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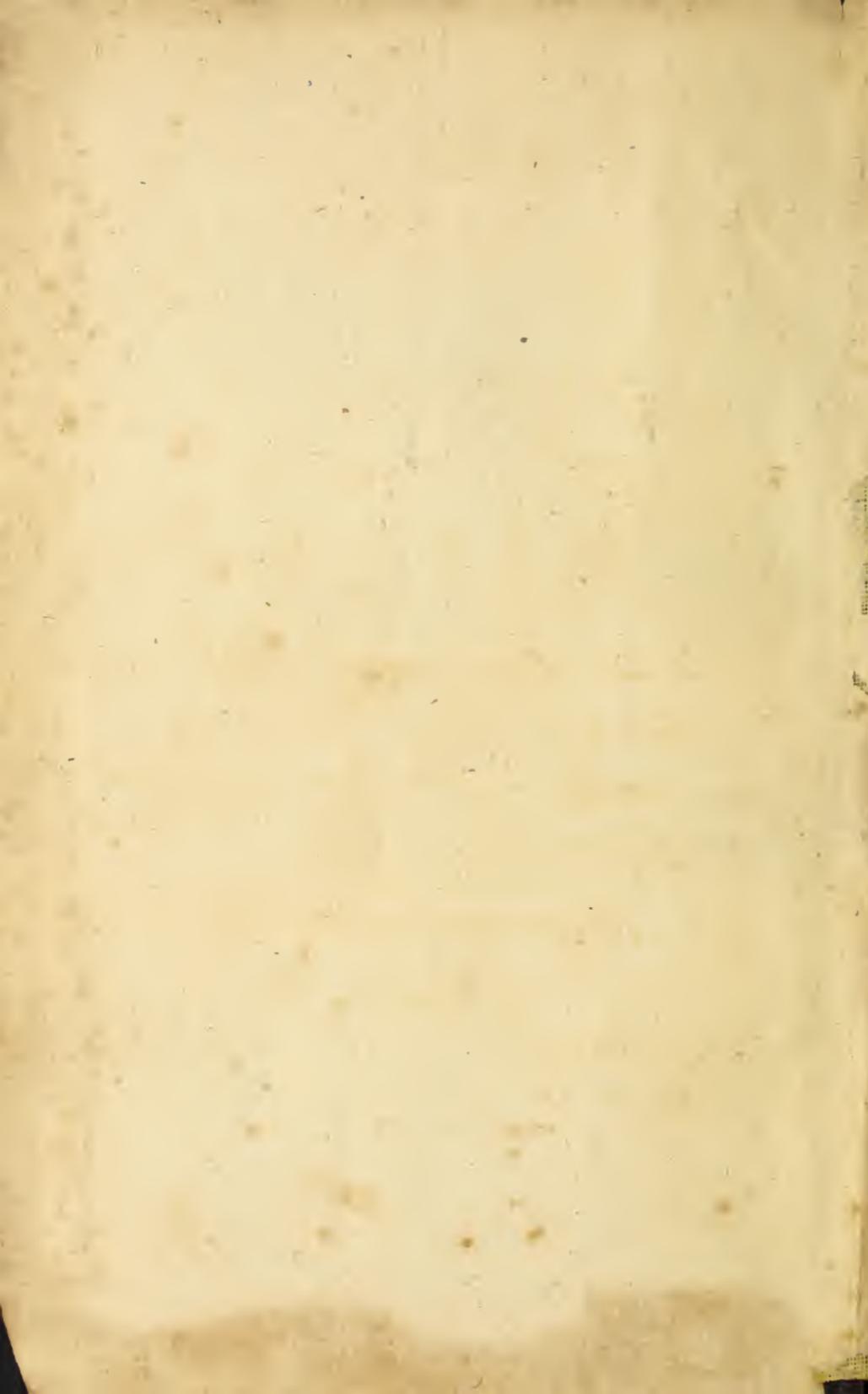
AGENT TO THE MEDICAL INVALID AND GENERAL LIFE  
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✓  
L Y R I C  
P O E M S,



DEVOTIONAL

AND

M O R A L.

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✓  
By THOMAS SCOTT.

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— DEO DATE CARMINA DIGNA.

BUCHAN.

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR JAMES BUCKLAND, AT THE  
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P R E F A C E

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# P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following pieces aimed, in the choice and arrangement of their several subjects, to form a kind of little poetical system of piety and morals. The work opens with natural religion. Thence it proceeds to the mission of Jesus Christ, his sufferings, his exaltation, and the propagation of his doctrine. Next is the call to repentance, the nature and blessedness of a christian life, and the entrance into it. These topics are succeeded by the various branches of devotion: after which are ranked the moral duties personal and social, the happy end of a sincere christian, and the coming of Jesus Christ to finish his mediatorial kingdom by the general judgment. The whole is closed with a description of the illustrious times, when, by means of the everlasting gospel, *the earth shall be full of the knowlege of the Lord as the waters cover the sea*<sup>a</sup>.

---

<sup>a</sup> If. xi. 9.

## P R E F A C E.

The novelty of such a plan, in verse, will, perhaps, be a recommendation of it: If, however, verse be thought too light and superficial for religious instruction, let the royal psalmist stand forth and wipe off the reproach.

That these poems might not pall the ear, variety of metre was adopted: and that they might satisfy the understanding, great care has been employed to deduce the sentiments from scripture, reason, or experience. The scripture sentiments are marked with reference letters; and the corresponding texts appear in the bottom margin.

In hope, therefore, of assisting well-disposed minds, in their noblest pleasures and improvements; the writer hazards the publication of this small performance.

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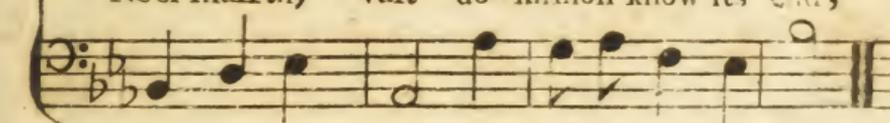
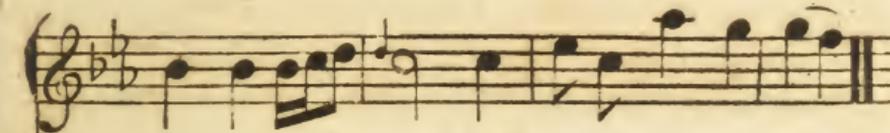
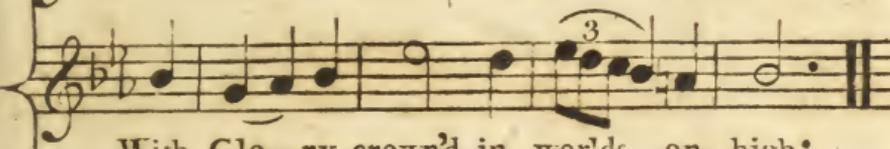
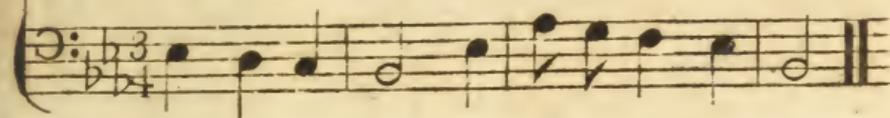
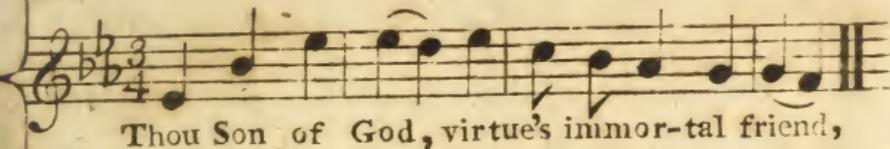
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## A new double Tune,

Made for Hymn XII, by M<sup>r</sup>. W<sup>m</sup> Cole of Colchester.

Till Time and Death and Nature die. Till

Time and Death and Nature die.

Terrestrial Thrones, and high celestial Powers,  
 Obey thy all-commanding Nod.  
 Hell trembles; and with all her Princes cowers  
 Beneath the terror of thy Rod.

A Mortal once, 'mong sinful mortals born, A

lowly Virgingave thee Birth: No Palace did thy

natal Hour adorn, No fefial welcome thee on Earth.

Thy infant Limbs the cradling manger knew  
 Thy Youth was in a Cottage train'd.  
 Poor and despis'd thy Years to manhood grew;  
 In manhood poor, a man disdain'd.

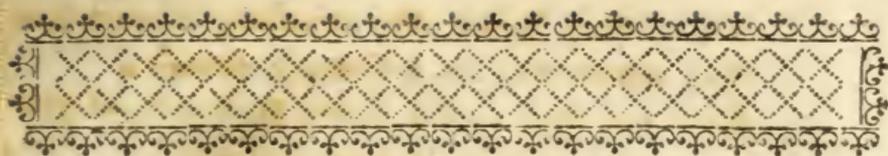
In perils oft, in painful toils and grief,  
 Thy days were spent to bless mankind;  
 To give the wounded heart divine relief,  
 And heav'nly Vision to the blind.

To call the wand'ring in the darksome road  
 Of Ignorance, and Sin, and Death;  
 To charm them back to Virtue, Peace, and God,  
 Employ'd each moment of thy Breath.

At length, to finish great Redemption's plan  
 In Duty to his Father's Will;  
 Extended on a Cross, the wond'rous man  
 Expires — his mercy to fulfill.

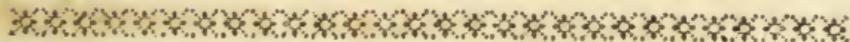
(Sing the following Stanza to the first Tune.)

Loud Anthems hail'd thee to thy Father's throne  
 Virtue still occupies thy Care.  
 Let the whole Earth thy golden Scepter  
 Let the whole Earth thy Blessings share.



# LYRIC POEMS,

DEVOTIONAL AND MORAL.



I.

G O D.

**O** COULD I sweep the lyre, like Israel's King,  
And with his voice in lofty numbers sing;  
No far-fam'd hero should inspire my strain,  
Nor fabled Jove the mighty verse sustain.  
Thy acts, Jehovah, be my song's high story,  
Thy peerless name, and thy unbounded glory.

Sole unbegotten \*, independent Pow'r,  
 Years are but moments, ages but an hour  
 To thee : Ere time had started from his goal,  
 Thy essence was : When time shall cease to roll  
 His flaming orbs, thy essence, still abiding,  
 Defies decay ; in its own strength confiding.

Vast source of being, at thy potent word  
 Creation's wonders rose, and hail'd thee Lord.  
 The changing moon and the all-fost'ring sun  
 Their functions know, and in thy circles run.  
 Earth her appointed station holds : While Ocean,  
 Aw'd by thy limits, curbs his wild commotion.

Great Sultan, Majesty Supreme, what awe  
 Surrounds thy throne and guards thy holy law !  
 Thy law is holy ; to the rebel, woe :  
 Thy law is good ; what peace the dutious know !  
 Celestial worlds obey ; in bliss abounding :  
 Thou Earth, obey ; his seat with odes surrounding.

---

\* By this term the ancient writers of the Christian church expressed the *self-existence* of the Supreme Being. See Dr. Scott's edition of Bailey's Dictionary, Article UNBEGOTTEN.

Father of men, thy love what measures bound ?  
 Whose fulness overflows this sinning ground :  
 Thy clouds effuse their alms, the fountains flow,  
 The fields rejoice, the trees with fruitage glow.  
 But man, thy image in his soul sustaining,  
 Lives on thy bounty thankless and complaining.

Where shall the wicked flee ? What darkness shade  
 Guilt, from those eyes whose beams the soul pervade ?  
 Where can the righteous weep, from thee conceal'd,  
 Thy ear not hearing, nor thy arm reveal'd ?  
 Mysterious Presence ! all thy works exploring :  
 Knowledge sublime ! above all finite soaring.

\*\*\*\*\*

II.

MANIFESTATION OF GOD IN THE HEAVENS.

<sup>a</sup> **T**HE firmament's stupendous frame,  
 Where worlds on worlds in order flame,  
 In order wheel their azure rounds,  
 Thy grandeur, mighty God, resounds.

---

<sup>a</sup> See Psalm xix.

Day rolling after day displays  
Thy providence, with lofty praise.  
In shadowy robe night rides along,  
And ecchoes loud the lasting song.

Their universal voice demands  
Attention, from all reason's lands.  
To every clime their speech is known,  
Let every clime thy wonders own.

All in majestic splendor bright,  
Thy pow'rful minister of light,  
Forth from his eastern palace, gay,  
Springs out; to shed the vital ray.

Gay as a youth, in glowing bloom,  
Forth issues from his spousal room;  
Strong as a champion racer's force,  
He rushes to his mighty course.

With swift career, from heav'n's extreme  
To heav'n's remotest end, his beam  
Illumes, O earth, thy joyous seat;  
And warms all nature with his heat.

## III.

## INVITATION TO WORSHIP GOD.

GREAT Spirit, understanding's king,  
Reason and truth must join to bring  
Worship, which may presume to meet  
Acceptance at thy holy seat.

The lifted hand, the bending knee,  
Is but vain homage, Lord, to thee :  
In vain our lips the hymn prolong,  
The heart a stranger to the song.

Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal  
The breaches of thy mandates heal ?  
Or fast and penance reconcile  
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?<sup>a</sup>

A soul devout, a conscience clean,  
And goodness in each social scene,  
To thee a nobler off'ring yield,  
Than Sheba's \* groves or Sharon's † field;

---

<sup>a</sup> Isaiah LVIII. 5, 7.

\* Arabia the Happy, famous for its gold and frankincense.

† A large extent of plains round about Joppa and Lydda, all rich pasture land.

Than floods of oil, and floods of wine,  
 Ten thousand rolling to thy shrine :  
 Or than, if to thy altar led,  
 A first-born son, the victim, bled <sup>a</sup>.

Kneel, kneel, ye tribes of human frame,  
 Kneel; and adore the Maker's name.  
 Let every clime the sun goes round,  
 In every tongue his glory found.

The bestial clans, which round you graze,  
 With dumb devotion act his praise;  
 Who gave you pow'rs to them unknown?  
 Speech is your wondrous boast alone.

In you there lives, what ne'er shall die,  
 A free-born, thinking energy;  
 Fashion'd and furnish'd to fulfill  
 Reason's high law, your Father's will <sup>b</sup>.

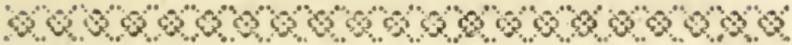
How long revolting, will ye rove  
 From hill to hill, from grove to grove?  
 And, mad with superstition, fear  
 Gods which can neither see nor hear <sup>c</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> Micah vi. 6—8.

<sup>b</sup> Job xxxii. 8, xxxv. 10, 11.

<sup>c</sup> Psalm cxv. 6—8.

O come, and seek your father's face,  
 His anger fear, his love embrace;  
 Who in the world beyond the grave,  
 Has pow'r to kill and pow'r to save.



## IV.

## PRAISE TO THE CREATOR.

**A**WAKE, my glory <sup>a</sup>, awake <sup>b</sup>;  
 O found his honours abroad.  
 Before the mountains were born  
 He was; eternity's God <sup>c</sup>.

<sup>d</sup> The sun he kindled; he sow'd  
 The blue expansion with stars.  
 The earth he founded <sup>e</sup>; he made  
 The sea, and prison'd with bars <sup>f</sup>.

---

<sup>a</sup> The tongue.      <sup>b</sup> Psalm LVII. 8.      <sup>c</sup> Psalm xc. 2.  
<sup>d</sup> Genes. 1.      <sup>e</sup> Psalm XXIV. 2. Job xxxviii. 4, 6.  
<sup>f</sup> Job xxxviii. 8, 10.

The winds he balanc'd ; he gave  
 The cloud his ruling command,  
 To dart the arrows <sup>a</sup> of heav'n,  
 With rain to fatten the land <sup>b</sup>.

He form'd his image the last,  
 Above all creatures beneath :  
 Of clay the body he wrought,  
 The soul infus'd with his breath <sup>c</sup>.

O man, half angel in mind <sup>d</sup>,  
 O mortal, sprung from the dust,  
 Thy Maker's glories adore,  
 Thy Maker's clemency trust.

Awake, my glory, awake ;  
 O sound his honours abroad.  
 Before the mountains were born  
 He was ; eternity's God.

---

<sup>a</sup> Lightning. <sup>b</sup> Job xxviii. 25, 26. Psalm xviii. 14.

<sup>c</sup> Gen. i. 26—30. ii. 7. <sup>d</sup> Psalm viii. 5—8.

## V.

## THE SANCTITY OF GOD.

O Sanctity, whose cloudless day  
 Abhors pollution's smallest stain <sup>a</sup>;  
 How shall a worm that dwells in clay,  
 One moment in thy view remain?

Ah! shall a wretch deform'd with sin,  
 In all his pow'rs of soul defil'd,  
 Not blush to claim his origin  
 From thee, and boast himself thy child?

Never, O never, thy decrees  
 This loathsome leprosy infus'd.  
 Myself let in the dire disease,  
 Myself my reas'ning self abus'd <sup>b</sup>.

Passions, in giddy youth unrein'd,  
 With years to headstrong habit grew:  
 And sin still fresh dominion gain'd,  
 Old crime augmenting still with new.

---

<sup>a</sup> 1 John i. 5.

<sup>b</sup> Eccles. vii. 29.

Self-ruin'd, helpless; Lord, with thee  
 Help lives in opulent abode.

Almighty Mercy calls "by me  
 "Songs of salvation are bestow'd."

O, as in some pellucid stream  
 We love to view the pictur'd sky;  
 My soul might yield, tho' faint the beam,  
 An image of thy purity!



## VI.

## DIVINE BENEVOLENCE.

**I**N shadow black as night,  
 With scarce one feeble ray  
 Of nature's dim expiring light,  
 The nations lost their way.

Like foolish sheep we stray'd,  
 All from the Maker's fold:  
 Each, by his sev'ral sin betray'd,  
 His sev'ral path would hold <sup>a</sup>.

---

<sup>a</sup> Isaiah LIII. 6.

Blind, headlong every one  
 To the same ruin ran.  
 Th' Almighty Father, from his throne,  
 Beheld his creature man.

His wilder'd human race  
 The Father's pity won:  
 Forth from the bosom of his grace  
 He sent his first-born son <sup>a</sup>.

Benevolent he came,  
 The messenger of love <sup>b</sup>;  
 Debasing to a mortal frame  
 His godlike form above <sup>c</sup>.

With gentle voice he cries,  
 " Sinners my yoke receive :  
 " Light is my yoke, and life the prize  
 " I to the yielding give <sup>d</sup>."

Truth spreads her golden wings,  
 With the glad news she flew ;  
 Salvation through the world she brings  
 To Gentile and to Jew.

---

<sup>a</sup> John III. 16, 17. Coloss. I. 15.      <sup>b</sup> John I. 16, 17.

<sup>c</sup> John III. 13. VI. 62. Philipp. II. 6—8.

<sup>d</sup> Matt. XI. 28—30.

O mercy sweet and high,  
 Above our loftiest praise :  
 Ye noble natives of the sky,  
 Your noblest anthems raise.



## VII.

## JESUS CHRIST.

**S**AGES of letter'd Greece and Rome,  
 Ev'n thou \* by feign'd Apollo's doom  
 Announced wisest of mankind,  
 Withdraw your thinly-scatter'd rays ;  
 Before the broad o'erpow'ring blaze  
 Of the supreme eternal mind.

---

\* Socrates, pronounced by the oracle at Delphi the wisest among men.

Mercy's great year <sup>a</sup>, in heav'n inroll'd,  
By seers succeeding seers foretold <sup>b</sup>,

Was now with solemn pomp unseal'd.  
Light of the world <sup>c</sup> Messiah came,  
In his almighty Father's name,  
And immortality reveal'd <sup>d</sup>.

Fill'd with his Father's strength he taught ;  
The dumb in rapture speak their thought,  
The lame man bounding like the roe :  
The blind look up to heav'n, stern death  
Resigns its spoil, and from his breath  
Fierce Demons shrink to shades below <sup>e</sup>.

O works of pow'r, O works of love,  
Ethereal embassage to prove,  
That ev'ry rising doubt control ;  
Earnest of love and pow'r more strong,  
Which to the son of God belong,  
To heal the miseries of the soul.

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<sup>a</sup> Isaiah LXI. 1—3. Luke IV. 16—21.

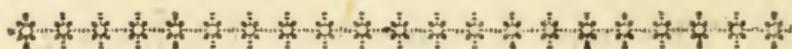
<sup>b</sup> Luke I. 68—70.

<sup>c</sup> John VIII. 12.

<sup>d</sup> 2 Tim. I. 10.

<sup>e</sup> Luke VIII. 32.

Great Prophet, Saviour, worthy thou  
 That every knee in homage bow,  
 From every mouth thy praise should flow :  
 All thy commands are mild and just,  
 Thy promise, faithful to our trust,  
 Will pardon, peace, and heav'n bestow.



## VIII.

JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN RELIGION  
 COMPARED.

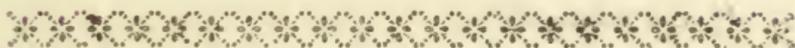
’T WAS not to bathe in Jordan’s flood,  
 Nor touch nor taste precisely pure,  
 Nor holy waste of brutal blood,  
 Nor fast severe nor look demure,

That could the God of Israel please ;  
 When Amram’s son his precepts taught,  
 And by such mystic rites as these,  
 Labour’d to moralize the thought.

