenance and suppress, since nothing has a more fatal tendency to currupt the mo-

rals of youth, than such plays as abound with wanton allusions, and wicked sneers and scoffs on religion and matrimony.

As an addition to my happiness, I see myself immortalized as it were, by the great number of my descendants. I meet with, on my return home, not only two or three, but eleven grand-children, all blest with high health, sweet dispositions, bright parts, and of promising hopes. I take a delight in playing with the little pratlers; those who are older I often set to sing and play for me on instruments of music. Call you this an infirm crazy old age, as they pretend, who say, that a man is but half alive after he is seventy? They may believe me if they please, but really I would not exchange my serene cheerful old age, with any one of those young men, even of the best constitution, who give the loose to their appetites; knowing as I do, that they are thereby subjecting

themselves every moment to disease and death.

I remember all the follies of which I was guilty in my younger days and am perfectly sensible of the many and great dangers they exposed me to. I know with what violence young persons are carried away by the heat of their blood. They presume on their strength, just as if they had taken a sure lease of their lives: and must gratify their appetites whatever it cost them, without considering that they thereby feed those ill humours, which do most assuredly hasten the approach of *sickness* and *death;* two evils, which of all others are the most unwelcome and terrible to the wicked. The first of these, *sickness*, is highly unwelcome, because it effectually stops their career after this world's business and pleasures, which being their sole delight and happiness, must be inexpressibly sad and mortifying. And the impa-

tience and gloom of sickness is rendered tenfold more insupportable to them, because it finds them utterly destitute of those pious affections, which alone can soothe the severity of sickness and charm the pangs of pain. They had never cultivated an acquaintance with God, nor accustomed themselves to look up to him as to a merciful Father, who sends affliction to wean us from this scene of vanity. They had never, by prayers and good works, endeavoured to secure his friendship or cherish that love which would make his dispensations welcome. So that unblest with these divine consolations, the season of sickness must be dark and melancholy indeed; and besides all this, their hearts often sink within them at the prospect of death, that ghastly king of terrors, who comes to cut them off from all their dear delights in this world, and send their unwilling souls to suffer the punishment

which their own guilty conscience tells them is due to their wicked lives.

But from these two evils, so dreadful to many, blessed be God, I have but little to fear; for, as for *death*, I have a joyful hope that that change, come when it may, will be gloriously for the *better;* and besides, I trust, that He whose divine voice I have so long obeyed, will graciously support and comfort his aged servant in that trying hour. And as for *sickness*, I feel but little apprehension on that account, since by my divine medicine TEMPERANCE, I have removed all the causes of illness; so that I am pretty sure I shall never be sick, except it be from some intent of *Divine* mercy, and then I hope I shall bear it without a murmur, and find it for my good. Nay I have reason to think that my soul has so agreeable a dwelling in my body, finding nothing in it but peace and harmony between

my reason and senses, that she is very well pleased with her present situation; so that I trust I have still a great many years to live in health and in spirits, and enjoy this beautiful world, which is indeed beautiful to those who know how to make it so, as I have done, and likewise expect (with God's assistance) to be able to do in the next.

Now since a regular life is so happy, and its blessings so permanent and great, all I have still left to do (since I cannot accomplish my wishes by force) is to beseech every man of sound understanding to embrace with open arms, this most valuable treasure of a long and healthy life; a treasure which, as it far exceeds all the riches of this world, so it deservs above all things to be diligently sought after, and carefully preserved. This is that divine sobriety, so agreeable to the Deity, the friend of nature, the daughter of reason, and the

sister of all the virtues. From her, as from their proper root, spring life, health, cheerfulness, industry, learning, and all those employments worthy of noble and generous minds. She is the best friend and safest guardian of life; as well of the rich as of the poor; of the old as of the young. She teaches the rich modesty; the poor frugality; men continence; women chastity; the old, how to ward off the attacks of death; and bestows on youth firmer and securer hopes of life. She preserves the senses clear, the body light, the understanding lively, the soul brisk, the memory tenacious, our motions free, and all our faculties in a pleasing and agreeable harmony.

O most innocent and divine sobriety! the sole refreshment of nature, the nursing mother of life, the true physic of soul as well as of body. How ought men to praise thee for thy princely gifts,

for thy incomparable blessings! But as no man is able to write a sufficient panegyric on this rare and excellent virtue, I shall put an end to this discourse, lest I should be charged with excess in dwelling so long on so pleasing a subject. Yet as numberless things may still be said of it, I leave off with an intention to set forth the rest of its praises at a more convenient opportunity.

CHAP. II.

THE METHOD OF CORRECTING A BAD CONSTITUTION.

I WAS born with a very choleric, hasty disposition; flew into a passion for the least trifle, huffed every body about me, and was so intolerably disagreeable, that many persons of gentle manners abso-

lutely shunned my company. On discovering how great an injury I was doing myself, I at once resolved to make this vile temper give way to reason. I considered that a man overcome by passion, must at times, be no better than a madman, and that the only difference between a passionate and madman, is, that the one has lost his reason for ever, and the other is deprived of it by fits only; but that in one of these, though never so short, he may do some deed of cruelty or death that will ruin his character, and destroy his peace *for ever*. A sober life, by cooling the fever of the blood, contributed much to cure me of this frenzy; and I am now become so moderate, and so much a master of my passion, that no body could perceive that it was born with me.

It is true indeed, the most temperate may sometimes be indisposed, but then they have the pleasure to think that it

is not the effect of their own vices; that it will be but moderate in its *degree*, and of short continuance.

Many have said to me, "*How can you, when at a table covered with a dozen delicious dishes content yourself with one dish, and that the plainest too at the table? It must surely be a great mortification to you, to see so many charming things before you and yet scarcely taste them.*" This question has frequently been put to me, and with an air of surprise. I confess it has often made me unhappy; for it proves that such persons are got to such a pass, as to look on the gratification of their appetites as the highest happiness, not considering that the mind is properly the man, and that it is in the affections of a virtuous and pious mind, a man is to look for his truest and highest happiness. When I sit down, with my eleven grand-children, to a table covered with various dainties, of which, for the sake

of a light easy stomach, I may not, at times, choose to partake, yet this is no mortification to me; on the contrary, I often find myself most happy at these times. How can it otherwise than give me great delight when I think of that goodness of God, which blesses the earth with such immense stores of good things for the use of mankind; and which, over and above all this goodness, has put me into the way of getting such an abundance of them for my dear grand-children; and, besides must it not make me very happy to think that I have gotten such a mastery over myself as never to abuse any of those good things, but am perfectly contented with such a portion of them as keeps me always in good health. O what a triumph of joy is this to my heart! What a sad thing it is that young people will not take instruction, nor get benefit from those who are older and wiser than

themselves! I may use, in this matter, the words of the wise man, "I have seen all things that are done under the sun." I know the pleasures of eating, and I know the joys of a virtuous mind, and can say from long experience, that the one excelleth the other as far as light excelleth darkness; the one are the pleasures of a mere animal, the other those of an angel.

Some are so thoughtless as to say, that they had rather be afflicted twice or thrice a year with the gout, and other distempers, than deny themselves the pleasure of eating and drinking to the full of such things as they like; that for their part they had rather eat and drink as they like, though it should shorten their lives, that is, "give them a short life, and a merry one." It is really a surprising and *sad* thing, to see reasonable creatures, so ready to swallow the most dangerous absurdities. For

how, in the name of common sense, can the life of a glutton or a sot be a merry one? if men could eat to excess, drink to silliness, and rust in sloth, and after all, suffer no other harm than the abridgement of ten or a dozen years of life, they might have some little excuse for calling it a merry life, though surely it could appear so to none but persons of a sadly vitiated taste. But since an intemperate life will assuredly sow in our bodies the seeds of such diseases as will, after a few short years of feverish pleasure, make life a burthen to us, with what face can any reasonable being call this a merry life?

O sacred and most bountiful Temperance! how greatly am I indebted to thee for rescuing me from such fatal delusions; and for bringing me through the divine benediction, to the enjoyment of so many felicities, and which, over and above all these favours confer-

red on thine old man, has so strengthened his stomach, that he has now a better relish for his dry bread than he had formerly for the most exquisite dainties, so that by eating little, my stomach is often craving after the manna, which I sometimes feast on with so much pleasure, that I should think I trespassed on the duty of temperance, did I not know that one must eat to support life; and that one cannot use a plainer or more natural diet.

My spirits are not injured by what I eat, they are only revived and supported by it. I can, immediately on rising from table, set myself to write or study, and never find that this application, though so hurtful to hearty feeders, does me any harm; and besides, I never find myself drowsy after dinner, as a great many do; the reason is, I feed so temperately, as never to load my stomach nor oppress my nerves, so

that I am always as light, active, and cheerful after meals as before.

O thou vile wicked intemperance, my sworn enemy, who art good for nothing but to murder those who follow thee; how many of my dearest friends hast thou robbed me of, in consequence of their not believing me! But thou hast not been able to destroy me according to thy wicked intent and purpose. I am still alive in spite of thee, and have attained to such an age, as to see around me eleven dear grand children, all of fine understandings, and amiable dispositions, all given to learning and virtue; all beautiful in their persons and lovely in their manners, whom, had I not abandoned thee thou infamous source of corruption, I should never have had the pleasure to behold. Nor should I enjoy those beautiful and convenient apartments which I have built from the ground, with such highly improved gar-

dens, as required no small time to attain their present perfection. No, thou accursed hag, thy nature is to impoverish and destroy those who follow thee. How many wretched orphans have I seen embracing dunghills; how many miserable mothers, with their helpless infants, crying for bread, while their deluded fathers, slaves to thy devouring lusts, were wasting their substance in rioting and drunkenness!

But thou art not content with consuming the substance, thou wouldest destroy the very families of those who are so mad as to obey thee. The temperate poor man who labours hard all day, can boast a numerous family of rosy cheeked children, while thy pampered slaves, sunk in ease and luxury, often languish without an heir to their ample fortunes. But since thou art so pestilential a vice, as to poison and destroy the greatest part of mankind, I

am determined to use my utmost endeavours to extirpate thee, at least in part. And I promise myself, that my dear grandchildren will declare eternal war against thee, and following my example, will let the world see the blessedness, of a temperate life, and so expose thee, O cruel intemperance! for what thou really art, a most wicked, desperate, and mortal enemy of the children of men.

It is really a very surprising and sad thing to see persons grown to men's estate, and of fine wit, yet unable to govern their appetites, but tamely submitting to be dragged by them into such excesses of eating and drinking, as not only to ruin the best constitutions, and shorten their lives, but eclipse the lustre of the brightest parts, and bury themselves in utter contempt and uselessness. O what promising hopes have been shipwrecked, what immortal honours have been sacrificed at the shrine of low sen-

suality; Happy, thrice happy, those who have early been inured to habits of self-denial, and taught to consider the gratification of their appetites as the unfailing source of diseases and death. Ye generous parents who long to see your children adorned with virtue, and beloved as the benefactors of their kind; O teach them the unspeakable worth of self government. Unsupported by this, every advantage of education and opportunity will avail them but little: though the history of ancient worthies, and the recital of their illustrious deeds, may at times kindle up in their bosoms a flame of glorious emulation, yet alas! this glow of coveted virtue, this flush of promised honour, is transient as a gleam of winter sunshine; soon overspread and obscured by the dark clouds of sensuality-

CHAP. III.

A LETTER FROM SIGNIOR LEWIS CORNARO TO THE RIGHT REVEREND BARBARO, PATRIARCH OF AQUILEIA.

My Lord,

WHAT thanks do we not owe to the divine goodness, for this wonderful invention of writing, whereby we can easily communicate to our absent friends whatever may afford them pleasure or improvement! By means of this most welcome contrivance, I shall now endeavour to entertain you with matters of the greatest moment. It is true indeed, that what I have to tell you is no news, but I never told it you at the age of *ninety-one*. Is it not a charming thing, that I am able to tell you, that my health and strength are in so excellent a

state, that, instead of diminishing with my age, they seem to increase as I grow old? All my acquaintance are surprised at it; but I, who know the cause of this singular happiness, do every where declare it. I endeavour, as much as in me lies, to convince all mankind, that a man may enjoy a paradise on earth even after the age of four-score.

Now my lord, I must tell you, that within these few days past, several learned Doctors of this University came to be informed by me, of the method I take in my diet, having understood that I am still healthful and strong; that I have my senses perfect; that my memory, my heart, my judgment, the tone of my voice, and my teeth, are all as sound as in my youth; that I write seven or eight hours a day, and spend the rest of the day in walking out a-foot and in taking all the innocent pleasures that are

allowed to a virtuous man; even music itself in which I bear my part.

Ah, Sir! how sweet a voice would you perceive mine to be, were you to hear me, like another *David*, chant forth the praises of God to the sound of my Lyre! You would certainly be surprised and charmed with the harmony which I make. Those gentlemen particularly admired, with what easiness I write on subjects that require both judgment and spirit.

They told me, that I ought not to be looked on as an old man, since all my employments were such as were proper for a youth, and did by no means resemble the works of men advanced in years; who are capable of doing nothing after fourscore, but loaded with infirmities and distempers, are perpetually languishing in pain, not half so cheerful, pleasant and happy as I am.

Several physicians were so good as to prognosticate to me, ten years ago, that it was impossible for me to hold out three years longer: however, I still find myself less weak than ever, and am stronger this year than any that went before. This sort of miracle, and the many favours which I received from God, obliged them to tell me, that I brought along with me at my birth, an extraordinary and special gift of nature; and for the proof of their opinion, they employed all their rhetoric, and made several elegant speeches on that head. It must be acknowledged, my lord, that eloquence has a charming force on the mind of man, since it often persuades him to believe that which never was, and never could be. I was very much pleased to hear them discourse; and could it be helped, since they were men of parts who harangued at that rate? But that which delighted me most,

was to reflect, that age and experience may render a man wiser than all the colleges in the world can. And it was in truth by their help, that I knew the error of that notion. To undeceive those gentlemen, and at the same time set them right, I replied, that their way of arguing was not just: that the favour I received was no special, but a general and universal one: that I was but a man as well as others: that we have all judgment and reason, which the Creator has bestowed on us to preserve our lives: that man, when young, being more subject to sense than reason, is too apt to give himself up to pleasure; and that when arrived to thirty or forty years of age, he ought to consider, that, if he has been so imprudent as to lead, till that time, a disorderly life, it is now high time for him to take up and live temperately; for he ought to remember, that though he has hitherto been held up by the vigour of

youth and a good constitution, yet he is now at the noon of life, and must bethink himself of going down towards the grave, with a heavy weight of years on his back, of which his frequent pains and infirmities are certain forerunners; and that therefore, if he has not been so happy as to do it already, he ought now, immediately to change his course of life.

I must confess, it was not without great reluctance that I abandoned my luxurious way of living. I began with praying to God, that he would grant me the gift of Temperance, well knowing that he always hears our prayers with delight. Then considering, that when a man is about to undertake any thing of importance, he may greatly strengthen himself in it, by often looking forward to the great pleasures and advantages that he is to derive from it. Just as the husbandman takes comfort under his toils, by reflecting on the sweets of abun-

dance; and as the good christian gladdens in the service of God, when he thinks on the glory of that service, and the eternal joys that await him: so I, in like manner, by seriously reflecting on the innumerable pleasures and blessings of health, and beseeching God to strengthen me in my good resolutions, immediately entered on a course of temperance and regularity. And though it was at first highly disagreeable, yet I can truly say, that in a very little time, the disagreeableness vanished, and I came to find great delight in it.

Now on hearing my arguments, they all agreed that I had said nothing but what was reasonable; nay, the youngest among them told me, that he was willing to allow that these advantages might be common to all men, but was afraid, they were seldom attained; and that I must be singularly favoured of Heaven to get above the delights of an easy life,

and embrace one quite contrary to it; that he did not look on it to be impossible, since my practice convinced him of the contrary, but however, it seemed to him to be very difficult.

I replied, that it was a shame to relinquish a good undertaking on account of the difficulties that might attend it, and that the greater the difficulty, the more glory should we acquire: that it is the will of the Creator, that every one should attain to a long life, because in his old age, he might be freed from the bitter fruits that were produced by sense, and might enjoy the good effects of his reason; that when he shakes hands with his vices, he is no longer a slave to the devil, and finds himself in a better condition of providing for the salvation of his soul: that God, whose goodness is infinite, has ordained that the man who comes to the end of his race, should end his life without any distemper, and so

pass, by a sweet and easy death, to a life of immortality and glory, which I expect. I hope (said I to him) to die singing the praises of my Creator. The sad reflection, that we must one day cease to live, is no disturbance to me, though I easily perceive, that at my age, that day cannot be far off; nor am I afraid of the terrors of hell, because, blessed be God, I have long ago shaken hands with my sins, and put my trust in the mercy and merits of the blood of *Jesus Christ.*

To this my young antagonist had nothing to say, only that he was resolved to lead a sober life, that he might live and die as happily as I hoped to do; and that though hitherto he had wished to be young a long time, yet now he desired to be quickly old, that he might enjoy the pleasures of such an admirable age.

Some sensual persons give out, that I have troubled myself to no purpose, in composing a treatise concerning temperance, and that I have lost my time in endeavouring to persuade men to the practice of that which is impossible. Now this surprises me the more, as these gentlemen must see that I had led a temperate life many years before I composed this treatise, and that I never should have put myself to the trouble of composing it, had not long experience convinced me, that it is a life which any man may easily lead, who really wishes to be healthy and happy. And, besides the evidence of my own experience, I have the satisfaction to hear, that numbers on seeing my treatise have embraced such a life, and enjoyed from it the very same blessings which I enjoy. Hence, I conclude, that no man of good sense will pay any regard to so frivolous an objection. The truth is, those gen-

tlemen who make this objection, are so unhappily wedded to the poor pleasure of eating and drinking, that they cannot think of moderating it, and as an excuse for themselves, they choose to talk at this extravagant rate. However, I pity these gentlemen with all my heart, though they deserve for their intemperance, to be tormented with a complication of distempers, and to be the victims of their passions a whole eternity.

CHAP. IV.

OF THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF MAN.

THAT I may not be deficient in that duty of charity which all men owe to one another, or lose one moment of that pleasure which conscious useful-

ness affords; I again take up my pen. What I am going to say will be looked on as impossible, or incredible; but nothing is more certain, nor more worthily to be admired by all posterity. I am now ninety-five years of age, and find myself as healthy and brisk, as if I were but twenty-five.

What ingratitude should I be guilty of, did I not return thanks to the divine Goodness, for all his favours conferred upon me? Most of your old men have scarce arrived to sixty, but they find themselves loaded with infirmities: they are melancholy, unhealthful; always full of the frightful apprehensions of dying: they tremble day and night for fear of being within one foot of their graves; and are so strongly possessed with the dread of it, that it is a hard matter to divert them from that doleful thought. Blessed be God, I am free from their ills and terrors. It is my opinion, that I ought

not to abandon myself to that vain fear: this I will make appear by the sequel.

Some there are, who bring along with them a strong constitution into the world, and live to old age: but it is generally (as already observed) an old age of sickness and sorrow; for which they are to thank themselves; because they most unreasonably presume on the strength of their constitution; and will not on any account, abate of that hearty feeding which they indulged in their younger days. Just as if they were to be as vigorous at fourscore as in the flower of their youth; nay, they go about to justify this their imprudence, pretending that as we lose our health and vigour by growing old, we should endeavour to repair the loss, by increasing the quantity of our food, since it is by sustenance that man is preserved.

But in this they are dangerously mistaken; for as the natural heat and

strength of the stomach lessens as a man grows in years, he should diminish the quantity of his meat and drink, common prudence requiring that a man should proportion his diet to his digestive powers.

This is a certain truth, that sharp sour humours on the stomach, proceed from a slow imperfect digestion; and that but little good chyle can be made, when the stomach is filled with fresh food before it has carried off the former meal. It cannot therefore be too frequently, nor too earnestly recommended, that as the natural heat decays by age, a man ought to abate the quantity of what he eats and drinks; nature requiring but very little for the healthy support of the life of man, especially that of an old man. Would my aged friends but attend to this single precept which has been so signally serviceable to me, they would not be troubled with one twentieth of those

infirmities which now harrass and make their lives so miserable. They would be light, active, and cheerful like me, who am now near my *hundredth year*. And those of them who were born with good constitutions, might live to the age of one hundred and twenty. Had I been blest with a robust constitution, I should in all probability, attain the same age. But as I was born with feeble stamina, I shall not perhaps outlive an hundred. And this moral certainty of living to a great age is to be sure, a most pleasing and desirable attainment, and it is the prerogative of none but the temperate. For all those who (by immoderate eating and drinking) fill their bodies with gross humours, can have no reasonable assurance of living a single day longer: oppressed with food and swoln with superfluous humours, they are in continual danger of violent fits of the cholic, deadly strokes of the apoplexy, fatal attacks of the

cholera morbus, burning fevers, and many such acute and violent diseases, whereby thousands are carried to their graves, who a few hours before looked very hale and hearty. And this moral certainty of long life is built on such good grounds as seldom ever fail. For, generally speaking, Almighty God seems to have settled his works on the sure grounds of natural causes, and temperance is (by divine appointment) the natural cause of health and long life. Hence it is next to impossible, that he who leads a strictly temperate life, should breed any sickness or die of an unnatural death, before he attains to the years to which the natural strength of his constitution was to arrive. I know some persons are so weak as to excuse their wicked intemperance, by saying, that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," and that therefore, let them eat and drink as they please, they shall

not die till their time comes. How scandalously do these men misunderstand Solomon and abuse truth! How would it startle us to hear our friends say, "that let them sleep and play, as they please, they shall not be beggars till their time comes."

Solomon does indeed say, that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" but he must be no better than a madman, who thence infers, that it is not *generally* so. For the invariable and eternal experience of mankind demonstrates, that ninety-nine times in an hundred, the race is to the swift, and the battle to the strong, bread to the industrious, and health to the temperate.

