

CHEAP TRACTS,
*Calculated to promote the Interests of Reli-
gion, Virtue, and Humanity.*

No. VII.

REFLECTIONS

AMONG THE

Monuments.

Extracted from *Meditations among the
Tombs*, by the Rev. Mr. Hervey.

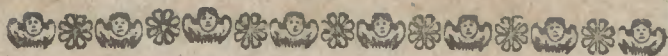
*The man how wise, who sick of gaudy scenes,
Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk
Beneath death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray!
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!*



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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.



REFLECTIONS

AMONG THE MONUMENTS.

*I pass, with melancholy state.
By all these solemn heaps of fate;
And think, as soft and sad I tread
Above the venerable dead,
“Time was, like me they life possess’d;
“And time will be when I shall rest.”*

PARNEL.

YONDER white stone, emblem of the innocence it covers, informs the beholder of one, who breathed out its tender soul almost in the instant of receiving it.—

Happy voyager; no sooner launched, than arrived at the haven——But more eminently happy they, who have passed the waves, and weathered all the storms of a troublesome and dangerous world; who, “through many tribulations, have entered “into the kingdom of heaven;” and thereby brought honour to their divine Convoy, administered comfort to the companions of their toil; and left an instructive example to succeeding pilgrims.

Highly favoured probationer ! accepted without being exercised ! It was thy peculiar privilege, not to feel the slightest of those evils which oppress thy surviving kindred ; which frequently fetch groans from the most manly fortitude, or most elevated faith ; the arrows of calamity, barbed with anguish, are often fixed deep in our choicest comforts. The fiery darts of temptation, shot from the hand of hell, are always flying in showers around our integrity. To thee, sweet babe, both these distresses and dangers were alike unknown.

Consider this, ye mourning parents, and dry up your tears. Why should you lament, that your little ones are crowned with victory, before the sword was drawn, or the conflict begun ?—Perhaps, the supreme disposer of events foresaw some inevitable snare of temptation forming, or some dreadful storm of adversity impending. And why should you be so dissatisfied with that kind precaution, which housed your pleasant plant, and removed into shelter a tender flower, before the thunders roared ; before the lightnings flew ; before the tempest poured its rage ?—O remember ! they are not lost, but taken away from the evil to come.

At the same time, let survivors, doomed to bear the heat and burden of the day, for their encouragement, reflect,—that it is

more honourable to have entered the lists, and to have fought the good fight, before they come off conquerors. They who have born the cross, and submitted to afflictive providences, with a cheerful resignation, have girded up the loins of their mind, and performed their Master's will, with an honest and persevering fidelity;—these, having glorified their Redeemer on earth, will probably be as stars of the first magnitude in heaven. They will shine with brighter beams, be replenished with stronger joys, in their LORD's everlasting kingdom.

Here lies the grief of a fond mother, and the blasted expectation of an indulgent father.—The youth grew up, like a well-watered plant; he shot deep, rose high, and bid fair for manhood: but just as the cedar began to tower, and promised ere long to be the pride of the wood, and prince among the neighbouring trees:—behold! the axe is laid unto the root; the fatal blow struck; and all its branching honours tumbled to the dust.—And did he fall alone? No: The hopes of his father that begat him, and the pleasing prospects of her that bare him, fell, and were crushed together with him.

From this affecting representation, let parents be convinced how highly it concerns them to cultivate the morals, and secure the immortal interests of their children. If you really love the offspring of your own bodies;

if your bowels yearn over those amiable pledges of conjugal endearment; spare no pains, give all diligence, I entreat you, to “bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the LORD.” Then may you have joy in their life, or consolation in their death. If their span is prolonged, their unblameable and useful conduct will be the staff of your age, and a balm for declining nature. Or, if the number of their years be cut off in the midst, you may commit their remains to the dust, with much the same comfortable expectations, and with infinitely more exalted views, than you send the survivors to places of genteel education. You may commit them to the dust with cheering hopes of receiving them again to your arms, inexpressibly improved in every noble and endearing accomplishment.

It is, certainly a severe trial, and much more afflictive than I am able to imagine, to resign a lovely blooming creature, sprung from your own loins, to the gloomy recesses of corruption. But, O! how much more cutting, to you, and confounding to the child, to have the soul separated from God; and for shameful ignorance or early impiety consigned over to places of eternal torment!