At length the son of God appears,  
 Truth drops her emblematic dress.  
 A nobler form religion wears,  
 Adorn'd with simple holiness.

No more let zeal for mode and rite  
 The name of sanctity assume.  
 Leave to the solemn hypocrite,  
 These trappings of adult'rous Rome.

Sacred to God be all within ;  
 From guile, from base affections free :  
 So his high friendship thou shalt win,  
 And beatific vision see.



## IX.

THE COMPASSION OF  
 JESUS CHRIST.

**Y**E Angel Forms, look down; and see  
 A scene of strange distress below :  
 Behold divine humanity  
 Dissolv'd in sympathetic woe.

Lo, on high Olivet he stands,

Salem's proud tow'rs in prospect rise:  
His bowels yearn, he spreads his hands,  
Compassion gushing from his eyes:

“ O Salem, my prophetic view

“ Thy mighty miseries surveys;

“ Vengeance, to thy rebellions due,

“ Unknown in past and future days.

“ What labours have I shunn'd, for thee?

“ What pow'rs of suasion left untry'd,

“ Thy children to allure to me,

“ And in a Saviour's shadow hide?

“ So when the falcon fails above,

“ The parent hen, with tender cry,

“ Under her guardian wing of love

“ Collects her infant progeny.

“ But ah! ye would not—O ye blind!

(He said, and heav'd a deeper sigh)

“ Your temple is to flames consign'd;

“ The dark predestin'd hour is nigh<sup>a</sup>.

---

<sup>a</sup> Matt. xxiii. 37, &c. Luke xix. 41—44.

Blest Jesus, in thy feeling heart  
 For me, a sinner, spare one place.  
 I would be thine—O yield a part  
 To me, in thy redeeming grace.



## X.

## THE AGONY OF JESUS CHRIST.

**B**RING me, O bring me where thy mournful  
 shade,

Thou fam'd Gethsemane <sup>a</sup>, such woe conceal'd ;  
 As Time had never in his course survey'd,  
 Nor Time's old annals ever yet reveal'd.

Who there in agony of sorrow lies ?

From all his pores the sanguine currents run <sup>b</sup> :  
 I hear his groans, I hear his bitter cries :  
 'Tis holy Jesus, God's redeeming son.

---

<sup>a</sup> Matt. xxvi. 36—44. <sup>b</sup> Luke xxiv. 44. Heb. v. 7.

Lo, on the ground he falls : he falls again :

Again he falls—in vehemence of pray'r :

“ Father, if possible, thy hand refrain,

“ Far from my lip this dreadful chalice bear.

“ But if the wisdom of thy good decree

“ Will'd thus to save lost man ; if thus alone,

“ Thy injur'd name is honour'd best ; in me

“ *Thy* will be finish'd, Father, not *my own.*”

Ye starry fires, which o'er his sorrows blaz'd,

Could you in all your nightly journies find

Compassion so divine, devotion rais'd

So high, and resignation so resign'd ?



## XI.

## HIS APPREHENSION.

**T**HE traitor comes, with ruffian crew :  
 “ Good master, hail,” the traitor cries,  
 Then gives the signal kifs ; anew  
 The traitor calls, “ hold fast your prize <sup>a</sup>.”

Whither ye rude, unhallow'd hands,  
 My Lord, my Saviour, will ye bear ?  
 O must the prince of life these bands  
 Of vilest ignominy wear <sup>b</sup> ?

He must ; ev'n he, whose voice could bring  
 His father's legions down to earth ;  
 Ten thousand thousand on the wing,  
 To guard his life who sang his birth.

---

<sup>a</sup> Matt. xxvi. 48, 49. Mark xiv. 44.

<sup>b</sup> John xviii. 12.

He must ; all rescue he declines :

“ Else oracles in vain foretell

“ Eternal wisdom’s great designs,

“ To save a guilty world from hell <sup>a</sup>.”

Behold, the willing victim goes,

As a meek lamb to slaughter led <sup>b</sup> :

What noble fortitude he shews !

His look, how calm ! erect, his head !

O Jesus, should thy cause require

My blood its heav’n-born truth to seal ;

Me, in that trying day, inspire

With thy divinely-glowing zeal.

<sup>a</sup> Matt. xxvi. 53, 54.

<sup>b</sup> Isaiah LIII. 7.



## XII.

## HIS CONDEMNATION AND CRUCIFIXION.

**B**OUND in a malefactor's chains <sup>a</sup>  
 Malice his innocence arraigns ;  
 Malice her venom'd spittle throws,  
 Fierce Malice deals her fiercest blows <sup>b</sup>.

With crown of thorns his temples bleed,  
 With cruel stripes his back is flea'd <sup>c</sup>.  
*Behold the man* <sup>d</sup>—"The cross," they call <sup>e</sup>,  
 "The cross," and rend the judgement hall <sup>e</sup>.

*What evil has he wrought ?* "Away,  
 "Barabbas save <sup>f</sup>, this fellow <sup>g</sup> slay."  
 Bloody and faint he bears along  
 His cross, amidst a hooting throng.

<sup>a</sup> John xviii. 24.      <sup>b</sup> Matt. xxvi. 59—61, 67.

<sup>c</sup> Matt. xxvii. 26, 29, 30.      <sup>d</sup> John xix. 4, 5.

<sup>e</sup> John xix. 6.      Luke xxiii. 21—23.

<sup>f</sup> Matt. xxvii. 21—23.      <sup>g</sup> Luke xxiii. 2.

Inconstant throng ! the day before  
 Heard your wide mouths *hosannas* roar :  
 “ *Messiah, king,*” with shoutings loud  
 You hail’d him <sup>a</sup>. O inconstant crowd !

Ingrates ! where shall your lame, your blind,  
 Your sick another healer find ?

Whence shall another Jesus come,  
 To guide you to his father’s home <sup>b</sup> ?

Ah ! they have nail’d him to the tree,  
 Between the sons of infamy <sup>c</sup>.

And now the scornful head they shake  
 And now th’ insulting jest they break <sup>d</sup>.

But oh ! what tongue his grief can tell,  
 When on his soul that darkness fell ?

“ My God, my God and Father, why  
 “ By thee forsaken must I die <sup>e</sup> ?”

Flow, flow my tears, in torrents flow ;  
 My sins, dear Lord, wrought all thy woe.  
 Help my weak faith, and with thy pow’r  
 Uphold me in temptation’s hour.

---

<sup>a</sup> Matt. xxi. 8, 9.      <sup>b</sup> John xiv. 2, 3.

<sup>c</sup> Isaiah liiii. 12.    Matt. xxvii. 38.

<sup>d</sup> Matt. xxvii. 39, 40.      <sup>e</sup> Matt. xxvii. 46.

## XIII.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS  
OF CHRIST.

THE nail, the spear, the flaming tree  
I make my boasted theme <sup>a</sup>.

On Calvary's mount, O God, I see  
Thy pow'r and wisdom beam <sup>b</sup>.

There is my Saviour's mission read  
In characters of blood,  
The Christ the son of God; he bled  
To make his title good <sup>c</sup>.

Illustrious act of duty, paid  
To his great Father's will <sup>d</sup>!  
Virtue, in torments, undismay'd  
Does it's high work fulfill.

<sup>a</sup> Gal. vi. 14.    <sup>b</sup> 1 Corinth. i. 24.    <sup>c</sup> Matt. xxvi.  
63-67. John xix. 7.    1 Tim. vi. 13.    oh. xviii. 37.  
<sup>d</sup> Philip. ii. 8.

Awful atonement <sup>a</sup>! now with smiles

*Justice* the pardon gives;

When to himself God reconciles

The sinner who believes.

Faith at the cross new vigour feels

(There hope and peace begin)

Subdues my fears, my sorrow heals,

And triumphs o'er my sin <sup>b</sup>.

Let scorners mock and die <sup>c</sup>; while those

Who love the Saviour's name,

With firm contempt their scorn oppose,

And his salvation claim <sup>d</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> Dan. ix. 24. Rom. iii. 25, 26. 2 Cor. v. 19.

<sup>b</sup> Gal. ii. 20. <sup>c</sup> Acts xiii. 41. <sup>d</sup> 2 Tim. iv. 8.



## XIV.

## HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

**T**REMBLING earth gave awful sign ;  
hallelujah.

Down from heav'n a form divine  
hallelujah.

Flash'd; the lightning of his look  
hallelujah!

Terror in the soldiers strook <sup>a</sup>.  
hallelujah!

Angel, roll the rock away ;  
 Death yield up thy mighty prey :  
 See ! He rises from the tomb,  
 Glowing with immortal bloom.

'Tis the Saviour ! Angel, raise  
 Fame's eternal trump of praise :  
 Let the world's remotest bound  
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

---

<sup>a</sup> Matt. xxviii. 1—4.

Shout, ye faints, in rapt'rous song,  
 Let the strains be sweet and strong:  
 Shout the son of God, this morn  
 From his sepulchre new-born.

Hail, victorious Jesu, hail;  
 On thy cloud of glory sail<sup>a</sup>  
 In long triumph through the sky,  
 Up to waiting worlds on high.

Heav'n displays her portals wide,  
 Glorious hero, through them ride;  
 King of glory, mount the throne,  
 Thy great father's and thy own<sup>b</sup>.

Pow'rs of heav'n, Seraphic Fires,  
 Sing, and sweep your golden lyres:  
 Sons of men, in humbler strain,  
 Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

---

<sup>a</sup> Acts i. 9, 10.

<sup>b</sup> Revel. iii. 21.

Ev'ry note with wonders swell,  
*Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell:*  
*Where is hell's once dreaded king?*  
*Where, O Death, thy mortal sting<sup>a</sup>?*



## XV.

HIS LOWLY AND EXALTED STATE  
 COMPARED.

**T**HOU Son of God, virtue's immortal friend,  
 With glory crown'd in worlds on high<sup>b</sup>;  
 Ne'er shall thy vast dominion know its end,  
 Till time and death and nature die<sup>c</sup>.

Terrestrial thrones and empyrean<sup>d</sup> Pow'rs  
 Obey thy all commanding nod<sup>e</sup>:  
 Hell trembles, and with all her princes cow'rs  
 Beneath the terror of thy rod<sup>f</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> 1 Corinth. xv. 55—57.

<sup>b</sup> Heb. 11. 9.

<sup>c</sup> Dan. vii. 13, 14.

1 Corinth. xv. 24—28.

<sup>d</sup> *Celestial, or heavenly.*

<sup>e</sup> Ephes. 1. 20, 21.

Philip. 11. 9—11.

<sup>f</sup> Revel. 1. 18.

A mortal once, 'mong sinful mortals born,  
 A lowly virgin gave thee birth.  
 No palace did thy natal hour adorn,  
 No festal welcome thee on earth.

Thy infant limbs the cradling manger knew,  
 Thy youth was in a cottage train'd :  
 Poor and despis'd thy youth to manhood grew ;  
 In manhood poor, a man disdain'd.

In perils oft, in painful toils and grief <sup>a</sup>,  
 Thy days were spent—to bless mankind ;  
 To give the wounded heart divine relief,  
 And freedom to the captive mind.

To call the wand'ring in the darksome road  
 Of ignorance, and sin, and death ;  
 To charm them back to virtue, peace, and God,  
 Employ'd the moments of thy breath <sup>b</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> Isaiah LIII. 3. Luke iv. 28, 29. Matt. XII. 14.  
 Mark III. 20, 21.

<sup>b</sup> Luke iv. 18, 19, 21.

At length, to finish great redemption's plan,  
 In duty to his father's will ;  
 Extended on a cross the wondrous man  
 Expires—his mercy to fulfill <sup>a</sup>.

Loud anthems hail'd thee to thy father's throne,  
 Virtue is thy imperial care.  
 Let the whole earth thy golden scepter own,  
 Let the whole earth its blessings share.



XVI.

JESUS CHRIST THE PHYSICIAN  
 OF SINNERS.

**D**IVINE Physician of the morbid <sup>b</sup> mind <sup>c</sup>,  
 Jesus ; thy pow'rful skill,  
 For every moral ill,  
 A sovereign remedy can find.

---

<sup>a</sup> Luke xxiv. 25—27.    <sup>1</sup> Corinth. i. 3.    Ephes. i. 7.  
 Heb. x. 5, 7, 10.    <sup>b</sup> Diseased.    <sup>c</sup> Matt. ix. 12, 13.

To reason, darken'd and infirm with sin,  
 Thou vision canst restore <sup>a</sup>,  
 With strength unknown before ;  
 And a new world in man begin <sup>b</sup>.

'Tis thy prerogative the soul to move ;  
 The hard and stubborn heart  
 Yields to thy soft'ning art,  
 Melts into grief, and glows with love.

The will in bondage, and to vice inur'd,  
 Redeem'd, O Lord, by thee,  
 Exults in liberty,  
 To righteousness and God secur'd <sup>c</sup>.

The most unruly passions thou canst tame,  
 The foulest thou canst clean,  
 The gloomy make serene,  
 And change a tyger to a lamb.

---

<sup>a</sup> 1 Cor. i. 30.

<sup>b</sup> Eph. ii. 10.

<sup>c</sup> John viii. 34, 36. Rom. vi. 18, 22.

O beauteous work, benevolent, and great!

With dignity of thought  
And generous passions fraught,  
And the sweet peace of virtue's state.

In virtue thy unrivall'd kingdom stands <sup>a</sup>;

Virtue thy conquests spreads,  
Thy hand the virtuous leads,  
All virtue's laws are thy commands.

His praise sing aloud, ye children of day,

Sing aloud his high name,  
And his glory proclaim,  
Who cloaths you in virtue's array <sup>b</sup>.

To Calv'ry's martyr all glory be giv'n,

Who will wash us from stain <sup>c</sup>,  
That with him we may reign <sup>d</sup>,  
And walk in white raiment in heav'n <sup>e</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> Psalm XLV. 3, 4, 7. Rom. XIV. 17. <sup>b</sup> Rev. III. 18.

<sup>c</sup> Joh. XIII. 8. Ephes. v. 26, 27. Rev. I. 5, 6.

<sup>d</sup> Luke XXI. 29. 2 Tim. II. 12. Rev. III. 21.

<sup>e</sup> 2 Esdras II. 39, 40. Rev. III. 4, 5. IV. 4. XIX. 8.

## XVII.

## PRAISE TO GOD BY ALL MANKIND.

**O** Come, all ye fons of Adam; and raise  
 A song unto God <sup>a</sup>. How lovely is praise <sup>b</sup>.  
 Serve him, who reigns in his glory above,  
 And fills the wide earth with tokens of love.

His breath is your life, your reason a ray  
 Effus'd from his light to guide all your way.  
 Your sickness he heals, your wants he supplies,  
 And wipes away tears from the penitent's eyes.

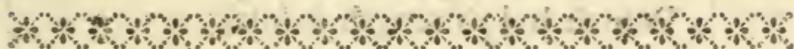
Cast down your false gods of silver and gold,  
 Him worship who made earth and heav'n of old:  
 His son, his salvation thankful receive,  
 Your follies confess, obey him, and live.

---

<sup>a</sup> Psalm cxvii. 1. Rom. xv. 11.

<sup>b</sup> Psalm cxlvii. 1.

O Father of men, in mercy command  
 Thy gospel to shine on all human land :  
 That far as the sun diffuses his beam,  
 Praise may ascend in Messiah's great name <sup>a</sup>.



## XVIII.

THE SCRIPTURES <sup>b</sup>.

**T**RUTH with her golden beam  
 Inscribes th' immortal line:  
 Goodness and equity, supreme,  
 Through the blest volume shine.

In elocution plain  
 These heav'nly pages teach ;  
 And yet, their majesty of strain  
 What mortal pen can reach ?

---

<sup>a</sup> Psalm cxliii. 3. Psalm ii. 8. Matt. vi. 10. Rom. xv. 9, 10.      <sup>b</sup> See Psalm xix. 7—11.

Here precepts, old and new,  
 By God's own signet bind :  
 With pow'ful wisdom these endue  
 The weak, but humble, mind.

Here promises are sown,  
 Which holy strength infuse,  
 When dangers throng; or sorrow's groan  
 Pleads for supporting views.

O laws ! whose vigour rends  
 The self-accusing breast :  
 Whose vigour to the upright sends  
 Sweet self-possession's rest.

O promises, whose force  
 Is from all changes secure !  
 Long as their everlasting source,  
 Your blessings shall endure.

Hence warn'd, my sins I see ;  
 Against my sins I guard :  
 Hence aided, from perdition flee  
 To heav'n's immense reward.

Ye rich men, roll in gold ;  
 Ye epicures, in wine :  
 Your portion in contempt I hold ;  
 Thy word, O God, be mine <sup>c</sup>.



## XIX.

## THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

**J**ESUS with groans and blood redeem'd  
 A people, to be styl'd his own <sup>d</sup> ;  
 By virgin chastity of mind,  
 And unpolluted manners known <sup>e</sup>.  
 Illustrious unity of souls <sup>f</sup> !  
 All the bright offspring of the day <sup>g</sup> ;  
 Like their eternal parent pure,  
 Led and enliven'd by his ray <sup>h</sup>.

---

<sup>c</sup> Psalm cxix. 97, 103, 127.      <sup>d</sup> Acts xx. 28.  
<sup>e</sup> Titus ii. 14.      <sup>f</sup> John xvii. 21.  
<sup>g</sup> Luke xvi. 8.    Joh. xii. 36.    1 Thess. v. 5.  
<sup>h</sup> Matt. v. 48.    Rom. viii. 15, 16.    1 Pet. i. 15, 23.  
 1 Joh. iii. 9, 10.    Rom. viii. 14.

Here the great Father dwells, supreme,  
 And here his great vicegerent son:  
 While life and bliss, from both deriv'd,  
 Through the rejoicing household run <sup>i</sup>.

Sweet fellowship of peace and joy,  
 'Tween man below and God above!  
 Delightful tie of man to man,  
 By the strong pow'r of christian love <sup>k</sup>!

O blest Community! who hold  
 Titles divine, immortal claims <sup>l</sup>:  
 Heav'n's everlasting roll records,  
 In letter'd gold, your worthy names <sup>m</sup>.

The morn, the promis'd morn shall beam,  
 When your exalted favour-king  
 Shall purge you from all sinful spot <sup>n</sup>,  
 And to his Father's presence bring.

<sup>i</sup> John xiv. 20, 21, 23.    <sup>l</sup> John i. 3.

<sup>k</sup> John xiii. 34, 35.    John xvii. 23.    Ephes. iv. 3.

<sup>l</sup> 1 Pet. i. 2—4.    ii. 4, 9.    <sup>m</sup> Luke x. 20.    Rev.

xiii. 8.

<sup>n</sup> Ephes. v. 27.    Jude 24, 25.

## XX.

## CHRISTIAN MINISTERS.

WELCOME, ye messengers of peace,  
 Ye servants of our mighty Lord:  
 May your just honours ne'er decrease,  
 Who labour to dispense his word °.

Ye leaders of the churches, stand;  
 Publish the story of his love:  
 With his commission in your hand,  
 Argue <sup>p</sup>, exhort, console, reprove <sup>q</sup>.

By your own lives exalt his laws,  
 His promise by your faith commend.  
 The glory of a Saviour's cause,  
 With his own gentle zeal defend <sup>r</sup>.

---

° 1 Tim. v. 17.                      <sup>p</sup> Acts xvii. 2, 3. xxiv. 25.

<sup>q</sup> 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17. iv. 2.    1 Thess. ii. 11.    Isaiah  
 xl. 1.                      <sup>r</sup> 1 Tim. iv. 12.

Jefus, we yield a docile ear ;  
 Such heralds of thy will and grace  
 With due fubmiffion we revere,  
 With warm affection we embrace <sup>s</sup>.

Prosper, in all their anxious toil,  
 Thefe faithful guardians of thy fleep <sup>t</sup> :  
 And from devouring hate and broil,  
 Thy confecrated mountain keep <sup>u</sup>.

\*\*\*\*\*

XXI.

WISDOM'S EXPOSTULATION  
 WITH SINNERS.

'TIS Wisdom's earneft cry ;  
 Wisdom, the voice of God,  
 To young and old, the low and high,  
 Utters his will abroad <sup>w</sup>.

<sup>s</sup> Heb. XIII. 17.

<sup>t</sup> John XXI. 15, 16.

<sup>u</sup> Ifaiah XI. 9. LXV. 25.

<sup>w</sup> Prov. I. 20—22.

Within the human breast,  
 Her strong monitions plead.  
 She thunders her divine protest,  
 Against th' unrighteous deed.

Within the holy place  
 She calls, with open arms ;  
 " How long ye fools will you embrace  
 " Folly's deceiving charms <sup>x</sup>.

" The race of man I love <sup>y</sup>,  
 " In mercy I chastise,  
 " Severely faithful I reprove ;  
 " Hear, mortals, and be wise <sup>z</sup>.

" My house, a royal pile <sup>a</sup>,  
 " Invites you through its gate.  
 " O leave the wilds of sin and guile,  
 " And enter ; ere too late.

<sup>x</sup> Prov. VIII. 1—5.

<sup>y</sup> Prov. VIII. 31.

<sup>z</sup> Prov. VIII. 32, 33.

<sup>a</sup> Prov. IX. 1—5.