But it is a matter of fact, and not to be denied, that, though temperance has the divine efficacy to secure us from violent disease and unnatural death, yet it is not to be supposed to make a man immortal. It

is impossible but that time, which effaces all things, should likewise destroy that most curious workmanship of God, the human body: but it is man's privilege to end his days by a natural death, that is, without pain and agony, as they will see me, when the heat and strength of nature is quite exhausted. But I promise myself, that day is a pretty comfortable distance off yet, and I fancy I am not mistaken, because I am still healthy and brisk, relish all I eat, sleep quietly, and find no defect in any of my senses. Besides, all the faculties of my mind are in the highest perfection; my understanding clear and bright as ever; my judgment sound; my memory tenacious; my spirits good; and my voice, the first thing that fails others, still so strong and sonorous, that every morning and evening, with my dear grand-children around me, I can address my prayers and chant the praises of the Almighty. O, how

glorious this life of mine is like to be, replete with all the felicities which man can enjoy on this side of the grave; and exempt from that sensual brutality which age has enabled my better reason to banish, and therewith all its bitter fruits, the extravagant passions and distressful perturbations of mind. Nor yet can the fears of death find room in my mind as I have no licensed sins, to cherish such gloomy thoughts: neither can the death of relations and friends give me any other grief than that of the first movement of nature, which cannot be avoided, but is of no long continuance. Still less am I liable to be cast down by the loss of wordly goods. I look on these things as the property of heaven; I can thank him for the loan of so many comforts, and when his wisdom sees fit to withdraw them, I can look on their departure without murmuring. This is the happiness of those only, who grow

old in the ways of temperance and virtue; a happiness which seldom attends the most flourishing youth who live in vice. Such are all subject to a thousand disorders, both of body and mind from which I am entirely free: on the contrary, I enjoy a thousand pleasures which are as pure as they are calm.

The first of these is to do service to my country. O! what a glorious amusement, in which I find infinite delight in shewing my countrymen how to fortify this our dear city of Venice, in so excellent a manner, as to make her a famous republic, a rich and matchless city. Another amusement of mine is, that of shewing this maid and queen of cities in what manner she may always abound with provisions, by manuring untilled lands, draining marshes, and laying under water, and thereby fattening fields, which had all along been barren for want of moisture. My third

amusement is in shewing my native city, how, though already strong, she may be rendered much stronger; and though extremely beautiful, may still increase in beauty; though rich, may acquire more wealth, and may be made to enjoy better air, though her air is excellent. These three amusements, all arising from the idea of public utility, I enjoy in the highest degree. Another very great comfort I enjoy is, that having been defrauded when young, of a considerable estate, I have made ample amends for that loss, by dint of thought and industry, and without the least wrong done to any person, have doubled my income, so that I am able not only to provide for my dear grand-children, but to educate and assist many poor youth to begin the world. And I cannot help saying, I reflect with more pleasure on what I lay out in that way, than in any other.

Another very considerable addition to my happiness is, that what I have written from my own experience, in order to recommend *temperance*, has been of great use to numbers, who loudly proclaim their obligations to me for that work, several of them having sent me word from foreign parts, that, under God, they are indebted to me for their lives. But that which makes me look on myself as one of the happiest of men, is, that I enjoy as it were, two sorts of lives; the one terrestrial, which I possess in fact; the other celestial, which I possess in thought; and this thought is attended with unutterable delight, being founded on such glorious objects, which I am morally sure of obtaining, through the infinite goodness and mercy of God. Thus I enjoy this terrestrial life, partly through the beneficent influences of temperance and sobriety, virtues so pleasing to haven; and I enjoy, through cordi-

al love of the same divine majesty, the celestial life, by contemplating so often on the happiness thereof, that I can hardly think of any thing else. And I hold, that dying in the manner I expect, is not really death, but a passage of the soul from this earthly life, to a celestial, immortal, and infinitely perfect existence. And I am so far charmed with the glorious elevation to which I think my soul is designed, that I can no longer stoop to those trifles, which, alas! charm and infatuate too great a part of mankind. The prospect of parting with my favourite enjoyments of this life, gives me but little concern; on the contrary, I thank God, I often think of it with secret joy, since by that loss I am to gain a life incomparably more happy.

O! who then would be troubled, were he in my place? what good man, but must instantly throw off his load of

worldly sorrow, and address his grateful homage to the Author of all this happiness? However, there is not a man on earth, who may not hope for the like happiness, if he would but live as I do. For indeed I am no angel, but only a man, a servant of God, to whom a good and temperate life is so pleasing, that even in this world he greatly rewards those who practise it.

And whereas many embrace a holy and contemplative life, teaching and preaching the great truths of religion, which is *highly* commendable, the chief employment of such being to lead men to the knowledge and worship of God. O that they would likewise betake themselves entirely to a regular and temperate life! They would then be considered as saints indeed upon earth, as those primitive christians were, who observed so constant a temperance, and lived so long. By living like them, to the age of one

hundred and twenty, they might make such a proficiency in holiness, and become so dear to God, as to do the greatest honour and service to the world; and they would besides, enjoy constant health and spirits, and be always happy within themselves; whereas they are now too often infirm and melancholy. If indeed they are melancholy, because they see God (after all his goodness) so ungratefully requited; or because they see men (notwithstanding their innumerable obligations to love) yet hating and grieving each other: such melancholy is truly amiable and divine.

But to be melancholy on any other account, is, to speak the truth, quite unnatural to good christians; such persons being the servants of God and heirs of immortality; and it is still more unbecoming the ministers of religion, who ought to consider themselves, as of all

others, in the most important, serviceable, and delightful employment.

I know, many of these gentlemen think that God does purposely bring these occasions of melancholy on them that they may in this life do penance for their former sins; but therein, as I think, they are much mistaken. I cannot conceive, how God, who loves mankind, can be delighted with their sufferings. He desires that mankind should be happy, both in this world and the next; he tells us so in a thousand places in his word, and we actually find that there is not a man on earth, who does not feel the good Spirit of God, forbidding and condemning those wicked courses, which would rob him of that happiness. No; it is the devil and sin which bring all the evils we suffer, on our heads, and not God, who is our Creator and Father, and desires our happiness: his commands tend to no other

purpose. And temperance would not be a virtue, if the benefit it does us by preserving us from distempers, were repugnant to the designs of God in our old age.

In short, if all religious people were strictly temperate and holy, how beautiful, how glorious a scene should we then behold! Such numbers of venerable old men as would create surprise. How many wise and holy teachers to edify the people by their wholesome preaching and good examples! How many sinners might receive benefit by their fervent intercessions! How many blessings might they shower upon the earth! and not as now, eating and drinking so intemperately, as to inflame the blood and excite wordly passions, pride, ambition, and concupiscence, soiling the purity of their minds, checking their growth in holiness, and in some unguarded moment, betraying

them into sins disgraceful to religion, and ruinous to their peace for life. Would they but feed temperately, and that chiefly on vegetable food, they would as I do, soon find it the most agreeable (by the cool temperate humours it affords) the best friend to virtuous improvement, begetting gentle manners, mild affections, purity of thought, heavenly mindedness, quick relish of virtue, and delight in God. This was the life led by the holy fathers of old, who subsisted entirely on vegetables, drinking nothing but pure water, and yet lived to an extreme old age, in good health and spirits, and always happy within themselves. And so may all in our days live, provided they would but mortify the lusts of a corruptible body, and devote themselves entirely to the exalted service of God; for this is indeed the privilege of every faithful christian as Jesus Christ left it,

when he came down upon earth to shed his precious blood in order to deliver us from the tyrannical servitude of the devil; and all through his immense goodness.

To conclude, since length of days abounds with so many blessings, and I am so happy as to have arrived at that state, I find myself bound (in charity) to give testimony in favour of it, and solemnly assure all mankind, that I really enjoy a great deal more than what I now mention; and that I have no other motive in writing on this subject, than to engage them to practise, all their lives, those excellent virtues of temperance and sobriety, which will bring them, like me, to a happy old age. And therefore I never cease to raise my voice, crying out to you, my friends, may your days be many, that you may long serve God, and be fitter for the glory which he prepares for his children!

APPENDIX.

GOLDEN RULES OF HEALTH,

SELECTED FROM

HIPPOCRATES, PLUTARCH, AND SEVERAL OTHER EMINENT PHYSICIANS AND PHILOSOPHERS.

OF all the people on the face of the earth, the Americans are under the greatest obligations to live temperately. Formed for commerce, our country abounds with bays, rivers and creeks, the exhalations from which, give the air a dampness unfriendly to the springs of life. To counteract this infelicity of cli-

mate reason teaches us to adopt every measure that may give tone and vigor to the constitution. This precaution, at all times necessary, is peculiarly so in autumn, for then the body is relaxed by the intense heat of the dog-days, the air is filled with noxious vapours, from putrid vegetables; Nature herself wears a sickly, drooping aspect; the most robust feel a disagreeable weariness and soreness of their flesh, a heaviness and sluggishness in motion, quick feverish flushings, and sudden chills darting along their nerves (all plain proofs of a sickly atmosphere, and tottering health.) Now, if ever we need the aid of all-invigorating temperance, now keep the stomach light and vigorous by moderate feeding, the veins well stored with healthy blood, and the nerves full braced by manly exercise and comely cheerfulness. Be choice of your diet, fruit perfectly ripe, vegetables thoroughly done, and

meats of the easiest digestion, with a glass or two of generous wine at each meal, and all taken in such prudent moderation as not to load but strengthen the constitution. For at this critical juncture a single act of intemperance, which would scarcely be felt in the wholesome frosts of winter, often turns the scale against nature, and brings on obstinate indigestion, load at stomach, loss of appetite, a furred tongue, yellowness of eyes, bitter taste in the mouth in the morning, bilious vomitings, agues, fevers, &c. which in spite of the best medicines, often wear a man away to a ghost. If blessed with a good constitution, he *may* perhaps crawl on to *winter*, and get braced up again by her friendly frosts; but if old or infirm, it is likely death will overtake him, before he can reach that city of refuge.

"The giddy practice of throwing aside our winter clothes too early in the

spring, and that of exposing our bodies, when overheated, to sudden cold, has destroyed more people than famine, pestilence and sword."* *Sydenham.*

Those who, by any accident, have lost a meal (suppose their dinner) ought not to eat a plentiful supper; for it will lie heavy on their stomach, and they will have a more restless night than if they had both dined and supped heartily. He therefore, who has missed his dinner,

* I saw (says an American officer) thirteen grenadiers lying dead by a spring, in consequence of drinking too freely of the cold water, while dripping with sweat in a hard day's march, in summer. And many a charming girl, worthy of a tenderer husband, has sunk into the icy embraces of death, by suddenly exposing her delicate frame, warm from the ball room, to the cold air. And since "the universal cause acts not by partial, but by general laws," many a good soul, with more piety than prudence, turning out quite warm from a crowded preaching into the cold air without cloak or surtout, has gone off in a galloping consumption to that happy world, where pain and sickness are unknown. What a melancholy thing it is, that people cannot take care of their souls, without neglecting their bodies, nor seek their salvation without ruining their health!

should make a light supper of spoon victuals, rather than of any strong solid food." *Hippocrates.*

He who has taken a larger quantity of food than usual, and feels it heavy and troublesome on his stomach, will, if he is a wise man, go out and puke it up immediately.* *Hippocrates.*

And here I cannot omit mentioning a a very ruinous error into which too many are fond of running, I mean, the frequent use of strong vomits and purgatives. A man every now and then feeds too freely on some favourite dish: by such excess the stomach is weakened, the

* The wise son of Sirach confirms this precept, and says, Eccles. xxxi. 21. "If thou hast been forced to eat, arise, go forth and puke, and thou shalt have rest." And most certain it is (adds an ingenious physician) that hundreds and thousands have brought sickness and death on themselves, by their ignorance or neglect of this rule. But at the same time people should carefully avoid a repetition of that excess, which renders such an evacuation necessary, for frequent vomitings do greatly tend to weaken and destroy the tone of the stomach.

body filled with superfluous humours, and he presently finds himself much out of sorts. The only medicine in this case, is moderate exercise, innocent amusement, and a little abstinence, this is nature's own prescription, as appears by her taking away his appetite. But having long placed his happiness in eating and drinking, he cannot think of relinquishing a gratification so dear to him, and so sets himself to force an appetite by drams, slings, elixir of vitriol, wine and bitters, pickles, sauces, &c. and on the credit of this artificial appetite, feeds again as if he possessed the most vigorous health. He now finds himself *entirely* disordered, general heaviness and weariness of body, flatulent uneasiness, frequent eructations, loss of appetite, disturbed slumbers, frightful dreams, bitter taste in the mouth, &c. He now complains of a foul stomach, or (in his own words) that his stomach is full of bile; and immediately

takes a dose of tartar emetic or a strong purgative, to cleanse out his stomach, and so prepare for another course of high living. Of all the Apollyons or destroyers of nerves, health and life, this is the greatest; and I have no sort of doubt on my own mind but it has broken down more constitutions, brought on more distempers, and sent more people to an early grave, than all the vices of this bedlam world put together. How much wiser would it be in this case to follow the advice of the celebrated Bœrhaave, i. e. to use a little abstinence, take moderate exercise, and thereby help nature to carry off her crudities and recover her springs. I have been often told by a lady of quality, whose circumstances obliged her to be a good œconomist, and whose prudence and temperance preserved her health and senses unimpaired to a great age, that she had kept herself out of the hands of the physicians many years by

this simple regimen. People in health should never force themselves to eat when they have no appetite; Nature, the best judge in these matters, will never fail to let us know the proper time of refreshment. To act contrary to this rule, will assuredly weaken the powers of digestion, impair health and shorten life. *Plutarch.*

"Let us beware of such food as tempts us to eat when we are not hungry, and of such liquors as entice us to drink when we are not thirsty." *Socrates.*

It is really surprising (says Plutarch) what benefit men of letters would receive from reading aloud every day; we ought therefore to make that exercise familiar to us, but it should not be done immediately after dinner, nor fatigue, for that error has proved hurtful to many. But though loud reading is a very healthy exercise, violent vociferation is highly dangerous; it has in thou-

sands of instances burst the tender blood vessels of the lungs, and brought on incurable consumptions.*

"The world has long made a just distinction betwixt men of learning, and wise men. Men of learning are oftentimes the weakest of men: they read and meditate incessantly, without allowing proper relaxation or refreshment to the body; and think that a frail machine can bear fatigue as well as an im-

* Would to God, all ministers of religion (I mention *them* because they are generally most wanting in this great article of prudence) would but attend to the advice of this eminent Philosopher. They would, many of them, live much longer, and consequently stand a good chance to be more useful men here on earth, and brighter saints in heaven. What can give greater pain to a man who has the prosperity of religion at heart, than to see an *amiable, pious young divine* (who promised great services to the world) spitting up his lungs, and dying of a consumption brought on by preaching ten times louder than he had need! since the world began, no man ever spoke with *half* the energy which the interests of eternal souls deserve, but there is a wide difference betwixt an *instructive, moving, melting eloquence*, and a *loud, unmeaning monotony*.

mortal spirit. This puts me in mind of what happened to the camel in the fable; which, refusing though often premonished, to ease the ox in due time of a part of his load, was forced at last to carry not only the ox's whole load, but the ox himself also, when he died under his burden. Thus it happens to the mind which has no compassion on the body, and will not listen to its complaints, nor give it any rest, until some sad distemper compels the mind to lay study and contemplation aside; and to lie down, with the afflicted body, upon the bed of languishing and pain. Most wisely, therefore, does Plato admonish us to take the same care of our bodies as of our minds; that like a well matched pair of horses to a chariot, each may draw his equal share of weight. And when the *mind* is most intent upon virtue and usefulness, the *body* should then be most cherished by prudence

and temperance, that so it may be fully equal to such arduous and noble pursuits." *Plutarch.*

Nothing is more injurious to health than hard study at night; it is inverting the order of nature, and ruining the constitution.

But most of all, it is improper to lie reading in bed by candle light; for it not only partakes of the usual inconveniencies of night study, such as straining the eyes, weakening the sight, fatiguing the mind, and wearing away the constitution, but is oft-times the cause of the saddest calamities; thousands of elegant houses, with all their costly furniture, have been reduced to ashes by this very imprudent practice.

But how can giddy youth, hurried on by strong passions and appetites, be prevented from running into those excesses, which may cut them off in the prime of their days, or at least hoard up

diseases and remorse for old age? Why, their passions and appetites must early be restrained by proper discipline and example. This important office must be done by their parents, whose first and greatest care should be "to train up their children in the way they should go, that when they are old they may not depart from it."

"O that parents (says the excellent Mr. Locke) would carefully instil into their children that great principle of all virtue and worth, viz. nobly to deny themselves every wrong desire, and steadily follow what reason dictates as best, though the appetite should lean the other way. We often see parents by humouring them when little, corrupt the principles of virtue in their children; and wonder afterwards to taste the bitter waters of their undutifulness or wickedness, when they themselves have contributed thereto. Why should we

wonder that he who has been accustomed to have his will in every thing, when he was in coats, should desire and contend for it when he is in breeches? Youth is the golden season to inure the mind to the practice of virtue, on which their future health and respectability depend, and without which it will be impossible to deliver their constitutions, unbroken, to manhood and old age. Vice is utterly inconsistent with health, which can never dwell with lewdness luxury, sloth and violent passions. The life of the epicure and rake, is not only short, but miserable. It would shock the modest and compassionate to hear of those exquisite pains, and dreadful agonies, which profligate young persons suffer from their debaucheries, before they can even reach the friendly shelter of an untimely *grave*. Or if some few stop short in their career of riot, before they have quite destroyed the springs of life, yet those springs are

generally rendered so feeble and crazy, by the liberties which they have already taken, that they only support a gloomy, dispirited dying life, tédious to themselves, and troublesome to all around them; and (which is still more pitiable) often transmit their complaints to an innocent unhappy offspring."

PART II.

THE WAY TO WEALTH,

BY

DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

INTRODUCTION.

"But for one end, one much neglected use, are
riches worth your care:
This noble end is, to shew the virtues in their
fairest light;
To make humanity the minister of *bounteous*
Providence,
And teach the breast the generous luxury of do-
ing good."

DR. ARMSTRONG.

THERE is scarcely among the evils of life, any so generally dreaded as poverty. Many other kinds of misery a man may easily forget, because they do not always force themselves upon his regards. But it is impossible to pass a day or an hour, in the company of men without seeing how much poverty is exposed to neglect and insult; and in its lowest state, to hunger and

nakedness; to injuries, against which every passion is in arms; and to wants, which nature, without the aids of religion, cannot sustain.

Of these calamities, mankind in general seem to be sensible. We hear on every side the noise of trade; and see the streets thronged with numberless multitudes, whose faces are clouded with anxiety, and whose steps are hurried by precipitation, from no other motive than the hope of gain. The whole world is put in motion by the desire of that wealth, which is chiefly to be valued as it secures us from poverty and its miseries. But there are always some whose passions or follies lead them to a conduct widely different from the general practice of mankind. I mean the thoughtless and the negligent, who, from an excess of carelessness, or the seductions of company, indulge habits of pleasure and expence above their fortunes; and thus mispend their time, or waste the inheritance of

their fathers, without ever seeming to reflect on the great sacrifice they are making, or the gulf to which they approach, till poverty, like an unexpected winter, comes upon them with all its chilling calamities, and awakens them to a pungent sense of their folly and wretchedness. The young, and those of the most generous and unsuspecting tempers, often fall into this evil net, out of which they seldom escape without suffering injuries, which they painfully feel and seriously lament through life. No man had a heart more disposed to pity, nor a head more able to counsel these unfortunates than the sage Dr. Franklin, the friend of man, and the great economist of America. His little work, entitled, "the Way to Wealth," is universally considered as a master-piece, on the art of making and preserving a fortune. But before we give the Reader a sight of this, we will exhibit to his view some of the many fencities of wealth, that

on seeing how much happiness he may derive from it to himself, and how many services he may therewith confer on others, he may apply with vigour and perseverance to the means conducive to so dsirable an end.

In the first place; Wealth always commands respect, unless its owner be an infamous wretch indeed; and even in that deplorable case, it has the magic powers of charity, to cover and hide a multitude of sins. It gives a man an air of consequence, and like true beauty, without any exertion of its own, wins the favour of all beholders. When the rich man goes into company, every body rise up to salute him: no features too hard to assume a smile: no back so stiff but can afford him a bow. He is placed in the uppermost seat at the table, and men covet to direct their conversation to him. The poor man speaketh, but no one regardeth; the rich

openeth his mouth, and lo! silence is kept.

What can be more pleasing to a man than to see himself thus honoured by his friends? But besides this satisfaction, which to the good, is very exquisite; it has a very happy moral effect on the mind. In a mind possessed of common sensibility, it must kindle the soft fire of good humour, and good humour naturally inspires benevolence and affection. Whence we infer, that a rich man, who is prudent, stands a much fairer chance to be good humoured than the poor, whose poverty exposes them to such frequent slights and neglects.

In the second place, wealth places a man in a state which all must covet; a state of Independence. To owe no man any thing: to be able to go withersoever we please; and to face any company without dread of dunning, is a luxury too divine, even to be conceived by any who have not been haunted and hag ridden

by creditors. Say, ye debtors, ye poorest of mankind, say, ye who cannot look at a creditor without confusion, nor hear the name of justice without a pang; who startle at the sound of a shaken leaf, as though the feet of the sheriff were at the door, and fly as the murderer flies from the avenger of blood, whose sorrowful days are wasted in meditating fruitless plans of payment, while your midnight slumbers are frightened by dreams of bankruptcy, and apparitions of merciless creditors, sales, and houseless children: say, wherein is the life of a debtor better than the life of a dog. Are not the prospects of independence as reviving to your hearts, as the prospects of paradise to souls that have long pined in purgatory?

But, on the other hand, never to go in debt; or, if accident should render a trifling debt necessary; to have at home more than enough to defray it; to receive a creditor with a smiling countenance; to de-

light his eyes with the promised gold, and to dismiss him charmed with our punctuality and honour: Must not this, to a good man, afford a series of satisfactions, too complicated for detail, and too exquisite for description?