On this hand is lodged one, whose sepulchral stone tells a most pitiable tale indeed! Well may the little images, reclined over the sleeping ashes, hang down their heads

with that pensive air ! None can consider so mournful a story, without feeling some touches of sympathizing concern.—His age twenty-eight ; his death sudden ; himself cut down in the prime of life, amidst all the vivacity and vigour of manhood : while “his breasts were full of milk, and his bones moistened with marrow.”——Probably he entertained no apprehensions of the evil hour. And indeed, who could have suspected, that so bright a sun should go down at noon ? To human appearance, his hill stood strong. Length of days seemed written in his sanguine countenance. He solaced himself with the prospect of a long, long series of earthly satisfactions.—When, lo ! an unexpected stroke descends ! descends from that mighty arm, which “overturneth the
“ mountains by their roots ; and crushes the
“ imaginary hero, before the moth ;” as quickly, and more easily, than our fingers press such a feeble fluttering insect to death.

Perhaps the nuptial joys were all he thought on. Were not such the breathings of his enamoured soul ? “ Yet a very little while,
“ and I shall possess the utmost of my wishes.
“ I shall call my charmer mine ; and in her
“ enjoy whatever my heart can crave.”——

Who can tell, but the bride-maids, girded with gladness, had prepared the marriage-bed ! had decked it with the richest covers, and dressed it in pillows of down ? When,

—Oh! trust not in youth or strength, or in any thing mortal; for there is nothing certain, nothing to be depended on, beneath the unchangeable God;—Death, relentless death, is making him another kind of bed in the dust of the earth. On this he must take up a lonely lodging, nor ever be releas'd, till “the heavens are no more.”—In vain does the consenting fair one put on her ornaments, and expect her spouse. Little thinking that the intended bridegroom had for ever done with transitory things: that now everlasting cares employ his mind, without one single remembrance of his lovely Lucinda!—Go, disappointed virgin! go, mourn the uncertainty of all created bliss! Teach thy soul to aspire after a sure and immutable felicity! For the once gay and gallant Fidelio sleeps in other embraces; even in the icy arms of death! forgetful, eternally forgetful, of the world—and thee.

—another monitor bespeaks me, from a neighbouring stone. It contains the narrative of an unhappy mortal, snatched from his friends, and hurried to the awful bar; without leisure, either to take a last farewell of the one, or to put up so much as a single prayer preparatory for the other; killed, according to the usual expression, by a sudden stroke of casualty.

Was it then a random blow? Doubtless, the stroke came from an aiming, though

invisible hand. God presideth over the armies of heaven; God ruleth among the inhabitants of the earth; and God conducteth what men call chance. Nothing, nothing comes to pass through a blind and undiscerning fatality. If accidents happen, they happen according to the exact foreknowledge, and conformable to the determinate counsels of eternal wisdom. The LORD, with whom are the issues of death, signs the warrant, and gives the high commission. The seemingly fortuitous disaster is only the agent, or the instrument, appointed to execute the supreme decree. When the impious monarch was mortally wounded it seemed to be a casual shot. A certain man drew a bow at a venture*.—At a venture, as he thought. But his hand was strengthened by an omnipotent aid, and the shaft levelled by an unerring eye. So that what we term casualty, is really providence, accomplishing deliberate designs, but concealing its own interposition.—How comforting this reflection! Admirably adapted to soothe the throbbing anguish of the mourners, and compose their spirits into a quiet submission! Excellently suited to dissipate the fears of godly survivors and create a calm intrepidity even amidst innumerable perils!

The marble, which graces yonder pillar, informs me, that near it are deposited the remains of Sophronia; the much lamented

* 1 Kings xxii, 34.

Sophronia, who died in child-bed.—How often does this calamity happen? The branch shoots; but the stem withers. The babe springs to light; but she that bare him, breathes her last. She gives life, but gives it (O pitiable consideration!) at the expence of her own: and becomes, at once, a mother and corpse.—Or else, perhaps, she expires in severe pangs, and is herself a tomb for her infant; while the melancholy complaint of a monarch's wo is the epitaph for them both; The children are come to the birth, and there is not strength to bring forth*.' Less to be lamented, in my opinion, this misfortune than the other. Better, for the tender stranger, to be stopped in the porch, than to enter only to converse with affliction. Better to find a grave in the womb, than to be exposed to a hazardous world, without the guardian of its infantile years, without the faithful guide of its youth.