- “ My joys, unsensual, taste ;  
 “ Come, drink of Wisdom’s wine :  
 “ No sorrow poisons my repast,  
 “ The banquet is divine.  
  
 “ Honour and peace, with me,  
 “ And life immortal dwell.  
 “ Your ways of woe and infamy  
 “ Take hold of death and hell <sup>b</sup>.



## XXII.

## WISDOM’S THREATNING.

**W**ISDOM exalts her voice again,  
 I tremble at her awful strain :

With look severe, and anger’s tone,  
 She makes divine resentment known :

- “ Sinners, attend once more ; astonish’d hear  
 “ The threatning I denounce ; its vengeance fear.

---

<sup>b</sup> Prov. viii. 18—21, 36. ix. 18. ii. 18, 19.

“ Oft I have publish’d God’s command,  
 “ Oft I have wav’d my pleading hand,  
 “ My eloquence I oft have try’d,  
 “ And mercy’s every means apply’d.  
 “ But, unregarding, from my voice you turn’d,  
 “ Scoff’d at my counfels, and my promise spurn’d e.

“ I too will scoff, at your distress  
 “ When mazing fears your souls oppress :  
 “ Scorn for your scorn I will repay,  
 “ In evil’s desolating day ;  
 “ When the black storm, long swelling o’er your  
     “ heads,  
 “ Impetuous bursts, and swift destruction spreads.

“ By sickness in her chain confin’d,  
 “ Raving in agony of mind,  
 “ While death stands levelling his dart,  
 “ Eager to bathe it in your heart ;  
 “ To me, for refuge, you in vain shall fly,  
 “ Me importune with unavailing cry.

---

“ Prov. 1. 20, 24—32.

“ Your

“ Your deeds of sin, and wit profane,  
 “ Then bitterly bewail’d in vain,  
 “ Inflam’d with glowing guilt shall rise,  
 “ And flash my terrors in your eyes.  
 “ Wrath in full measure by yourselves prepar’d,  
 “ Obdurate finners, shall your crimes reward.”



## XXIII.

## D E L A Y.

**H**ASTEN, finners, to be wise <sup>d</sup>;  
 Stay not for the morrow’s sun.  
 Longer wisdom you despise,  
 Harder is she to be won <sup>e</sup>.

Hasten, mercy to implore;  
 Stay not for the morrow’s sun:  
 Lest thy season should be o’er,  
 Ere this ev’ning’s stage be run.

<sup>d</sup> Psalm cxix. 59, 60.

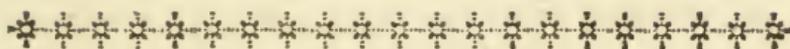
<sup>e</sup> Heb. iii. 13, 15.

Hasten, sinner, to return ;

Stay not for the morrow's sun :  
Left thy lamp should fail to burn,  
Ere salvation's work is done <sup>f</sup>.

Hasten, sinner, to be blest ;

Stay not for the morrow's sun :  
Left perdition thee arrest,  
Ere the morrow is begun <sup>g</sup>.



## XXIV.

### THE PENITENT.

**Y**OUR flowing urns, ye fountains, lend <sup>b</sup>,  
To fill these failing eyes ;  
While mourning in the dust I bend,  
Till mercy bid me rise.

<sup>f</sup> Eccles. ix. 10.

<sup>g</sup> 2 Corinth. vi. 2.

<sup>b</sup> Jer. ix. 1.

Yes, I have known, from childhood known,  
My God, thy holy will <sup>i</sup> :

Too negligent, I blushing own,  
Thy orders to fulfill.

Thy friendly voice, without, within,  
In clearest warnings spake :  
“ There winds the way of death and sin,  
“ The path of glory take.”

Unheeding what thy voice advis'd,  
I went perversely wrong ;  
The caution and the hope despis'd,  
And madly rush'd along <sup>k</sup>.

Sometimes I paus'd, and sighing said ;  
I will these ways forsake.  
Soon, by some headstrong lust o'erfway'd,  
The feeble vow I brake.

---

<sup>i</sup> 2 Tim. iii. 15.

<sup>k</sup> Prov. i. 29, 30.

Ah! whither has my folly rov'd?

Loft on perdition's ground,  
From thy still waters far remov'd,  
What pasture have I found<sup>1</sup>?

Wand'ring for rest, where rest is none,  
By guilt and fear pursu'd;  
Idle, employ'd, in crowds, alone,  
Sad images I view'd<sup>m</sup>.

Was this the great and good design,  
For which I saw the day?  
Was reason giv'n, that beam divine<sup>n</sup>,  
Thus to be flung away?

Ingrate thy blessings I misus'd,  
O thou long-suff'ring Lord.  
Thy law contemn'd and grace abus'd  
Demand thy damning word.

<sup>1</sup> Psalm xxiii. 2.

<sup>m</sup> Isaiah lvii. 20, 21.

<sup>n</sup> Prov. xx. 27. Psalm li. 6.

I hear, I hear soft mercy cry  
 (Sounds which my soul revive)  
 " O wherefore, finners, will ye die ?  
 " Children, return, and live °."

Before his Father's throne I see <sup>P</sup>  
 The Mediator stand.  
 Lo, while he pleads, to Calvary  
 He points with speaking hand.

My God with a smile his full pardon displays,  
 Despair shall for ever my bosom depart.  
 My glory awake <sup>q</sup>, sing aloud his high praise,  
 Sweet hope has begun to enliven my heart.

---

° Jer. III. 12, 14. Ezek. XVIII. 30—32.

<sup>P</sup> Heb. VII. 25. IX. 24.

<sup>q</sup> Psalm LVII. 8, 9. CVIII. 1.

## XXV.

## CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES AND OBLIGATIONS.

**D**OST thou my worthless name record  
 Free of thy holy city, Lord †?  
 Am I, a sinner, call'd to share  
 The precious privileges there?

Art thou, my king my father styl'd?  
 And I, thy servant and thy child ‡?  
 While more than half the human race  
 Are aliens from thy Zion's grace †.

Lo, wretched millions draw their breath  
 In lands of ignorance and death †.  
 But I enjoy my line of time,  
 Within thy gospel's favourite clime.

---

† Ephes. 11. 19.

‡ Ephes. 1. 5.

‡ Ephes. 11. 12.

‡ Matt. 14. 16.

Pardon assur'd and heav'n display'd,  
 Banish my fears, my hope persuade <sup>w</sup> :  
 And precepts, plentiful and clear <sup>x</sup>,  
 Through life my dang'rous voyage steer.

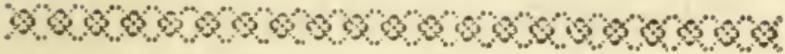
Shall I receive this grace in vain <sup>y</sup> ?  
 Shall I my great vocation stain <sup>z</sup> ?  
 Away, ye works in darkness wrought <sup>a</sup> ;  
 Away, each mean and wanton thought.

My soul, I charge thee to excell  
 In thinking right and acting well.  
 Deep, deep, thy searching pow'rs engage,  
 Unbias'd, in the heav'n-born page.

Heighten the force of good desire,  
 To deeds of shining worth aspire :  
 More firm in fortitude, despise  
 The world's seducing vanities.

<sup>w</sup> Luke xxiv. 47.      <sup>x</sup> Coloff. iv. 12.    Ephes. v. 17.  
 Rom. xii. 2.      <sup>y</sup> 2 Corinth. vi. 11.      <sup>z</sup> Ephes. iv. 1.  
<sup>a</sup> Ephes. v. 11.

Strong and more strong, thy passions rule ;  
 Advancing still in virtue's school ;  
 Contending still, with noble strife,  
 To emulate thy Saviour's life <sup>b</sup>.



## XXVI.

## NEED OF DIVINE ASSISTANCE.

**T**O fix the thought on things above,  
 To give them pow'r the heart to move,  
 To hold futurity in view ;  
 What can a feeble mortal do ?

To warm the soul with love to God,  
 To tremble at his lifted rod,  
 To keep the will to conscience true ;  
 What can a feeble mortal do ?

---

<sup>b</sup> 1 Pet. 11. 21.

To live by faith, to combat hell,  
 The world's temptations to repell,  
 And self-denial's path pursue;  
 What can a feeble mortal do<sup>c</sup>?

Lord, this stupendous work is thine;  
 The sacrifice of praise be mine,  
 Oft as thy aids my force renew;  
 What can a feeble mortal do?



## XXVII.

## CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

**T**HE captain of Jehovah's armies stands,  
 Th'imperial banner is aloft display'd.  
 Flow to his ensign, all his valiant bands,  
 And bravely fight beneath it's pow'rful shade<sup>d</sup>.

<sup>c</sup> Psalm LI. 10. cxix. 18, 35—37, 66. John xv. 4, 5.  
 xvii. 15. Philip. iv. 13. 1 Pet. i. 5. v. 10. Jude 24.

<sup>d</sup> Heb. ii. 10. 1 Tim. i. 18, 19. 1 Tim. vi. 12.  
 Tim. iii. 3.

Clad in celestial arms, of nobler frame  
 Than those <sup>e</sup> renown'd in the Mæonian song ;  
 Ye heroes, panting for immortal fame,  
 In great Immanuel's conqu'ring might be strong.

Her <sup>f</sup> *zone Uprightness* round your loins shall cast,  
 The mind's unweary'd vigour to sustain.  
 In *Virtue's cuirass* sheath'd, meet, unaghaft,  
 The charms of pleasure and the force of pain.

*Sandal'd* with zeal your active feet will tread  
 The cragg'd mountain, and the rocky road ;  
 When the blest gospel summons you, to spread  
 The healing odour of its truth abroad.

The fiery shafts of furious *lusts* defy,  
 Dauntless oppose faith's adamant *shield*.  
*Salvation's helmet* to your head apply,  
 For dangerous war in scepticism's field.

---

<sup>e</sup> The invulnerable arms of Achilles described by Homer in his Iliad.

<sup>f</sup> Ephes. vi. 10—17.

Th' ethereal *blade* ne'er loosen from your side,  
*The word of God*, so formidably keen :  
 This weapon your victorious chieftain try'd,  
 In bold temptation's most audacious scene †.

Thus drest in panoply <sup>h</sup> divine, prepare  
 For strenuous strife and persevering toil.  
 Advance, with martial step and martial air,  
 The foes of righteousness and God to foil.

An amaranthine <sup>i</sup> crown of glory <sup>k</sup> waits,  
 To dignify the faithful soldier's brows :  
 His labours o'er, high Salem opes her gates,  
 And bow'rs of bliss invite him to repose <sup>l</sup>.

‡ Matt. iv. 4, 7, 10.  
 suit of armour.

<sup>h</sup> *panoply*, a complete  
<sup>i</sup> *amaranthine*, unfading.

<sup>k</sup> 1 Pet. v. 4.  
 † 3. xxii. 14.

<sup>l</sup> Heb. iv. 1, 9—11. Rev. xiv.

## XXVIII.

THE SAME SUBJECT IN A  
DIFFERENT METRE.

JESUS his banner has display'd,  
 Hell threatens formidable war.  
 All o'er in heav'nly arms array'd,  
 Unmov'd her haughty pow'rs I dare.

*Truth*, like a *belt*, shall gird me round,  
 And vigour in my soul sustain.  
 With *Virtue*, as a breast-plate, bound,  
 Temptation's onset I disdain.

*Meekness* shall on my march attend,  
 Meekness shall rage and spite defeat :  
 Not greaves of brass can more defend,  
 From cruel spikes the soldier's feet.

Come, *Faith*, and bring thy temper'd *shield*,  
 This to the furious foe oppose :  
 Vanquish'd, with shame he quits the field,  
 In vain his fiery darts he throws.

*Salvation's hope* my head shall shade,  
 A helmet of celestial frame:  
*Thy word*, O Lord, all-conqu'ring *blade*,  
 With terror on the foe shall flame.



## XXIX.

BLESSEDNESS <sup>m</sup>.

**T**HRIICE happy man! whose youthful feet  
*Touch* not the path which finners beat:  
 Or *walk* not in the fatal way,  
 Where *unrepenting* finners stray  
 Till, oft alas! their impious tongue  
 Mimics the harden'd *scoffing* throng.

Thrice happy man! whose soul's desire  
 To honour God is all on fire:

---

<sup>m</sup> See Psalm i.

Who on his holy volume feeds,  
Warm'd with the love of virtuous deeds ;  
Revolving sweetly, on his bed,  
The lessons which by day he read.

Like a fair tree, with foliage green  
Long by the garden currents seen ;  
Whose lovely flow'rs in season blow,  
And to a generous vintage grow,  
He flourishes ; in worth of mind,  
Heav'n-blest'd, the joy of human kind.

Not so the wicked in their place,  
A vile unprofitable race :  
Out of the living they are cast,  
Like chaff before the rising blast,  
And in some future day shall fall  
Convicts, before the judge of all.

In that high day, the righteous Band  
Exulting at his bar shall stand :  
His sentence will their way approve,  
And lift them to his seat above.  
His sentence on the bad will frown,  
And drive them to perdition down.

## XXX.

## BENEFIT OF EARLY PIETY.

COME, children, learn the heav'nly art,  
 To make your growing years  
 All happy, and defend your heart  
 From guilt, distress, and fears.

Remember him who gave you breath <sup>n</sup>,  
 Remember him who dy'd  
 To save you from eternal death :  
 His precepts be your guide <sup>o</sup>.

What ornaments a young man grace,  
 In piety approv'd <sup>p</sup> !  
 How lovely virtue's blooming face !  
 By God and man belov'd.

<sup>n</sup> Eccles. xii. 1.

<sup>o</sup> Psalm cxix. 9.

<sup>p</sup> Prov. iv. 7—9.

Virtue in early youth begun

The man with ease pursues † ;

And when his mortal course is run,

In heav'n his life renews.

O squander not your noblest time

In vanity and sin :

Lest death should pluck you in your prime,

And hell should snatch you in.

Fond parents, with religious care

Your tender offspring train :

Warn them of every ambush'd snare,

Sow, sow the pious grain.

Thus the great Father gives command † ,

Thus speaks a parent's love.

Know, judgment's awful day, at hand,

Your faithfulness will prove.

---

† Prov. xxii. 6.

‡ Eph. vi. 4.

## XXXI.

## THE VOW.

**M**Y heart is fix'd, the firm decree  
Is ratify'd within my breast.

I vow my soul, O Lord, to thee,  
In thee alone I seek my rest<sup>1</sup>.

Adieu, ye vain desires, adieu;  
Ye lusts of every name, farewell:

I bar all fellowship with you<sup>2</sup>,  
I mean no more to live for hell.

In dissipation's magic ground,  
In busy scenes of toil and care,

What pleasures or what gains are found,  
Which may with thine, O Lord, compare<sup>3</sup>?

<sup>1</sup> Psalm cxix. 106. 2 Corinth. viii. 5.

<sup>2</sup> Psalm lxxiii. 25, 26. Jer. vi. 16.

<sup>3</sup> Ephes.

v. 11. Titus ii. 11, 12.

<sup>4</sup> Psalm iv. 6, 7. Prov.

iii. 17. Psalm xix. 11.

Pleasures which yield no peace, I leave ;  
Wealth but a spoil for death, I spurn ;  
Hopes I embrace which ne'er deceive <sup>x</sup>,  
For wealth which never dies <sup>y</sup>, I burn.

To faith's heroic war I rise,  
Nor dread my strong and wily foes ;  
Safe in the arms thy word supplies,  
Led by the wisdom it bestows.

My heart is fix'd, the firm decree  
Is ratify'd within my breast.  
I vow my soul, O Lord, to thee,  
In thee alone I seek my rest.

---

<sup>x</sup> Rom. v. 5.

<sup>y</sup> Luke xii. 33.

## XXXII.

## PRAYER.

OUR Father, thron'd above the skies,  
 To thee my empty hands I spread.  
 Thy child of dust beneath thee lies,  
 Who asks thy blessing on his head.

Let mercy all my sins dispell,  
 As a dark cloud before the beam †.  
 My soul from bondage and from hell,  
 To liberty and life redeem.

With chearful hope and filial fear,  
 In that august and precious name  
 By thee ordain'd, I now draw near;  
 And would the promis'd blessing claim ‡.

---

† Isaiah XLIV. 22.

‡ Gal. iv. 6, 7. Heb. x. 19—22.

On thy good promises I lean,  
 Thy truth can never never fail <sup>b</sup>;  
 Though steadfast earth and heav'n's great scene  
 Shall perish <sup>c</sup>, like an ev'ning tale.

Will not an earthly parent feel  
 The cravings of his child in need!  
 Will he present a cake of steel  
 For bread, his hungry mouth to feed <sup>d</sup>?

Our heav'nly Father, how much more  
 Will thy divine compassions rise;  
 And open thy unbounded store,  
 To satisfy thy childrens cries?

Yes, I will ask, and seek, and press,  
 For gracious audience, to thy seat;  
 Still hoping, waiting, for success  
 If persevering to intreat <sup>e</sup>.

---

<sup>b</sup> Psalm cxix. 90. cxlvi. 6. Heb. x. 23. 1 Pet.  
 i. 23. 2 Pet. i. 2, 4. <sup>c</sup> Heb. i. 10—12. 2 Pet.  
 iii. 11—13. <sup>d</sup> Matt. vii. 7—11.  
<sup>e</sup> Luke xviii. 1. Job xxiii. 3.

For Jesus, in his faithful word,  
 The patient supplicant has blest'd :  
 And all thy saints, with sweet accord,  
 The prevalence of pray'r attest.



## XXXIII.

## CONFESSION.

**O** GOD the holy and the just,  
 Look not with anger's flashing eye,  
 Behold me prostrate in the dust,  
 Hear a lamenting sinner's sigh.

My sins like ocean's sands abound,  
 My sins are stain'd with crimson hue :  
 The'r burden sinks me to the ground ;  
 To heav'n I dare not lift my view.

---

<sup>f</sup> Psalm xxxviii. 4. xl. 12.

Above the fowls that swim in air,  
 Above the beasts which graze below ;  
 Reason, thy noble gift, I share ;  
 By reason taught, thy laws I know <sup>g</sup>.

How blest ! if I to reason's voice  
 Had yielded an obeying ear :  
 Blest ! if thy will had been my choice,  
 Thou my delight, and thou my fear <sup>h</sup>.

But oh ! the passions in my frame,  
 Inwrought by thee for wisest end,  
 With blindfold violence o'ercame  
 Reason, and conscience reason's friend <sup>i</sup>.

In reason's aid thy gospel strove,  
 I heeded not, but onward ran :  
 The ways of ruin were my love <sup>k</sup>,  
 O what a stubborn thing is man !

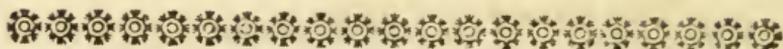
<sup>g</sup> Job xxxv. 11. xxxii. 8.

<sup>h</sup> Psalm i. 1, &c.

<sup>i</sup> James i. 13, 14.

<sup>k</sup> Prov. viii. 36.

Lord, I am worthy to receive  
 The dreadful sentence, "Thou shalt die<sup>1</sup>:"  
 But ere the fatal stroke thou give,  
 Turn, turn thy face to Calvary.



## XXXIV.

PETITION  
 FOR DEVOTIONAL VIEWS.

**H**OW long, O Lord, and why,  
 Wilt thou thy glories shade?  
 How long unheeded shall my cry  
 Thy gentle ear invade<sup>m</sup>?  
 Whene'er my feeble thought  
 On heav'nly things would muse;  
 The visions, to thy people brought<sup>n</sup>,  
 Their charms to me refuse.

---

<sup>1</sup> Psalm li. 4. Ezek. xvii. 4.      <sup>m</sup> Psalm xliii. 1.  
 xxxi. 1, 2.      <sup>n</sup> Psalm cxix. 18, 66, 169, 171.  
 Ephes. i. 17—20. Prov. ii. 3—5.

Wisdom and works of pow'r,  
 Which in thy gospel shine,  
 On me in waste their sun-beams show'r.  
 O this blind soul of mine !

Thy miracles of love  
 To me no joy impart ;  
 In me no tender passion move.  
 O my unfeeling heart !

If I to Jesus turn,  
 Nail'd to the cruel tree ;  
 With no seraphic love I burn,  
 Although he dy'd for me.

Whene'er my sins I call  
 Before stern judgment's eye ;  
 Scarce a bewailing tear will fall,  
 I scarce can heave a sigh.

Thy promises I lay  
 Close to my aking breast :  
 Fain would I hope, hope flees away—  
 My anguish finds no rest.

In darknefs muſt I go,  
 An alien ſtill from thee ?  
 Ah ! never ſhall my boſom know  
 The glow of piety ?

And muſt I then deſpair ?  
 Is there no laſt reſource ?  
 Though nature fails, Ah yet—elſewhere  
 Lives no aſſiſting force ?

Who, who, is he ; that ſtands  
 Before thy gracious throne ?  
 That liſts his interceding hands,  
 When humble finners groan ° ?

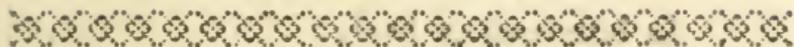
To whom has thy decree  
 Wiſdom for finners giv'n P ?  
 Will not his grace indulge to me,  
 Some of that beam of heav'n ?

---

• Heb. iv. 14—16. vii. 24, 25.

P 1 Corinth. i. 30.