In the third place; Wealth enables us to enjoy the purest and sublimest pleasures that are to be found on earth, the pleasures of doing good.

To a tender parent, the interests of his children are dear, as the blood which feeds the fountain of life. When he looks at them, his bowels are moved within him, because he remembers the evils which await them; He considers that ignorance leaves them an easy prey to the crafty and cruel; and that want betrays them to dishonesty and falsehood. Happy the parent who possesses wealth; he places before his children the lamp of knowledge, and they perceive the snares of the artful; he surrounds them with the blessings of competence, and

they despise the gains of iniquity. He has sisters and brothers perhaps, poor in worldly goods, but whom he loves as his own soul; and young relatives, whose little strong embraces, kindle all the parent within him. Is there on earth a happiness equal to that which he feels in supplying their wants; giving them education, and thus leading them, as by the hand, to usefulness and honour?

To welcome the weeping widow; to provide for her a place of rest; to dry up her tears; to feed and educate her little orphans, and to put them in a way to gain an honest livelihood.

To take by the hand poor young tradesmen; to lend them money; to set them up, and thus to enable them to be very useful to the community, and to make comfortable livings for themselves.

To build in the neighbourhoods of the poor, places of public worship, where the

people may learn the knowledge of God, and the happiness of a good life.

To assist in providing houses where the sick and aged poor, who are not able to work for themselves, may be taken in, and have medicines and physicians to cure their sicknesses, and food and clothing to make the remainder of their days happy.

To feel for a tenant's misfortunes, and to abate something of his rent in a bad season.

To silence the excuses of a poor debtor with a "well, well; don't be uneasy on account of this trifle; I know you are an honest man, and I am willing to wait till you can make it convenient to pay me."

These are some of the numberless luxuries of beneficence which wealth enables a good man to enjoy. If you would enjoy them listen to the instructions of Dr. FRANKLIN, and let the words of his mouth sink deep into your heart. Despise them not for their simplicity; for simple and unlearned is the multitude to which they are addressed.

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

Courteous Reader,

I HAVE heard, that nothing gives an author so great pleasure, as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse, lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchant's goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean

old man, with white locks, "Pray, father, Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham, stood up, and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; "for a word to the wise is enough," as Poor Richard says. They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends, says he, the taxes are, indeed, very heavy; and, if those laid on by the government, were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these

taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; God helps them that help themselves," as Poor Richard says.

I. "It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service: but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright," as Poor Richard says. "But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of," as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep? forgetting that "The sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard says.

"If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be," as Poor Richard says, "the greatest prodigality;" since, as he elsewhere tells us, "Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough:" Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy: and, he that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," as Poor Richard says.

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. "Industry need not wish, and he that

lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains: then, help hands for I have no lands," or if I have they are smartly taxed. "He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour," as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we will never starve; for at the working man's house, hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for "Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them." What, though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, "Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep."

Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows," as Poor Richard says; and farther, "Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day." If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your relations, and your country. Handle your tools without mittens: remember, that "The cat in gloves catches no mice," as Poor Richard says. It is true, there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for "Constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks."

"Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" I will tell thee my friend what Poor Richard says; "Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, "A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;" whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. "Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good-morrow."

II. "But with our industry, we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs

with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

> "I never saw an oft-removed tree,
> Nor yet an oft-removed family,
> That throve so well as those that settled be."

And again, "Three removes is as bad as a fire;" and again, "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;" and again, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." And again,

> "He that by the plough would thrive,
> Himself must either hold or drive."

And again, "The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands;" and again, "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge; and again, "Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open." Trusting too much to others care is the ruin of many; for, "In the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;" but a man's

own care is profitable; for, "If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost," being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

III. "So much for industry my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, "keep his nose all his life to the grind-stone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will;" and

"Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning & knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

"If you would be wealthy, think of saving, as well as of getting. The In-

dies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes."

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Makes the wealth small, and the want great."

And farther, "What maintains one vice, would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember many a little makes a mickle." Beware of little expences; "A small leak will sink a great ship," as Poor Richard says; and again, "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove?" and moreover, "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and

nick-nacks. You call them goods; but if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and, perhaps, they may for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says, "Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries." And again, "At a great pennyworth pause a while:" he means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, "Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths." Again, "It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;" and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanac. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back have

gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families; "Silks and sattins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire," as Poor Richard says. These are not the necessaries of life, they can scarcely be called the conveniences: and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them? By these and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that a ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of: they think "It is day and will never be night:" that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but always taking out of the meal-tub, and

never putting in, soon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard says; and then, "When the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," as Poor Richard says; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Dick farther advises, and says,

"Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, "Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy." When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it:" And it is as truly folly

for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

"Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore."

It is, however a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, "Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt; Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy." And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

"But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months credit; and that perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another

power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base downright lying; for, "The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt," as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, "Lying rides upon Debt's back:" whereas a free American ought not to be ashamed, nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright." What would you think of that nation, or of that government, who should issue an edict, forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say, that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and

that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny when you run in debt for such a dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him: when you have got your bargain, you may perhaps think little of payment; but as Poor Richard says, "Creditors have better memories than debtors, creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. "Those

have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter." At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

"For age and want save while you may,
No morning sun lasts a whole day."

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expence is constant and uncertain; and, "It is easier to build two chimnies, than to keep one in fuel," as Poor Richard says: So, "Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.

"Get what you can, and what you get hold,
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold."

And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. "This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own

industry and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now to conclude, "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for, it is true, "We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct:" However remember this, "They that will not be counselled cannot be helped;" and farther, that "If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles," as Poor Richard says.

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately

practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropt on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious, that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee. RICHARD SAUNDERS.

ADVICE

TO

A YOUNG TRADESMAN.

REMEMBER that *time* is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labour, and goes abroad, or sits idle one half of that day, though he spends but sixpence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon that the only expence; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides.

Remember that credit is money. If a man lets his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it during

that time. This amounts to a considerable sum when a man has good and large credit, and makes good use of it.

Remember that money is of a prolific generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six; turned again it is seven and three pence; and so on till it becomes an hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces, every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that kills a breeding sow, destroys all her offspring to the thousandth generation. He that murders a crown, destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds.

Remember that six pounds a year is but a groat a day. For this little sum, which may be daily wasted either in time or expence, unperceived, a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant possession and use of an hun-

dred pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantage.

Remember this saying, "The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse." He that is known to pay punctually and exactly to the time he promises, may at any time, and on any occasion raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world, than punctuality and justice in all his dealings: there fore never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse for ever.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months

longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day; demands it before he can receive it in a lump.

It shews, besides, that you are mindful of what you owe; it makes you appear a careful, as well as honest man, and that still increases your credit.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account, for some time, both of your expences and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect; you will discover how wonderfully small trifling expences mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been, and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, *industry* and *frugality;* that is, waste neither *time* nor *money*, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them every thing. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets (necessary expences excepted) will certainly become *rich*; if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavours, doth not, in his wise providence, otherwise determine.

AN OLD TRADESMAN.

PART III.

A SURE GUIDE TO HAPPINESS,

BY

DOCTOR SCOTT.

A SURE GUIDE TO HAPPINESS.

"Oh Happiness! our beings end and aim,
Good, pleasure, ease, content; whate'er thy name,
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.
Plant of celestial seed, if dropt below,
Say in what favour'd soil thou deign'st to grow."

POPE.

IF there be any truth fully ascertained by reason and revelation, it is this, That "*Man is not but to be happy.*" Surely the mighty author of our being can have no selfish view in our creation. His happiness is too immense and too secure to receive increase, or to suffer diminution from any thing that we can do. "*Can a man profit his Maker, or what need hath the Almighty of our services?*"

A more important question claims our regard. Wherein *consists* the happiness of Man?

In order to answer this we must remember, that man is composed of two natures, an animal and a rational, each of which is blest with capacities of enjoyment, and must have its correspondent objects of gratification before man can be happy. Hitherto we have considered him in the first of these, in his animal capacity: We have placed before us, *a creature of noble shape, erect and fair*, formed of nerves and fibres, and endued with appetites and feelings.

Though this his animal nature be infinitely inferior to his rational, yet since the happiness of the latter cannot be complete, while the former is destitute of its proper goods, we have devoted the two preceding books to the best interests of his animal nature. We have taken the liberty to send him to Old

CORNARO and Dr. FRANKLIN, to hear their excellent lectures on health and competence, which all allow to be two very choice ingredients in the cup of happiness. Nay, some entertain so high an opinion of these, as to declare, that if CORNARO and FRANKLIN could insure a *quantum sufficit* of them, they would be content, and ask no better happiness than what they could extract from these.

But let it be remembered that this is not the language of the wise, but of the slothful, and of such as are pushed for money, who frequently experiencing the painfulness of being dunned, and sometimes tasting the sweets of ease and pleasure, are ready to conclude, that if they had but money enough; Oh if they had but money enough to retire from the fatigues and vexations of business, and to spend delicious days and nights in all the varied

joys of feasted sense, *how blest as the immortal Gods they would be!*

And truly if man was but a more elegant sort of beast, and capable of no higher pleasures than those of sense, these Mahometan dreamers might be more than half in the right. In that case, health and competence might very well serve our turn; as with the one we might purchase, and with the other enjoy, all the happiness of which we were capable. But since God has been so good as to raise us many degrees above mere animal nature; since he has together with bodies, given us immortal minds, endowed with faculties and affections capable of angelic joys, it follows very delightfully, that another guess bill of fare must be made out for us than that which would serve Epicurean hogs.

Those gentlemen who are so fond of stinting themselves to mere *bodily* plea-

sures, would do well to remember, that every rank of animated nature must have its proper gratifications or be miserable. Furnish earth and water to a *plant*, and it shall look green, and flourish like a cedar in Lebanon; but give nothing but this to a *horse*, and he shall presently perish for want of nutriment. Again, give grass and water to a horse, and he shall look plump as pampered speculation; but confine a *man* to grass and water, and you shall soon write *hic jacet* on his tomb. Thus every link in the great chain of being has its respective capacities and enjoyments. Man is favoured with these in a degree of perfection above all the creatures that we have seen. He possesses, harmoniously blended in himself, the various excellencies of two different natures; together with a relish for all the pleasures of the most perfect animal, he can boast capacities equal to the sublime delights

of celestial spirits; now to suppose that so exalted, I had almost said so divine a creature as this, can be satisfied with enjoyments that belong to the poorest and meanest part of his nature, were a far greater absurdity, than to suppose that an animal of the most delicate taste and sense, can be content with earth and water, the simple nutriment of a plant.

Accordingly we find that experience has ever evinced the mistake of those who have expected, that sensual goods alone could make them happy, This is not a novel opinion, but seems to have been a favourite notion of some in the days of king Solomon, who resolved to examine the truth or falsehood of it. Never man enjoyed equal opportunities; he had gold and silver as the stones in the vallies for abundance; and in wisdom he far exceeded all the sages of the East. The whole force of this wisdom and wealth he determined to employ on the

experiment. "Behold (said he) I will get me down and make me great works, and build me houses, and plant me vineyards, and make me gardens and pools of water. I will get me men singers and women singers, and all the delights of the sons of men; and whatever mine eyes desire, I will not keep from them." When every thing is thus planned by himself, and executed according to his direction, surely he is arrived to the accomplishment of his wishes, and has ascended to the summit of all human happiness. The poor, who are taken with fine shows, would conclude so: Solomon certainly knows best; let us ask him, What does he say?

"Lo! I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." Well, gentlemen, you, I mean who think that

if you had but an abundance of *riches*, and *health* to *enjoy* them, you could not fail to be happy. What do you think of having against you such a formidable case in point as this? Are you not beginning to suspect that you may have been under a mistake all this time? Suppress not the friendly suspicion: Instead of repining, you should rejoice to find that you have been in an error. Have you not abundant cause of joy, that riches and health with all their springs and streams of pleasure, are not *alone* sufficient to quench your thirst of happiness, nor able to fill up the vast capacities of your nature? After conquering one world, Alexander sat down and wept, that he had not another into which he could push his victories: But, thank God, we have not his cause of complaint.

For after having pushed our conquests through all those regions of innocent

enjoyment which belong to our animal nature, we can enter upon the far wider provinces of REASON and AFFECTION, and possess ourselves of all the sublime pleasures of angels, i. e. the pleasures of knowledge, imagination, virtue, friendship and love. When asked therefore, *Wherein consists the true happiness of Man?* We readily answer, that as the happiness of a mere animal consists in exercising its appetites on such goods as are suited to its nature, and capable of gratifying all its senses; so the true happiness of man consists in exercising his faculties on such objects as are suited to his rational nature, and capable of delighting his soul through all her various affections. But where is that *infinite good?* Who is that wondrous being that can feast the faculties, and satisfy the desires of an *immortal mind?* 'Tis God; and he alone in whose ineffable perfections the whole world of ration-

als will find enough, and more than enough, to employ their admiration and delight through eternal ages.

Accordingly we find that Christ, when asked what a man should do to be truly happy, replied, "*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind; and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*"

In this admirable reply, which for sublimity of piety and philanthropy, and for profound wisdom and philosophy, deserves everlasting veneration, we learn three very important lessons. I. That the chief good or true happiness of man consists in his mind. II. In the affections of his mind. And III. In those affections directed to worthy objects.

I. He who was perfectly acquainted with our nature, places the supreme happiness of man in the mind. How strange soever it may seem, yet most

certain it is, that this ever was, and still is a new doctrine to the bulk of mankind. For not only the numerous sect of ancient Epicureans, and sensual Mahometans, but the generality of Christians to this day, place the seat of happiness in the *body*.

Talk to them about the pleasures of the understanding, or the still sublimer pleasures of devotion, and your words seem not to be understood; but shift the subject and talk about the pleasures of inheriting large estates, of living at ease and faring sumptuously every day, and immediately you perceive, by their smiling countenances and ready conversation, that you have awakened their favourite ideas, and that these are the things which lie nearest to their hearts.

That the goods of the body constitute some small part of man's happiness, and that therefore they ought to be valued, and, as far as conscience and

a regard to higher interests will permit, should be sought after, is *evident*. But that these goods and pleasures of the body, constitute man's *supreme* happiness, is one of the most degrading, damnable errors, that ever was broached. No man who understands the dignity of his immortal part, and who entertains a proper love for himself and his fellow men, can hear such a proposition without abhorrence and indignation. What! shall happiness which all so vehemently desire, and so heartily pray for, both for themselves and for others; shall happiness, the bare hope of which revives the heart, and does good like a medicine; which gives strength to the weak, and courage to the fearful; which animates us through life; nor deserts us in death. Shall this *fondest wish*, this *sweetest expectation* of all men, consist merely in the goods and pleasures of the body. Consider, thou cruel mur-

derer of thyself; thou barbarous assassin of human kind, how few ever attain those pleasures to which thou stupidly confinest the happiness of man; how fewer still ever *enjoy* them, and how soon death will snatch them out of the hands of those who are so fortunate! Reflect what unnumbered millions are born to no better inheritance than poverty and bondage, and who, instead of being caressed in the soft lap of ease and pleasure, are driven through life by the scourge of cruel tyrants, or more cruel wants! hard put to it to get a little bread, and sometimes *never* get *it*, at least not comfortably: but from various causes, eat it all their lives long in bitterness of soul! And of those seemingly happy ones who possess all the goods of the body, how few enjoy them without alloy? How many, by abusing these blessings, contract diseases which render fleeting life one con-

tinued scene of sorrow and suffering? And in those apparently fortunate cases, where the greatest abundance of sensual goods is accompanied with health and power of enjoyment; yet, alas! how soon does enjoyment consume the little good which they contained, and leave the wealthy glutton to languish under indifference, to fret through disappointment, and to sigh for something else?

Cast your eyes on that pale bloated figure. It is the emperor Heliogabalus, corrupted by the brutalizing sophistry of Epicurus, i. e. that the pleasures of the body constitute man's only happiness, he resolved to be happy to some purpose. All Italy was taxed; all Asia robbed to support his luxury: every region of the earth was explored every element ransacked to furnish his table. All that bounteous nature bestows of rare and delicious among her birds, beasts, fishes, fruits and spices; and

all these prepared by the nicest hand of cookery, were served up to feast and delight his appetites. Surely, if luxurious ease and delicious fare were happiness, Heliogabalus must have been blest indeed. The discontent visible in his countenance proves the reverse. Could you ask him, he would tell you that his pleasures are at best but vain, and too frequently vexatious. Sometimes he was mortified, because, through defect of appetite, he could not enjoy his delicious morsels. At other times, tempted by their luscious flavour, he fed to an excess, which brought on him a variety of painful and loathsome diseases. And at all times it was matter of grief to him, that the pleasures of eating and drinking should so soon be over. This circumstance caused one of the Roman emperors to quarrel with his own constitution, and to wish, in all the rage of disappointed pleasure, that he had the

stomach of a horse, that he might enjoy the satisfaction of eating ten times as much as its present scanty capacities would allow. And another emperor, for the same swinish reason, preferred his petition to the gods, that they would grant him a neck as long as that of a crane, vainly hoping, that he should thereby the longer enjoy the dear pleasure of swallowing.

But granting the sensuality an utter exemption from all the ills and vexations of gluttony; that his coveted dainties are all served up in the most inviting style of perfection; that his fruits are luciously ripe and fresh; his meats tender and deliciously flavoured; his cookery the most exquisite in the world, and his wines equal to the nectar of Jove. And granting too that he has an appetite to season, and health to enjoy all these dainties, yet, alas! how soon must the season of enjoyment be

over with him for ever! Old age will presently steal on him; his nerves must soon grow hard and dull, and lose their delicate edge and sensibility, and then, though he may sit *down*, yet can he not enjoy his dainty morsels.

Behold, I am now (said the rich old Barzillai) fourscore years old, and can I discern what is savoury? Can I taste what I eat or what I drink; or can I hear the voice of singing men and singing women? After this humiliating period, what sad dishonours will sickness and death soon bring upon the body, the gluttons pampered pride! His cheeks once so plump and rosy, are now pale and emaciated. His skin, formerly so smooth and polished, is now deformed with wrinkles. His body once straight and erect, is now crooked and bent with years. His limbs, late so nimble and active, are now stiff and scarcely able to move. And he who forty years ago possessed all the

bloom and vigour of full formed manhood, is now shrunk away to mere skin and bone, and experiences all the helplessness of a second childhood.

Supported on his crutches or cane, he attempts to move, but it is with difficulty and pain. His knees knock against each other through weakness. His hands tremble, and his whole body shakes as with an ague. In a little time his infirmities prevail; his body, though but the shadow of his former self, is now too heavy for his exhausted strength. In a low faultering voice, he begs to be led to his bed and there lies down never more to rise. Nature now sinks apace; his heart labours; his breast heaves; his breathing becomes short and quick; his eyes are hollow and sunk; his voice grows hoarse; he rattles in the throat; his limbs wax cold; his teeth turn black; he foams at the mouth; a feeble convulsion shakes his frame,

and, with a deep groan, his unwilling spirit takes her leave. Immediately putrefaction and worms begin their loathsome office; and in a little time, this pampered, idolized flesh, returns to the dust of which it was formed.

Who can contemplate this picture, and not bewail with tears of blood, the madness of those who expect their only happiness from such a vile body! O how infinitely superior to these miserable delusions is the Heaven descended philosophy of Jesus Christ! In that divine religion, the body, instead of being exalted as the seat of our happiness, is depreciated as the principal cause of our misery, being, as the poet expresses it, not only a nest of pain and bag of corruption, but the most fruitful source of our sins and sorrows. Christ seldom mentions the body, except to expose its comparative worthlessness, and to caution us against its defiling lusts. In

every part of the sacred volume, you hear his voice exclaiming with all the earnestness of parental affection: "Woe be to him who trusteth in the body, and maketh flesh his hope, for wherein is it to be relied on? Its origin is but dust, its beauty but a flower, its life but a vapour, and its duration but a moment. Pain and weariness accompany it while living, corruption and worms seize on it when dead. O let not thine heart decline to its lusts, and yield not to its enticements, for they have cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by them; their way is the way to hell, going down by the chambers of death. But though in the body thou canst find no true content, yet think of thy soul and rejoice, for she is more precious than silver, yea much fine gold is not to be compared unto her. Her beginning is from the breath of the Almighty, and her duration is as the days of eternity. She was made but a little lower than the

angels, and heaven was prepared of old for the place of her habitation. Wouldst thou be happy, deck her with the jewels of piety, and clothe her with virtue as with a garment; then shall the lamp of the Almighty shine into thy heart, and joy shall be thy constant companion. When thou walkest by the way, thy foot shall not stumble; and when thou liest down, thy sleep shall be sweet. In the day of sickness thou shalt not be afraid, and when death cometh upon thee, thou shalt laugh him to scorn; for the Lord of hosts is thy friend, and underneath thee are the ever lasting arms. He shall say unto thee, fear not, thou worm Jacob, for I am with thee; be not dismayed for I am thy God. Then shall he strip off thee the vile rags of mortality, and clothe thee with the garments of salvation. He shall wipe from thine eyes the tear of sorrow, and anoint thy face with the oil of gladness. He shall conduct thee into his own city, the city of

the living God, and unto the general assembly of angels, and spirits of just men made perfect. He shall give thee to drink with them of his rivers of pleasure, and to feast on joys at his right hand for ever more."

Thus splendid are the honours and felicities of which the soul of man is capable. These are the eternal goods to which Christ intreats us to aspire, and for the sake of which, he bids us despise the low unsatisfactory pleasures of a dying body.

What divine goodness, what perfect wisdom, are blended in that philosophy, which enjoins us to seek our happiness in the *mind* and not in the *body*. In that part of our nature which exalts us to God, and not in that which depresses us to the brute. In that part of us which will live for ever, and not in that which is daily in danger of dropping into the grave. In that part of us which can enjoy the noble plea-

sures of the glorious ones in Heaven, and not in that whose few pleasures are in common with the creatures of the stalls and styes.