This monument is distinguished by its finer materials, and more delicate appendages. It seems to have taken its model from an affluent hand, directed by a generous heart, which thought it could never do enough for the deceased. It seems, also, to exhibit an emblematical picture of Sophronia's person and accomplishments. Is her beauty, or, what is more than beauty, her white robed innocence, represented by the

* Isaiah, xxvii, 3.

snowy colour? The surface smoothly polished, like her amiable temper; and engaging manners. The whole elegantly adorned, without either extravagant pomp or sordid negligence; like her undissembled goodness remote from the least ostentation, yet in all points exemplary. But ah! how vain were all these endearing charms! How vain the lustre of thy sprightly eye! How vain the bloom of thy bridal youth! How vain the honours of thy superior birth! How unable to secure the lovely possessor from the savage violence of death! How ineffectual the universal esteem of thy acquaintance; the fondness of thy transported husband; or even the spotless integrity of thy character, to prolong thy span, or procure thee a short reprieve!—The concurrence of all these circumstances reminds me of those beautiful and tender lines,

How lov'd, how valu'd once, avails thee not:
To whom related, or by whom begot.

A heap of dust alone remains of thee:

'Tis all THOU art!—and all the *proud* shall be!

Yet, though unable to divert the stroke, Christianity is sovereign to pluck out the sting of death. Is not this the silent language of those lamps, which burn; and of that heart, which flames: of those palms, which flourish; and of that crown, which glitters in the well imitated and gilded marble? Do they not, to the discerning eye, describe the vigilance of her faith; the fervency of her

devotion ; her victory over the world ; and the celestial diadem, which the LORD, the righteous Judge, shall give her at that day.*

How happy the husband, in such a sharer of his bed, and partner of his fortunes ! Their inclinations were nicely-tuned unisons, and all their conversation was harmony. How silken the yoke to such a pair, and what blessings were twisted with such bands ? Every joy was heightened, and every care alleviated. Nothing seemed wanting to consummate their bliss, but a hopeful progeny, rising around them ; that they might see themselves multiplied in their little ones ; see their mingled graces transfused into their offspring ; and feel the glow of their affection augmented, by being reflected from their children. "Grant us this gift," said their united prayers, "and our satisfactions are crowned ; we request no more."

Alas ! how blind are mortals to future events ? how unable to discern what is really good ! Give me children, said Rachel, or else I die. An ardour of impatience altogether unbecoming, and as mistaken as it was unbecoming. She dies not by the disappointment, but by the accomplishment of her desire. If children are, to parents, like a flowery chaplet, whose beauties blossom with ornament, and whose odours breathe delight ; death or some fell misfortune, may find means to entwine themselves with the

* Tim. iv. 3.

lovely wreath. Whenever our souls are poured out, with passionate importunity, after any inferior acquisition; it may be truly said, in the words of our divine Master. Ye know not what ye ask—Does Providence withhold the thing that we long for? It denies in mercy; and only withholds the occasion of our misery, if not the instrument of our ruin. With a sickly appetite, we often loath what is wholesome, and hanker after our bane. Where imagination dreams of unmingled sweets, there experience frequently finds the bitterness of wo.

Here a small and plain stone is placed upon the ground; purchased, one would imagine, from the little fund, and formed by the hand of frugality itself.

I perceive, upon a closer inspection, that it covers the remains of a father; A religious father: snatched from his growing offspring, before they were settled in the world, or so much as their principles fixed by a thorough education.

This, sure, is the most complicated distress, that has hitherto come under our consideration. The solemnities of such a dying chamber are some of the most melting and melancholy scenes imaginable.—There lies the affectionate husband; the indulgent parent; the faithful friend; and the generous master. Here lies, in the last extremities, and on the very point of dissolution. Art

has done its all. The raging disease mocks the power of medicine. It hastens with resistless impetuosity, to execute its dreadful errand; to rend asunder the silver cord of life, and the more delicate tie of social attachment, and conjugal affection.

