

# The Character of a Good Clergy-Man.

A WORTHY OBSERVATION, FOR SOME EXAMPLE, IN THIS  
DIGNITY A G E.



**Y**OUR Saviour came not with a gawdy Show,  
Nor was his Kingdom of the World below ;  
Patience in Want, and Poverty of Mind,  
These Marks of Church and Churchmen he design'd,  
And Living Taught, and Dying left behind.  
The Crown he wore was of the pointed Thorn,  
In Purple he was Crucify'd, not Born :  
They who contend for Place and high Degree,  
Are not his Sons, but those of Zebedee.



Is not the Care of Souls a Load sufficient ?  
Were you not bred apart from Worldly Noise,  
To study Souls, their Cures, and their Diseases ?  
The Province of the Soul is large enough  
To fill up ev'ry Cranny of your Time,  
And leave you much to answer, if one Wretch  
Be Damn'd by your Neglect.

## The CHARACTER.

**H**APPIEST of all, O LORD, are they whose very Business is thy sacred Service: Who not only bestow an interrupted Glance, but steadily fix their Eyes on Thee: Who are devoted to the happy Service of the Sanctuary, and Night and Day dwell in thy Presence: Who not engag'd in the Cares and Tumults of the World, spend their Time in Retirement and Devotion: If the Sun rise, it finds them at their Master's Work; and when it sets, leaves them at the same sweet Task. Every Place is a Church to such consecrated Souls, and every Day a holy Sabbath: Every Object is an Occasion of Piety, and every Accident an Exercise of Virtue. Do they behold the Beauteous Stars, they presently adore their great Creator: Do they look down on the fruitful Earth, they instantly begin to praise his Bounty: Let War or Peace do what they will, and the inconstant World reel up and down, they pass through all with a serene Mind, and smoothly go on their regular Course; looking still up to that glorious Life above, and entertaining this present in Hope, and labour to attain it: When they depart sometimes from their proper Center, and forsake a while their belov'd Retirement; 'tis to approach and give Light to others, and enflame some cold and luke-warm Hearts: While they are Abroad they are still with Thee, and nothing can divide them from thy dear Presence: When they return, still Devout and Innocent, thou receivest them as familiar Friends, and freely admit'st them to thy secret Sweetness: Thou givest them a Taste from thine own full Board, and overflowest their Hearts with the Wine of Gladness. Often they feel a little Beam from Heaven strike gently, and fill their Breasts with Light; often that gentle Light is kindled into a Flame, and Chastly burns with pure Desires: Desires that still mount up and aim at Thee, the super-natural Centre of all their Hopes. Oh happy State of the Reverend Clergy, who empty of the World, are full of God! Such shall seldom fall, and quickly rise, and make swift Advances in the Way to Heaven: They shall live in Purity, and die with Confidence, and go to sing with the Choirs of Angels.

LORD send Us such PASTORS, and turn the Many that act the Contrary, &c.

[Price 3 d.]