But our divine Philosopher places the supreme happiness of man, not only in the mind, as we have just seen, but

II. In the *affections* of the mind.

This also will appear to many as a strange saying. It must expect to combat not only the prejudices of coarse Epicures, but the more serious doubts of many who seem to be more refined and rational in their schemes of happiness. Many even of those, who disdaining a vile body, sunk their happiness in the immortal mind, have never yet dreamed that it consists in the affections, but have sought it rather in the improvements of the *understanding*. Observing the great respect that is paid to men of learning, and remembering the high entertainment which

they themselves have derived from the conversation of such men, they conclude, that learning must be the brightest ornament and highest happiness of human nature. In their estimation, the man whose comprehensive mind takes a wide survey of the works of God, and of the inventions of men; who soars into the Heavens, and calls the stars by name; calculates eclipses, and fortells comets; who thence goes down into the depths of the sea, and explains the causes of its ceaseless motions; who traverses the boundless regions of the earth, knows *all their kingdoms, with the glory of them;* who speaks various languages, fathoms the depths of arts and sciences, understands the history of nations, the laws and government of all people. This, in their estimation, is the truly happy man. In a mind thus richly furnished, he possesses (as they suppose) the materials of

an enjoyment, of which nothing can ever deprive him.

Far be it from me to speak disrespectfully of learning, for certainly learning or wisdom is the *pia mater*, or first attribute of God himself, and the vast circumference within which lies all the happiness that human or angelic minds can enjoy. But this I say, that all the learning in the world, if separated from the *affections*, can never make us truly happy: And that these splendid attainments in science were never intended to form the *supreme* happiness of man, is evident, because the bulk of mankind are not capable of becoming great scholars and philosophers. Alas! What numbers, after all the pains that have been taken with them, never learn even to read their mother tongue with propriety! How many, who after a seven years apprenticeship, and a whole life's employment, never learn to fit on a

handsome boot or shoe! Many born with genius equal to the attainment of learning, are constrained to live and die in ignorance, for want of means to defray the expence of education; while others are obliged to stop in the middle of their career, and to give up the fond hopes of knowledge, because of a constitution too delicate to bear the fatigues of study. But granting to the lover of learning, every advantage of genius, constitution and fortune, that ever fell to the lot of the most favoured of mankind, what mighty acquisitions can be made by him whose genius, is at best, but dulness, and whose days are but a moment! When he considers the secrets of art, so multiplied and mysterious, he sits down in despair. When he contemplates the works of God, so infinite and unsearchable, the spirit faints within him, and he seems to himself, but as a feather floating on the surface

of a mighty ocean, whose wonders he can never explore. And were he asked for the sum of his learning, he would, if honest, take up the lamentation of the old philosopher, and reply, that after the vain toils of threescore years, he has learned to know that he knows nothing.

But admitting that he has acquired that stock of learning on which vain mortals are so adventurous as to set up for *masters* and *doctors*. Admitting that he has learned languages, studied arts and sciences, &c. &c. What is there in all this to make him happy, or to satisfy the desires of an immortal mind? As to languages, what folly to dream as some do, of great wisdom and honour to be found in learning them! For, what is language but words or sounds by which we communicate our thoughts to one another? If these words or sounds had the power like

charms, to brighten our wits, or to better our hearts, this language-mongery would be a noble speculation; but, alas! instead of making us wiser, these *learned* languages often make us greater fools. For, allowing, that after an expence of five years, and of at least as many hundred pounds, a young man has learned enough to give his horse a Latin or Greek name; What mighty advantages does he derive from this pretty art of nick-naming God's creatures? Does it teach him any new ideas relative to the nature and qualities of a horse? Or can it furnish him one useful receipt in farriery, or a single rule for the better management and choice of that noble animal?

Evidently, therefore, the *summum bonum*, or chief good of man does not consist in *dead languages*.

And as to systems of human learning, from which some fondly expect unfail-

ing pleasure and eternal honour, what are they, *frequently*, but systems of human error, monuments of the pride of man, who, impatient to be thought ignorant of any thing, boldly seizes fancy for fact, and conjecture for evidence, and with these fairy workmen, presently runs up vast Babels of *philosophy, vainly so called.* A whole lifetime is hardly sufficient to understand these pompous errors; and scarcely are they understood, before they are exploded to make room for some other set of notions, equally vain and perishable.

But, admitting that we have turned our studies to the noblest of human sciences, sciences founded on truth, and promising much entertainment and useful knowledge; yet, alas! full soon shall experience prove the truth of the remark made by Solomon, that "*In much learning is much trouble; and he who increases knowledge, increases sorrow.*" See!

how *enviously*, sharp thorns and briars shoot up among the sweet flowers which we expected to gather. To make any considerable progress in sciences, we must renounce some of the freedom and amusements of life; this is mortifying; confinement is wearisome; hard study fatigues the brain; intense thinking sours the temper; slow progress is disheartening; doubts are vexatious; and presently darkness and thick clouds gather over the path of science, and forbid us to proceed any farther. *Surely man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain.*

But supposing that we could understand all human sciences in the most perfect degree, how very short lived would be the pleasures arising from them! When first made, and fresh on the mind, the discoveries of truth are highly gratifying to curiosity, but in a short time they become familiar, and

thence almost insipid. Hence we often see learned men as discontented and peevish as others; a plain proof that *human learning* opens no spring of lasting happiness in the mind. Indeed, so far from producing this very desirable effect, it frequently nurses passions the most *unfriendly* to his happiness, both in this world and the next. The brighter talents and superior fame of a rival wit, often pierce his heart with the keenest pangs of envy; success puffs him up with pride, and renders him insufferably disagreeable; disappointment fires him with rage, or sinks him into despondency: While the flash of an unguarded witticism often loses him a valuable friend, or creates a mortal enemy. But allowing that he were the greatest scholar and orator of the age, and could harangue on any subject, with all the force of argument and charms of eloquence: that whenever he appear-

ed, the impatient crowds repaired to hear the magic of his enchanting tongue: that princes were his patrons, and the great ones of the earth his admirers; yet how vain and treacherous a good would all this be! How utterly unworthy to be coveted as the chief good of man! For yet but a few fleeting years, and the cold hand of age will be on him, and then, alas! all these fine talents and blooming honours, shall perish as the lovely flower perishes when touched by the killing frosts of winter. His wit shall sparkle no more; no more shall his fancy charm us with the splendor of its images, nor his mind astonish us with the vastness of her conceptions; his memory must then give up all her precious treasures; and dumb for ever will be that tongue whose eloquence, like sweetest music, soothed each listening ear, and led in triumph all the obedient passions.

And are such fading accomplishments as these, fit food for an immortal soul that was born for heaven?

But although this acknowledged vanity and vexation of human learning, sufficiently proves the sad mistake of those who make an *idol* of it; yet let us not, on the other hand, run into the equal error of such as trample it under their feet as vain and worthless altogether. Along with its dross, it contains much useful metal, for the sake of which we may well afford to toil.

Even the *languages*, though the least necessary of all human learning, are not entirely without their uses. We may chance to fall in with a poor foreigner who has not broken English enough to tell us his wants. We may get honest bread by interpreting, translating, or teaching languages. Or should it be our fortune to stand behind a coun-

ter, we may, with the help of a little *bad* French, sell a great deal of *good* merchandise. We may likewise find much pleasure in reading the enchanting works of foreign poets, historians, &c. and this effect may lead to one still more valuable; it may inspire us with sentiments of friendship for the nation to which these excellent men belong, and thus happily moderate that resentment, which under certain circumstances we might feel against them. These effects, in a very comfortable degree, I have myself experienced. I have found that my passions, kindling into pain from the blows struck our unoffending country, by the British, have been considerably calmed by recollecting, that these our *injurers*, are the children of the same once *glorious island* which gave to us and to all mankind, a Milton, a Newton, a Locke, a Barrow, and other UNEQUALLED LIGHTS

of philosophy and divinity, whose friendly splendors have contributed so happily to repel the coming clouds of "*chaos* and *old night*," and to establish the empire of reason and *pure* religion.

As for other parts of human learning, such as arts, sciences, &c. God forbid that we should open unhallowed lips in abuse of them. We consider them as highly ornamental and useful, and therefore, instead of contemning, hold them in great esteem. But, though we esteem them as *good*, yet we cannot *idolize* them as the *chief good* of man.

Let blind Egyptians, smitten with a superstitious sense of their services, fall down and worship a goose or an ox; we more enlightened, know that these are but creatures, and having paid them the regards due to their usefulness we will look for happiness to a higher cause.

If it be worth some people's while, as Solomon thinks, to mark the manœuvres of the industrious ant, it may not be unprofitable to us who are in quest of happiness, to visit the miser, and hear the rules by which he arose to wealth. He will tell us, that all precious money consists of various metals and coins; *those* divided into gold, silver and copper; and these subdivided into half-joes, guineas, crowns, dollars, pence, half-pence, and many other sorts. He will inform us with what accuracy he learnt the names and marks of all these; how greatly he was alarmed to hear of counterfeits; that he could never sleep sound until he had learned the happy art to distinguish these vile impostors from the precious metal; and that to this day, he never takes a piece of gold until he has tried it by his touchstone, and ascertained its worth.

Hitherto we have endeavoured to point out the mistake of those (a numerous race) who look for happiness among sensual pleasures, and in human learning. Two other orders of candidates, equally numerous, and, as I think, equally mistaken, present themselves, I mean the hardy sons of avarice and ambition. The first of these, the miser, blesses God; wonders how people can be so weak as to throw away their time and money on *book learning* and *silly pleasures*. He has juster notions of things. Gold is with him *the one thing needful. He rises early, late takes rest, and eats the bread of carefulness and toil, in order to join house to house, and field to field*, and thus to remove himself far from all dread of want.

But of wealth it may be said, *happiness is not here*. Gold, it is true, is the

quintessence of lands, houses, soft clothing, sumptuous fare, and of every other pleasure that flesh and blood is heir to. But evident it is to *reason*, that all the treasures on earth can never satisfy an immortal soul: And scripture asserts, that "*A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.*" And whose experience doth not witness it? We call the rich *happy*? Alas! could we but see their anxious cares, their inward restlessness, the miseries of desires delayed or disappointed, which sometimes attend even the most fortunate; could we know their constant fears of losing, and their thirst for more, which suffers them not to enjoy their present gains; could we follow one who is *making haste to be rich*, through all his toils and labours, his weary days and sleepless nights, and all his various vexations, we should be fully convinced

of the truth of this, that *he who increaseth riches, increaseth sorrow.*

I may appeal to every man's heart who has sought happiness from this quarter, if this has not been his constant experience. You promised yourself that you should be perfectly happy when the other thousand was added to your stock, or the next purchase enlarged your estate: You had your wish, and yet you still wanted: Something was lacking. You proposed new additions, and waited for your happiness again; but a new thirst urged you again to new cares and to new toils. And if the time should ever come, that you shall think that you have enough, and like the rich man in the gospel, "*begin to pull down your barns and build greater; and to say to your soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry:*" Then

expect the final disappointment in that alarming message, "*Thou fool this night shall thy soul be required of thee; then whose shall all those things be which thou hast so laboriously laid up?*" Such is the happiness of those who *trust in uncertain riches.*

The ambitious seeks his happiness in the attainment of honour: And indeed to be distinguished in the world, treated with respect, spoken of with admiration, caressed and courted by all around us, is highly pleasing to the heart of man, and, in the eyes of many, possesses charms far superior to the vanities of pleasure, or the sordidness of gain; yet doth the desire of worldly esteem remove the soul as far from true happiness as the former. The enjoyments arising from the honour which cometh from man, stand continually on a precarious foundation; it totters before

every blast of disrespect, and every rumour of malevolence. *Like grass on the house top, it often withereth before it is plucked up;* For what can stand before envy? The hopes of men, like bubbles in the air, usually burst as they expand. The labours of ambition are disappointed, the pride of honour mortified, the idol of reputation broken to pieces, and the friendships of the world generally faithless.

ALAS! That man, born for heaven, should waste his short day of grace in torturing himself to conform to the humours of a vain world; seeking a phantom of fame lighter than air; grasping at distinctions vain and insignificant; staking his happiness on the beck or breath of worms like himself; and after all, too frequently obliged to take up the lamentation of the once great Cardinal Woolsey: "Had I but served God

as faithfully as I have served the world, he would not thus have forsaken me in my gray hairs."

But the vanity of seeking happiness from riches, honours and pleasures, is yet more convincingly felt when death comes to put a final close to this mortal scene. Ah! my friends, this is the awful hour that strips off the tinsel coverings of folly, stamps vanity on all beneath the sun, and shews that

"Too low they build, who build beneath the stars."

In that day of terror and despair, what can a vain world offer its poor deluded followers? Will a party of pleasure suit the chamber of sickness? Or the songs of folly delight the ear that listens with trembling to the striking hour? What music will sound in concert with dying groans? Or what joy can jewels and brocades afford when the shroud is ready to supplant them? Will the sparkling bowl revive any longer, when the par-

ched tongue begins to faulter? Or beauty kindle the *unhallowed fire* when death sits on the fixed eye balls, and spreads his chilling damps over the heart? Alas! my brother, *vanity of vanities, all is vanity*, is now seen in characters too legible to be overlooked. The remembrance of a life mispent in *vain* or in guilty pleasures, will fill the soul with pangs of remorse, with agonies of horror, of which none but the wretched sufferers can form any idea. "Ah pleasure, pleasure, Thou vile sorceress! Thou cursed destroyer of my soul! Thou once smiledst as with the charms of innocence, now I feel thee sting as a viper. Where are thy promises of delight? Fool that I was to believe thee! For thy sake I have enslaved my soul to the lusts of a brute, and cherished the passions of a demon! I have neglected God, and sold my birth-right to heaven! Me, miserable! Whither am I going? My golden sands are all run out! The

sun of my life is about to set, and, utterly unprepared, I am going to appear before God. Oh! that I had but my precious days to go over again! Eternal God, if thy mercy be infinite, exert it now to save such a self-ruined wretch as I am!"

But will *riches* better stand the test of that day's trial? Alas! they who have *put their confidence in fine gold, will find that it profits not in the day of wrath.* When death lifts his arm, and swift as lightening, disease and pain enter the heart, vain is the hoarded treasure. See that generally esteemed happy man who trusted in riches, stretched upon the bed of languishing; his body is panting for breath; his throat is parched; his heart flutters; his eyes grow dim; and life's silver cord is loosing: What joy now can riches bring? Surround his dying bed with bags of gold, will they alleviate the pains of the body, purchase a moment's respite from death, or silence

the agonizing remonstrances of conscience? Alas! a golden God is but a dumb idol, neither *able to kill nor make alive.*

Then, when earth, and only earth, hath been the pursuit, what wretchedness to be torn from all that was counted happiness; to leave this dear world behind them for ever, to go——Ah! whither? Not to treasures laid up for them in heaven; not to the place where they have made themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; but where that rich man went who lift up his eyes in torment, because, though rich in this world, he was not rich towards God.

Now, this is the boasted happiness of numbers. This is the unutterable pleasure of dying worth so many thousand pounds.

"Guilt's blunder, and the loudest laugh of hell."

YOUNG.

Nor will HONOUR and FAME render our departure at all more comfortable.

Send forth your imagination to view the last scene of the greatest and proudest man who ever awed and governed the world. See a poor infirm, miserable, short-lived creature, that passes away like a shadow, and is hastening off the stage where the theatrical titles and distinctions, and the whole mask of pride which he has worn for a day, will fall off and leave him naked as a neglected slave. Behold the empty vapour disappearing! One of the arrows of mortality this moment sticks fast within him: See, it forces out his life, and freezes his blood and spirits.

Approach *his bed of state,* draw aside the curtain, regard a moment with silence.

Are these cold hands and pale lips all that are left of him who was canon-

ized by his own pride, or made a god of by his flatterers?

O God! What is man? Even a thing of nought.

Alas! That a being whose existence on earth is but for a moment, and whose future mansion is heaven; a being whose immortal soul carries its hopes far beyond time, and extends them even to eternity, should set his mind on objects which time destroys! What is this but to mistake the changeable colours of the dew-drop for the lustre of the ruby, or the radience of the diamond?

"*Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth,*" says the divine Teacher. Long tossed by tumultuous passions, enraptured and alarmed with hopes and fears, we at last find *earth's* boasted treasures to be vain; its riches, honours, and pleasures utterly insufficient to make us happy. Full seldom are they obtained by the anxious candidate, and seldomer

still without much pain and labour; and after all, made tasteless by disease or age, or embittered by vexation, they are held but a few feverish years, and then forgotten for ever in the grave.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust do corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven; for where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." What treasures? Why love, Love to God and to our neighbour.

These are the true treasures; the treasures of the heart. No pleasures are comparable to those that affect the heart; and there are none that affect it with such exquisite delight, as loving and being beloved by a worthy object. Ask the young Theodosius, and he will tell you, that the most delicious feelings his heart ever experienced, were those of virtuous love; and that he never

knew what rapture was until he saw the incomparable Constantia, in whose person and manners are concentered all the charms of beauty, and all the graces of virtue.

Now, if love, when directed to a creature, can open such a heaven in our bosoms, what must it do when directed to God, the eternal fountain of all perfection and goodness? Would you know the blessing of all blessings, it is this *love* dwelling in the soul, sweetening our bitter, lightening our dark, enlivening our sad, and filling to the full of joy the souls that must ever thirst until they come to this great fountain of all happiness. There is no peace, nor ever can be for the soul of man, but in the exercise of this love; for as love is the infinite happiness that created man; so love is the only perfection and felicity of man; and no one can live in happiness, but as he lives in love. Look at

every pain and disorder in human nature, you will find it to be nothing else but the spirit of the creature turned from love to selfishness; and thence, in course, to anxiety, fear, covetousness, wrath, envy, and all evil: So that love alone is, and only can be, the cure of every evil; and he who lives in love is risen out of the power of evil into the freedom and joy of one of the spirits of heaven. All wants are satisfied, all disorders of nature are removed; no life is any longer a burden; every day is a day of peace; every thing is a spring of joy to him who breathes the sweet gentle element of love.

But some men, of gloomy and melancholic humours, will ask, Is it certain that God loves mankind? Surely the innumerable favours which he lavishes upon us, must set his love beyond all doubt.

To ask whether God loves mankind, is indeed to ask whether he is good, which is the same as questioning his very existence; for how is it possible to conceive a God without goodness? And, what goodness could he have were he to hate his own works, and to desire the misery of his creatures?

A good prince loves his subjects; a good father loves his children: We love even the tree we have planted; the house we have built; and is it possible for God not to love mankind? Where can such a suspicion rise, except in the minds of those who form a capricious and barbarous being of God; a being who makes a cruel sport of the fate of mankind; a being who destines them, before they are born, to hell, reserving to himself one, at most, in a million, and that one no more meriting that preference, than the others have deserved their damnation? Impious blas-

phemers, who endeavour to give me an aversion to God, by persuading me that I am the object of *his* aversion!

You will say, he owes nothing to man; well, but he owes something to *himself;* he must necessarily be *just* and *beneficent.* If a virtuous heathen could declare that he had much rather it should never be said that there was such a man as Plutarch, than that he was cruel and revengeful, how must the *Father* of *mercies* be displeased to find himself charged with such hateful qualities?

Besides, I know he loves me, by the very love I feel for him; it is because he loves me that he has engraved on my heart this sentiment, the most precious of all his gifts. His love is the source of mine, as it ought to be, indeed, a motive to it.

Give me leave, in order to convey an idea of the love of God, to describe the passion of a virtuous lover for his

mistress. The comparison in itself has nothing indecent. Love is a vice only in vicious hearts. Fire, though the purest of all substances, will yet emit unwholesome and noxious vapours when it is fed by tainted matter; so love, if it grow in a vicious mind, produces nothing but shameful desires and criminal designs, and is followed with fear, vexation and misery. But let it rise in an upright heart, and be kindled by an object adorned with virtue as well as beauty, it is safe from censure; far from being offended, God gives it his approbation. He has made amiable objects only that they might be loved.

Now let us see what passes in the heart of a person deeply smitten with love. He thinks with delight of the person beloved; he hurries with impetuosity towards the charming object, and whatever keeps or removes him from her is tormenting; he is afraid of giving her any dis-

pleasure; he inquires into her taste and inclinations, in order to comply with and gratify them; he likes to hear her commended; talks of her with satisfaction, and caresses every thing that renews the agreeable idea.

It is a mistake to think that there is an essential difference between this and divine love. We have but one way of loving: Men love God and their friends in the same manner; and these affections differ only in the diversity of their objects and ends. Thus a pious man filled with sentiments towards God, like those of a virtuous lover, would be glad to behold him, and to be united to him; he thinks of him with delight, and speaks of him with reverence; he rejoices to see him honoured, and is happy to hear him praised; he meditates on his laws with pleasure, and obeys them with alacrity.

That this love by which a pious mind is united to its Creator, is a source of the purest pleasures, we now proceed to shew, not solely on the authorities of scripture, but by the force of reason and common sense.

The man who loves God, enjoys that first of felicities, the *consciousness* of having placed his affections on the only object in the universe that truly deserves them. Our love is the most precious thing we possess; it is indeed the only thing we can properly call our own, and therefore to bestow it unworthily, is the greatest shame and sorest mistake that we can ever commit. A man must needs be infinitely mortified and troubled, when he finds that the object of his love possesses not that excellence which he fondly expected would satisfy his wishes and make him completely happy. Alas! What is a little skin deep beauty, a few flashes of wit, or some small degrees of

goodness? We soon see to the bottom of such shallow goods, and consequently must experience a decay of that admiration and affection which constitutes happiness in the first degree. But to no such mortifying disappointment is he liable, who directs his love to God. In him the enlightened eye of true philosophy discovers so much of all that is great and good, as to keep the happy mind in an eternal extacy of admiration and love.

Divine love advances the happiness of man, because it tends, above all other attachments, to refine and ennoble his nature. The most inattentive must have observed, that love has a surprising force to give our manners a resemblance to those of the person we love. Seen through the eyes of a tender affection, even blemishes appear like beauties, and heaven born virtue puts on charms more than human. No wonder then that we

so easily adopt the sentiments, and imitate the manners of those we love. This is a conduct so natural and common, that to tell the character of any man, we need but be told that of the person's he loves.

