



The following Important Enquiries, Containing Four USEFUL QUESTIONS—First, *What am I?*

—Secondly, *Where am I?*—Thirdly, *What am I a doing?*—Fourthly, *Where am I going?*—With suitable REFLECTIONS, proper for every Christian, is printed for and sold by WILLIAM ANDERSON, and his Wife, who once lived in Credit, but through unavoidable Misfortunes, we are now reduced to our present Distress, I myself being afflicted with the Rheumatism, it will be a great Charity to buy them of me; or if you would please to buy some Penny or Twopenny Books, should be very thankful.

Important Enquiries.

First,—*What am I?*

A CREATURE, form'd by power and skill divine,
God, the great artill, rear'd this frame of mine
His matchless wisdom drew the wondrous plan,
And his Almighty power made me the man.
He breath'd, and bid the wheels of motion roll,
And plac'd within my breast a living soul;
His goodness did this soul with pow'r's endue,
To know its God, and love and serve him too.

A soul immortal! what a sacred trust!
And yet this flesh claims kindred with the dust,
Should not this humbling thought ambition kill,
Yet there's a thought far more distressing still;
Sin, that vile monster, dwells within my breast,
This reflection blackens all the rest.

Secondly,—*Where am I?*

NOT in an Eden of supreme delight,
Where every object captivates the sight;
Where streams of living waters gently flow,
And trees of life in sacred order grow.

Whose fruits delicious make their branches nod,
And all conspire to lead the soul to God:
Mankind's first parent was thus highly blest;
Adam, in Paradise, these joys possess'd.

No cares nor sorrows could approach the place,
Or clouds to hide his Maker's smiling face;
The great Jehovah oft would condescend,
To converse with his creature as a friend!

Sweet contemplations did his hours employ;
How vast his bliss! how wondrous was his joy
One prohibition God enjoin'd alone;
Forbear this tree, the rest is all your own.

This test of your obedience I chuse,
And death's the consequence if you refuse!
But the poor man would gratify his taste,
And chang'd his garden for this howling waste
To stop the guilting tear I scarce know how,
Nor help exclaiming—Adam, where art thou?

Thirdly,—*What am I a doing.*

TRAVELLING with weary steps from stage to stage,
Thro' infancy, thro' youth, and riper age;
Not long ago I hung upon the breast,
While the fond parent sooth'd her babe to rest.

With pleasure she beheld her offspring grow,
And taught the waddling infant how to go;
Her care how great, how tender, and kind,
Sure it was God who thus her heart inclin'd.

God, who ten thousand other gifts bestow'd,
Ere I could tell from whence my comforts flow'd;
Oft have I tottered on destruction's brink,
But he upheld, nor suffer'd me to sink.

Heal'd my diseases, and prolong'd my breath,
When there was but a step 'twixt me and death;
His goodness led me all the way I came,
Tis by his grace I now am what I am;
But notwithstanding all, alas! I've been,
Too much a slave to that vile tyrant sin.

Fourthly,—*Where am I a going?*

INTO eternity, that boundless sea,
Fast as the streams of life can glide away
O thou eternity! thou awful found,
Thou shoreless ocean, and thou deep profound!
'Midst thine infinitudes my thoughts are drown'd!

Compar'd with thee, how scanty time appears,
How mere a nothing is our threescore years!
Yet for this short duration I've no leas,
Tenant at will, and quit when God shall please.

Howe'er protracted, life is but a span,
Short the existence of the oldest man!
A short time more, and I must lay my head,
Within the dreary mansions of the dead!

The day of life must close in death's dark night,
And nought but heaven and hell appears in sight
The soul, dislodg'd, must stand before that God,
Whose final sentence fixes its abode:
To heaven's high bliss it soars, or sinks to hell,
In one of which it must for ever dwell.

SOLILOQUY.

AND is it thus, my soul, and is it true?
What am I? mortal, yet immortal too!
Must this poor flesh to worms a banquet give,
And must this soul thro' endless ages live,
High in salvation and climes of bliss,
Or lay despairing in a dread abyss!
With devils howl, or angel-like adore,
When time and its connections are no more?
Will dire disease soon stop the struggling breath,
And sacrifice me to relentless death?
Whither my soul, ah! whither wilt thou flee,
When of this flesh unburthen'd thou shalt be?
Is heaven thy right, by nature or by birth,
And canst thou claim it when releas'd from earth?
Claim as thy due in paradise thy share,
And plead thy merits as thy charter there?
Detested thought! what can a creature boast,
Who ought to tremble at his merit's loss?
My merits shall my soul with horror fill,
By nature vile, by practice viler still!
Reflection can but open ev'ry wound,
And creature helps are insufficient found;
Hath Gilead no relief against despair;
No healing balm, no good physician there?
Blessed be God, there is, there is a name,
At once can silence fear and banish shame;
Reviving beams are seen in JESUS' face!
His power is infinite, and such his grace,
On wings of love the incarnate God came down,
To raise unworthy rebels to a crown;
Free from pollution here he liv'd with us,
Fulfill'd the law, and bore the fatal curse.
He lives again, and sinners fix their hope,
On him who rules and bears all nature up!
By faith I view, and with delight I see,
That Jesus bled, and died for sinners vile as me;
All my own works I'll count but dung and dross,
And if I perish, perish at his cross.
But say, dear Jesus, charmer of my soul,
Say thou art mine, and all my fears controul;
Say thou art mine, and death shall lose its sting
Amongst the heavenly choir my soul shall sing.
Those animating sounds, that cheering word,
Will such serenity and grace afford,
As nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy.