Unclose, unclose these eyes,  
 Infuse the visual ray :  
 Before me bid thy glories rise,  
 With soul-reviving day.



## XXXV.

SUSPENSION OF DIVINE  
INFLUENCES.

O the distracting fears <sup>o</sup>,  
 Which rent my heart in twain ;  
 The sighs, and groans, and bursting tears  
 Of sorrow's sharpest pain ;

When first my God refrain'd  
 His mercy to pursue ;  
 And, ere his work perfection gain'd,  
 His energy withdrew.

---

<sup>o</sup> Psalm LVIII. 13—15.

A deep and deadly gloom  
 O'er mental vision sweeps :  
 Benumbing cold, O fearful doom !  
 O'er mental feelings creeps.

I threw me at his feet,  
 In bitterness of heart :  
 My piercing cries assail'd his seat ;  
 Will, will my God depart ?

Is it thy way to leave  
 A turning finner so ?  
 Thy joy a broken heart to grieve,  
 And quench the smoking tow ?

Ah ! no—'tis thy delight  
 To hear confession's breath :  
 To set the straying footstep right,  
 And save a soul from death.

<sup>r</sup> Psalm ix. 10.

<sup>s</sup> Psalm li. 17.

<sup>t</sup> Isaiah xlii. 3.

<sup>u</sup> Psalm xxxii. 5.

<sup>w</sup> Psalm cxiii. 3. cxix. 176.

<sup>x</sup> Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

O plentiful in love <sup>γ</sup>,  
 O ready to forgive <sup>z</sup>,  
 Let sighs and tears thy bowels move <sup>a</sup> :  
 Say to a finner, “ live.”



## XXXVI.

## MOURNING AFTER GOD.

**W**HAT new offence, what unknown deed  
 Has driv'n my God away <sup>b</sup> ?  
 Why is it that in vain I plead ?  
 Oh ! why this long delay ?

Thoughts after thoughts all day ensue,  
 In melancholy train.  
 Sorrow, I lay me down with you,  
 With you I rise again <sup>c</sup>.

<sup>γ</sup> Psalm ciii. 3, 8, 9.

<sup>z</sup> Psalm lxxxvi. 5.

<sup>a</sup> Psalm vi. 6. xxxix. 12. xxxi. 10.

<sup>b</sup> Job xxxiv. 32. Isaiah lix. 2.

<sup>c</sup> Psalm xiii. 1, 2.

xxxviii. 4, 6.

The holy leaves, I sighing said,  
 Will ease my pressing woe :  
 Their light shall o'er my soul be spread,  
 Their comforts in me flow <sup>d</sup>.

Eager the holy leaves I turn,  
 I strain attention's pow'rs.  
 Alas ! in darkness still I mourn,  
 Still comfortless my hours.

Hope whispers, " in his holy place  
 Thou shalt the blessing find <sup>e</sup>."  
 Hope blushes, for he hides his face ;  
 And grief o'erwhelms my mind.

Yet I will seek him till I die ;  
 Who always fought in vain <sup>f</sup> ?  
 His heart is kind, his pow'r is nigh,  
 And pray'r his ear will gain <sup>g</sup>.

<sup>d</sup> Psalm cxix. 50, 130.

<sup>e</sup> Psalm lxiii. 2.

lxv. 4.

<sup>f</sup> Psalm ix. 10, xxvii. 14. Isaiah xlv. 19.

<sup>g</sup> Psalm lxv. 2.

## XXXVII.

## THE RESOLUTION.

**H**OW long ere weeping Elegy  
 Bid me adieu, and haste away ?  
 How long, ere sweet Euphrosyne <sup>h</sup>  
 To me her sparkling charms display ?

Not while my God in frowns conceals <sup>i</sup>,  
 The beauties of his smiling face :  
 Not till my longing bosom feels,  
 The extasies of pard'ning grace.

Not till, in pow'r immortal strong,  
 I burst the iron yoke of sin ;  
 Till, number'd with the ransom'd throng,  
 Their heav'n within my soul begin.

<sup>h</sup> Joy.<sup>i</sup> Psalm LXXVII. 2—4.

Come, hour long fought; on rapid wing  
 Bear thy sweet inmate, holy Mirth.  
 Then, then my sounding voice shall sing,  
 The wonders of celestial birth.



## XXXVIII.

## TRANSIENT GOODNESS.

WHERE, O my soul, O where  
 Thy image shall I view?  
 In the light cloud which melts in air,  
 Or in the early dew <sup>k</sup>.

This hour, with flowing tears  
 My follies I bewail:  
 The next, my heart a waste appears,  
 Where all the fountains fail.

---

<sup>k</sup> Hof, vi. 4.

Now, as the wax in flame  
Dissolves, and loves the seal;  
The tend'rest touch of grief and flame  
Alternately I feel.

To day, her glimmering light  
Hope kindles in my breast:  
The morrow, with despair's black night,  
Has all my soul oppress'd.

O my unstedfast mind,  
Toft between good and ill!  
With steady course the brutal kind  
Their Maker's law fulfill.

O miserable state,  
Of hope by fear subdu'd!  
On thee, O Lord, for help I wait;  
Fix, fix my soul in good<sup>1</sup>.

---

<sup>1</sup> James i. 8. i Pet. v. 10.

## XXXIX.

## DEJECTION.

AH! never, never shall I taste the joy  
 Which to thy children, Lord, belongs <sup>m</sup>?  
 Never one favour'd pray'r my tongue employ,  
 In melody of Zion's songs!

Thou fulgent lamp, in whose all-cheering beams  
 The living clans of earth rejoice;  
 While fields, and hills, and woods, and sparkling  
 streams  
 Eccho to joy's exulting voice;

To me, alas! the light of morning gay,  
 Like gloom of midnight is display'd:  
 To me thy noontide and thy western ray,  
 Is all but melancholy shade.

---

<sup>m</sup> Psalm cvi. 4, 5.

A weight of woe lies heavy on my heart,  
 Whole days and tedious months I mourn ;  
 Since the sad hour I felt my God depart :  
 Ah ! never will my God return <sup>n</sup> ?

Life's sweet amusements all in vain engage,  
 To yield my troubled soul relief :  
 Nor friendly converse, nor the story'd page,  
 Can charm to peace my restless grief.

Lord, yield one gracious look : one smile of thine  
 Shall cause my ravish'd heart to bound ;  
 More than the season of o'erflowing wine,  
 When the glad vintage-shouts resound °.

---

<sup>n</sup> Psalm LXXVII. 7—9.

<sup>o</sup> Psalm IV. 6, 7.



## XL.

## ADDRESS TO JESUS CHRIST.

**I**MMANUEL, Saviour, meek and mild,  
To thee I pour my moan.

Behold a wretch, with sin defil'd,  
Who looks to thee alone <sup>p</sup>.

O Prince of life, all pow'r is thine

To pardon and subdue <sup>q</sup> :

My pardon, in thy mercy, sign,

My soul to God renew.

Give to thy holy angels joy <sup>r</sup>,

Their hallelujahs fire :

Let thy rich grace to me employ,

Afresh, each golden Lyre.

<sup>p</sup> John III. 14. compared with Numb. XXI. 9. Acts  
IV. 12. Eph. I. 12. Jude 20, 21.

<sup>q</sup> Acts III. 15. V. 31. Matt. IX. 6. XXVIII. 19.

<sup>r</sup> Luke XV. 7.

Me a new captive in thy train,  
 And in thy book <sup>s</sup> enroll'd ;  
 Me a new glory of thy reign,  
 Let thy great Sire behold.

O thou, who in thy mortal days  
 Didst with the fighting fight ;  
 Shall not my tears thy pity raise,  
 Though now thou art so high ?

Who ever humbly kneel'd in vain,  
 Before thy gracious seat ?  
 O do not my warm suit disdain,  
 Nor push me from thy feet <sup>t</sup> !

<sup>s</sup> Luke x. 20. Revel. xxi. 27.

<sup>t</sup> Matt. xi. 28. John vi. 37.



## XLI.

## COMPLAINT.

**H**OW strange are his mysterious ways!  
What numbers can his wonders tell?  
My soul in vain the search essays,  
'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell<sup>u</sup>.

Why did his hand, unsought by me,  
Stop me in folly's fatal race?  
Why teach my trembling soul, to flee  
To Jesus for his healing grace.

Why did he melt my heart, with grief  
My trespass in his ear to own?  
Then sudden check sweet hope's relief?  
And leave me hard again as stone?

---

<sup>u</sup> Job xi. 7—9. ix. 10.

Ah! did he ever thus forsake

The blind, who mourn'd for saving light?  
Why suffer me one glance to take?

Then snatch the vision from my sight?

Was he, whose half-enlighten'd eye

Saw men appear as walking trees<sup>w</sup>,  
Left in the bitter misery

Of a bewail'd half-cur'd disease?

Cease, mortal cease, in plaintive strain,

Thy Maker's counsels to implead.  
Wisdom and mercy guide his reign,  
In righteousness his acts proceed<sup>x</sup>.

How strange are his mysterious ways!

What numbers can his wonders tell?  
My toil in vain the search essays,  
'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell.

---

<sup>w</sup> Mark viii. 24.

<sup>x</sup> Psalm cxlv. 17. Jer. ix. 24.

## XLII.

## THANKSGIVING.

**Y**ES—it was Thou, whose gracious care  
 Educ'd me from the womb,  
 Sent me to drink thy healthful air,  
 And nurs'd my tender bloom <sup>1</sup>.

Thy gentle hand my feet upheld,  
 In childhood's slippery way :  
 Ere yet my tongue thy name had spell'd,  
 Thy name was all my stay <sup>2</sup>.

My ripening years were still pursu'd  
 With mercies from above :  
 Thy bounty raiment gave, and food,  
 And loaded me with love <sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Psalm xxii. 9, 10.

<sup>2</sup> Psalm lxxxi. 6.

<sup>3</sup> Job x. 12. Psalm ciii. 2—5. cxxxix. 17, 18.

If trouble's heavy arm was near,  
 Thy pity felt my sigh;  
 Knew all my sorrow, all my fear,  
 And brought salvation nigh <sup>b</sup>.

When I behold yon azure space  
 Spangled with stars, and see  
 Th' imperial moon's refulgent face;  
 Wond'ring, I think on thee.

Lord, what is man, that man should gain  
 Thy condescending view?  
 That e'er thy majesty should deign,  
 Such favour to renew <sup>c</sup>?

And what am I, least worthy I  
 Of all who creep below,  
 That thou wilt pass my follies by,  
 And so much goodness show <sup>d</sup>?

<sup>b</sup> Psalm xxxi. 7. xxxiv. 6.

<sup>c</sup> Psalm viii. 3, 4.

<sup>d</sup> Gen. xxxii. 10.

O summon thy whole strength, my soul,  
To bless thy God alone.

O memory, all his boons enroll;  
I charge thee, lose not one <sup>e</sup>.



XLIII.

PRAYER

OF THE AFFLICTED YOUTH.

**M**Y Sovereign, to thy throne  
With awful hope I press.  
Humble thyself to hear the groan  
Of indigent distress.

Thy royal Priest appears  
Before thee with his blood <sup>f</sup>:  
Through him I offer these my tears <sup>e</sup>,  
And cast my care on God <sup>h</sup>.

<sup>e</sup> Psalm ciii. 1, 2.

<sup>f</sup> Heb. vii. 15—17.

<sup>g</sup> John xvi. 23, 24. Heb. ix. 24.

<sup>h</sup> Psalm lv. 22.

My youth, bow'd down with pain,  
Mourns its decaying bloom.  
Lord, clothe these bones with flesh again;  
O spare me from the tomb <sup>l</sup>.

Without one murm'ring word,  
Thy chast'ning I receive <sup>k</sup>;  
But ask, submissive, gracious Lord,  
A merciful reprieve.

Day following day, my pray'r  
Has wrestled with thy grace.  
Let not confusion be the share,  
Of them who seek thy face <sup>l</sup>.

Was e'er thy bounteous mind  
Unwilling to bestow <sup>m</sup>?  
E'er to a sinner's sighs unkind,  
Or in forgiving slow <sup>n</sup>?

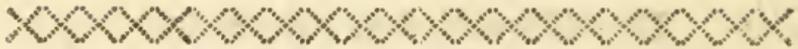
<sup>l</sup> Psalm xxxix. 13. cii. 24. Job xxxiii. 25.

<sup>k</sup> Psalm xxxix. 9. Heb. xii. 5, 6. <sup>l</sup> Psalm xxv. 3.

<sup>m</sup> James i. 5. <sup>n</sup> Psalm lxxvi. 5. ciii. 8, 9.

Needy and poor, as now,  
 I once thy aid implor'd :  
 Thy pity heard affliction's vow,  
 Thy pow'r my health restor'd.

My supplicating voice  
 Unweary'd I will raise :  
 Say to thy servant's soul, " rejoice ;"  
 And fill my tongue with praise ".



## XLIV.

## SOLILOQUY.

**D**EEP, deep into thyself, my soul descend ;  
 God calls aloud, with rev'rent ear attend.  
 Strikes he in vain ? unmeaning was the blow ° ?  
 Sudden it fell, and menac'd death and woe ;  
 Death to a life in which my life is bound,  
 Woe, woe to me, and never-healing wound :

---

° Psalm XLII. 11.

° The small-pox.

She lives ! she lives ! But Ah ! is Heav'n appeas'd ?  
 Or, next, am I the victim to be seiz'd ?  
 Does old offence to his remembrance rise ?  
 And bid the tear repentant fill my eyes ?  
 My heart relents, my broken spirit mourns,  
 To thee, O Lord, my broken spirit turns.  
 Forgiving God, cast, cast my sins away,  
 Far as the rising from the setting day °.  
 Spare me, O Lord, my tender offspring spare,  
 Let not the child the father's burden bear †.  
 Avert this direful pest ‡. O heal my son,  
 Bid life's warm fluid through its channels run ;  
 With healthful vigour bid the lungs inhale †,  
 Eas'd of their load, thy vivifying gale.  
 With balmy hope erect his drooping mind,  
 With patience arm, and give the will resign'd.  
 Keep his youth pure, to shining virtue raise,  
 And crown that virtue with celestial praise.

---

° Psalm xxv. 6.

¶ Psalm ciii. 12.

† Jer. xxxi. 29. Ezek. xviii. 2—4.

‡ The small-pox.

† Asthma.

## XLV.

THOUGHTS  
ON A PARTICULAR MERCY.

**H**AIL, dear abode; my irksome exile 'ends.  
 Farewel disquietude and sleepless care:  
 Come, Peace, with thy beatitudes: my friends,  
 Assist our triumph, and the festal share.

Long has disease, Heav'n's minister, possess'd  
 This mourning mansion with her pois'nous train.  
 Indulgent Pow'r, forbid that evil guest  
 To trouble these deliver'd walls again.

Here may the pray'r, from undissembing tongue,  
 Sound into heav'n; the fervid praise ascend,  
 Diurnal incense; and a gracious throng  
 Of blessings o'er this favour'd roof impend.

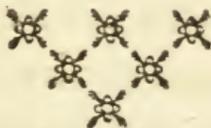
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' On account of the small-pox.

Hail sweet retirement, where the Muse once more  
 Shall in calm silence prune her ruffled wing;  
 With modern Bards and ancient wisdom soar,  
 And mortal themes and themes immortal sing.

All hail! thou noblest gift which Heav'n bestow'd  
 On me unworthy, worthy to have lost;  
 Dear fellow pilgrim on this earthly road,  
 The vale of grief, to the celestial coast.

Victorious in affliction's field, thy mind  
 Shines with new lustre, in new graces drest;  
 Patience and faith thy head with garlands bind,  
 And God approves, and heav'n is in thy breast.



## XLVI.

THE YOUTH'S  
THANKSGIVING ODE.

TO Jehovah, thou my soul  
 Give the tributary glory :  
 Mem'ry, all his love enroll,  
 Crowded is the boundless story.

All thy maladies he heals,  
 All thy trespasses forgiving :  
 Death's commission he repeals,  
 He restores thee to the living.

Healthful viands he bestows,  
 With new youth thy flesh recruiting ;  
 As an eagle's plumage grows,  
 With new vigour from their shooting.

---

<sup>u</sup> See Psalm ciiii.

With his love thy days are crown'd,  
 Thy requests are always near him :  
 High as heav'n above the ground,  
 Is that love to them who fear him.

They who fear him daily learn,  
 For their frailties his compassion :  
 So a father's mercies yearn,  
 To his children in transgression.

Well he knows their fleshly frame  
 Of weak elements compounded :  
 Nor is harsh their souls to blame,  
 With infirmities surrounded.

What is man ? a feeble flow'r  
 For a season sweetly blooming ;  
 Soon the rugged east wind's pow'r  
 All its tender life consuming.

In the evening tall and fair,  
 Gone for ever in the morning ;  
 Seen no more, forgotten where  
 Once it stood the field adorning.

## XLVII.

## PAIN.

**Y**E tedious hours of pain,  
 When will ye roll away?  
 Ah! when shall I enjoy, again,  
 The well man's easy day?

\* *Lives*, then, the child of sin,  
 Yet breathes impatient sighs?  
 Know, from thyself thy woes begin,  
 From guilt thy sorrows rise.

Is not thy Maker love \*?  
 Is not his anger slow †?  
 Do not our griefs his pity move?  
 Can he enjoy our woe ‡?

---

\* Lament. iii. 39.

\* 1 John iv. 16.

† Nehem. ix. 17.

‡ Lament. iii. 32, 33.

Compassionate, he sees  
 His human offspring stray ;  
 And oft commissions sharp disease  
 Our wild career to stay <sup>a</sup>.

Soon as contrition's eye  
 Is full, with humble tear ;  
 He bids all-healing mercy fly,  
 The fainting heart to cheer <sup>b</sup>.

O the reviving grace  
 His promises distill !  
 Almighty anodyne ! they chase  
 The pain from every ill <sup>c</sup>.

Learn, learn, my soul, to wait,  
 Till thy release is giv'n.  
 Bless him, who made a suff'ring state  
 The pupillage for heav'n.

<sup>a</sup> Job xxxiii. 19. Heb. xii. 10.

<sup>b</sup> Job xxiii.

27, 28.

<sup>c</sup> Psalm cxix. 50.

## XLVIII.

## RECOVERY.

**H**OW lively the pleasure succeeding to pain!  
When disease says " adieu;" and health comes  
again,

New braces the limbs, new enlightens the eyes,  
And the faint-beating heart with spirits supplies.

The mariner, when his rough voyage is o'er,  
Talks over his perils, exulting on shore:  
The wind in his canvass still thund'ring he hears,  
The high foaming billows still clash in his ears.

So let me revolve the long wearisome night,  
Of sorrow's lone room and sorrow's sharp fight;  
The storms of fierce pain, hot fever's strong thirst,  
And the bubble of life just ready to burst.

As a bird manumis'd essays his rude wings,  
Expatiates in air, and a loud carol sings;  
Enlarging my steps, o'er the fields I will rove,  
And join the full choir that enlivens the 'grove.

Bright sun, how delightful to feel thy warm ray!  
 Your streams, ye gay meadows, how sweet to survey!  
 Delicious perfume floats along in the gale,  
 Fresh spirits and force with each gust I inhale.

Now my friends I embrace, their converse enjoy,  
 My station's great duties my time now employ.  
 The mind its accustom'd exertions displays,  
 The body, recruited for labour, obeys.

All praise to my God, who in mercy repriev'd  
 A sinner from death, and his anguish reliev'd:  
 To save me from ruin he chasten'd my faults,  
 And to care of my soul awaken'd my thoughts.

Who, unwilling to bruise a reptile of dust,  
 His stroke long delays, though the stripe would be  
     just:

At last when he smites (for to anger he's slow)  
 With a father's soft hand he tempers the blow<sup>d</sup>.

By him I revive, with my juvenile bloom;  
 And my pow'rs of thinking new vigour resume.  
 To him while I breathe, devout homage I'll bring,  
 My portion, my hope, and my almighty king.

---

<sup>d</sup> Prov. III. 11, 12.

## XLIX.

## THE AGED MINISTER

FALLING DOWN IN A FAINTING FIT IN THE  
PLACE AND TIME OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

WHAT a sudden pause is here !  
Silence stops the pray'r ascending—  
Panic smites attention's ear,  
Order in confusion blending.

Son of wisdom, faint, awake  
From the trance of fainting nature.  
Cloud on reason's organ, break ;  
Gracious God, the darkness scatter.

Does the king of fears advance,  
His black host of pains displaying ?  
Does he shake his murd'ring lance ?  
Empty terrors, undismaying.

Upwards

Upwards turn thy ravish'd eyes,  
See the world of glory moving,  
From their thrones the just arise;  
See thy God with smiles approving.

On the verge of heav'n they stand,  
Thy expected sight beholding:  
See the crown in Jesus' hand,  
See the gate of pearl unfolding.

From his trance the faint awakes,  
Heav'n consenting to restore him,  
From our lips the triumph breaks;  
Late, O late, may we deplore him.



L.

## THE AGED MINISTER

OBLIGED BY ILL HEALTH TO LAY DOWN  
HIS OFFICE.

**H**OW pleasant roll'd the days!  
When, hanging o'er my head;  
Thy lamp, O Lord, its vivid rays  
Around my footsteps spread \* :

When all my vigorous pow'rs  
Sent all their strength abroad;  
And fill'd up all my active hours  
With service of my God :

When crowds about me hung,  
Impatient for the theme  
Divine, sweet-flowing from my tongue;  
And drank salvation's stream.