Hence, the anxious parent rejoices to see his child fond of the society of the virtuous and wise: he knows that such an attachment indicates a relish for virtue, and promises an honourable and happy event: while, on the other hand, he deplores his attachment to the vain and vicious, as a sad, but certain presage of folly and depravity.

Certainly then, in order to be happy, it most nearly concerns us to direct our love to the proper object. But who, or what is that object? The creatures all have their imperfections. They are all utterly unworthy, and beneath the supreme love of an immortal mind. And to love these in the extreme, is

infinitely to demean ourselves, to disgrace our understandings, to contract low earthly passions, and consequently to make ourselves miserable. Would we do honour to our reason, would we dignify our affections, ennoble our nature, and rise to true happiness, let us give our hearts to God. The man who loves God is animated with an ambition becoming the dignity of his birth; he is inspired with a greatness of soul that spurns all grovelling passions and base designs. The love which he has for God impells him, by a sweet and powerful influence, to imitate his all lovely and adorable perfections, and consequently renders him every day a more divine and heavenly creature.

God is the only worthy object of our love, because he is the only one who will certainly and generously reward it. Love, as we have observed, was designed to be the spring of joy, but, alas!

when placed on the creature, it often proves a source of sorrow, because it is too often treated with ingratitude and neglect. The lover in giving his heart, gives his *all;* and, if after so great a sacrifice, he cannot obtain the fond return he coveted, what can be expected but that he should sicken with grief, and sink under an oppressive load of melancholy? But though our fellow worms should reject our love with disdain, yet it is always O! adorable goodness! it is always acceptable to God. Amidst the adorations of millions of glorious angels, he graciously observes the attentions we pay him, and receives with complacency our smallest tribute of affection. He knows that the souls which he has made cannot be happy until they return to him. Unceasingly he calls to them,

"*Seek ye my face.*" And if, convinced by a thousand disappointments,

of the vanity of all other loves, we should at length, happily take up our resolution and say, "*Thy face, O God, we will seek.*" Immediately his preventing love meets us more than half way; the harps of Heaven swell with louder strains of joy, and songs of congratulation fill the eternal regions.

Divine love infinitely exceeds in point of true happiness, all other attachments, because, it does not, like them, expose us to the pangs of separation. If that sweet passion, which, with chains dearer than those of gold, unites earthly lovers, were never to be dissolved, it would be well: But, alas! this is a felicity which Heaven has not thought fit to confer on erring mortals. The iron hand of necessity or duty often tears us away from our dearest friends, and consigns us to wearisome months of mutual fears and restless longings for re-union. Sometimes, in the happiest

moments of friendship, the thought of death occurs and throws a sudden damp on our rising joys. Sometimes it is our lot to sit by the sick beds of those we love, and hear their piercing moans, to mark, with unutterable anguish, the faultering speech and sinking eye, or wipe the cold damps of death from those cheeks which we have kissed a thousand times. Such scenes and separations, and all mortal loves are liable to such, occasion a grief not to be equalled by all the misfortunes of life, and make us dearly pay for all the past pleasures of friendship.

In these melancholy moments we are made to feel how truly blessed are they who have made the eternal God their love, nothing can ever separate them from him. When the fairest of the human fair are gone down into the dust, and have left their lovers to mourning and woe. Nay, when after millions

of revolving years, the sun is extinguished in the skies, and the lamps of heaven have lost their golden flames; when old time himself is worn away, and nature sunk under the weight of years; even then the God Jehovah will be the same, and his days shall never fail. Even then shall his triumphant lovers behold his glorious face clothed in eternal beauty, and shall drink of the rivers of pleasure that flow at his right-hand forevermore. Neither will the lovers of God ever experience, even in this world, the pangs of separation from him, while they walk firmly in the golden path of duty. Should they be driven from their homes, and obliged to forsake their dearest friends; should they be compelled to plough distant seas, or to toil in the remotest regions of the earth; even there they will sweetly feel that

"They cannot go where universal love reigns not around." THOMPSON.

Even there they meet and rejoice in their ever present friend; with sacred pleasure they inhale his breath in the fragrant gale, they mark his pencil adorning the fields and meadows in their flowery pride; or with sublimest awe, they behold his hand swelling the everlasting mountains, or,

"Hanging the vast expanse in azure bright, and clothing the sun in gold." YOUNG.

Hence it is, that the man who loves God is seldom lonesome, seldom knows what it is to want agreeable company. A great addition this to our happiness! For as man is by nature a social being, he must be miserable unless he has some beloved friend to converse with. But, as those who do not love God, take little or no delight in conversing with him, they become more dependent on the company and conversation of their earthly friends. And, when destitute

of these, they are often found, though in palaces, to be restless and wretched.

Oh! how disconsolate is the condition of the man, who, though always present with his Maker, yet finds no joy nor satisfaction in his presence! Though every particle of matter is actuated by this almighty being; though nature, through all her works, proclaims his wisdom, power, and goodness, unutterable; yet the man who is a stranger to divine love, views all this wonderful scenery

"With a brute unconscious gaze." THOMPSON.

He tastes none of that sacred joy which these things were meant to inspire. The divinity is with him and in him, and every where about him, but is of no advantage to him. It is in fact the same thing to him as if there were no God in the world.

Happily different is the condition of the man who loves the great author of

his being! When that divine passion, (the soul's true light) is set up in our hearts, the scales of blindness fall from our eyes, the shades of night fly far away, and God, the blessed God, stands confessed before our admiring view. Tho' we cannot behold him with the eyes of sense, yet, we can feel his presence, we can *taste and see* his adorable perfections which shine so brightly on all his glorious works.

When we consider the infinite host of stars which adorn the evening skies; when, enlarging the idea, we contemplate another heaven of suns and worlds rising still higher, and these again enlightened by a still superior firmament of luminaries, overwhelmed by such an immensity of prospect, we scarcely breathe out "Eternal God! what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the Son of Man, that thou regardest him!"

When, leaving these amazing scenes, we contemplate other parts of the divine dominions; when we walk through the fields and observe his wonderous workmanship in the touring trees or humbler shrubs; in the gentle rill or majestic flood; in the birds winging their airy flight, or perched on branches warbling their melodious lays! in the peaceful flocks grazing their simple pastures with herds of nobler cattle; or, in the swarms of gilded insects that, with ceaseless buzz, and vigorous motion, present their golden wings to the sun. In these, in all his infinitely varied creatures, we see, we admire, we adore the great creator.

The man whom love has thus taught to correspond with God, enjoys the most delightful and improving society. In the deepest solitude where others are depressed, he is happy, because he knows that he is with the greatest and best of

beings: and when his earthly friends have withdrawn their agreeable company, he returns with still superior pleasure to that of his heavenly.

Divine love adds greatly to our happiness, because it disposes us to rejoice in every thing that seems connected with the honour of God. His Sabbath, his house, &c. become objects of our most hearty love and delight.

We live in a country, where one day in every week is set apart for the public worship of God. To the man who loves not his Maker, this disposition of the seventh day is not very likely to be pleasing. As he is not a religious man, it is more than probable that he is a man of the world, a man of business or pleasure; and in either case the Sabbath must be unwelcome, as it is an interruption, and indeed a clear loss of one day's pleasure or profit in every week. A loss, which in the course of years must grow to be

very serious: For if we take fifty, (the number of tasteless and unprofitable Sabbaths in the year) and multiply those by seventy (the years in a veteran's life) we shall find that it will amount to eight or ten years. Now, out of so short a life as threescore and ten, to be obliged to spend eight or ten years in lounging, moping, tiresome Sabbaths, must appear to men who have their interests and pleasures at heart, a heavy tax, a great drawback. Surely such men would give their thanks; nay, I suppose, would cheerfully vote the thanks of all christendom to him, who should put them in the way to make the Sabbath the most agreeable day in the week. Let us love God, and the work is done. We shall then rejoice that there is such a day, because our hearts will then approve the purposes for which it was appointed. A day that is taken from the cares of a short

life, and laid out on the interests of eternity. A day that is spent in considering our obligations to God, in thanking him for his favours, confessing our unworthiness, and imploring his forgiveness; in short, a day spent in a way so admirably adapted to instruct the ignorant, to reclaim the bad, to strengthen the good, to honour God, and to make ourselves happy; such a day must, to him who loves God and man, be the most joyful day of the whole week.

On this account too, the man who loves God, will see a church in quite another light, and with sentiments happily different from those of the man who loves him not. To the latter, prayers, psalms and sermons, have always been wearisome; and, as it is in the church that he has been accustomed to do such penance, he insensibly contracts a dislike to it, and comes at

last to view it with sentiments such as those with which an idle boy regards his school-house.

But the pious man considering the church as the place where people meet to honour the God whom he *delights* to honour, to learn and love that goodness which he sees to be so essential to the happiness of the world, such a man regards the church as the most beautiful and lovely building in the world; and the view of it gives him a more sincere pleasure than that which others feel in viewing the places of their most favourite amusement.

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O God of hosts; how pleasant is the place where thine honour dwelleth!"

But if gratitude, when exerted from man to man, produces so much pleasure, it must exalt the soul to rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude, on this infinitely benefi-

cent being, who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for. When a good man looks around him on this vast world, where beauty and goodness are reflected from every object, and where he beholds millions of creatures in their different ranks, enjoying the blessings of existence, he looks up to the *universal Father*, and his heart glows within him. And in every comfort which sweetens his own life, he discerns the same indulgent hand. Is he blest with tender parents, or with generous friends who press him with their kindness? Is he happy in his family rising around him, in the wife who loves him, or in the children who give him comfort and joy? In all these pleasing enjoyments, in all these beloved objects he recognizes the hand of God. Every smile of love, every act of tenderness is an effect of

his goodness. By him was kindled every spark of friendship that ever glowed on earth, and therefore to him it justly returns laden with the purest incense of gratitude. Has God prepared a table for him, and caused his cup to overflow? Instead of ascribing it to the policy of his own councils, or to the strength of his own arm, he gives the praise to him alone, who strews the earth with good things for man, and teaches him wisdom to improve and convert them to his own use.

Thus it is that gratitude prepares a good man for the enjoyment of prosperity; for not only has he as full a relish as others of the innocent pleasures of life, but, moreover, in these he holds communion with God. In all that is good or fair he traces his hand. From the beauties of nature, from the improvements of art, from the blessings of public or private life, he raises his affections to the

great fountain of all the happiness which surrounds him, and thus widens the sphere of his enjoyments, by adding to the pleasures of sense, the far more exquisite joys of the heart.

But divine love adds greatly to our happiness, not only by giving a fresh flavour to the sweets of prosperity; but by correcting in an eminent degree, the bitterness of *adversity*.

As in times of prosperity, among perhaps a few real friends, many pretended ones intrude themselves, who in the hour of distress are quickly dispersed and know us no more; so in those times also, many false and pretended joys court the affections and gain the heart of inconsiderate man. But, when calamity comes, those vain *joys* immediately discover their deceitful nature, desert the astonished man in his greatest need, and leave him a prey to shame, sorrow and remorse.

Adversity is the grand test of what is true and what is false among the different objects of our choice; and our love of God, tried by this test will soon discover its infinite value and excellence. Persons of every character are liable to distress. The man who loveth God, and he who loveth him not, is exposed to the stroke of adversity. But on the bad man, adversity falls with double weight, because it finds them without defence and without resource. When his health, his riches and pleasures, in which he placed his happiness, are all torn from him, overwhelmed with sadness and despair, he knows not whither to turn for relief. If, as is most natural for a creature in distress, he lifts his supplicating eyes to his Maker, conscious ingratitude and disobedience to God, immediately check him: if he turn to his fellow-men, whom he has abused or neglected, consciousness of meriting their

contempt or aversion, discourages him. If he seeks relief in his own mind, there, shame, remorse and self-condemnation, must overwhelm him.

But to the man whose soul rejoices in his God, adversity has nothing gloomy and terrible. Believing every thing in the world to be under the administration of God, and looking up to that God, as to an all-wise and benevolent father and friend, he welcomes every thing that comes from him. Persuaded that the Father of Mercies, delighteth not needlessly to *grieve* the children of men; and well knowing that he foresaw this impending affliction, and could easily have prevented it: he concludes, that, since it *is* come, it is come on some errand of love.

"Since all the downward tract of time,
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
To regulate our ways!

Since none can doubt his equal love,
Unmeasurably kind,
To his unerring gracious will,
Be every wish resign'd.

Good, when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies,
E'en *crosses* from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings ...in disguise."

O the sweetly powerful influences of love! Love can enable the sugar-doating child cheerfully to take the cup of *wormwood*, from the hand of the parent whom he loves. Love can cause the delicate woman to forget better days, and to smile in poverty and toil with the husband whom she loves. Aye, and if we loved God as we ought, none of his dealings would seem grievous to us. The very idea, that this or that affliction was brought on us by him, would sweetly reconcile us to it, and kindle in us divine ambition to please him by the cheerfulness of our submission. Afflictions we should look on not as marks of

God's displeasure, but as certain evidences of his love

"As many as I love, I chastise." Jehovah.

"I have smitten you with blasting and mildew, your vineyards and your fig-trees did the palmer worm devour." Jehovah.

And then the love that did this, makes this complaint, "Yet ye have not returned to me."

"Pestilence have I sent amongst you; I have made the smell of your dead to come up even in your nostrils."

And then the same love that inflicted this wholesome chastisement repeats the complaint. O my brethren, see here the design and end of all God's chastisements! "Yet have ye not returned to me."

These are the views in which the divine lover is taught to contemplate the afflictive dispensations of his God; not as the messengers of his wrath, but as the ministers of his mercy, and the great

means of wisdom and virtue. Such views of God's adorable government, impart the most sensible consolation to every pious heart. They place the compassions of the universal Father, in the most endearing light. And these *afflictions*, which human follies render necessary; instead of estranging, do but the more closely attach a good man to his God. "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat: yea, though the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet, will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

But a supreme love of God adds unspeakably to the happiness of life, because it raises us superior to the dread of death. To form a tolerable idea of the magnitude of this blessing, let us visit the death bed of him who is about

to depart without love or hope in his God.

Behold him arrested by the strong arm of death, and stretched out hopeless and despairing on that last bed from which he is to rise no more. Art has done its all; the mortal malady mocks the power of medicine, and hastens with resistless impetuosity to execute its dreadful errand. See the thick gloom that covers his ghastly countenance, and the wildness and horror that glare on his rolling eye-balls! Whither now is fled that giddy thoughtlessness which marked his mad career through life? Where now are his scoffs, his sneers, his pleasantries on religion? Where are his boon companions who joined him in his dull profanity, and who applauded the keenness of his satire and the brilliancy of his wit? Alas! such scenes as these are not for them. To cheer the drooping spirits of wretchedness, and to ad-

minister consolation to a dying friend is no employment of theirs. In far different scenes they are now forgetting their no longer entertaining friend, and their present alarming thoughts.

Unhappy Man! wherever he turns his eyes, he sees none but subjects of sorrow and distress. Forsaken by those whom he fondly called his friends; cut off from all the pleasures and cheerful pursuits of men, abandoned to the horrors of a dying chamber, with no sensations but those of a tortured body; no comforter but a guilty conscience, and no society but such as fills his troubled mind with shame and remorse; a weeping wife whom he has injured; children whose best interests he has neglected; servants whom he has treated with cruelty; and neighbours with whom he has long lived at shameful variance Whither shall he look for help? If he look backward he sees nothing but scenes

of horror, a precious life mispent an immortal soul neglected; and, O insupportable thought! his day of trial about to set for ever. If he looks forward, he sees an offended God, a fearful reckoning, and an awful eternity. If he looks up to Heaven for mercy, conscious guilt depresses his spirits and overwhelms him with despair. Ah! what mortal scene can well be conceived more fraught with wretchedness! Shuddering, he stands upon the dreadful brink, afraid to die, and yet, alas! unable to live.

"In that dread moment, how the frantic soul raves round the walls of her clay tenement; runs to each avenue and shrieks for help, but shrieks in vain: how wishfully she looks on all she's leaving, now no longer hers! a little longer, yet a little longer: O! might she stay to wash away her crimes and fit her for her passage! Mournful sight! her very eyes weep blood; and every groan she heaves is big with hor-

ror; but the foe, like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose, pursues her close through every lane of life, nor misses once the track, but presses on, till forced at last to the tremendous verge; at once she sinks." BLAIR.

This, or very similar to this, is often the end of him who has lived without God in the world.

But turning from so distressing a scene, to its happy opposite, let us view the man who loves his God, and who enamoured with its beauty, and sensible of its blessed effects, has lived a life of piety and virtue. Let us behold him when about to leave this world of sorrow and suffering and to wing his way to that which is far better. Lo! the time is come that Israel, the lover of God, must die. The last sickness has seized his feeble frame. He perceives that the all conquering foe is at hand, but marks his approach without dismay.

He is not afraid of death because he fears God, "*and he who fears God has nothing else to fear.*"

He is not afraid of death, because it has long been his care to make a friend (the almighty and everlasting Jehovah) who shall stand by him in that awful hour. He is not afraid of death, because he loves God above all things; and to him, to die, is to go to see and live with God.

Is the poor hireling afraid of the earning, which is to refresh him with repose, and to rejoice him with his reward?

Is the soldier, covered with scars and tired of wars alarms, afraid to hear the cry of victory? O no! delightful sound, sweeter than music to his longing ear; it is the signal to return to his native country, and to resign the din and dangers of war for the sweets and safety of long coveted peace.

Even so, to the good Christian this world is the field of hard though glorious warfare. In the service, and under the eye of God, he is now fighting against the armies of his own fleshly lusts, and of his own malignant passions. Ever and anon, he hears the voice of his great Captain "Persevere and thou shalt conquer; endure unto the end and thou shalt be crowned." To him therefore the day of death is welcome as the last day of his toils and dangers. He is now going to exchange a long conflicting war for the blessings of everlasting peace: having fought *the good fight*, he is about to receive his wages, even *eternal life*, and to put on a crown of glory that shall never fade away. Sure that serene look, beaming all the sweetness of love and hope, bespeaks the already half-formed seraph; and the heaven, almost opened on his placid countenance, gives glorious evidence of his

intended journey. Soon bidding farewell for ever to these realms of woe, and haunts of malignant beings, he shall join the blessed society of *angels and spirits of just men made perfect.* There he shall see health blooming eternal on each immortal face, friendship smiling on every glorified countenance, and a perfection of love forming a paradise of happiness, unknown and unconceived by us who have dwelt in the tents of hatred.

But, above all, the sweetest motives to resignation in death, he is now going to see *him*, whom oftentimes with trembling joy, he has longed to see, even his God, his first, his last, his only friend, the author of his being and of all his mercies. Shortly shall he see his glorious face unclouded with a frown, and hear from his ambrosial lips the language of approbation and affection; "*Well done good and faithful servant.*"

Praising God for advancing him to such an height of honour, and for setting before him such an eternity of happiness: Praising God for all the loving kindnesses that have accompanied him through life, and especially for that greatest of all, the grace that brought him to repentance and a good life: earnestly exhorting his friends to that love of God, which now not only supports, but enables him even to triumph in this dying hour, an hour so alarming to the fears of nature: rejoicing in a sense of the pardon of his sins, and exulting in the hopes of the glory to be revealed, he breathes out his soul with these victorious words, "*Into thy hands, O God, I commend my spirit.*"

Well may his friends, edified by such an example, cry out with weeping joy, "*Who can count the rewards of wisdom, or number the fourth part of the blessings of virtue? Let us die the death of*

the righteous, and let our latter end be like theirs."

But divine love not only renders life pleasant, and death peaceful, but it accompanies us into heaven, and there gives us to enjoy the most exquisite pleasures, that God himself can confer on happy souls: for there we shall always live in the presence of God, the great fountain of all loveliness and glory, and shall love him with ten thousand times more ardour than we now do, or even can imagine; for the longer we behold, the more we shall know him, and the more we know, the better we shall love him; and so through everlasting ages, our love shall be extending and enrapturing itself with his infinite beauty and loveliness. Now love is the sweetest and happiest of all passions, and it is merely by accident that it is accompanied with any disquieting or painful feelings. Either the person beloved is absent,

which corrodes it with unquiet desire, or he is unhappy, or unkind, which imbitters it with grief; or he is fickle and inconstant, which inflames it with rage and jealousy; but, separated from all these disagreeable accidents, and it is all pure delight and joy.

But in heaven, our love of God will have none of these disquieting circumstances attending it; for there he will never be absent from us, but will be continually entertaining our amorous minds with the prospect of his infinite beauties. There we shall always feel his love to us in the most sensible and endearing effects, even in the glory of that crown which he will set upon our heads, and in the ravishing sweetness of those joys which he will infuse into our hearts. There we shall experience the continuation of his love in the continued fruition of all that an everlasting heaven means, and be convinced,

as well by the perpetuity of his goodness to us, as well as by the immutability of his nature, that he is an unchangeable lover. And there we shall find him a most happy being, happy beyond the vastest wishes of our love; so that we shall not only delight in him, as he is infinitely lovely, but rejoice and triumph in him too as he is infinitely happy. For love unites the interests, as well as the hearts of lovers, and gives to each, the joys and felicities of the other. So that in that blessed state we shall share in the felicity of God proportionably to the degree of our love to him: For the more we love him, the more we shall still espouse his happy interest; and the more we are interested in his happiness, the happier we must be, and the more we must enjoy of it. Thus love gives us a real possession and enjoyment of God; it makes us co-partners with him in himself, de-

rives his happiness upon us, and makes it as really ours as his. So that God's happiness is, as it were, the common bank and treasury of all divine lovers, in which they have every one a share, and of which, proportionably to the degrees of their love to him, they do all draw and participate to all eternity. And could they but love him as much as he deserves, that is *infinitely*, they would be as infinitely blessed and happy as he is: For then all his happiness would be theirs, and they would have the same delightful sense and feeling of it, as if it were all transplanted into their own bosoms. God, therefore being an infinitely lovely, infinitely loving, and infinitely happy being, when we come to dwell for ever in his blessed presence, our love to him can be productive of none but sweet and ravishing emotions; for the immense perfections it will then find in its object,

must necessarily refine it from all those fears and jealousies, those griefs and displeasures that are mingled with our earthly loves, and render it a most pure delight and complacency. So that when thus refined and grown up to the perfection of the heavenly state, it will be all heaven, it will be an eternal paradise of delights within us, a living spring whence rivers of pleasures will flow for evermore.

