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*The following VERSES were composed by a pious Clergyman in Virginia, who preaches to seven Congregations, the nearest of which meets at the Distance of five Miles from his House, as he was returning home in a very gloomy and rainy Night.*



OME, heav'nly pensive Contemplation, come,  
Possess my Soul, and solemn Thoughts inspire.  
The sacred Hours, that with too swift a Wing  
Incessant hurry by, nor quite elaps'd,  
Demand a serious Close. Then be my Soul  
Sedate and solemn, as this Gloom of Night,  
That thickens round me. Free from Care, compos'd  
Be all my Soul, as this dread Solitude,  
Thro' which with gloomy Joy I make my Way.  
Above these Clouds, above the spacious Sky,  
In whose vast Arch these cloudy Oceans roll,  
Dispensing Fatness to the World below;  
There dwells The MAJESTY whose single Hand  
Props universal Nature, and who deals  
His lib'ral Blessings to this little Globe,  
The Residence of Worms; where *Adam's* Sons,  
Thoughtless of Him, who taught their Souls to think,  
Ramble in vain Pursuits. The Hosts of Heav'n,  
Cherubs and Seraphs, Potentates and Thrones,  
Array'd in glorious Light, hover on Wing  
Before his Throne, and wait his sov'reign Nod:  
With active Zeal, with sacred Rapture fir'd,  
To his extensive Empire's utmost Bound  
They bear his Orders, and his Charge perform.  
Yet He, ev'n He, (ye Ministers of Flame,  
Admire the Condescension and the Grace!)



Employs a Mortal form'd of meanest Clay,  
 Debas'd by Sin, whose best Defert is Hell;  
 Employs him to proclaim a SAVIOUR'S Name,  
 And offer Pardon to a rebel World.  
 This Day my Tongue, the Glory of my Frame,  
 Enjoy'd the Honour of his Advocate :  
 Immortal Souls, of more transcendent Worth  
 Than *Ophir*, or *Peru's* exhaustless Mines,  
 Are trusted to my Care. Important Trust!  
 What if some wretched Soul, (tremendous Thought!)  
 Once favour'd with the Gospel's joyful Sound,  
 Now lost, for ever lost thro' my Neglect,  
 In dire infernal Gloom, with flaming Tongue,  
 Be heaping Execrations on my Head,  
 Whilst here secure I dream my Life away!  
 What if some Ghost, cut off from Life and Hope,  
 With fierce despairing Eyes up-turn'd to Heav'n,  
 That wildly stare, and witness Horrors huge,  
 Be roaring horrid, " LORD, avenge my Blood  
 On that unpitying Wretch, who saw me run  
 With full Career the dire enchanting Road  
 To these devouring Flames, yet warn'd me not,  
 Or faintly warn'd me; and with languid Tone,  
 And cool Harangue, denounc'd Eternal Fire,  
 And Wrath Divine?" At the dread shocking Thought  
 My Spirit shudders, all my inmost Soul  
 Trembles and shrinks. Sure, if the plaintive Cries  
 Of Spirits reprobate can reach the Ear  
 Of their Great JUDGE, they must be Cries like these.  
 But if the meanest of the happy Choir,  
 That with eternal Symphonies surround  
 The heav'nly Throne, can stand, and thus declare,  
 " I owe it to his Care that I am here,  
 Next to Almighty Grace : His faithful Hand,  
 Regardless of the Frowns he might incur,  
 Snatch'd me, reluctant, from approaching Flames,  
 Ready to catch, and burn unquenchable :  
 May richest Grace reward his pious Zeal  
 With some bright Mansion in this World of Bliss."  
 Transporting Thought ! Then blessed be the Hand

That form'd my elemental Clay to Man,  
 And still supports me. 'Tis worth while to live,  
 If I may live to Purposes so great.  
 Awake my dormant Zeal! for ever flame  
 With gen'rous Ardors for immortal Souls;  
 And may my Head, and Tongue, and Heart and all,  
 Spend and be spent in Service so divine.

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*A Clergyman's REFLECTIONS on the Death of one  
 of his pious Parishioners.*



**F** my dear Flock one more is gone  
 T' appear before th' Almighty's Throne,  
 And pass the grand decisive Test,  
 " Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust;"  
 Surviving Friends with Tears intrust,  
 There till th' eternal Doom to rest.  
 The Soul, dismiss'd from cumbrous Clay,  
 Expatiates in eternal Day,  
 And with the Great IMMORTAL dwells:  
 The Dawn of Immortality  
 With Scenes amazing strikes the Eye,  
 And Wonders new and vast reveals.  
 Thus whilst I'm dreaming Life away,  
 Or Books or Studies fill the Day,  
 My Flock is dying one by one,  
 Convey'd beyond my warning Voice,  
 To endless Pain or endless Joys,  
 For ever happy or undone.  
 I too ere long must yield my Breath,  
 My Mouth for ever shut in Death,  
 Nor sound the Gospel-Trumpet more.  
 Then may I, whilst they're in my Reach,  
 With Fervour pray, with Fervour preach,  
 And eager catch the flying Hour.

Almighty Grace my Zeal inflame,  
O free me from this sluggish Frame,  
And fire my Breast with vigorous Love;  
O! teach me that divinest Art,  
To reach the Conscience, warm the Heart,  
And all the tender Passions move.

