

**DEVOUT EXERCISES OF THE
HEART: IN
MEDITATION, SOLILOQUY,
PRAYER, AND PRAISE.**

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Devout exercises of the heart: in meditation, soliloquy, prayer, and praise. by Elizabeth Singer Rowe

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ELIZABETH SINGER ROWE

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OF THE
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IN

MEDITATION, SOLILOQUY,
PRAYER, AND PRAISE.

BY THE LATE PIOUS AND INGENIOUS
MRS. ROWE.

REVIEWED AND PUBLISHED, AT HER REQUEST.

By J. WATTS, D.D.



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M,DCC,XCI.

T O

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AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF
MRS. ROWE.

MADAM,

*Newington, Sept.
29. 1737.*

IF these pious MEDITATIONS, of so sublime a Genius, should be inscribed to any name, there is none but your's must have stood in the front of them. That long and constant intimacy of friendship with which you delighted to honour her, that high esteem and veneration you are pleased to pay her memory, and the sacred likeness and sympathy between two kindred souls, absolutely determine where this respect should be paid.

Besides, Madam, you well know, that some copies out of these papers have been your own several years, by the gift of the deceased; and the favour you have done me lately, by your permission

permission to peruse them, has assisted the correction of these MANUSCRIPTS, and would add another reason to support this inscription of them, if your fear of assuming too much honour could but have admitted this piece of justice.

I know, Madam, your tenderness and indulgence to every thing MRS ROWE has written, cannot withhold your judgment from suspecting some of her expressions to be a little too rapturous, and too near a-kin to the language of the mystical writers; yet your piety and candour will take no such offence as to prevent your best improvement by them, in all that is divine and holy: And may your retired hours find such happy assistances and elevations hereby, that you may commence the joys of angels, and of blessed spirits, before-hand!

And when your valuable life has been long extended amidst all the temporal blessings you enjoy, and the Christian virtues you practise, may you, at the call of God, find a gentle dismissal from mortality, and ascend
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on high to meet your deceased friend in Paradise! Nor can I suppose, that any of the inhabitants of that blissful region, will sooner recognize your glorified spirit, or will salute your first appearance there with a more tender sense of mutual satisfaction. There may you join with you beloved *Philomela*, in paying celestial worship, in exalted and unknown forms, to her God and your God! And may the harmony of the place be assisted by your united songs to JESUS, your common Saviour!

I am, Madam, with great sincerity and esteem,

Your most faithful,

and obedient Servant,

I. WATTS.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

THE admirable Author of these devotional papers has been in high esteem among the ingenious and the polite, since so many excellent fruits of her pen, both in verse and prose, have appeared in public. She was early, honoured under the feigned name of *Philomela*, before the world was allowed to know Mrs Elizabeth Singer by the name drawn from her family, or that of Mrs Rowe which she acquired by marriage.

Though many of her writings, that were published in her life-time, discover a pious and heavenly temper, and a warm zeal for religion and virtue; yet she chose to conceal the *Devotions of her heart*, till she was got beyond the censure and the applause of mortals. It was enough that God, whom she loved with ardent and supreme affection, was witness to all her secret and intense breathings after him.

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In February last, he was pleased to call her out of our world, and take her to himself. Some time after her decease, these Manuscripts were transmitted to me, all inclosed in one sheet of paper, and directed to me at Newington, by her own hand. In the midst of them I found her letter, which intreated me to review them, and commit them to the press. This letter I have thought necessary to shew the world, not so much to discover my right to publish these papers, as to let the reader see something more of that holy and heavenly character, which she maintained in an uniform manner; both in life and death.

It is now almost thirty years ago since I was honoured with her acquaintance, nor could her great modesty conceal all her shining graces and accomplishments; but it is not my province to give a particular account of this excellent woman, who has blessed and adorned our nation and our age. I expect her temper, her conduct, and
her

her virtues, will be set in a just and pleasing light among the memoirs of her life, by some near relations, to whom the care of her poetical pieces, and her familiar letters, is committed.

These Devout Exercises are animated with such fire, as seems to speak the language of holy passion, and discover them to be the dictates of her heart; and those who were favoured with her chief intimacy, will most readily believe it. The style, I confess, is raised above that of common meditation or soliloquy; but let it be remembered, she was no common Christian. As her virtues were sublime, so her genius was bright and sparkling, and the vivacity of her imagination had a tincture of the Muse almost from her childhood. This made it natural for her to express the inward sentiments of her soul in more exalted language, and to paint her own ideas in metaphor and rapture, near a-kin to the diction of poesy.

The reader will here find a spirit dwelling in flesh, elevated into divine transports