These, O man, are some of the golden fruits that grow upon the tree of divine love. Happy, therefore, is the man beyond all expression of words, beyond all conception of fancy, happy is he who obtaineth this angelic virtue!

"For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things that thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. She is a tree of life to them

that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her."

Since a supreme love of God is the only true wealth of an immortal mind, O! with what diligence should we apply ourselves to obtain it! We are all ready enough to acknowledge our obligations to God, and to own that it is our duty to love him, but still complain of the difficulty that attends it. But let us remember that this difficulty is chargeable upon ourselves, and is the effect of our own shameful inconsideration. Taken up with the little cares of life, we neglect and forget God; hence, it is not surprising that we do not love him. Would we but often think of him, what he is in himself, and contemplate him in the full blaze of his wonderful and amiable perfections, we should be overwhelmed with delightful admiration of him and easily take up the most exalted esteem and friendship for him. And

were we but frequently to consider him, what he is to us, how infinitely condescending, generous and good, we should soon feel our hearts melting into all the tenderness of love and gratitude. We, none of us think it hard to love the tender mother who brought us into the world, the fond father who supplies our wants, or the attentive teacher who instructs us in useful and ornamental knowledge; ah! why then should we think it hard to love our God? Did we but reflect, we should soon perceive that he is really and truly our mother, our father and our teacher; and that those whom we honour as such, are, properly speaking, only the instruments of his goodness to us.

Sylvia arrived to years of maturity, receives the addresses of a young and accomplished lover. Sylvia blushes and likes him. Youthful modesty causes her to hesitate a while, yet, unable to

resist so much merit, she at length yields to the impulse of a virtuous passion and marries. In due season she becomes a mother. Now, what has Sylvia hitherto done for her child? The whole is the work of God. When he laid the foundations of the heavens and the earth, he had this child in view, and disposed, from so remote a period, a long chain of events, which were to terminate in his nativity. The time being come for the opening of this bud, he was pleased to place it in Sylvia's womb, and took care himself to cherish and unfold it.

That this child should love and honour his mother is what he certainly ought to do, for she has suffered, if not for his sake, at least through him, the inconveniencies of pregnancy, and the pains of child-birth. But let him carry his grateful acknowledgments still higher, and not imitate those superstitious idolators, who, seeing the earth yearly

covered with corn, fruits and pastures, stupidly worshipped this blind instrument of the bounties of their Sovereign Lord, without ever thinking to praise the powerful arm from whence it derives its fruitfulness.

Charles loves his father Eugenis. Charles does well; but what has Eugenis done for Charles? Eugenis has not, it is true, resembled that proud parent who beggars the rest of his children in order to swell the fortune of an elder brother. Nor is he like that stern tyrannical father who never looks at his children but with fury, never speaks to them but in passion, never instructs them but by threats, and corrects them like a butcher and a murderer. Nor yet does he act like Florimond, that unnatural father, who lives like a stranger in his own house; goes in and out, drinks, games, and saunters; meanwhile his neglected children grow up

to the years of maturity; happy indeed if of themselves inclinable to virtue, they make any attainments in useful knowledge and accomplishments, or think of settling in the world; for as to his part, he never troubles his head about them. No, far unlike these, Eugenis is the best of parents; he spares no pains nor expence to render his son Charles an ornament and a blessing to his country. He accustoms him by times to a temperate diet, furnishes him with decent apparel, and charges the ablest masters with his instruction; he carefully teaches him his relation to God, and his obligations to that best of beings; and, at the same time by precept and example, endeavours to inspire him with the love of justice, honour and industry. These are, to be sure the dearest expressions of a father's love, and hard and detestable indeed would be Charles' bosom, if he

could refuse to love such a parent; but let him remember, that all this comes ultimately from God; for we should always ascend to this original of blessings. When Eugenis watched for his son's preservation; it was God who preserved him; when he took care to instruct him, it was God who opened his understanding; and when he entertained him with the charms of virtue, it was God who excited him to love it.

"The labourer digs the mine; the philosopher directs the work; but neither of them furnish the gold which it contains."

But what heart so hard as to resist the golden shafts of love, especially when coming from a friend that is far superior to us? If some good and mighty prince were to invite us to his court, and to treat us with all the tenderness of parental affection, should we not find it a very easy thing to love him? Now, has not this been the conduct of God

our Maker? When we lay in all the obscurity of dust, he sent a message of love, and called us into life, not the life of fluttering insects, but of infant immortals. For us, and for our sakes, he built this vast world; he covered it with the canopy of the heavens, and stored it with good things innumerable. At his command the sun rises to gladden us with the golden day; and the moon with silver beams to cheer the darkness of the night. He waters the hills from his secret chambers, and bids the clouds pour down their fattening showers upon the earth. Thus he covers our tables with bread to renew our strength, and with wine that makes glad our hearts.

But he has not only compassed us round, like so many fortunate islands, with a vast ocean of good things for our bodies; but he has likewise inspired us with immortal minds, and has

indued them with the high capacities of *knowledge* and *love*, whereby, as on golden ladders, we may ascend to the perfection and happiness of celestial beings. And to gratify these our noble capacities, he has prepared for us a glorious heaven, and has furnished it with all the pleasures and delights that heavenly spirits can desire or enjoy. Besides all this, he has sent his own son from heaven to reveal to us the way thither, and to encourage us to return into it by dying for our sins, and thereby obtaining for us a public grant and charter of mercy and pardon, on condition of our return: and, as if all this were too little, he hath sent his spirit to us in the room of his son, to reside amongst us, and, as his vicegerent, to carry on this vast design of his love to us, to excite and persuade us to return into the way leading to heaven and to assist us all along in

our good travels thither. Such wonderful care has he taken not to be defeated of this his kind intention to make us everlastingly happy. "*O that men would therefore love the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doth for the children of men.*"

That these dear pledges of God's love may inspire our hearts with suitable returns of gratitude, we should often *reflect* on them, and spread them before our minds in all their endearing circumstances. We should frequently set our cold and frozen affections before these melting flames of his love, and never cease fanning the smoking flax until we feel the heavenly fire beginning to kindle in our bosoms.

And while we are seeking this *Israel* of *great price*, let us, as we hope for success, guard our *innocence*, as the trembling miser guards his hoarded gold. The bosom that burns with impure de-

sires or that is corroded with malignant passions, finds no delight in God. No, that is a happiness reserved only for the pure in heart, and for him who knows how to pity an offending brother.

And, together with our own exertions, we should often implore the aid of all assisting heaven. To him, who alone knows its inestimable worth, let our fervent prayers be constantly ascending.

"Father of life and love, thou God supreme, O teach our hearts, to love thee: For to whom, O Lord, shall we give our hearts but to thee? Thou alone hast generously created them; thou alone hast infinitely deserved them; and thou alone canst completely and eternally satisfy them."

These prescriptions, faithfully observed, will soon produce in our hearts that love, whose joy passeth all understanding, that love, possessed of which, the

poorest slave is passing rich; while without it, the sceptered monarch walks but in splendid poverty.

He who loves God is the alone wise, dignified and happy man. For he loves the only good that is worthy the affections of an immortal mind. He loves a friend who alone possesses almighty power to protect him, unerring wisdom to counsel him, and infinite love to bless him. He loves an immortal friend who can never die and forsake him, and an unchangeable friend who will never requite his love with neglect.

His love of God sweetens every duty, and makes the yoke of obedience to sit light. It heightens the smile of prosperity, and cheers the gloom of adversity. Blessings are doubly dear coming from such a friend; and afflictions not unwelcome, when looked on as tokens of his no less tender love. Under the languors of sickness he remembers, not

without sacred comfort, that the end of his sufferings is at hand; and even when this earthly tabernacle of his flesh is pulling down, he is not disconsolate; he rejoices in the hope of that glorious house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. There, far removed from all the miseries of this mortal life, advanced into the presence of him who made him, and accompanied by millions of loving and blessed spirits, he shall enjoy a happiness as far exceeding his expectations as his deserts: "A happiness which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath entered into the heart of man to conceive."

CHAP. II.

ON SOCIAL LOVE.

"This only can the bliss bestow,
"Immortal souls should prove,
"From one short word all pleasures flow,
"That blessed word is love."

PROUD.

THE first fruits of a creature's love are due to God, as to his Creator and the author of all his good; the second are due to men, as to his brethren and fellow sharers in the bounties of their common parent. Having in the preceding chapter, demonstrated the importance of loving God, proceed we in this to consider the beauty and blessedness of *social love.*

To be caressed and beloved by all around us, is one of the dearest wishes of the human heart. It is a natural, it is a laudable wish. Great pains have been taken, and infinite expence incurred to attain this coveted honour, and yet the greater part never attain it, merely through defect of love on their own part. Let beauty, wit, gold, &c. boast and do all they can, yet will it be found in the end, that

"In spite of all the dull mistaken elves,
"They who wou'd make us love, must love, themselves."

Love is the universal charm. It possesses a beauty that wins and ravishes every heart. A single spark of it in generosity of dealing excites our admiration; a glimpse of it in courteous behaviour secures to a man our esteem, and sweetly endears him to us. How charming is the countenance that is brightened by the smiles of love! How sweet the voice that is tuned by the

melody of love! How gladdening to the heart, the beams that sparkle from the eye of love! Indeed love, or goodness, which is but another name, is the only amiable thing in nature. Power and wealth may be respected, wit and beauty may be admired, but if separated from goodness, they neither deserve nor can command our love: For the worst and most wretched of beings possess them in a very high degree. The prince of darkness has more power, and tyrannizes over more slaves by far than the Great Turk. One devil may have more wit than all the Achitophels in the world, and yet, with all his wit, he is very odious and miserable. And such, in proportion, is every one who partakes in his accursed disposition of hatred and malice.

See how Pandorus is beloved and caressed. Is it because of his honesty? This virtue only gains our esteem, but

does not captivate the heart. Is it because he is beneficent and friendly? Many who are so fond of his company have no need of his assistance. Is it because he is gay, humorous, and entertaining? This would render him agreeable only when gaiety is seasonable. No, he is more beloved than any other man in the world, only because he is the most *affectionate* man in it. He seems to live but to please, to oblige, and to serve his friends. If he find out what will please you, he prevents your desires, and does it with such an air of cheerfulness, that, while he has no other view than to oblige you, he seems to follow nothing but his own choice and inclinations. This charming complaisance of Pandorus was not learned in the school of the world; but is the rich fruit of his genuine benevolence. Hence it renders him equally endearing and equally agreeable, at all

times, and to all ranks. He is not a sycophant to the great, and scornful or negligent of the poor; he does not treat you to day as a *dear friend*, and to morrow knows you not, but uniformly his looks and manners are those of the man who considers both the rich and the poor as his brethren. If you love like Pandorus, and like him take a pleasure in contributing to the happiness of others, I will answer for the friendship of all who know you; this is a perfection that will engage people at all times, in all places, and on all occasions.

But love not only renders us thus dear and desirable to others; but it spreads the sunshine of sweetest peace over our own minds. It delivers us from the tyranny of all those bad passions which make us miserable. Like a golden curb it checks the fierceness of anger, that dangerous storm and hurricane of the soul. A man can hardly

be incensed against those whom he tenderly loves: an accidental neglect, a hasty word, a small unkindness, will not agitate a loving spirit, much less work it up to hateful *fire-eyed* fury.

It banishes envy, that severely just vice which never fails to punish itself; for it is impossible to repine at the wealth or prosperity, at the virtue or fame of him whom we cordially love. It excludes revenge, that cruel canker of the heart; for who can indulge bitter resentments, or form dark designs of evil against him whom he tenderly loves, and in whose good he heartily delights.

It subdues ambition and avarice, those aspiring painful passions. For who could domineer over those whom he loves, and whose honour he tenders as his own? Who could extort from and impoverish those whom he earnestly wishes and would gladly see to prosper?

A competence will seem like abundance to him who lives as among brethren, taking himself but for one among the rest, and can as ill endure to see them want as himself.

It is in the prevalence of such bad passions as these, than human misery chiefly consists. Love is their only sovereign antidote. It alone subdues and expels their fatal poison, and thus restores health and happiness to our long tortured bosoms. Love, like a celestial queen, walks before, meekness and gentleness follow as her eldest daughters, while joy and peace, with all the sister graces, make up the immortal retinue.

But love preserves us not only from our own, but from the malignant passions of others. Like sweetest music, it has power to sooth the savage breast, to melt hearts of flint, and to tame the fiercest spirits. Its mild and serene countenance, its soft and gentle spirit,

its courteous and obliging manners, its fair dealing, its endearing conversation, its readiness to do good services to any man, is the only charm under heaven to disarm the bad passions of men, and to guard our person from assault, our interest from damage, and our reputation from slander. For who can be so unnatural as to hate the man who loves us and is ever ready to do us good? What wretch, what demon, can find in his heart to be a foe to him who is a warm friend to all? The vilest sinner cannot be so vile, so destitute of goodness. *If you love those who love you what reward have you, do not even sinners the same?*

Of this wonderful power of love, to convert foes into friends, we have many pleasing examples in holy writ. Esau was a rough man, and exceedingly angry with his brother Jacob, and yet how easily did Jacob's meek and affectionate behaviour overcome him! "*Esau*

ran to meet Jacob, and fell on his neck and kissed him, and they wept."

SAUL was possessed with a furious envy and spite against David. Yet what acknowledgments did David's generous dealing extort from him?

"*Is this thy voice my son David? Thou art more righteous than I, for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil; behold I have played the fool, and erred exceedingly.*"

Though gratitude is not so common a virtue as it ought to be, yet the remembrance of his former kindnesses often surrounds a good man in distress, with many warm friends and generous comforters. Is he in danger, who will not defend him? Is he falling, who will not uphold him? Is he slandered, who will not vindicate him?

Love disposes us to put to their proper uses every blessing that may fall to our lot; while, *without it*, the most

splendid advantages that we could desire, the largest fortunes and brightest parts, will become vain and fruitless, if not pernicious and destructive to us. For, what is our reason worth if it serve only to contrive little sorry designs for ourselves? What is wit good for, if it be spent only in making sport, or creating mischief? What signifies wealth, if it be uselessly hoarded up, or vainly thrown away on the lusts of one poor worm? What is our credit but a mere puff of air, if we do not give it substance by making it an engine of doing good? What is our virtue itself, if buried in obscurity it yield no benefit to others by the lustre of its example, or by its real influence? If these advantages minister, only to our own particular pleasure or profit, how mean and inconsiderable they appear!

But under the management of love, see what worth and importance they as-

sume. Our wealth becomes the bank from which the weeping widow, the indigent young tradesman, and the helpless orphan, draw the supply of their wants. Our wit is employed to expose the deformities of vice, and to paint virtue in her loveliest colours. Our knowledge is applied to instruct the ignorant, to admonish the guilty, and to comfort the wretched. Thus love enables us to lay out our talents in so excellent a manner as to secure those inestimable blessings the love of God, the friendship of mankind, and all the exquisite pleasures of doing good. How great then is the worth of love, since without it the goods even of the wealthiest are but temporal and transient, such as too often prove dangerous snares and baneful poisons, and are at best but impertinent baubles.

Love gives worth to all our apparent virtues, insomuch, that without it no

quality of the heart, no action of life is valuable in itself or pleasing to God. Without love, what is courage, but the boldness of a lion or the fierceness of a tyger? What is meekness but the softness of a woman, or the weakness of a child? What is politeness, but the grimace of a monkey, or the fooleries of a fop? What is justice, but passion or policy? What is wisdom but craft and subtilty? Without love, what is faith but dry opinion? What is hope but blind presumption? What is almsgiving but ostentation? What is martyrdom but stubbornness? What is devotion but a mockery of God? What is any practice, how specious soever in itself, or beneficial to others, but the effect of selfishness and pride? "Though I have faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. Though I give all my goods to feed the

poor, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

But love sanctifies every action, and converts all that we do into virtue. It is true bravery indeed, when a man, out of love to his neighbour, and a hearty desire to promote his good, encounters dangers and difficulties. It is genuine meekness, when a man out of love, and an unwillingness to hurt his neighbour, patiently puts up with injuries. It is politeness indeed, when cordial affection expresses itself in civil language, respectful manners, and obliging actions. It is excellent justice, when a man regarding his neighbour's case as his own, does to him as he would have it done to himself. It is admirable wisdom, which studies to promote our neighbour's welfare. It is a noble faith, which, working by love, produces the rich fruits of obedience. It is a solid hope, which is grounded on that ever-

lasting basis of love which never fails. It is a sincere alms, which not only the hand but the heart reaches out. It is an acceptable sacrifice, which is kindled by the holy fire of love. It is an hallowed devotion which is offered up from a heart pure and benevolent like the being whom it adores.

Love is a grand instrument of our happiness, because it alone renders sweet and pleasant all the duties which we owe to our neighbour. All agree, that the second great business of men in this life is to learn to love one another. And since the constant performance of kind and generous services to each other, tends most effectually to fan the flame of love, our heavenly Father is perpetually calling on us to perform those good offices to our brethren. He commands the strong to bear the burdens of the weak, the rich to abound in good works

to the poor, the poor to be cheerfully obliging to the rich, and all of us to exercise meekness, gentleness, hospitality, justice, honour, truth, &c. Such sentiments and works of beneficence and love, make a considerable part of our duties, duties that occur every day and hour of our lives. To perform these with alacrity and pleasure must add greatly to our happiness because, since they occur so frequently, if we have but the art to turn them into pleasures, our whole life must be one continued round of pleasure. Whereas, on the contrary, if we take no delight in them, we stand a fair chance to lead very uneasy lives; as we shall be continually called on by duties which we cannot perform without reluctance, nor yet neglect without much vexation and regret.

Would we have this, our field of trial to become a garden of pleasantness? Let us love. Love is the great

wonder-worker. It converts duties into delights, and penances into pleasures. Are you wealthy? In making you so, heaven kindly intended for you the joy of acting as the friend and benefactor of the poor. That you may be sensible how essential love is to the cheerful discharge of the duties of beneficence, turn your eyes towards Dives: In him you behold one of the wealthiest of the sons of fortune. His cellars, his barns, his coffers, are all bursting out with abundance; but his heart possesses not one spark of love. Alas! the sad consequences of his lacking *this one thing needful.* Hence, though possessed of wealth sufficient to enable him, like the good angel of his neighbourhood, to scatter blessings around him on at least fifty needy families; he loses the joy, and they the benefit of such noble charities. Destitute of love, Dives takes no delight, even in feeding the hungry,

in clothing the naked, or in soothing the sorrows of sickness and poverty. Unhappy Dives! Works of love which blessed angels would prefer to their nectar and ambrosia, are set before thee, but thou hast no relish for them. Dives keeps a splendid table, has vast apartments, rich furniture, costly jewels, a large number of servants, and sumptuous equipages; and that is enough for him; his poor childish fancy has no idea of any thing superior.

But see the noble and excellent Demophilus. Demophilus possesses an estate not inferior to that of Dives; but his estate though ample, is not half so ample as his heart. Demophilus denies himself all the pomps and superfluities of life in order that he may swell the tide of his liberality to the poor. It were an endless, though pleasing task, to relate how many friendless little children he has educated, how

many poor young tradesmen he has set up in good business; and how many helpless old persons, provided for by his bounty, are now spending the evening of their days in peace and comfort. Every day is to Demophilus a day of happiness, because it is spent in offices of kindness to those whom love has taught him to view in the endearing light of relations; and, in serving whom, he acts with all the alacrity of a brother. Thus love employs him in such good works as yield the purest pleasures while he is engaged in them, and the remembrance of which will be a well of sweetest waters springing up in his bosom to eternal life.

Are you a poor man? You will find love to be equally essential to your happiness. Love will not only preserve you from all the pangs of envy and discontent; those infernal vipers which pry on the vitals of too many of our

poor brethren! But it will enable you to look with the joy of a brother on the superior prosperity of your neighbour. It will inspire you with that sublimest devotion, prayers for your wealthy neighbour, that he may be sensible of the blessings he possesses in possessing wealth and power, that he may be thankful for them, and put them to such good use as at once to please the supreme giver, to win the gratitude of the poor, and to fill his own heart with joy.

Are you in debt to your neighbour? Then it nearly concerns you to love him. I will not indeed say, that if you do not love, you will never pay your debts, for a sense of honour may incline you, as it does many who are destitute of love, to be honest; but this I will say, that if you love your neighbour, you will pay him with much more certainty and satisfaction than you other-

wise could. If you love your neighbour, you will not be able to run in debt to him, when you foresee that you can never pay him.

A certain lawyer—a case in point—made application to a certain hair-dresser for a wig. The generous tradesman, who was just about to sit down to dinner, invited his customer to take pot-luck with him. After having made a plentiful repast, and emptied the second bowl, "Now Sir," said the benevolent shaver, addressing his guest, "I'll make you as handsome a wig as ever graced the head of a counsellor." "No, that you shall not." "Hie! what's the matter? Did you not come to bespeak a wig?" "True, I did, but I have altered my mind. You are so clever a fellow that I have a great liking for you, and this makes me scorn to take an advantage of you: For were you to make me a wig, I do not know that I should ever be able to pay

you for it." What a generous thing must love be, since a few feathers of it only could thus bear a man up above a dishonest action! Would God, that not only all lawyers, but that all men also had more of it!

To the man who loves not, the payment of his debts is often a great penance. Avaro owes 500 guineas; 500 guineas! Avaro had as lieve it were 500 drops of his heart's blood. To-morrow is the day of payment; a sad day to Avaro! Avaro goes with a heavy heart to his strong box to take one more view of his dear poor guineas. He takes them up in his hands; he hugs them to his breast: "Sweet precious gold, and must I part with you! Dear delight of my eyes and joy of my heart, must I to-morrow resign you for ever!" Avaro sighs piteously, and locking them up again in his box, goes out groaning

like one who follows his first born to the grave.