Those poor innocents, the children croud around the bed; drowned in tears, and almost frantic with grief, they sob out their little souls, and passionately cry, "Will he leave us? leave us in a helpless condition! leave us to an injurious world!"

These separate streams are all united in the distressed spouse, and overwhelm her breast with an impetuous tide of sorrows. In her, the lover weeps, the wife mourns, and all the mother yearns. To her, the loss is beyond measure aggravated, by months and years of delightful society, and exalted friendship.—Where alas! can she meet with such unsuspected fidelity, or repose such unreserved confidence? where find so discreet a counsellor, so improving an example, and a guardian so sedulously attentive to the interests of herself, and her children?—See! how she hangs over the languishing bed; most tenderly solicitous to prolong a life, important and valuable, far beyond her own; or, if that be impracticable, no less tenderly officious to soothe the last agonies of her dearer self. Her hands, trembling under direful apprehensions, wipe the cold dews from the livid cheeks; and sometimes stay the sinking

head on her gentle arms, sometimes rest it on her compassionate bosom.—See! how she gazes, with a speechless ardour, on the pale countenance, and meagre features! While all her soft passions beat unutterable fondness, and her very soul bleeds with exquisite anguish.

The sufferer, all patient and adoring, submits to the divine will; and, by submission, becomes superior to his affliction. He is sensibly touched with the disconsolate state of his attendants, and pierced with an anxious concern for his wife and his children; his wife, who will soon be a destitute widow; his children, who will soon be helpless orphans. Yet, “tho’ cast down, not in despair.” He is greatly refreshed by his trust in the everlasting covenant, and his hope of approaching glory. Religion gives a dignity to distress. At each interval of ease, he comforts his very comforters; and suffers with all the majesty of wo.

The soul, just going to abandon the tottering clay, collects all her force, and exerts her last efforts. The good man raises himself on his pillow; extends a kind hand to his servants, which is bathed in tears; takes an affecting farewell of his friends; clasps his wife in a feeble embrace; kisses the dear pledges of their mutual love; and then pours all that remains of life and of strength, in the following words;—“I die, my dear

“children: but GOD, the everlasting GOD,
 “will be with you—Though you lose an
 “earthly parent you have a Father in hea-
 “ven, who lives for evermore.—Nothing,
 “nothing but an unbelieving heart, and ir-
 “religious life, can ever separate you from
 “the regards of his providence,—from the
 “endearments of his love.”

He could proceed no farther. His heart was full; but utterance failed.—After a short pause, prompted by affectionate zeal, with difficulty, great difficulty, he added, —“ You the dear partner of my soul; “you are now the only protector of our or- “phans.—I leave you under a weight of “cares.—But GOD, who defendeth the “cause of the widow,—GOD, whose promise “is faithfulness, and truth,—GOD hath said, “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee “——This revives my drooping spirits.— “Let this support the wife of my bosom— “And now, O Father of compassions, into “thy hands I commend my spirit.—En- “couraged by thy promised goodness, I leave “my fatherless”——

—the afflicted family search for the sentence, which fell unfinished from those loved, those venerable and pious lips. They find it recorded by the prophet Jeremiah, contain- ing the direction of infinite wisdom, and the promise of unbounded goodness: Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them

alive: and let thy widows trust in me—
 This, now, is the comfort of their life, and the joy of their heart. They treasure it up in their memories. It is the best of legacies, and an inexhaustible fund. A fund, which will supply all their wants, by entailing the blessing of heaven on all their honest labours.

No sooner turned from one memento of my own, and memorial of another's decease, but a second, a third, a long succession of these melancholy monitors crowd upon my sight.—That which has fixed my observation, is one of a more grave and sable aspect than the former. I suppose it preserves the relicks of a more aged person. One would conjecture, that he made somewhat of a figure in his station among the living, as his monument does among the funeral marbles. Let me draw near, and enquire of the stone. "Who, or what, is beneath its surface?"—I am informed, he was once the owner of a considerable estate: which was much improved by his own application and management; that he left the world in the busy period of life, advanced a little beyond the meridian.