---

\* Job xxix. 3.

Now darknefs casts her veil  
 All o'er my troubled sky.  
 Thy hand afflicting I bewail ;  
 Thy healing hand apply.

Shall a slack'd thread of clay  
 Untune the reas'ning mind ?  
 Shall memory mourn her stores, a prey  
 To malady resign'd ?

God of my frame, I bow  
 My reason to thy will :  
 And only breathe this humble vow,  
*May I thy work fulfill* <sup>f</sup>.

---

<sup>f</sup> 2 Tim. iv. 5.

## LI.

TRUST IN THE PROMISE OF  
PARDON.

WHEREFORE this slowness to believe  
The God who cannot lie?  
How can my feeble thoughts conceive  
Of clemency so high?

Alas, my sins! their sum so great,  
And of so foul a die!  
Will he forgive th' enormous debt?  
O clemency, so high!

His thoughts of mercy are immense;  
Above our thoughts they fly,  
‡ Lofty as heav'n above our sense.  
O clemency, so high!

---

‡ Isaiah LV. 8, 9.

A Magdalen, in tears, found grace,  
 Yea a Manasseh's sigh.

From Peter did he turn his face?

O clemency, so high!

<sup>b</sup> Did he not yield his dearest child,

For rebel men, to die?

Will he not now be reconcil'd?

O clemency, so high!

<sup>i</sup> Or fails the value of that blood

For mercy still to cry?

Has he forgotten to be good?

O clemency, so high!

Ah! if he will my much forgive <sup>k</sup>,

Whose love shall mine outvie?

Him I will sing, to him will live.

O clemency, so high!

Rise, rise my soul, his goodness praise,

And on his truth rely:

Jesus th' eternal bond <sup>l</sup> displays.

O clemency, so high!

<sup>b</sup> Rom. v. 6—10.

<sup>i</sup> Heb. xii. 24. ix. 14.

<sup>k</sup> Luke vii. 47.

<sup>l</sup> Heb. xiii. 20.

## LII.

TRUST IN THE PROMISE OF  
DIVINE ASSISTANCE.

O Folly, chief in folly's flame!  
 O baseness, of the basest name!  
 Him to resist, resisting grieve <sup>m</sup>,  
 Who fought thy misery to relieve;

Show'd thee thy sins <sup>n</sup>, thy danger show'd,  
 Warn'd to escape, display'd the road;  
 And, with his gentle touches, strove  
 To win possession of thy love.

Illuminating Spirit, shine  
 Once more; and make my soul thy shrine <sup>o</sup>:  
 Thy work of sanctity revive <sup>p</sup>,  
 Once more with me unworthy strive <sup>q</sup>.

---

<sup>m</sup> Acts vii. 51. Ephes. iv. 30.      <sup>n</sup> John xvi. 8.

<sup>o</sup> Rom. viii. 9.      <sup>p</sup> 2 Thess. ii. 13.    1 Pet. i. 2.

<sup>q</sup> Gen. vi. 3.

I fear he will not : dark, forlorn,  
 With tears I've woo'd him to return :  
 He stands aloof ; though still I pray.  
 O insupportable delay !

Ah ! how shall I, thus left alone,  
 O'ercome my sins now stronger grown ?  
 How gain that faith †, whose strength subdues  
 The world with all its tempting views † ?

How, ever, shall my soul possess  
 The placid joys of righteousness ;  
 The cheering hopes, the pure desires,  
 And all which love to God inspires ?

I hear, I hear a gentle voice ;  
 “ Rejoice, dejected soul, rejoice.  
 “ 'Tis mine the spirit to bestow †,  
 “ The glorious purchase of my woe.

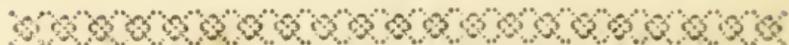
† Ephes. 11. 8.

‡ 1 John v. 4.

† John xiv. 26. xv. 26. xvi. 7. Rom. viii. 9.

" My Father glorifies my name,  
 " From him this high donation came "<sup>v</sup>.  
 " Ask, seek, pursue ; the noble boon  
 " Shall crown thy ardent wishes soon "<sup>w</sup>."

My soul, thy drooping courage raise,  
 Prepare, prepare the song of praise ;  
 And, shaking off the mourner's dust,  
 Fulfillment of the promise trust.



## LIII.

## FEAR OF GOD.

**T**REMENDOUS Author of our frame,  
 Holy and rev'rend is thy name <sup>x</sup>.  
 Where in the ranks of Being round  
 Can, mighty God, thy peer be found <sup>y</sup> ?

<sup>v</sup> John xvi. 14. Acts ii. 33. iii. 13.

<sup>w</sup> Matt. vii. 7, 8, 11. Luke xi. 13.

<sup>x</sup> Psalm

<sup>y</sup> Isaiah xl. 25.

High Lord of life and King of death,  
 Worlds rise and vanish at thy breath <sup>z</sup>.  
 Thou humblest thy majestic sight,  
 To view a Seraph and a mite <sup>a</sup>.

The nations, in thy lofty eye,  
 Are nothing, less than vanity <sup>b</sup>.  
 Who against thee shall lift his hand?  
 Against thy terrors who can stand <sup>c</sup>?

But, O how blest, most gracious Lord,  
 The souls that tremble at thy word;  
 Thy anger to inflame afraid,  
 In noon-day beam and midnight shade;

The souls, whom rev'rence of thy will  
 Keeps from the bounding line of ill.  
 With such thy dwelling <sup>d</sup> is; on those  
 Thy peace its filling joys bestows.

<sup>z</sup> Psalm LXVIII. 20.

<sup>a</sup> Psalm CXIII. 6.

<sup>b</sup> Isaiah XL. 17.

<sup>c</sup> Job XLI. 10.

<sup>d</sup> Isaiah LVII. 15.

Thy wisdom guides <sup>e</sup>, thy pow'r defends  
 Their life, till life its journey ends <sup>f</sup>:  
 Death shall convey them to the land  
 Where all thy saints before thee stand <sup>g</sup>.

O that my soul with awful sense  
 Of thy transcendent excellence,  
 May close the day, the day begin;  
 Jealous of every budding sin <sup>h</sup>.

Never, O never, from my heart  
 May this great principle depart:  
 But act with unrelaxing pow'r  
 Within me, to my mortal hour.

<sup>e</sup> Psalm xxv. 12, 14.

<sup>f</sup> Psalm xxxi. 19, 20.

Heb. xiii. 5.

<sup>g</sup> Isaiah lvii. 1, 2. Psalm i. 5.

<sup>h</sup> Prov. xxiii. 17.



## LIV.

## TRUST IN DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

ANXIOUS cares and boding fears,  
Vexers of my soul, away.

'Tis not chance that rolls the spheres,

'Tis not chance that rules the day.

Who to man his lot decides ?

He that man and all things made.

Who the good and ill divides ?

He that form'd the light and shade <sup>l</sup>.

Can thy painful thought increase

In thy height a single span <sup>k</sup> ?

Yet thy life uphold in peace ?

Is all that the work of man ?

Foolish mortals, bend your toil

Heav'nly treasure to secure :

Then, upon this earthly foil,

Of all needful things be sure <sup>l</sup>.

<sup>l</sup> Isaiah XLV. 7.  
25, 26.

<sup>k</sup> Matt. vi. 27.  
<sup>l</sup> Matt. vi. 33.

Luke XII.

Well, your heav'nly Father knows  
 For your wants the fit supply <sup>m</sup> :  
 He on you his heav'n bestows <sup>n</sup> :  
 Will he meat on earth deny ?

Dread not slander, nor disease <sup>o</sup>,  
 Safe beneath almighty shade :  
 If your proving he decrees,  
 Trust in his supporting aid.

Not a sparrow falls to earth <sup>p</sup>,  
 Without God's permissive will :  
 Far exceeding is your worth,  
 Who his holy laws fulfill.

Child of God, in death's dark vale <sup>q</sup>  
 On thy father's goodness lean :  
 He will ne'er his children leave,  
 In their last and trying scene.

<sup>m</sup> Matt. vi. 32.

<sup>n</sup> Luke xii. 32.

<sup>o</sup> Job v. 21. Psalm xci. 3—7.

<sup>p</sup> Luke xii. 7.

<sup>q</sup> Psalm xxiiii. 4. Heb. xiiii. 5.

## LV.

## SELF-DEPENDENCE.

**G**OD reigns : Events in order flow,  
 Man's industry to guide<sup>r</sup> ;  
 But in a diff'rent channel go,  
 To humble human pride.

The swift not always, in the race,  
 Shall seize the crowning prize :  
 Not always wealth and honour grace  
 The labour of the wife<sup>s</sup>.

Fond mortals but themselves beguile,  
 While on themselves they rest.  
 Blind is their wisdom, weak their toil,  
 By thee, O Lord, unblest<sup>t</sup>.

---

<sup>r</sup> Prov. x. 4.

<sup>s</sup> Eccles. ix. 11.

<sup>t</sup> Psalm cxxvii. 1.

Go, husbandman, the soil prepare,  
 Cast in the precious grain.  
 To thee belongs the sun, and air?  
 Dost thou command the rain?

Ye crafty, scheme your winding way,  
 God shall confound your skill<sup>u</sup> :  
 Know, time and accident obey  
 His all-directing will.

Evil and good before him stand,  
 His mission to perform :  
 The blessing comes at his command,  
 At his command the storm.

O Lord, in all our ways we'll own  
 Thy providential pow'r<sup>x</sup> ;  
 Intrusting to thy care alone  
 The lot of every hour.

---

<sup>u</sup> Job. v. 12.

<sup>x</sup> Prov. III. 5, 6.

## LVI.

## PROSPERITY.

**R**ICHES, in copious streams,  
 From every quarter flow :  
 Not one of all my fertile schemes  
 Feels an abortive throe.

My freighted vessels sail  
 A length of ocean o'er ; -  
 And bring me, with a speeding gale,  
 New wealth from every shore.

My soul, thy warm desires  
 Indulge in all delight & .  
 Seize whatsoe'er thy fancy fires,  
 Or ravishes thy sight.

Roll in the gilded car,  
 The rural palace rear :  
 There every gate, and opening, bar  
 To charity and fear.

Bid Luxury employ  
 Her skill, thy taste to please.  
 Call thy rich friends to share the joy<sup>z</sup>,  
 And swim in mirth and ease.  
 To-day, in jocund bowls  
 Drown, drown forecasting thought :  
 The morrow leave to gloomy souls, |  
 Who dread they know not what.  
 Thou fool, thy soul this eve<sup>a</sup>  
 Stern summons shall demand.  
 Whose name shall then thy house receive?  
 For whom thy coffers stand ?

---

<sup>z</sup> Luke xiv. 12.

<sup>a</sup> Luke xii. 20.



## LVII.

## WORLDLY-MINDEDNESS.

YE fleshly lusts, ye greedy cares  
 For this frail mass of clay;  
 For life which every pulse impairs,  
 For joys which pass away;

No more my simple heart inflame,  
 No more my time consume.  
 Your works are finish'd in the grave,  
 Your pleasures in the tomb.

But Oh! beyond the tomb there lies  
 The dungeon of despair:  
 Thither the fleshly spirit flies,  
 To dwell in darkness there.

The guilty spirit there shall quake,  
 With souls of kindred sin:  
 Till wrath's loud voice their dust awake,  
 New sufferings to begin.

Then shall the lake of sulphur blaze,  
 Fir'd by avenging breath;  
 On them its quenchless fury preys—  
 Behold the *second death* <sup>b</sup>!

Awful feverity! O fear,  
 Worldlings, your Maker's hate <sup>c</sup>.  
 His mercy's timely warnings hear,  
 Lest weeping come too late.



## LVIII.

THE RICH EPICURE <sup>d</sup>.

**I**S this the man, on earth so gay?  
 In splendor, there, and rich array,  
 With daily feast and pamper'd ease,  
 He study'd every sense to please.

<sup>b</sup> Rom. viii. 6. Revel. xxi. 8.

<sup>c</sup> Psalm v. 5. Isaiah xxvii. 11.

<sup>d</sup> Luke xvi. 19, &c.

Alas, how chang'd! now doom'd to dwell  
 In the devouring flames of hell.  
 All wild with pain, he lifts his eyes  
 Up to the hills of paradise.

There he beholds at Abraham's side  
 The lazar, who of hunger dy'd;  
 Whose fruitless cries had oft implor'd  
 The offals of his wasteful board.

O Father Abraham, he said;  
 " Send, send, in mercy, to my aid  
 " Good Lazarus, to cool my tongue;  
 " With flame and raging thirst I'm stung."

The patriarch spoke: Thy good, my son,  
 Is past; on earth its course was run.  
 Past are the ills, which Laz'rus bore;  
 The beggar Laz'rus weeps no more.

By equal retribution, know,  
 His lot is joy, but thine is woe.  
 Unpassable, by fix'd decree,  
 Is the deep gulf 'tween us and thee.

## LIX.

## ADVERSITY.

**H**OW high our sanguine hopes we raise!  
How hotly our desires pursue  
What fancy's magic glass displays  
Enlarg'd, and tempting to the view!

These mortal objects of our love  
Too closely twine about our heart,  
Seduce our souls from things above,  
And hardly leave to God a part.

O bitter change! when Heav'n's kind hand  
Snatches the fatal joy away,  
Our feeble reason scarce can stand  
Firm, in affliction's stormy day.

We weep, we laugh, in mad extreme;  
Here, all delight; all sadness, there:  
Now on the mount of bliss we seem,  
Now in the quagmire of despair.

Stoics,

Stoics, who on your strength presume,  
 Could all your toiling wisdom find  
 A light to cheer affliction's gloom,  
 A balm for the wounded mind?

In vain you hail him good and great,  
 Whose steadfast soul no ills can move;  
 Boast him impregnable to fate,  
 And equal to your mighty Jove.

Jesus, our aking hearts we bring  
 To learn philosophy from thee.  
 Thy words can make the mourner sing;  
 And grief become a jubilee \*.

Vain world, whose scenes of bliss and woe  
 Are shifting every fleeting hour;  
 No longer shall our spirits owe  
 Their peace, or trouble, to thy pow'r.

Teach us, thou Comforter divine,  
 Contentment; should our all be gone:  
 Teach us submission meek as thine,  
 "Father thy will, not mine, be done."

---

\* Matt. xi. 28—30. John xiv. 27.

## LX.

## RESIGNATION.

**N**EW to the sea of life, with easy sail  
 (Smooth was the wave and bright the day)  
 My gilded bark before the fav'ring gale,  
 Freighted with pleasure, skimm'd its way.

Fallacious scene! in fulness of delight  
 The heav'ns with sudden darkness frown'd :  
 The storm came thundering down, in one black  
 night  
 All, all my flatt'ring hopes were drown'd.

O why so swift the stroke, and so severe?  
 Whose sorrow can compare with mine?  
 Unwarn'd, undisciplin'd to changes here,  
 Must I at once my all resign?

Why

Why not resign ? the blessing was but lent,  
 Its use but for a season giv'n ;  
 His the sole title who the blessing sent,  
 Now only render'd back to Heav'n f.

Too rich a treasure to be long possess'd !  
 'Twas happiness, alas too great !  
 Enjoyment high, with fond embrace carefs'd  
 Too ardent for a mortal state.

O how this faithless world has chang'd its face !  
 How poor appears the bliss of kings !  
 O worst of lunacy, for souls to place  
 Their all in perishable things !

Short is the time, ere time shall be no more ;  
 And earth and all its works shall die :  
 Far shorter, ere to me this scene be o'er ;  
 Shifted to vast eternity †,

---

f Job i. 21.

‡ 1 Cor. vii. 31.

Why then these fruitless tears, and wasting sighs?

Come, faith, and mount me on thy wing :  
 Bear me, O bear me, far beyond the skies,  
 To worlds where joys immortal spring <sup>h</sup>.



## LXI.

VICISSITUDE; OR,  
 JOY AFTER SORROW.

**N**OT always will the sky pour down,  
 From fullen clouds, these sluicy rains;  
 Which every pleasing landskip drown,  
 And sadden and deform the plains.

Not always shall the forest groan  
 With shatt'ring winds; the mourning trees  
 Ever their leafless arms bemoan :  
 Nor storm perpetual vex the seas.

---

<sup>h</sup> 2 Corinth. iv. 17, 18.

On rugged winter treads the spring,  
 That gentle season of delight:  
 And darkness flees before the wing  
 Of morn, infus'd in golden light.

Thus in the varying times of man,  
 Which God's eternal counsel guides;  
 Smiles follow weeping, in the plan <sup>i</sup>,  
 By law unerring as the tides.

Should now the Heav'n-directed wheel  
 Aloft our adverse moments raise;  
 Onward, behind, the prosp'ring steal,  
 Promise of joy-revolving days.

Mortal, adapt thy pliant mind <sup>k</sup>  
 To all the changes that are giv'n;  
 Wisely rejoicing, or resign'd,  
 Ne'er strive against the schemes of Heav'n.

---

<sup>i</sup> Ecclesiastes III. 4.

<sup>k</sup> Ecclesiastes VII. 14.

## LXII.

## FAITH IN GOD

THE REMEDY FOR WORLDLY FEAR

AND GRIEF.

**W**HY does my coward heart  
Yield up itself to *fear*?

Why thus at distant danger start,  
And die when danger's near?

Shall faith let go her hold?

Faith makes the tim'rous brave<sup>1</sup>.

Is the Almighty arm grown old,  
And impotent to save<sup>m</sup>?

---

<sup>1</sup> Heb. xi. 34.

<sup>m</sup> Isaiah L. 2.

Why thus disquieted, my soul <sup>n</sup>,  
 By hopeless *grief* devour'd ;  
 When waves on waves of trouble roll,  
 In storms around thee pour'd ?

Hope thou in God ; He'll not disdain  
 His children in distress :  
 His hand their burden will sustain,  
 His grace their sorrows bless.

Ah ! could I hope, that He  
 My soul has reconcil'd ° ;  
 Courage would spring and joy, in me  
 His much-offending child.

His powerful love, I know,  
 Is watchful o'er the just.  
 Virtue is all he loves below <sup>p</sup>,  
 The rest is dross and dust.

---

<sup>n</sup> Psalm XLII. 5, 11.      ° 2 Corinth. v. 19.  
 Rom. v. 10.      <sup>p</sup> Psalm XXXIII. 13—18. Psalm  
 XXXIV. 15, 16. Psal. CXIX. 119.

O Thou, whose glory is to break  
Sin's miserable chain<sup>a</sup>,  
Jesus, my rescue undertake,  
Me, me to virtue gain.

This desert, then, I'll travel through  
Chearful, without dismay;  
Beholding, with the righteous few,  
'The leader of our way<sup>r</sup>.

---

<sup>a</sup> Luke iv. 18, 21. John viii. 36.

<sup>r</sup> Heb. xii. 2.



## LXIII.

## CARE OF THE SOUL.

WHY came I here? What have I done,  
 Since life began its race to run?

Have I been thoughtless of the goal,  
 Following the inconsiderate shoal,

*And ruining my soul?*

Why thus for trifles will I strive?

Is it for trifles that I live?

Trifles my weak affections stole.

These trifles shall I make my whole?

*For these exchange my soul?*

In pleasure will I melt my days?

Hate serious thought and serious ways?

In mirth's perpetual circle roll,

Cards, shows, and dances, and the bowl;

*Till I have lost my soul?*

I'll swell my bags with golden store :

I'll count my spreading acres o'er.

What though they spread from pole to pole,

Where is the lucre of the whole,

*If purchas'd with my soul ?*

Spring up, and soar, with vigorous wings,

Above these sublunary things :

To sensual worldlings leave the whole,

To fools short-sighted as the mole.

*Be mindful of thy soul.*

Be serious ere it is too late,

Redeem for heav'n probation's state,

Let God's commands thy life control,

Then nothing fear beyond the goal.

*Save thy immortal soul.*

° Mark viii. 36.

† Ezek. xviii. 27.

## LXIV.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF TIME.

**T**IME, Time, how few thy value weigh!  
 How few will estimate a day<sup>u</sup>!  
 Days, months and years keep rolling on,  
 The soul neglected and undone.

In painful cares, or empty joys,  
 Our life its precious hours destroys:  
 While death stands watching at our side,  
 Eager to stop the living tide.

Was it for this, ye mortal race,  
 The Maker gave you here a place?  
 Was it for this, his thought design'd  
 The frame of your immortal mind?

---

<sup>u</sup> Ephes. v. 16, 17. Eccles. ix. 10.

For lofty cares, for joys sublime,  
He fashion'd you the sons of time;  
Pilgrims of time, ere long to be  
The dwellers in eternity.

This season of your being, know,  
Is portion'd you your deeds to sow.  
Wisdom's and folly's differing grain  
In future worlds is bliss and pain<sup>w</sup>.

Be warn'd. Each night the day review,  
Idle, or busy; search it through:  
And while probation's minutes last,  
Let every day amend the past.

---

<sup>w</sup> Gal. vi. 7, 8.

LXV.

THE TIME OF PROBATION.

“ **B**Y my own endless life I swear \*”  
 (Strange language of almighty breath!)

“ My bowels of compassion share  
 “ No pleasure in a sinner’s death.

