



The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Being The Second of his Letters

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

XLIII. To the same; after Mrs. Pope's death.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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ploy it in the manner you mentioned to me once. Sir Godfrey call'd imploying the pencil, the prayer of a painter, and affirmed it to be his proper way of serving God, by the talent he gave him. I am sure, in this instance, it is serving your friend; and, you know, we are allowed to do that (nay even to help a neighbour's ox or ass) on the sabbath: which tho' it may seem a general precept, yet in one sense particularly applies to you, who have help'd many a human ox, and many a human ass, to the likeness of man, not to say of God.

Believe me, dear Sir, with all good wishes for yourself and your family (the happiness of which ties I know by experience, and have learn'd to value from the late danger of losing the best of mine)

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XLIII.

To the same.

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

AS I know, you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder

hinder your coming, that my poor Mother is dead^a. I thank God, her death was as easy, as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of Tranquillity, nay, almost of Pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest Image of a Saint expir'd, that ever Painting drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which even That obliging Art could ever bestow on a friend, if you could come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this: and I hope to see you this evening as late as you will, or to morrow morning as early, before this winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all—Adieu! May you die as happily!

Your, &c.

^aMrs. Pope died the seventh of June, 1733, aged 93.