Probably, replied my musing mind, one of those indefatigable drudges, who rise early, late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness, not to secure the loving-kindness of the LORD, not to make provision for any reasonable necessity, but only to amass to-

gether ten thousand times more than they can possibly use.—

But see the folly of worldly wisdom ! How silly, how childish is the sagacity of (what is called) manly and masterly prudence, when it contrives more solicitously for TIME, than it provides for ETERNITY ! When every wheel-moves on smoothly ; when all the well-disposed designs are ripening apace for execution ; and the long expected crisis of enjoyment seems to approach ; behold ! God from on high laughs at the Babel-builder. Death touches the bubble and it breaks ; it drops into nothing.

Some, I perceive, arrived at threescore years and ten, before they made their exit : nay, some few resigned not their breath, till they had numbered fourscore revolving harvests.—These, I would hope, “remembered their Creator in the days of their youth,” before their strength became labour and sorrow ;—before that low ebb of languishing nature, when the keepers of the house tremble, and those that look out of the windows are darkened ; when even the lighting down of the grasshopper is a burden on the bending shoulders, and desire itself fails in the listless lethargic soul ;—before those heavy hours come, and those tiresome moments draw nigh, in which, there is too much reason to say, “We have no pleasure in them ; no improvement from them.”

If their lamps were unfurnished with oil, how unfit must they be, in such decrepit circumstances, to go to the market and buy? For, besides a variety of disorders, arising from the unfeebled constitution, their corruptions must be surprisngly strengthened, by such a long course of irreligion.

Some, no doubt, came to this their last retreat full of piety, and full of days; "as a
"shock of corn, ripe with age, and laden
"with plenty, cometh in, in his season."

—These were children of light, and wise in their generation; wise with that exalted wisdom which cometh from above: and with that enduring wisdom which lasts to eternity.

—Rich also they were, more honourably and permanently rich, than all the votaries of mammon. The wealth of the one has made itself wings and is irrecoverably gone; while the wretched acquirers are transmitted to that place of penury and pain, where not so much as one drop of water is allowed to cool their scorched tongues, the stores of the other still abide with them; will never depart from them; but make them glad, for ever and ever, in the city of their God.

What figure is that which strikes my eye, from an eminent part of the wall? It is not only placed in a more elevated situation than the rest, but carries a more splendid & sumptuous air than ordinary. Swords and spears, murdering engines, and instruments

of slaughter, adorn the stone with a formidable magnificence——It proves to be the monument of a noble warrior.

Is such respect, thought I, paid to the memory of this brave soldier, for sacrificing his life to the public good?——Then, what honours, what immortal honours, are due to the great Captain of our salvation? who, though Lord of the angelic legions, and supreme commander of all the heavenly hosts, willingly offered himself a bleeding propitiation for sinners.

Never, O my soul, never forget the amazing truth. The Lamb of God was seized, was bound, was slaughtered with the utmost inhumanity, and endured death in all its bitterness, for thee. His murderers studiously cruel, so guided the fatal cup that he tasted every drop of its gall, before he drank it off to the very dregs.

What suitable returns of inflamed and adoring devotion, can we make to the Holy One of God, thus dying that we might live? dying in ignominy and anguish, that we might live for ever in the heights of joy, and sit for ever on thrones of glory. Alas! it is not in us, impotent, insensible mortals, to be duly thankful. He only who confers such inconceivable rich favours, can enkindle a proper warmth of grateful affection.

Then build thyself a monument, most

gracious IMMANUEL, build thyself an everlasting monument, of gratitude in our souls. Let it stand conspicuous and indelible, not on outward tables of stone, but on the very inmost tables of our hearts.

What a poor substitute for a set of memorable actions, is polished alabaster, or the mimicry of sculptured marble! The real excellency of this bleeding patriot is written on the minds of his countrymen: it would be remembered with applause, so long as the nation subsists, without this artificial expedient to perpetuate it.—And such, such is the monument I would wish for myself. Let me leave a memorial in the breasts of my fellow creatures. Let surviving friends bear witness that I have not lived to myself alone; nor been altogether unserviceable in my generation. O! let an uninterrupted series of beneficent offices be the inscription, and the best interests of my acquaintance the plate that exhibits it.