Now turn your eyes to a very different character; I mean Benevolus. It is love only that makes the difference. Benevolus owes a sum of money to his neighbour Agathos. Benevolus possesses not only that delicate sense of honour, and that nice regard to reputation, those laudable motives to duty which animate all men of honour; but he feels some of a sweeter and still stronger nature. Benevolus loves his neighbour Agathos; hence he takes an interest in his welfare. Agathos, in lending this money, shewed a confidence in Benevolus. Benevolus is eager to evince that it was well-founded. Agathos, may by this time be *wanting* his money; Benevolus feels an anxiety to replace it. Benevolus has reason to believe that it would be a pleasure to Agathos to re-

ceive it. Benevolus hasten's to give him that pleasure.

"I once, said the charming Pulcheria, owed a neighbouring woman, a sum: On going to her house to pay it, I met one of her daughters, whose dress shewed a tattered wardrobe: my heart rejoiced that the supply of their wants was at hand: and had I, continued the dear girl, been in sufficient circumstances, nothing would have made me happier than to have owed them ten times as much." O for more love; more love! Without this, there can be not only no pleasure, but indeed no *steadiness* in the payment of debts. Great stress I know has been laid on what is called a sense of honour: But a mere man of honour is an unsafe debtor. In those corrupted countries, where the *laws* and *fashions* are not very decidedly in favour of justice, men of honour have

been found to sit perfectly easy under the weight of their debts.

Misochristis is a man of honour; but he lives in a country where it happens not to be the *fashion* for men of honour to pay their debts under three or four years. Misochristis, you see, is surrounded by a croud of creditors, who are importunate with him for their money. Often had he avoided them before by making his servants deny him; but, unfortunately, that stratagem would not answer to day, for they popped in upon him before his usual hour of rising. He at first determined not to stir out of his chamber; but they as obstinately determined not to stir until they saw him. He then ordered his servant to tell them that he was indisposed and could speak to no body; but the news of his indisposition did not soften them in the least: See him they must. Whereon he sent word that he would

surrender, and immediately comes to a parley.

"How now, gentlemen," says he, "can't a person be sick in his own house? Give me leave to tell you, that you don't behave handsomely.

"What have you to say, Mr. Rhedon? You made me a coach I fancy about three years ago; and have I not paid you twenty pistoles on account? Indeed you are vastly to be pitied! Go, go, don't be afraid of your money; no body loses any thing by me. See there is an honest man who has been my baker these six years; he knows how to behave himself to a person of my distinction; he has had great patience, and he shall not be a sufferer by it. Mr. Rhedon, your servant, I have something to say to these gentlemen,—you will call again.

"My good friend, Artopolus, I have really a regard for you: You serve me extremely well. How do you manage to make such good bread as you send me? 'Tis excellent; there can be no fault found with such bread. Let me see what it is I owe you? Two thousand three hundred and forty-six livres; That's just what I owe you. Well, I shall not examine your account; I don't question but it is right. Two thousand three hundred and odd livres. I shall be able to pay you. Well, Mr. Artopolus, the first money I receive shall be yours. You shall not be at the trouble of coming for it; 'tis not reasonable you should; why man 'tis you who keep me alive.

"So, here is my wine merchant: I have longed for an opportunity, my friend, to take you to task. You know full well, Mr. Vintner, that

you have a pleasure in poisoning me with your wine. What the devil is it you put into it? I cannot drink three bottles but it deprives me of my understanding; and yet it is money you want—Go about your business, go; people who expect to be paid never serve their customers in that manner. You shall have no money till every body else is paid, if it were only to teach you to sell good wine.

"As for you, Monsieur Guillaumet, I am quite ashamed to have been so long without paying you. I am sensible of all the complaints you have against me. You have clothed me and my whole family these five years, and I have not as yet paid you a sous. I promised to pay you towards the end of the last year, but I disappointed you. Is not that all you have to say to me? You know me very well,

Monsieur Guillaumet; do you imagine I could be so cruel as to let you be all this time out of your money, after you had disbursed such considerable sums for my use, if my tenants did but pay me? I must be a great villain if I could behave after that manner: But they will pay me by and by, and then you shall have your money. Your servant,—Give me leave to speak to that gentlewoman.

"Good morrow, Mrs. Pernelle, I suppose you are come to demand your money for those thirty pieces of linen which I had of you two years ago? Well, I cannot pay you very soon. You see what a number of people I have promised already. But you can afford to wait a little. You are well to pass!" "No, Sir, you are mistaken, my circumstances are very indifferent." "Oh, so much

the worse, my good mistress: when people cannot afford to give credit, they should never pretend to sell.

"As to the rest of you, my good friends," says Misochristis, addressing himself to those creditors who had not as yet received audience: "I fancy I don't owe you any great matters. You see I am endeavouring to regulate my affairs. Give me a little more time; and if I can do no better at present, I will at least look over and settle your accounts."

As soon as Misochristis had finished these words he flew from them like lightning, leaving his creditors so astonished at his impudence, that he was quite out of their hearing before they had recollected themselves sufficiently to make him a reply.

But if men of honour have been bad pay-masters, because punctuality was unfashionable, they have been found equal-

ly so in those happy play-times, when their good old master, the Law, fell drowsy, and took no notice of his pupils actions.

Young Adrastus, hard run for money determines to try his friends. He goes to Agathocles, and in the bated breath and whispering humbleness of a borrower, begs the loan of a thousand guineas. A good round sum! But the benevolent Agathocles, a stranger to suspicion, grants the loan. Adrastus pockets the money and rides off, the happiest man in the world. For three years the good Agathocles got nothing from Adrastus but empty promises and sorrowful details of disappointments and loses. At length a war breaks out, and the country wanting money, the press is converted into a mint, and paper dollars are struck off by the ream. These the legislator pronounces to be of equal value with gold and silver;

and threatens trouble to the tory that shall refuse them as such. "*Hurra for us debtors*," is now the cry. Blessed times! Whole caravans of honest men are now in motion to pay their debts. Adrastus joins the happy throng; and taking a witness with him, waits on the good old Agathocles, whose generous loan of a thousand guineas, he pays off with half a quire of paper currency—worth about £. 40.

Alas! poor honour! when severed from the love of God, and of man, what art thou but an empty name! Had Adrastus loved his God, could he thus have despised that golden precept which enjoins him—*to do unto others as he would that others should do unto him*?—Had Adrastus loved the generous Agathocles, could he have thus requited him evil for good—could he have thus repayed the noblest friendship with the

basest ingratitude ?—Let the following true story reply.

A young gentleman, whom we shall call Leander, had the good fortune to be born of parents, who well knew that happiness consists rather in the good qualities of the heart, than in the rich contents of the strong box. He was therefore early taught to look on the love of God and of his neighbour, as the best wealth that man or angel can possess. His progress in virtue was equal to the fondest expectations of his parents. Truth, honour and goodness, shone so conspicuously in all his conduct, that to love him, one needed but to know him. At the age of three and twenty he lost his father ; and possessing but a very small fortune, he resolved to go into trade. Leander had five or six mercantile friends, each of whom throwing in a couple of hundred pounds worth of goods, made him up a pretty

assortment. With great alacrity he entered upon this new employment; but, as it would seem, merely to evince the error of those parents, who think that religion alone is sufficient to make their children happy. His father had taken great pains to fit him for heaven; but had not sufficiently instructed him to make his way good here on earth. He had scarcely ever told Leander, that though it be happiness to love, it is still virtue to be prudent; and, that to mingle the harmlessness of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent, and to take heed of men, even while he loves them, are commandments of the Great Teacher himself. He had hardly ever mentioned to Leander, the importance of receipts, vouchers, and written contracts; nor related to him the many sad instances of unsuspecting goodness snared and ruined by insidious villany; and how often, for want of receipts,

the best men have been compelled to a second payment of debts that have kept their noses to the grindstone half their lives after. No; but to consider all men as the children of God, and coheirs of glory; to love them as himself, and to *think evil of no man*: these were the only sentiments which Leander was taught: These he carried with him behind the counter. Leander was soon found out to be a *fine young man*! every body admired his goods, and wished to buy if they could but have a little credit. Leander anticipated every wish, and credited every body.

In a very short time, out of a thousand pounds worth of goods, he had not a remnant left. His rivals were fit to burst with spleen and envy at such prodigious sales; while his friends ascribed such singular success to divine interposition. At the appointed time his creditors demanded their money.

The too credulous Leander was not prepared to pay. Unable to wait longer, they seized on his little patrimony, and threw him into prison. Cruel parents, who thus expose your children uncovered by the shield of prudence, to the *fiery darts* of fraud and villany! O remember that the want of prudence, is too often, even in the best men, succeeded by the want of virtue; and that, in many instances, the devil himself asks not an abler advocate for *vice* than *poverty*. Happily for Leander, his virtue was full grown, and of a good constitution. He did not, as thousands have done, curse that easiness of nature, that benevolence of sentiment, which had duped and betrayed him; he did not vow eternal war against his species, and resolve to practise in future the same arts which had wrought his ruin. No! fraud and injustice now appeared to him hateful as the hags of hell.

While, by contrast, his love of virtue was exalted to adoration. To have deceived, though unintentionally, and thence to have injured his patrons, caused Leander much grief; but it was grief unimbittered by the gall of guilt. To have discovered such a want of virtue and humanity among men, excited emotions, but they were the emotions of compassion, not of resentment. Still *his prayers and his benevolence went up before God.* After fifty days confinement, the still virtuous Leander was discharged from prison, and from all legal obligation to pay his former debts. He then went round again among his debtors; many of whom affected by his pathetic remonstrances, discharged their accounts. With this money, purchasing a small assortment of goods, he entered a second time into trade, and with becoming caution. At the expiration of five years, having saved enough

for that purpose, he hastened up to town to pay off his former debts, and to evince the divinity of that love, which cannot be happy while it *owes any man* any thing. He called together his former creditors to a tavern, where, by his orders, a handsome dinner was prepared for them. He received them with the utmost cordiality, and without having as yet gratified their curiosity as to the occasion of the meeting, he politely pressed them to sit down to dine. On turning up their plates, every man beheld in a heap of shining gold, the full amount, principal and interest, of his former claim against Leander.

"Lord, who's the happy man that may
"To thy blest courts repair!
"Not stranger like to visit them,
"But to inhabit there.

"'Tis he who to his vows and trust,
"Has ever firmly stood;
"And tho' he promise to his loss,
"He makes his promise good."

We have been copious on this part of our subject, for a very plain reason: the payment of our debts is a duty that occurs so frequently, that whatever tends to make it a pleasure, must consequently add greatly to our happiness; and have abundantly shewn it is love, and love alone that can make honesty at all times a pleasure.

But there are many other duties, of equal importance to our own, and to the happiness of society, to the cheerful performance of which, love is as indispensibly necessary. This man's avarice may claim a part of our estate, or that man's unprovoked rage may insult our person, or slander our name; now, to bear all this with temper, and to negociate so discreetly with these our ungenerous neighbours, as to disarm their passions, and to make an honourable and lasting peace, is certainly a most desirable event; but it is an event which

nothing but almighty love can accomplish. And through defect of this love, how frequently have we seen the slightest incroachments, or provocations to stir up such horrid passions, in the bosoms of neighbours, and to hurry them into such shameful excesses of injury and revenge, as have ended in the destruction of each others souls, bodies, and estates!

Let the real history of goodman Gruff and his neighbour Grub, elucidate this melancholy truth.

These two men, whose fortunes were ample, lived near neighbours to each other; so near, that their lands, unmoved by the passion of their owners, lay and slept together in the most friendly embraces. That good being who had thus appointed their lots together in the same pleasant places, had unquestionably intended, that they should learn from their own experience, how

happy a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. But alas! the ways of peace they knew not, for they were both strangers to love; and, by natural consequence, both proud, selfish, irascible and vindictive. On a resurvey of his plantation, goodman Gruff found that his neighbour Grub had about two acres and a quarter of his ground in possession.

No sooner had he made this *important discovery*, than he sent orders to Mr. Grub, and not in the most gentle terms, instantly to remove his fences, from that spot of ground, or he should adopt measures to compel him. From no friend on earth, would Mr. Grub have brooked such a message; but from Gruff, it was altogether insupportable. A reply, such as pride and hatred could dictate, was immediately made. A lawsuit, of course, commenced.

This produced the effect that usually attends law-suits, "a death unto friendship, and a new birth unto hatred." Every expence incurred in the course of the suit inflamed their mutual hatred; for they never failed to set down these expences to the account of each others roguery: They never deigned to salute, or to exchange a word; and, if accident at any time threw them into the same company, they cast such eyes of death on one another, and were so pointedly brutal in their manners, as to shock all who were not lost to humanity. To be threatened with the loss of two acres of land, or to have that much withheld, though each possessed many more than they could cultivate, was enough in such sordid souls, to awaken the most deadly passions. These were soon communicated to the rest of their families. The wives and daughters, could not, even at church, treat each other

with common civility; and the sons often disgraced themselves in bloody battles. Nor was this all, for their poor unoffending cattle, their hogs and horses, who, poor things! knew not the right leg from the left, were made to feel the sad effects of this unnatural strife: For, if carelessly wandering in quest of grass or roots, their homely fare, they happened in luckless hour, to stray within the hostile lines, straight a troop of angry slaves, with worrying dogs and furious stones, attacked them: or slily taking and loading them with yokes, doomed them to waste full many a day in woe and pain.

"Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce, and their wrath, for it was cruel. O my soul! come not thou into their secret, unto their assembly; mine honour, be not thou united!" JACOB.

Thus we see men, though born to walk with angels high in salvation, and the clime of bliss, acting, because destitute of love, just as if they were candidates for the society of infernal spirits!

A stranger to the origin of this shameful contest, would reasonably have supposed, from the fury with which it was conducted, that the actors in it expected some signal advantages from it. "Surely," would he have said, "vast field of fertile earth, with mighty forests, and flocks and herds, with heaps of golden treasure, must depend on this important suit." But what would have been his astonishment, on finding, that the dear bought purchase of two acres of poor land, was the whole extent of their hopes!

"Verily, man without love is as the wild ass's colt, and stupid as the beast that perisheth."

But to return to our litigious farmers, whom we left just engaged in a suit, Gruff against Grub, for two acres and a quarter of land, held and cultivated by the latter, but found by a re-survey to belong to the former. The case seemed sufficiently simple, and, as was generally thought, would soon be knocked off the doquet, and with but small damages. But being found, as generally happens, much more complicated than it had at first appeared; it was kept so long in the different courts in which it had the fortune to be tried, that goodman Gruff was often heard to say, that "though he had gained his suit, yet, through loss of time, neglect of business, tavern charges, and extra fees to lawyers, he had expended at least one hundred half-joes." While poor Grub, obliged to carry on so long a suit with monies borrowed on an exorbitant premium,

incurred a debt which cost him the whole track, together with the two acres and a quarter which he had so obstinately defended.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

Had these unfortunate men but loved, they might have lived happy. Like good Job's children, "they would have gone and feasted in their houses each man his day, and sent and called for his neighbour to eat and to drink with him." And then having his heart warmed and expanded with generous love, had goodman Gruff discovered that his neighbour held unknowingly an acre or two of his land, he would have scorned to notice it.

Ask the benevolent old Ralph, whether he would thus have threatened and persecuted his neighbour Paul for a couple of acres? Observe how he shakes his venerable locks, and, with a coun-

tenance strongly marking his abhorrence of such a thought, thus replies :—

"No, my friend, two acres of land should never have set me and my neighbour Paul at variance. Forty years have we lived near each other, and, thank God, it has been forty years of peace and friendship. Paul appears to me now like a brother; and the affection that I have for him, gives me a double enjoyment of what I have, because of the pleasure I find in communicating of it to him. If I take a hive, he is sure to receive a plate of the choicest comb. If I kill a fat mutton, the best quarter is sent to him. His company heightens my joys, his counsel and assistance lessen the weight of my sorrows. Together we enjoy the good things of this life, and together we often converse about the happiness of that better life to come. Now, shall I mar

all this sweet heavenly peace, and plunge myself into hellish hatred and strife, by quarrelling with my good friend Paul on account of two acres of ground? No, no, no; sooner than see that hated day, let these eyes be closed for ever; and let my gray hairs go down with joy to the grave! Take two acres of land from Paul? O how gladly would I give him a thousand!"

But supposing, Father Ralph, that instead of the gentle Paul, it had been your destiny to dwell in the neighbourhood of the churlish Mr. Gruff, how would you have relished his orders to relinquish two acres of your land?

"Why, I would have endeavoured an accommodation, by proposing a reference of our matter to some of our well informed and impartial neighbours."

But, what if he had replied, that since by the late variation of the compass, the limits of his tract were so enlarged as to take in those two acres of yours, he claimed them by virtue of the law, and would have nothing to do with arbitrators?

"What would I have done? Why, I would have pitied him—from the bottom of my heart would I have pitied him for such a sentiment. And on taking my leave, would have addressed him in such words as these:—Neighbour Gruff, the good for which you seem so ready to contend, deserves not to be put in the scale against the numerous evils of a law-suit. Let famished seamen quarrel and fight for a morsel of bread, or draw lots for each others lives, but for us who live in a land so thickly strewed with the blessings of heaven, that we

need but stretch forth the hand of industry and we shall gather abundance—for us to go to law for a slip of ground, were a reproach to us, both as men and as christians. I feel, neighbour Gruff, that love and peace are the greatest blessings of life, and, well knowing that law-suits are no friend to those, but, on the contrary, their most mortal enemies, I wish never to have any thing to do with law-suits—I mean on such trifling occasions. Therefore, for the sake of God, the lover of peace, and for our mutual good, I cheerfully compliment you with these two acres for which you are so ready to go to law with me. And I think my heart gives me comfortable assurance that I shall never want them."

"Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Love adds greatly to the happiness of man, because it puts us in possession and gives us the enjoyment of every thing that is good and desirable in this life. By it, we may, without greedy avarice, or its cares and drudgeries, swim in tides of wealth. Without proud ambition or any of its difficulties and dangers, we may ascend to the highest seats of honour: without sordid voluptuousness, or its diseases and disgust, we may bask in the lap of true pleasures; without its pride, luxury or sloth, or any of its snares and temptations, we may feast at the table of prosperity. We may pluck the richest fruits of science and learning, without the pain of laborious study: and we may taste the sweets of virtue and goodness without their toils. For, are not all these things ours, if we make them so by finding much delight and satisfaction in them? Does not our neighbour's

wealth enrich us, if we are happy in his possessing and using it? Does not his preferment advance us, if our spirit rises with it into a cordial complacency? Does not his pleasure delight us, if we are pleased with his enjoyment of it? Does not his prosperity bless us, if our hearts exult and triumph in it? This is the true Philosopher's stone, the divine magic of love which conveys all things into our hands, giving us a possession and use in them of which nothing can deprive us.

By virtue of this, (as Paul justly observes) "*Being sorrowful we yet always rejoice; having nothing we yet possess all things.*" Neither is this property in our neighbour's goods merely imaginary, but real and substantial; indeed, far more real to the true lover of men, than it is generally to the legal owners of them. For how is property in things otherwise to be considered than by the

satisfaction which they yield to the presumed owner? And if the benevolent man find this satisfaction in them, and in a high degree, why are they not truly his? May not the tree with some degree of propriety be called yours if you can pluck and enjoy its fruits at pleasure? Nay, does not the propriety more truly belong to you, if you equally enjoy the benefit, without partaking the trouble and expence which fall on the real owner? A loving man therefore can never be poor or miserable, except all the world should come to want and distress, for while his neighbour has any thing, he will enjoy it "*rejoicing with those who rejoice.*"

But love not only advances us to the highest pitch of happiness attainable in this life, but, like a true friend, it will accompany us into heaven, and there complete our felicity, by exalting

us to the society of "*angels and spirits of just men made perfect.*"

Among all the nations of the earth, the pleasing persuasion has prevailed, that the souls of good men shall pass away after death into brighter climes than these, where assembled in the sweetest society, they shall enjoy pleasures which were never permitted them to taste in this vale of tears.

This strongest and dearest sentiment of nature, is confirmed by revelation, which assures us, that heaven, the city of the eternal King, is inhabited by a great multitude, which no man can number, composed of all the wise and good that ever existed in the universe of God; and who, now separated from every infirmity, dwell together in the dearest amity and peace.

Desirable indeed must an access to such a society appear to us, who dwell in these abodes of frail humanity.

whose passions are so much at variance with our repose! This man wounds us by a mortifying neglect, that insults us with scorn and contempt. A third cruelly envies our felicity. A fourth inhumanly slanders our good name. And a fifth goes to law with us for our estate. While those few who love us, often add to our uneasiness by their follies or vices. Who would not leave such a wretched society as this, and gladly go to mingle with those blessed friends, who can no more be miserable themselves, nor render us so? Where every countenance will shine upon us with smiles of undissembled affection; and every eye will beam unutterable love? Where mighty angels will be as endearingly attentive to us, as fondest brethren; while heavenly sages will pour fourth the treasures of their wisdom to entertain us, though the feeblest of saints?

But, alas! is it for us whose hearts are defiled, and who drink in iniquity like water, to be numbered with these children of God, and to have our lot among such saints? Yes it is. For though the precious gold of Ophir could not purchase such high honours for us; and though rocks of proffered diamonds would not be received in exchange; yet there is a power, a secret charm, that can open for us the everlasting doors, and admit us into those courts of glory. That charm is Love, which, by exercising every odious passion, and adorning us with its own celestial graces, will secure our welcome, and render us dear to every saint in paradise. And were it not for love, which thus refines our nature, and transforms us into angels of light, never could we mingle in the society of those heavenly lovers.