“ O that the wicked would forsake  
 “ The guilty tenor of his ways!  
 “ Turn, turn ye, of my grace partake;  
 “ Salvation still it’s joys displays.”

Mercy, the time appointed, waits †  
 The time of trial meet for all:  
 And heav’n, unfolding wide her gates,  
 Rejoices in the gracious call.

---

\* Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

† Isaiah xxx. 18. 2 Pet. iii. 9.

Warnings divine forbid delay,  
 And conscience cries aloud ; return,  
 While life's warm current works its way,  
 Still gushing from its tender urn,  
 Momentous season ! short, or long,  
 As God's impartial will decides ;  
 Who, clear of cruelty and wrong,  
 To every man its bound divides.

Sinner, *thy* season is unknown  
 To thee, no subject of thy pow'r.  
 Rash sinner, wilt thou dare postpone  
 Repentance to some distant hour ?

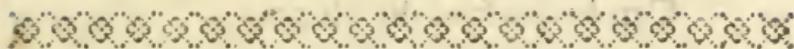
Should e'er that distant hour arrive,  
 More yielding will thy passions grow <sup>z</sup> ?  
 And weaker thou, victorious strive  
 Against thy strong augmented foe ?

Ingrate ! will thus thy stubborn heart  
 Long-suffering lenity withstand ?  
 Thus God's benignant counsels thwart ?  
 Thus force down his destroying hand ?

---

<sup>z</sup> Heb. III. 13. IV. 7.

His goodness if thou wilt despise,  
 His aggravated vengeance dread ;  
 When he in boundless wrath will rise,  
 And pour his terrors on thy head <sup>a</sup>.



## LXVI.

## TEMPTATION BY THE DEVIL.

**I**S he, alas ! allow'd  
 To range this earth at will ;  
 The prince of darkness, with his crowd  
 Of demons bent on ill ?

Is he, whose envious guile  
 Seduc'd incautious Eve <sup>b</sup>,  
 Suffer'd to practice every wile  
 Her offspring to deceive ?

<sup>a</sup> Rom. 11. 4, 5.

<sup>b</sup> 2 Corinth, xi. 3.

1 Corinth. vii. 5. Eph. vi. 11. Rev. xx. 3, 7, 8.

As the fierce lion prowls  
 For rapine, through the wood;  
 Does this fierce spirit hunt our souls<sup>c</sup>,  
 Athirst for human blood<sup>d</sup>?

Can he present the charm  
 That will our passions fire<sup>e</sup>?  
 Our bosoms can his fury storm  
 With criminal desire?

Mysterious, mournful state  
 Of man beneath the sun!  
 But who a claim will arrogate,  
 To blame what God has done?

Children, your Father's name  
 In thankful song resound.  
 The great Redeemer sing, who came  
 Your enemy to confound<sup>f</sup>.

---

<sup>c</sup> 1 Pet. v. 8.

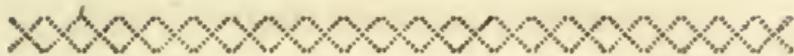
<sup>d</sup> John VIII. 44.

<sup>e</sup> Luke XXII. 3, 31.

<sup>f</sup> 1 John III. 8.

Trust in his pow'r, confide  
 In his benevolent heart.  
 By the bold tempter he was try'd,  
 He baffled all his arts.

Trust in his promise; stand,  
 Resolv'd, against the foe:  
 The coward, at his dread command,  
 Shall flee to hell below<sup>h</sup>.



## LXVII.

## INTEGRITY TOWARDS GOD.

**A**H! what avail's confession's tongue,  
 Without compunction's smart?  
 What value in thanksgiving song,  
 Without a thankful heart?

---

<sup>s</sup> Matt. iv. 1, &c. Heb. 11. 18.

<sup>h</sup> 1 Pet. v. 9. James iv. 7.

What is the virtue, which untry'd  
 From vicious taint is pure?  
 Gold will the fiery proof abide,  
 And truth the test endure.

Glorious Integrity! which loves  
 Thee, Lord, alone to please<sup>i</sup>:  
 Which its unfeign'd devotion proves,  
 In trouble and in ease:

Which, when temptations swarm around,  
 Resists; and looks to thee:  
 And, nobly firm, maintains its ground.  
 Glorious Integrity!

Which nourishes no favourite sin<sup>k</sup>,  
 To all obedience free<sup>l</sup>;  
 Zealous of sanctity within.  
 Glorious Integrity!

---

<sup>i</sup> John xii. 43. Gal. i. 10. 1 Theff. ii. 4.

<sup>k</sup> Psalm xix, 12.

<sup>l</sup> Psalm cxix. 6. cxxxix. 23, 24.

O happy they! whose conscience clear

To thy attest can flee <sup>m</sup>,

In every strait and every fear.

Glorious Integrity!

To these, thy condescending throne

Allows their humble plea <sup>n</sup>:

These, as thy treasure thou wilt own <sup>o</sup>.

Glorious Integrity!



### LXVIII.

## INTEGRITY'S APPEAL TO JESUS CHRIST.

**J**ESUS, to whose all-seeing eye

My foes, my fears, my wants, are known;

In wants, in fears, from foes I fly,

For refuge, to thy pow'ful throne.

---

<sup>m</sup> Job xvi. 19. 2 Corinth. i. 8, 12.

<sup>n</sup> Psalm xxxiv. 15. Prov. xv. 8.

<sup>o</sup> Malach. iii. 17.

Thy face, whose beams like lightning dart  
 On open guilt and cover'd guile;  
 Cheers with soft rays the upright heart,  
 And sheds a heav'n in every smile.

To thee, O Lord, my humble breast  
 Appeals for its integrity<sup>p</sup>.  
 All guile, all evil I detest,  
 Glowing with grateful love to thee.

Thy anger worse than death I fear,  
 Thy favour more than life I prize.  
 O let my right in thee be clear,  
 I'll spurn at all beneath the skies.

---

<sup>p</sup> John 11. 25. xxi. 15. Rev. 11. 23.



## LXIX.

## INTEGRITY

IN SEARCHING FOR DIVINE TRUTH.

MASTER divine, with docile hearts we bring  
 Our reason to receive thy light<sup>9</sup>.  
 Bright as unclouded morn thy words shall spring,  
 And sweetly chase away our night.

Pure from its holy well, our souls will draw  
 Salvation's everlasting stream.

No mortal names our heav'nly faith shall awe<sup>r</sup>,  
 Vain their displeasure and esteem.

But O how childhood's wrongly-tutor'd age  
 Chains for the future man prepares<sup>s</sup>!

Our manhood from those fetters disengage,  
 And free from superstition's fears.

---

<sup>9</sup> Luke xii. 56, 57. Acts xvii. 11.

<sup>r</sup> Matt. xxiii. 10. John vii. 48. 2 Corinth.

i. 24. 1 Pet. v. 3. <sup>s</sup> John i. 46. vii. 27.

When human pride thy humbling truths arraigns,  
 May we to clear conviction bow :  
 Our fleshly lusts whene'er thy page restrains †,  
 May we unfeign'd submission vow.

Come friendly Spirit, lead our searching thought †;  
 All necessary truth reveal :  
 And every truth, deep in our bosoms wrought,  
 Stamp with thy sanctifying seal.



## LXX.

INTEGRITY'S IMPROVEMENT OF THE  
 MEANS OF DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.

**T**HE more thy gospel is survey'd,  
 Blest Jesus, I the more approve.  
 Thy truths, thy law, thy promise weigh'd †,  
 I fix my faith, my hope, my love.

† John III. 19—21. I Corinth. II. 14.

‡ John VII. 17. xvii. 17. Ephes. I. 17, &c.

‣ Luke XIV. 28—32.

Thus fix'd, unshaken they remain ;  
 Cherish'd with thy nutritious care :  
 And fruit, from an immortal grain,  
 Grateful to thee, O Father, bear \*.

Whether to thy creating will  
 Nobler or meaner gifts I owe ;  
 May I my stewardship fulfill,  
 May I in faith and goodness grow.

Water'd by nature's richest streams,  
 And by salvation's fountain fed ;  
 On vigorous root, beneath thy beams,  
 Integrity exalts its head †.

But though the toils of life oppress  
 My days, and few thy gifts to me ;  
 My humble rank of virtue blefs :  
 Thy love will blefs integrity ‡.

---

\* Mark iv. 20. John xv. 1—5.

† Psalm i. 3.

‡ Psalm cxl. 13. Prov. xi. 20.

## LXXI.

EQUITY OF THE DIVINE  
DISPENSATIONS.

WHO, gracious Father, shall complain  
Under thy mild and equal reign <sup>a</sup> ?

Who does a weight of duty share,  
More than his powers and aids can bear ?

With differing climes, and differing lands,  
With fertile plains, and barren sands,  
Thy wisdom form'd this earthy round,  
And set the nations in their bound <sup>b</sup>.

Varied alike, thy moral ray  
Here sheds a full, there fainter day <sup>c</sup>.  
The God of all, unkind to none,  
To all the path of life has shown <sup>d</sup>.

---

<sup>a</sup> Jer. ix. 24. Psalm xxxiii. 5.

<sup>b</sup> Acts xvii. 26.

<sup>c</sup> Psalm xxxiii. 12. cxlvii. 10, 20. Rom. i. 20. ii. 14.

<sup>d</sup> Psalm cxlv. 9. Acts xvii. 27. xiv. 17.

What if a people for his praise<sup>e</sup>  
 He form, and high in virtue raise  
 For high reward? Selected race,  
 Rejoice in this distinguish'd grace.

Rejoice; but O with holy fear,  
 With toil unwearied and severe,  
 Salvation's arduous work pursue<sup>f</sup>,  
 And keep th' immortal crown in view.

Large is the bounty of his hand,  
 He will a large return demand<sup>g</sup>.  
 Numbers will *wish* to enter in,  
 But few the gate of heaven will *win*<sup>h</sup>.

<sup>e</sup> Matt. v. 3—11, 14—16, 44—48. Eph. i. 4—6.

<sup>f</sup> Philip. ii. 12.

<sup>g</sup> Luke xii. 48.

<sup>h</sup> Luke xiii. 24. Matt.

xi. 12. Luke xvi. 16.

## LXXII.

## GOVERNMENT OF THE BODY.

**M**Y body's curious frame,  
 Full of wonders in each part,  
 O Lord, extols thy name ;  
 Texture of thy sovereign art <sup>i</sup>.

Shall I, alas! abuse  
 Organs of such noble worth?  
 Service to thee refuse  
 Slave to appetites of earth <sup>k</sup>?

Did not the Son of God  
 Dignify this work of clay?  
 Our mortal ground he trod,  
 Mortality his array.

---

<sup>i</sup> Psalm cxxxix. 15—16.

<sup>k</sup> Rom. vi. 12, 13.

That which he rais'd so high,  
 I never more will disgrace:  
 Never to sin's employ  
 These honour'd members debase.

The bodies of the just  
 For shrines of glory design'd,  
 Shall awake from the dust,  
 Like their glorious Lord's refin'd<sup>1</sup>.

O let my soul aspire  
 A bliss so great to secure:  
 It will my ardour fire  
 To keep my body all pure<sup>m</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Philip. III. 21.

<sup>m</sup> Coloss. III. 4, 5:



## LXXIII.

## CHASTITY.

**I**MPURE desires, flee far away<sup>n</sup>;  
 You that deflower the mind,

Ye fordid pleasures of a day  
 With lasting pain behind;

Ye fogs, which from corruption rise,  
 Eclipsing reason's light:

Which good and evil, truth and lies,  
 Confound in hellish night<sup>o</sup>.

O alien from all good, from' God  
 Wide wand'ring and estrang'd!  
 In vestal souls He makes abode,  
 With energy unchang'd.

---

<sup>n</sup> 2 Corinth. vii. 1. James i. 21.

<sup>o</sup> Rom. i. 26—28.

While o'er the sacred page they bend,  
 Truth beams from every line:  
 And wonders, opening without end,  
 Transporting prospect! shine.

Beneath the strong enliv'ning ray,  
 Immortal vigour grows.  
 Immortal hopes the growth repay,  
 And heav'nly scenes disclose.

Earth, at the voice which shakes the sky,  
 Gives up her quick'ning mold:  
 The pure shall then, with angel-eye,  
 The face of God behold P.

---

P Matt. v. 8.



## LXXIV.

SPIRITUAL APPETITES AND  
GRATIFICATIONS.

**P**OOR were the pleasures of the feast  
 Persia's high monarch held ;  
 Though all the luxury of the east  
 The sumptuous banquet swell'd †.

The luscious dish and flavoured bowl  
 A flash of rapture give :  
 But starving, dying, is the soul ;  
 Only the senses live.

Raise nobler appetites in me,  
 My God, exalt my taste ;  
 Thy will my meal, and hope in thee  
 My festival repast †.

---

† Esther 1. 3, &c.

† Job xxiii. 12. John iv. 32, 34.

There vast unlimited desires  
 Untir'd fruition find.  
 Fruition still new thirst inspires,  
 For new delights design'd <sup>s</sup>.

There lively and heart-strength'ning joys  
 From self-inspection flow <sup>t</sup> ;  
 While life divine each hour employs ;  
 A paradise below !

With meditation's wing the soul  
 Springs, up th' eternal hills :  
 At length, the stars beneath her roll,  
 And heav'n her bliss fulfills.

---

<sup>s</sup> Psalm xxxvi. 8, 9. xxxvii. 4. Matt. v. 6.  
<sup>t</sup> Prov. xiv. 14. xv. 15.

## LXXV.

## GOVERNMENT OF THE MIND.

**I**MPERIAL reason, hold thy throne.  
 Conscience, to censure and approve  
 To thee belongs. Ye passions, own  
 Subjection, and in order move.

Inchanting order! peace how sweet!  
 Delicious harmony within!  
 Blest self-command, thy pow'r I greet.  
 Ah! when shall I such empire win?

The hero's laurel fades, the fame  
 For boundless science is but wind,  
 And Sampson's strength a brutal name,  
 Without dominion of the mind.

Sampson behold, a harlot's slave!

The warlike David fell by love.

Vast knowledge fail'd his son to save<sup>u</sup>

From bowing<sup>w</sup> in Astarte's<sup>x</sup> grove.

The beauty and the pow'rful arms

Of self-command, in juvenile fire,

See; when the mistress spreads her charms

And tempts in vain her slave's desire<sup>y</sup>.

But, of all patterns most sublime,

Jesus, on thee I love to gaze.

O self-command, to wond'ring time

Unknown in old and modern days!

Thy holy mind in reason strong,

With passions regular and pure,

Pity'd the mighty and the throng,

In native dignity secure.

<sup>u</sup> 1 Kings iv. 29—34.

<sup>w</sup> 2 Kings v. 18.

<sup>x</sup> Ashtoreth (the moon) the Goddess of the Zidonians,  
1 Kings xi. 2—8. 2 Kings xxiii. 13.

<sup>y</sup> Gen. xxxix. 7—12.

Not offer of imperial pow'r <sup>z</sup>,  
 Nor flattery's praise <sup>a</sup>, nor foul disgrace <sup>b</sup>,  
 Nor cruel death's advancing hour <sup>c</sup>,  
 Alter'd one feature in thy face.

Serene as heav'n, thy stedfast zeal  
 Duty with dazzling lustre crown'd :  
 Till thy great work, to teach and heal,  
 Had measur'd its appointed bound <sup>d</sup>.

With trembling feet, at distance I  
 Thy glorious footsteps would pursue.  
 Grant, that in me the marking eye  
 A sketch of self-command may view.

<sup>z</sup> Matt. iv. 8, 9, 10. John vi. 15.

<sup>a</sup> Matt. xxii. 16. Luke ix. 43, 44.

<sup>b</sup> Matt. ix. 24. Luke xvi. 14. John viii.  
 48, 49.

<sup>c</sup> Mark x. 32—34. Luke ix. 51.

<sup>d</sup> Luke xiii. 32. John ix. 4.

## LXXVI.

## THE CONFLICT.

MY judgment, guided from above,  
Shows me the way of truth and rest;  
Urges my ling'ring feet to move,  
And smites reluctance in my breast<sup>e</sup>.

Ah! wherefore do I not obey  
These friendly warnings of my mind?  
What drives my foolish steps astray?  
Another soul perverse and blind?

'Tis flesh, and lawless appetite;  
These against reason's sway rebel:  
These to all ill my heart incite,  
These the loud voice of conscience quell<sup>f</sup>.

---

<sup>e</sup> Rom. vii. 15, 16, 22.

<sup>f</sup> Rom. vii. 18. Gal. v. 17.

I struggle, but alas! in vain,  
 Too oft in vain! with furious tide  
 My passions rushing down amain  
 Too oft my best resolves deride <sup>z</sup>.

Ah! wretched me! what pow'r shall save  
 Me from the pow'r of sin and death?  
 Thou, thou alone, whose mercy gave  
 For captive <sup>h</sup> men thy dying breath <sup>i</sup>.

Come, Jesus, with forgiving grace,  
 Come, with thy spirit and thy word;  
 My past iniquities efface,  
 And be my faviour and my Lord.

---

<sup>z</sup> Rom. vii. 19.

<sup>h</sup> Rom. vii. 14, 23.

<sup>i</sup> Rom. vii. 24, 25. viii. 1--3. Rom. v. 6, 8.

## LXXVII.

## KEEPING THE HEART.

SMILING pleasures,  
 Glitt'ring treasures,  
 Spreading all their dangers round,  
 Warn my steering,  
 Always fearing,  
 As through life my course I found.

Example alarms  
 With vice's strong arms ;  
 And fashion's follies unite,  
 To draw me away,  
 From virtue's high way,  
 To sin's illusive delight.

Sense inviting,  
 Passions fighting,  
 For indulgence of their joy ;  
 Whither fleeing,  
 Shall my Being,  
 Here, in safety time employ ?

With diligent ward,  
 Each avenue guard  
 That opens access to the heart,  
 The fountain is there  
 Which, turbid or fair,  
 The streams to life will impart <sup>k</sup>,  
  
 From desiring,  
 From admiring  
 Fruit unlawful, check thy thought,  
 Won by praising,  
 And by gazing,  
 Eve to pluck the charm was brought <sup>l</sup>,  
  
 Warm fancy withstand;  
 The work of her hand  
 To dash, no minute delay.  
 Yea, ere she begin,  
 Her painting of sin,  
 Quick snatch her pencil away.

---

<sup>k</sup> Prov. iv. 23.

<sup>l</sup> Gen. III. 5, 6.

## LXXVIII.

## SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

ALAS! too busy to be wise,  
 Or else in sloth's amusements wand'ring,  
 We scarce will ever turn our eyes  
 Upon ourselves, with serious pond'ring.

On ev'ry toy abroad we gaze,  
 Ourselves we shun, at home are strangers;  
 And round and round in error's maze  
 We trifle on, eternal rangers.

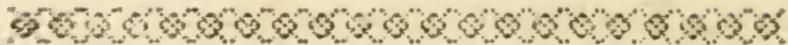
If e'er, perchance, we look within,  
 Self-love, our fancy'd virtues pleading,  
 Hoodwinks the judgment; lurking sin  
 And swarming specks averse from heeding.

Vain-glory hence, and fierce disdain  
 Of wise benevolent monition;  
 Hence fury, when the Good arraign  
 Our envy, av'rice, or ambition<sup>m</sup>.

---

<sup>m</sup> Prov. ix. 8. Matt. vii. 6.

Establish'd thus, ill habits grow  
 Too strong to yield to self-correction;  
 Too high for reason (dreadful woe!)  
 To awe their frenzy to subjection<sup>n</sup>.



## LXXIX.

THE SAME SUBJECT, IN A  
 DIFFERENT METRE.

**Y**E fools, abroad you gáze round,  
 But strangers still at hóme;  
 In váin amúsements wánd'ring,  
 From tóy to tóy you roám.

Or fir'd with lust of lucre,  
 In busy scenes you toil;  
 Devising, and devising,  
 To dig the golden soil.

---

<sup>n</sup> Jer. XLIII. 23.

Ah! what kind voice shall win you,  
 Yourselfes, yourselfes, to know?  
 While thus you shun your bosoms,  
 How fast your follies grow!

Of wise advice disdainful,  
 Too knowing to be taught;  
 You redden at the warning,  
 Which dares but hint a fault.

Self-love, alas, whenever  
 You glance upon your heart;  
 Connives at all your vices,  
 Or colours o'er with art.

Your pride is *conscious merit*;  
 - Ambition, *noble flame*;  
 And wrath, *quick sense of honour*;  
 And av'rice, *foreficht's name*.

Ill habits thus advancing,  
 Too high for reason's rule,  
 Too strong for self-correction,  
 Go live and die a fool.

## LXXX.

DIVINE DISCIPLINE NECESSARY  
TO SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

**W**HAT a perplexing wild  
Is self-delusion's art!  
Who by himself is unbeguil'd?  
Who traces all his heart<sup>o</sup>?

To thee, O Lord, alone  
The myst'ry lies reveal'd.  
Our windings all to thee are known,  
And not a thought conceal'd<sup>p</sup>.

With self-applauses vain,  
Few of our faults we see:  
And for those few we fondly feign  
Some self-excusing plea<sup>q</sup>.

<sup>o</sup> Psalm xix. 12.<sup>p</sup> Psalm cxxxix. 2.<sup>q</sup> If. v. 20, 21. James 1. 26.