Let the poor, as they pass by my grave, point at the little spot, and thankfully acknowledge,——“There lies the man, whose
 “unwearied kindness was the constant relief
 “of my various distresses; who tenderly
 “visited my languishing bed, and readily
 “supplied my indigent circumstances. How
 “often were his counsels a guide to my
 “perplexed thoughts, and a cordial to my

“ dejected spirit ! It is owing to God’s blef-
 “ sing on his seasonable charities, and pru-
 “ dent consolations, that I now live, and
 “ live in comfort.”—Let a person, once
 ignorant and ungodly, lift up his eyes to
 heaven, and say within himself, as he walks
 over my bones, “Here are the last remains
 “ of that sincere friend, who watched for
 “ my soul. I can never forget with what
 “ heedless gaiety I was posting on in the
 “ paths of perdition ; and I tremble to think,
 “ into what irretrievable ruin I might quickly
 “ have been plunged, had not his faithful ad-
 “ monitions met me in the wild career. I
 “ was unacquainted with the gospel of peace,
 “ and had no concern for its unsearchable
 “ treasures : but now, enlightened by his
 “ instructive conversation, I see the all-suf-
 “ ficiency of my Saviour ; and, animated by
 “ his repeated exhortations, I count all things
 “ but loss that I may win CHRIST. Methinks,
 “ his discourses, seasoned with religion, and
 “ blessed by grace, still tingle in my ears ;
 “ are still warm on my heart ; and, I trust,
 “ will be more and more operative, till we
 “ meet each other in the house not made
 “ with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

Yonder entrance leads, I suppose, to the
 vault. Let me turn aside and take one view
 of the habitation, and its tenants.—What a
 solemn scene ! how dismal the gloom ! Here

is perpetual darkness, and night even at noon day.—

A beam or two finds its way through the grates; and reflects a feeble glimmer from the nails of the coffins. No vulgar dead are deposited here. The most illustrious, and right honourable, have claimed this for their last retreat. And, indeed, they retain somewhat of a shadowy pre-eminence. They lie, ranged in mournful order, and in a sort of silent pomp, under the arches of an ample sepulchre, while meaner corpses, without much ceremony, “go down to the stones of “the pit.”

Those who received vast revenues, and called whole lordships their own, are here reduced to half a dozen feet of earth, or confined in a few sheets of lead. Rooms of state, and sumptuous furniture, are resigned for no other ornament than the shroud, for no other apartment than the darksome niche. Where is the star that blazed upon the breast; or the coronet that glittered round the temples? The only remains of departed dignity are, the weather-beaten hatchment and the tattered escutcheon. I see no splended retinue surrounding this solitary dwelling. The lordly equipage hovers no longer about the lifeless master. He has no other attendant, than a dusty statue; which, while the regardless world is as gay as ever, the sculptor's hand has taught to weep.

Those who gloried in high born ancestors, and noble pedigree, here drop their lofty pretensions. They acknowledge kindred with creeping things, and quarter arms with the meanest reptiles. They say to corruption, Thou art my father; and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister.—Or, should they still assume the style of distinction, alas! how impotent were the claim! how apparent the ostentation! It is said by their monument, **HERE LIES THE GREAT!** How easily is it replied by the spectator?—False marble! Where? Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

For now, ye lying vanities of life!

Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train!

Where are ye now? and what is your amount?

What is all the world to these poor breathless beings?—what are their pleasures? A bubble broke.—What their honours? A dream that is forgotten.—What the sum-total of their enjoyments below?

Alas! it is shorter than a span, lighter than the dancing spark, and driven away like the dissolving smoke.

Indulge, my soul, a serious pause. Recollect all the gay things that were wont to dazzle thy eyes, and inveigle thy affections. Here examine those baits of sense; here form an estimate of their real value.

I thank you, ye relics of founding titles, and magnificent names : ye have taught me more of the littleness of the world, than all the volumes of my library. Your nobility, arrayed in a winding sheet ; your grandeur, mouldering in an urn : are the most indisputable proofs of the nothingness of created things. Never, surely, did Providence write this important point, in such legible characters, as in the ashes of My Lord, or on the corpse of His Grace.— Let others, if they please, pay their obsequious court to your wealthy sons ; and ignobly fawn, or anxiously sue for preferments ; my thoughts shall often resort, in pensive contemplation, to the sepulchre of their fires ; and learn, from their sleeping dust—to moderate my expectations from mortals ;—to stand disengaged from every undue attachment to the little interests of time ;—to get above the delusive amusements of honour, the gaudy tinsels of wealth, and all the empty shadows of a perishing world.

F I N I S