"Birds of a feather flock together." As gentle doves, who delight in mutual caresses, fly on wings of terror, from those birds whose fiery eyes threaten hateful strife; so angels of love, must retire with as natural an abhorrence, from the society of dark and malignant spirits. Between no two things in nature, does there exist so irreconcilable an opposition, as between love and hatred. Water and oil—fire and snow, may, by the powerful arts of chemistry, be taught to forget their native antipathies, and to rush together into friendly embraces: But by no arts can tender-hearted love be brought to look with complacency on any appearance of hatred and misery. And the more ardent our love, the more exquisite will be our distress, at the view of such scenes.

Philander, whose life is a series of beneficence that reflects honour on hu-

man nature, was, during the earlier part of his days, strangely fond of that most vulgar practice, boxing. But happening to read Dr. Blair's sermon on gentleness, he was brought to see so clearly, the beauty and blessedness of a benevolent temper, that he has ever since cultivated it as the brightest ornament, and highest happiness of his life. Philander often now observes to his friends, that nothing surprises him more than the difference which he finds between the feelings, of the present and past periods of his life. That formerly, when a stranger to love, the sight of a battle was *matter of fun* to him; and a broken head, or a bloody nose, a mere bagatelle, *quite a trifle.* But that now, were he compelled to see two men striving in battle, and with furious countenances and eyes darting hatred, inflicting cruel blows on each other, he verily believes it would harrow up his soul

and fill him with insupportable horror. And such, I am confident, would be the feelings of every truly benevolent heart. Now, if we who are but babes in love, and whose hearts still retain much of their former hardness and insensibility, are, notwithstanding, so shocked at the sight of bad passions; how much more would the blessed angels, those pure spirits of love, be shocked at the sight of such things? Hence, it clearly appears that were God to throw open the gates of heaven, and to invite us to enter with all our pride, haughtiness, scorn, envy and hatred about us; so far from being welcome to the angels, we should turn their heaven into hell. It would grieve their generous bosoms, to see us so completely damned; and it would equally shock their feelings to see us so perfectly loathsome and abominable; and they would, no doubt, prefer their joint petitions to God, for permission to re-

tire into some other part of his dominions, where, far removed from such disquieting scenes, they might renew their joys in contemplating the beauty of each others virtues, and in rejoicing in the greatness of their mutual bliss. Would we therefore gain a welcome admission into those blest abodes, where angels and the youngest sons of light, spend their blissful days in joys unknown to mortal sense—Let us Love. This is the darling attribute of God; "For God is love." And this is the grace that gives to ministering spirits all their surpassing joys and glories. Washed in this heavenly Jordan, the foulest leper becomes fresher than the new-born babe. Bathed in this divine Bethesda, the blackest heart and most malevolent spirit becomes whiter than snow. Mark the glorious change. His eyes, lately glaring with infernal fires, now emit the softest beams of benevolence. His

cheeks, once pale with envy, now bloom with the rosy-red of joy. His countenance, e'er while dark with angry passions, now wears the opening radiance of friendship. His voice, lately broken and discordant with rage, is now sweeter than music; his heart, once the den of poisonous adders, is now the abode of gentlest affection; and he who some time ago was the terror or hatred of all who knew him, is now become the delight of each eye and joy of every heart. His admiring friends, view him with transport as a dear monument of the mighty power of love; while holy angels welcome him with sweetest symphonies, and fill the eternal regions with acclamations of joy. "Behold, this our brother was lost, but is found, he was dead, but is alive."

And though on our first entrance into the company of blessed angels, we cannot be half so loving and lovely as

they are, yet will not this diminish their affection for us; for, clearly perceiving, that though but babes, we yet possess the fair features and precious qualities of godlike souls, they will cordially love and tenderly embrace us, as their younger brethren, and as infant angels. While meeting with no cruel obstructions to our love, as in this world, but on the contrary, finding ourselves beloved and caressed by each saint and angel, we shall daily become more grateful and affectionate, and consequently more lovely in the eyes, and more dear to the hearts, of those blessed people. And now, what words can express, what fancy can conceive the various and exquisite pleasures, that we may expect to meet with, in so wise, so all-accomplished and endearing a society? If the conversation of *great* and *good natured wits*, be so highly entertaining, that men of taste would give any thing to spend an even-

ing with a party of such; how much more desirable must it be to spend an eternity in the company of angels? For, as in point of knowledge, wit, and eloquence, they must be far superior to the brightest geniuses of our world, and incomparably more affectionate, they cannot but make the most delightful company. From the vast stores of their wisdom and experience, they can easily draw an almost infinite variety of the most entertaining topics, on which such good and gentle spirits, will not fail to converse in the most free and endearing manner. Then, what a heavenly conversation must theirs be, whose scope is the most glorious knowledge, and its law the most perfect friendship?

Who would not willingly leave a childish forward and ill natured world, for the blessed society of those wise friends and perfect lovers? And what a felicity must it be to spend an eternity, in such

a noble conversation? Where we shall hear the deep philosophy of heaven communicated with mutual freedom, in the wise and amiable discourses of angels, and of glorified spirits, who, without any reserve or affectation of mystery, without passion or peevish contention for victory, do freely philosophise and impart the treasures of each others knowledge? For since all saints there are great philosophers, and all philosophers perfectly saints, we may conclude, that knowledge and goodness, wisdom and love, will be most charmingly intermixed throughout all their conversation, and render it delightful in the highest degree. When therefore we shall leave this vain and unsociable world, and on our landing on the shores of eternity, shall be met by all our good old friends, who are gone to heaven before us, and who now with infinite joy for our safe arrival, receive and conduct us into the

splendid society of all the good and generous souls, who ever lived in the world: when we shall be familiar friends with angels and archangels; and all the shining courtiers of heaven shall call us brethren, and welcome us into their glorious society, with all the tender endearments and caresses, of those heavenly lovers, O how will all these mighty honours and joys, swell our bosoms with tides of transport almost too big to bear!

But love not only renders us thus happy, by adorning us with such graces as give us a hearty welcome to the society, and joys of angels; but, O godlike power of charity! it even enables us to make all their joys our own.

It is a natural property of love, when sincere, to unite so closely the hearts of lovers, as to make their interests common, and thus to render the joys of the one, the joys of the other. Every man carries in his own bosom a proof of

this delightful truth. Do not the virtues of a dear brother, give us as exquisite joy, as if we ourselves were adorned with them? Have not the high commendations bestowed on a beloved sister, thrilled through our hearts, in as pure streams of pleasure as if we ourselves had been the honoured subject of them? Now, if love, which is a native of heaven, produces, even in the cold soil of the human heart, such delicious fruits of joy at the sight of our neighbour's happiness, how much more copious and exquisite must be its growth and flavour, when restored to heaven it enjoys all the energies of its native soil and climate? If therefore while here on earth, we make such progress in brotherly love, as to relish our neighbour's happiness as our own, "heartily rejoicing with him when he rejoices;" we may rest assured, that on going to heaven, and entering into the society of blessed

angels, we shall find the joys of congratulating love, far superior to what we ever experienced in this world. With what sacred delight shall our hearts overflow, when, on opening our eyes in those blissful mansions, we behold around us, such bright bands of glorious beings? The sight of these lovely and happy people, will open new springs of joy in our bosoms. With what wonder, love, and praise, shall we contemplate that hand which drew such magnificent scenes; these streets paved with gold, these gorgeous palaces hewn from diamond quarries, these walls flaming with the stones of heaven, these rivers flowing with liquid silver, these fields decked with immortal flowers, these sacred shades formed by the trees of God; and which, after having clothed these regions in such godlike splendours, raised up so many myriads of glorious beings to inhabit them for ever?

There, among those favoured spirits, we shall meet with none of those melancholy scenes which here so often embitter our lives. Here, the strong pains and cries of those whom we love, often wring our hearts and call tears of bitterest sorrow from our eyes; but there, God shall wipe all tears from our eyes, and pain and sickness are unknown. Here, the pale cheek, the hollow eye, and trembling voice of languishing friends, often sicken our hearts, and press our spirits to the earth; but there, health blooms with freshest roses on each immortal cheek, and imparts a vigour that shall never know decay. Here, we often behold our dearest relatives struggling in the agonies of death, and hear, with stupifying grief, their last expiring groans; but there, among those holy angels, death never shewed his ghastly countenance, and their glorified bodies are deathless as the eternal Jehovah.

Now, what words can express the joys of those blessed people, who love each other with a tenderness unknown to mortal bosoms, and whose love is continually feasted with the view of each others happiness, a happiness which no time can terminate, and which neither man nor devil can impair! For perfect lovers have all their joys and griefs in common between them; but the heavenly lovers having no griefs among them, do only communicate their joys to one another. And where they love so perfectly as they do in heaven, there can be no such thing as a private or particular happiness, but every one *must* have a share in that of every one, and consequently in this, their mutual communication of joys, every one's happiness, will, by his friendship to every one, be multiplied into as many happinesses as there are saints and angels in heaven and thus, every joy, of every member

of the church triumphant, runs round the whole body, in an eternal circulation. For that blessed body being all composed of consenting hearts, that, like perfect unisons, are tuned up to the same key, when any *one* is touched, *every one* echoes, and resounds the same note: and while they thus mutually strike upon each other, and all are affected with every one's joys, it is impossible, but, that in a state where there is nothing but joy, there should be a continual concert of ravishing harmony among them. For such is their dear concern for one another, that every one's joy not only pays to, but receives tribute from the joy of every one: so that when any one blessed spirit rejoices, his joy goes round the whole society, and then all their rejoicings in his joy, reflow upon, and swell and multiply it; and so as they thus cordially borrow each others joys, they always pay them

back with interest, and by thus reciprocating, do everlastingly increase them. And now, what unspeakable rejoicing and congratulations will there be among us, when we shall pass all heaven over, through ten thousand millions of blessed beings, and meet none but such as we most dearly love, and are as dearly beloved by; especially when we shall find no defect either of goodness, or happiness in them, nor they in us, to damp our mutual joy and delight, but every one shall be what every one wishes him—a perfect and blessed friend.

What eternal thanks do we not owe to the author of all good, for giving us souls that are capable of ascending to the society of these glorious beings, and of participating for ever in their exalted delights? And how must it inflame our gratitude to him for appointing love to be the golden road leading to those celestial regions, and for employing so many

arguments, and taking, if we may thus speak, so much pains to persuade us to walk in it? For, take all the laws of God, whether written on hearts of flesh, or tables of stone, or on softer leaves of evangelic paper, and cast them up—What is their amount? Love.—Love is the bond of perfection. Love is the fulfilling of the law. He hath shewed thee, O man! what is good, and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to love him, thy Parent God, with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself.

And as God has thus enjoined love, so has he disposed every thing in an order the most favourable to the production of it.

For who is this neighbour whom we are enjoined to love? Is he some vile inferior creature whom it were hard, if not impossible to love? No, he is, on the contrary, a most noble being, and descended from the greatest family in

the universe. He is no less a personage, than a young prince, a son of the great king eternal, whom he is not only allowed but even commanded to call his father. If some young nobleman clothed in silks and broad-cloths, scented with rich perfumes, and richly equipaged, were to call at our houses, we should instantly be impressed with sentiments of respect, and good will for him, and readily invite him to the hospitalities of our tables. But what are silver and gold? what are silks and broad-cloths? what are fine horses and servants? in comparison of that immortal soul which this neighbour possesses, and those eternal beauties of which his soul is capable? know, that he was made but *a few degrees lower than the angels*, and that God, the true judge of merit, has, on account of the rich excellencies of his nature, created this world, with all the goodly brightness of heaven, and

all the costly furniture of earth, to serve him.

"Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet."

He possesses a soul capable of so exceedingly great and eternal a weight of glory, that rather than he should be deprived of it for ever by sin, God himself came down on earth to expiate it, and by his own most perfect and amiable life and lessons, to allure him back to love heaven. God has adopted him as his son, and made him a free denizen of his heavenly city; and has appointed his own glorious angels to wait on him, as on the heir of salvation and candidate for eternal glory. Can we then think it hard to love him whom God thus loves and thus delights to honour?

But if it be easy to love a person of eminent dignity and excellence, it becomes easier and pleasanter still to love

him, if he be a near kinsman and friend. Well, this is truly the case betwixt our neighbour and us. He is our near relation—our brother—bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. God kindly raised him up to be unto us as a companion and a help-mate, to lighten our burdens, to multiply our comforts, and, like dear *children walking in love*, to enjoy together the rich fruits of our mutual industry, rejoicing in the present bounties of our common parent, and exulting in the hopes of better yet to come.

And as if all these tender and endearing circumstances were not sufficient, God himself has put forth his hand, and touched our hearts with sentiments of good will towards each other.

These native sentiments of love, these dear remains of God's own image, originally stamped on our minds, appear very visible in all, even in those unfortunates,

whose hard lot and corrupting companions have done much to stifle them.

Take you the poorest of men! who gleans precarious and scanty bread, by hard and humble toil. His sour looks and crabbed manners give room to suspect that he is a misanthrope, an utter stranger to natural affection; but the slightest experiment will soon discover what tender sympathies unite him to his kind.

You need not tell him of flourishing cities with all their gay inhabitants, swallowed up by the devouring sword, or ruthless flames, while mourning millions loaded with chains, are driven far from their native homes to make room for new masters. No; such horrid tragedies are not necessary to touch the springs of his compassion. Let him but hear the song of Chevy Chase, or the tender ballad of the Babes in the Wood; or carry him to the Theatre, and let

him hear, though but in a play, in mere fiction, the story of poor Barnwell, let him behold that unfortunate young man, who set out in life adorned with comely virtues, and the darling of all who knew him; but soon alas! too soon, arrested by a beauteous harlot, he falls an easy prey to her wiles, is stript of all his virtues and honours, and betrayed into crimes for which he dies on the ignominious gallows.—'Tis enough, this simple tale of woe calls up all his feelings of generous distress, and bathes his cheeks in floods of sympathetic tears.

Does not this our ready disposition to suffer with our suffering neighbour, and to *weep with him when he weeps*, plainly prove how much God has done to make it easy for us to love one another. To this he has added another charming evidence, I mean the inexpressible joy which he infuses into our

hearts on doing works of love to the necessitous.

"Pray sir," said a young Virginian to his friend, "on what act of your life do you reflect with the highest complacency?" "Why sir," replied the other "happening to hear that an old slave of my father's was sick, I went up to his quarter to see him. On inquiry, I found, that in consequence of his extreme age, and inability to render further services in the crop, he was cruelly neglected by the overseer, and often made to suffer for a meal of victuals. Blushing to find that this was the principal cause of his present indisposition, I instantly returned, and taking a negro lad, carried up a flitch of bacon, a loaf of bread, and a peck of meal. On seeing the present which I had brought him, his half-famished nature revived, and a sudden gush of tears trickled down his cheeks.

Lifting up his eyes, he gave me such a look of gratitude, and love, as pierced my very soul, and kindled a pleasure, which time, instead of diminishing, does but increase!"

The pleasures which we find in eating and drinking, we gratefully consider as given by the Creator, to attach us to those refreshments so necessary to life. With equal wisdom and gratitude, let us remember that the heartfelt delight which accompanies and succeeds our deeds of love, were meant to allure us to cherish that divine affection which is *better than life*.

For the same benevolent purpose, the author of our being is pleased to exert on us the whole force of another powerful spring of action; I mean interest. Our dearest interests in this world are best promoted, by maintaining a loving correspondence with our neighbours. So uncertain is our condition, so liable are we

all to the changes and chances of this mortal life, that no man can tell how soon he may owe his very life and fortune to the gratitude of a poor neighbour or slave who loves him. How many accounts have we heard of poor negroes, whose love for a good master has made them bravely to step in betwixt him and danger; sometimes, like faithful spaniels, plunging in, and drawing him out of deep waters, where he was in the very act of drowning. Sometimes, like Salamanders, rushing upon and extinguishing furious fires, that were destroying his houses, and perhaps half the labours of his life? And sometimes, like Hectors, fighting with desperate courage in his defence, when attacked, and in danger of being severely beaten and killed by his enemies?

But love not only thus marshals *an army with banners* around us for our safety;

it also pours a sweet sunshine of peace and harmony over our days.

St. Paul, who was a much safer guide in matters of religion, than Mr. Paine, advises us to walk in love with our neighbours, if we would lead a quiet and peaceable life. For as men naturally perceive a fragrance in the rose, and a sweetness in the honey-comb; so naturally do they discern a heavenly charm and beauty in love. Adorned therefore with the friendly dispositions, the fair dealings, and gentle manners of this divine passion, we shall not fail to find favour in the eyes of our neighbours, and to be beloved and caressed by them. Hence we walk among them as among brothers, in every face we see a friendly smile, at every house a hearty welcome, never devising any mischief against them, we never dream of their devising any against us. Our hearts are now at rest, our countenances are serene, our voices melodious, our manners mild,

our sleep sweet, and our whole life quiet and peaceable: And, as a blessed consequence of all this, together with the highest enjoyment of the present life, we are in the best frame of mind to prepare ourselves for that which is to come. Happily freed from the anxiety and vexation of all bad passions, we profitably contemplate our numberless obligations to love God and one another, and thus, in the multitude of our good thoughts, daily grow in virtue and piety.

But all this goodly Canaan, this land of love, flowing with richest milk and honey of peace, is snatched from our eyes by the demon-hand of hatred, and nought appears in its place but a land of darkness and of death, whose streams are of gall, and its fruits of bitter ashes.

By over-reaching a neighbour in a bargain (which we shall be too apt to do if we love him not) we make him our enemy.

Perhaps he has the spirit to tell us of our baseness to our faces, or to talk of it behind our backs. This fires our bosoms with odious and painful passions. Challenges or law-suits, with all their ignominious vexations, hurtful, and often fatal consequences, ensue.

Or by treating him with unreasonable severity (a thing very feasible if we love him not) we inflame his resentment to such an height, that not content with stabbing our reputation, he threatens our property and lives. Our curses now multiply thick and fast upon our heads. We can no longer sleep in quiet, from dread of having our houses fired over our heads. We are actually afraid (the memory of those who read may help them to instances) to stir out, or, like people in the neighbourhood of hostile Indians, must make our

visits with pistols in our pockets, and carabines in our hands.

Thus, through defect of love, we are often dragged upon the stage against our wills, and there made to act parts in tragedies, which neither become nor please us. Our thoughts taken off from all delightful subjects, are turned to solicitous cares of self-preservation and defence. Our minds are discomposed by vexatious passions. Our credit is blasted by false reports and slanderous defamations. Our hearts are kept continually boiling with choler, our faces over clouded with discontent, our ears filled with discordant noises of contradiction, clamour and reproach; and our whole frame of body and soul distempered with the worst of passions. In the meantime our natural rest is disturbed, our necessary business is hindred, our happiness in this life is utterly wretched and lost, and the great concerns of heaven and

eternal glory are entirely laid aside. O how much better it is to walk in the smooth and flowery paths of love, than thus to wander in the rugged ways of hatred, overgrown with briars, and beset with snares; to sail gently down the course of life on the silver current of friendship, than to be tossed on the tempestuous sea of contention; to behold the lovely face of heaven smiling with a cheerful serenity, than to see it frowning with clouds or raging with storms! How much a peaceful state resembles heaven, into which no strife nor clamor ever enter, but where blessed souls converse together in perfect love, and perpetual concord! And how a condition of enmity resembles hell, that black and dismal region of dark hatred, fiery wrath, and horrible tumult! How like a paradise the world would be flourishing in joy and rest, if men would but cheerfully conspire in love, and ge-

nerously contribute to each others good: and how like a savage wildness it now is, when like wild beasts, they vex and persecute, worry and devour each other.

And to conclude, let us remember, that "Love shall never fail," and that the man of love "shall be had in everlasting remembrance, and his memory shall be blessed." No spices can so embalm a man, no monument can so preserve his name, as works of love. The renown of power, of wit, and of learning, may rest on the minds of men with some admiration; but the remembrance of love reigns in their hearts with sincerest affection, there erecting trophies triumphant over death and oblivion. The good man's very dust is fragrant, and his grave venerable. His name is never mentioned without the tribute of a sigh, and loud acclamations of praise. And even when he is gone hence, and in per-

son is no more seen, he remains visible in the footsteps and fruits of his goodness. The poor man beholds him in the comfortable subsistence which he still receives from his bounty. The sick man feels him in the refreshments which he yet enjoys from his charity. He survives in the hearts of the afflicted, who still remember the services which he rendered them so cheerfully. And his weeping friends dry up their tears when they think of his virtues, the rich fruits of which they doubt not, he is now enjoying in a better world. His memory shall likewise endure for ever, in the favour of God, and in those glorious rewards which he will bestow upon him for his love to his brethren. God will not forget his labour of love, but will raise him up after the short slumbers of the grave, to receive that unfading crown, and that precious pearl of eternal life :—"Well done good and faithful servant,—I

was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, naked was I and you clothed me, sick and in prison and you visited me, enter now into the joy of your lord."

Thus when all the flashes of sensual pleasure are quite extinct; when all the flowers of secular glory are withered away; when all earthly treasures are buried in darkness; when this world with all its fashions are utterly vanished and gone, the good man's state will be still firm and flourishing, and his righteousness shall endure for ever.

If then you would be happy indeed; happy in every condition, and in the discharge of every duty; happy in life and in death; happy in this world and in that which is to come; learn to Love.

"This having learnt, thou hast attained the sum of wisdom. Hope no higher, though all the stars thou

knowest by name, and all the etherial powers; all secrets of the deep; all nature's works, or works of God in heaven, earth, air, or sea; and all the riches of this world enjoyedst, and all that rule one empire. Only add deeds to thy knowledge answerable. Add faith, add virtue, patience, temperance; add Love, the soul of all the rest; then shall thou not be loath to leave this world, but shalt inherit a world that's happier far." MILTON.

THE END.

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

A

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Elizabeth Bunting
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James Fichener
Israel Fish
John Fulper
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Phebe Hamilton
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George Hilberton
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Elizabeth Ivins
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Jeremiah Kimburk

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Archibald Woodruff
Moses Ward
David Wade
John Wilson
Wm. Whitlock
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Margaret Woodward
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Richard S. Woodruff
David Wood
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Joseph Walton
Wm. W. Warner

Y

Edmund Yard

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