

of its higher excellency. How far it may be consistent with the rules of Aristotle or Boileau to measure a work of imagination by the standard of historical composition, I know not: but, for my own part, I envy not the taste or feelings of him, who can, or pretends he can, devote hours of unwearied attention to the insidious volumes of a Gibbon or Voltaire, yet turns away with indifference from a perusal of the learned, the accomplished, the heavenly minded Hervey. The reader however, whose judgment is unbiassed, will appreciate it as he ought; he will discover new beauties in every page, he will be at a loss whether most to admire the poetical flow of expression and harmony of language, or the conceptions of a genius, now soothingly sweet and pensive, now manly and sublime.

A few evenings since I had the pleasure of a visit from my friend Sophronius; agreeably to a custom we have of studying together some instructive and agreeable work, we read a portion of the *Meditations among the Tombs*, in the course of which we met with that beautiful and affecting description of the death of a father of a family, where he is represented calmly preparing to depart, and committing his weeping family to the care of our Almighty Father in these 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 Heaven who lives for evermore.— Nothing, nothing but an unbelieving heart and irreligious life can ever separate you from the regards of his providence, from the endearments of his love." I forbear from any larger quotation, in the hope that your readers may be induced to examine for themselves: the whole passage is equally beautiful and admirably calculated to illustrate the importance of a religious life, and the unspeakable comfort and consolation imparted to the dying Christian by a *well-grounded* hope of salvation through Christ. Of this the pious author of the *Meditations* was himself a striking example, closing his holy and useful life, not merely with composure, but rejoicing with a joy unspeakable, and full of glory. "Oh blessed, blessed indeed, are they that die in the Lord." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

At length we closed the volume, and after some discourse upon its contents, and the life and character of the author, Sophronius took leave, and I committed to paper the following little effusion, or metrical paraphrase. On comparing I discovered it to be, as is always the case in such attempts, immeasurably inferior to the original; it may however serve to fill up some corner of your valuable publication, where the want of space may preclude something better.

I remain, Revd. Sir,

Very respectfully your Obed. Servt.

EMPOROS.