Lord, search me, prove me through<sup>s</sup>  
 By discipline severe :  
 And to myself my spirit shew,  
 From all disguises clear.

If seeds of guilt and woe  
 Are cherish'd in my breast ;  
 Or if my feet unthinking go  
 In paths by thee unblest'd ;

Expell the latent foes,  
 My quick return befriend<sup>s</sup> :  
 O lead me in the way which knows  
 No bitterness nor end.

---

<sup>s</sup> Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

<sup>s</sup> Psalm cxix. 176.



## LXXXI.

## R E P R O O F.

**T**O self-admiring folly burn  
 The frankincense of lying praise †,  
 Let the proud scorner's anger spurn  
 The friendly censor of his ways †.

Come parents, pastors, faithful friends;  
 In merciful alliance join  
 To smite me †, when my *act* offends,  
 Or when to evil I *incline*.

Your wounds are sanative; the smart  
 I welcome, 'tis a pleasing pain.  
 You lance the ulcer in my heart,  
 Sweet health of mind by you I gain \*.

---

† Prov. xxvi. 28. xxix. 5.

‡ Prov. ix. 7, 8. xv. 12.

§ Psalm cxli. 5.

\* Prov. vi. 23. xxvii. 5, 6.

Ye fools, why will your pride refuse  
 The warning voice, the guiding hand?  
 Embrace rebuke, wise counsel chuse;  
 Or perish, with the froward Band  $\gamma$ .



## LXXXII.

## P R I D E.

**O** Pride, thou dropsy of the mind,  
 Of self-delusion born;  
 Hateful to God  $z$ , by all mankind  
 In others seen with scorn.

Shall sinning man, O Lord, presume  
 To glory in thy sight?  
 Himself on his own virtues plume  $a$ ?  
 And claim thy heav'n by right?

---

$\gamma$  Prov. xv. 10, 32.

$z$  Psalm cxxxviii. 6. Isaiah ii. 12.

$a$  Luke xviii. 11, 12.

I boast of none, in none I'll trust,  
 For mercy, Lord, I sue <sup>b</sup>.  
 Ah! were my judge severely just,  
 Perdition is my due <sup>c</sup>.

Shall mortal man, so blind and weak,  
 On his own pow'rs depend?  
 In thee I hope, thy blessing seek,  
 O guide me and defend <sup>d</sup>.

Shall man his brother man despise,  
 Vain of excelling worth?  
 And view askance, with haughty eyes,  
 His fellow worm of earth?

Who made my birth, or station, high?  
 Another's mean and low?  
 Who made that poor man's cup so dry,  
 But mine to overflow <sup>e</sup>?

<sup>b</sup> Luke XVIII. 13.  
 3, 4. CXLIII. 2.

<sup>c</sup> Job ix. 2, 3. Psalm cxxx.

<sup>d</sup> Prov. III. 5, 6. Jer. ix. 23, 24.

<sup>e</sup> Prov. XXI. 2. Pf. XXIII. 5.

My pride shall nobler talents swell ?

Who made yon ideots small ?

Who gave me talents to excell <sup>f</sup> ?

Who but the God of all ?

O come, meek-ey'd Humility,

Come, dwell within my breast.

Thus, Jesus, I would learn of thee,

And feel thy promis'd rest <sup>g</sup>.

\*\*\*\*\*

### LXXXIII.

## HUMILITY.

### FIRST PART.

**W**AS pride, alas ! e'er made for man <sup>h</sup> ?  
 Blind, erring, guilty creature he,  
 His birth the dust, his life a span,  
 His wisdom less than vanity.

<sup>f</sup> 1 Cor. iv. 6, 7.

<sup>g</sup> Matt. xi. 29.

<sup>h</sup> Ecclesiasticus x. 18.

If wealth and pow'r with dazzling rays  
And pageant state this nothing dress;  
On the fair idol shall we gaze?  
And envy *that* as happiness?

Jesus, by thy instruction taught,  
Our foolish passions are repress:  
We blush at our misguided thought,  
And see and call the humble blest.

To know ourselves, to learn of thee,  
And bend our necks beneath thy throne,  
Thus dictates wise Humility,  
This makes the wealth of heav'n our own<sup>1</sup>.

---

<sup>1</sup> Matt. v. 3.



## LXXXIV.

## HUMILITY.

## SECOND PART.

**B**LEST men, of lowly mind,  
 In self-opinion poor ;  
 For you, what honour is design'd !  
 For you, what princely store <sup>k</sup> !  
  
 In time's short joys and sighs,  
 Thankful, or meekly still ;  
 Whate'er he gives you, or denies,  
 You love your Father's will.  
  
 The high and holy One,  
 Who all his works surveys,  
 Marks you, from his eternal throne,  
 As temples to his praise <sup>l</sup>.

---

<sup>k</sup> Matt. v. 3. Prov. xv. 25. xviii. 12. xxix. 23.

<sup>l</sup> Isaiah LVII. 15. 1 Cor. vi. 19. 2 Cor. vi. 16.  
 1 Pet. II. 5.

To you, to you he bends  
 His condescending ear<sup>m</sup> ;  
 To you his pow'rful arm extends,  
 In every want and fear.

From your misgiving breast  
 Sad diffidence remove.  
 Why, children, are your souls deprest ?  
 Why doubt your Father's love ?

With mildness in his face,  
 Your weakneses he views.  
 To humble worshippers, his grace  
 He never will refuse<sup>n</sup>.

From the proud pharisee  
 His countenance he turns :  
 But will not with displeasure see  
 A publican who mourns<sup>o</sup>.

<sup>m</sup> Psalm cii. 17. Prov. xv. 8.

<sup>n</sup> Psalm cxxxviii. 6. Prov. iii. 34. 1 Pet. v. 5.

<sup>o</sup> Luke xviii. 9—14.

## LXXXV.

## M E E K N E S S.

**M**EEKNESS, ally'd  
To soft Humility,

The foot of Pride

Will never tread on thee.

Patient of wrong,

To wrong canst thou incline?

Gentleness of tongue,

And manners mild are thine.

Iron is the breast

Thy sweetness cannot charm;

By fiends possess'd,

The man who works thy harm.

Obdurate steel

Is liquefy'd by flame:

Malice will feel,

By thee, relenting shame.

Envy will chain  
 Her snakes; and scandal's spite,  
 Blushing, refrain  
 Thy harmless name to bite.

Cheerful thy days,  
 In sweet abode of peace;  
 Crown'd with all praise,  
 Thy bliss shall never cease<sup>p</sup>.



## LXXXVI.

## ANGER AND MEEKNESS.

**M**ARK, when tempestuous winds arise,  
 The wild confusion and uproar;  
 All ocean mixing with the skies,  
 And shipwrecks dash'd upon the shore.

---

<sup>p</sup> Matt. v. 5.

Not less confusion racks the mind,  
 By its own fierce ideas tost;  
 When reason is to rage resign'd,  
 And in the whirl of passion lost.

O self-tormenting child of Pride<sup>q</sup>,  
 Anger, bred up in hate and strife<sup>r</sup>;  
 Ten thousand ills, by thee supply'd,  
 Mingle the cup of bitter life.

Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,  
 Serene as summer's evening ray,  
 Calm as the regions of the blest,  
 Enjoys on earth celestial day.

No friendships broke<sup>s</sup> their bosoms sting,  
 No jars their peaceful tents invade,  
 Safe underneath Almighty wing<sup>t</sup>,  
 And, foes to none, of none afraid.

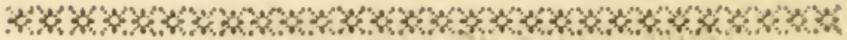
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<sup>q</sup> Prov. xxi. 24.      <sup>r</sup> Prov. xv. 18. xxviii. 25.

<sup>s</sup> Prov. xxii. 24.

<sup>t</sup> Psalm lxxvi. 9.    Isaiah xi. 4.

Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,  
 With thy whole self our souls possess:  
 Passion and pride be hence exil'd,  
 So shall our frame thy own express.



## LXXXVII.

## E N V Y.

**M**ALIGNANT Envy, come not near,  
 Some wretch of infamy torment.  
 Come not, to trouble my repose,  
 Thou spawn of pride and discontent.  
 Go, move the tempter to destroy  
 Some world of innocence again<sup>u</sup>.  
 Go, and another Abel find,  
 To perish by another Cain.

---

<sup>u</sup> John VIII. 44. 2 Corinth. XI. 3. Wisd. II. 24.

Or some hard-hearted brethren mould,  
 A Joseph's favourite life to sell <sup>w</sup>.  
 Or some delicious vineyard eye,  
 And in a second Ahab dwell <sup>x</sup>.

Yea, could the Son of God again  
 Appear in servile form below;  
 In flame malevolence, once more  
 To strike the crucifying blow <sup>y</sup>.

Not blackest night and brightest noon  
 Are with each other more at strife,  
 O Jesus, than the envious mind  
 Is with thy Gospel and thy life.

May I too humble be for pride,  
 Too self-contented to repine:  
 And too benevolent, to wish  
 My neighbour's blessings less than mine.

---

<sup>w</sup> Gen. xxxvii. 11, 28.

<sup>x</sup> 1 Kings xxi. 1—16.

<sup>y</sup> Mark xv. 10.

## LXXXVIII.

## RELIGIOUS CONTENTMENT.

**I** Envy not the worldly Great,  
 Their costly viands and their pride of show,  
 Inchantment all; delusion's bait;  
 Fools rush along, and plunge in death and woe.

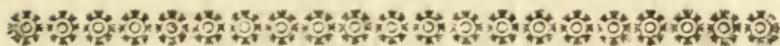
Give me the peasant's clay-built cell,  
 On a coarse pillow rest my weary head.  
 If there with me my God will dwell,  
 With cheerful heart I'll bless my homely bread<sup>2</sup>,

The lofty majesty of God,  
 Who in eternity of Glory reigns,  
 In visits to a mean abode,  
 Descends to commune with adoring swains<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> Psalm xxxvii. 16. Prov. xv. 16. xvi. 8.

<sup>2</sup> Isaiah lvii. 15.

O happy souls, in humble feat <sup>b</sup>!  
 What transports from divine communion flow!  
 Angels will you as brethren greet,  
 And hail the type of their own heav'n below,



## LXXXIX.

## MALEVOLENCE.

O Dreadful scale of sin!  
 To wrath see envy swell;  
 Fix'd wrath is hate, and all within  
 Malevolent as hell,

A song inflam'd the jealous Saul,  
 A Demon his dark soul possess'd:  
 The furious javelin pierc'd the wall,  
 But meant the envy'd David's breast <sup>c</sup>,

---

<sup>b</sup> 1 Tim. vi. 6.

<sup>c</sup> 1 Sam. xviii. 6—11.

The victim he pursu'd  
 Mountains and deserts o'er;  
 Revenging charitable food,  
 With sacerdotal gore<sup>d</sup>.

Good heav'n! that e'er thy human race  
 Should these infernal passions breed!  
 Destroy thy image, and debase  
 Their glory into Satan's feed<sup>e</sup>!

Ye friendly souls, who burn  
 With love to human kind,  
 Whose feelings, with abhorrence, turn  
 From the malignant mind;

The yoke of Jesus why decline?  
 Why cast his law of love away?  
 O come, nature's weak aid resign,  
 And bow beneath his gentle sway.

---

<sup>d</sup> 1 Sam. xxi. 1, 6. xxii. 9—19.

<sup>e</sup> John viii. 40, 44. 1 John iii. 8—12.

## XC.

## L O V E.

O God of love, thy glory  
 Blazes in the gospel plan,  
 Abounding with the story  
 Of thy flowing love to man.

High love, beyond conceiving,  
 Gave thy sole-begotten son;  
 That the bliss of souls believing  
 Should through endless ages run<sup>f</sup>.

Warm with divinest feeling,  
 Down the Filial Goodness came:  
 And, to mediate our healing,  
 Bore a vile delinquent's shame<sup>g</sup>.

---

<sup>f</sup> John III. 16, 17. I John IV. 9, 10.

<sup>g</sup> John xv. 13. Gal. II. 20. Ephes. III. 17—19.  
 v. 25—27. If. LIII. 5, 12.

Who, Lord, thy name avowing  
 Shall his glorious title prove?<sup>h</sup>  
 Are not all of thy allowing  
 Men of universal love<sup>h</sup>.

Lo, my bosom is expanding  
 To receive this heav'nly guest;  
 All of human form demanding  
 Friendly mansion in my breast.

But where thy image beaming  
 In my fellow man I see;  
 My full affections streaming  
 Pour their strongest energy<sup>i</sup>.

O Love, of all the Graces  
 Fairest, thy sweet influence  
 Anger and pride effaces;  
 Easy to forgive offence.

---

<sup>h</sup> John XIII. 34, 35. Luke x. 27—37.

<sup>i</sup> Gal. VI. 10. 1 John III. 16.

Well-spring of social blessings,  
 Bearing, giving, soft and kind;  
 Sincere in thy careffings,  
 Candid is thy gentle mind <sup>k</sup>.

How charming is the union,  
 By this noble virtue wrought!  
 How pleasant the communion,  
 By this noble virtue taught!

This heightens ev'ry beauty  
 In all other virtues found;  
 Endears each act of duty  
 In the social circle's bound.

Hope ceases, by enjoyment;  
 Faith shall fail, in vision's bliss;  
 Love endures; best employment  
 In the world of happiness <sup>l</sup>.

---

<sup>k</sup> 1 Corinth. XIII. 4—7.

<sup>l</sup> 1 Corinth. XIII. 8, 13.

## XCI.

## UNCHARITABLE JUDGMENT.

**A**LL-KNOWING God, 'tis thine to know  
 The springs whence wrong opinions flow;  
 To judge, from principles within,  
 When frailty errs, and when we sin.

Who among men, high Lord of all,  
 Thy servants to his bar may call?  
 Decide of heresy, and shake  
 A brother o'er the flaming lake<sup>m</sup>?

Who with another's eye can read?  
 Or worship by another's creed?  
 Revering thy command alone,  
 We humbly seek and use our own<sup>n</sup>.

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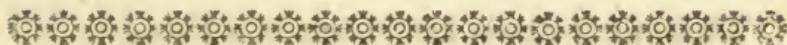
<sup>m</sup> Rom. xiv. 4. 2 Corinth. i. 24.

<sup>n</sup> Matt. xxiii. 8—10. John v. 39. Acts xvii. 11.

<sup>i</sup> Theff. v. 21. 1 John iv. 1.

If wrong, forgive; accept, if right;  
 While faithful we obey our light,  
 And, cens'ring none, are zealous still  
 To follow as to learn thy will<sup>o</sup>.

When shall our happy eyes behold  
 Thy people fashion'd in thy mold?  
 And charity our lineage prove  
 Deriv'd from thee, O God of love P?



## XCII.

## P E R S E C U T I O N.

**A**BSURD and vain attempt! to bind  
 With iron chains the free-born mind;  
 To force conviction, and reclaim  
 The wand'ring by destructive flame:

---

<sup>o</sup> John XIII. 17.

<sup>P</sup> I John IV. 7.

Bold arrogance! to snatch from Heav'n  
 Dominion not to mortals giv'n<sup>p</sup>;  
 O'er conscience to usurp the throne,  
 Accountable to God alone.

Mad zeal! that with hell-fury burns,  
 The rights of God and man o'erturns<sup>q</sup>:  
 Whose blind presumption sanctifies  
 Murders, rebellions, plots, and lies.

That fills the world with blood and woe,  
 That hurls down kingdoms at a blow,  
 That butchers souls, and peoples hell  
 With converts which its arms compell.

Thus Rome asserts her proud decrees,  
 Inforc'd by fierce anathemas;  
 And wakens vengeance, to devour  
 The foes of Antichristian pow'r.

---

<sup>p</sup> 2 Theff. 11. 4. 1 Pet. v. 3.

<sup>q</sup> John XVI. 2. Acts IX. 1. XXVI. 9—11.

Jesus, thy gentle law of love  
 Does no such cruelties approve <sup>r</sup>.  
 Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields  
 No arms but what persuasion yields <sup>s</sup>.

By proofs divine and reason strong,  
 It draws the willing soul along;  
 And conquests to thy church acquires,  
 By eloquence which heav'n inspires <sup>t</sup>.

O happy, who are thus compell'd  
 To the rich feast by Jesus held <sup>u</sup> !  
 Britain, thy blessings know; and prize  
 The light which liberty supplies.

---

<sup>r</sup> Luke ix. 54—56.

<sup>s</sup> 2 Corinth. x. 3—5.

<sup>t</sup> 1 Corinth. ii. 4, 5, 13.

<sup>u</sup> Luke xiv. 23.

## XCIII.

PROBITY; OR,  
INTEGRITY TOWARDS MAN.

AS the limpid stream, which flows  
O'er a bed of golden sand,  
All its shining treasure shows,  
    Tempting the beholder's hand;

So the honest heart is seen,  
    In the mild expanded eye,  
In the open generous mien  
    Of the man of probity.

In the honest heart abide,  
    Truth with undeluding tongue<sup>w</sup>,  
Faith that never warps aside,  
    Thoughts which never mean a wrong.

---

<sup>w</sup> Prov. xii. 17.

Who, such treasure to possess,  
 Feels not friendship's warm desire?  
 Who the friendship will not bless  
 Glowing with so pure a fire?

In that ever trusty breast,  
 I with confidence repose,  
 Secret as the house of rest,  
 All my triumphs, all my woes.

But alas! what happy clime  
 Is for men of truth renown'd?  
 Where, in all the walks of time,  
 Was the precious blessing found?

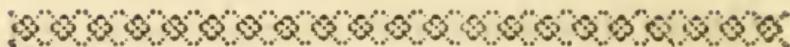
False and selfish, ev'ry one  
 Seeks his brother to deceive \*;  
 False the smile, and false the groan †,  
 They are cheated who believe.

---

\* Psalm v. 9. Isaiah LIX. 13—15. Jer. VII. 28.

† Psalm XLI. 6. LV. 21.

God of truth, the lying phraſe,  
 Of diſſembling lips, to thee  
 Hateful is <sup>a</sup>; thou lov'ſt the way  
 Of the man of probity <sup>a</sup>.



## XCIV.

## HYPOCRISY TOWARDS MAN.

**C**ONDITION hard of ſocial life,  
 When love and prudence are at ſtrife !  
 While *that* the kindeſt thoughts inſpires <sup>b</sup>,  
*This* caution and diſtruſt requires.

Falſhood alas ! too oft we meet,  
 And for a friend a Joab greet ;  
 With ſmiles and glozing ſpeech careſt  
 We feel the poniard in our breaſt <sup>c</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> Pfalm v. 6. LIII. 2—5. Prov. VI. 16, 17.

<sup>a</sup> Prov. XII. 22.

<sup>b</sup> 1 Corinth. XIII. 4, 5.

<sup>c</sup> 2 Sam. III. 26, 27.

There are, who in my happy days  
 Will eat my bread and sound my praise :  
 But when my festal times are o'er,  
 Shun, as they would the plague, my door.

There is, whose heart I fondly thought  
 In the same mould with mine was wrought ;  
 To whom my secret I unclos'd,  
 And my whole naked soul expos'd.

Ere long his falshood he betray'd ;  
 He publish'd counsels of the shade  
 On the house-top : Yea join'd my foe,  
 And wove the plot to lay me low <sup>d</sup>.

O for the pinions of a dove <sup>e</sup> !  
 Far from all traitors I'd remove :  
 And in some lonely harmless wild,  
 Dwell there unknown and unbeguil'd.

O rather, Lord, thy servant give  
 In love and wisdom here to live ;  
 Till thou indulge me a release  
 To thy own world of truth and peace.

---

<sup>d</sup> 2 Sam. xv. 31. Psalm xli. 9. lv. 12—14.

<sup>e</sup> Psalm lv. 6.

## XCV.

## INOFFENSIVENESS.

WHILE in this world I dwell,  
The paths of sin I'll fear <sup>f</sup>;

And, pond'ring all my goings well,  
Walk inoffensive here <sup>g</sup>.

My ev'ry step I'll aim,  
As warn'd by wisdom's zeal <sup>h</sup>;  
Left e'er, O Lord, thy holy name  
By me a wound should feel <sup>i</sup>.

To me let no man owe  
His hatred of thy ways.  
From me let no man's sorrow flow,  
The guilt of no man's days.

<sup>f</sup> Prov. xxviii. 14.

<sup>g</sup> Acts xxiv. 16.

<sup>h</sup> 1 Corinth. x. 32.

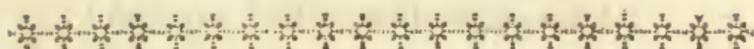
<sup>i</sup> Prov. xiv. 16, Eph. v. 15.

<sup>1</sup> 2 Sam. xii. 14.

<sup>1</sup> Pet. iii. 16.

Nor will I rashly draw  
 Man's vengeance on my head,  
 By warmth untimely; when thy law  
 Under their feet they tread <sup>k</sup>.

Thus blameless may I live <sup>l</sup>,  
 Thus grace the faith I own <sup>m</sup>;  
 Thus win ev'n infidels to give  
 Due honours to thy throne <sup>n</sup>.



## XCVI.

CHRISTIAN PRUDENCE AND  
FORTITUDE.

**F**ATHER of lights <sup>o</sup>, my footsteps guide  
 Along the dang'rous path I tread.  
 Ne'er suffer me to turn aside,  
 By error or by sin misled.

---

<sup>k</sup> Matt. vii. 6.
<sup>l</sup> Philipp. i. 10.<sup>m</sup> Tit. ii. 10.<sup>n</sup> Matt. v. 16. 1 Pet. iii. 16.<sup>o</sup> James i. 17.

While the mad world around me spend,  
 Their days in folly or in crime;  
 O that my feet may always tend,  
 To wise redemption of my time <sup>P</sup>!

With truth illuminate my mind,  
 Inspire with fortitude my heart:  
 Ne'er let me wander with the blind,  
 Nor waver in the Christian's part.

Fashion and crowds conspire in vain,  
 To shake the firmness of my soul <sup>Q</sup>:  
 All your allurements I disdain,  
 God only shall my choice control.

<sup>P</sup> Ephes. v. 15, 16.                      <sup>Q</sup> Exod. xxiii. 2.  
 Rom. xii. 2.      1 John ii. 15, 16.



## XCVII.

## JUSTICE.

**F**ORBID it, heav'n! that e'er I eat  
 The bread of craftiness and wrong <sup>r</sup>.  
 A curse would poison all my meat,  
 As fatal as the viper's tongue <sup>s</sup>.

I ne'er will raise a poor man's sigh,  
 His hire shall never swell my store <sup>t</sup>.  
 I dread the poor man's plaintive cry,  
 I fear the father of the poor <sup>u</sup>.

If I in darkness (base misdeed!)  
 Assassinate my neighbour's fame <sup>v</sup>;  
 By me if innocency bleed,  
 Cancel from earth my hated name <sup>x</sup>.

<sup>r</sup> Prov. iv. 17.                    <sup>s</sup> Job xx. 14—16.  
<sup>t</sup> Prov. xxii. 16. Mal. iii. 5. James v. 4.  
<sup>u</sup> Psalm lxxviii. 5. Job xxxiv. 28.  
<sup>v</sup> Psalm l. 20. xl. 2.  
<sup>x</sup> Psalm lii. 2, 4, 5. ci. 5.

Ah! no; let me with strong delight  
 To all the tax of duty pay;  
 Tender of every social right,  
 Revering thy all-righteous sway.

Such virtue thou wilt ne'er forget,  
 In worlds where every virtue shares  
 High recompence; though not of debt,  
 But which thy bounteous grace prepares.



## XCVIII.

## MERCY.

**B**EHOLD a wretch in woe,  
 A brother mortal mourns:  
 My eyes with tears, for tears, o'erflow,  
 My heart his sighs returns <sup>y</sup>.

---

<sup>y</sup> Rom. xii. 15.

I hear the thirsty cry,  
 The famish'd beg for bread :  
 O let my spring its stream supply,  
 My hand its bounty shed <sup>z</sup>.

Lo, the poor debtor sues,  
 Pale at the penal threat,  
 A starving family he shews ;  
 I cancel all the debt <sup>a</sup>.

And shall not wrath relent,  
 Touch'd by that humble strain,  
 My brother crying, " I repent,  
 " Nor will offend again ?"

How else, on sprightly wing,  
 Can hope bear high my pray'r  
 Up to thy throne, my God, my king,  
 To plead for pardon there <sup>b</sup> ?

---

<sup>z</sup> Job xxii. 7. If. lviii. 7, 10.

<sup>a</sup> Ezek. xviii. 7. Matt. vi. 12.

<sup>b</sup> Matt. vi. 14, 15. xviii. 23—35.

The pitiful and kind  
 Thy pity will repay.  
 With thee shall the forgiving find  
 A sweet forgiving day <sup>c</sup>.

But justice lifts her scale,  
 And shakes her rod on high :  
 Nor pray'rs, nor sighs, nor tears avail  
 The sons of cruelty <sup>d</sup>.



## XCIX.

SUMMARY OF CHRISTIAN VIRTUES,  
WITH THEIR BEATITUDES.

**N**OT all that pow'r affords,  
 Nor mirth that wine inspires,  
 Nor what sharp avarice hoards,  
 Or martial toil acquires ;  
 Not conquering arms,  
 Nor beauty's charms,  
 Can form the plan  
 Of bliss for man.

<sup>c</sup> 2 Sam. xxii. 26. Matt. v. 7.

<sup>d</sup> James ii. 13.

Happy *the humble minds* <sup>c</sup>,  
 In self-opinion poor:  
 There faith a dwelling finds,  
 And brings her precious store.

In heav'n enroll'd,  
 A crown of gold  
 Around their head  
 Its blaze shall spread.

Happy, *who try'd in woes*  
 Welcome correction's pain;  
 Whose tears *repentance* sows,  
 Rich seed ne'er sown in vain.

A harvest springs  
 Of joyful things,  
 Which God will keep  
 For them to reap.

Happy *the meek*, whose breast  
 No angry passion shakes;  
 Of inward calm possess,  
 When tempest round them breaks.

---

<sup>c</sup> Matt. v. 3—12.

The wing of God,  
 O'er their abode,  
 Secure repose  
 And peace bestows.

Happy the souls renew'd,  
 Who *thirst* for wisdom's spring,  
 And *hunger* for the food  
 Which virtue's banquets bring.  
 They now shall taste  
 The rich repast;  
 Then bliss intire  
 Shall fill desire.

Happy the men whose hearts  
 Relenting *mercy* sways:  
 Mercy which God imparts,  
 The merciful repays:  
 He hears their cries,  
 Their wants supplies,  
 Their pains relieves,  
 Their sins forgives.

Happy the mind whose eye  
 No clouds of *lust* obscure;  
 Whose pow'rs can upward fly,  
 From vile affections *pure*.

Thy ravish'd sight,  
 In worlds of light,  
 On God shall gaze,  
 And drink his blaze.

Happy *the foes of broil*,  
 Who works of *peace* pursue:  
 The God of peace with smile  
 Does his own children view.

Their godlike frame  
 Deserves the name,  
 Divinely great  
 Is their estate.

Happy, thrice happy, ye  
 Who suffer scorn and shame;  
 Whose love to truth and me  
 Endures the test of flame.

To you is giv'n  
 To sit in heav'n  
 With me, and share  
 My glory there <sup>z</sup>.



## C.

THE CONCLUSION OF A  
 CHRISTIAN LIFE.

**I** Fear him not—The king of fears  
 Stands ready to discharge his bow,  
 No terror in his look appears,  
 I bare my bosom to the blow.

Thou vanquish'd enemy, my Lord,  
 When underneath thy stroke he fell,  
 O'ercame thee; and his pow'rful word  
 Thy pow'r against his friends shall quell <sup>a</sup>.

<sup>z</sup> Rev. III. 21.

<sup>a</sup> 1 Corinth. xv. 55—57.

Welcome the wound, which sets me free  
 From a vain world and sinful clay;  
 'Twill end my dark captivity,  
 And give me to immortal day.

My warfare's finished <sup>h</sup>. Sins and grief,  
 Long has my struggle been with you,  
 O come, faith's long-desir'd relief;  
 For ever, grief and sins, adieu.

I hasten to my father's home,  
 To meet my dear Redeemer there <sup>i</sup>;  
 My naked spirit shall not roam,  
 In worlds deserted of his care <sup>k</sup>.

Nor shall this flesh I leave behind,  
 Lie mould'ring always in the tomb;  
 Quicken'd by him <sup>l</sup>, ere long, refin'd,  
 It shall celestial life assume <sup>m</sup>.

<sup>h</sup> 2 Tim. iv. 7.

<sup>i</sup> John xiv. 2, 3. xvii. 24.

Heb. vi. 19, 20.

<sup>k</sup> Acts vii. 59. 2 Tim. i. 12.

<sup>l</sup> John vi. 39.

<sup>m</sup> Philip. iii. 20, 21.

Sweet earthly fellowships, farewell ;  
 Belov'd relations, friends belov'd,  
 With you I must no longer dwell :  
 How hard to part ! my soul is mov'd.

But, gracious God, within thy hand  
 I trust them all ; their journey guard  
 Through this distemper'd dang'rous land,  
 In heav'n's good way to heav'n's reward.



## CI.

## THE FUNERAL.

**I**N black procession, sad and slow,  
 About the streets the mourners go :  
 Man comes to make his long abode,  
 Where darkness dwells and worms corrode<sup>n</sup>.

---

<sup>n</sup> Eccles, xii. 5.

There busy life, there pleasure ends,  
 And tie of blood, and tie of friends.  
 There ends probation's hour °, and there  
 Virtue's hard strife with sin and care.

Why for vain riches do I toil,  
 Gath'ring for death a larger spoil † ?  
 Why for this dying flesh purvey,  
 The sinful pleasures of a day ‡ ?

Why cling so closely to my heart  
 Kindred and friends ? we soon must part !  
 And wherefore do I waste the span  
 Of mercy limited to man ?

The pious few O let me join,  
 And with their faith my breath resign ;  
 That their hereafter mine may be,  
 Ev'n mine their blest eternity †.

---

° Eccles. ix. 10. xi. 3. Heb. ix. 27. P Ps. xlix.  
 6—9, 17. † Rom. xiiii. 14. Heb. xi. 25.  
 ‡ Num. xxiiii. 10. Prov. xiv. 32. Psal. xxxvii. 37.  
 2 Corinth. iv. 17, 18.

## CII.

THE SEPARATE SOUL OF  
A GOOD CHRISTIAN.

WHAT world is this? Where am I brought,  
 Stript of my body, but my thought  
 More clear and vigorous than of late?  
 Is this the intervening state<sup>s</sup>?

Eyes

---

<sup>s</sup> The soul of our Saviour went into *Paradise*, immediately after its separation from his body. Thither, also, on the same day went the soul of the converted thief. But our Lord ascended not into *heaven*, till forty days after his resurrection. Surely then *Paradise* is not *heaven*, but some other place in the universe; where the separate spirits of good men dwell together, in joyful expectation of their own blessed resurrection and final reward. Compare Luke xxiii. 43. John xx. 17. Acts i. 3—10. John xiv. 3. Matt. xxv. 31, 34. *Hades* is supposed to mean the common receptacle of departed souls, until the general resurrection. It is conceived to be divided into two vast regions, (1) The *lower paradise*, so called,

Eyes I have none, nor feet to steer,  
 Nor hands to feel, nor ears to hear:  
 Yet I can reason as before,  
 And trace my past existence o'er.

My weeping children, weeping wife,  
 Ye dearest cares in former life,  
 All intercourse with you is o'er;  
 The home I lov'd, knows me no more.

Cannot unbody'd souls combine,  
 And, speechless, in sweet converse join?  
 With mental vision, lo, I see  
 A vast rejoicing company.

These, surely, are the righteous band  
 Of souls, who sojourn in this land,  
 And is not this unknown abode,  
 Blest with the presence of my God?

called, to distinguish it from the *upper paradise*, styled by St. Paul *the third heaven* \*, into which the just are to be received immediately after the general judgment. (2) Gehenna, (hell) named *Tartarus* by St. Peter †, the place of torment and mansion of wicked souls. See Grotius on Luke xxiii. 43.

\* 2 Corinth. xii, 2, 4.

† 2 Peter ii, 4. in the Original.

Encumber'd now no more with clay,  
 I've cast its weaknesſes away †.  
 I feel my pow'rs of joy more ſtrong  
 Than ever did to earth belong.

With raptur'd hope, I wait the morn<sup>u</sup>  
 When to new life I ſhall be born<sup>w</sup>  
 By that almighty voice, whoſe found  
 Shall wake the dead<sup>x</sup> and ſplit the ground;

When I ſhall meet my Saviour-Lord  
 Coming to finiſh my reward<sup>y</sup>;  
 When I ſhall join his holy train,  
 And mount to the celeftial plain<sup>z</sup>.

† Rom. vii. 24, 25.

<sup>u</sup> Pfalm xlix. 14.

<sup>w</sup> Luke xx. 36.

<sup>x</sup> John v. 28, 29.

<sup>y</sup> 2 Theſſ. i. 10.

<sup>z</sup> Matt. xxv. 46. John

xvii. 24.

## CIII.

THE MEDIATORIAL KINGDOM  
OF JESUS CHRIST.

C ELESTIAL Muse, inspire my voice; to sing  
Jesus the mediator king <sup>a</sup>.

Archangels lowly in his presence stand,  
In act to fly at his command.

Great legislator, by supreme decree,  
To Adam's favour'd progeny <sup>b</sup>;  
On Adam's favour'd offspring he bestow'd  
The blessing of his heav'nly code <sup>c</sup>.

The Spirit, Pow'r of sanctitude, receives  
Mission from him <sup>d</sup>; receiving gives  
Grace in a rich effusion, to maintain  
In human breasts a Saviour's reign.

<sup>a</sup> Psalm cx. 1—4. Matt. xxii. 43, 44. Heb. vii.  
20, 21.

<sup>b</sup> Psalm ii. 6. Matt. xvii. 5. Acts

ii. 36.

<sup>c</sup> *The gospel*, Rom. viii. 2.

<sup>d</sup> John xv. 26. xvi. 7—11.

He lives, the Mediator <sup>e</sup> lives and pleads,  
 For weeping rebels intercedes <sup>f</sup> :  
 Self-mov'd the Father looks with placid face,  
 And yields to rebels his embrace <sup>g</sup>.

His Father's pardons he conveys <sup>h</sup>, where'er  
 Faith offers the repenting tear :  
 The fulness of his Father's love he sheds,  
 Where faith the path of duty treads <sup>i</sup>.

Over his flock a watching eye he bends,  
 His flock he feeds, his flock defends.  
 The weak he strengthens, he confirms the strong,  
 And gently bears the lambs along <sup>k</sup>.

In danger's instant, in temptation's hour,  
 His providence exerts its pow'r ;  
 In sorrow's vale, in death's tremendous shade,  
 Still present with consoling aid.

<sup>e</sup> 1 Tim. II. 5. Heb. VII. 25.

<sup>f</sup> John III. 16. XVI. 26, 27. Rom. V. 8, 10.

<sup>g</sup> 2 Corinth. V. 19. Coloss. I. 21.

<sup>h</sup> Luke XXIV. 47. Acts V. 31.

<sup>i</sup> Heb. V. 9. <sup>k</sup> Isaiah XL. 11. John X. 11.

Mean while, his matchless policy prepares,  
 Ye nations; all your great affairs;  
 And all thy range, O science! to fulfill  
 The counsels of redeeming will<sup>l</sup>.

He comes, to vindicate his Father's throne;  
 He comes, to glorify his own:  
 The king descends in majesty divine,  
 Ten thousand Seraphs round him shine<sup>m</sup>.

His voice like roaring oceans sounds, "Awake  
 Ye dead;" earth, sea, and Hades quake:  
 The dead before his judgment-seat appear,  
 Their doom the dead and living hear<sup>n</sup>.

"Depart, ye cursed, to eternal flame.  
 Ye blessed, I avow your claim,  
 The kingdom by my Father's love prepar'd;  
 Me follow to your high reward<sup>o</sup>."

---

<sup>l</sup> Ephes. i. 22. Revel. v. 1—7.

<sup>m</sup> Matt. xvi. 27. xxv. 31. Acts x. 42. Rom. ii. 5.  
 Jude 14. 2 Theff. i. 6—10. <sup>n</sup> 2 Tim. iv. 1.

<sup>i</sup> Theff. iv. 15. Rev. xx. 12.

<sup>o</sup> Matt. xxv. 34, 41.

The king precedes, the long refulgent train  
 Ascend to his celestial fane <sup>n</sup> :  
 The heav'ns roll off; sun, moon, and stars expire,  
 Earth melts in universal fire <sup>o</sup>.

\*\*\*\*\*

CIV.

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL.

**E**TERNAL Gospel, my unerring guide,  
 The worldling's hatred <sup>p</sup>, and the scorn of pride <sup>q</sup>,  
 No visionary's dream, nor fabling wile,  
 Frenzy's illusion, or imposture's guile <sup>r</sup>;  
 Mean were thy heralds, but their mission sure,  
 The doctrines humbling, and the moral pure,  
 Benevolence sublime; stupendous scheme  
 God to exalt, and a lost world redeem.

---

<sup>n</sup> *Temple*, that is, *heaven, the true sanctuary.* Heb. viii.  
 2. ix. 24. Rev. vii. 15.

<sup>o</sup> 2 Pet. iii. 10—12. Rev. xx. 11. <sup>p</sup> John iii.  
 19, 20. <sup>q</sup> 1 Corinth. i. 22, 23. <sup>r</sup> 2 Pct. i. 16.

In vain the mighty storm'd, the learned strove,  
 Thy truth is strong, it issu'd from above:  
 Scoffs, chains, and death in all the shapes of fear  
 Menac'd in vain; resistless its career:  
 By wonder-working pow'rs and native charms,  
 Its sole enticement and its only arms,  
 From land to land its rapid conquests spread,  
 And joy and beauty on the nations shed.

O when shall this divine religion run  
 In its *full* glory<sup>s</sup> with the circling sun?  
 Come, long foretold, long wish'd, triumphing day;<sup>t</sup>  
 Fly, intervening ages, fly away.

'Mong opening clouds, amidst a flood of light,  
 A man majestic<sup>t</sup> awes the dazzled sight.  
 High on a courser<sup>u</sup> white as virgin snow,  
 He sits; in act to bend a silver bow<sup>w</sup>;

---

<sup>s</sup> Gen. xii. 3. Psalm ii. 8. cx. i. Dan. vii. 13, 14.

<sup>t</sup> Jesus Christ. See Revel. vi. 2.

<sup>u</sup> Grotius understands *the white horse* to be a symbol of the gospel, in regard to its purity.

<sup>w</sup> The *bow* may represent the vengeance which Jesus Christ will inflict on the implacable enemies of his pure religion. Compare Psalm xlv. 3, 4, 5.

A golden crown upon his head behold,  
 VICTOR, his name, in characters of Gold,  
 Flames on a silver cross his lofty crest;  
 And MERCY with soft lustre sparkles on his chest.

Rome trembling drops her chalice and her rod,  
 And the freed nations mock her viceroy God <sup>x</sup>.  
 Their startled eyes the seed of Israel turn  
 To him their fathers crucify'd, and mourn <sup>y</sup>.  
 Mecca abjures her Ishmael's spurious fane <sup>z</sup>,  
 Her prophet faithless, and his <sup>a</sup> Koran vain.  
 India her Viedam <sup>b</sup> burns. The polish'd land  
 Of China owns the Nazarene's command:  
 Ador'd <sup>c</sup> Confucius is no more divine,  
 And pagods <sup>d</sup> fall before Jehovah's shrine.

---

<sup>x</sup> 2 Theff. 11. 4.                    <sup>y</sup> Zech. xii. 10. Rom. xi. 24—26. 2 Cor. 111. 13—16.

<sup>z</sup> The Caaba, or temple of Mecca, to which the Mahometans make pilgrimages.

<sup>a</sup> Commonly called *the Alcoran*, the law of Mahomed.

<sup>b</sup> The sacred code of the Bramins, in the East Indies.

<sup>c</sup> A famous Chinese philosopher. He had a temple erected to him after his death.

<sup>d</sup> Chinese idols.

In Scythian wilds <sup>e</sup>, beneath the freezing bear <sup>f</sup>,  
I see Immanuel his ensign rear.

§ O'er Lybia's burning plains he sends his name,  
And all her fable sons resound his fame.  
Salvation with a swift effulgence beams,  
On the vast western world's remote extremes;  
Caciques <sup>h</sup> and Sachems <sup>h</sup> lay their axes down:  
Barbarian fierceness and the savage frown  
Melt into social love, the look humane,  
And the mild spirit of Messiah's reign.

A new creation springs, the hallow'd earth  
Is fill'd with children of celestial birth;  
A race divine, to life immortal born;  
Whom God's own virtues with renown adorn,  
O times, O manners, innocent and blest!  
Joy to the swelling womb and milky breast.  
No pirate roves the flood, the trading sail,  
Securely flies before the fanning gale.

---

<sup>e</sup> Tartary.      <sup>f</sup> The most northern parts of the earth.

§ *Lybia*, i. e. the interior parts of Afric comprehending  
*The Land of the Negroes.*

<sup>h</sup> Chiefs of the American Indians.

Safe is the travell'd shore, the pilgrim takes  
 His fearless journey when the morn awakes.  
 The villages rejoice; th' exulting hind  
 Eyes his sure harvest waving in the wind.  
 Nor in the hut alone contentment sings,  
 But, wond'ring, comes to statesmen and to kings.  
 Cities rejoice; no sons of Belial tear  
 With bacchanalian roar the midnight air.  
 Nor lewdness prowls at eve, nor villains creep  
 Through windows in th' unwary hour of sleep.  
 Justice her fasces breaks, fierce war his lance,  
 Order and peace the social bliss advance:  
 All kind affections through all hearts extend,  
 And every man knows every man a friend.  
 Messiah reigns, th' Almighty Father smiles,  
 Discord no more his holy mount defiles<sup>i</sup>:  
 One faith, one hope, the happy nations bind,  
 The world his Zion, and his fold mankind.

Fly, intervening ages, fly away;  
 Come long foretold, long wish'd, triumphing day.

---

<sup>i</sup> Isaiah xi. 9.

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E R R A T A.

P. 34. l. 15. for *changes* read *change*.

P. 42. l. 16. for *thy* read *your*.

P. 136. Title of H. LXX. for *knowlege* read *knowledge*.

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